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THE SADDEST OF THOUGHTS.

The saddest thought that ever found its way
 Into the curious chamber of the mind,
 Is, that to close the latest earthly day
 Sums all of life; that all is final blind.
 Dispose of elements, nor shall we find
 Rest other than the dusty remnants have
 Which were our bodies and the soul enshrined,
 Then to be parted like th' unmeaning wave,
 The friendly atoms all, forth wandering from the grave!

R. R. BULKLEY.

CHICAGO, November 30, 1878.

BOOK NOTICES.

ILLUSIONS: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY. By JAMES SULLY. "The International Scientific Series." Vol. XXXIV. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1881. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Sully's book will be welcomed as the latest contribution to "The International Scientific Series" by those who have, perhaps, been inclined to feel that psychical and speculative sciences have not as yet been quite fairly represented in the development of the publishers' undertaking. Out of thirty-four volumes now extant, there have been only nine or ten dealing with subjects other than physical. The present volume, apart from its intrinsic merits, which are great, has this relative value: that it is one more weight in the higher scale, and goes to restore the balance of the series as symmetrically mirroring the encyclopædia of science.

It deals with illusions, not of external perception merely, as most treatises do, but also of introspection or reflection, memory and belief, and concludes with an epilogue of considerable length and fulness, which will have special interest for the readers of "The Journal of Speculative Philosophy," inasmuch as it points the way from the science to the philosophy of illusion—a speculative *critique* and review of the whole field of error. This interest will be the greater that this contribution to the philosophy of illusion is from the hand of a man of science, and shows in him much breadth of culture and open-mindedness of regard.

In a modest way he apologizes for his intrusion, as he takes it, into the field of "divine philosophy"! But we shall say nothing about that, and only take what he gives us with gratitude, though not without discrimination.

Science is description, classification, and explanation by psychical and physical conditions. Science assumes a great deal to begin with. It is for philosophy, he says, to

deal with these faiths and assumptions, and to justify them if it can. This distinction between science and philosophy, which is his immanent and latent guide in the first eleven chapters, directing and limiting therein the strictly scientific treatment of his subject, is brought out by him in the last chapter, and set forth with articulate perspicuity.

To teachers and scholars the educative value of the book is great, as showing how much need we have to watch ourselves living, lest we fall from sanity of thought and life through the devious ways of error and illusion into insanity. The lesson of the book is that there is no line of demarcation—nothing to pull us up in our too easy descent.

The sum of his first chapter is that illusions are fallacies that have gone together into themselves and assumed the mask of immediacy and self-evidence. He goes some way towards admitting that all knowledge is mediated. In the second chapter he has to consider his classification. He sees well enough that a thorough scientific classification would be one based on derivation, and, therefore, according to origins. But he chooses to reject this ideal, because illusions, as immediately given, may be diverse, though possessing a common origin in the same false process of reasoning.

He also rejects the distinction of Hallucination and Illusion as a ground of classing because it concerns degrees and not kinds. In the superposition of fiction upon fact, when the superstructure becomes exorbitantly great relatively to the sense-stimulus or initial percept at its base, we call the result hallucination; but, though the initiative sense-impression may be minimized, it may be doubted whether it is ever quite absent—and so the question between hallucination and illusion proper remains one of degree only. Accordingly, he adopts the popular division as above given; a good working one, though, no doubt, Mr. Sully could have written a book more recondite and thoroughgoing, and more suggestive to experts, on the *derivative* basis. Such a perfectly symmetrical *rationale* of the genesis of illusion remains a *desideratum*.

When in the chapter on "perception" our author proposes "to distinguish between a *sensational image*, e. g., the representation of a color, and a *perceptual image*, as the representation of a colored object," one is a little inclined to take exception to the phraseology. Is not a color that you can make an image of both an "object" and a percept? And how can you have either a presentation or representation of a "sensation" or feeling which is only an inchoate element of a percept—distinguishable in reflection but not separable?—not an object or existent that can be perceived and imaged? Apparently by a "sensation" Mr. Sully here means a single initial (ultimate in analysis) percept, like the vision of one homogeneous piece of color; and by a "percept" a complex of such percepts. Yet he goes right to ignoring the thought-element in every least percept. In this chapter he describes the probable "physical basis" of perception. But when he tells us that the nervous process underlying a sensation occupies the same region as that which underlies the interpretative image, and that the two processes differ in *degree* of energy *only*, and that the peripheral regions of the nerve organism may come to be involved just as much in the one case as in the other, one cannot help seeing that the physics or physiology of perception, while explaining, as Mr. Sully shows with the latest and most lucid exposition, many subsidiary points, fails to give us that difference in *kind* which subsists between true and illusory perception. When the molecular movements that are represented as the physical bases of the interpretative image on the one hand, and of the sensation on the other, become assimilated in momentum, as they are supposed to do at the instant when "pre-per-

ception" becomes "perception proper," nothing remains to distinguish them. They occupy exactly the same time and space, and representation has actually become, in its physical aspect, presentation. Imagination and perception, according to this physical interpretation of them, are all one and indiscernible. But this is the ground of difference between illusion and truth in sense-perception, obliterated. Physiology, therefore, affords us no criterion of illusion, and is irrelevant.

Mr. Sully, however, soon disengages himself and his readers from the toils of physics and other such entanglements. The recoil and return to sanity of view are quick and sure. Thus, "Illusion is deviation from the common and collective experience." In short, solidarity and consistency is criterion. Illusion is dislocation or isolation. That is the drift of his doctrine, and it tends towards the recognition of a universal consciousness or reason. It is in him to come to that eventually. And, meantime, the tendency gives a certain philosophical quality and tone to his writings. When a man of science can say, "What we call a 'sensation' is really compounded of a purely passive impression and the mental activity involved in attending to this and classing it," you can see he is on the right road, though he may not have gone very far. A little farther, and he will discern that "sensation" without thought is simply pure nonsense. Take another strikingly suggestive utterance, considering the quarter it comes from. He is speaking of the frequent organic unity and coherency of dreams, and trying to account for it by "the intellectual sentiment of consistency," the synthetic instinct, and he ends by saying: "In touching on this intellectual impulse to connect the disconnected, we are, it is plain, approaching the question of the very foundations of our intellectual structure!" Such an one is not far from the kingdom of philosophy.

His treatment of the question of "personal identity" is empirical, and from the standpoint of the imagination and "understanding." It is, therefore, not quite satisfactory as *speculation*. What the radical notion of selfsameness is, he leaves us still to conjecture.

Is the continuous intuition of Time its basis? We have to place every phase and moment of our changing empirical selves in this time-continuum. Does its continuousness *compel* us to fill up any lacunæ with similar tracts of empirical consciousness? Mr. Sully says we *may* do so, or "manage" to do so; but the question is, *Must* we? And, if we *must*, then the time-continuum and the continuous selfsame act of reflection filling it up are the obverse aspects of what we call personal identity and continuity. The image of continuous selfsame time, and not the "collective image" of the empirical ego, would be the true *Vorstellung* or "idea" of personal continuance and oneness. He endeavors, in the chapter on belief, to establish a thoroughgoing distinction between memories and expectations or forecasts. He says anticipation need not be grounded on memory, and, in proof, "anticipation is pretty certainly in advance of memory in early life." Granting this, what of his "prenatal memories" or ancestral experiences wrought into the infant's brain, and determining its instinctive expectations? Again he says, "As a *mode of assurance*, expectation is clearly marked off from memory, and is not explainable by means of this." Certainly, as modes of assurance they differ—*i. e.*, in their emotional aspect. The emotional accompaniments of forecast and those of memory are different. But have they any other differentia? I think not. *As representation*, forecast, or expectant belief, is made up of memories and percepts.

The epilogue begins with some paragraphs, rather hesitating, yet fairly, and on the whole indicating that, as already suggested, illusions are fallacies collapsed, and that what is phenomenally for the individual consciousness immediate knowledge is, in

truth, mediated knowledge masquerading. To be sure Mr. Sully says that illusions can only be so described "by a kind of fiction." But a "fiction" cannot be the basis of a science. How could there be any science of illusion, such as his own, if illusion could not be exhibited as a process, in very truth? There could only be cataloguing and "natural history."

But the main question of this last chapter is, What prospect of deliverance from error and illusion? What does science answer to that? "There is the familiar method of the evolutionist." "It might seem possible to prove by it that *common cognition* must in general be *true cognition*." Mr. Sully has his doubts. There are others the reader may have. The evolution of true cognition is "an incident of the great process of adaptation, physical and psychical, of organism to environment." But "organism" and "environment" are both highly complex and abstract *representations* of Mr. Spencer's. Why may these not, as represented, be illusions? At least we do not seem to be entitled, for the purpose of a comforting argument, to assume that they are not. If, in order to show that all knowledge is gradually being freed from error and delusion, we assume that our whole department of all knowledge—that relating to "organism" and "environment," and Spencerian evolution-theories generally—is already free, it looks very much like begging the question. Moreover, if "evolution-theory" be true, itself is a product of evolution; and, unless the force of evolution has spent and happily consummated itself in evolving Mr. Spencer and his theory as a *final* effort, then "evolution-theory," like theories innumerable gone before, is only a transient moment in the process of approximation to "perfect adjustment." What will be left of it when its illusions have been eliminated in the course of evolutions? How can we trust that which, on its own showing, must be a thing provisional and passing away?

"Experience, like a sea, soaks all-effacing in!"

Then when we are told that "all correspondence means practical efficiency," and that the practically efficient individuals and communities will of course survive in the struggle, and so illusion come to be eliminated by natural selection, it occurs to us to ask whether "practical efficiency" is anything more than adjustment of one hemisphere of human consciousness to the other? All is within consciousness. Hence, from the wider imaginative point of view, in the face of *possible* worlds of knowledge and intelligence beyond humanity, the doubt still stands, and the survival of the "efficients" and of their happy "consensus" does not exclude the *possibility* of persistent common illusion. But to come back to "the strictly scientific standpoint," let us see whether "all want of correspondence means practical incompetence." Mr. Sully admits, on the contrary, that the illusion of self-esteem mostly helps men in the race for life and survival. And again, shall I certainly come to grief by obstinately insisting on believing in the Ptolemean or the Mosaic Cosmogony? Will it affect my success as a shipmaster or practical miner? As a practical breeder of cattle, does it matter one whit whether I hold with Darwin or "special creation"? Then there is "the *direct* process of adaptation." "External relations that are permanent will stamp themselves on our nervous and mental structure." But what about Galileo and Copernicus? The "permanent relations" were all for Ptolemy and against Copernicus. Everybody had always seen sun, moon, and stars rise and set, and go round, and the earth had been perennially a fixture. Just as often as not, true science has to erect itself against and in spite of "permanent relations between organism and environment."

Science failing him, Mr. Sully turns to philosophy. And here there occurs a memorable sentence: "If philosophy finds that there is nothing real independently of mind,

science will be satisfied, so long as it finds a meaning for its assumed entities, such as space, external things, and physical causes." Alas! "Philosophy is still a question and not a solution," and Mr. Sully finds little more help here. His conclusion appears to be that the hopefulness of science is, in the last resort, based on faith, implicit, inexplicable—faith in reason, yet itself beyond reason, seeking no justification and finding none. If it be said, There is no reality in consciousness, no truth for reason, we must just say: "Illusion then be thou my reality." "Pro ratione stet voluntas."

Of course we may, if we choose, postulate an "*objectively* real," in the sense of a universal permanent consciousness or conscious reason—a perfect experience which, as "environment," is assimilating us to Himself. And it may be said that this is our framework in which it is possible for the ultimate optimistic hope and confidence to embody itself when it would view itself represented and named.

But this is not ground and justification of the initial act of faith. It is ideal representation and after-thought.

Implicitly, inexplicably, we must believe that whatever is in consciousness is real, and that on this reality, and out of it as material, reason can build up Truth; and that, taken at infinity, illusion is a vanishing quantity. But to take a thing at infinity is to lay hold on an ideal. And to some it may appear that the Ideal of Truth has a twin sister in the Ideal of Immortality. They would say that, if we must postulate or frame the unattainable ideal of truth to enable us to get up and keep up fire and steam for our journey of search, just so are we under an equally natural and inevitable compulsion to frame the ideal of endless active approximation of living reason to the unattainable elimination of illusion.

Mr. Sully is not to blame if some of his readers see visions, and dream dreams like these. It only shows how he sets one a thinking—how stimulating and pregnant his book is.

J. BURNS GIBSON.

LONDON, April, 1881.

LITERARY ART: A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A PAINTER, A POET, AND A PHILOSOPHER.

By JOHN ALBEE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

"The scene of the conversation," the author tells us in the preface, "is the margin of the Concord River; the time, a summer, not long past; and the speakers three: a painter, a poet, and a philosopher. These three grew up in the country together, went to the same school, academy, and, finally, college, maintaining their friendship then, and subsequently, unbroken. For upon entering life they had followed different vocations—painting, teaching, and farming—and no one of them had as yet become so celebrated or prosperous as to make him forgetful of the other.

"Almost in their boyhood they had heard something, but indistinctly, of a new movement in thought and philosophy, which at college they came to know more fully of. But never had they visited the seat of the new ideas until the present time, when, in a summer vacation, they make together a pilgrimage to Concord; and having seen the famous men and monuments of the town, they come in the afternoon to the bank of the river. There, near the old bridge, under the pleasant shady trees, they sat down, and fell into the conversation which I—happening to be the guest of one of them in his own home, whom it was awkward to leave behind, and scarcely less so to take, having none of their associations or curiosity—listened to in silence, have remembered for a long time, and now attempt to relate."

The author has placed in the mouth of each interlocutor such theories as he finds it convenient, in order to develop his views of literary art, and is not careful to make

each person present a well considered, systematic doctrine. He is all the more careful to bring out the various sides of his theme with as much fairness and profundity of treatment as he can command.

Mr. Albee is a master of a fine literary style, and is at the same time more than a literary artist. He is a man possessed of a wise experience, and has evidently been through many of the saurian periods of development which gifted young American poets are likely to grow into. There are flashes of the negative wit of Byron, also of Burns, also of Goethe, in this book. But the negations are matched by positive generalizations and helpful insights.

We quote the following passages as specimens of style and treatment from different parts of the book. The painter, it will be seen, is most of a philosopher.

Poet speaks. "Others may prize us for more mature achievements; we prize ourselves most for finding the paths that led to them. I have tried to say the same thing in verse. If you would like—"

Painter. "Of course; I knew by your manner you were coming to what you supposed was a good thing. What a pity artists cannot capture unawares a spectator! But let us have it."

Poet. "In spring we wear a green and leafy suit,
If happily the Muse permit her light;
Then flowers, and, last of all, for others, fruit;
But most the leaf and flower ourselves delight."

Painter. "That is enough. It was just as good in prose, I think. Let us stick to prose; interjected poetry is an unfair advantage, is apt to put out every light, even when a quotation."

Painter. "You know I am fond of the sea-shore in winter. Then the idlers are gone where they can again be comfortable, and the sea and shore have all the lonely grandeur which is their peculiar property on the New England coast. Walking there every day I often see old footprints that look remarkably large and strange, as if some of the ocean gods had been up and down the beach; but, reflecting, I know they are my own, enlarged, and the individual outlines a little obliterated by some chance eddy of the tide. We are always rediscovering ourselves. Either we once lived and conversed with some whom we read, or they come back to think their thoughts in us."

Painter. "All we can do is to stop at some famous place, enlarge or particularize it, and be humble interpreters to our masters; holding a candle to the objects over which their full sun has once passed.

"We are taught that man is the measure of everything, and every man that measure; and all that is sensuous is frowned down as wanting the refined, ideal characteristic."

Poet. "Your grievance sounds suspiciously personal. Take care not to generalize from anything you have yourself suffered. The world immediately detects the tone of the unsuccessful; and it stops to listen only to the more fortunate."

Philosopher. "There is nothing for us who speculate but to go forward in search of pure reason and final causes. We know they are unattainable, but not unapproachable; and we expect, with that mark, to come nearer than on those short lines that are forever crossing each other, doubling back upon themselves, because they find some pleasant shade where it is easy and sweet to rest."

Philosopher. "Do not mistake our somewhat fixed and arbitrary nomenclature for the circle in which you charge us with moving. We have too much neglected the proprieties and elegancies of language, intent on what we thought more important."

Philosopher. "First, let us see if there be any such thing as literary art; next, if we conclude that there is, let us examine what it consists in, and of how much importance."

Philosopher. "You would then accommodate your style and subjects to the level of their capacities and interests?"

Painter. "By all means; how else will they hear?"

"I call that successful literary art which adapts itself so to the reader's conditions that he knows all that is said; or he has heard of others who know. Literary art must follow the tone, the standards, the spirit of the time; or else I hold it is no art, but caprice, an idiosyncrasy."

Painter. "It is in vain to be cosmopolitan before we are even provincial, to obtain a whole success before a half, or a quarter of one. What you long for, if you do not find here, you will not find elsewhere. Europe does not make one cosmopolite, but an inward creative faculty touches the walls of the world from its own centre without locomotion."

Painter. "And you complain that there is no career, no public, and no actor! All that is left us is to sit down at the second table of some Greek banquet, or curse the stars that did not allot our career in the French capital. Only yesterday I saw your latest lament of this kind, in the weekly organ of all that is un-American. I suppose you have the paper in your pocket."

Poet. "I? no; I have not even seen it, and do not care to. For I never print anything but I wish to recall it; not, however, on account of the matter, but the workmanship."

Philosopher. "I think I can help you; I was reading the paper this morning, and when we started I wrapped up some fishing-lines in it."

Painter. "Will you hand the verses to the poet and let him read?"

Poet. "No; you shall read them yourself. I should like to hear if they sound through your voice as they did once in my ears without a voice. Usually that is a mortifying test. But I am ready."

Painter (reads):

"Ages ago the larger, riper fruit
Which crowned the topmost boughs of those fair trees
That in Hesperides stood thick and tall,
Was plucked by elder poets in its prime,
And through the orchard rose majestic hymns.
Some windfalls here and there to us remain,
For which we slender men must stoop, not climb;
Or shrivelled crab among the lower limbs,
The season's laggard, setting teeth on edge,
More fit for vinegar than Chian wine,
And puckering up the mouth in some shrill song."

Painter. "Yesterday was the invention of the regretful; to-morrow of the indolent. Who lives in either loses two days. The present is all that really is, and precisely the spot where we are the only tangible point of the universe.

"In my next vacation I mean to complete my 'Poet's Almanac.' . . . I have already received one contribution. . . .

"Hear what this writer of mine has to say of his year in comparison with that of other astronomical calculators.

" 'POET'S ALMANAC.

" "The gods to man give months and years,
For forethought and the ward of ill;
That, armed with active hopes and fears,
He learn to master fate by will.

" "For him are fruitful clouds and suns,
From field to field, from plant to plant,
He as their friendly shadow runs,
And husbands well whate'er they grant.

" "He sows and reaps the earth's broad fields,
Trusting to autumn, springtime's care;
The season lost, no profit yields
The year, and profitless is prayer.

" "Let him be prudent then and wise,
Since for itself is not the day
Alone; and no to-morrows rise
On him who casts to-day away.

" "May nature give him blest increase
Who trusts her aid and lends his own;
And unto him who has no piece
Of earth, be still some bounty shown.

" "The Muse gives only day and hour,
Blind to the future and the past;
That poets, missing fortune's dower,
May hold the present moment fast.

" "But other grace the Parcæ show
The poet, doomed the world's wide steep;
He reaps the fields he does not sow,
And sows where he will never reap.

" "He counts that season's harvest good
When verse in heat or cold waxed strong;
When day and night forgetful stood,
And the whole year bore but one song.

" "Write, Muse, for him, a calendar—
The poet's own creative week;
When to his fiat is no bar,
And clay is taught sweet words to speak.' "

Painter. "I think it is likely the good poet does invent his subjects, inasmuch as he endeavors to find those so insignificant that his treatment gives to them their only importance; for nothing in nature or life is of any value until it becomes the subject of reflection or imagination; or else those already so famous in history or fable that he must furnish out something so probable and apposite to their character that all men, easily, and with delight, recognize it as what might have been justly the deed and the word. Now this elevation of the unknown and trivial into something beautiful or interesting, and the clothing of the better known and always significant in appropriate garments—these two efforts are probably what the poet means by inventing his subjects."

Painter. "To determine the moment of chiefest expression for detachment and representation, to detach it and give it an existence of its own—this is the aim of art. The expression ought, however, to suggest all that belongs to the subject, both before and after it has been precipitated into a single moment or form. It has been attempted successfully a few times: in the Laocoon, in the frescos of Michael Angelo, and in several of the tragedies of the Greeks and of Shakespeare. It is this that, in a peculiar manner, allows us to read into certain creations so much of what we call the suggestive. It is truly the characteristic of all works that have seized the transcendent moment, the central idea, and neglected trifles. . . . Art makes us free to every special art. All the terms of each, all the aphorisms and axioms, are transmissible and usable in every other. . . . The artist intervenes to represent the contact of man and nature. The resemblance, if only realistic, is only vulgar—that which the uninitiated desire, see, and wonder at; sparrows that fly at the cherries in the picture; sheep that are so much like sheep, yet, after all, only sheep. Nature can make a better single thing than the artist can represent, and it is vain to compete with her in her own province. But let the artist arrange, discover, and bring together something inexpressible or only accidental to nature. Then is he man, the artist; a being not superior to nature, but more universal and adaptive; as an individual capable of making permanent his way of seeing objects, and of establishing a new relation of objects."

Painter. "Opportunity passes by the unprepared, and they wonder at their ill-luck. . . . There may be those now standing aloof only forbidden by an erroneous opinion of the severities of your studies, heightened by seeing the obscurities, the bizarre terminology, and labyrinthine construction of your philosophical parlance. . . . I will not insist upon all the graces of style in your philosophy if you will compromise, by clearness, neatness, and more illustration, an occasional figure, by way of bait for the more frivolous, and such a vocabulary as is common to the best English prose. For, after all, these are the foundation of literary art, which, I suppose, we all three agree begins to be necessary only when one has a genuine message to deliver to his fellow-men."

Poet. "Consider how the conception of the devil has been transformed by being taken up into literature as an actor without moral intention. It was long before Milton's characterization of him began to be noted. Readers read out, at first, what they were in the habit of believing, a pure evil essence. It was a great step in the extirpation of the popular conception when a certain grand air was impressed upon his wicked image."

Poet. "What is this original power, genius, insight, which you repeat so often?"

Painter. "It is not an easy matter to define them. They ever take some new form. We know them when we see them, but cannot very well describe them beforehand. Some say they are a larger receptivity, observing ten things where others observe one, and, by means of ideals in the mind, setting them in feigned relations, which become symbols of truth and nature. Sometimes, on the contrary, they are a more concentrative vision, seeing, not the ten things, but the one, with such intensity that it is resolved into all and stands for all. And well it may, for there is nothing which is not related and representative. There is a vision which can take in the complex and deliver the simple, which can measure variety and detect unity."

Poet. "The Greeks had measure in everything, and propriety; whether their minds were unagitated by the complexities that overwhelm us, or because they had attained to repose through the perfection of their arts of architecture and sculpture and literature, I know not."

Painter. "Most that was painful, tragic, pathetic, they placed among their gods and heroes, and it was softened by memory, elevated by the sublimity of the actions and the majesty of the actors. There was no room for tears; pity there was, mingled with pride and reverence for destiny. Sophocles was a great critic as well as a great general and dramatist. He said Æschylus did right without knowing it. He said of himself that he was wont to describe men as they should be; but that Euripides described them as they are. Now, I suppose that Euripides's realism was the source of his pathos and power over his audience. He alone, among mortals, has fairly succeeded in elevating commonplace to sublimity."

Poet. "When literature loses faith in itself as the interpreter of man's being and all we know of divine and of nature, its degradation is complete. It begins then to be capricious, without dignity or motive, except emolument and amusement. Then men put themselves in training to write a book, as the athlete to develop a particular muscle. They study men and women and nature at strange and unfrequented points, and ransack the world for novelties to write about. They make literature a profession and a business, and follow it after professional and business principles. I deny the name of literature, though obliged to use it, to their work."

Painter. "There has been a revelation in regard to environment, and we have discovered the law of heredity, which relieves us of the necessity of considering our great men at all remarkable; distributing their gift along seven generations, one contribution from that, another from this, you see how neatly and unsuspected we can deprive the latest representative of much credit for what he may have accomplished. That there should be such a man as Mr. — cannot be left unaccounted for. Twenty times a year I read the ancestral explanation, which seems to me always to say: 'My dear sir, you had a remarkable grandfather and a remarkable great-grandfather, and grandmothers are always remarkable, and it is not very, only a little, remarkable that you are remarkable.' So, while we have this deep personal interest in the men who create literature, I think there is hope for us."

Philosopher. " 'See thou nothing that is base?' was written by a poet of our day. It was the practice of the most celebrated of ancient men. They lifted their eyes from

the earth ; but benefited it more by what they saw and reported than do those who go on all fours, mousing in every pestiferous recess. There are unquestionable maladies, and the doctors are too plentiful, and the remedies."

Painter. "Philosophy assumes the self-evident, and employs itself in proving it, picking up on the way many truths. I value it not so much for its noble intention as for the freedom and light which have ever, unawares, accompanied its exercise."

THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE SUBLIME: AN ANALYSIS OF THESE EMOTIONS AND A DETERMINATION OF THE OBJECTIVITY OF BEAUTY. By JOHN STEINFORT KEDNEY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1880.

The object of the author of this treatise has been to discuss the fundamental questions underlying æsthetics, rather than to make a text-book on the subject. With this in view, he has been careful to avoid all applications of his results to particular questions in art criticism, except so far as is necessary for illustration. He has also avoided the question of æsthetic culture, for the reason that it is a part of the question of culture in general, and its consideration belongs after the consideration of ethical culture. Book I considers the subjective aspect of the sublime and beautiful, while Book II treats of beauty as objective.

In Chapter I he defines certain terms: "The human soul is called a *self*, because in its consciousness it distinguishes and relates the two realms, or materiel therefrom; and all of its states are determinations from both sources, amid which it determines itself, and out of which it constructs its own world." The soul has "susceptibilities," or modes of passivity—namely, sensation, registration, memory, and emotion. It has "faculties," or modes of activity—such as perception, recollection, fancy, insight, understanding, judgment, reason, imagination. "Reason" is used by Dr. Kedney to mean not only a faculty, but a light—as the sum of the special human elements super-added to the animal soul. Consciousness is regarded as belonging to animals as such, and to be distinguished from human self-consciousness, which exists because of reason. He distinguishes a third form of consciousness (Chapter III), which arises when objects are seen in their essential ideas. He finds a feeling of enjoyment connected with every perception and with every recognition of an idea. "This consciousness of enjoyment," he says, "or of the deprivation of that once had, or of pain, is the first spring, and always a chief spring, of all human activity; nor can any concrete form of being, involving self-consciousness, be conceived as without this accompaniment of feeling penetrating throughout."

This enjoyment he finds to be connected with reciprocity of some sort, and not to be thought as belonging to an utterly solitary self-conscious being. The discovery of a limitation to his being, and the further discovery that he can modify his environment, leads him to an ideal of a possible or desirable life or state of conscious enjoyment, which enlarges and enriches itself with his constantly growing knowledge.

"No ideal of life as desirable can be dwelt upon, or even formed, which does not include this our relation to the physical universe. Any ideal of a perfect state must extend beyond that of perpetual intuition of thoughts, and include the wealth that can come from a possible environment between which and the soul's desire all contradiction is removed. The ideal of a perfect life, even for the philosopher, is, then, still a physical life."

Dr. Kedney sees in the beautiful a suggestion of freedom to the spectator. Freedom

is the spiritual burden of the work of art, whether in sculpture, architecture, or painting or music :

" Nature, at first glance, and at the latest glance for some, seems under the dominion of necessity—to be fixed, inexorable, fateful; but a second look, and, perhaps, the final look, finds suggestions and tokens of freedom. The former impression is depressing and mournful; the latter elevating, inspiriting, joyous. Nature's most welcome use at least, possibly its true use, is to furnish *re*-flections of human freedom, wherein it helps to convince the latter that it is real and not a delusion."

In an appendix our author discusses the doctrines of Kant, Schiller, Hegel, and Day, in some of their æsthetical bearings.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Three Americas Railway. An international and intercontinental enterprise, outlined in numerous formal disquisitions and five elaborate essays, all strongly advocating free and fast and full and friendly intercommunication between the sixteen adjunctive and concordant republics of the New World. By various earnest and confident supporters of the scheme, among whom are Hinton Rowan Helper, Frank Frederick Hilder, Frederick Anthony Beelen, William Wharton Archer, Frank Deyeaux Carpenter, Francis Augustus Deekens. St. Louis: W. S. Bryan, publisher. 1881.

Jahresbericht ueber die koenigl. Studienanstalt in Speier fuer das Studienjahr. 1880–81. Mit einem Programm ueber Sprache und Kritik des lateinischen Apolloniusromanes von Dr. Ph. Thielmann. Nebst einem doppelten Anhang: (1) Verbesserungen zum lateinischen Konstantinroman von Dr. Ph. Thielmann; (2) Die Vulgata als sprachliches Vorbild des Konstantinromanes von Dr. Gustav Landgraf. Speier. 1881.

The Pathway of Angels. A Lecture by Spirit Emanuel Swedenborg, delivered through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Boston, 1881.

The Platonist. Edited and Published by Thomas M. Johnson, Osceola, St. Clair County, Missouri. A monthly periodical devoted to the dissemination of the Platonic philosophy in all its phases. Pp. 17–32. \$2 per annum. [Contents of No. II: (1) Pearls of Wisdom gathered from Platonic Sources (consisting of short sentences); (2) Editorials; (3) Translation from Plotinus, from Enn. 5, Lib. 5: "That Intelligibles are not External to Mind," and "Concerning the Good;"; (4) Platonic Demonstration of the Immortality of the Soul, from the Greek of Hermias, by Thomas Taylor (reprint from "The Classical Journal"); (5) Hymn to the Muses (from the Greek of Proklus, by Edwin Arnold); (6) General Introduction to the Philosophy and Writings of Plato, by Thomas Taylor; (7) Iamblichos: a Treatise on the Mysteries (new translation, by Alexander Wilder); (8) Platonic Technology: a Glossary of Distinctive Terms used by Plato and other Philosophers in an Arcane and Peculiar Sense, compiled by Alexander Wilder, Professor of Psychological Science, etc., in the United States Medical College; (9) Book Reviews.]