

the laminae of the cerebellum were not only fewer in number, but shorter and narrower than in the healthy cerebellum.

Since the paper was written the author has, as he states in a postscript, inspected two idiots' brains in the museum of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and examined various wax models and drawings in Guy's Hospital Museum. The broad results he thus announces :

"The condition of the convolutions in these models confirms the history above given of the conversion of the intrusive convolution into the anterior ascending parietal; for the change is traceable through a certain number of the foetal brains. It also supports the views expressed as to the early arrest of the evolution of the corpora striata, and of the special effect of this on the development of the frontal lobes; for, with certain fluctuations, the corpora striata, where shown in the models, are always larger than the optic thalami; and the proportions of the frontal to the hinder regions of the cerebrum, as marked off by the fissures of Rolando, vary, from the first appearance of this fissure to the full term of development, between the ratios of 37 to 63 and 58 to 42. Lastly, these models show that idiot brains must grow a little after they have ceased to be further evolved; for the convolutions, and indeed the cerebral hemispheres themselves, are broader and larger in the idiot brains than in the models of brains of equally forward convolutional development. It is certainly true that, taking the four idiots' brains, viz., the two hereinbefore described and the two in the museum at St. Bartholomew's, their respective sizes and their degrees of evolution correspond; but this does not disprove the occurrence of a growth in them after the cessation of development, an event shown to occur on other grounds.

"The model and drawings of the idiot's brain at Guy's also confirm all our previous notions; and indeed it may be concluded that the idiotic condition is produced in all cases by conformable influences, affecting the cerebrum in slightly different degrees in different examples."

Time and Space: a Metaphysical Essay. By SHADWORTH H. HODGSON. Longman & Co., 1865, pp. 587.

It is not without considerable interest and some surprise that we observe such a vigorous revival of metaphysical thought as has been recently manifest in England; the interest lying in the question as to what may be the correct interpretation of

the new-born activity; and the surprise being caused by the wonderful restoration to life of that which had been considered and confidently pronounced dead, by many not incompetent judges. Whether it be that the impulse of that great wave of metaphysical philosophy which through Hegel, Schelling, and Fichte reached such a height in Germany, and has since been broken there into endless foam, has at last been felt in this country; or whether it be that the activity is only the semblance of vigour, and actually a sort of convulsive struggle forerunning dissolution, we cannot undertake to say; the existence of an unusual interest in metaphysics, and the display of remarkable ability by its latest disciples, can nowise be disputed. One may read with pleasure and profit what some of them have written, though having no sympathy whatever with their kind of thought. We have many times made our confession of no faith in the various resolutions that have been propounded of the ever-recurring sapless problems of metaphysics; these appearing to us to owe their artificial vitality mainly to the want of definiteness of meaning in the words used by the same metaphysician, and to the want of agreement in the meaning of words used by different metaphysicians. A precise and common philosophical phraseology once agreed upon, there would be an end of disputes and perhaps an end of metaphysics. That we hold this heretical opinion, must at any rate be our excuse for not again taking the pains to give a thorough critical review of a metaphysical book. Such a review, honestly made, is about as hard a task as any one can well undertake, and the profit of it by no means repays the labour. At the outset it is requisite to learn exactly the author's philosophical phraseology, and by drifting as far as possible into his artificial line of thought, to perpetrate a sort of temporary mental self-annihilation. Having once done this effectually one may perhaps go on swimmingly to the end of the book, finding many admirable things in it, and then wake up to our ordinary manner of thought and the real work of life, allowing the unassimilated thought to drop entirely out of the current of our mental activity, and forgetting what manner of book it was. Or, as we peruse with critical eye, we may strive to preserve our mental individuality, and at the same time to get some understanding of the author's thought, more fully expounding what we conceive it to be on some occasions, and on others criticising and confuting; and finally, producing a review which is probably a strange patchwork of unsympathetic ideas, and which has cost us much labour and required as much knowledge as would have served for an original work. It stands to reason that no one will care to go through such an unremunerative toil, who is not either very much in-

interested in the subject of which the book treats, or personally interested in the author's literary fortunes. And that must be the excuse for not attempting now anything like a critical review of a book which is well deserving of study by those who are interested in the questions of which it treats. We cannot be persuaded that metaphysical investigation is anything more than a sort of intellectual gymnastics, which may be a means of good training, and in which some men become by practice marvellously skilful, but which leads to no result of general and permanent worth. And we are profoundly convinced that if those who ardently pursue metaphysical problems were to make themselves actually familiar with human nature in all its forms; if they were honestly to study the diversified phenomena of mind as these present themselves in the animals, in idiots, in the insane, and in the sane who are not philosophers; and if they were to make, as they ought to do, a complete knowledge of physiological science an essential pre-requisite to all speculations concerning mind,—then they would themselves abandon all thought of meddling seriously with the vexatious questions which from the beginning of the world have been, and have been seemingly very much what they are now. It is truly remarkable how different writers on these abstruse matters continue to repeat one another so much, and yet no two of them to agree. Wonderfully hopeful, each new comer aspires to do by the same method what the great men who have preceded him have not done, and the long line of sanguine aspirants bids fair “to stretch out to the crack of doom.” Now what we have over and over again suggested, and what we take leave to suggest once more, is, that neither new men nor new intellectual gymnastics are required; but what is needed is a *new method*. Then, perhaps, might the long barren places be changed into fruitful fields, and wisdom be at last justified of her children.

Without doubt, the author of ‘Time and Space’ would deem the opinion above expressed as one-sided, erroneous, and, after what he has said, very unreasonable; he would probably consider it as useless to appeal to a judgment so blinded as to appeal on a question of colour to one who was colour-blind. The question is not one which argument will settle; but in due time the irreversible judgment will be passed by the onward march of knowledge. Meanwhile, why fret and fume? Let each side steadily go on working, as may seem to it best, and nowise trouble too much about consciously determining or precipitating a result which in any case will surely come. If it be true, as it unquestionably is true, that metaphysical views of natural phenomena have by slow degrees been abandoned in every department of nature except that of mental phenomena

and the point of junction between them and the rest of nature, then those who believe in the close harmony, connection, and actual continuity of events in nature may confidently hold that no one will be able to set an arbitrary line anywhere, and to say to the current of progress, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further. Here let thy proud waves be stayed."

Mr. Hodgson clearly apprehends the nature of the problem with which he has to deal, and endeavours to define what he conceives to be the scope of metaphysics. Though his book is entitled 'Time and Space,' it treats of a great deal more than the title might seem to imply; for it treats of many of the old familiar questions arising out of the objects and events in time and space which have so long puzzled minds prone to metaphysical abstraction. The author brings a great deal of learning to bear on them, quoting with easy familiarity the great philosophers of all lands; but it must be confessed that, by reason apparently of considerable diffuseness and vagueness of thought, one is apt to remain with no very distinct impression on the mind at the end of a chapter, and that some of the learning has rather a second-hand look. To those who affect metaphysical enquiries the book will doubtless be interesting and instructive, while many reflections in it will be found suggestive by those who may not agree with its general spirit. The style is clear, the printing and paper are excellent, and the book is handsomely brought out. The matter of it with which we sympathise most, is the epilogue, which follows:

"Turpe est difficile, habere nungos,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum!"

It is so. And I remark only, that if the endeavour to analyse the world is a trifle, it is because the world is such. The sum of things can have no second intention, nor can it be characterised by any trait that is not included in itself. Some things are sweet, but what is our sense which perceives them; some things are good, but what is our conscience which judges them; some things are true, but what is our intellect which argues them; some things are deep, but what is our reason which fathoms them? Every one who thinks deeply must have reflected that if the purposes and results of man's practice are variety, so also must be those of his speculation. Goethé said that there was no refuge from virtues that were not our own, but in loving them; and Ecclesiastes that there was none from the vanity of life but in fearing and obeying God. So also from the vanity of speculation, there is no refuge but in acquiescing in its relative nature, and accepting truth for what it is.