

fields, are the accounts of Buchanan's vacillating course, of Lincoln's Cabinet trials during the first month of his administration, and of the double policy of negotiation and preparation which the South successfully pursued. Admiral Chadwick does not spare the South or its leaders, though for the most part he lets the simple record of events carry their own condemnation.

The bibliographical chapter, as usual, notes the most important printed authorities. Of manuscript material, the most valuable are the Pickett papers in the Treasury Department at Washington, containing the correspondence of the Confederate commissioners. The map illustrating the John Brown raid, and the chart of Charleston harbor, should be particularly noted as helpful aids.

Letters from Port Royal: Written at the Time of the Civil War. Edited by Elizabeth Ware Pearson. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.

When Commodore Dupont on November 7, 1861, captured the forts at Hilton Head and Bay Point, South Carolina, the Sea Island region fell into the hands of the Federals. The planters and their families fled precipitately, and thus left to the conquerors all their possessions, including their human chattels. It was a curious situation in which the Washington Government found itself. It needed the cotton for the Northern market, but what was it to do with the hundreds of slaves which speedily became thousands? Free them it could not, at that time. Yet so improvident and childlike were they, that they were likely to starve if not taken in hand at once and made to work. In brief, it was as difficult a problem as if the Government had suddenly been compelled to take over a slice of Africa, and to assume overnight the moral and material care of a tribe of natives.

Cotton agents were at once dispatched to collect and send to the North the cotton crop on hand, which happened to be the largest ever raised there. But what next? Fortunately, the Treasury Department found in Edward L. Pierce of Milton, Mass., later well known as the biographer of Sumner, a man who had ideas and the ability to carry them out. He had been in charge of the contrabands at Fortress Monroe and had shown his ability there. About him he speedily gathered a notable band of enthusiasts, men and women, from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, who arrived in Port Royal in March, 1862, to undertake as best they could the work of preparing the slaves for whatever status in life the future held in store for them, and of raising the cotton crop of 1862 on the various plantations.

Few if any of this band knew the colored man or the South. Still fewer were practical farmers. Some speedily proved inadequate to the task; that any succeeded is really cause for wonder, except that these young college men and brave and patient women were as highly inspired as any of our youth who laid down their lives on the battlefields of which the Port Royal pilgrims heard so infrequently. Missionaries they were in the best sense, but without the lessons of older missionaries or the teachings of martyrs to guide them. Yet the zeal for the down-trodden, to

whose aid they had hastened, sustained them in the hours of discouragement. How they blundered and struggled on to very considerable success, and how their military superiors seemed in league to ruin their whole undertaking, because of poor judgment, or jealousy, or intrigue, is set forth in the volume before us in their own simple, unaffected words—missives written only for their family circles.

It is a record of unselfish, patriotic endeavor, of which every American can read with pride. For it tells of an undertaking of notable value. This "Port Royal experiment," as it was called, answered forever the question whether the freedman would work without the lash, and would work more economically than the slave, just as the Port Royal regiment raised by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson ended forever speculations as to whether the freedman would fight on the battlefield and fight well. The "Letters" necessarily end before the negro had proved himself worthy of freedom; indeed, the dominant note at the close is one of disappointment and regret. But as the editor, Mrs. Pearson, points out, the very sign of the working of the ferment of freedom was in the freed man, "as a matter of course, unreasonable, insubordination, untrustworthiness." It is to the everlasting honor of the black race that nothing more serious could be alleged against it in that overwhelmingly sudden transition from the ignorance, degradation, and sloth of slavery to ignorant liberty; and it must not be forgotten that in the isolation of the Sea Islands the negro was probably at his lowest, or more nearly a primitive African than elsewhere in Dixie.

This volume would have been justified if it had merely given us the picture of the blacks of 1862 and portrayed the spirit of those whom one of the blacks called "de fust gang white people been here." It has a special value beyond that. At this time, when the growing acuteness of the negro problem makes it all the more necessary to keep in mind the historical background of that problem, a study like this becomes of special value as an index of the progress the black race has made. As an historically accurate picture of slavery as it really was, it is a most valuable antidote to much misleading gush written by men like Thomas Nelson Page, according to which the unknowing reader might readily believe that the condition of the favored household slave on the 8,000 large estates was a true picture of the whole institution of slavery. The "Letters from Port Royal" have been painstakingly edited and elucidated by Mrs. Pearson. It is interesting to know that of the small group of writers to whose letters she had access, nearly all still survive. Mr. E. G. Philbrick, the principal figure in the executive work in the islands, died in 1889.

Thought and Things: A Study of the Development and Meaning of Thought; or Genetic Logic. Vol. I. Functional Logic, or Genetic Theory of Knowledge. By James Mark Baldwin. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.75.

We will say, at once, that this is a most earnest, profound, laborious, systematic analysis of cognition, such as cannot fall

to be of continual utility to students of psychology. But this does not mean that the work is fundamentally sound; for the imperfection that belongs to all human works necessarily appears in a philosophical doctrine in the form of error. Now, Professor Baldwin's book, although it is a work of psychology, and although it is the boast of modern psychology that it is a special science, like any other, yet undertakes to solve the deepest problems of philosophy, just as Wundt and many other psychologists profess to do; just as biologists often attack these problems under their several special lights.

What is meant by "Genetic Logic"? This is a hard question. The author devotes an introductory chapter of five and twenty pages to it, without affording any satisfactory reply, although, of course, he supposes that he has done so. Everybody knows what the science of logic, in its proper sense, means. It is the comparative anatomy of arguments. Everybody who has anything like an inside acquaintance with any of the successful sciences knows that

an essential to the well-being of any science—its bread and butter, so to speak—is the restriction of every technical word to its strict meaning. Each new scientific conception calls for the manufacture of a new word. Extensions of the application of terms ought to be marked as extensions. When chemists talk of "alcohols," the plural suffices to show that they are not speaking of spirits of wine merely, but when mathematicians speak of symbolical "multiplication" and logicians of logical "multiplication," their practice begins to be rash. Although generalization should be as free as air, still generalization ought to find some modified form of expression showing that it is generalization. The reflections of any mind that takes its part in the present life of science must bring all this home with insistence; but before the days of Young and Lavoisier, or when Buffon was at the head of biology, it had not yet become manifest; so we can find ample excuse for Kant, that, having a multitude of new conceptions to introduce into philosophy, he should have sought to render them acceptable by giving them the names of more or less obsolescent conceptions more or less analogous to them. Along with much still worse wretched nomenclature, he spoke of "transcendental logic"; and Professor Baldwin's "genetic logic" is by no means unlike an elaboration of that part of Kant's "transcendental logic" which was omitted from the second edition of the great "Critik"; and was omitted, not, we take it, because the great philosopher thought its substance erroneous, but because he thought it irrelevant even to "transcendental" logic.

It would be interesting to trace out the history of logic from a little before Kant until to-day, and to show how, as physical ideas acquired predominance, and as the so-called "moral" sciences aped the physical sciences, the original idea of logic as the study of how reasoning ought to proceed sank to the idea of how the human mind normally and regularly does proceed. The old-fashioned or pure logician will tell you that the question whether an argument is sound or not has nothing in the world to do with how men think, but is simply and

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solely whether the being of the facts virtually premised (including the facts of the order and effect upon the mind of its experiences), does or does not include the fact inferred. These things the psychological logicians hardly discuss. They analyze the process of development of thinking; how, precisely, from sensation we come to perception, from perception to memory, from memory to imagination, from imagination to fancy and playing, and so on to thought. One of Professor Baldwin's reasons for calling his investigation "Genetic Logic" is that he undertakes very minutely to trace out this "progression" or series of "progressions," as he holds that it takes place in the mind of every man, every time he thinks.

But he has a further reason. Professor Baldwin's studies of the minds of two children are famous, all the world over. He believes, and many psychologists, no doubt, believe with him, that he accurately interpreted all the stages through which the consciousness of those children passed, from birth until they became as easy of study as are the minds of grown persons. Now, without being explicit, he pretty plainly thinks that the stages of growth of the child's mind are, to an important degree, reproduced in the "progressions" of the mental representations of the grown person, every time he thinks. In this second respect his "logic" is genetic. But it is more than inconvenient that it should be called logic. After explaining, none too lucidly, in his first chapter, what he means by "genetic logic," the author remarks:

There will doubtless be many who refuse to follow the use of the term logic here suggested, especially among those who find it impossible to give up the tradition. . . . [Tradition is simply everything in the use of words, and especially of terms of science.] Those who wish to call it Psychology, or Epistemology, may be free to do so with no fear of doing the work injustice. As to names, *chacun à son goût*.

Ah, but here is a great misapprehension. It is by no means a question of taste; for the fact is that Professor Baldwin does not call this "logic" as if he had called it "subcutaneous pneumatics," or by any other meaningless vocable. He calls it so under the impression that it is a legitimate generalization of the traditional meaning of the term "logic." He is evidently quite unaware that he and the pure logician inhabit different universes. They not less do so than two persons of whom, throughout a long debate on "reminiscence," one by that term should understand the beating of brains in the effort to recall experiences, while the other should all the time mean the events remembered.

What the real nature of Professor Baldwin's book is, so far as a careful study of the published third of it discloses, is a psychological analysis of the operations of cognition; and so considered, it appears to the reviewer to be a signal setting forward of science, what the Germans would call, by an exaggeration customary with them, an "epoch-making" work. This judgment by no means implies that the theory is true in all its details: it rather implies the contrary. Indeed, we venture to think that at least one error permeates the whole, while many of the steps of the proposed progressions are open to no slight nor vague doubt, even if we grant, what the

author has by no means proved, that there is any one invariable process by which thought is developed. But the reason why, in our opinion, the publication must serve as a precious landmark in future investigations, is that it lays down, for the first time, a definite project of structure of the theory of cognition in great detail. When one has to build a house, at length a definite plan is drawn, in which all the conditions—the utilities, the prices of one and another kind of masonry, the sizes of timber that are staple, etc.—are duly considered; and this first plan becomes, from the time of its execution, the focus of study out of which the veritable building plan is to be evolved. It is a plan to be pulled to pieces, to be patched up, and perhaps, at last, to be discarded. Yet otherwise than by the aid of such a preliminary plan, a thoroughly satisfactory house can hardly be had. Just such a preliminary project it is, with which Professor Baldwin has now enriched the psychology of cognition. The mere vocabulary of well-considered new technical terms—some fifty in number—that this volume expounds is in itself a precious gift to psychological investigation.

For with each of these new terms there goes a valuable new conception.

We fear the reader of this volume, who has most likely found it pretty difficult and complicated, will be almost staggered when we say that we believe the prevalent fault of the theory to be that it makes the structure of thought and of ideas to be too simple. We only mean, however, that it is too simple in a certain definite respect; namely, that what the author calls "dualistic"—that is, referring to two subjects, or objects—is sometimes rather triadic; while the projective consciousness which he admirably describes, but which according to him involves no dualism and we grant does not explicitly recognize two subjects, must, as we venture to think, in order to be projective, regard the objects perceived as differing from others by their insistent presence. If so, there must certainly be a dualism, however little it be recognized. For insistence implies something resisted, and where there is resistance there must be effort, and effort with its correlative resistance is clearly dualistic. Moreover, the author frequently speaks of the "meaning" of an "object." It appears to us that meaning belongs exclusively to signs; and a sign, as the medium between two minds or between an object and an idea, and being so regarded, however obscurely, must involve a triplet.

A Tour of Four Great Rivers, the Hudson, Mohawk, Susquehanna, and Delaware, in 1769. Being the Journal of Richard Smith of Burlington, New Jersey. Edited, with a short history of the pioneer settlements, by Francis W. Halsey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Smith's Journal called for just such an editor as Mr. Halsey, who has the topographical mind, and has made the paths of long ago clear if not straight. It is conceivable, however, that another editor might have compressed his preface, which is nearly half the book, into a closer narrative of the settlements later considered in the Journal, and used a large part of what was left as direct elucidation, by

way of foot-notes. It would not then be necessary for the reader to carry in memory the whole body of what the editor has to say in explanation of a long and somewhat intricate story.

Richard Smith (brother of Samuel Smith, the early historian of New Jersey) was only thirty-four when he took this journey with the definite object of surveying the Otego patent of 69,000 acres on the Susquehanna, which included large parts of the present town of Oneonta and Otego, south of Cooperstown. The charm and value of his Journal is its remarkable directness. Mr. Smith went out to inspect land, and he stuck to his task with a self-restraint as commendable as rare in a diarist. The situation, the character, the possibilities of the land are carefully noted, its accessibility, the nearness to water, the outlook for timber, and the possible crops. He was not, however, unobservant of the incidents of the journey of 676 miles, made between March and June, through a country which seemed new and wild to his eyes, though, as Mr. Halsey says, it had all been known to Europeans for a much longer period than that from the Revolutionary war down to the present day.

The enormous holdings of the great patroons of the Hudson Valley and elsewhere—the Van Rensselaer, Philipse, Van Cortlandt, Livingston, or other manors—all impressed our traveller. Mr. Halsey's observations on these great estates, and the sparseness of the population, lead him to the conclusion that such a system of land-holdings "retarded the growth of the Hudson Valley." He might justly have added that the evil effects of this system can still be discerned in such spots as Burden, or Staatje.

Smith's writing shows him to have been possessed of a mellow temper, and a mind of some cultivation. Even without Mr. Halsey's historical companionship, the Journal (not hitherto unknown, but now printed entire for the first time) would have been good reading. The several plates of houses and scenes with which the editor has enriched his volume, if not novelties to the historian, by republication and illustrate the text very well. Several unfortunate blunders of the printer or the proof-reader disclose themselves in the Introduction, but the Journal itself is a satisfactory reproduction of a valuable manuscript. The index, too, calls for a good word: it is full, yet not complicated; but why, pray, was it not strictly alphabetical?

Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea. A Memoir. By Lord Stanmore. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$7.50 net.

Never did luckless biographer advertise his embarrassments and misgivings more frankly than Lord Stanmore. He had "somewhat rashly" promised Lady Herbert years ago to undertake this memoir, but did not then know how great were the difficulties of the task. Sidney Herbert's life was short, and not highly eventful. "His name is not connected with any great and striking act, either of domestic or foreign policy." He was, by the testimony of all who knew him, a man of singular personal charm and sweetness of character, but how can the delicate aroma of such a nature be

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