

than "book interest and laboratory interest." Nearly one-half of the work is devoted to the discussion of the fundamental problems on which the science is based, strong emphasis being laid on the importance of the individual investigation of each student. The various phylla, from protozoa to mammalia, are then briefly taken up, with commendable avoidance of dry technicalities (which may come later), and much stress on such interesting phases as Relations to Man and Economic Value. Several chapters on Evolution, etc., round out the work. The illustrations are in general good, and well reproduced. If all high school text-books were written in as simple and straightforward a manner, the student might find his course at least less irksome.

Of elementary manuals of botany there is no end. The number is so great as to be positively embarrassing to the inexperienced teacher who is called upon to make a selection. Fortunately, the difficulty is lessened by Professor Ganong's book, "The Teaching Botanist" (Macmillan), which has undergone careful revision in its second edition. It may be recommended confidently to teachers as indicating safe lines along which one can proceed at this transitional period in the history of botany. Two of the great divisions of botany are now passing through rapid and radical changes, of which no one can as yet see the end. These departments are plant-physiology, which is being revolutionized by the new ideas in chemistry and physics, and morphology, which is being reinvestigated in the light of fossil botany. But, although these great fields are in a state of constant change, there is enough solid ground to be found in each field, upon which the conservative teacher can safely advise his pupils to build.

That reform of logic which many thinkers here and abroad deem the most urgent of all philosophical duties, is furthered on the psychological side by Prof. W. B. Pillsbury's volume on "The Psychology of Reasoning" (Appleton & Co.). The writer attempts to pass beyond the narrow and, in his opinion, misleading paths of formal logic toward an analysis of the thought processes which shall reckon not only with the mere intentions of the individual thinker, but no less with everything unsuspected that really happens to be involved in the production and directing of his thoughts. Professor Pillsbury is no less opposed to the so-called logic of values which has lately raised its standard in this country, notably in the writings of Baldwin and Urban. His hypothesis centres in a general doctrine as to the nature of consciousness, a doctrine which strongly suggests, though it does not follow out, Woodbridge's in its fundamental point. For Professor Pillsbury, reasoning can be understood only in the light of the fact that to be conscious or in consciousness and to possess meaning are identical conditions. While his development of this interpretation is abstruse and fraught with not a few uncertainties, it is, on the whole, an admirable endeavor to harmonize conflicting masses of fact. Probably his curt dismissal of the formal logician as one who is concerned only with language, not with living thinking, merits the least praise. And his too easy denial of the importance of the ancient issue between idealism and realism

ought to bring down trouble upon him.

Since William James's "Principles of Psychology" we have been looking vainly for an introductory treatise which sets forth facts and theories about mental life in the perfect style of an essay, with the first-hand vividness of a human document, and yet true to the scientist's conscience. Any one of these virtues is common enough, and pairs of them are not rare; but we believe that Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins's "A First Book in Psychology," fresh from the Macmillan Press, finds but one peer, and that one, though of perennial interest and worth, already antiquated in parts. Miss Calkins's book marks a long advance beyond her earlier "Introduction to Psychology." In that work she treated psychology "in a two-fold fashion, both as a science of selves and as a science of ideas (or mental processes), discussing all forms of consciousness from both points of view." Indicative of the trend of latter-day psychology is the author's complete abandonment of the second treatment, "I question," she now says, "the significance and the adequacy, and deprecate the abstractness of the science thus conceived." The wholesome effects of this reform are visible in every chapter, and they are heightened by excellent pedagogical sense, and not a little art. Miss Calkins orders her topics admirably. She winnows the abstruse and the problematic out from the mass of simple certainties and settles them, together with physiological excerpts and a rich store of bibliographical notes, in an appendix. The beginner thus encounters only a sketch of the main currents of psychic activity, and he finds it rich with historical allusion, literary glimpses, and personal confessions.

## Literature.

JOHN STUART MILL.

*The Letters of John Stuart Mill.* Edited, with an introduction, by Hugh S. R. Elliot. With a note on Mill's private life, by Mary Taylor. With portraits. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols., \$6.50 net.

These letters, which fill two stout volumes, have lain so long unpublished that they come to us now like a voice from the distant and half-forgotten past. There seems to have been no reason why they should not have been given to the world sooner—for Mill himself meant some at least to be published—except the caprice of his step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, a lady at one time well known in England, who had strong views on many things. When she died three years ago, her niece, Miss Mary Taylor, to whom they passed, concluded that they ought to be published; so now we have them, nearly forty years after Mill's death. The large majority are printed from the original drafts which Mill himself made, and from which, much corrected by erasures and additions, he copied out in his own hand the letters he sent to his correspondents, a conscientiously careful hab-

it few would imitate to-day. Some, however, being those to Thomas Carlyle and (Lytton) Bulwer, are printed from copies of those sent to these persons, while those to John Sterling, which are among the most interesting, are printed from the originals, which Sterling's family seem to have returned. The correspondence covers a period of forty-four years, from 1829, when Mill was twenty-three years of age, till his death in 1873.

The interest of the letters is three-fold. They tell us much about Mill's own character, including a good deal which we had learnt neither from his autobiography, frank and simple as that is, nor from the various sketches and studies of him which have appeared since his death. They throw some light on a few of the other leading literary figures of his time, and especially on those to whom the letters were written. And they give a vivid and direct impression of the public questions that were then occupying the public mind in England, and especially of the views held about those questions by the Philosophical Radicals of that day, of whom Mill was the intellectual head, while Sir William Molesworth and to some extent George Grote (the historian of Greece) and Dr. Bowring were prominent champions in the British Parliament. On each of these topics a few words may be said to indicate the value of the book.

There is little in it to affect substantially the judgment which the world has long since formed of Mill's intellectual power. Everywhere we discover the same vigor of thought, the same anxiety to get down to underlying principles, and the same power of close reasoning, which appear in his "Logic" and his "Political Economy." We are, however, struck, more than in those works, by a certain want of what may be called broad common sense in dealing with current questions. Mill, although an experienced official, writes too much like a man of the study—one can hardly say "of the cloister"—and shows himself inclined to carry out his principles with an insufficient regard to the conditions of time and place under which principles have to be applied. It used to be said of him that he lacked humor, that is, that he took everything too seriously, and did not understand, or at least did not allow for, the weaknesses of the average man. Certainly in these letters one discovers a good deal of that failure to see things as they are which was apparent to some slight extent in his book on Liberty, admirable in many ways as the book was, and much more apparent in his "Subjection of Women," parts of which were almost ludicrous in their inappropriateness to the facts of actual English society. If in this power of perceiving things just as they are Mill did not grow with years, he

certainly did become more tolerant and lenient in his judgments of others. The sternness of youth so evident in the earlier of these letters seldom recurs in the later ones, when experience had brought, as it ought to bring, charity in its train. Of his conscientious candor and uprightness we receive, the same clear impression which his books give, and which was no less strongly given by his public life. His motives were always high and pure, his sense of duty almost too scrupulous. The way in which he carried it into small things is shown by the pains he took in answering, often at great length and with great care, letters from people who had no claim upon him. There are, also, evidences of a warmth of heart and capacity for affection which are all the more attractive when found in a man so grave and rigid. These come out most in his letters to John Sterling, who must have possessed—Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" and the foundation of the Sterling Club show it—a power of inspiring affection equalled only by that which belonged to Arthur Hallam. A letter of 1840 (vol. I, p. 116) and those of 1844 (vol. II, pp. 127-127) are especially remarkable, and indeed beautiful and touching in their depth of feeling.

The personal interest is naturally greater in these letters of Mill's earlier years to his friends than in the deliverances on philosophical questions or public affairs which fill the second volume. But there are plenty of remarks scattered over all of them which are worth noting. Among these some of the reflections on religion are not the least interesting. He grew up, as readers of his Autobiography will remember, knowing nothing of Christianity, which his highly dogmatic father, dogmatic in anti-dogmatism, had so completely abandoned as to think not worth giving to the boy even as a matter of history. In 1833 he writes to Thomas Carlyle (vol. I, p. 68) that "I have been reading the New Testament; properly I can never be said to have read it before. I am the fitter to read it now; perhaps there is nobody within the four seas so utterly unprejudiced on the subject. I have never believed Christianity as a religion, consequently have no habitual associations of reverence, nor on the other hand any of *contempt*, like so many who have become sceptics after having been taught to believe; nor have I, like so many, been bored or disgusted with it in my youth. As far as I know your impressions about Christ, mine from this reading, are exactly the same." He then proceeds to reflections upon the four Gospels, and in a later letter upon St. Paul, whom he is far from appreciating, and, we may perhaps say, did not really understand, reflections too long for quotation, but curiously representing the attitude of

the less intolerant members of his school eighty years ago. It seems odd to find him and Carlyle in complete agreement on any subject, but this correspondence shows them as very close together, Mill appreciating Carlyle heartily, and being much influenced by him. Whether Carlyle was equally appreciative of Mill may be doubted. In later years he was wont to disparage his old friend, as indeed he had unluckily formed the habit of disparaging most people. Yet some American visitor, describing an interview with Carlyle near the end of his life, relates that after pouring boundless scorn on Herbert Spencer and some little upon Mill, he paused and added in a changed tone: "Aye; but he was a good man, was John Mill."

There is also an interesting letter (Vol. I, pp. 238-242), to an unnamed lady on a book which she had sent for his judgment in which he states that curious form of Manichaeism which had commended itself to him as perhaps on the whole the most probable theory of the government of the universe, a theory set forth in the little volume of essays on religion which appeared after Mill's death. Few have expressed their agreement with him, but not many men in England or America of eminence have dealt with these questions in the same kind of way, and in a spirit at once philosophical and scientific, since Mill's volume of essays appeared. Before leaving the relations of Mill with Carlyle, we must not forget to notice the letter (vol. I, p. 100) in which Mill, with the greatest delicacy and good taste, offers to make pecuniary compensation for the destruction of the manuscripts of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution," which had been accidentally burnt while in Mill's custody, and that in which, when Carlyle (apparently a little to his surprise but much to his delight) had accepted some compensation, he expresses his appreciation of the acceptance. This was in March, 1835, and thereafter there would seem to have been no further correspondence between the two. Anyhow, none is given here.

To some of Mill's other contemporaries, we find references which are not without interest. There are several to Auguste Comte, several to F. D. Maurice, all warmly appreciative. Mill corresponded with Bulwer, and expresses an admiration for some of the latter's works which curiously contrasts with the hits at Bulwer which are frequent in Thackeray's early writings and not absent from Carlyle's. For Macaulay he had no greater liking than Carlyle had, and writes (to Bulwer) as follows:

I felt your article [one on Sir Thomas Browne in the *Edinburgh Review*] to be far too good for Macaulay. It has much of the same brilliancy, but not his affected and antithetical style, and above

all, a perception of Truth, which he never seems to have, and a genuine love of the True and the Beautiful, the absence of which in him is the reason why among his thousands of clever things and brilliant things there are so few true things, and hardly one which is the whole truth and nothing but the truth. (Vol. I, p. 103.)

Nevertheless Mill had the candor to admit some merit in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," of which he says:

They are better than I thought Macaulay capable of. He has it not in him to be a great poet. There is no real genius in the thing, no revelation from the depths either of thought or of feeling, but that being allowed for, there is real *verve*, and much more of the simplicity of ballad poetry than one would at all expect. The latter part of the "Battle of the Lake Regillus" and the whole of "Virginia" seem to me admirable. (Vol. I, p. 123.)

The interest of the second volume, which covers the years from 1863 till 1873, the year of Mill's death, is largely political, and not the least interesting letters are those which refer to the war of secession. There is a remarkable one to Mr. E. L. Godkin (vol. II, p. 35), full of warm praise of an article in the *North American Review* in which Mr. Godkin had vindicated American democracy. In this letter Mill frankly admits that he and Tocqueville had erred in their unfavorable judgment of at least one side of American political life.

You have fully made out that the peculiar character of society in the Western States, the neutral type formed by the position and habits of the pioneers, is, at least in part, accountable for many American phenomena which have been ascribed to democracy. This is a most consoling belief, since it refers the unfavorable side of American social existence, which you set forth with a candor which ought to shame the detractors of American literature and thought, to causes naturally declining, rather than to one which tends to increase.

If Tocqueville had lived to know what the New England States have become thirty years after he saw them, he would, I think, have acknowledged that much of the unfavorable parts of his anticipations had not been realized. Democracy has been no leveler there as to intellect and education, in respect for true personal superiority. Nor has it stereotyped a particular cast of thought, as is proved by so many really original writers, yourself being one.

How strongly Mill was with the North in the war every one knows. He wrote to Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1865:

I have felt strongly drawn to you by what I have heard of your sentiments respecting the American struggle, now drawing to a close between freedom and slavery, and between legal government and rebellion without justification. No question of our time has been such a touchstone of men, has so tested their sterling qualities of mind and heart, as this one, and I shall all my life feel united by a sort of spe-



cial tie with those, whether personally known to me or not, who have been faithful when so many were faithless. (Vol. II, pp. 37, 38.)

There are, of course, many opinions expressed by Mill in these letters which few will now agree with, and some predictions which the progress of events has falsified. Now and then he could throw out dicta which were extravagant even when written, such as the following:

The characteristics of Germany is knowledge without thought; of France, thought without knowledge; of England, neither knowledge nor thought. The Germans indeed attempt thought; but their thought is worse than none. The English, with rare exceptions, never attempt it. The French are so familiar with it that those who cannot think at all throw the results of their not thinking into the forms of thought (From Mill's private Diary, Vol. II, p. 377.)

This is what comes of attempts to generalize epigrammatically! But there is also a wealth of thought diffused through the volumes, both on economics, on philosophy, on education, and on the political issues of the day, and one finds proofs on almost every page of the high and earnest spirit in which Mill devoted himself to all his work, private and literary, as well as public. His short career in the British House of Commons, while it did not enhance his reputation for practical statesmanship, set a brilliant example of public spirit and an absolute devotion to truth and duty. How ready he was to incur unpopularity and misrepresentation for the sake of a good cause comes out very clearly in the letters referring to the case of Gov. Eyre of Jamaica (vol. II, pp. 68, etc.). Mill was perhaps the finest specimen in recent times of what utilitarian ethics can do in the way of forming a noble character, unless we place beside his the character of another philosophical writer, the late Prof. Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge, England.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

"Now!" By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

The gospel of the spontaneous and, save to one's wishful self, irresponsible life is a good deal upon the mind of the clever English novelist of the hour. At first glance, Mr. Marriott would seem to be exhibiting here, in his "Morrisonians," a whole fraternity of Simple Septimuses and John Senhouses, with females after their kind. Not that we impute conscious imitation: it is the season for that sort of crop. Moreover, this patch of Mr. Marriott's has its particular merits. His band of single-hearted philosophers are committed to no set form of individualism or socialism. There are but two things they must not do—vote, and invest money; but their

general working rule is a negative one—to refrain from inessentials for the sake of essentials. Each member is to do what he likes, without "ulterior motive"—for the sake of a natural joy in living. "People are always imagining," complains the member in whose name the story is told, "that we are growing turnips, or making boots, or building houses, or cooking dinner, or painting pictures, to 'prove something.' It is the hardest thing in the world to persuade people that you are doing this, or living that way, because you like it." The saving thing about Morrisonism is that it is based upon a profound faith in human nature. "Doing what you like, when you come to consider what you are—I don't mean yesterday, but now—implies considerably more than taking your 'license in the field of time.'" The Morrisonians, in short, seek happiness by being good according to their own lights—or the thing may be put the other way round.

This wholesome and not revolutionary doctrine is enforced with much keenness and humor in connection with the experiences of a group of English people—or rather two groups which impinge but cannot unite, unless as Capulet may unite with Montagu. The story is told by an urbane gentleman who is something in chemistry, and a great deal out of it. At the outset he is connected with neither group, and it is by mere chance that he presently becomes involved with them both—the Kenwyn-Browns and the Morrisonians. The Kenwyn-Browns are, in subtler guise, the British middle-class family without which the current English novel would hardly know where to look for its humorous setting. There is the pompous pater familias, the complacent mater, the smug commercial son, the schoolboy and the schoolgirl. And there is the swan among ducklings, the new-fashioned daughter, just grown up and of independent mind. But the whole picture is mellowed and humanized. Kenwyn-Brown senior is not a fool or a tyrant, but a good soul hiding its uncertainties under the mask of convention and platitude. No such banalities pass between him and Julia as between Ann Veronica (of recent memory) and her absurd parent. It had not occurred to Mr. Marriott to hold a brief against fathers or for daughters: what he is for is freedom of all human beings to live and let live. The Morrison group is sketched with a light but sure hand—an association of the pure in heart if not of the meek in spirit. Conrad Lowe and his Julia are figures altogether delightful.

*Happy Island.* By Jennette Lee. New York: The Century Co.

Mrs. Lee's Uncle William and the island of his peaceful choice were no doubt too good romantic material to

be exhausted in a single sketch. That their reappearance in this book does not seem trumped up is a proof of their genuineness. With the hard and unlovely aspects of Yankee life, and character we are all sadly familiar; they are present here in the figures of Andy and his Harriet. But there are other aspects, mellow types. Uncle William's kindly and unforced optimism, the breadth of a nature little hampered by apparently narrow conditions, are not mere figments of Mrs. Lee's imagination. Insularity is comparatively seldom a matter of geography. The travelled and cultivated "Benjy" of this tale has much to learn from the quiet philosophy of his old stay-at-home comrade.

"I've thought about it, Benjy, a good many times—'bout living here on the island. We don't hurry much, but seems to me we get about as much—about as much living as other folks do." He looked at him over his glasses. "We've got enough to eat, and beds—putty good beds—and things to wear. I keep a-thinking and a-thinking about it," he went on, "and I don't see just what 't is we o't to scratch around so for."

"There's education," said the other, swinging his long glasses on their slender chain.

"Yes, you've got eddication, Benjy. I can see it—kind o' the way you set in a chair—different from my way." Uncle William regarded his great legs with kindly eye. "But I do 'mo's you're any happier—or your legs any happier?" he said slowly.

The argument is not precisely conclusive—Benjy ought to be happier, because he has more things to enjoy. Uncle William is an old bachelor, and ought at least to regret his childlessness; but he has no room for regrets in his philosophy. "Sometimes," he confesses, "I wake up in the night and think how happy I be—seems kind of shiftless." He is sufficient unto himself—asks for nothing better than his little gray house, his rocky acres, and the neighbors with whom chance or the Lord have supplied him. The charm of the sketch lies in his intermittent bits of monologue—spread rather thick, here and there, with the syrup of sentiment, yet not untrue to a real type.

*The Golden Centipede.* By Louise Gerard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

It must be a bequest from the troglodyte ancestor who lurks concealed among the roots of every family tree, which makes tales of wild adventure and profuse carnage so acceptable to ostensibly civilized man. There is some element in the human composition that likes to read of a good gory fight, against amazing odds, even when the insidious refinements of modernity have made the reader unable to extract a thorn from a finger without qualms. Rider Haggard played long and dexterously upon that string and is still busy