

## PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S PSYCHOLOGY.\*

WE are sorry that, by an accident, this volume has not received earlier notice at our hands; and we hasten to assure the reader that the delay has not arisen from any want of appreciation on our part, of the admirable, careful and thorough work which Professor Baldwin has here given us.

It is the fashion with some would-be transcendental philosophers to speak disdainfully of the laborious inductive work performed by the students of empirical Psychology. To them the "a priori" road has such attractions that they look upon those who tread the humbler path of a *posteriori* investigation as belonging to an inferior race. These drudges may at least reply that they are on the ground of reality, of solid fact; that their achievements, of whatever value, are so much ground won for their science; and that, even when they are not able to point to absolutely certain results, they have yet indicated the problems which need solution, in many cases they have pointed out the direction in which the solution must be found, sometimes have shown that one of two alternative solutions must probably be adopted, and, in other cases, have satisfied themselves and others that they have attained to a valid solution.

Such are the reflections which occur to us as we pass from page to page of a treatise which, in every line, bears witness to the scientific calm, and the careful and accurate investigation of facts which the subject demands; whilst the manner of presentation is as lucid and attractive as it is free from dogmatism or self-assertion.

The volume is, in every way, a worthy continuation of the work begun in the previous publication on "Senses and Intellect." In method and scope, as the author informs us, his plan has remained the same. "The treatment of this volume, however, is somewhat fuller: since I have wished to remove, in some degree, the reproach so often and so justly cast upon the general works on psychology that they give 'Feeling and Will' summary and inadequate discussion."

The writer is careful to point out, as before, his own neutral point of view. He maintains the possibility of a psychology which is not metaphysics nor even a philosophy; and in the present volume he believes he has a better field for the carrying out of his purpose than in the previous one, since the phenomena of the emotional and volitional life have not been worked over for purposes of philosophical system, as intellectual phenomena have been.

There is one difference in the arrangement of the present work from that of the ordinary treatises on Psychology. Generally speaking, the Senses are fully treated before the subject of the Intellect is entered upon; and they are only referred to in connection with the emotions. Professor Baldwin has adopted a somewhat different method. Whilst discussing the Senses in the first volume so far as they present the material for thought and knowledge, he reserves the full study of the nervous system as an introduction to the consideration of the Emotions. The advantage of this course is obvious. There are few things more puzzling to the beginner than the transition from sensuous feeling to ideal emotion, and the long gap which generally comes between them does not help him. Professor Baldwin's book is hardly a handbook for beginners, but every student of these subjects will be aided by this arrangement.

Proceeding to somewhat of detail, we wish we could find room to give some little outline of the contents of the book, but it would be impossible to do this with any satisfaction to the reader. We can only say that whether we take the table of contents, or pass from page to page and from line to line, we are impressed with the fulness of the matter, with the thoroughness of the treatment, with the completeness of the results. We have looked in vain for a break. The author, like Nature, *non facit saltum*. Indeed, an impatient metaphysician will sometimes wish that the treatment of some points had been more brief and less complete; but probably the metaphysician would be wrong.

We had almost forgotten to add—a matter which is not of small importance—that the author shows the most extensive and minute acquaintance with every book of any value which has already appeared on the same subject. Professor Baldwin neither slavishly follows his predecessors, nor does he differ from them without due reason given.

We had noted a good many passages for special mention, and we will refer to some out of these many. The author claims something of originality for several of his sections, and before remarking this claim we had noted some of the passages; for example, the remarks on Belief at p. 150. We think, however, the author is slightly hypercritical in his remarks on Professor James. The distinction which he makes between feeling and belief is accurate and acute, yet he would certainly be the first to acknowledge that, from another point of view, "believing" is a perfectly correct expression. The conviction of the reality of our impression is undoubtedly, in a very true sense, a matter of faith.

As a specimen of the author's careful and somewhat technical treatment, we might point to his remarks on the very interesting and difficult subject of Instinct. "Assuming," he says, "in advance that Instinct is a complex

motor phenomenon stimulated from without, empirical observation enables us to make the following remarks in the way of further description: (1) Like impulse, Instinct belongs to the reactive consciousness, and is original. This is now sufficiently understood. (2) Ordinarily, Instinct is not under voluntary control. Here the case differs from the phenomenon of impulse. (3) Instincts are, as a rule, definite and uniform: they lack the idiosyncratic and individual variations of impulse. (4) Instincts are correlated with definite stimulation, to which they afford reflex action."

It is not quite easy, in a short notice, to give a satisfactory account of such a work; but we hope we have made it plain that we regard Professor Baldwin's new volume as reflecting honour upon himself and his university, and as destined to take a high place among the contributions to the important subject to which it is devoted.

## HOMER.\*

NO one who makes any pretensions to acquaintance with human literature can ignore the importance of the Homeric poems. They may be said to stand at the beginning of "profane" literature, and in their own way they have never been surpassed. Among professional scholars and even among enthusiasts outside that class, like Mr. Gladstone for example, Homer has been a name to charm with; and, although scepticism has assailed the story of the origin of the poems, it has never lowered the supreme position which they have occupied.

Of course the best way of making acquaintance with any writer is to read his writings as he put them forth—in their original tongue; and it may be safely predicted that Homer will never lack for readers, and that the noble language in which he wrote will never be neglected by students. But it is certain that the proportion of educated men who study Greek is diminishing; and at any rate the numbers of people who want to know something of Homer without studying his language must be greatly increasing.

For a long time Pope's Homer was the chief means by which English readers obtained a knowledge of Homer; and, in spite of its many faults, no translation has succeeded in dislodging it. Chapman's renderings were much more Homeric, Cowper's were a good deal more accurate, Lord Derby's united good scholarship with a good deal of energy and vitality. Yet we doubt whether Pope is not more read than any of these.

To any one who wanted to get at the real sense of Homer through an English translation, perhaps the best of all means would be the prose versions of Messrs. Butcher, Lang, and others. They are admirable renderings—to be put in the same class with Dr. Carlyle's prose translation of Dante's *Inferno*, and Hayward's of Goethe's *Faust*. It is hardly likely that any translation will altogether supplant these. But we live in a busy age; and it must be admitted that, for our own times and for our own tastes, a good deal of the Homeric poems may be dropped with advantage, and that we shall probably get to know and appreciate their great excellences far better by some such process.

It is hardly possible that this work should be better done than it is in the two volumes now before us. Professor Church is a veteran in work of this kind, and he does not give us a single line by way of Preface or Introduction to either of these books. He lets them speak for themselves; and they are quite able to do so. Let the Homeric student open them where he will, and he must be struck with the accuracy of the reproduction of the original and with the skill of the translator in casting away the non-essential and retaining the substance of the author's thought and expression.

It will be remembered that the *Iliad* begins with the wrath of Achilles as the source of all the misfortunes of the Greeks. Professor Church gives a brief preliminary chapter on "what befell before the quarrel," and then proceeds to give an account of the dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles. Here is the manner in which Agamemnon rejects the prayer of the priest Chryses for the restoration of his daughter: "Get thee out, gray beard," he cried in great wrath. "Let me not find thee lingering now by the ships, neither coming hither again, or it shall be worse for thee, for all thy priesthood. And as for thy daughter, I shall carry her away to Argos, when I shall have taken this city of Troy."

Then the old man went out hastily in great fear and trouble. And he walked in his sorrow by the shore of the sounding sea, and prayed to his god Apollo: "Hear me, God of the silver bow! If I have built thee a temple, and offered thee the fat of many bullocks and rams, hear me and avenge my tears on these Greeks with thine arrows."

And Apollo heard him. Wroth was he that men had so dishonoured his priest, and he came down from the top of Olympus where he dwelt. Dreadful was the rattle of his arrows as he went, and his coming was as the night when it cometh over the sky. Then he shot the arrows of death, first on the dogs and the mules, and then on the men; and soon all along the shore rolled the black smoke from the piles of wood on which they burnt the bodies of the dead. For nine days the shafts of the god went

throughout the host; but on the tenth day Achilles called the people to an assembly.

Now we think that no Homeric scholar will question the accuracy of this rendering or will doubt that it gives a good notion of the spirit of the original; and we believe that the ordinary English reader who knows nothing of Homer or of Greek will get as good an idea of these ancient poems as it is possible to get through a translation.

No less excellent is the volume on the *Odyssey*. With many writers the adventures of Ulysses have been greater favourites than the siege of Troy; and it has been thought that they lend themselves better to translation. In any case we have here a volume which those who are forgetting their *Odyssey* will be glad to have for the refreshment of their memory, and by means of which many may have the delight of learning this wonderful story.

## THE RAMBLER.

ONE reflection suggested by the vision of entrancing artist-womanhood bedecked in emeralds large as half-dollars—the gift of the Emperor of Germany—and diamonds brighter than winter stars—which we call Patti—is, what is the ultimate fate of the riches and jewels, and plate and furniture and bric-a-brac, which all successful *prima donne* somehow succeed in accumulating? The question is a perfectly fair one. From the days of Caradori, Pasta and Malibran to the time in which we live, such artists have unprecedented opportunities for amassing private and personal wealth. Pianos, musical boxes, vases, inlaid desks and tables, statuary and pictures, ornaments of every kind, including pieces of jewellery *par excellence* flow in upon the fortunate *prima donna* or the silver-voiced tenor or the powerful contralto as the case may be. The diamond stud, the enamelled snuff-box, the gold-headed cane, the onyx casket, the jewelled whip—still belong by right divine to the tenor kings of the stage, while furs and flowers, horses and rare dogs, tiaras and parures, brocades and eastern tissues are showered upon the reigning Queens of Song. So the question naturally arises—what becomes of this almost inconvenient mass of personal property, which would have delighted Wemmick if chance had ever led him near the boudoir of a great artist? The law of reaction and the law of compensation appear to work together in this connection. In the majority of cases—far too many—the elegant possessions are converted into money or the equivalent of money. Speculation perhaps ensues; failure occurs, coupled with waning powers, and the great possessions melt as if by magic. Sometimes the fine generosity of the artist is the very stepping stone to decreasing rent-roll. Charitable schemes or political reorganization float before the vivid imagination of the gifted soul, and a fortune is squandered—it may be, at one blow! Who can read of the loves and triumphs of Grisi and Mario and of the rare luxury of their best days without feeling a swift pang of pity for the changed circumstances of the latter years? And the same remarks are equally pertinent of actors. When we recall the brilliant career of such a man as Sothern, do we not wonder at the collapse of his magnificent fortune! Not long ago it was found that Arabella Goddard was almost destitute. And to take the case of just one author, the children of Charles Dickens have had to earn their living almost as vigorously as if they had had Goldsmith or Dick Steele for father. But literature does not afford many such examples. To come back to the *prima donna*, who will reply to the inevitable question—what becomes of such vast earnings? Do they melt, as I have suggested, or do they enrich the nation in museums, or do they quietly fall to the next of kin? Happy happy next of kin, if so; spending what they never earned, reaping what they did not sow, and bearing a name made gracious and imperishable by no effort of their own. Just here sometimes the imperfection of poor humanity assails such in its most pitiable form, and we have the spectacle of a son yielding in despair to suicidal mania because he is not the histrionic equal of his father. Irving must, for once, have cursed his great good fortune which could bring but bitterness and shame of spirit to his son.

In this connection a good deal of nonsense is talked about the "absurd" and "fabulous" prices asked by great artists even towards the end of their careers. The public should remember that the singer and the actor live but in and for the present—they have no share in posterity. Where now are Tietjens and Sontag and Lind—where "the snows of yesterday"? They lived but to make a name and they are now, verily, only names. Their cry for "money" is at least intelligible. For them can come no after-recognition, no apology for the long neglect of years, no discovery of genius in time to come by discerning critics, no reparation of any kind; whatever they are, they are now, here, at this present moment. They feel and understand this, and from this cause springs a certain want of dignity at times, of repose and of full intellectuality. It seems as if their fate were upon them, and as if they could not wait for fame to be proclaimed from the housetops but must proclaim it themselves. This is a part—perhaps an undignified part, even painful—of what we call the artistic temperament, and you cannot get over it. The singer asks her price and does not sing unless she gets it, for well she knows that already "fate knocks at the door!" and soon the "farewell tour" is given and the dark curtain falls.

\* "Handbook of Psychology. Part II. Feeling and Will." By James Mark Baldwin, M.A., Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1891.

\* "The Story of the *Iliad*." "The Story of the *Odyssey*." By the Rev. Prof. Alfred Church; with illustrations after Flaxman. Price \$1.00 each. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.