

## Books and Authors

### Pleasure and Pain<sup>1</sup>

The new inductive psychology, which began with laboratory experiments upon the senses, reaction-times, and the psycho-physic law, has been for a decade drifting on toward the study of the active powers of will, and there are many very recent signs that it is entering the still larger field of feeling and emotion. When it does so, it will cover the entire ground of man's psychic life. As the problems have deepened, the old materialistic bias of these studies has decreased, until there now seem promise and potency of deeper insight even into man's religious life.

Mr. Marshall's book is thus most opportune, and contributes so much clearness that it must be read by every one interested in the subject. He has made himself well acquainted with the vast and varied literature of the subject, save only the works of Oppenheimer—which probably appeared just too late—and of Dr. Henry Head, both of whom discuss the problem of pain in a way that is very important for his theory. Besides being severely scientific, they base their work more entirely upon anatomical and pathological data than Mr. Marshall approves.

We have read Mr. Marshall's book from cover to cover, and are much indebted to him. His fundamental position is that pleasure and pain are not the basis or raw material out of which all mental life is developed, because were this the case pleasure and pain would be used up, like raw material, in the product; and if mind was made out of them, it would show traces of their duality. Neither does he think pleasure and pain to be *sui generis* and apart, like special senses; his view is that they enter as differential qualities into all mental states, and that either of them may belong to any act or element of consciousness. If they are special qualities, they may come to all mental phenomena.

Mr. Marshall's classification of instinct-feelings, of which the emotions are complexes and co-ordinates, is clear and convenient. Joy is a complex psychosis of coming advantage; dread, of disadvantage. Sorrow is loss of advantage; relief, of disadvantage. Over against these four passive are four active feelings—love, a complex psychosis tending to go out to beloved objects; fear, tending to flee from disadvantage; anger, to drive it away; and surprise, which is a concentration of effective action on a single object. To these last four he adds a tendency to imitate, and another to please or attract advantage. States of pleasure and pain, or algedonic states, to use the author's convenient new term, color all and do not have the wide neutral or untuned interval between them which Wundt—whom the author thinks is coming around to his general view—urges.

Due scope is given to the nutritive factors which Grant Allen first brought into prominence. The description of each emotion is interesting and comprehensive. Although emotion is said not to originate in reflex or other movement or attitude, due attention is given to the latter. We could, however, but wish that so competent an author could have included the fascinating topic of sign-language, and perhaps even Delsarte, in his field of view. The object of art and pedagogy might be conceived as the enlargement of pleasure-fields—to use another happy conception of the author—and the frequency and prolongation of pleasure-states. Algedonic æsthetics are thus related to pedagogy and to ethics, and racial pleasure-getting is equivalent to racial effectiveness. This view does not favor utilitarianism nor egoistic hedonism. Even the bitterest restrictive pains should not be eliminated, for this would be death of the higher entity. The relatively permanent pleasure-field of revival is for each person the æsthetic field to which he refers in making judgments.

It is impossible to give more than hints and glimpses of the positions taken in this work in our space. The theme ranges from the simplest physical sensation up to the lofti-

<sup>1</sup> *Pain, Pleasure, and Æsthetics. An Essay concerning the Psychology of Pain and Pleasure, with special reference to Æsthetics.* By Henry Rutgers Marshall. Macmillan & Co., New York.

est emotion. That the solution is final the author would, we presume, hardly claim. To call it so would be to discount the great and early advance we so confidently expect in the near future in this field. Our own bias is so strongly experimental that we do not feel the assurance, once axiomatic, that physical pleasures or pains are simple, much less that there is any *quale* called pleasure or pain. What minute laboratory studies of specific pains caused and measured by apparatus will suggest, we would not venture to predict; but to us there seem new definitions and conceptions in the air. These we never felt more strongly than in reading Mr. Marshall's book, which certainly gives great hope of a slowly unfolding order in this vexed and chaotic field.



### Palgrave's Dictionary of Political Economy<sup>1</sup>

Palgrave's "Dictionary of Political Economy" can be characterized only by the use of the much-misused word invaluable. It not only covers all economic subjects of any importance by means of clear articles setting forth the principles involved, but does the far more important work of presenting with much completeness and all possible accuracy the historical and statistical information bearing upon them. This it does for the general student; for the special student it presents a very complete bibliography of each subject discussed. Among the contributors are enrolled nearly all the most distinguished economists of Great Britain, three or four of the best-known economists upon the Continent, and several of the leading American economists, including Professors Mayo-Smith and Seligman, of Columbia; Professors Ashley, Dunbar, and Tausig, of Harvard, and Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin. Certain American questions are treated all too briefly, but this is our only criticism upon the work. In the first volume, for example, in the article on assessments, there is scarcely a reference to the special assessments of abutting property, such as constitutes so important a part of American taxation. Similarly, the discussion of the banking system, though admirable as far as it goes, is much too condensed as respects the banking systems that have been employed in the United States. Nevertheless, upon this question of banking, we do not know of any other volume in which, in twenty pages—or even two hundred—so much well-digested information is to be found. As to prejudice—so apt to discolor even encyclopædia articles on economics—there is singularly little apparent. The parts discussing socialism, trades-unions, railroads, and the tariff are not yet published; but when we turn to the equally burning question of bimetallism in the volume at hand, we find an article which is entirely satisfactory to bimetallists, and which no intelligent monometallist can claim to be unjust to his own cause. The entire work seems to be executed as admirably as it is planned, and furnishes in the smallest possible compass an economic library.



### A Few Novels

*Under the Red Robe*, by Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, is a historical romance worthy of the author of "A Gentleman of France." It was bold to take Richelieu and his time as a subject and thus to challenge comparison with Dumas's immortal musketeers, but the result justifies the boldness. Mr. Weyman's hero is a man of his time—gambler, bully, duelist, with sword for hire; but still he has a sense of personal honor left, and when he is placed in a dilemma both branches of which seem absolutely incompatible with honor, he cuts the Gordian knot by offering his life to the great Cardinal whose plans he has dared to thwart. The plot is admirably clear and strong, the diction singularly concise and telling, and the stirring events are so managed as not to degenerate into sensationalism. Few better novels of adventure than this have ever been written. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

There are an unusual number and variety of finely drawn char-

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionary of Political Economy.* Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave. Macmillan & Co., New York.

acters in the posthumous novel of Wolcott Balestier, called *Benefits Forgot*. Although the plot-development is slow, the story skillfully includes the intensest tragedy of an average experience. Heed, with his impulsiveness, strikes one as the least lifelike of the chief actors in this little drama, laid in a Western mining town. Jasper is an admirably conceived villain, Philip an amiable Esau, and Verner an unprincipled saint who talks good slang. The women are not quite so real flesh and blood as the men; Margaret has some faults which redeem her, but Dorothy habitually dwells in some seventh heaven of perfectness. The story is a piece of literary art of good grade, but not always absorbing. None can read the book without feeling that its author, had he lived, might have had a notable literary career. His thought and feeling are here stronger than his art. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Several novels may be dismissed with a few words for each. Maxwell Gray's *A Costly Freak* is not on the level of her "Silence of Dean Maitland." The plot is improbable, and in style the book is "overwritten." (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Mr. E. F. Benson's "Dodo" was vulgar but smart; his *Rubicon* is simply stupid; the conversation can be described only as inane. (Same publishers.) Mrs. S. J. Higginson's *The Bedouin Girl* has as its special merit a remarkable knowledge of Eastern life and domestic customs; the story itself is also interesting, but the diction is super-romantic and high-flown. (J. S. Tait & Son, New York.) *The Travels of Matthew Dudgeon, Gentleman*, is clever in its reproduction of the manner of eighteenth-century books of travel and adventure among Turks, pirates, and the like, but the very exactness of the imitation makes the subject-matter trite. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) At her best Rhoda Broughton is superficial but amusing. She is not at her best in *A Beginner*. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)



The easy and refined garrulity of the Rev. Dr. Jessup is welcome to a large circle of readers who have a taste for archæology, for antiquities, and for literary bonhomie. *Random Roaming* is his latest volume, and it is made up of a miscellaneous lot of papers. The titular paper is the best, and of interest to any one taking a tour through "merrie England." The other papers are of varied and unequal quality, calculated, we may say, more for the latitude and longitude of Great Britain than for the American reader. So this volume, although charming from the personality of its writer, hardly comes up to its predecessors in the point of general interest. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have published a selection of fifty plates from *How to Know the Wild Flowers*—a book of great usefulness and of very notable popularity, which found its way last summer into the hands of a great many people and stimulated them to a new study of flowers in different parts of the country. This selection of plates, printed on water-colored paper, includes a large number of the most familiar and characteristic of our American wild flowers, and will be of great service to all those who are interested in the former book, as well as of great use in the study of these flowers. (\$1.)

Professor J. Rawson Lumby, D.D., has prepared the commentary on the *Epistles of Saint Peter* for the Expositor's Bible. His work has been carefully and conscientiously done, and shows the result of much study, but it lacks inspiration. The Petrine Epistles are full of strong feeling and an eager insistence which have not moved this commentator. However, this is not to say that the book has not excellencies of its own in thoroughness of learning and in a wise conservatism of expression. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

The latest *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur* is by Professor Max Koch, and is a remarkable work both in completeness and cheapness. Well printed on fair paper and bound in cloth, its nearly three hundred pages cost only twenty cents. The sketch of German literature from the earliest ages to our own day is necessarily condensed, but the rapid review is clear and impressive. A good index and a judiciously selected bibliography of sources to be consulted in more expansive study greatly enhance the volume's value.

Mr. Horatio F. Brown's *Life on the Lagoons* well deserved the honor of the second edition it has now reached. It is a capital book about Venice, particularly in its chapters about gondolas (the building of which is described), floods, regattas, the lagoons, home life, the habits of the people, and so on. Historically, the book leans perhaps a little too strongly on the theory of physical environment, but the idea is carefully worked out. The illustration is highly attractive. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

## Literary Notes

—Count Cavour's correspondence has been translated by Mr. A. J. Butler, the Dante scholar and critic.

—Only two novelists of great note, Charles Reade and R. D. Blackmore, are on the roll at Oxford. Cambridge has six, among whom are Sterne and Thackeray.

—M. Edmond de Goncourt is about to publish his own notebooks and those of his brother made during their Italian trip forty years ago. The illustrations will be by M. Jules de Goncourt.

—Mr. S. R. Crockett, the author of "The Stickit Minister" and "The Raiders," is described as being a broad-shouldered man, nearly six feet tall, and with reddish-brown hair and beard.

—The most important sale of a Sir Walter Scott manuscript since that of "Guy Mannering," ten years ago, is announced by a London auction firm, who offer the autograph manuscript of Scott's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte."

—Mr. William Morris and Mr. Theodore Watts are about to give the world another proof of their growing intercourse. For years past they have kept house together at Putney. Now Mr. Morris, as owner of the Kelmscott Press, will publish the first collection of Mr. Watts's poems. Perhaps no poet has ever published so much and so good verse without "writing a book."

—The death is announced at San Remo of Mrs. Lucy Rossetti, the wife of the author and critic William Michael Rossetti, and daughter of the painter Ford Madox Brown. She was herself an artist, and had exhibited at the Royal Academy.

—All Germany seems just now to be discussing the proposed statue of Heinrich Heine. Its most earnest opponent seems to be Felix Dahn, who accuses the poet of having degraded German literature with Frenchified prose and licentious poetry.

—Jean Ingelow spends her winters in the South of France, where she has a cottage overlooking the Mediterranean. Her London house is in Kensington, and stands with its crown of ivy in the midst of a spacious garden, half hidden among trees.

—"Vailima," the Samoan for "fine waters," is the name of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's home near Apia. It is four miles from the beach and several hundred feet above the sea. The house is a rambling, two-story affair, and is painted a grayish color. As there is no driveway from Apia, the place is accessible only to those who walk or ride.

—With his own caravan of camels, Pierre Loti has been traveling through Arabia Petrea, timing himself to reach Jerusalem by April 29, for the Greek Easter. He not only travels in regular Arab fashion, but dresses as a Bedouin. From Jerusalem he will proceed to Damascus and Baalbek, thence by way of Beirut to Constantinople, the Crimea, and Moscow. The result of all ought to be a fascinating book.

—One of the most magnificently furnished houses in London is said to be that of Mr. George Augusta Sala, journalist, novelist, and traveler. Yet we hear that newspaper men and authors never make enough to keep them. Mrs. Ward, Miss Braddon, and Mr. Crawford might also furnish a point or two in contradiction. Mr. Sala's reminiscences, which have just appeared, ought to be interesting reading, since they recall his intimacy with Dickens, Thackeray, and other famous men in literature and art.

—Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, "Germany's foremost writer" according to Marie von Bunsen in "Die Frau," and certainly an author whose style commands admiration, nevertheless hardly ranks as a popular story-teller, even in Germany. "Dorf- und Schloss-Geschichten" is the title of some of her tales, and might well be that of all. The novelist was born in 1830 at Castle Zdislavice in Moravia. Her father was a Count Dubsky. Before her marriage she wrote several dramas which secured some attention.

—Mr. Graham Wallas, a prominent member of the Fabian Society, who lives near Mrs. Humphry Ward's new country-seat at Tring, is said to have been that novelist's principal helper in making the necessary studies of Socialism for "Marcella." It may not be generally known that Mrs. Ward's father, the author of the popular works on English literature, and son and namesake of the famous Master of Rugby, went out to Tasmania as school inspector, and there he married Julia Sorell, the daughter of a former Governor. She died in 1888. Their eldest child, Mary Augusta Arnold, was born in 1851. In 1856 her father became a Roman Catholic, and returned to take a professorship in the Dublin (R. C.) University, removing thence to Oxford, where among his friends were Professors Green, Jowett, Freeman, and Mark Pattison. A Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose, Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward, later the well-known editor of the "English Poets" and historian of the Victorian era, appeared on the scene when Miss Arnold was but twenty, and they became engaged. After marriage, the first nine years were spent in Oxford. The devotion to each other of Mr. and Mrs. Ward is well known, and they are seldom met apart in London society.

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