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place, where the reader would never dream of looking for it.

Hell is paved with good intentions.

—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

This reference is not only incomplete, like the former, but absurd, because it implies that Boswell originated the phrase, whereas it is merely a proverbial sentence used in conversation by Johnson, as explained by Malone in a note, from which Mr. Friswell has borrowed a parallel line out of Herbert.

Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat.

—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Here the reader is again drifted out to sea on a voyage of discovery, which will end in a similar disappointment. As the line is merely a burlesque of another line, both should have been quoted.

At p. 31 we have the following quotation :—

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

—*Goldsmith, Elegy on a Mad Dog*, chap. xxiv.

The inaccuracy of a reference to the 24th chapter of an elegy will, probably, strike the reader, if such there be, who is ignorant of the fact that these lines are to be found in 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' At p. 182, where the first stanza of the same song is quoted, an attempt is made apparently to set the authority right, but only with the effect of making matters worse than they were before :

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

—*Goldsmith, Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xvii, *Elegy on a Mad Dog*.

According to these references, one stanza of the song is to be found in the 24th chapter of 'The Elegy on a Mad Dog,' and the other in the 17th chapter of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' from which you are again sent to the elegy.

For the famous couplet—

When Adam dove and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?

we are sent to 'Hume's History of England,' which is no more an authority for it than a thousand other books in which it is quoted. The well-known epigram on Beau Nash is given to Miss Brereton, without any allusion to the fact that it is also ascribed to Lord Chesterfield. Addison's well-known lines, which appear amongst his poems under the title of an ode, are here referred to a place where the reader will be sore perplexed to find them—

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

—*Addison, A Letter from Italy.*

But perhaps the following is the most remarkable misdirection of all :—

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

—*Dyer, Alfred*, ii. 5.

That lines with which every person in the kingdom may be presumed to be acquainted should be misquoted is less surprising, surprising as it is, than that the authorship of them should be attributed to Dyer. Why Dyer? Why not Pope or Bolingbroke? How Mr. Friswell acquired a knowledge of the fact that Rule Britannia is in the masque of Alfred, and at the same became possessed of the notion that it was written by Dyer, passes comprehension.

The plan of cutting down the quotations 'to the bare words retained in the memory,' adopted for the sake of brevity, has the inevitable effect of denuding them, in a multitude of cases, of the point which gives them interest. Thus a well-known passage in 'The Spleen' is represented in a single line, to the manifest loss of its sense :—

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

—*Green, The Spleen.*

The whole should have been given, in order

to preserve the meaning and application of the original :—

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green ;
Some, hilly walks ; some, exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
Laugh and be well.

Again :—

They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.—*Shakespeare, Hamlet*, v. 1.

Who are? Mr. Friswell is governed by the notion that particular words, and not complete sentences, nor even complete clauses of sentences, constitute a familiar quotation. If that be so, he should have given us in this sentence nothing more than 'the abstracts and brief chronicles,' &c., for these are the 'bare words retained in the memory.' Why, then, does he spoil the passage by retaining 'they?' But as he does give 'they,' the reader is entitled to be informed who 'they' are. Nor is the reader the only person interested in the completeness of the quotation—the poet is also involved. Had Mr. Friswell let the reader understand that the persons alluded to are the 'players,' he would have had the whole sense of a passage which, thus cut down, no more represents the meaning of the original than a statue is represented by a fragment chipped from its pedestal.

The prominent words of each quotation are printed in italics, by way of forming an analytical index of the body of the work. The result is a deformity on the face of the pages which cannot be adequately represented by a single sample :—

While yet our England *was a wolfish den.*

—*Keats.*

Should Mr. Friswell ever have occasion to revise his labours, he will do well to abolish his very ugly analytical index, which is no index at all, but a terrible hindrance to the reader.

Our objections may be summed up in two words:—the book is deficient in judgment and literary research. The alphabetical plan excludes the possibility of bringing together extracts that bear upon each other, or upon subjects in common; and, as we have already indicated, most of the new quotations are not 'familiar,' while vast fields of English literature, rich in passages that have almost grown into proverbs, are left unexplored. But we should do Mr. Friswell an injustice if we did not give him credit for the industry displayed in these pages. If he has not made the best selections, or presented them in the most satisfactory manner, he is entitled to praise for having worked at his task labouriously and conscientiously, which is a merit that ought not to be overlooked in this age of hasty and superficial production.

SECRET OF HEGEL.

The Secret of Hegel: being the Hegelian System in Origin, Form, and Matter. By James Hutchinson Stirling. (Longmans.)

THIS book has several claims on our attention. It is, in the first place, a contribution to the most empty of our coffers—a figure which few will deny to represent very fairly the state of philosophy at the present day. How small a space the reign of Victoria will occupy in the pages of some future Tenneman or Ritter!—small, that is, in proportion to the amount of general intellectual vigour which no historian will be able to deny us. We shall bequeath to our children fiction, poetry, works of science and theology, that will remain above high-water mark of oblivion through all time, but when they ask for the successors of Locke, Berkeley, or Hume, we venture to doubt whether even the very few names which we think worthy of mention with these will entirely retain their pre-eminence. When we say, therefore, that the work under our notice is an attempt to cut a channel between the barren field of English thought and the fertilizing stream of German philosophy, we have claimed for it an earnest and respectful

attention; and in adding that it is manifestly the work of one who writes because he has read, and has not read that he may write—that it is the result of a life devoted to a subject—we shall, if our readers take the same estimate of the matter as ourselves, raise in them no mean expectations. These expectations will be, to a certain extent, disappointed, and in the hope that a representation of this disappointment may have some weight with an author we are likely to meet again, we dwell first on the defects in what mere condensation, subtraction, and organization would have made a valuable book.

Our first complaint is of the most general nature, for the plan of the whole book seems to us a mistake. A literal translation from Hegel as nucleus, and a surrounding accretion of commentary and explanation, is not a happy conception of an introduction to his philosophy. What is wanted in a work of this kind is fusion, homogeneity. The author should be presented to us in a solution, not in a mixture, which is all that Mr. Stirling gives us. Moreover the mixture has not been satisfactorily accomplished. The writer who undertakes to translate a work of German philosophy into English is in somewhat the same position as the artist who undertakes to copy an oil painting in Indian ink. The faded Latin metaphors with which we are obliged to replace such distinct figures as Begriff, Vorstellung, Bestimmung, occupy to them the same relation as neutral tint to colour. Think over all that is gained in the region where thought is an effort in keeping the sensible symbol before one's eyes, in remembering the *grasp* in connexion with the Begriff, the placing before with Vorstellung, the voice with Bestimmung, and then say if it is no loss to have to replace these words with such pallid abstractions as Notion, Representation, Destination. No doubt the sensible image is contained in the English words as truly as in the German equivalents, but how different the effect of a dim consciousness that this image may be brought out by care and pains, from the vividness with which it is impressed on us by the words which thrust upon the imagination all association of daily sensible action.

What a translator owes us in such a case is some compensation for the greater abstractness and rigidity of his language. His aim should be to replace in illustration or paraphrase the sensible association which is lost in the mere words. This is the very opposite of what Mr. Stirling has done. He pleads that a comparison with his original will show that scarcely anything of the strangeness in the English version is due to the translator. We cannot entirely agree with him. It is difficult to be more technical than Hegel, but some passages of Hegel's translator attain that very undesirable result. 'Etwas ist schon ein bestimmtes Seyendes,' for instance, is not so strange as the English rendering, 'Something is already a definite Being.'

Occasionally the translation is not perfectly correct. Here it sharpens antithesis to paradox—surely a superfluous labour in rendering Hegel. 'As true as is the statement, so false it is,' to say nothing of its awkwardness, is no equivalent for 'so richtig ist die Ausgabe, so falsch ist sie.' ('the statement is as false as it is correct.') Then, on the other hand, it blunts antithesis. 'Die Güte Gottes soll nicht Güte im gewöhnlichen, sondern im eminenten Sinne, nicht verschieden von der Gerechtigkeit, sondern durch sie temperirt' loses all its point in the English—'God's goodness is not' (according to a certain view which Hegel is opposing) 'to be goodness in the usual, but in an eminent sense—not different from His justice, but tempered by it.' *Mercy*, and not goodness, is different from justice. It is very probable, however, that Mr. Stirling forgets that the English word has not the same tinge as the German, for he often thinks in the latter language, to judge from such sentences as the constantly-repeated 'a light went up' to us, for 'a light rose on us,' 'Hegel should have said' so and so, for 'he is reported to

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have' said it; besides other literal translations which have sometimes the appearance of affected simplicity.

A translation of what we are convinced is a mere slip of the pen of Hegel's, not worth quoting here, may appear too trifling a flaw to notice, but it is significant as indicating a wrong attitude towards the author, whose mistake (a very trifling one) is carefully copied. No one would have made it who had, as it were, stood back from the canvas to judge of the effect. We may apply this remark to the over-colloquial and unfinished aspect of the whole work, and even to a much greater fault—a recurrence of physically displeasing illustrations; both of which defects, but especially the last, seem to us particularly unsuited to the subject under treatment. All these defects spring more or less from a common root, a want of respect in the writer for the reader, which makes the book, interesting as in some parts it is, very difficult to read through. When we have added a recommendation to Mr. Stirling in his next book to weed his paragraphs of the Scotticism 'just,' we shall have completed all the suggestions on the mere manner which we should wish specially to address to himself. We fear that should he read them, he will be inclined to dismiss them with something of the feeling with which Hegel himself replied to Cousin's request for a succinct statement of his philosophy—'Ces choses, Monsieur, ne se disent pas succinctement.' He will be quite wrong if he does so; these things cannot be said succinctly, but there is no reason why they should not be set forth clearly and in good taste.

We have not included among our list of blots one which perhaps in itself is the greatest of all—the arrogance with which our author speaks of those who differ from him, and of subjects which do not interest him, because, though we think his tone about Sir William Hamilton, for instance, perfectly unjustifiable, and his remarks on the origin of species absolutely valueless, yet this defect does not appear to us a matter for any hopeful representation to himself. It is the shadow of an enthusiasm for his subject which gives the book its chief interest; and so we merely notice it to make it the hinge of our transition to that subject.

The work is a translation of Hegel's 'Logik' and a surrounding commentary, which appears to be the chief contents of the translator's note-book during the long period which he has occupied in the study. Hegel's conception of Logic is something very different from the mere science of reasoning, which, if we rightly understand what he means by 'Raisonnement,' is regarded by him with a certain contempt. In the first place, Logic means the laws of Thought; and in the second place, Thought is all that is. Thought is the universe; Thought is God. No reader, then, need be deterred by the narrowness of the ordinary conception of Logic from an attempt to grapple with this formidable treatise, which, as we have intimated, he will find more readable in the original than the translation. Other stumbling-blocks will not be wanting. He will at first be repelled by paradox, and then by apparent commonplace; after he has struggled to the meaning of the mere words, he will for a long interval be utterly unable to join them on to any vital or germinative truth. In short, it would not be difficult to select from the pages before us a string of such absurdities as might appear to justify a very unmitigated expression of opinion on the subject. That 'pure being and pure nothing is (we dare not in such a sentence make a grammatical criticism which may possibly involve misconception of the whole point) the same; that there is 'a point in which being and nothing coincide, and their distinguishedness disappears; that those who, waxing fanatic in the defence of "From nothing comes nothing," have no consciousness that they thereby express adhesion to the abstract Pantheism of the Eleatics"—are fragments from a philosophy which may appear best criticised in the passage

Sir William Hamilton has quoted from the 'Rejected Addresses':—

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought;
For naught is everything, and everything is naught.

And the very few readers who will not at once turn away in disgust will soon arrive at a stage of difficulty in which the hindrance is of an absolutely opposite nature. 'Is that all it means?' one asks at last. 'This grand paradox that is to explain the universe to us, is it no more than a magnified shadow of the well-known logical formula, that the knowledge of contraries is one? of the trite saw that extremes meet? Truly might Whately compare the decisions of German philosophy to the supposed ancient shield in the possession of Martinus Scriblerus, which was regarded with great honour while it lay hid in rust, but when once it was scoured into clearness, turned out nothing better than an old scone. And so the second rejection will be more contemptuous than the first.

Both states of mind, if they lead to any other inference than that such speculations as we have indicated are suited only to a very few ever thoughtful readers, are wrong. The attempt to justify Hegel's philosophy against such objections in the space at our disposal would have in it something frankly absurd. But it is not unsuitable to suggest the kind of answer which the subject brings with it to both states of mind, when any one will patiently struggle through them, and indicate the considerations through which speculations at first sight so unmeaning do acquire solidity and force.

To the first objector, or, rather, to the objector at the first stage of his perplexity, we would say, 'The assertion that pure being and pure nothing are identical, is not more affronting to all ordinary conceptions than the mathematical dictum, which is admitted by every one who understands it, that unity divided by nothing gives us infinitude. One may seem to use words in a peculiar sense in that formula, but, after all, zero is nothing; you cannot use any other word for the limit of a perpetually decreasing quantity. May it not be that Hegel's statement of the identity of pure being and pure nothing, as it has on the face of it an equal absurdity with the statement that any manipulation of one and nothing can produce a quantity infinitely great, so it may be equally one which to understand is to admit!'

The second stage of difficulty in the struggle to some apprehension of the meaning of these abstractions, is a longer and more serious one. Hegel seems insufferably trite for a longer time than he seemed merely paradoxical, and any kind of suggestion in answer to this objection is entangled with the difficulty of the subject itself. The only answer is, in fact, that such speculations can only be approached historically. When Mr. Buckle thought he had disposed of the question of metaphysics, by asking whether they contained one position of undoubted importance and unquestioned truth, the implied concession might at once have been made, 'In your sense of the words, No.' There is not one assertion in the whole range of that science which deals with spirit, which can be taken out of its context, and make out its case to a spectator from without. In the same way, for instance, as the mathematical truth we have cited. *Mathematical truths are of one dimension.* That $\frac{1}{2}$ = infinity, is an idea absolutely the same in every mind which receives it—in that of the pupil who has just learnt to understand it, and of a Newton or a Laplace: we may venture to add, in a finite or infinite mind. The mind which has passed over such a truth has, so to speak, exhausted it. There is no more to be got from it (of course, we speak of mere analysis) than to understand what it means. With the truths with which Hegel deals it is far otherwise. We own that we cannot see all the significance and pregnancy which is claimed for them by Mr. Stirling. But we are convinced that the impression of triteness is one which often announces the first contact with ulti-

mate truth. 'Rien ne se ressemble comme le néant le profondeur.' These words—at once an illustration of, and comment upon, the Hegelian philosophy—which are recalled to most of us by depth of emotion, are true of depth of thought. We do not entirely despair of conveying some shadow of the meaning which appears at one time so obscure and at another so shallow. But this perhaps rash attempt must be made in a succeeding number.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, BART.

The Works of Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen, President of the Royal Society, &c. With an Autobiography. Collected and Arranged by Charles Hawkins, F.R.C.S. In three vols. (Longmans.)

NOTHING could be more fitting than that the various scattered works of the late Sir Benjamin Brodie should be published in a collective form. There are many *opéra omnia* that the world could well spare, but not those of the late distinguished British surgeon. The public is much indebted to Mr. Charles Hawkins for having collected and arranged them (as he says, they require no 'editing') in their present shape.

The first volume is enriched with an autobiography, which will doubtless be the chief attraction for most readers. It is what an autobiography ought to be, very short, very plain, and very egotistical. It tells, in a simple and straightforward manner, how the writer came to be a surgeon, and how he came to be a very successful surgeon. The books he read, the way he worked, what friends he had (there is no mention of enemies), what events and what habits helped him on his path—all these things are written down in an open, faithful way, just as a father would write who was telling the story of his life for the benefit of his children.

The story would be pleasant reading, if it were read only for the sake of the glimpses it gives us of scientific life in London at the beginning of the century; of the Sunday-evening meetings in Sir Joseph Banks' library; of Lady Banks' pet china at 'Spring-grove,' Hounslow; and of the 'Animal Chemistry Club.' But most readers will look into it to learn some personal news of the distinguished man with whom so many, in one way or another, were brought into contact. Not a few will hope to find in it the secret of his success. For Sir Benjamin Brodie was emphatically what is called a successful man. A more complete success—a success in so many directions, a success with fewer drawbacks—has been seldom witnessed anywhere, certainly never in the medical profession. Many have far exceeded him in the realisation of particular ambitions, but few have ever gone to their rest with so large a harvest of all kinds of fruit mingled with so few thorns. In his youth, while the flush of science was on him, he established a high reputation as an experimental physiologist, and in 1811 carried off the Copley Medal at the early age of twenty-eight, the only objection to his having it being offered by 'one of the council, who observed that it had never before been given to so young a man.' In the prime of his life he enjoyed the material advantage of making one of the largest professional incomes in London, and the consciousness of possessing the highest professional reputation, both among his brethren and among the laity. His old age was a peaceful enjoyment of the labour of his past years. With as much social distinction as he cared to have; with (what he coveted far more) the highest dignity science could confer upon him; with wealth, gained by his own exertions, sufficient for all his wants; with his judgment respected and consulted, his name honoured and loved; with no pangs of jealousy, and few, if any, embitterments from past rivalries, he lived a happy, calm, wise, old man, whose bodily sufferings seemed almost his only ill.

From the autobiography we learn that he himself regarded his success as the natural