

The Basic Writings of JOSIAH ROYCE

Volume 1:
Culture, Philosophy, and Religion

Edited, with a New Introduction, by

John J. McDermott

*Including an Annotated Bibliography of the
Publications of Josiah Royce, Prepared by*

Ignas K. Skrupskelis

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For My Parents

JOHN J. AND HELEN KELLY McDERMOTT

*Freedom and loyalty, rarely blended,
is their bequest*

After all, however, our lesson is an old and simple one. It is the State, the Social Order, that is divine. We are all but dust, save as this social order gives us life. When we think it our instrument, our plaything, and make our private fortunes the one object, then this social order rapidly becomes vile to us; we call it sordid, degraded, corrupt, unspiritual, and ask how we may escape from it forever. But if we turn again and serve the social order, and not merely ourselves, we soon find that what we are serving is simply our own highest spiritual destiny in bodily form. It is never truly sordid or corrupt or unspiritual; it is only we that are so when we neglect our duty.

Josiah Royce
California

Acknowledgements

My concern for the thought of Josiah Royce dates from lectures given some fifteen years ago by Robert C. Pollock, then professor of philosophy at Fordham University. Robert Pollock was the only person who, in my experience, could make the full case for James and Royce.

Unquestionably, we are of late, witnessing a renascence of interest in the classic American philosophers. Activity in the field of Royce scholarship has generated a small but enthusiastic community of inquiry. In this regard, I am grateful for the generous advice offered by Charles M. Sherover of Hunter College, Robert Neville of Fordham University, Rickard Donovan of Iona College, David Sipple of Carleton College, Richard Hocking of Emory University, and especially John E. Smith of Yale University. My colleague, Peter T. Manicas of Queens College, was extremely helpful in the preparation of part VI, "Logic and Methodology." Generous secretarial assistance was provided by Mrs. Florence Barry and Mrs. Leona Beck of Queens College.

The man at the center of the contemporary Royce community is Frank M. Oppenheim S.J., of Xavier University. He provided many personal leads as well as considerable advice on the selecting process. I had intended to use his published "Bibliography" but Father Oppenheim selflessly led me to Mr. Ignas Skrupskelis of the University of South Carolina, who had a superior Royce bibliography in preparation. I am happy to report that the bibliography of Mr. Skrupskelis is now included as part IX of volume 2. His work as a bibliographer is outstanding and comes as close to being definitive as is humanly possible. He has spared no effort and left no lead untouched. Mr. Skrupskelis also helped me to

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As always, when the deadline grows near, my wife Virginia generously sets aside massive obligations of her own to help put the manuscript in final shape.

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Preface to the Fordham University Press Edition

It is propitious and gratifying that Fordham University Press has decided to reissue these two volumes of *The Basic Writings of Josiah Royce*. When first published, in 1969, reviewers and commentators were taken with both the sweep and the depth of Royce's thought. After Royce's death on September 14, 1916, his philosophical reputation went into a decline, and he often was represented as being an abstruse acolyte in the Neo-Hegelian tradition. This edition, by contrast, makes crystal-clear that Royce provided us with a thick and expansive philosophical tapestry, including major works in social philosophy, logic, the history of philosophy, and moral philosophy, especially his treatment of loyalty, herein published in full.

Scholarship attendant on Royce's philosophy has developed in quality and quantity since the publication of these volumes in 1969. Of special consideration is the splendid second edition of John Clendenning's *The Life and Thought of Josiah Royce*, in 1999, and the indefatigable, philosophically astute commentaries by Frank Oppenheim, S. J. In March 2003, the Josiah Royce Society was founded; among its tasks will be preparation for a critical edition of Royce's works, published and unpublished. Those of us who recognize the extensive range of his thought believe that, at this time of planetary strife, Royce is among the thinkers who can provide direct and intelligent help as we struggle to ameliorate our condition. Reading Royce is not easy, but then neither are the difficulties we now face.

In addition to the heartfelt acknowledgments found in the original publication of these volumes, I add here gratitude to Scott Pratt, J. Brent Crouch, Kelly Parker, Michael Brodrick, and David Henderson, my research assistant. And I am grateful to Patricia A. McDermott, without whom, for me, nothing would be done.

JOHN J. McDERMOTT

Preface

Few travelers on the heavily used highway from Reno to Sacramento reflect on the names of the small towns as they are quickly passed, one blurring out the other. But one of these towns, Emigrant Gap, California, invites us to travel a bypass, rich with tall pines, clean air, and an invigorating breeze. On that road is the town of Grass Valley, California, where the philosopher Josiah Royce was born in 1855. Now resembling a suburban town, Grass Valley yields little of Royce's memory except for a commemorative plaque in the local library. Slightly to the northeast, however, on Route 20, one finds Nevada City, California. To this day, in Nevada City, we can encounter some of the mining camp atmosphere of Royce's childhood.¹ The saga of the trip west and the early struggles in Grass Valley have been told by Royce's indomitable mother, Sarah Royce.² Less than a year before his death Royce recalled these early days and cited their profound impact on his personal and reflective life.

My earliest recollections include a very frequent wonder as to what my elders meant when they said that this was a new community. I frequently looked at the vestiges left by the former diggings of miners, saw that many pine logs were rotten, and that a miner's grave was to be found in a lonely place not far from my own house. Plainly men had lived and died thereabouts. I dimly reflected that this sort of life had

¹ Cf. John Steele, *In Camp and Cabin* (New York: Citadel Books, 1962) (1901), for a diary relating mining camp experiences of the early 1850's in Nevada City and the Feather River district.

² Sarah Royce, *A Frontier Lady: Recollections of the Gold Rush and Early California*, ed. Ralph Henry Gabriel (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1932); see also Ralph Henry Gabriel, *The Course of American Democratic Thought* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1956), pp. 303-14.

apparently been going on ever since men dwelt in that land. The logs and the grave looked old. The sunsets were beautiful. The wide prospects when one looked across the Sacramento Valley were impressive, and had long interested the people of whose love for my country I heard much. What was there then in this place that ought to be called new, or for that matter, crude? I wondered, and gradually came to feel that part of my life's business was to find out what all this wonder meant. (*HGC*, pp. 122-23; below, 1:31-32)

In his attempt to realize the meaning of this early wonder Josiah Royce left no stone unturned. Before his relatively early death at the age of sixty, Royce had pursued literally every field of inquiry known to his time. And his creative work shows an unusual range of genre: literary essays, geographical essays, popular and rigorously technical philosophical essays, theological treatises, formal papers in logic and mathematics—even a novel. Although the selections reprinted in these two volumes are basic to any understanding of Royce, and in terms of contemporary publishing practices generously extensive, they constitute only a small part of his work. An examination of the *Bibliography* will show this to be obviously true. It should also be noted that the present edition does not include selections from *The Problem of Christianity*, for the entire text is now published as a companion volume by The University of Chicago Press, with an introduction by John E. Smith.

The intention of this edition of Royce's writings is threefold: first, to illustrate the range and quality of his thought; second, to present a detailed instance of a thinker who forges a viable relationship between affection for the local experience of community and the demands of a philosophical and scientific version of the entire human situation; third, to present anew the relevance of Royce's judgment in matters cultural, moral, and religious.

We are long past the time when the thought of a single philosopher can redirect the historical situation in which we live. But we cannot afford to ignore any insight however removed from us in time and style. Royce spent much of his life developing his contention that true individualism is possible only insofar as one participates in a series of self-sufficient, complete communities. If true, such an insight is salvific for us in the present situation. We should pay careful attention Royce's thought on this matter. He has much to teach us.

JOHN J. McDERMOTT

Introduction by John J. McDermott

Suffering, Reflection, and Community: The Philosophy of Josiah Royce

This Introduction is to be read in conjunction with the headnotes to eight sections of these two volumes. Together they constitute a bare outline of the major themes present in Royce's life and thought. Unfortunately, the student of Royce does not have access to a full-length intellectual biography, as for example, *The Thought and Character of William James*, by Ralph Barton Perry. Nor can he depend on an adequate personal biography, similar to *William James* by Gay Wilson Allen. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming work of Frank M. Oppenheim will rectify this serious omission. We await also an edition of the "Letters" of Royce, by John Clendenning. On the other hand, we have a number of brief but perceptive treatments of Royce's major concerns¹

¹ See, eg., W. H. Werkmeister, *A History of Philosophical Ideas in America* (New York: Ronald Press, 1949), pp. 133-68; Otto F. Kraushaar, "Josiah Royce," in *Classic American Philosophers*, ed. Max H. Fisch (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1951), pp. 181-99; John E. Smith, "Josiah Royce," in *The Spirit of American Philosophy* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1963); John E. Smith, "Josiah Royce," in *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, ed. Paul Edwards (New York: Crowell Collier and Macmillan, Inc., 1967), 7:225-29; John H. Muirhead, *The Platonic Tradition in Anglo-Saxon Philosophy* (New York: Humanities Press, 1965) (1931) J. E. Creighton, ed., "Papers in Honor of Josiah Royce," *Philosophical Review*, 25 (1916): pp. 229-522; "In Memoriam—Josiah Royce," *The Journal of Philosophy*, 53 (Feb., 1956). More extensive treatments are found in Vincent Buranelli, *Josiah Royce* (New Haven: College and University Press, 1964), and Thomas F. Powell, *Josiah Royce* (New York: Washington Square Press, 1967). A detailed bibliography of secondary literature is found in André A. Devaux, "Bibliographie des Traductions d'ouvrages de Royce et des études sur l'oeuvre de Royce," *Revue internationale de philosophie*, numero 79-80, fascicule 1-2 (1967), pp. 159-82.

and several first-rate studies of specific problems in Royce's thought.² In the following pages I shall consider Royce's life style and his personal experience of community with its corresponding insight to the irreducible reality of suffering. Considered also will be Royce's attempt at structuring a metaphysical framework for his basic concerns and his return to a more explicit emphasis on the sociology of community as the context for his major insights.

I

At this point, Royce is an enigmatic figure in the history of American thought. The few details of his life are repeated in every commentary,³ but a portrait in depth is wanting. He was apparently chary of biography. Jacob Loewenberg reports Mrs. Royce as stating that "it was her husband's wish that his personal history should not be published." Loewenberg adds that Royce "appeared to have had no taste for those biographies in which private fortunes and external circumstances form the chief theme." (*FE*, p.4). But if we read into the facts at hand, two dimensions of Royce's personal life invite analysis: first, the influence of his early religious experience, and second, the ambivalence of his personal style, which combines the approach of a preacher with that of an extraordinary intellectual virtuoso.

It is often said that Royce was profoundly affected by the "frontier" experience of his early California days. Those who hold that Royce maintained a doctrine of individualism trace it to these frontier days. Other commentators hold that Royce's philosophy subsumed his early experience of individualism, by virtue of an imported European metaphysics.⁴ Aside from the fact that Royce's understanding of the individual cannot be sep-

² See, e.g.: John E. Smith, *Royce's Social Infinite* (New York: Liberal Arts Press, 1950); J. Harry Cotton, *Royce on the Human Self* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1954); Gabriel Marcel, *Royce's Metaphysics*, trans. Virginia and Gordon Ringer (Chicago: Regnery, 1956 (1918-19); Peter Fuss, *The Moral Philosophy of Josiah Royce* (Cambridge: University Press, 1965); Daniel S. Robinson, *Royce and Hocking, American Idealists* (Boston: Christopher Publishing House, 1968).

³ See below, 1:19-20, for a basic chronology of Royce's life.

⁴ See, e.g., Ralph Barton Perry, *In the Spirit of William James* (Bloomington Indiana University Press, 1958) (1938).

arated from the community, in sociological terms, or from The Infinite, in metaphysical and logical terms, it is equally important to realize that the frontier is not the only decisive influence on the early Royce. Rather, a clue to Royce's life and thought is also to be found in the fact that his early experience was a continuation of American Puritanism.⁵

G. H. Palmer once said of Royce that "from organized religion he held aloof, partly because it was his disposition in all things to go his own way, partly, too, through reaction from certain rigidities of his boyhood."⁶ Such non-conformism is too often taken as equivalent to a clean break with the religious experience of one's childhood. In the case of Josiah Royce, or for that matter, John Dewey, this is simply not true. In the first place, Puritanism in its American development is filled with such non-conformism and actually thrived on it. Secondly, Puritanism was not so much a creed as a radical reworking of the biblical notion of "covenant" with extensive implications for the building of a political community. Thirdly, the development of "federal theology," the "half-way covenant" and the variant forms of sectarianism, structured to meet new experiences and new needs, show the Puritan tradition to be more flexible and anticipatory of later American thought than has been traditionally accepted.⁷ The Puritans began with the experience of suffering. They submitted this experience to intense and complex reflection,⁸ thereby hoping to build a new community, a new Zion through which the Lord would show His presence.

⁵ Sarah Royce, *A Frontier Lady*, *passim*. Royce once said (*WJO*, pp. 3-7; below, 1:207) that William James took his place after Jonathan Edwards and Ralph Waldo Emerson as distinctive American philosophers. Royce is not only in this tradition but should a detailed comparison be made, he would be found, more than any other American thinker, to resemble the Puritan divine, Jonathan Edwards, in theme and accomplishment. On his relationship to Edwards, see G. H. Howison, "Josiah Royce: The Significance of His Work in Philosophy," *Philosophical Review*, 25 (1916): 3-16.

⁶ G. H. Palmer, "Josiah Royce," *Contemporary Idealism in America* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1932), p. 8.

⁷ See Alan Heimert, *Religion and the American Mind* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1966).

⁸ The contention that the Puritans were anti-intellectual or simplistic in their analysis of the biblical tradition, is sheer historical nonsense. The point of departure for a rapidly increasing literature on this point is found in Perry Miller, *The New England Mind*, 2 vols. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1953-54).

Royce too begins with suffering. In his early twenties, he composed an essay on "The Practical Significance of Pessimism." At that time he wrote the following:

Contemplate a battle field the first night after the struggle, contemplate here a vast company the equal of the population of a great town, writhing in agony, their groans sounding at a great distance like the roar of the ocean, their pain uneased for many hours, even death, so lavish of his favors all day, now refusing to comfort; contemplate this and then remember that as this pain to the agony of the world, so is an electric spark drawn from the back of a kitten to the devastating lightning of many great storms; and now estimate if you can the worth of all but a few exceptional human lives, such as that of Caius.

Briefly and imperfectly I state the case for pessimism, not even touching the economical and social argument, drawn from a more special consideration of the conditions of human life. Such then, is our individual human life. What shall we call it and whereunto shall it be likened? A vapor vanishing in the sun? No, that is not insignificant enough. A wave, broken on the beach? No, that is not unhappy enough. A soap bubble bursting into thin air? No, even that has rainbow hues. What then? Nothing but itself. Call it human life. You could not find a comparison more thoroughly condemning it. (*FE*, p. 152)

Such a sense of man's plight, indeed of man's experience of alienation, should not be construed as but a youthful attitude for Royce. In his *Religious Aspect of Philosophy*, published in 1885, Royce makes it clear that the experience of doubt and error are the points of departure for the understanding of The Infinite. He returns to this theme in his essay on "The Conception of God,"* in 1895 and still again, with great feeling in his chapter on "The Religious Mission of Sorrow,"* published in 1912 in *The Sources of Religious Insight*.

Royce took two roads to overcome this overwhelming sense of evil in the world. While not simultaneous, these approaches overlap throughout his life. On the one hand, he attempted to account for suffering by the development of a theory of *The Infinite*, which would maintain our commitment to the presence of ultimate meaning, while yet avoid any naiveté about the experience of evil. On the other hand, Royce by means of his ethics of loyalty, attempted to structure a notion of community, infinite in implication but responsive to the reality of evil and the need for its amelioration. And in keeping with the American tradition of sectarianism, religious and political, Royce denied that participating in the "Great Community" was signalized by agreement or by cessation of differences. To the contrary, community was char-

acterized by a never-ending series of "interpretations," by means of which both unity and a strengthening of "provincial" or "sectarian" commitments were achievable. Royce, then is far more rooted in his Puritan origins than has been acknowledged.

We turn now to the analysis of the second strand which may cast light on the character of Josiah Royce, his personal style as reflected in the problems he undertook and the quality of his writing. To the extent that it is reflected in his writing, Royce's attitude is illustrated by ponderous and bloated philosophical prose, crisp and brilliant statements of moral and religious problems, careful analyses of logic and metaphysics, and unabashedly sentimental, popular pieces. Royce could be technically rigorous in philosophic debate, sometimes to the point of losing sight of the human factors involved.⁹ Yet he was also uncommonly devoted to local causes and local people, often giving hortatory lectures rich with fundamental advice on how to make the best of one's immediate situation.¹⁰ In an essay on Royce, John Jay Chapman, describes the intellectual and inspirational power of Royce.

He was spherical, armed cap-a-pie, sleepless, and ready for all comers. . . . Royce was the John L. Sullivan of philosophy. . . . He was very extraordinary and knew everything and was a bumble-bee—a benevolent monster of pure intelligence, zigzagging, ranging, and uncatchable. I always had this feeling about Royce—that he was a celestial insect. . . . Time was nothing to him. He was just as fresh at the end of a two-hours' disquisition as at the start. Thinking refreshed him. The truth was that Royce had a phenomenal memory; his mind was a card-indexed cyclopaedia of all philosophy. . . . His extreme accessibility made him a sort of automat restaurant for Cambridge. He had fixed hours when any one could resort to him and draw inspiration from him.¹¹

Many of Royce's admirers, including William James and Chapman, felt this intellectual prowess to be a serious disadvantage. Chapman once said that "if only he had never been taught to read,

⁹ In the well-known Royce-Abbott controversy, Royce was philosophically correct but surely the dispute was rooted in Royce's high seriousness and his failure to recognize the severe limitations of his opponent. See Cotton, *Royce on the Human Self*, pp. 295-302.

¹⁰ A reading of the Royce Papers in the Harvard University Archives, Widener Library, will yield a number of these lectures and essays. See e.g., Folio 43, for his "Watchwords" to the students of the Summer Session at the University of California, Berkeley.

¹¹ John Jay Chapman, "Portrait of Josiah Royce," *The Outlook*, 122 (1919): 372, 377, as cited in Perry, *In The Spirit of William James*, p. 38.

Royce would have been a very great man.”¹² Royce, however, was under a burden not fully understood by his commentators. He was a Californian in a nineteenth-century culture dominated by the New England mind.¹³ Just as we can note a sense of intellectual inferiority, experienced by the American east over against the European cultural scene, so too do we find a like atmosphere afflicting the American west as it confronts its Eastern origins. James suffered from the former sense of inadequacy, Royce from the latter—a judgment that can be sustained by a reading of his unpublished letters. By analogy, the following text of Charles L. Sanford, on both historical and methodological grounds, should prove revealing as to Royce’s situation.

During Colonial days the collective self-righteousness of a convenanted people often hid an inferiority complex, as the colonists tried to ape the ways of their mother country. In their secret hearts, nursing convictions of a divinely appointed mission, they never doubted their moral superiority over the English; they felt inferior only in respect to their dress, their manners, their culture. Compensating for a deep sense of cultural inferiority, they made plain dress and natural expression positive virtues. Their popular contrast between morals and manners, between simple, virtuous American democrats, uncouth in their speech and dress, and suave but unprincipled European aristocrats, which dominated nineteenth-century American thought, thus had its native roots in the Colonial experience.¹⁴

After Royce spent a year studying in Germany, partially with Hermann Lotze, he returned to Johns Hopkins University to finish his doctorate. He then accepted a position at the University of California, his experiential home. He felt, however, a deep sense of intellectual isolation. In 1879, the same year as his hymn to the majesty of the “Golden Gate,” Royce writes to James about the difficulties of his situation.

There is no philosophy in California—from Siskiyou to Ft. Yuma, and from the Golden Gate to the summit of the Sierras. . . . Hence the atmosphere for the study of metaphysics is bad, and I wish I were out of it. On the other hand, I am at home and so among good friends;

¹² Chapman, “Portrait of Josiah Royce,” p. 372. Perry, *In the Spirit of William James*, p. 37.

¹³ For Royce’s statement of 1879, “I am a Californian . . . ,” see Loewenberg, ed., *FE*, p. 6.

¹⁴ Charles L. Sanford, *The Quest For Paradise—Europe and the American Moral Imagination* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1961), p. 106.

and further, as to my work, I am entirely free to arrange my course as I please, and to put into it a little philosophy. . . . I trumped up a theory of logical concepts last term and preached it to the seniors. It was a kind of hybrid of Hume and Schopenhauer, with an odor of Kant about it. It was somewhat monstrous, and, in this wilderness with nobody to talk with about it, I have not the least idea whether it is true or not. . . .¹⁵

Royce, of course, was not alone in this judgment, for as James wrote about G. H. Howison in 1883, "the California people have been nibbling about him, but its a poor place even if they give him a call."¹⁶ The commentators on Howison's life go on to say that:

Howison himself must have seen the remote chance in much the same light. The distance was and still is much farther from Boston to Berkeley than from Berkeley to Boston. Howison had once spoken of his journey from New England to Europe as "exile"; how, then, would he name a departure for life, perhaps, into the wilderness, far off to the very Pacific! He could not be eager, even with an assured position for continuing his work in philosophy, to sever the ties that bound him and Mrs. Howison to New England.¹⁷

Royce, in 1882, through the intervention of William James, traveled from Berkeley to Cambridge,¹⁸ and through the early kindness of G. H. Palmer, was able to make Harvard his home for life. He no doubt recognized the extraordinary opportunity

¹⁵ See Ralph Barton Perry, *The Thought and Character of William James* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1935), 1: 781.

¹⁶ John Wright Buckham and George Malcolm Stratton, *George Holmes Howison—Philosopher and Teacher* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1934), p. 72. Howison accepted a Chair in philosophy at the University of California in 1884.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ The biographers of Howison point to the irony of this reversal of roles for Howison and Royce. They cite James in a letter to Thomas Davidson of August 1883, that "Royce has unquestionably the inside track for any vacancy in the future. I think him a man of genius, sure to distinguish himself by original work." They add, however, that James goes on to remark: "But when I see the disconsolate condition of poor Howison, looking for employment now, and when I recognize the extraordinary development of his intellect in the past 4 years, I feel almost guilty of having urged Royce's call hither. I did it before Howison had returned, or at least before I had seen him, and with my data, I was certainly right. But H. seems now to me to be quite a different man, intellectually, from his former self; and being so much older, ought to have had a chance, which (notwithstanding the pitance of a salary), he would probably have taken, to get a foothold in the University." (Buckham and Stratton, *George Holmes Howison*, p. 70)

of this call to Harvard. Yet, it does seem that the intellectual pressure generated by such an opportunity never left him, and far into his career, he wrote as though he had to prove himself, again and again. This attitude, coupled with his neverending fidelity to his early moral sense of community, makes for the tension and the singular genius of Josiah Royce.

II

Turning now to a more explicitly philosophical perspective, the thought of Josiah Royce can be said to turn on his continuous effort to establish viable *relationships* between the “Absolute and the Individual.” This latter phrase is the heading of his “Supplementary Essay” to “*The Conception of God*,” in 1897. It stands virtually midway in Royce’s philosophical career and is something of a personal watershed. Earlier in his ethical and sociological writings, Royce stated his problem in terms of the living tension between moral ideals and the needs of the individual. Even in his *Religious Aspect of Philosophy* (1885), although firmly and clearly committed to a forthright doctrine of the “Absolute,” Royce showed deep concern for “moral ideals” and struggled with the fact of the persistence of evil and error in human experience.

Subsequent to the essay “The Absolute and the Individual,” Royce undertook to rephrase his notion of the “Absolute,” giving to “will” and “experience” a more prominent role. To these lectures, published as *The World and the Individual* (1899–1901), Royce added an important “Supplementary Essay.” Anticipatory of his later logical essays, Royce attempted to defend himself against the charge that the affirmation of an “Absolute” ruled out the experience of particulars. Finally, in *The Problem of Christianity*, the entire question, now obviously under the influence of Peirce’s theory of signs, is reformulated in terms of Royce’s structuring of the “Community of Interpretation.”

The advantages of viewing the thought of Royce in this way are considerable and obvious. We read him chronologically and developmentally. Also, we can focus on four of his major writings, each of them showing considerable philosophical power and originality. Further, in these works, Royce sets his problem in such a way that his analysis puts us in touch not only with his other

concerns but also with major currents in the history of philosophy. But before proceeding with a presentation, lamentably brief, of Royce's thought on the "Absolute" and the "Individual," a word of caution is in order.

Looking at Royce in developmental terms can obscure some profound continuities in his thought. As we have pointed out earlier, Royce's personal and speculative sensitivity to the experience and problem of evil is lifelong. His essays on "Pessimism" (1879, 1881*), "The Problem of Job"** (1895) and his chapter on "The Religious Mission of Sorrow"** in *The Sources of Religious Insight* (1912) are of a piece. It should be noted, as well, that Royce never yielded his affection for the common affairs of community life. We can draw a direct and continuous line from the essay on "The Squatter Riot of 1850 in Sacramento"** to the later essays on "Race Questions and Prejudice"** (1906) and "Provincialism"** (1908). What does change however is Royce's method of grappling with the implications of these events and attitudes.

It is not true, then, to say that Royce was not an empiricist. Nor is it even adequate to say that he became more empirical in his later works, thereby abandoning his earlier predilection for "system" philosophy. If by empiricist we mean fidelity to experience on its own terms, he was as empirical in outlook and temperament as James or Dewey.¹⁹ But Royce sought to articulate his experience in a language not obviously in keeping with the way we actually undergo our experiences. The true development in Royce's thought, as witnessed by his major philosophical writings, is to be found in his effort to draw his language ever closer to the quality of his experience and yet maintain an overall framework of evaluation. On this issue, we depart from the main line of Royce commentary and offer the following opinion. The key to the majestic and original quality of the theory of "interpretation" in *The Problem of Christianity* is in the main due neither to an evolution in Royce's metaphysics, nor to the use of the admittedly

¹⁹ We do not say that the thought of Royce is identical to that of James and Dewey, although he was much closer to James than either of them would admit. The point is that the difference is not to be designated by a catchall reference to empiricism. Both James and Dewey, in contrast to Royce, were "radical empiricists," which, among other things, gave them a different doctrine of relations and a different approach to the nature of experience and the role of human behavior in structuring meaning. See John J. McDermott, *The Writings of William James* (New York: Random House, 1967), pp. xiii-xliv.

helpful Peircean theory of signs. Rather, this breakthrough is more directly traceable to Royce's ability at that time to bring into the *center* of his philosophical system, his long-standing insight to the fact that community is achieved only by "reverence for the relations of life." (*Cal*, p. 500)

Royce was always aware of the primacy of these relations; his problem was to articulate, to his own satisfaction, their epistemological, logical and metaphysical ramifications. The philosophical doctrine of Royce can be gleaned from a reading of the four major works cited above. Nonetheless, as our ordering of the selections in these two volumes is meant to attest, the full significance of Royce as a philosopher yields only to those who read him in the round.

III

With these cautionary remarks fresh in our mind, let us sketch, with supporting texts, the evolution of Royce's view of the relationship between the "Absolute" and the "Individual." Royce devotes the first half of *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy* to a detailed analysis of fundamental "moral ideals." Although put gently, the opening lines of Book 2, in the chapter on "The World of Doubt," introduce a sharp sense of contrast.

When we turn from our world of ideals to the world actually about us, our position is not at once a happy position. These ideals that we have agreed upon, in so far as they are our own, do not make the world, and people differ endlessly about what the world is and means. Very naturally, then, we also must ourselves begin with difficulties and doubts. (*RAP*, p. 227)

As Benjamin Nelson has indicated of Royce: "Perplexity and doubt had driven him into philosophy. His entire undertaking was to discover a new ground of assurance on which men could eternally count."²⁰ Royce makes it clear that the "popular" notions about the external world, in their scientific, metaphysical and religious versions, are to be rejected.²¹ "This supposed external

²⁰ Benjamin Nelson, "Josiah Royce," an introduction to *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy* (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1958), p. iv.

²¹ It has to be said that Royce's writing throughout this section is overbearing and helps give rise to the later caricatures of his philosophy. Note, e.g.: "The popular notion of an external world, practically useful for many purposes, and sufficient for many scientific ends, will be refuted and rejected

world is once for all a World of Doubt, and in it there is no abiding place." (*RAP*, p. 235) After brief analyses of many contending "powers," Royce holds that each of them, physical and metaphysical, points beyond itself to the necessity of "studying the world in its eternal aspect." (*RAP*, p. 289) Royce is clear about the direction of this search. "We go to seek the Eternal, not in experience, but in the thought that thinks experience." (*RAP*, p. 289)

Further into *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*, Royce works out this approach to the Eternal in terms of "The Possibility of Error."^{*} Quite simply, no matter how extensive our doubt, we assume "the actual existence of those conditions that make error possible." Royce then contends that "*the conditions that determine the logical possibility of error must themselves be absolute truth. . .*" (*RAP*, p. 385; below, 1:322) He offers a number of demonstrations of this claim, the most succinct being his version of error as a fragment.

That there is error is indubitable. What is, however, an error? The substance of our whole reasoning about the nature of error amounted to the result that in and of itself alone, no single judgment is or can be an error. Only as actually included in a higher thought, that gives to the first its completed object, and compares it therewith, is the first thought an error. It remains otherwise a mere mental fragment, a torso, a piece of drift-wood, neither true nor false, objectless, no complete act of thought at all. But the higher thought must include the opposed truth, to which the error is compared in that higher thought. The higher thought is the whole truth, of which the error is by itself an incomplete fragment. (*RAP*, p. 431; below, 1:350–51)

If this is so, then Royce contends that we cannot stop short of affirming the reality of an "Infinite Thought." "The possibilities of error are infinite. Infinite then must be the inclusive thought." (*RAP*, p. 431; below, 1:351) Truth and falsehood is not *made* by one thought but is *found* as true or false, because it has been thus from all eternity. In other words, separate thoughts have no claim to truth or falsehood, apart from their relationship to inclusive thought.

in its contradictions and in its absurdities, but the soul of truth that is in it will be absorbed into a higher conception both of the eternal Reality and of our relation thereto. Our seeming loss will become our gain. That bad dream, the dead and worthless World of Doubt in which most of our modern teachers remain stuck fast, will be transformed for us. We shall see that the truth of it is a higher World, of glorious religious significance." (*RAP*, p. 236)

We can doubt the finite but not the Infinite, for “*all reality must be present to the Unity of Infinite Thought.*” (*RAP*, p. 433; below, 1:352)

Quite apart from any legitimate resistance to the apodictic character of these judgments by Royce,²² several substantial difficulties confront his position. He does not distinguish adequately between the Infinite as an all-inclusive system of thought and the Infinite as personal, responsive to a plurality of other persons. The problem was put sharply to Royce by G. H. Howison in the form of a commentary on Royce’s “Address” on “The Conception of God.” Although Royce’s formulation in the “Address” was improved over that in *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*, Howison could still ask:

Whose omniscience is it that judges the ignorance to be real?—*Whose* absolute experience pronounces the less organised experience to be really fallacious? Well,—whosoever it may be, it is certainly acting in and through *my* judgment, if I am the thinker of that argument; and in every case it is *I* who pronounce sentence on myself as really ignorant, or on my limited experience as fallacious. Yes,—and it is *I* who am the authority, and the only direct authority, for the connexion put between the reality of the ignorance or of the fallacious experience on the one hand and the reality of the implicated omniscience on the other. (*CG*, 108–9)

Royce’s reply is equally clear. He holds that Howison’s objection results from a “failure to comprehend that self-consciousness and the unity of consciousness are categories which inevitably transcend, while they certainly do not destroy, individuality.” (*CG*, p. 333)²³ Despite Royce’s claim that he has provided for the “individual,” his own definition points to the need for a wider

²² During this period of Royce’s thought, the casual way in which he speaks *for* the Infinite, is quite disconcerting. A vignette in this context may prove revealing. When William James put off his Gifford lectureship, he suggested Royce as an alternate. On learning this, James’s wife, Alice, wrote: “Royce!! He will not refuse, but over he will go with his Infinite under his arm. . . .” (Gay Wilson Allen, *William James* [New York: Viking Press, 1967]), p. 387.

²³ In an editorial footnote, Howison is said to deny that “the unity of consciousness transcends Individuality. On the contrary, Individuality is itself the highest category—the very nerve of knowledge.” (*CG*, p. 333 n. 1) A similar charge is lodged against Royce, at a later date, by Reinhold Niebuhr, *The Nature and Destiny of Man*, (New York, Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1941), 1:78–79. Niebuhr’s criticism, coming after *The Problem of Christianity*, is unfair.

treatment. "The individual is indeed not *mere* will, nor mere contents of life, but *a life viewed in relation to, that is, as individuated by, the exclusive interest which is his characteristic individual will.*" (CG, p. 333) The question, then, has to do with those relationships between the will as individuated and absolute knowledge. In attempting to deal with this problem, Royce recognizes the paucity of his earlier treatment in *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*. He will have to widen his description of the final unity of the Absolute beyond the use of the term "Thought." In his "Preface" to *The World and the Individual*, Royce sets the stage for extensively revamping his notion of the relationship between the "Absolute" and the "Individual."

While this central matter regarding the definition of Truth, and of our relation to truth, has not essentially changed its place in my mind, I have been doing what I could, since my first book was written, to come to clearness as to the relations of Idealism to the special problems of human life and destiny. In my first book the conception of the Absolute was defined in such wise as led me then to prefer, quite deliberately, the use of the term Thought as the best name for the final unity of the Absolute. While this term was there so defined as to make Thought inclusive of Will and of Experience, these latter terms were not emphasized prominently enough, and the aspects of the Absolute Life which they denote have since become more central in my own interest. The present is a deliberate effort to bring into synthesis, more fully than I have ever done before, the relations of Knowledge and of Will in our conception of God. The centre of the present discussion is, for this very reason, the true meaning and place of the concept of Individuality, in regard to which the present discussion carries out a little more fully considerations which appear, in a very different form of statement, in the "Supplementary Essay," published at the close of *The Conception of God*. (WI, 1:ix-x)

The World and the Individual is such a massive work, that it would be impossible here to offer any synoptic statement of its contents.²⁴ The fundamental theme is clear nonetheless; the relationship between "idea" and "being." Also, it is obvious that Royce has considerably narrowed the gap between Absolute Truth and human activity. The center of the discussion takes place in the chapter on "The Internal and External Meaning of Ideas," where Royce shows that "mere generality always means practical

²⁴ It is with this difficulty in mind, that we have reprinted five of the most significant chapters from *The World and the Individual*, in order to present the main lines of Royce's argument.

defect." (*WI*, 1:337; below, 1:539) In a complex argument, he wishes to turn the tables on those who hold that absolute truth denies individuation. The fulfillment of our purpose and the realization of a determinate idea is achieved by wider access to other "cases" of our ideas. Should we have access to all the possible instances which could illustrate one present idea, our experience would be:

First, *the complete fulfilment of your internal meaning*, the final satisfaction of the will embodied in the idea; but secondly, also, *that absolute determination of the embodiment of your idea as this embodiment would then be present,—that absolute determination of your purpose, which would constitute an individual realization of the idea*. For an individual fact is one for which no other can be substituted without some loss of determination, or some vagueness (*WI*, 1:338–39; below, 1:539)

From this consideration of an "idea" as purpose fulfilled, Royce offers his notion of being. "*What is, or what is real, is as such the complete embodiment, in individual form and in final fulfillment, of the internal meaning of finite ideas.*" (*WI*, 1:339; below, 1:540) We have come a long way from the language of *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*. Purpose, construction, fulfillment and "individual form," now become focal points in Royce's discussion.²⁵ The final step by Royce in his long and detailed analysis of the relationship between the "Absolute" and the "Individual," occurs in *The Problem of Christianity*.²⁶

At this point, Royce brings together the best of his metaphysics, his logic, his ethics of loyalty, his philosophy of religion and, of course, his long-abiding commitment to the theory and practice of community. In line with the concerns of this Introduction we shall focus only on Royce's theory of interpretation and his presentation of the "Community of Interpretation."

In addition to a world of perception and a world of conception,

²⁵ In Royce's "Supplementary Essay" to volume 1 of *The World and The Individual*, he defends the view, against F. H. Bradley, that "an infinite multitude" can be developed "out of the expression of a single purpose" (*WI*, 1:502). Royce's approach here is characterized by his structuring of "self-representative systems." This viewpoint is enhanced by his later work in logic and ultimately exercises profound methodological influence on *The Problem of Christianity*.

²⁶ See John E. Smith, "Introduction," *The Problem of Christianity*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1968) pp. 1–36, for a perceptive commentary on the main themes of that work. Professor Smith is particularly helpful in clarifying Royce's understanding of Christianity.

Royce asks that we take into account a "world of interpretation." (*PC*, 1968 ed., p. 293) Utilizing Peirce's logic, Royce claims that in our actual experience we are never possessed of pure perception or pure conception. In attempting to cut through this dualistic classification of our cognitive processes Royce points to the unique role of interpretation. On logical grounds it differs from perception and conception, because it involves "triadic" relations. "That is, you cannot express any complete process of interpreting by merely naming two terms,—persons, or other objects,—and by then telling what dyadic relation exists between one of these two and the other." (*PC*, 1968 ed., p. 286)

On psychological grounds, interpretation is characterized by the fact that in its "interest," it is "an essentially social process." This does not exclude man's inner life, however, for interpretation "transforms our own inner life into a conscious interior conversation, wherein we interpret ourselves." In this way, "reflection is an effort at self-interpretation." (*PC*, 1968 ed., p. 294) Further, for both logical and psychological reasons, interpretation is inexhaustible. Sensitive to the facts of the "social world," interpretation "demands, by virtue of its own nature, and even in the simplest conceivable case, an endless wealth of new interpretations." (*PC*, 1968 ed., p. 294) Finally, from a metaphysical vantage point, by virtue of interpretation, we are better able "to understand the constitution of temporal experience, with its endlessly accumulating sequence of significant deeds." (*PC*, 1968 ed., p. 294)

No doubt, as John Smith points out, there are ambiguities and inadequacies in Royce's treatment of "interpretation."²⁷ What is remarkable, however, is the liberating quality this notion has for Royce's thought. He proceeds to the heart of man's situation and is able to deal directly with those problems which had earlier forced him into such complex systematic structures, namely, the time-process, the historical dimension, and cognition itself.

In this context, one last theme awaits us, that of the "Community of Interpretation." Royce tells us that by the "real world" is meant "simply the 'true interpretation' of this one problematic situation." (*PC*, 1968 ed., p. 337) The numerous contrasts with which we are faced are not to be decided in terms of one over the other. Nature and grace, God and the world, good and evil, each of these "contrasts," presents a "problem" to be interpreted. Neither of the two

²⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 28, 30.

poles can be “a judge in its own case.” Mediation is needed to present the cause of one to the other.

In brief, then, the real world is the Community of Interpretation which is constituted by the two antithetic ideas, and their mediator or interpreter, whatever or whoever that interpreter may be. If the interpretation is a reality, and if it truly interprets the whole of reality, then the community reaches its goal, and the real world includes its own interpreter. Unless both the interpreter and the community are real, there is no real world. (*PC*, 1968 ed., p. 339)²⁸

Royce, in his last years spoke of “The Hope of the Great Community.” Through interpretation as mediation, a series of communities could interact and, in time, build towards a “community of expectation,” a “community of hope.” (*PC*, 1968 ed., p. 248) Royce was wise to use the word “hope” at the end of his life. In this way he affirmed the creative possibility of the future of man, while not limiting this commitment to any set belief or doctrine. Royce never spoke of an “unfinished universe” as did William James, but make no mistake, there is nothing closed off in his understanding of the future of the “Great Community.”

²⁸ Royce then adds a comment which indicates his sensitivity to criticism as well as his ability to learn from it. “After the foregoing discussion of the nature and the processes of interpretation, we are now secure from any accusation that, from this point of view, the real world is anything merely static, or is a mere idea within the mind of a finite self, or is an Absolute that is divorced from its appearances, or is any merely conceptual reality, or is ‘out of time,’ or is a ‘block universe,’ or is an object of a merely mystical intuition.” (*PC*, 1968, ed., p. 339)

Chronology

- 1855 Josiah Royce born in the mining town of Grass Valley, California, November 20.
- 1866 Attends grade school in San Francisco
- 1871 Enters the University of California
- 1875 Receives B.A. degree from the University of California
- 1875–76 Studies in Germany at Leipzig and Göttingen
- 1876–78 Completes a Doctorate in Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University
- 1878 Returns to the University of California as lecturer in the English Department
- 1880 Marries Katharine Head
- 1882 Joins faculty at Harvard University as Philosophy instructor
- 1888 Visits Australia
- 1890–91 Engages in public, acrimonious controversy with F. E. Abbot and C. S. Peirce
- 1892 Becomes Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard University
- 1895 Participates in extensive philosophical symposium on the "Conception of God" at the University of California, Berkeley.
- 1899 Delivers the first half of his Gifford Lectures at the University of Aberdeen. Later published as *The World and the Individual*
- 1900 Completes Gifford Lectures
- 1906 Lectures at Johns Hopkins University (lectures published posthumously as *Lectures on Modern Idealism*)
- 1911 Delivers the Bross Lectures at Lake Forest College in

- Illinois (lectures published as *The Sources of Religious Insight*)
- 1914 Becomes Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity at Harvard University
- 1916 Dies in Cambridge, Massachusetts, September 14.

Bibliographic Abbreviations

The following is a list of Royce's major publications (excepting articles) and the abbreviations used to designate them in the text and notes. Information concerning Royce's major articles is to be found in the virtually complete Annotated Bibliography at the end of volume 2.

- PLA* *Primer of Logical Analysis for the Use of Composition Students.* San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft, 1881.
- RAP* *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1885.
- Cal* *California from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco (1856): A Study of American Character.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1886.
- FOC* *The Feud of Oakfield Creek: A Novel of California Life.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1887.
- SMP* *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1892.
- CG* *The Conception of God*, with "Comments" by S. E. Mezes, J. Le Conte, and G. H. Howison. Berkeley: Philosophical Union, 1895. Second Edition, with "Supplementary Essay" by Royce, 1897.
- SGE* *Studies of Good and Evil: A Series of Essays upon Life and Philosophy.* New York: Appleton, 1898.
- WI* *The World and the Individual.* 2 vols. New York: Macmillan Co., 1899, 1901.

- CI *The Conception of Immortality*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1900.
- OP *Outlines of Psychology*. New York, Macmillan Co., 1903.
- HS *Herbert Spencer: An Estimate and a Review*. New York: Fox, Duffield, 1904.
- PL *The Philosophy of Loyalty*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1908.
- RQP *Race Questions, Provincialism, and Other American Problems*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1908.
- WJO *William James and Other Essays on the Philosophy of Life*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1911.
- SRI *The Sources of Religious Insight*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912.
- PC *The Problem of Christianity*. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan Co., 1913. Reprinted with new introduction by John E. Smith, in a one volume edition as a companion to the present two volumes. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1968.
- PrL "The Principles of Logic." In *Logic (Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences)*. Vol. 1. London: Macmillan Co., 1913: 67-135.
- War *War and Insurance*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1914.
- HGC *The Hope of the Great Community*. New York: Macmillan, 1916.
- LMI *Lectures on Modern Idealism*. Edited by J. Loewenberg. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1919.
- FE *Fugitive Essays by Josiah Royce*. Ed. J. Loewenberg. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1920.
- RLE *Royce's Logical Essays*. Ed. Daniel S. Robinson. Dubuque: William C. Brown Co., 1951.
- Sem *Josiah Royce's Seminar, 1913-1914: As Recorded in the Notebooks of Harry T. Costello*. Ed. Grover Smith, with essay on Royce's philosophy by Richard Hocking. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1963.

Editor's Note on the Text

With the exception of an occasional transition sentence and the concluding acknowledgement paragraph of "The Possibility of International Insurance," I have avoided any internal editing of the text. In only two instances have I broken up an original essay. First, under the chapter title "Types of Order," sections 2 and 3 of *The Principles of Logic* have been reprinted, while section 1 has been omitted. Second, only section 4, which concludes "Some Relations Between Philosophy and Science in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century in Germany," has been reprinted. I have entitled this chapter "The Methodology of Science."

Although the text of *The Philosophy of Loyalty* is reprinted in its entirety, I have eliminated the index, as it no longer serves its original purpose. Where possible, when citing texts from Royce's writings, I have also made reference to their location in the present edition. In my commentary, an asterisk placed after the title of a chapter or essay written by Royce signifies its inclusion in these two volumes. Royce's punctuation, spelling, and frequent use of italics has been retained throughout as have the occasional references of previous editors. The section on Bibliographic Abbreviations and the extended Bibliography will provide maximum information about the sources used throughout these two volumes.

The Basic Writings of
JOSIAH ROYCE

Volume 1

Part I

*An Autobiographical
Sketch*

Part I

An Autobiographical Sketch

The following piece by Royce is, indeed, a sketch. He was not given to public autobiographical statements, and resisted others' efforts to write his personal history. Until the publication of promised volumes on the biography of Royce and the letters of Royce, we are left with a very scanty knowledge of his life. Further, the Royce Papers in the Harvard University Archives, Widener Library, although rich in professional memorabilia cast little light on Royce as a person.

Yet, even in this slight autobiographical piece, a close look will reveal the major tension of Royce's life and thought. In failing health and less than a year from his death, Royce was deeply disturbed by the outbreak and character of the first World War. By personal experience, Royce is not surprised by the existence of either evil or error, but he also affirms the way to salvation.

Meanwhile I have always been, as in my childhood, a good deal of a nonconformist, and disposed to a certain rebellion. . . . So much of the spirit that opposes the community I have and have always had in me, simply, elementally, deeply. Over against this natural ineffectiveness in serving the community, and over against this rebellion, there has always stood the interest which has taught me what I nowadays try to express by teaching that we are saved through the community. (*HGC*, 130–31; below, 1:34–35)

1

*Words of Professor Royce
at the Walton Hotel
at Philadelphia
December 29, 1915*

I was born in 1855 in California. My native town was a mining town in the Sierra Nevada,—a place five or six years older than myself. My earliest recollections include a very frequent wonder as to what my elders meant when they said that this was a new community. I frequently looked at the vestiges left by the former diggings of miners, saw that many pine logs were rotten, and that a miner's grave was to be found in a lonely place not far from my own house. Plainly men had lived and died thereabouts. I dimly reflected that this sort of life had apparently been going on ever since men dwelt in that land. The logs and the grave looked old. The sunsets were beautiful. The wide prospects when one looked across the Sacramento Valley were impressive, and had long interested the people of whose love for my country I heard much.

After the dinner at the Walton Hotel, Professor Royce, in acknowledgment of the kindness of his friends, made a brief statement, largely autobiographical in its character. The following is a summary of this statement, and is founded upon some notes which friends present amongst the guests have kindly supplied, to aid the speaker to remind his friends of the spirit of what he tried to express. [Reprinted from *HGC*, pp. 122–36.]

What was there then in this place that ought to be called new, or for that matter, crude? I wondered, and gradually came to feel that part of my life's business was to find out what all this wonder meant. My earliest teachers in philosophy were my mother, whose private school, held for some years in our own house, I attended, and my sisters, who were all older than myself, and one of whom taught me to read. In my home I heard the Bible very frequently read, and very greatly enjoyed my mother's reading of Bible stories, although, so far as I remember, I was very generally dissatisfied with the requirements of observance of Sundays, which stand out somewhat prominently in my memory. Our home training in these respects was not, as I now think, at all excessively strict. But without being aware of the fact, I was a born non-conformist. The Bible stories fascinated me. The observance of Sunday aroused from an early time a certain more or less passive resistance, which was stubborn, although seldom, I think, openly rebellious.

The earliest connected story that I independently read was the Apocalypse, from a large print New Testament, which I found on the table in our living room. The Apocalypse did not tend to teach me early to acquire very clear ideas. On the other hand, I did early receive a great deal of training in dialectics, from the sister nearest to me in age. She was three years my senior. She was very patiently persistent in showing me the truth. I was nearly as persistent in maintaining my own views. Since she was patient, I believe that we seldom quarrelled in any violent way. But on occasion, as I remember, our dear mother used, when the wrangling grew too philosophical, to set me the task of keeping still for an hour. The training was needed, but it was never wholly effective in suppressing for any great length of time the dialectical insistence.

I was not a very active boy. I had no physical skill or agility. I was timid and ineffective, but seem to have been, on the whole, prevailingly cheerful, and not extremely irritable, although I was certainly more or less given to petty mischief, in so far as my sisters did not succeed in keeping me under their kindly watch.

Since I grew during the time of the civil war, heard a good deal about it from people near me, but saw nothing of the consequences of the war through any closer inspection, I remained as vague about this matter as about most other life problems,—vague but

often enthusiastic. My earliest great patriotic experience came at the end of the civil war, when the news of the assassination of Lincoln reached us. Thenceforth, as I believe, I had a country as well as a religious interest. Both of these were ineffective interests, except in so far as they were attached to the already mentioned enthusiasms, and were clarified and directed by the influence of my mother and sisters. Of boys outside the household I so far knew comparatively little, but had a considerable tendency, as I remember, to preach down to what I supposed to be the level of these other boys,—a predisposition which did not prepare me for social success in the place in which I was destined to pass the next stage of my development, namely San Francisco.

When we went to live in San Francisco, I for the first time saw, first San Francisco Bay, and then the Ocean itself, which fascinated me, but which for a long time taught me little.

About June, 1866, I began to attend a large Grammar School in San Francisco. I was one of about a thousand boys. The ways of training were new to me. My comrades very generally found me disagreeably striking in my appearance, by reason of the fact that I was redheaded, freckled, countrified, quaint, and unable to play boys' games. The boys in question gave me my first introduction to the "majesty of the community." The introduction was impressively disciplinary and persistent. On the whole it seemed to me "not joyous but grievous." In the end it probably proved to be for my good. Many years later, in a lecture contained in the first volume of my *Problem of Christianity*, I summarized what I remember of the lesson of the training which my schoolmates very frequently gave me, in what I there have to say about the meaning which lies behind the Pauline doctrine of original sin, as set forth in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

Yet my mates were not wholly unkind, and I remember lifelong friendships which I formed in that Grammar School, and which I still can enjoy whenever I meet certain of my dear California friends.

In the year 1871, I began to attend the University of California, where I received my first degree in 1875.

The principal philosophical influences of my undergraduate years were: (1) The really very great and deep effect produced upon me by the teaching of Professor Joseph LeConte,—himself a

former pupil of Agassiz, a geologist, a comparatively early defender and exponent of the Darwinian theory, and a great light in the firmament of the University of California in those days; (2) The personal influence of Edward Rowland Sill, who was my teacher in English, during the last two years of my undergraduate life; (3) The literary influence of John Stuart Mill and of Herbert Spencer, both of whom I read during those years. There was, at that time, no regular undergraduate course in philosophy at the University of California.

After graduation I studied in Germany, and later at the Johns Hopkins University, still later returning a while to the University of California from 1878 to 1882. Since 1882 I have been working at Harvard. In Germany I heard Lotze at Göttingen, and was for a while strongly under his influence. The reading of Schopenhauer was another strong influence during my life as a student in Germany. I long paid a great deal of attention to the philosophy of Kant. But during the years before 1890, I never supposed myself to be very strongly under the influence of Hegel, nor yet of Green, nor of either of the Cairds. I should confess to the charge of having been, during my German period of study, a good deal under the influence of the Romantic School, whose philosophy of poetry I read and expounded with a good deal of diligence. But I early cherished a strong interest in logic, and long desired to get a fair knowledge of mathematics.

When I review this whole process, I strongly feel that my deepest motives and problems have centred about the Idea of the Community, although this idea has only come gradually to my clear consciousness. This was what I was intensely feeling, in the days when my sisters and I looked across the Sacramento Valley, and wondered about the great world beyond our mountains. This was what I failed to understand when my mates taught me those instructive lessons in San Francisco. This was that which I tried to understand when I went to Germany. I have been unpractical,—always socially ineffective as regards genuine “team play,” ignorant of politics, an ineffective member of committees, and a poor helper of concrete social enterprises. Meanwhile I have always been, as in my childhood, a good deal of a nonconformist, and disposed to a certain rebellion. An English cousin of mine not long since told me that, according to a family tradition current in his community, a common ancestor of ours was one of the guards

who stood about the scaffold of Charles the First. I can easily mention the Monarch in modern Europe, in the guard about whose scaffold I should most cheerfully stand, if he had any scaffold. So much of the spirit that opposes the community I have and have always had in me, simply, elementally, deeply. Over against this natural ineffectiveness in serving the community, and over against this rebellion, there has always stood the interest which has taught me what I nowadays try to express by teaching that we are saved through the community.

The resulting doctrine of life and of the nature of truth and of reality which I have tried to work out, to connect with logical and metaphysical issues, and to teach to my classes, now seems to me not so much romanticism, as a fondness for defining, for articulating, and for expounding the perfectly real, concrete, and literal life of what we idealists call the "spirit," in a sense which is indeed Pauline, but not merely mystical, superindividual; not merely romantic, difficult to understand, but perfectly capable of exact and logical statement.

The best concrete instance of the life of a community with which I have had the privilege to become well acquainted has been furnished to me by my own Seminary, one whose meetings you have so kindly and graciously permitted me to attend as leader, on this to me so precious occasion.

. . . But why should you give so kind an attention to me at a moment when the deepest, the most vital, and the most practical interest of the whole community of mankind are indeed imperilled, when the spirit of mankind is overwhelmed with a cruel and undeserved sorrow, when the enemies of mankind often seem as if they were about to triumph?

Let me simply say in closing, how deeply the crisis of this moment impresses me, and how keenly I feel the bitterness of being unable to do anything for the Great Community except to thank you for your great kindness, and to hope that we and the Community shall see better times together. Certainly unless the enemies of mankind are duly rebuked by the results of this war, I, for one, do not wish to survive the crisis. Let me then venture, as I close, to quote to you certain words of the poet Swinburne. You will find them in his *Songs before Sunrise*. Let the poet and prophet speak. He voices the spirit of that for which, in my poor way, I have always in my weakness been working.

*A Watch in the Night**By A. C. Swinburne*

Watchman, what of the night?—
 Storm and thunder and rain,
 Lights that waver and wane,
 Leaving the watchfires unlit.
 Only the balefires are bright,
 And the flash of the lamps now and then
 From a palace where spoilers sit,
 Trampling the children of men.

Prophet, what of the night?—
 I stand by the verge of the sea,
 Banished, uncomforted, free,
 Hearing the noise of the waves
 And sudden flashes that smite
 Some man's tyrannous head,
 Thundering, heard among graves
 That hide the hosts of his dead.

Mourners, what of the night?—
 All night through without sleep
 We weep, and we weep, and we weep.
 Who shall give us our sons?
 Beaks of raven and kite,
 Mouths of wolf and of hound,
 Give us them back whom the guns
 Shot for you dead on the ground.

Dead men, what of the night?—
 Cannon and scaffold and sword,
 Horror of gibbet and cord,
 Mowed us as sheaves for the grave,
 Mowed us down for the right.
 We do not grudge or repent.
 Freely to freedom we gave
 Pledges, till life should be spent.

Statesman, what of the night?—
 The night will last me my time.
 The gold on a crown or a crime
 Looks well enough yet by the lamps.
 Have we not fingers to write,
 Lips to swear at a need?
 Then, when danger decamps,
 Bury the word with the deed.

Exile, what of the night?—
The tides and the hours run out,
The seasons of death and of doubt,
The night-watches bitter and sore.
In the quicksands leftward and right
My feet sink down under me;
But I know the scents of the shore
And the broad blown breaths of the sea.

Captives, what of the night?—
It rains outside overhead
Always, a rain that is red,
And our faces are soiled with the rain.
Here in the season's despite
Day-time and night-time are one,
Till the curse of the kings and the chain
Break, and their toils be undone.

Princes, what of the night?—
Night with pestilent breath
Feeds us, children of death,
Clothes us close with her gloom.
Rapine and famine and fright
Crouch at our feet and are fed.
Earth where we pass is a tomb,
Life where we triumph is dead.

Martyrs, what of the night?—
Nay, is it night with you yet?
We, for our part, we forget
What night was, if it were.
The loud red mouths of the fight
Are silent and shut where we are.
In our eyes the tempestuous air
Shines as the face of a star.

Europe, what of the night?—
Ask of heaven, and the sea,
And my babes on the bosom of me,
Nations of mine, but ungrown.
There is one who shall surely requite
All that endure or that err:
She can answer alone:
Ask not of me, but of her.

Liberty, what of the night?—
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white

With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.

May the light soon dawn. May the word of the poet and prophet
soon come true. This is my closing greeting to you.

Part II

The American Context

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It has become a truism for many commentators on Royce, that he is the most European of the Classical American philosophers. Although based on Royce's affection for the European Romantic tradition and his commitment to the philosophical strain of German Idealism, this judgment is nevertheless seriously misleading. In fact, a case can be made for Royce as the philosopher most profoundly and explicitly influenced by his American experience. Even John Dewey, a lifelong student of American democracy, did not conduct so extended a scrutiny of his own cultural roots as did Royce.

In addition to his outstanding history of California and his novel about California life, Royce wrote many essays on "American Problems" throughout his life. His *Philosophy of Loyalty* is devoted to specifically American themes and his understanding of "Provincialism" is inseparable from the American federal experience. Royce's original doctrine of "Interpretation," as found in *The Problem of Christianity*, is in keeping with the tradition of sectarianism in American religion. In experienced root and in structure, Royce's view of the Church is that of an American Puritan. His analysis of living American communities has much in common with the self-consciousness of the Puritan attempt to forge a new relationship between religious covenant and the polis.

The distinguished American philosopher, George Herbert Mead, misjudged the significance of Royce's work when he stated that: "it was part of the escape from the crudity of American life, not an interpretation of it."¹ To the contrary, as witnessed by the selec-

¹ George Herbert Mead, "The Philosophies of Royce, James, and Dewey in Their American Setting," in *Selected Writings*, ed. Andrew J. Reck (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1964), p. 383.

tions in this section, as well as throughout these volumes and their companion edition of *The Problem of Christianity*, Royce's writings were never more relevant. The following text, taken from the selection from *California*, should show that Mead's judgment cannot hold.

The lesson of the whole matter is as simple and plain as it is persistently denied by a romantic pioneer vanity; and our true pride, as we look back to those days of sturdy and sinful life, must be, not that the pioneers could so successfully show by their popular justice their undoubted instinctive skill in self-government,—although indeed, despite all their sins, they showed such a skill also; but that the moral elasticity of our people is so great, their social vitality so marvelous, that a community of Americans could sin as fearfully as, in the early years, the mining community did sin, and could yet live to purify itself within so short a time, not by a revolution, but by a simple progress from social foolishness to social steadfastness. Even thus a great river, for an hour defiled by some corrupting disturbance, purifies itself, merely through its own flow, over its sandy bed, beneath the wide and sunny heavens. (*CAL*, pp. 375–76; below, 1:117)

During the turbulent years of the second half of the American twentieth century, it is to be hoped that the thrust of this text maintains its relevance.

2

*The Struggle for Order:
Self-Government, Good-Humor
and Violence in the Mines*

The State, then, was triumphantly created out of the very midst of the troubles of the interregnum, and in the excitements of the first golden days. But the busy scenes of early California life give us, as we follow their events, little time for quiet enjoyment of the results of even the best social undertakings. The proclamation of the sovereign state itself is only as the sound of a trumpet, signaling the beginning of the real social battle. Anarchy is a thing of degrees, and its lesser degrees often coexist even with the constitutions that are well-conceived and popular. The California pioneers had now to deal with forces, both within themselves and in the world beyond, that produced an exciting and not bloodless struggle for order, some of whose events, as they took place in the mines, in the interior cities, in the course of the state politics, and in San Francisco, we must try to describe, selecting what will best illustrate the problems of the time from the great mass of occurrences, and returning, where it is necessary, to the relation of some events that were antecedent to those last described. Of the romantic and heroic we shall have something to tell, as we go on; but much of our story will concern matters that only the sternest and least romantic realism can properly represent.

[Reprinted from *Cal*, pp. 271-376.]

I *The Philosophy of California History During the Golden Days*

Two very familiar errors exist concerning the California of the years between 1848 and 1856, both misconceptions of the era of the struggle for order. One of these errors will have it that, on the whole, there was no struggle; while the other affirms that, on the whole, there was no order. In fact there were both, and their union is incomprehensible, save as an historical progress from lower to higher social conditions. Both the mentioned errors find support, not in authoritative pioneer evidence, but in some of the more irresponsible reminiscences of forgetful pioneers, reminiscences that express little save a desire to boast, either of the marvelous probity, or of the phenomenal wickedness, of their fellows in the early days. Many pioneers¹ seem to assume that, save their own anecdotes, no sound records of the early days are extant. Yet the fact is that, valuable as the honest man's memory must be, to retain and convey the coloring of the minds and moods of individuals and parties, this individual memory cannot be trusted, in general, either for the details of any complex transaction, or for an account of the whole state of any large and mixed community. And one finds this especially true when one reads some of these personal reminiscences of the more forgetful California pioneers. In one mood, or with one sort of experience, the pioneer can remember little but the ardor, the high aims, the generosity, the honor, and the good order of the California community. A few gamblers, a few foreign convicts, a few "greasers" there were, who threw shadows into the glorious picture. But they could not obscure it. On the other hand, however, another equally boastful memory revels in scenes of sanguinary freedom, of lawless popular frenzy, of fraud, of drunkenness, of gaming, and of murder. According to this memory nothing shall have remained pure: most ministers who happened to be present gambled, society was ruled by courtesans, nobody looked twice at a freshly murdered man, everybody gayly joined in lynching any supposed thief, and all alike rejoiced in raptures of vicious liberty. These are the two extreme views. You can find numbers of similarly incomplete intermediate views. The kaleidoscopic effect of a series of them can be judged by reading the conflicting state-

¹ E.g., the writer who calls himself William Grey, in his *Pioneer Times*, San Francisco, 1881.

ments that, with a rather unnecessary liberality, Mr. Shinn has added to his own much more sober, rational, and well-founded views, in some of the less authoritative citations in chapters xi. and xii. of his "Mining Camps."*

But these impressions are, as individual impressions, once for all doomed to be unhistorical. The experience of one man could never reveal the social process, of which his life formed but one least element. This process, however, was after all a very simple though widely extended moral process, the struggle of society to impress the true dignity and majesty of its claims on wayward and blind individuals, and the struggle of the individual man, meanwhile, to escape, like a fool, from his moral obligations to society. This struggle is an old one, and old societies do not avoid it; for every man without exception is born to the illusion that the moral world is his oyster. But in older societies each man is conquered for himself, and is forced in his own time to give up his fool's longings for liberty, and to do a man's work as he may, while in a new society, especially in one made up largely of men who have left homes and families, who have fled from before the word of the Lord, and have sought safety from their old vexatious duties in a golden paradise, this struggle being begun afresh by all comes to the surface of things. California was full of Jonahs, whose modest and possibly unprophetic duties had lain in their various quiet paths at home. They had found out how to escape all these duties, at least for the moment, by fleeing over seas and deserts. Strange to say, the ships laden with these fugitives sank not, but bore them safely to the new land. And in the deserts the wanderers by land found an almost miraculous safety. The snares of the god were, however, none the less well laid for that, and these hasty feet were soon to trip. Whoever sought a fool's liberty here (as which of us has not at some time sought it somewhere?) was soon to find all of man's due bondage prepared for him, and doubtless much more. For nowhere and at no time are social duties in the end more painful or exacting than in the tumultuous days of new countries; just as it is harder to work for months on a Vigilance Committee than once in a lifetime to sit on a legal jury in a quiet town.

*[Originally published in 1885. See Charles Howard Shinn, *Mining Camps: A Study in American Frontier Government*, ed. Rodman W. Paul (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1965). Editor.]

What we have here to do is to understand what forces worked for and against order in this community of irresponsible strangers, and how in time, for their lonely freedom, was substituted the long and wearisome toil that has caused nearly all the men of that pioneer community to die before their due season, or to live even today, when they do live at all, the life of poverty and disappointment. Let us name at the outset these forces of order and of disorder.

The great cause of the growth of order in California is usually said to be the undoubtedly marvelous political talent of our race and nation. And yet, important as that cause was, we must not exaggerate it. The very ease with which the State on paper could be made lulled to sleep the political conscience of the ordinary man, and from the outset gave too much self-confidence to the community. The truly significant social order, which requires not only natural political instinct, but also voluntary and loyal devotion to society, was often rather retarded than hastened in its coming by the political facility of the people. What helped still more than instinct was the courage, the moral elasticity, the teachableness, of the people. Their greatest calamities they learned to laugh at, their greatest blunders they soon recovered from; and even while they boasted of their prowess, and denied their sins, they would quietly go on to correct their past grievous errors, good-humored and self-confident as ever. A people such as this are in the long run favored of heaven, although outwardly they show little proper humility or contrition. For in time they learn the hardest lessons, by dint of obstinate cheerfulness in enduring their bitter experiences, and of wisdom in tacitly avoiding their past blunders.

Against order, however, worked especially two tendencies in early California: one this aforementioned general sense of irresponsibility, and the other a diseased local exaggeration of our common national feeling towards foreigners, an exaggeration for which the circumstances of the moment were partly responsible. The first tendency pioneers admit, though not in all its true magnitude; the second they seldom recognize at all, charging to the foreigners themselves whatever trouble was due to our brutal ill-treatment of them.

As for the first tendency, it is the great key to the problem of the worst troubles of early California. The new-comers, viewed

as a mass, were homeless. They sought wealth, and not a social order. They were, for the most part, as Americans, decently trained in the duties of a citizen; and as to courage and energy they were picked men, capable, when their time should come for showing true manhood, of sacrificing their vain hopes, and enduring everything. But their early quest was at all events an unmoral one; and when they neglected their duties as freemen, as citizens, and as brethren among brethren, their quest became not merely unmoral, but positively sinful. And never did the journeying pillar, of cloud by day and of fire by night, teach to the legendary wanderers in the desert more unmistakably by signs and wonders the eternal law, than did the fortunes of these early Californians display to them, through the very accidents of daily life, the majesty of the same law of order and of loyalty to society. In the air, as it were, the invisible divine net of social duties hung, and descending, enmeshed irresistibly all these gay and careless fortune-hunters even while they boasted of their freedom. Every piece of neglected social work they had to do over again, with many times the toil. Every slighted duty avenged itself relentlessly on the community that had despised it.

However, in the early days, there was also that other agency at work for disorder, whose influence is to blame for much, although not for all, nor even for most, of the degradation that the new State passed through. This was a brutal tendency, and yet it was very natural, and, like all natural brutality, it was often, in any individual man, a childishly innocent tendency. It was a hearty American contempt for things and institutions and people that were stubbornly foreign, and that would not conform themselves to American customs and wishes. Representatives of their nation these gold-seeking Californian Americans were; yet it remains true, and is, under the circumstances, a very natural result, that the American had nowhere else, save perhaps as conqueror in Mexico itself, shown so blindly and brutally as he often showed in early California, his innate intolerance for whatever is stubbornly foreign. No American of sense can be proud when he reflects upon these doings of his countrymen, both towards the real foreigners and towards those who were usually confounded with such, namely, the native Californians. Least of all can a native American Californian, like the author, rejoice to remember how the community from which he sprang treated both their fellow-

intruders in the land, and his own fellows, the born citizens of this dear soil, themselves. All this tale is one of disgrace to our people. But it is none the less true, and none the less profitable to know. For this hatred of foreigners, this blind nativism, are we not all alike born to it? And what but reflection, and our chance measure of cultivation, checks it in any of us?

If we leave out the unprovoked violence frequently offered to foreigners, we may then say that the well known crises and tragedies of violent popular justice during the struggle for order were frequently neither directly and in themselves crimes of the community, as conservative people have often considered them, nor yet merely expressions of righteous indignation on the part of an innocent and outraged society; but they were simply the outward symptoms in each case of the *past* popular crimes of disloyalty to the social order; they were social penalties, borne by the community itself, even more than by the rogues, for the treason of carelessness.

II *The Evolution of Disorder*

In the mines, to be sure, naked fortune was a more prominent agent than in the cities or on the coast. Plainly the first business of a new placer mining community was not to save itself socially, since only fortune could detain for even a week its roving members, but to get gold in the most peaceful and rapid way possible. Yet this general absolution from arduous social duties could not be considered as continuing indefinitely. The time must come when, if the nature of the place permitted steady work, men must prepare to dwell together in numbers, and for a long period. Then began the genuine social problems. Everybody who came without family, as a fortune-hunter whose social interests were elsewhere, felt a selfish interest here in shirking serious obligations; and among such men everybody hoped, for his own person, soon to escape from the place. And yet, if this social laziness remained general, the effect was simply inevitable. There was then no longer any divine indulgence for the indolent. The social sins avenged themselves, the little community rotted till its rottenness could no longer be endured; and the struggle for order began in earnest, and ended either with the triumph of order, and the securing of permanent peace, or else only when fortune sent all the inhabitants

elsewhere, much sadder men, but sometimes, alas, greater fools than ever, to try the same hopeless social experiment elsewhere.

The social institutions of early days in California have recently been studied in Mr. Shinn's ably conceived book on "Mining Camps." Mr. Shinn has examined only certain aspects of the social life; he has in fact considered the camps mainly in their first and most satisfactory aspect, as immediate expressions of the orderly instincts of American miners. That this view of the mining life is correct, so far as it goes, I doubt not, and I am glad to find it so well and carefully stated as Mr. Shinn has stated it. Any one can verify it at his pleasure by a reference to the early newspapers. But, after all, one who thus studies the matter knows the mining camp, so to speak, only in its first intention, as it was in its early months, in the flush of childish hopes, or under simpler conditions. The impression that Mr. Shinn leaves upon us gives us, therefore, too gentle a view of the discipline to which the gods persistently subject all men. What good sense, clear wit, and a well-meaning and peaceable spirit, could accomplish in establishing a simple but very unstable order, any community of American miners did indeed quickly accomplish, at the very beginning of the life of the mining camp. When they met on any spot to mine, they were accustomed, as Mr. Shinn shows us, in the evidence that he has so enthusiastically collected, to organize very quickly their own rude and yet temporarily effective government. An *alcalde* or a *council*, or, in the simplest case, merely the called meeting of miners, decided disputes; and the whole power of the camp was ready to support such decisions. Two or three of the simplest crimes, such as murder and theft, were recognized in the brief code of laws that the miners' meeting often drew up, and these crimes, once proved against any man, met with the swiftest punishment,—petty theft with flogging and banishment, graver crimes with death; although every accused man was given, in all the more orderly camps, the right of a trial, and usually of a jury trial, in the presence of the assembled miners. In brief, the new mining camp was a little republic, practically independent for a time of the regular State officers, often very unwilling to submit to outside interference even with its criminal justice, and well able to keep its own simple order temporarily intact. Its general peacefulness well exhibited the native Anglo-Saxon spirit of compromise, as well as our most familiar American national trait,

namely, that already mentioned formal public good-humor, which you can observe amongst us in any crowded theatre lobby or street-car, and which, while indicating nothing as to the private individual characters of the men who publicly and formally show it, is still of great use in checking or averting public disturbances, and is also of some material harm, in disposing us, as a nation, to submit to numerous manifest public annoyances, impositions, and frauds. Most useful this quality is in a community made up of mutual strangers; and one finds it best developed in our far western communities.

These two qualities then, the willingness to compromise matters in dispute, and the desire to be in public on pleasant terms with everybody, worked in new camps wonders for good order. We read, on good authority, of gold left in plain sight, unguarded and unmolested, for days together; of grave disputes, involving vast wealth, decided by calm arbitration; of weeks and months during which many camps lived almost free from secret theft, and quite free from open violence. We find pioneers gloomily lamenting those days, when social order was so cheap, so secure, and so profitable. And all these things give us a high idea of the native race instinct that could thus express itself *impromptu* even for a brief period.

But we must still insist: all this view of the mining life is one-sided, because this good order, widely spread as it often undoubtedly was, was still in its nature unstable, since it had not been won as a prize of social devotion, but only attained by a sudden feat of instinctive cleverness. The social order is, however, something that instinct must make in its essential elements, by a sort of first intention, but that only voluntary devotion can secure against corruption. Secured, however, against the worst corruption the mining camp life was not, so long as it rested in this first stage.

For this is what we see when we turn to the other, still more familiar, picture. Violence leaves a deeper impression than peace; and that may explain very readily why some boasting pioneers, and many professional story-tellers, have combined to describe to us the mining camp as a place where blood was cheaper than gold, where nearly all gambled, where most men had shot somebody, where the most disorderly lynching was the only justice, and where, in short, disorder was supreme. Such scenes were of course

never as a fact universal, and nowhere did they endure long. That we must once for all bear in mind. Yet when we turn away from the exaggerations and absurdities of the mere story-tellers and the boasters, and when we look at the contemporary records, we find, never indeed so bad a general state of things throughout the mines as the one just described, but at all events at certain times a great deal of serious and violent disorder in many camps. To what was all this due? The first answer is suggested by a chronological consideration. The camps of 1848 began with orderly and friendly life, but in some cases degenerated before the season was done. The camps of 1849 are described, by those who best knew them, as on the whole remarkably orderly. By the middle of 1850 we meet with a few great disturbances, like those in Sonora. By the beginning of 1851 complaints are general and quickly lead up to violence; one looks back to 1849 as to the golden age of good order, and one even laments the coming of the state government, which has brought the semblance, but not the substance of law. In the older camps, 1851 thus marks the culmination of the first phase of the struggle for order, while newer camps are of course still in their first love. This paroxysm of social rebirth passes, and a more stable order seems for a time to succeed, in many parts of the mines; yet, according to the age and the population of individual camps, similar struggles are repeated, all through the early years. This simple chronological consideration, which we hardly need confirm by detailed references just here, since it is well known, and will sufficiently appear in the following, shows that disorder was *not* the initial stage of the mining camps, but was a corrupt stage, through which they were apt to pass. The nature and the causes of the disorder must appear from what we can learn of the details in the newspapers and other records of the time.

III *Pan and Cradle as Social Agents: Mining Society in the Summer of 1848*

To understand these records, however, one must remember the general facts about the origin, the growth, and the aspects, physical and social, of any mining camp. A camp, at first an irregular collection of tents about some spot where gold had been discovered, assumed form, in time, by the laying out of streets; and if

its life continued, for its tents were substituted, first "cloth houses," and then wooden buildings, among which, a little later, fire-proof structures would begin to appear. While some camps grew upon "flats," the situations of the early camps were generally in the deep ravines, close under the vast frowning cliffs that rise on each side of the narrow cañons of the larger Sierra rivers.² Those in the lowest foot-hills were, however, sometimes surrounded only by gentler slopes, or by bluffs of moderate height. The bars of the larger rivers, the gravel in the tributary ravines, and a few gravel deposits that were far enough from water to be called "dry diggings," were at first the chief accessible sources of the gold.

Moral growth is everywhere impossible without favorable physical conditions. It has seldom been noticed by later writers that the social condition of the camps was, in the successive years and despite all good intentions, largely and almost irresistibly determined by the various successively predominant methods of mining. To understand this fact we need only to follow some of the early accounts of these methods, associated as many of them are with descriptions of the local habits and customs of the moment. To the most of the new-comers all mining was novel, and they describe the mysteries of the art with enthusiastic detail. Let us begin in 1848 with Walter Colton.³ "I went among the golddiggers," he says, "found half a dozen at the bottom of the ravine, tearing up the bogs, and up to their knees in mud. Beneath these bogs lay a bed of clay, sprinkled in spots with gold. These deposits, and the earth mixed with them, were shovelled into bowls, taken to a pool near by, and washed out. The bowl, in working, is held in both hands, whirled violently back and forth through half a circle, and pitched this way and that sufficiently to throw off the earth and water, while the gold settles to the bottom. The process is extremely laborious, and taxes the entire muscles of the frame. In its effect it is more like swinging a scythe than any work I ever attempted." This "pan" work was at first

² The seventh letter of "Shirley," in Ewer's *Pioneer*, vol. ii, p. 91, gives vivid impressions of the scenery and situation of Indian Bar, on the Feather. The letter was written in October. "At present," she says, "the sun does not descend to shine upon Indian Bar at all." So it was all through the winter. No one who has had a glimpse of the Sierras will fail to remember such places along the cañons.

³ *Three Years in California*, p. 274.

very general, although miners did not usually work in just such places as this. It has retained its place in the prospector's life, and in mining in new placers, ever since, although the handling of the pan may be made less laborious than it was to Colton's muscles. A little more practice, and the use of a current of water, such as usually could be found at hand, or reached by carrying the earth down from "dry diggings," helped to make the pan-washing itself no very hard toil for strong arms. The digging, however, no practice could improve, or render anything but the most wearisome of tasks. In washing with the pan, in a running stream, one began each washing by holding the pan, half full of dirt, a little under the current of water. Shaking, or even sometimes stirring the contents, and throwing out with the hand the larger stones, one gradually raised the pan out of the current, as the earth dissolved away and was carried off in the stream. At last the motion and the flow of water carried off the whole mass, save a little black sand mingled with the gold particles. After drying this, one could get rid of the sand by blowing, or, as was customary in later times, by clearing away iron particles with a magnet.⁴

At best, however, pan-mining was, in proportion to the amount of gravel washed, a slow and tedious process. Even the richest diggings were thus apt to prove disappointing, and, socially regarded, the pan, if it had remained long the predominating instrument of mining work, would have precluded any rapid or secure progress in the organized life of the camps. In 1848, while the larger and more accessible camps rapidly began the use of "machines," newer camps were still constantly being formed by men who wished to seek their fortunes through the independent use of their pans. And the easily learned art of pan-mining was a very demoralizing one, so long as a great proportion of the miners could still hope to get rich by it. Colton, whose experiences lay where "machines" were less used, and pans the rule, describes to us men mining in numbers near together, sometimes within sound of numberless querulous "prairie-wolves,"⁵ who had not yet been

⁴ For an account of the very simple process of "panning," see Hittell's *Resources of California*, 6th ed. p. 314. For the use of the pan in 1848, see further Foster's *Gold Regions of California*, p. 20 (Larkin's letter). Also see Brooks, *Four Months among the Gold-Finders* (London and New York, 1849), pp. 36, 37, 41.

⁵ Colton, p. 279. The "prairie-wolf" is of course identical with the "coyote."

thinned out, or driven to be as shy as the surviving ones now are in California hills; but the men he makes as wandering, and often as discontented, as the wolves; independent of their fellow laborers; quite capable, of course, of ready and unexactingly simple camp organizations;⁶ but not led to undertake any very serious social duties. Where each man toiled with his pan, he hardly needed to speak to his next neighbor, who was mainly an object of curiosity or of envy, in case he either showed symptoms of having made some discovery, or proved his greater luck by the gold he could display. The means of getting supplies from the coast, in these less accessible camps, were subject to all sorts of uncertainties; and, so long as the pan was very largely used among implements of mining, affairs must remain so. For pan-mining left it doubtful where one's market would be, almost from day to day, a thing that no dealer could safely long tolerate.⁷ Hence the enormous prices, the untrustworthy markets, and the occasional approaches to starvation in the newer mines.

The pan as sole instrument for gold-washing was, then, socio-logically and morally, as well as economically considered, a great evil for the mining life; and one can be glad that its time of more extended use was so short. Already in 1848 many men, and some whole camps, were desiring and using "machines," as they are at first rather vaguely called in the accounts, *e. g.*, as Larkin calls them;⁸ and Larkin himself had one of them made for a native

⁶ See also Mr. Shinn's *Mining Camps*, chaps. ix and x.

⁷ The local predominance of the pan over the cradle is shown by Colton when (p. 281) after describing the cradle, he adds: "Most of the diggers use a bowl or pan; its lightness never embarrasses their roving habits; and it can be put in motion wherever they may find a stream or spring. It can be purchased now in the mines for five or six dollars; a few months since it cost an ounce." This evidence of course holds only for the camps seen by Colton. The fall in price may have been due to the increasing use of the cradles; but it must be remembered that Indian willow-baskets, or any other possible and easily portable substitutes for bowls, were then eagerly accepted. The restlessness of these pan-miners exceeded the well-known uneasiness of the later mining communities, just because there was lacking for them every motive to permanency in any camp save actual and continuous great success, while the rudeness of the pan as an instrument made great success almost always transient. See instances of sudden migrations and restlessness, and remarks upon the fact in Colton, pp. 293, 302, 314. "As for mutual aid and sympathy," he says, "Samson's foxes had as much of it, turned tail to, with firebrands tied between." This is of course a little Coltonian.

⁸ See his letter above cited, p. 19 of Foster's *Gold Regions of California*.

miner, at the latter's order, in Monterey: "a log dug out, with a riddle and sieve made of willow boughs on it," costing, he tells us, one hundred and twenty dollars, "payable in gold dust at fourteen dollars an ounce." Mason, according to his report of August 17,⁹ had found on July 5 the greater part of the miners at the Mormon or lower diggings already using the cradle: "a rude machine," "on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and, at its head, a coarse grate or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleats nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine: one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle, and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine; while a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself."—"The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy fine black sand above the first cleats. The sand and gold mixed together are then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand." Essential to the success of the cradle was of course its inclined position. In the form described, it has remained in occasional use without change of principle ever since, although it is less rudely made; but in large, permanent, and steadily productive diggings it is not useful. Its position soon became a very subordinate one, and later it became a rare sight.

For the time, however, the cradle was a step in advance, physically and morally. Gravels that the pan-miner contemptuously abandoned were well worth working on this plan. Camps that would have been deserted remained, and were prosperous. The great thing, however, from the sociological point of view, was that men now had voluntarily, and in an organized way, to work together. The miner's partnership, which grew up in this second stage of mining life, soon became one of the closest of California relationships, and, as such, has been widely and not unjustly celebrated in song and story. This accidentally primitive society had passed from a state of "nature," in the old sense of the word (this state of "nature" being indeed here a state of unstable peace, not of general war), and had become a collection of mutually more or less independent, but inwardly united Bands. Rapidly as the suc-

⁹ I quote here again from Foster, p. 10.

cessive stages of this growth passed by, they still left their mark on the social order, as we shall soon see.

The summary of the situation in the small community of the early golden days is, then, that the first established and more crowded camps quickly passed into the second stage of mining life, substituting for the pan the cradle, while numerous dissatisfied gold-seekers were constantly hunting for new diggings, and founding new camps, using meanwhile for the most part the pan. The resulting total of social condition is hard to describe, for lack of good evidence. Mr. Shinn's account above cited, although well told, and founded in large measure on a fair sort of pioneer evidence, is still one-sided, and is too optimistic. I have more confidence in a direct use, as far as it goes, of the very frank and unassuming contemporary story of Dr. Brooks, also already cited. J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, an English physician, just then from Oregon, visited the gold region in the midst of the first excitement, in an improvised company from the coast-region, consisting at first of six white men and one Indian, and later considerably larger. The party, in the various stages of its life, contained both Englishmen and Americans, and included one Californian gentleman of some position. These partners were nearly all mutually quite new acquaintances; one was supposed to be a deserting sailor; none knew anything at the start about mining. For some time they had good luck; in the end they lost nearly all their gains; their fortunes were on the whole characteristic. The account of Dr. Brooks, as published, contains numerous misprinted dates, since the volume, which comprises the Doctor's diary of the expedition, with some remarks, was sent home as a bundle of MS. for the private use of his friends, and was thereupon printed without the author's supervision. Allowing for the plain misprints, the chronology of the account nevertheless agrees well enough with that of events otherwise known from the Mason and Larkin letters; and Brooks seems to be a perfectly trustworthy observer.

At the Mormon diggings, Brooks "stirred" his first "pailful" of earth. He found (*loc. cit.*, p. 36) many of the diggers there washing with "pots," others, as would seem, even washing directly from their spades, using these as very rough pans. Many, however, used cradles, and Brooks and his companions, quickly wearying of pan-work, made their own cradles out of rough boards in a day or two, and worked together. The habit of employing companies

of Indians to do the mining for some one white adventurer was common enough; but the mass of the miners worked either singly, or in the small cradle-parties. The miners of the Mormon diggings were all conscious, even at this time, of a controlling customary law, quickly formed, as it seemed to them, but at all events derived from no one discoverable present source. Thus (p. 46) it was generally understood that a lump of gold more than half an ounce in weight, if picked up from the freshly dug earth by a member of a party mining in partnership, "before the earth was thrown into the cradle," belonged to the finder personally, and not to the party. As for society, that at the Mormon diggings was quickly under the sway of a few native Californian families, of respectable and sociable character, who appeared under the protection of their heads, well-to-do native citizens, who had chosen to seek gold in good company. The wives of these men were waited on by Indian servants; they gave their usual Californian attention to bright dress and good-fellowship, and held very delightful dancing parties in the evenings "on the green, before some of the tents" (p. 47). The friendly and well-disposed camp joined largely in these parties, and found it very naturally "quite a treat after a hard day's work, to go at nightfall to one of these fandangoes." Brooks gives us no impression that he ever found these entertainments at that place and time in any wise of suspicious character, although he thinks that the gentlemen sometimes drank a little more than was proper, so that the merriment was occasionally "animated and imposing" (p. 48). Of the ladies, the wives and daughters of the Californians, he had nothing but good to say.

With regret Brooks and his fellows bade farewell to these fair entertainers of society at the Mormon diggings, and on the first of July left the now overcrowded place for the North Fork, having first sold their two cradles at auction for three hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold dust at fourteen dollars to the ounce. At the site of Coloma, they found Marshall mining with a company of Indians, and they spent a day or two near this place themselves, working in dry diggings, and carrying the earth down to the stream to wash. Thence they went on, to Weber's Creek, passing on the way Sinclair, at work with his Indians. Reaching a new camp here, whose members were scattered over the stream-bed and up the neighboring ravines, they made for themselves new cradles by hollowing out logs, and began to employ Indians to

help them (p. 57). Here they were when Colonel Mason visited the mines. But these diggings also were quickly overcrowded by wandering miners, of whom "about half work together in companies—the other half shift each for himself" (p. 59). The lonely men were evidently pan-miners. The Indians also crowded the place in hundreds, worked for bright clothing and whiskey, and staggered about drunk. The miners of Brooks's party grew discontented. There was doubtless plenty of gold on Bear River; a trapper told about the region, and consented to guide the party thither for "sixty-five dollars and his food." The Brooks party had much trouble in getting provisions enough for their journey, as everything was "inordinately dear," so that they had to content themselves with bacon, dried beef, and coffee (p. 61). They at this time received and accepted offers from three or four strangers to join their company, which was thus strengthened against Indians. Hard toil, under good guidance, but through a very rough country, brought them over the hills to Bear River Valley, where, after finding rich gravels, they began once more to make cradles, and to build a large, roughly fortified shanty, for protection against the Indians. They made a stricter division of labor than before, and toiled fruitfully for some time. The life was at best a hard one, and Brooks found himself very lonesome, and homesick. At night, around the camp-fire, the trapper-guide told great tales of the deserts beyond the Sierras, and of the horrible dangers of the unknown expanse of the Great Salt Lake, on to whose "dark turbid waters," as he declared, "no living being has yet been found daring enough to venture far," owing to a mysterious whirlpool there said to exist. The country about them was rugged, and still little visited; and was as romantic and bewildering to them as were the trapper's nightly yarns. Their diggings, however, proved very rich.

At this point trouble began. First some "horsethief" Indians appeared, and succeeded in galloping off with several of their horses. In a brush with these Indians one of the Brooks party was killed. Next, as the time grew near when the season would force them to forsake the lonely golden valley, sickness appeared in the camp, provisions ran low, and the mass of gold-dust now accumulated in their cabin began to seem to them, after the Indian fight, a perilous wealth. For Indians too by this time desired gold to exchange for fire-water. While the trapper, with one man, accord-

ingly set out for Sutter's Fort, to get provisions, three of the party, including the Californian gentleman, were deputed to carry the gold-dust to San Francisco, while the others were to toil out the season, and divide gains with those sent away. Success, however, had already engendered jealousy and suspicion. The party were very near an open quarrel (p. 78) over the choice of the men to be intrusted with the gold, and one of the three actually sent, a friend of Brooks, who had accompanied him from Oregon, was intended by Brooks and some others to watch his fellow-messengers.

On the way with the gold, the three messengers were suddenly attacked by mounted robbers, who lassoed and badly injured this third man, and escaped with his horse and saddle-bags, the latter containing the bulk of the gold itself. The unjust suspicions of which Brooks frankly makes confession, by causing this man to be the carrier of most of the treasure, had resulted in the loss of nearly the whole outcome of the long toil. The robbers were native Californians and Indians; and one of them, who was killed in the fight, was, Brooks declares, on the report given by miners who recognized him, "one of the disbanded soldiers of the late Californian army, by name Tomas Maria Carrillo; a man of the very worst character, who had connected himself with a small band of depredators, whose occupation was to lay [*sic*] in wait at convenient spots along the roads in the neighborhood of the seacoast, and from thence to pounce upon and plunder any unfortunate merchant or *ranchero* that might be passing unprotected that way. The gang had now evidently abandoned the coast to try their fortunes in the neighborhood of the mines; and, judging from the accounts which one of the miners gave of the number of robberies that had recently taken place thereabouts, their mission had been eminently successful" (p. 82).¹⁰

This characteristic event, the outcome of the scattered condition of society at the moment, and of the demoralizing old days of the conquest, led Brooks to learn of several equally characteristic occurrences of other sorts in neighboring mines. The companions of the wounded man were possibly aided in repulsing the robbers by the approach of a band of mounted miners, who opportunely appeared just after the assailants had fled. The newcomers, how-

¹⁰ Of this Tomas M. Carrillo, Mr. H. H. Bancroft's list of pioneers knows only this one fact, as told by Brooks.

ever, declined to take any trouble to help the wounded man, but, as the messengers related to Brooks, "coolly turned their horses' heads round, and left us alone with our dying friend, not deigning further to notice our appeals." Every man looked out for himself in those days, as one sees; and when the two messengers, after at last getting, by their begging a little, help, managed to bring their friend—not dying, indeed, but badly hurt—to a near camp, they could only return alone and disheartened to the old spot on the Bear River, and tell their strange tale to the rest. The whole party thereupon spent a night about the camp-fire in sullen silence, broken only by occasional bitter or suspicious speeches, until the dawn found them weary, haggard, and disgusted. What gold was left they quarreled over during the morning, and having at last weighed it out in parcels, they separated finally into two parties, of which one, with Brooks, set off to the camp where the wounded man had been left. On the way they met the trapper, who, with his one companion, had previously gone to Sutter's Fort for supplies. These two also had had their adventures, which they now proceeded to tell. The trapper and his comrade found flour as much as eighty-five dollars a barrel at Sutter's Fort. On the way back, their pack-horses were stolen, one night, with their packs of provisions. When they appealed to the miners of a neighboring camp for help in finding the thieves, they were only treated with rudeness and suspicion, and one of the miners drove them off with his rifle (p. 86). He later proved to be what his friends called a peaceably-disposed man, whose brusqueness of manner was the result of the large quantity of gold-dust that fortune had given him, and of the fact that he consequently demanded proper introduction of people who came to call on him. To be sure, his desire to be alone had already led him to feel it his duty to shoot and kill two men, so that some of his neighbors called him a "terror"; but, as appears from p. 89, others justified him, on the ground that he had shot only people who needed shooting. Such an assertion, under such circumstances, admitted of no proper verification; but, at all events, his manners lacked delicacy, and the two Brooks party men felt aggrieved at the imperfect public spirit in this whole camp, near which their pack-horses had so mysteriously disappeared. The two had yet other sad things to tell Brooks of the state of society at this little camp; for some men there had their arms in slings, and others said that such injuries were common in those diggings after people had chanced to differ in opinion.

Brooks and his party from Bear River exchanged their own little tale of disaster with the one thus confided to them by the trapper and his comrade, and then went on to hunt for the wounded friend. Him they found slowly recovering from his injuries and lying in a shanty. But the camp where he was staying was sickly. "Fever was prevalent, and I found," says Brooks, "that more than two thirds of the people at this settlement were unable to move out of their tents. The other third were too selfish to render them any assistance" (p. 87). It was even hard to find a burial-place when one was dead; for these miners "denied the poor corpses of their former friends a few feet of earth for a grave, and left the bodies exposed for the wolf to prey upon." The season, in fact, was nearly done, and men were now frantic for the gold.

All this was surely an unpleasant state of affairs; though 1848 is the season that Mr. Henry Degroot, as quoted by Mr. Shinn,¹¹ seems to look back upon as containing "all that was staid and primitive in or about the mines of California." But we have already seen, in Dr. Brooks's account of the happy fandangoes "on the green" at the Mormon diggings, how capable he was of picturing the pleasant side of this seemingly so irresponsible and accidental life, and how different the view of a man in another camp at the same time might have been. One also sees, however, the impossibility of doubting that, in these pan-mining days, with only about half of a camp using the rocker, and with no miners connected in any form of close personal organization, save such as the rocker-parties implied, irresponsibility meant almost universal selfishness beyond the limits of one's own party, and selfishness, in the long run, meant disorder and occasional violence, with a very bad social outlook ahead, despite the readiness wherewith rough camp organizations could always be made for the momentary repression of more intolerable crime or for the settlement of greater disputes.

At all events, in these last days of the season of 1848 Brooks found everybody talking of disorder and insecurity. His friend was, indeed, safe enough, and was well cared for by a "kind Californian nurse and her husband," whose "kind treatment of my poor friend offered a striking contrast to the callous selfishness around." But, when Brooks himself set out towards Sutter's Fort, he heard reports of trouble all about him. Nobody left his gold in

¹¹ *Mining Camps*, p. 122. It is proper to add that Mr. Degroot, as appears by his article in the *Overland Monthly* for April, 1874, arrived in 1849, and knew of 1848 only by hearsay.

his tent; everybody carried it on his own person; and the number of missing men "whose own friends had not thought it worth while to go in search of them" was considerable. One or two dead bodies were found floating in the river, "which circumstance was looked upon as indicative of foul play;" as a gold-digger who was drowned by accident ought, people said, to have enough gold about him to keep his body under water. The characteristic fact that nobody was known by Brooks to have taken any trouble to look closely at these dead bodies, to verify or disprove, by examining for direct signs of foul play, this *a priori* reasoning, is only indirectly indicated by our author. "Open attempts at robbery," he adds, "were rare; it was in the stealthy night-time that thieves prowled about, and, entering the little tents, occupied by not more than perhaps a couple of miners, neither of whom, in all probability, felt inclined to keep a weary watch," stole what could be found. Going further on his way, Brooks came to the ill-humored camp near which the trapper had lost the provisions. Here he saw a group of miners drinking brandy "at a dollar a dram." As the greater part of them were "suffering from fever," the doctor himself seriously disapproved of their course, on professional as well as on economic grounds. Nevertheless, he found time to learn a few facts in favor of the much maligned inhabitants. They were selfish and dissipated, but they meant well in their way.

Weary of such things, he reached Sacramento, and then went on to Monterey, where he joined in a fruitless pursuit into the Tulare region of a robber-band, who were reported to be identical with the assailants of the gold-bearing messengers. The result of the pursuit was only more weariness, and a sight of prairie, thicket, and hill. In sullen silence the pursuers at last rode back to Monterey, sick at heart. As for those who still remained together of the original party, there was nothing to do but to part. The resolution to do so "was not come to without something like a pang—a pang which I sincerely felt, and which I believe was more or less experienced by us all. We had lived for four months in constant companionship, and a friendship, more vivid than can well be imagined in civilized lands to have been the growth of so short a period, had sprung up betwixt us. There had been a few petty bickerings between us, and some unjust suspicions on my part; but these were all forgotten." The remaining gold was divided, and "the same night we had a supper, at which a melancholy jovi-

ality was in the ascendant, and the next day shook hands and parted." "On waking the next morning," says Brooks, "I found that I was alone."

In this account there is one thing to be noted; namely, that Brooks is uncommonly objective in his fashions of speech. He has no discoverable aim save to tell a plain story, and often tells things to his own disadvantage. Hence one may have a reasonable confidence in his accuracy. His own summary is especially noteworthy, as given in his introductory letter to a relative, written after the diary. Of the country itself he speaks well: "I assure you it is hardly possible for any accounts of the gold-mines to be exaggerated. The El Dorado has really been discovered" (p. 13). But of the social condition he has only a gloomy account to give: "I have worked hard and undergone some hardships; and, thanks to the now almost lawless state of the country, I have been deprived of the mass of my savings, and must, when the dry season comes round again, set to work almost new. . . . My own case is that of many others. As the number of diggers and miners augmented, robberies and violence became frequent. At first, when we arrived at the Mormon diggings, for example, everything was tranquil. Every man worked for himself, without disturbing his neighbor. Now the scene is widely changed indeed." Allowing for a little momentary depression, we may still regard the account given by Brooks, and confirmed by the details of his story, as a fair one, on the whole, so far as his own experience could guide him, and his experience is plainly no insignificant one.

How shall we reconcile this tale of transient peacefulness, followed by weary selfishness, bickering, and violence, with the much brighter picture of 1848, given on the basis of his own pioneer evidence, by Mr. Shinn? The method of reconciliation seems to me clear enough. The quickly organized and, at the first, peaceful camp of 1848 was an easily cultivated and soon withering flower, which could not well live to the end of the California dry season. There was no unity of interest to preserve its simple forms from degeneracy. The camp consisted of a perfectly transient group of utterly restless and disconnected men, who had not the slightest notion of staying where they were more than a few weeks. When a country-side was full of such groups, disorder, before many months should pass, was simply inevitable. Skill in improvising organizations could not avert the result. More-

over, the life in small partnerships involved, despite the idyllic character of the relations of "pards," almost every possible temptation that could act to make a good-humored man quarrelsome. Rough camp-life, among novices, is almost always as full of bickering as of good-fellowship. Good-humor in public meetings, or in the camp at large, with private petty quarrels going on meanwhile —this was the common condition. The affray in the Donner party has already, in an earlier chapter, suggested this really very trite reflection to us, and we need not dwell on it here. The practiced camper recovers his even temper, but the novice is long subject to bearishness. The matter is largely physical. The civilized man becomes soon peevish, with the irregular meals and the monotony of camp-life, and may show, even to his best friend, an hitherto unsuspected brutality of mood and behavior.

What public spirit there was in 1848 showed itself best, as Mr. Shinn has pointed out, in the regulation of the miner's temporary land-tenure and in the settlement of disputes about mining rights. But the life, on the whole, was seriously demoralizing to all concerned in it, and must remain so until more elaborate methods of mining should be introduced.

IV *Mining Society in 1849 and 1850, and the Beginning of Sluice-Mining*

The small partnership and cradle system of mining was also, as we know, the common system of 1849, and of the early part of 1850. In a noted, but now, at least in the herein cited first edition, quite rare pamphlet,¹² one finds the experience of 1848 and of the early summer of 1849, summed up in a way that is very instructive for our present purpose. On page 34, the new-comer receives advice as to his needs. First of all he is told to carry little baggage; as "it will always impede his free movement, if he should want to go from place to place. He should have absolutely nothing more than what he can carry on a beast, if he be able to have one; or, if not, what he can shoulder himself. The less one brings to the mines, the better prospect of success he may have." A change of clothing, a

¹² *California as it is, and as it may be, or a Guide to the Gold Region.* By F. P. Wierzbicki, M. D. First ed. San Francisco: Printed by Washington Bartlett, 1849, p. 60. The preface is dated September 30, 1849. The book is the first English volume printed in California.

pair of blankets, a pickaxe, a spade (a winding-sheet is not mentioned), a crowbar, a pan, a sheath-knife, a trowel; such is the outfit for the single miner. "A washing-machine," however, "is used when there are two or more working in partnership." This machine is then described in its simpler form very much as above, and one recently imported improvement, the "Burke Rocker," a sort of transition to the later "Long Tom," is praised. All other devices so far known to Wierzbicki are condemned, especially, of course, those numberless and useless washers that new-comers brought, and so promptly left in the rubbish heaps of San Francisco. The result as to the value and limits of mining partnerships is very simply and practically stated (p. 36): "However, according to circumstances, these partnerships are formed, it can only be said that there is no occasion for more than four persons in a company, and frequently three or two do better than four. For protection and occasional service that one may require from another, it is always better to be in partnership with a suitable person or persons." On page 45 and page 46, Wierzbicki mentions meanwhile in a casual way, and as an understood fact, the general good order and peace of the mines. But he shows us also on what changing stuff this good order depended. The "silent consent of all" generally is enough to insure a miner his rights to his "claim"; lynch law has been sometimes needed and used for murderers and robbers; but improvised judges and juries have seen the thing carefully done. The miners easily settle their own disputes about the use of land; their justice is prompt and efficacious. The population, however, "is constantly fluctuating;" and so any permanent jurisdictions seem to the writer incapable of establishment at present. One sees the outcome of all this. The miners rove about in what seems on the whole peace; there is no seriously exacting government in Israel; every man does what is right in his own eyes, subject to a simple and easily improvised popular justice. Large partnerships and extended social alliances are, however, entangling and useless. *Responsibilities must be avoided by one who wants success.*

The immediate result of this system, as applied in 1849, was, however, on the whole, remarkably free from serious public mishap. Many causes combined to postpone this year the evil results. The great numbers and high character of the new-comers are in part responsible for this. The great numbers led to vast

extensions of the field of work, and rendered the risks of inter-communication among the various camps less noticeable than in the previous year. By virtue of sheer mass, the community meanwhile forced upon itself a degree of hastily improvised organization that was intended by no one individual, but that was necessary for the purpose of feeding and otherwise supplying so many people. The numerous new commercial towns that sprang up in the valley regions, offered fresh chances to disappointed miners, and checked both their discontent, and their desire to wander off alone. Thus the whole life was, for the time, far healthier than the life that Brooks saw.¹³

Bayard Taylor, who traveled through the country as "Tribune" correspondent in 1849,¹⁴ and who saw much of the mines, is an observer sufficiently optimistic to suit the most enthusiastic. He came at just the moment of his life¹⁵ to appreciate the young community. He was himself young, ardent, and in love; he had come to California to see great things, and he certainly saw them. There is no question of his general accuracy in telling what he really saw, and he has the power that so few of our unimaginative nation have, to describe scenes, people, and things, instead of itemized and arbitrary abstractions of a numerical or technical character. Still, we must understand his mood; he saw whatever illustrated life, hope, vigor, courage, prosperity. It was not his business to see sorrow or misery. He saw, for instance, but one drunken man in all the mines.¹⁶ Others at the same time had a less cheerful experience in this respect. Mr. Theodore T. Johnson, for in-

¹³ A suggestion as to the chronology of the early settlements belongs here. The American, the Cosumnes, and the Moquelumne Rivers were the sites of the early mining settlements of 1848, and here the greatest activity of 1849 also went on. By 1850 the large camps had extended northward as far as the North Fork of the Feather, and into Mariposa County on the South. The next year saw much activity as far north as Shasta. Prospectors were of course always in advance of the larger camps.

¹⁴ Bayard Taylor left San Francisco, to return to the East, just after the fire of December 24, 1849. See *El Dorado* (Household edition), p. 316.

¹⁵ See his Biography, by Mrs. Taylor and Mr. H. E. Scudder (Boston, 1885), vol. i. chap. vii.

¹⁶ *El Dorado*, p. 312. People drink far too much, thinks Taylor, but somehow they do not get drunk in California. This was a not uncommon boast of early Californians; but nobody makes it in California now.

stance,¹⁷ who was of a more melancholy turn of mind, "frequently saw miners lying in the dust helpless with intoxication," and we need no such evidence to convince us of what we well know *a priori*. Taylor's optimism, however, is not without its high value for us; for he shows us what the better spirit of 1849 really was, despite all its so fatal carelessness. "In all the large digging districts," we learn (p. 101), "there were established regulations, which were faithfully observed. . . . There was as much security to life and property as in any part of the Union, and as small a proportion of crime." This he knew partly from hearsay; although as to hearsay evidence, he was indeed a little uncritical, since, just after narrating on such evidence the attempted expulsion by Americans of the "ten thousand" Sonoran miners at work in the southern mines,—an attempted expulsion that he supposed to have been fairly successful, though it was not,—he goes on at once to assure us (p. 103), that "abundance of gold does not always beget a grasping and avaricious spirit," and even adds that "the principles of hospitality were as faithfully observed in the rude tents of the diggers, as they could be by the thrifty farmers of the North and West," and, finally, that "the cosmopolitan cast of society in California, resulting from the commingling of so many races and the primitive mode of life, gave a character of good-fellowship to all its members." All this he tells us, not by way of irony about the recent hospitality and good-fellowship shown to the ten thousand Sonorans, but because he could "safely say," as he expresses it, "that I never met with such unvarying kindness from comparative strangers."

But, allowing for all the youthful optimism, Taylor's testimony is good evidence for the peace and hospitality that he directly experienced or heard of from trustworthy people, and his experience was large and varied. He found, at the beginning of winter (p. 263) the camps in the "dry diggings" well organized, each one with "an alcalde chosen, and regulations established as near as possible in accordance with the existing laws of the country." The alcaldes had very great powers, but were well obeyed. "Nothing in California seemed more miraculous to me than this spontaneous evolution of social order from the worst elements of anarchy. It

¹⁷ See his *Sights in the Gold Region, and Scenes by the Way*, New York 1849, p. 182.

was a lesson worth even more than the gold." In his general summary (in chapter xxx) of the social condition of California, Taylor finds gambling and extravagance very prevalent, and, together with the excessive drinking of those people who never got drunk, he considers these the great evils of the land. But the simpler virtues seemed to him cheap and easy in California. Generosity, hospitality, democratic freedom from all social prejudices, energy, ardor, mirthfulness, industry: all he found alike prevalent. As he saw the easy work of the constitutional convention, and took part in the preparations for the subsequent election, public spirit also seemed to him a common virtue of Californians. The signs of the too general lack of it came near to the surface of his experience sometimes; but those he never saw. On page 252 he tells us of the scene on the Lower Bar of the Moquelumne, at the first state election, in November, 1849. "The election day dawned wet and cheerlessly." Until noon the miners lay dozing idly in their tents, unable to work, and very careless about the dignity of the occasion. At last the voting began in the largest of the tents, "the inspectors being seated behind the counter, in close proximity to the glasses and bottles, the calls for which were quite as frequent as the votes." This was indeed harmless enough for the moment, and the ignorance of most of the miners about the men voted for was natural. But more characteristic was the spirit in which men voted. One of the candidates lost twenty-three votes for having been seen recently electioneering in the mines in a high-crowned silk hat. Some people voted only for known candidates. But many chose otherwise, a representative man of them saying, in justification: "When I left home, I was determined to go it blind. I went it blind in coming to California, and I'm not going to stop now. I voted for the constitution, and I've never seen the constitution. I voted for all the candidates, and I don't know a damned one of them. I'm going it blind all through, I am." This fellow was only too decidedly a type of a large class. And such was the birthday of the new State in the mountains.

In short, 1849 was a year of successful impromptu camp-organizations, and of general external peace; but it was as full of the elements of future confusion as it was of the strength and courage that would in time conquer this confusion. The roving habits of that year long remained injurious elements in the more exacting civilization of later years. And even the memory of the easy social

successes of those days often proved demoralizing to the later communities, by begetting an impatience of all legal delays and mistakes. If we want, however, really to understand the forces of early California life, we must study the year 1851, a year which, despite the traditions of the pioneers, is of far more historical interest than 1849. The latter is the year of the making of the constitution, and that is its great historical merit; but, for the mass of the population, it is also the year of vague airy hopes, of noble but untried social and moral promises, of blindness, of absurd blunders, and in general of fatal self-confidence and selfishness. Its one poetical aspect, the fervor of innocent, youthful, romantic hope and aspiration among its better men, is something as brief as the "posy of a ring." 1849 is, in short, the boyish year of California. 1851, on the contrary, is the manly year, the year of clearer self-consciousness, of lost illusions, of bitter struggles, of tried heroism, of great crimes and blunders indeed, and of great calamities, but also of the salvation of the new State. It saw the truly sad and significant days of our early life, and we should honor it accordingly.

A series of changes in the methods of work, a series which began already in 1849, which continued through 1850, and which reached a first culmination early in 1851, was destined to render far more stable and responsible this roving mining life of 1849. The work done by the rocker might be made more effective by enlarged appliances, and especially by increasing the amount of water used in washing. Thus, after several improved rockers had been tried with varying success, the Long Tom (widely used in 1850), and, a little later, that finely simple invention, the board sluice, separately and together first modified, and then revolutionized, the whole business of placer-mining.¹⁸ Elaborate descriptions

¹⁸ The first number of the *Sacramento Transcript* that appeared as a steamer edition on April 26, 1850 (see 2d vol. of Harvard College Library Transcript file), contains on a single page an interesting series of letters from the various mining districts, which furnish a survey of the state of work at the moment. The *tom* is mentioned as in use at Auburn, but is not otherwise mentioned. During the summer it became more common. The second steamer *Transcript*, May 29, 1850, discusses mining "machinery" at length, mentioning only the various improvements of the rocker, with devices for the use of quicksilver. As late as the *Daily Transcript* of October 19, 1850, I find the rocker the chief instrument mentioned in reports from the mines, although the tom is known. Not until May 2, 1851, however, do I find in this paper an account of "sluice-washing" as a new and profitable process. It then

belong not here. In its typical form, however, a sluice is a very long shallow box, which may extend to many hundreds of feet, so inclined as to give a stream of water flowing through it a very good headway in the box, especially perhaps in the upper end. Along the bottom of the sluice, as it originally was made, were fastened low cleats of wood or "riffles," "at long intervals" (so runs the description in the "Transcript," *loc. cit.*). Later the riffles were better arranged with special regard for durability and for convenience in removing them to "clean up." The gold particles will be caught and will settle just above the riffles. To the sluice a constant and swift stream of water must be supplied through an artificial channel, from a reservoir, or from some point where it is convenient to tap a natural stream. This free supply of running water is the essential element of sluice-mining. The sluice thus provided by one's side, one shovels the paying-gravels into it from one's claim, and so the earth is carried down to the "tailings," an assistant removing the larger stones meanwhile. One continues this process steadily for days, or even weeks, and then upon "cleaning up" one expects to find the gold particles, mingled with a little black sand, collected above the riffles.¹⁹ As for the "tom," in its earlier forms, it was simply a kind of very short sluice, provided with a strainer for catching large stones, and supplied with water by hand.

The introduction of the sluice, with its various auxiliaries, not only secured the productiveness of California placer mines for many years, but it acted indirectly on society, as a check to the confusion and disorder that began to grow among the miners in 1850 and 1851. Although the early camps were more orderly than those of 1851, they were so, as we shall see, only because the demoralizing influences of a roving and hazardous, irresponsible life had not yet begun to work their full effects. The disorders of 1851 and later years could be checked, and were checked, because they occurred in communities that now had vested interests. As so often happens in social matters, the effects here began to show

rapidly grew in favor, and the tom became an auxiliary or wholly subordinate instrument. The northern mines took up new devices more rapidly than the southern.

¹⁹ It is impossible to give any extended list of authorities on this topic, and needless to. Cf. Hittel's *Resources*, p. 307 (6th ed.); Capron, *California* (Boston, 1854), p. 208; Auger, *Voyage en Californie*, p. 107, for views of various periods.

themselves when the causes were already in decline; and some of the camps of 1851 reaped the whirlwind that the wanderers of 1849 had sown. But sluice-mining meant serious responsibilities of many sorts, and so, in the end, good order. For, in the first place, men now had to work less independently, and more in large companies. And water became a thing that could no longer be taken as it came, but that must be brought in a steady stream to the right place, often by much labor; and thus it acquired a market value, so much per "miner's inch." To supply it in the dry Sierra valleys became a distinct branch of industry. It might be needed to wash gravels found high up on hill-sides; and, in order to get it there, men must build great wooden aqueducts, or "flumes," from far up the mountain streams, so as to let the water run, of its own impulse, to the needed place. The flumes often crossed wide valleys; they were themselves the outcome of months of labor, and employed in time many millions of capital. In various improved shapes they have remained essential to the mining industry ever since.

Nor was this the only direction in which gravel-mining increased its organization, and proved its power to make a possible basis for the social life of a civilized community. River-bed mining, undertaken on a small scale early, and on a large scale but with general disaster in 1850, was, in 1851 and later, a great and fruitful industry.²⁰ It constituted one of the boldest and most dramatic of the miner's great fights with fortune. He had to organize his little army of laborers, to risk everything, to toil nearly through the summer for the hope of a few weeks at most of hard-earned harvest at the end; and then, at the very moment when victory seemed nearest, an early rain swept everything away, and left absolutely no return. In this type of mining, whose operations have been very frequently described, the object was to turn the course of some one of the greater mountain-streams, by means of a dam and a canal or flume. The bed would thus be left bare, perhaps for miles, while the flume carried along the whole body of the stream, whose

²⁰ The vast river-bed operations of 1850, both in the northern and in the southern mines, are reviewed in the newspapers of that autumn. See in particular, for the early undertakings of 1849, Wierzbicki, p. 41 and p. 46; and, for the operations of 1850, the *Sacramento Transcript* of September 30 and October 8, 1850. The causes of failure in 1850 were inexperience in doing the mechanical work, a frequent bad choice of situations, and the early, though light rains of that autumn. In 1851 the dry weather continued till nearly the end of the year and success was very general.

impulse was meanwhile used to turn water wheels in the flume, and so to pump from the stream-bed the surplus water that still interfered with active operations.²¹

To get all this ready was a slow and difficult operation. The mountain torrent, winding, cliff-bound and swift, was no easy prey to catch and tame. One had first to wait long for its fall before beginning work. When, after months of toil, the thing was done, nobody knew what was to be found in the river-gravels until mining had gone on for some time. Meanwhile nothing is more whimsical than the beginning of the California rainy season. The first great black clouds, and the first steady, warm southwester, may come already in September, although then the showers are apt to pass by in a night. November is yet more likely to hear the moaning of the first long autumn storm. But there are years that pass away altogether before the serious work of winter begins, and so leave to the following January and February the honors of the first "clouds and flowers," and keep even through December still the weariness of the "dust and sky." This uncertainty, which in later years has so embittered the lives of farmers, was in the early days significant, although with a difference, for the river-bed miners. The great rains would at last fall, and, unless good warning had been given and taken, not only the dams would burst (as for that matter they must then in any case soon burst), but the flumes, with all their works, would go plunging in fragments down the newly-born brown torrents. And so these last weeks of gold-harvesting and of danger to all the capital invested were weeks of feverish toil and anxiety. Yet on such food some of the wealthiest camps for a time subsisted. And the work taxed all the energies of hundreds of men.

Without giving further space to descriptions of mining by sinking shafts (or "coyote-holes," as the miners of 1850 and 1851 called them), and without dwelling upon the beginnings of quartz mining and of hydraulic mining, we must return to our main topic. It was necessary for us thus to examine a little the physical side of the mining industry in order to appreciate the growth of the social life. The passage from lonely pan washing to the vast

²¹ Borthwick's *Three Years in California*, contains in a plate, opposite p. 208, an original sketch of an early river-bed mining scene. Numerous others may be found in California books. Dredging the rivers was early dreamed of, but of course never succeeded in producing gold.

operations of the flume companies, of the river-bed miners, and later of the hydraulic miners and of the quartz mining companies, did not remove from mining its dangerous character, either considered as an investment for capital, or viewed as a basis for a sound social order. But, at all events, men found in the advance of the industry to its more complex forms, in the formation of the necessary great partnerships, and in the organization of labor, the thing that all men need, namely, something to give a sense of mutual duties, and of common risks. The irresponsible freedom of the gay youth who had crowded the ships from the Eastern States must in all this toil be sadly limited. They had condemned themselves to one of the hardest and often bitterest of lives. But, at all events, they were now bound to build a society. Even while they organized their private schemes their camp became a town, and themselves townsmen.

V *The Spirit of the Miners' Justice of 1851 and 1852: The Miners on Their Own Law*

We have seen how the mining camp, from the first moments of its existence, was easily organized so as to seem a rudely but for some time effectively governed little state. The business of government, as we have also seen, was limited to keeping the public peace from grosser disturbances, to punishing theft and murder, and to settling disputes about the use of land for mining purposes. The miners meanwhile commonly had a feeling that purely "private disputes," that is, those that did not violently and directly assail the public peace in a general way, were not properly the concern of the community.²² This was, to be sure, a fatally mistaken notion, and could not be consistently carried out. But the effort to carry it out, by ignoring so far as possible processes for debt, and by paying little attention to gamblers' quarrels, and to like displays of violence, must soon demoralize any growing community.

However, we have to consider the young mining town as it was, and to ask what was the consciousness that, after the first months of entirely primitive good order, isolation, and effective self-government had passed away, the miners themselves had retained, while they still continued to apply to criminals this rude and primitive camp code. Did they suppose themselves to be

²² Cf. Mr. Shinn's *Mining Camps*, p. 126.

still really and justly free from any immediate external authority? Were they conscious of their camp as of a properly independent community, having a right to its own laws? Did they retain this consciousness after submission to the state courts was possible? Or did they, on the contrary, feel their improvised code to be simply lynch law, the assertion of an unauthorized independence, and so an actual rebellion against the established and properly sovereign laws of the land, a rebellion only excused by the necessity of the moment? This question, comparatively insignificant in 1848 and 1849, becomes of much greater interest as soon as the new State was born.

To this question Mr. Shinn has answered, in his "Mining Camps," on the basis of his various authorities, that the miners' organization was normally not only efficient for its purposes, but also wholly in earnest in its work (p. 175), and that the miners' justice, notwithstanding its occasional lapses, was "in every important particular" sharply contrasted with lynch law (p. 230). Mr. Shinn draws at some length the contrast between miners' law and lynch law. Lynch law, as we now know it, through certain too familiar newspaper items from a number of rural districts in our South and West, is sudden in its action, creates no true precedents, keeps no records, shuns the light, conceals the names of its ministers, is generally carried out in the night by a perfectly transient mob, expresses only popular passion, and is in fine essentially disorderly. Miners' law was open in its methods, liked regularity of procedure, gave the accused a fair chance to defend himself, was carried out in broad daylight, and by men publicly chosen; and when state and county organizations were sufficiently developed to take its place, it gladly resigned its sceptre to the regular officers of the law.

This is the strongest possible statement on the side of those who maintain the satisfactory character of the miners' code for the simple social purposes that it undertook to attain. I am very anxious to do this view proper justice. That, for awhile, in new and orderly camps, the law of the miners' meetings was in spirit as effective in its way as a regular code, and that those who supported it hoped in time to bring it into due subordination to the state law, I readily admit. But unfortunately, camps were many, their primitive mood of perfect good order was brief, and the typical mining town of 1851 and later years had passed into a transition stage, where it

was nominally in connection with organized state authorities, and was actually desirous of managing its own affairs in its own old way. To this state of affairs, Mr. Shinn's account applies with great difficulty. After 1849, all camps were nominally under the state government. New camps were still often for a little time practically quite isolated, but ere long state organization would, at least in name, overtake them. According to Mr. Shinn, the miners' meeting, or the council, or the alcalde, or whatever governed the new camp, would be a conscious preparation for this coming of the regular law. As soon as the organized legal machinery became in any sense more than a name, the orderly instinct of the miners would counsel immediate submission, and they would voluntarily abandon or subordinate their organization in its old forms to these new ones. Until the state organization came, the miners, however, would be conscious of their rightful independence. But, much as this theory of Mr. Shinn's impressed me on a first reading, the direct evidence shows that after 1849 the miners, even in newly-organized districts, were apt to regard their camp law, especially the criminal part of it, as a necessary but lawless device for forcing a general peace. Their contemporary accounts of it differ from their accounts of their land-laws. These latter they regard as furnishing the only just and truly legal method of dealing with mining rights. They resist strenuously any legislative interference with their local self-government in these matters. They insist absolutely upon the autonomy of the miners' district, as regards the land; and for years, against all legislative schemes at home, and all congressional propositions at Washington, they actually maintained this autonomy. But their independence in matters of criminal law was brief, and, so far as I know, was seldom, almost never, defended at the time on any such theoretical grounds as Mr. Shinn's; but was defended solely as being the last resort of isolated communities, and was confessedly, in a strict sense, lynch law.

For this reason, after concrete cases of violent popular justice in the mines, we find the community, in speaking of the affair, generally more or less on the defensive. To 1849 this statement applies in but very small measure, since the camps of 1849 were, on the whole, free from any very notable general disturbances of which any contemporary record is known to me; and were in any case out of relation to higher authority. But in 1850, and still more in 1851, when the popular justice of the mines is dealing with

really serious complications, one finds this feeling of the need of special justification of each such act, as a lawless but inevitable deed, very prevalent. Of the sharp line of demarcation between lynch law and miners' law the miners themselves are thus seen to be, at the time, largely unconscious.

It would be easy to show all this clearly enough by means of citations from those contemporary books of travel²³ whose authors are not seriously hostile to the miners' justice. But on travelers' accounts, or on other books, we need not depend. The newspaper of the time is the best source of information about the spirit of the people. The California newspapers of 1850, 1851, and 1852 generally defend miners' justice; but they show us two things, first that the miners' justice was not usually sharply distinguished from mob law, even in the minds of those concerned in it; and secondly that, in the concrete instances of the use of miners' justice, we can discover all possible gradations, from the most formal, calm, and judicial behavior of a healthy young camp, driven by momentary necessity to defend itself against outrage, down to the most abominable exhibitions of brutal popular passion, or even of private vengeance.

Specimen contemporary newspaper comments on the popular tribunals are not hard to find; and in tone they very fairly agree. The acts of these popular tribunals, when not outrageously unjust, are generally defended; but almost always²⁴ without any consciousness that they stand for a definite stage of normal legal development, or are the "friends and forerunners" of the regular law; and solely on the ground that the extreme need justifies the outburst, and that miners' justice is a lamentable necessity. Thus, in the "Sacramento Transcript" of February 12, 1851, after a description of a very common sort of miners' trial at Bridgport, a town on Deer Creek, where a defaulting partner had been overtaken and brought back by his fellows, tried by an improvised court, convicted, and sentenced to a severe whipping, I find these com-

²³ See in particular Capron, *History of California*, Boston, 1854, p. 228; Delano, *Life on the Plains*, etc., chapter xxv.; Borthwick, *Three Years in California*, p. 223, *sqq.*

²⁴ I use this qualification because of a single case where the *Sacramento Transcript*, as we shall later see, speaks of miners' justice without regret, and as utterly opposed to lynch law. But this exception has a reason. No doubt other cases exist, though seldom.

ments: "This is the only sure means of administering justice, and although we may regret, and deem lynch law objectionable, yet the present unsafe sort of prisons we have, and the lenity shown offenders, are such as to induce us to regard such an exercise of power" (concludes the editor) with comparative lenity. Just before this issue, the editor had been repeatedly complaining of the general insecurity of prisons. A considerable study of the files of this paper leads me to think this expression of opinion a fair representative of the editorial views.²⁵ Nor do I find any defender of popular justice in the news columns or correspondence of this paper saying anything more definite in defense of miners' lynching than this. On the contrary, I find such defenders almost always recognizing a conflict between regular law and miners' law. In practice, as appears from this evidence, the miners demanded of the regular courts more than that they should be known to exist. The miners demanded that these courts should be judged efficient by the very men who, as citizens, created them under the constitution, before the citizens could be called upon to surrender any authority to them. And if miners chose to declare a court inefficient, they felt at any time free to supersede it by their own *impromptu* tribunals. And then they defended these tribunals, not as normal means of punishing crime, but as abnormal necessities.

Thus, in a letter dated Coloma, May 7, and published in the "Transcript" of May 12, 1851, persons who sign themselves "The Miners" give an "authentic statement" of a recent outburst of popular indignation near that place. An honest citizen, as it seems, had lost from his wagon some packages of flour and butter, and the goods were traced, apparently by scattered flour, "from near the wagon to the cabin of Jones and partners" and identified by the owner. When these facts were made known, the "company present" chose a "jury of twelve men, together with one presiding officer, who coolly and deliberately proceeded to investigate the facts of the case," giving "Jones and his partners" a fair chance. The prisoners were found guilty by the jury, and the "company present, numbering about 33," concurred by unanimous vote in the verdict. Then they considered what to do. The district was the oldest in the mines, since it was in that district that Marshall had first found gold; and the courts were well established. Many of the crowd were disposed accordingly to hand over

²⁵ Cf. the editorial of January 14, 1851.

the prisoners to the officers at Coloma. But ere they had set out for the town, other voices were heard. "To deliver the prisoners to the civil authorities would be tantamount to an acquittal of them, and would do no good, further than to help fill the pockets of officers and lawyers." So it was said, and they "resolved to settle the matter without delay." The prisoners were hereupon treated very leniently, being ordered to refund the value of the property stolen, and to leave the district before the next morning, or else to be whipped and then banished, in case they sought to stay. Lenient the offer was, though not strictly in accordance with the Bill of Rights. The prisoners, being given the choice, elected to leave un-whipped, or at least said so. But, possibly remembering the Bill of Rights, they concluded upon reflection to go about their business as usual, and "neglected to leave." Whereupon twenty or twenty-five persons, hearing of this contempt of court, hunted up Jones the next day, "and were proceeding to a suitable place to inflict the punishment, when the sheriff and his subs interfered in behalf of the law," promised to keep the prisoner safe, and "induced" the mob to give him up. "He was accordingly committed to jail, and tried next day before Justice Brooks. And notwithstanding the plain, pointed, irresistible, and unquestionable evidence of the guilt of the prisoner, he was informed by the court that the charges against him were not sufficient for conviction; and no doubt Mr. Jones now thinks that he is at perfect liberty to steal any and everything he can, provided he can be tried by the so termed courts of justice." Such is the "authentic statement" of the miners. But their comments are interesting, because they illustrate just the sense of a conflict between miners' justice and the regular law which was so common in those days. "Would it be less," continue the signers of the letter, "than the deserts of such officers as these, if they had to receive the dues of Jones as their own, in every case where they let the guilty go unpunished? We have the following to say in reference to our position in this neighborhood, as it regards lynch law: we are to a man opposed to any such law, and we believe there is no part of California in which the citizens would be more submissive to the civil authorities than ourselves, could the laws as designed by our legislature be executed faithfully. But when we call on the civil authorities for redress, we are repulsed. Indeed, sirs, we would not be surprised if the present administrators of the law in this part

of the country should make the whole community a mob. . . . So long as this evil exists to the extent that it now does, we will find our citizens looking to themselves for protection."

But we need not depend on any one newspaper. In the "San Francisco Herald" for April 4, 1852,²⁶ is a letter from a "special correspondent," plainly a resident, at Moquelumne Hill, a prominent camp in the southern mines. A Vigilance Committee had been formed there for about two months. Since its formation there had occurred but one murder. "The strong current of crime" which had theretofore swept "everything before it," and which the regular courts had never checked, had been checked by the committee, and order had begun to reign on the Hill. Some weeks had passed without disturbance, "and it was supposed that the committee were no longer on the lookout." But alas! this tale of prosperous peace was a short one.

"A number of robberies have, within the last ten days, been committed." "Scarcely a night has passed for some time but something has been stolen, or some man robbed." At last, after one Perkins had been robbed of forty-five ounces, a Sonoran, by name of Carlos, was found on a tent floor, apparently drunk. The tent, as was seen, had just been cut open, Carlos had no business there, and seemed too drunk to explain his errand. He staggered off, but was soon discovered to be sober enough indeed, was arrested by the committee, was found to have gold specimens in his possession that Perkins could identify as a part of the lately stolen gold, and was at last induced to confess himself one of the recent thieves. So "the committee deliberated what should be done with him. It was thought that if he was handed over to the city authorities, he might perhaps be committed to Jackson jail; where, if he remained twenty-four hours, it would be because he liked the accommodations, and had no fear of being convicted." To flog and release him was thought equally useless, since the committee knew his previous reputation, and despaired of reforming him. "If hung, there would be one thief less," and one warning more. So the committee resolved to hang him. Carlos made no objection, but asked only for a good supper, a priest, and a glass of brandy. The committee cheerfully complied with his requests, and, after having received such religious and other consolation as his poor

²⁶ Harvard College Library file.

soul desired, Carlos slept well all night, walked coolly to his gallows the next morning, and cheerfully helped about his own execution. So much for the case.²⁷ The comments are thoroughly characteristic.

"It is much to be deplored," says the correspondent, "that necessity should exist for such extreme measures. This execution will doubtless be condemned by many in California, and by more in the old States. The sickly sentimental will hold up his hands in horror; the officers of the law will be found loud in their indignation at what they will call a ruthless, illegal deed; the ermined judge who sits secure in his seat at a salary of thousands per year will be indignant that the people should presume to take any measures to protect their own life and property and punish offenders without their [*sic*] aid and sanction; but those who live in well-ordered communities, where they have officers who know their duty and dare do it, can have no idea of the situation in which we are placed. Whose fault is it?

"The truth is, it has been absolutely and imperatively necessary for us to protect ourselves, and, law or no law, it will be done. We have a Committee of Vigilance who are determined that, until a different state of things exist, they will not disband, but will punish in the most exemplary manner all and every high-handed offense against life and property."

Any reader is struck by the force of this plea, and he fully agrees that, like "Jones and partners" at Coloma, Carlos may have been as verily a dog as the report makes him. But with Jones and Carlos, in these cases, we have little concern. Our interest is chiefly with the honest men themselves, and with their unhappy state. The reader must have observed the curiously external point of view that the writers of the two letters just cited adopt, as they discuss their own society. "People cannot understand our woes," they pathetically insist. "We have lawyers, judges, sheriffs, prisons, but, alas! no justice, unless we fight for it ourselves, treating our own law-officers as aliens, and becoming a mob. Oh, the depravity of those courts and of those lawyers!" But, as we are tempted to retort: Whose gold, now hoarded by the pound in insecure tents, the prey of every vagabond, might have contributed to build a strong jail at Coloma or at Jackson? Or, perhaps, was it not of a

²⁷ The main facts are confirmed by the account in the *San Francisco Alta*, for April 5, 1852, steamer edition.

truth felt unnecessary to build a strong jail—unnecessary just because one chose in one's heart, meanwhile, to think ropes a little cheaper than bricks, and, for the purpose, just as strong? Nay, is all the "sickly sentimentalism," or all the cant, on one side in this matter? Who whines perpetually and tediously, all through these early days, about "necessity," and "the first law of nature," and the defects of the social order, and all his gloomy social afflictions; even while, in fact, his whole purpose is to store his gold dust, to enjoy his private fun, and then to shake off the viler dust of the country from his feet as soon as possible? Who but the poor outraged miner himself, whom necessity, if not manhood, will ultimately compel to apply himself to his duty and to stop his whining?

Nothing is capable of clearer demonstration from contemporary documents than the color of the sentiments of a community, in case one can find the very words of a representative people. The details of transactions it is harder to state accurately. In passing from the motives of the miners' popular justice to its methods and more characteristic incidents, we shall be much at the mercy of our witnesses. Yet of this the reader may be assured. What we have here further to narrate about miners' justice will rest, as far as possible, like the foregoing, on contemporary evidence. For what a pioneer can say, after many years, about the incidents of a given affair is worth little or nothing in comparison with any fairly objective contemporary evidence, unless, indeed, the pioneer in question was himself directly concerned in the very incidents that he relates. And for our purposes just here, no vague generalizations about the early justice will serve such as are so familiar in the later books and essays, by romancers and pioneers, on those early days. We must go afresh to the sources.

VI *Miners' Justice in Action.—Characteristic Scenes and Incidents*

All gradations, we have said, can be found in the popular justice of the mines, from the most orderly and wisely conducted expression of outraged popular sentiment which is in any way possible outside of the forms of law, down to the most brutal and disgraceful outbursts of mob fury. I wish that the latter class of incidents had been rarer than one actually finds them. But the day for either

vindicating or condemning by a labored argument the pioneer life as a whole has long since passed. The true vindication of those days—their only possible vindication—is the great and progressive State that grew up upon that soil, and that thenceforth was destined to do for our land a very real service. But, after all, neither to vindicate nor to condemn the whole community is our desire; we want, for the sake of our own instruction in political duties, to study the various individual events and tendencies that determined social life, and to let our praise or our blame fall upon them.

The more regular and orderly popular justice of the mines took place especially in the newer and more isolated camps, although circumstances might bring it to pass almost anywhere in the mines. We find it expressing itself often in very quaint forms, using, generally, considerable severity, but keeping up a show of good-temper throughout. Where it was thus free from passion, its verdicts seem, at all events, to have been generally in accordance with the facts, whatever we may say of the wisdom of its sentences.

A study of the lynching affairs thus directly from the sources seems to me to throw a wholly new light upon the character of which they were the too frequent expression. Many of the popular legends about lynching that have influenced the more modern and romantic tales of the early days distort very curiously the true motives of the miners. A mining camp is presented to us in such stories as a community that always especially delighted in its lynching parties, and that went about them with all the jovial ferocity of young tigers at play. But when the lynching affair was once begun, then, as the story-tellers will have it, the popular court was easily moved by purely sentimental considerations. A timely offer of drinks, a good joke, or, far better still, an ingenious display of ruggedly pathetic eloquence, might suffice to turn the court aside from its dangerous undertakings. The whole affair was a kind of great and grim joke, and sentimentalism could always take the place of the joking mood, and, if it did so, might save the prisoner. In the dramatic presentation of such scenes many writers have amused themselves. Thus the lynching affair, even if tragic in outcome, is, throughout, enlivened, according to these accounts, by absurdly conventional humor; and often, when the outcome is to be less terrible, the tragedy is averted by conventional eloquence. To take a very recent instance of such story-telling, I read, not long since, in the "Overland Monthly," a pretended

sketch of an early lynching scene, in which the prisoner's life is at length saved by the ingenuity of his volunteer defender, an old man whose reputation for veracity stands very high in the camp where this scene is supposed to take place. This veracious defender, namely, who has never before seen the prisoner, concludes to save the latter's life by making an exception in his favor, and lying about him. The prisoner's face is pock-marked, and the defender accordingly makes up, on the spur of the moment, a long story about how this poor wretch once nursed a very unfriendly man, well known to the defender himself, through an attack of small-pox, and so caught the infection. The defender's tale is made as harrowing as possible. Its effect is electric. The prisoner stands accused of a very serious crime and the evidence against him is strong; but all is forthwith forgotten. Judge Lynch offers him tobacco, gives him a drink, and sets him at liberty, on the ground that so saintly a man as one who volunteers to be a small-pox nurse under very harrowing circumstances is at liberty to do a little occasional mischief in those diggings without question.

Now, such sentimentalism as this is utterly foreign to the typical miners' lynching affair, whether orderly or not. The typical lynching occurred, indeed, in a community of Americans, where everybody was by habit disposed to joke in public and seem as cheerful as he could, and to listen to all sorts of eloquence; but the affair itself was no expression of this formal joviality, nor yet of this submissiveness to oratorical leadership. It proceeded from a mood of utter revulsion against the accustomed good-humor of the camp. It was regarded as a matter of stern, merciless, business necessity. It was unconscious of any jocular character. Disorderly lynching affairs in some few cases, do, indeed, appear to have been mere drunken frolics. But nearly all, even of the disorderly affairs, and that, too, where their cruelty was most manifest, had in them no element of the merely jocular. They expressed an often barbarous fury; but they pretended to be deeds of necessity, and a sentimental speech in a prisoner's favor would have done nothing save, possibly, to endanger the prisoner's life yet more, or even to endanger that of his advocate. No one understands the genuine lynching who does not see in it a stern laying aside of all these characteristic American traits of good-humor and of oratorical sentimentalism themselves, for the sake of satisfying a momentary popular passion, aroused against the forces of disorder. Just be-

cause the miner was accustomed to be so tolerant and easy-going, these moments of the outburst of popular fury found him, whether orderly or not, in all typical cases, merciless, deaf to all pathetic appeals, unconscious of anything save the immediate public necessity. What element of comedy remained in some of these affairs was generally an unconscious element.

And so, while not all the lynching scenes are equally tragic, a large class of them is doubtless well typified by the following very gloomy tragedy, which suggests, if one wants to reflect upon it, a world of horror behind the scenes. This is, namely, a trial for murder, occurring in 1851, at Shasta, then the centre of a newer mining region. I use the report communicated from Shasta to the "Sacramento Transcript" of April 3, 1851, and give the details at some length just because the affair is so characteristic.

At Oak Bottom, about ten miles from Shasta, there lived, in March of that year, two partners,²⁸ Easterbrook and Price, who had come from the lower mining region together, a few months before, leaving on their way a third partner, disabled by poison oak, at Grass Valley. The two had left families at home in the East, and were come to California to win fortunes for them, Easterbrook, in particular, expecting, like so many others, to raise the mortgage from his farm. Nobody seems to have questioned their respectability, or their mutual friendship. One evening in March, the two went together to the "residence of Mr. Isaac Roop," as it is called in the report. This was next door, in fact, to their own tent, and was a "residence" where one drank "ardent spirits," as the report in its exact way calls the drink there found, where one also played cards, and where one had to pay a bill at the end of the evening. As the hours went by, Easterbrook, whom nobody seems to have accused afterwards of being an habitual drunkard, grew a little excited and quarrelsome, and after some minor difficulty with a third person, he found himself refused more liquor by the cautious Mr. Isaac Roop. Thereupon Easterbrook called for his bill, and began to quarrel over the amount of it. Price, meanwhile, had gone to their tent near by, and had lain down on his blanket, whether drunken himself or no, does not appear. At all events, hearing Easterbrook's voice, he called out, as Easterbrook at last proceeded to pay his score: "Don't be paying

²⁸ I give real names only to guaranty the accuracy of my report. After so many years there is little danger that the persons will be recognized.

out other people's money." Easterbrook started at the insult, rushed back to the tent in fury, cursing, and told his partner to prepare for death. Price had been only joking, and was not moved by the threat. "*Lay down*," he was heard to say quietly, "*lay down and go to sleep*." An eye-witness saw, by whatever dim light there was, that Easterbrook dragged out a gun from under some baggage. In an instant one heard a report, and Easterbrook himself was fleeing from the tent into the night. When the bystanders, who at once pursued, had caught him in a little time, he said, apparently with the air of one waking: "Have I shot Price?" And when they said that he had, he replied: "Do as you please with me; it was an accident, and I was drunk." Price lay gasping; he never spoke again, and died in about an hour.

The next day Easterbrook was brought, guarded, down to Shasta, over the ten miles of new miners' road. There, just after midday dinner, a meeting of the citizens was called. Perfect decorum prevailed; a ghastly air of ordinary and business-like propriety pervades the stiffly written report. There were doubtless lawyers present. The assembled people first chose a chairman and secretary, and then a committee of three, to select a trial jury of twelve men "to try the cause before the people." They also passed a resolution summoning the witnesses, and guarantying to the accused a fair and impartial trial; and they then appointed an officer "to carry into effect the verdict of the jury, and summons to his aid as many persons as might be necessary to release or execute the prisoner." The chairman swore in the jury, and called the witnesses; and now at length the story of the homicide was heard. The prisoner was thereafter asked what he had to say in defense. He replied briefly, but not without some natural and terrible pathos. He had been in the mines only since the 29th of the last July. Never, before this one time, had he in all his life "had words" with any man. Never had he "done anything to cause a blush." Standing now as one on the verge of the grave, he could declare in God's name that he felt in his mind "guiltless of any premeditated intention to kill Mr. Price." ("Mr." has its sadly formal ring as applied to the dead partner at this moment.) Mr. Price was a "good man." The prisoner had never had any feeling against him. And Price had left "a wife, and a daughter who is now married." But, as for the prisoner himself, "I have a wife and three children. The eldest is nine years of age. My circumstances

are such, that, should I leave the world, my wife and children will be penniless. I have a farm which is incumbered, and without my return will be sacrificed. It is not for myself, but my wife and children that I plead. Taking my life would not bring to life Mr. Price. It would only make one more widow, and three more orphans, and on their account only do I plead for mercy, as any of you would, were you in the same unfortunate condition."

This defense seems to have been noted down by the secretary of the meeting, for the newspaper report is very formally worded, and is called official. There were no other arguments heard on either side, the jury feeling no need of further advice. Shasta was not a place for tears, nor for pity; and the jury, after a brief consultation, brought in a written verdict, signed by each one, declaring Easterbrook guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentencing him to "be punished immediately by hanging by the neck until he is dead." The meeting had convened at two o'clock. It was now after four. The prisoner was given about an hour to set his affairs in order, and was hanged between five and six.—The "Transcript" editor regards this as a truly wonderful case, finds in it a fine spirit of law and order, and calls it "an exhibition of the power of the American mind over that which we have heretofore known as mob law." The reason for this exceptional and benevolent mood on the editor's part is a recent occurrence in Sacramento itself, the "Roe" lynching, which had for the moment made popular justice seem to him of vast importance. Usually, as we have seen, he was less enthusiastic.

I know not whether the story of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" was founded, as report has declared, upon some oral tradition that reached the author years later, of a real incident of early times. If so, then the real incident itself may have been the expulsion from this same town of Shasta, in August, 1851, of all the so-called "suspicious" characters of the town, "seven men and two women."²⁹ A "hay yard" had been burned down, and report made the act the work of an incendiary. All suspicious characters were at once ordered out of town; "they complied," and passed down towards a brook called "Whiskey Creek." Now as these nine went by the way, they met, oddly enough, coming down from Oak Bottom, our friend Mr. Isaac Roop himself, at whose "resi-

²⁹ *Alta California* of August 20, 1851.

dence" the two partners had passed the fatal evening some five months before. I know not what general disgust with respectable gentlemen who had "residences" to leave when out for their airings, or what feeling of recklessness it was, that moved these nine; but one of them hereupon shot at Mr. Roop. Were this only a book of fiction, they would have killed him, by way of ending the story well. But this is history, and one is bound to say that, according to the report here cited, they missed Mr. Roop altogether, who went his way, probably with more than his accustomed quickness, into Shasta, and told what they had done. Whereupon the miners of that town sent out an armed party, who very firmly and leniently escorted the nine southward to the border of the county, with the intent of sending them thence into banishment; and of their fate, and of Mr. Roop's, in subsequent days, I know nothing. This then must suffice as concerning the justice of the people of Shasta in 1851.—Here, at least, there was no trace of the sentimental or the jocular.

Our next case is less gloomy than Easterbrook's, and takes place later, and in a less severely primitive locality. It is a case of larceny this time. In the "San Francisco Herald" of March 22, 1852, I find a report, apparently officially furnished by mail to this and other papers, of a miners' meeting at Johnson's Bar, where one "Dr. Bardt," whose title is very considerably preserved throughout the report, was arraigned for theft.³⁰

The meeting having been called to order, Mr. Campbell was appointed chairman, and Cyrus Hurd, Jr., secretary.

On motion, it was resolved, that Dr. A. Bardt be whipped for the said thefts.

On motion, it was resolved that Dr. Bardt should receive thirty-nine lashes on the bare back and leave the mines in three days.

It was moved and seconded that Dr. Bardt should be cropped. The motion, on being put, was negatived unanimously.

On motion, it was resolved that Dr. Bardt be whipped by the constable, Mr. Thompson, with a rope.

On motion, it was resolved that the constable should proceed immediately to the discharge of his duty.

On motion it was resolved that the secretary be requested to furnish a copy of the proceedings to be published in the California papers.

The punishment having been inflicted, it was, on motion, resolved that the meeting do adjourn sine die.

³⁰ The comedy of this scene, be it noticed, lies not in the conscious behavior of the miners, who were as business-like and merciless as the judges of Easterbrook, but in our point of view as spectators.

Since the thefts are spoken of as the "said thefts," one is disposed to compare this case to the above cited Coloma case of "Jones and partners," and to suppose that "Dr. Bardt" had tried to set a previous verdict at naught.

Severe, unsentimental, and in the sharpest contrast to their daily joviality, was the mood of the lynching miners as we have so far examined it. The cause of this contrast we have also begun to see. The miners' justice, however, even where the evidence was clear, and the trial orderly, was often not merely severe, but atrociously cruel. In the "Transcript" for January 30, 1851, one finds the record of a trial at Mississippi Bar, where a thief, "in consideration of his youth," was not hanged, but was given one hundred and fifty lashes, and a brand "R" on the left arm, after having his head shaved on one side. One is surprised to find how people who at home, in those philanthropic days, would very likely have been under the sway of sentimentalists, and would have shuddered at severe penalties of all sorts, now behaved when they were away from home. For the change their own sense of irresponsibility is largely to blame, the same sense of irresponsibility that led them to tolerate the causes which led to these social disasters.

The two punishments, flogging and death, as penalties for theft, have invited much comment from critics of early California mining life. It is too obvious to need much special discussion here, that to flog and banish a thief from a given camp was to do worse than nothing for the good order of the mines at large. The thief went out into the mountains a very poor, desperate, and revengeful man. He had, meanwhile, all the vague chances ahead that were offered to him by a possible entrance as a stranger into some new camp. Hope in any cheerful sense these chances would hardly give him; but, in his despair, they would promise him that, in the new place, he might possibly avenge, on the people who did not know him, the blows that he had suffered from those who had found him out. Or again, the sight of the lonely mountain roads might offer to his despair the proper suggestion for a new life of crime. In any case, the camp that banished him had only, as Capron's informants put it,³¹ "let loose a fiend." And the friendly interchange of their respective fiends among the various camps was obviously the whole outcome of this prevailing system of flogging and banishment.

³¹ Capron's History, *loc. cit.*

Those miners who chose to hang the notorious thieves of their camps were therefore, so far as the direct effectiveness of their work was concerned, wiser, since they got rid of at least one rogue. A dead thief steals no more; and as we have above shown, this book has no sort of sentimentalism to expend over dead thieves, although, for other reasons, this plan of lynching thieves was a bad one. Where the miners' courts were orderly, careful, sensible in examining evidence, and certain of the habitual and intolerable roguery of the thief before them, it was far better, under the circumstances, to hang than to flog and banish him, and less cruel, also. Nevertheless, the real objection to the habitual hanging of the thieves by the people, as practiced in those days, is none the less cogent. We have already suggested where this true objection lay. The thief himself, as an individual, was indeed often enough a worthless hound, and deserved all that he got. As against the interests of society at large, his interests were naught. But it was precisely the interest of society that was in the long run most injured by the habit of hanging the thieves in these rude, irregular miners' courts. For the popular conscience was debased by the physical brutality of the business, and so soon as the lynching habit was once established, this conscience was put to sleep by a false self-confidence, engendered of the ease wherewith justice seemed in such cases to be vindicated. And society, which, with all its fancied honesty, was, in its own way, an obvious accomplice of the thief himself, was prevented for a while from appreciating the enormity of its offenses. For it was society that encouraged these rogues, and that, with every month, made them worse rogues than ever. By its careless spirit, by its patronage of gambling saloons, by its jolly toleration of all private quarrels that did not go so far as once for all to enrage the public, by its willful determination to spend no time on self-discipline, and no money on so costly a thing as a stable public order, and, above all, by its persistently wicked neglect to choose good public officers, the mining society made itself the friend and upholder of the very roguery that it flogged and hanged. Its habitual good-humor insured the necessity of occasional fury and brutality. And, so long as it flogged and hanged in this rude popular way, it could not be convinced of its errors, but ever and anon, after one of these popular outbursts of vengeance, it raised its blood-stained hands in holy horror at crime, lamenting the fate that would doubtless force it

still in future to continue its old business of encouraging this bloodshed. All this criticism of mine may be merely moral commonplace; but I am sure that I should never fill these pages with such platitudes, were it not for the outrageous effrontery with which the average mining community of those days used to defend itself, in the fashion cited above. The single act was indeed often in itself defensible. It was the habit of risking such emergencies that was intolerable.

So far did this trust in hanging as a cure for theft go, that in the second legislature, that of 1851, an act was passed making hanging for grand larceny a penalty to be thenceforth regularly imposed at the pleasure of the convicting jury.³² So easy is it for men to sanction their blunders by the help of a little printers' ink, used for the publication of a statute.

The familiar reply of the pioneers to all these criticisms is, that if the miners' justice reformed nobody, it at least effectually intimidated every rascal. And much nonsense has been repeated by writers on those early days concerning the terrible magnitude and swiftness, the certainty, the simplicity, and the consequent deterring effect of lynch law. But one who repeats this nonsense forgets first of all that axiom of criminal justice according to which the magnitude and the frightfulness of a penalty are of but the smallest deterring power in comparison with the certainty of the penalty; and such an one also forgets that mob law can never be certain. While a vigilance committee in the mines was in full course of vengeance, crime would indeed be terrified. But at the

³² I am somewhat perplexed to find Mr. Shinn, *Mining Camps*, p. 228, *note*, referring this law to the first year of the life of the State, and to the legislature of 1850. The matter is one of plain record, and is of some importance, because it shows that the law did not first encourage the lynchers, but that only after the extravagances of popular justice had for some time flourished, it was found possible to load the statute book with an entirely useless and demoralizing penalty, useless because its uncertainty made it of no deterring power, and demoralizing because all useless and obsolete penalties are mere opportunities for whimsical popular vengeance, not expressions of the dignity of the social order. The best possible comment on this law is a case where a thief was tried under it at Monterey, as reported in the *San Francisco Herald* for June 26, 1852. The jury brought in a verdict finding the prisoner guilty as charged, sentencing him to death, *but recommending him to the mercy of the court*. The court was puzzled; but as the prisoner was a native Californian, the jury got the benefit of the doubt, and the prisoner was formally sentenced to death.

very instant the committee relaxed its vigilance, the carelessly open tents, the gold, the scattered wanderers prospecting in the hills, or finding their way along the roads, all suggested to the thief his old chances. And what had he, after all, to fear? No vigilant police, no conscientious public spirit, no strong jails. Only a momentary and terrible outburst of popular justice was, at the worst, to be dreaded. If he escaped that, by flight, or by even temporary concealment of his crime, there would be no detectives to hunt him down, no permanently accessible evidence to be produced against him. No witness would be public-spirited enough to wait an hour longer than might be convenient for a chance to testify. In a few weeks the witnesses who could hurt him might be scattered far away, and the whole thing forgotten. Under such circumstances, could the bare chance of even one hundred and fifty lashes with a branding, or even the possibility of being hanged, deter a rogue from his work? The analogy of the case of England at the close of the last century, with the ineffectiveness of the capriciously executed death penalty as there ordained for lesser offenses, at once suggests itself. Criminals, like savages, scatter to their hiding-places after any sudden defeat; but they are not thereby civilized, and constant vigilance is needed as much after their defeat as before. And when the vigilance committees scattered the rogues of a given camp, the result was very like the one that takes place when a lonesome wanderer in Californian wildernesses scatters the coyotes that have gathered at night around his camp-fire. The coyote loves to hold parliament, in such a case, just beyond the circles of the firelight, for the benefit of the poor wretch who, rolled up in his blankets, is trying to rest from his labors beside his fire. With unearthly noises the vile beasts drive away from him sleep, for a prostrate and almost motionless man, all alone, the coyote regards as a deeply admirable object. And the man occasionally starts up, perchance, and dashes out into the dark with ineffective ravings, while the whole pack vanish yelping in the night. But, alas, when he returns to his fire and lies down, the gleaming eyes are soon again near, and he has nothing to do but to curse away the hours until dawn, helpless against his tormentors as Gulliver bound in Lilliput. As any one can see by a chronological study of the newspapers of 1851 and 1852, just such was the experience of many camps with their rogues. Of unhanged rogues

a community rids itself only by ceasing to nourish them; while, if you nourish rogues, you cannot hope to hang them all, nor yet to hang the most of them.³³

A chronological study of the newspaper files, I say, proves this inefficacy of mere lynching, in so far as such a study can of itself make any social tendency clear. In the spring of 1851, in fact, and also far into the summer of that year, one finds much lynching going on. That autumn there seems indeed to be once more general peace and good order in the mines; but for this not merely past popular violence must be held responsible, but many other influences as well. The dry season continued until late, and vast river-bed operations, great tunnels, flumes, dams, ditches, were occupying men's attention. Labor was organized as never before in the mines. The vested interests of the various communities were great and increasing; the yield was large, but the responsibility serious. At such a moment the community was on its good behavior. Moreover (and this is a deeply significant fact), the violence of the spring and summer had reacted on the honest men even more than on thieves. The need of vindicating lynching, a need that these people almost always felt, showed that they were capable of being shocked by their own deeds of popular vengeance. For, after all, these honest men had very often been well brought up at home, and were still new to bloodshed. In their lives the lynching affairs were, despite their recent frequency, still terrible and wholly exceptional events. And so they may be

³³ The reader should compare here again Mr. Shinn's discussion of our whole topic, and the instances that he cites. He has often failed to give his sources, and he seems to me one-sided in the choice of facts; but his is the only effort published before the present one to discuss systematically the whole subject of popular justice in California, and his view is much more favorable than mine. For further instances of moderately orderly popular procedure in the mines, I must content myself here with referring to the *San Francisco Alta* of 1851 (Harvard College Library file), in the numbers for May 21 (where a horse-thief at Nevada was allowed by the "crowd" to choose, himself, who should give him the thirty-nine lashes); July 11 (where a Sonora correspondent describes the caution with which a vigilance committee proceeded in trying a Mexican horse-thief, who was given a whole day in which to prepare his case and produce his witnesses, and who was then convicted and flogged, a collection being afterwards taken up for his benefit); and October 22 (where the passengers on a Marysville steamboat tried and convicted in regular miners' form one of their number who had committed a theft on board, and sentenced him to pay a large fine in gold dust to a sick and destitute man who chanced also to be on board). All these incidents are characteristic.

fairly presumed to have taken, for a while at least, the ordinary precautions of decent citizens. They did not so easily tolerate minor disorders, nor by their good-humor encourage ruffians to live in their camps. Probably they gambled less frequently themselves, drank less, acted more soberly. To these causes, quite as much as to the temporary fright of the rascals, must we attribute the comparative good order of that autumn. Yet the rascals were neither dead nor gone from the State, nor reformed, though many of them had left the mines. Just after two horse-thieves had been sentenced to death under the new law at Stockton, the "Stockton Journal" of about October 25, 1851,³⁴ "again complains," as the "Alta" says, "of the increase of crime and rowdyism at that place." The complaint asserts that disorder prevails to a lamentable extent in Stockton, that "every day is marked with some scene of violence; and the night becomes frightful, from the hideous iniquities perpetrated under the shadow of its obscurity." "All quiet," continues the "Stockton Journal," "is banished from the place, for no citizen feels safe, unless he is armed for any emergency. Might is the only protection a man can claim in these perilous times." Now these words are a trifle passionate and rhetorical; but they have no doubt a very real foundation. Some of the banished rogues had gone to Stockton, although that city had not been unaffected by the general popular struggle for order in the summer of 1851. These wretches had found the moment favorable in that city, and the sentence of death just legally passed on the two horse-thieves had not awed them into submission. Yet this was in the comparatively peaceful closing season of the great year of popular justice, which was indeed a valuable year, yet not, in general, because of its violence, but because of its organization of labor.

To see the utter transiency of the effects of brute violence, as a suppressor of crime, we must, however, look onwards to the newspapers of 1852. Surely, if mere warning by frequent lynchings were enough, the warning of 1851, with the constant readiness of the people to follow it up, on occasion, by new lynchings, ought to have produced a reign of peace in the mines, lasting longer than through the autumn and winter following. But consider the facts. We have already seen how, in the spring of 1852, things went on at Moquelumne Hill. I have before me in a file a number of the steamer "Alta" of June 15, 1852. This number has

³⁴ Quoted in the *San Francisco Alta* for October 27.

an astonishing catalogue of crimes, reported from the mining regions both north and south, together with lynchings; and the editor declares that, were he to give all the particulars to be gathered from his mining exchanges of one day, he could fill a number of his own daily edition. And then he adds a significant quotation from an interior paper of the southern mines. "The 'Calaveras Chronicle,'" he says, "complains of the alarming increase of crime in that section within the past few weeks. The grand jury have found ten indictments. 'Summary examples' (*i. e.*, lynching examples), says the 'Chronicle,' 'for capital and minor offenses have been frequently made; but the *canaille* would scarcely lose sight of the scaffold, the tremor which a malefactor in the agony of death cast through their frame would scarcely have ceased, until they caused the public ear again to be greeted with intelligence of more outrages, more robberies, more assassinations.'" As for the state of the mining public in that part of the country at the moment, it appears, from several items in that number of the steamer "Alta," that a "Mexican" at Jackson, having been accused, without any evidence of which an intelligible account can be given, of being the murderer of two Frenchmen who had been slain in their tents near there, was brought before a drunken justice of the peace, and was by him committed to prison; and that the "crowd" thereupon, without giving him a fair chance to be heard further in his own defense, took him from jail and hanged him, after a desperate struggle, in the presence of his pleading mother and sisters. Now this affair, which is very confusedly reported, and which, of course, may have been distorted in the telling, sufficiently indicates, at all events, that the lynching habit was as demoralizing as it was useless.³⁵

VII *A Typical History of a Mining Camp in 1851-52*

More orderly expressions of popular justice, of the sort heretofore frequently recorded, were impossible, as we now see, without

³⁵ I have not wished to burden these pages with a complete list of the very numerous cases of lynching that I have collected from the contemporary newspaper files. The foregoing cases, as far as they go, are to my mind typical, and I believe my choice to be a fair one. At all events such directly verifiable data have far more worth than the confused memory of the pioneers before referred to.

results that must be far worse than mere mistakes. A mining town was not standing still. It was a growing or else a decaying organism. In alternating between universal optimistic good-humor on the one hand, and grim vengeance upon wrong-doers on the other, it was, however, either stunting its true growth, or dooming itself to decay and corruption. Fortune has preserved to us from the pen of a very intelligent woman, who writes under an assumed name, a marvelously skillful and undoubtedly truthful history of a mining community during a brief period, first of cheerful prosperity, and then of decay and disorder. The wife of a physician, and herself a well-educated New England woman, "Dame Shirley," as she chooses to call herself, was the right kind of witness to describe for us the social life of a mining camp from actual experience. This she did in the form of letters written on the spot to her own sister,³⁶ and collected for publication some two or three years later. Once for all, allowing for the artistic defects inevitable in a disconnected series of private letters, these "Shirley" letters form the best account of an early mining camp that is known to me. For our real insight into the mining life as it was, they are, of course, infinitely more helpful to us than the perverse romanticism of a thousand such tales as Mr. Bret Harte's, tales that, as the world knows, were not the result of any personal experience of really primitive conditions.

"Shirley" entered the mines with her husband in 1851, and passed the following winter, and the summer of 1852, at Rich Bar and Indian Bar successively, both of them busy camps, near together, on the North Fork of the Feather River. The climate agreed with her very well, and on the whole she seems to have endured the hardships of the life most cheerfully.

³⁶ These *Shirley Letters*, found all through the numbers of Ewer's *Pioneer* (published at San Francisco in 1854-55), have already been once cited. Of their authenticity we are assured by the editor. The internal evidence is to the same effect. "Dame Shirley's" interest is not at all our particular one here; and she is quite unconscious of the far-reaching moral and social significance of much that she describes. Many of the incidents introduced are such as imagination could of itself never suggest, in such an order and connection. There is no mark of any conscious seeking for dramatic effect. The moods that the writer expresses indicate no remote purpose, but are the simple embodiment of the thoughts of a sensitive mind, interested deeply in the wealth of new experiences. The letters are charmingly unsentimental; the style is sometimes a little stiff and provincial, but is on the whole very readable. The real name of the author, according to *Poole's Index*, is Mrs. L. A. C. Clapp.

Rich Bar³⁷ was, in September, 1851, when she first saw it, a town of one street, "thickly planted with about forty tenements;" tents, rag and wooden houses, plank hovels, log cabins. One hotel there was in it, the "Empire." Rich Bar had had, in its early days, a great reputation for its wealth, insomuch that during its first summer, it had suddenly made wealthy, then converted into drunken gamblers, and so utterly ruined, several hundred miners, all by giving them occasional returns of some hundreds of dollars to the panful. It had now entered into a second stage of more modestly prosperous and more steadily laborious life; it was a very orderly place, and was inhabited partly by American, partly by foreign miners. Some of the latter were South Americans. "Shirley" on her arrival found herself one of five women on the bar; and was of course very pleasantly and respectfully treated by those miners whom she had occasion to know.³⁸

In the "Empire," the only two-story building in town, built originally as a gamblers' palace, but, by reason of the temporary industry and sobriety of the Bar, now converted into a very quiet hotel, "Shirley" found temporary lodgings. The hotel office was "fitted up with that eternal crimson calico, which flushes the whole social life of the 'Golden State' with its everlasting red."³⁹ In this room there was a bar, and a shop of miners' clothing and groceries. The "parlor" was behind this room, on the first floor: a room straw-carpeted, and furnished with a big mirror, a red-seated "sofa, fourteen feet long," a "round table with a green cloth, red calico curtains, a cooking-stove, a rocking-chair, and a woman and a baby, the latter wearing a scarlet frock to match the sofa and curtains." Upstairs were several bedrooms, with immense, heavy

³⁷ *Pioneer*, vol. i. p. 221.

³⁸ The popular stories of absurd displays of sentimentality by early miners who chanced to be reminded of home through the sight of a woman or of a child never find much corroboration from the statements of women who were actually in the mines at the time. Most women were of course uncommonly well treated by the whole community, and any man's services would have been instantly and gladly at their disposal in case of any need. They were met with even effusive politeness; but miners were not such fools as the story-tellers like to make them. "Shirley," soon after her arrival, was greeted in her husband's office by one of his friends, who insisted on making her sip champagne on the spot at this friend's own expense, in honor of his first sight of a woman for two years. But Shirley did not hear that any one ever danced about a woman's cast-off bonnet or petticoat.

³⁹ *Pioneer*, vol. i. p. 174.

bedsteads, warped and uneven floors, purple calico linings on the walls, and red calico curtains. The whole house was very roughly and awkwardly pieced together by a careless carpenter, and cost its builders eight thousand dollars. It was the great pride and ornament of the camp.

The landlord was a Western farmer, his wife yellow-complexioned and care-worn. The baby, six months old, kicked and cried in a champagne-basket cradle. The woman cooked for all the boarders herself. Of the four women who besides "Shirley" were in town, another kept with her husband the "Miners' Home" and "tended bar." Within about a week after "Shirley" came, a third of the four, whom she had not met, died, and "Shirley" attended the funeral,⁴⁰ which took place from a log cabin. This dwelling was windowless, but with one large opening in the wall to admit light. The funeral scene was characteristic of the social condition of the moment. Everything about the place was "exceedingly clean and neat" for the occasion. "On a board, supported by two butter-tubs, was extended the body of the dead woman, covered with a sheet; by its side stood the coffin of unstained pine, lined with white cambric. . . . The husband held in his arms a sickly babe ten months old, which was moaning piteously for its mother. The other child, a handsome, bold-looking little girl, six years of age, was running gayly around the room, perfectly unconscious of her bereavement." Every few moments she would "run up to her dead mother, and peep laughingly under the handkerchief." "It was evident that her baby-toilet had been made by men; she had on a new calico dress, which, having no tucks in it, trailed to the floor," giving her a "dwarf-womanly appearance." After a long and wandering impromptu prayer by somebody, a prayer which "Shirley" found disagreeable (since she herself was a church-woman, and missed the burial service), the procession, containing twenty men and three women, set out for the hill-side graveyard, "a dark cloth cover, borrowed from a neighboring monte table," being "flung over the coffin," as a pall. It was the best pall Rich Bar could have furnished for anybody. The coffin-lid was nailed down, as there were no screws, the sharp hammer blows on the hollow coffin shocking the solemn little assembly with their uncanny noise. "Shirley" tried, a few days later, to amuse the little motherless girl, who was then about to leave the camp with her

⁴⁰ *Pioneer*, vol. i. p. 347.

father for Marysville, and offered her a few playthings. The little one chose with ecstatic delight some tiny scent-bottles, which she called "baby-decanters."

Among the miners, perfect good-humor prevailed on the Bar. On the anniversary of Chilian independence, Yankee miners walked fraternally in procession with the Chilians, every member of the procession "intensely drunk,"⁴¹ and yet there seems to have been no quarreling. The people on the Bar used profane language to an unpleasant extent on the commonest occasions; but they were well-meaning about it, and called it only a "slip of the tongue." "Shirley," as [a] woman of cultivation and curiosity, took a friendly interest in their less disagreeable manners and customs, and especially in their rich, and to her at that moment very novel, slang. She recorded with amusement how they ended a discussion upon business questions with: "Talk enough when horses fight," or "Talk enough between gentlemen;" how they assured themselves of one's sincerity by questioning: "Honest Injun?" (which she spells, with Yankee primness, *Indian*); and how they would ask one of another: "Have you a spare pick-axe about your clothes?" or say that they "had got the dead-wood on" somebody.⁴² Take them for all in all, they seemed to her far oftener amusing than coarse or disagreeable. And many of them she plainly found delightful men, men of education no doubt, and of good social position at home.

Before October had fairly begun, she had moved with her husband to the neighboring Indian Bar, where he had many personal friends. The scenery here was wilder; but the society was much the same in its busy and peaceful joviality. Here were some twenty tents and cabins on the bar itself; other houses were on the hill, the whole place evidently growing very fast; and other inhabited bars were near. The whole region was full of activity; dams, wing-dams, flumes, artificial ditches, were to be seen all about. "Shirley" now began to live in her own log cabin, which she found already hung with a gaudy chintz. The one hotel of Indian Bar was near her cabin, too near, in fact; for there much drinking, and music, with dancing (by men with men), went on. "Shirley" found and improvised very amusing furniture for her dwelling; trunks, claret-cases, three-legged stools, monte-table covers, and candle-

⁴¹ *Pioneer*, vol. i. p. 274.

⁴² *Pioneer*, vol. ii. p. 24.

boxes, furnishing the materials for her ingenuity. In her little library she had a Bible, a prayer-book, Shakespeare, and Lowell's "Fable for the Critics," with two or three other books. The negro cook of the hotel, who for some time did her own cooking as well, played finely on the violin when he chose, and was very courteous to "Shirley." She speaks of him often with infinite amusement. Prominent in the society of the Bar was a trapper, of the old Frémont party, who told blood-curdling tales of Indian fights; another character was a learned Quaker, who lectured at length to "Shirley" on literature, but never liked to listen to her on any subject, and told her as much very frankly. The camp had just become possessed also of a justice of the peace, a benevolent looking fat man, with a big head, slightly bald, and a smooth fat face. He was genial and sweet-tempered, was commonly supposed to be incompetent, and had got himself elected by keeping both the coming election and his candidacy a secret, save from his friends. Most of the miners, when they came to hear of him and of the election, thought such an officer a nuisance in those diggings, as the camp could surely keep order without his help. But so long as he had nothing to do, he was permitted to do it, and to be as great a man for his pains as he liked. Late in October, one case of supposed theft occurred, the trial taking place at Rich Bar, before a miners' meeting. The "Squire" was allowed to look on from the platform, while the improvised popular magistrate, sitting by his side, administered justice. The thief, as "Shirley" heard, was lightly flogged, and was then banished.⁴³

Not until December, however, was the general peace broken further. But then it was indeed broken by a decidedly barbarous case of hanging for theft. The "Squire" was powerless to affect the course of events; the "people" of Indian Bar, many of them drunken and full of disorderly desire for a frolic, tried the accused, whose guilt was certain enough, although his previous character had been fair; and, when he had been found guilty, the "crowd" hanged him in a very brutal fashion. He was himself drunken to the last moment. The more reckless people of the Bar were the ones concerned in this affair, and all "Shirley's" own friends disapproved of it.⁴⁴

General demoralization, however, set in with winter. There was

⁴³ *Op. cit.*, vol. ii. pp. 151, 214.

⁴⁴ *Op. cit.*, vol. ii. p. 351.

little to do on the Bar; the most of the men were young; the confinement of the winter, on a place "about as large as a poor widow's potato-patch," was terrible to them. Christmas evening saw the beginning of a great revel at the hotel near "Shirley's" log-cabin.⁴⁵ Days had been spent in preparing for it; the bar of the hotel had been retrimmed with red calico; brandy and champagne in vast quantities had been brought into camp; and, what was most wonderful of all, the floor of the hotel had been washed. An oyster and champagne supper, with toasts and songs, began the revel. "Shirley" heard dancing in the hotel as she fell asleep that night in her cabin; and next morning, when she woke, they were still dancing.⁴⁶ The whole party now kept themselves drunken for three days, growing constantly wilder. They formed a mock vigilance committee to catch and bring in the few remaining sober men of the camp, to try them, and to condemn them to drink some stated quantity. Some of the wildest revelers were the most respected men on the river. At last they all reached the climax: as "Shirley" heard the thing described, they lay about in heaps on the floor of the hotel, howling, barking, and roaring. Altogether "Shirley" thought the letter describing this affair the unpleasantest of her series so far. Strange to say, no fights are recorded at this time. But thenceforth confusion seems to be somewhat noticeable in the social affairs of that vicinity. In March a man at a camp near by was stabbed in the back during a drunken frolic, and without any sort of cause. Yet people took at the time no notice of the affair.⁴⁷ In April a Mexican at Indian Bar asked an American for some money due the former. The American promptly stabbed his creditor; but again nothing was done.⁴⁸ The Mexicans were in fact now too numerous for comfort at Indian Bar, since Rich Bar had just expelled all foreigners, who therefore now came to this place. The public houses, which now were noisy with gambling, drinking, and fighting, had increased from one to seven or

⁴⁵ *Op. cit.*, vol. iii. p. 80.

⁴⁶ These "balls," attended by men only, because there were only men to attend them, were not uncommon in the mines. Borthwick, in his *Three Years*, has preserved, opposite p. 320, a sketch of one of them, made on the spot, and worth pages of stupid description. See also his excellent sketches, from life, of gambling-scenes.

⁴⁷ *Op. cit.*, vol. iii. p. 220.

⁴⁸ *Loc. cit.*, p. 355.

eight, and on Sundays they were "truly horrible." But summer began without any further great outbreaks of mob violence. On the Fourth of July, however, the "gradually increasing state of bad feeling" recently shown by our countrymen towards the foreigners, culminated, for the moment, in a general assault, the result "of whiskey and patriotism," on the Spaniards near one of the saloons, of whom two or three were badly hurt.⁴⁹ "Shirley" confesses that, as she learns, the people of Spanish race on the Bar, many of whom are "highly educated gentlemen," are disposed to base an ill opinion of our whole nation on the actions of the rougher men at Indian Bar. "They think" [very oddly] "that it is the grand characteristic of Columbia's children to be prejudiced, opinionated, selfish, avaricious, and unjust. It is vain to tell them that such are not specimens of American gentlemen." Our democratic airs as shown in the mines, "Shirley" thinks, deceived them. They fancy that we must be what we choose to seem, namely, all alike. But the men who really so acted as so unfavorably to impress the foreign gentlemen were, she declares, the gamblers and rowdies of the camp. "The rest of the people are afraid of these daring, unprincipled persons, and when they commit the most glaring injustice against the Spaniards, it is generally passed unnoticed." "We have had," says "Shirley," wearily, "innumerable drunken fights during the summer, with the usual amount of broken heads, collar bones, stabs, etc." These fights usually took place on Sunday; and not otherwise could "Shirley" always have been sure of remembering the day of rest. Things were sadly changed from those bright days of her early stay at the Bar.

The vengeance of the gods, that was thus gathering over Indian Bar, descended with a sudden stroke on Sunday, July 11. "Shirley" had been walking with a party of friends in the beautiful summer woods; but when she returned the town was in a fury. A "majestic-looking Spaniard" had quarreled with an Irishman about a Mexican girl ("Shirley" for the first time, I think, thus showing a knowledge of the presence at Indian Bar of those women who seem, in the bright and orderly days of her first arrival, to have been actually unknown in the camp). The Mexican, having at last stabbed and killed the other, fled to the hills; and the Americans were rushing about, shouting: "Down with the Spaniards!" "Don't let one of the murderous devils remain!" and other similarly enlight-

⁴⁹ *Op. cit.*, vol. iv. p. 24.

ened words. "Shirley" was conducted by her husband for safety up on to the hill, and to a house where there lived a family containing two women. Here from above, gazing directly down on to the Bar, she watched "a sea of heads, bristling with rifles, guns, and clubs." In this vast confusion a gun was accidentally discharged, during a scuffle, and two men were wounded. This recalled the people to their senses, and they forthwith elected a vigilance committee. They were then pacified for the day.

But the next day the committee tried five or six Spaniards, "supposed to have been ringleaders in the drunken mob of Sunday," and sentenced two to be flogged, and all to be banished, their property "being confiscated for the use of the wounded persons." "Shirley" was obliged to hear, from her cabin, the flogging of the two men, and found it, naturally, very highly disagreeable. One of the two convicted men, a "gentlemanly young Spaniard," begged in vain to be killed rather than whipped, and finally swore the most awful vengeance on all Americans henceforth. These sentences of the committee were, after all, very lenient; for the mob had demanded the death of the prisoners. Thus began the rule of the Committee of Vigilance.

Within the next week there was a murder by a negro, and he was hanged for it at Rich Bar. Fights went on more wildly than before. Yet another negro is named, who cut his own throat and created much excitement thereby, since at first one of his fellows was accused of having done the deed. As for the state of society, "it has been never been so bad," "Shirley" writes, two or three weeks later, "as since the appointment of a committee of vigilance." It was now almost impossible to sleep. The rowdies paraded the streets all night, howling, worrying their enemies, and making great bonfires,—all the men of this crowd of roughs being constantly drunken. "The poor, exhausted miners . . . grumble and complain, but they—although far outnumbering the rioters—are too timid to resist. All say, 'It is shameful; something ought to be done,' etc., and in the mean time the rioters triumph. You will wonder that the committee of vigilance does not interfere. It is said that some of that very committee are the ringleaders." A duel took place during this time at a neighboring bar. "The duelists were surrounded by a large crowd, I have been told, foremost among which stood the committee of vigilance!"⁵⁰

⁵⁰ For the immediately foregoing, see *Pioneer*, vol. iv. p. 103, *sqq.*

—The mining operations that summer were not a distinguished success at Indian Bar, and in autumn there was what miners call a “general stampede from those diggings.” The physician and his wife took leave of the mines not unwillingly. “Shirley’s” health, to be sure, had wonderfully improved. In closing her mining life she notices that “the few men that have remained on the Bar have amused themselves by prosecuting one another right and left.” “The ‘Squire,’ ” she adds, “comes out strong on these occasions.” His recent course in these litigations “has been so fair, candid, and sensible, that he has won golden opinions from all, and were it not for his insufferable laziness and good-nature, he would have made a good justice of the peace.”⁵¹ This criticism applies so well, also, to all the honest miners of Indian Bar and vicinity (men who formed an undoubted majority of the community), that we need no better summary than these words give us of the life of that year on the Bar. These native Americans of good character would have had little real trouble in preserving the peace of the camp, had they not chosen, one and all, to show such detestable “laziness and good-nature.”

“Shirley’s” well-sketched pictures have passed before us, and the series is complete: easily secured peace, then carelessly criminal tolerance, then brutally intolerant degeneracy, and then the final wretched dissolution. There can be no doubt that the story is typical of the life of many camps. With “Shirley,” we rejoice at last to leave to its triumph the majesty of the benevolent law, personified in the fat-faced squire, as it works to the edification of that handful of impecunious and litigious fellow-citizens who were forced to stay on the Bar.

VIII *The Warfare Against the Foreigners*

We have now disposed, we hope forever, of the familiar pioneer theory that makes the “foreign criminals” the one great cause of the troubles of the miners. The rapid degeneration of the weaker young men of all sorts in those times has been commonly enough noticed in the accounts of the mines. The foreigners, too, had their share in the effects of this tendency, and the Spanish-Americans most of all, because they were most abused, and least capable of resisting the moral effects of abuse. Many of them were also bad

⁵¹ *Op. cit.*, vol. iv. p. 347.

enough to begin with, and that there were great numbers of foreign rogues in California is, of course, certain. But for the rapid degeneration, both of individuals and of communities, the honest men were chiefly to blame, because they knew the danger, and neglected for a time, in the mines, every serious social duty. The honest men were, at the worst, a fair majority, and were usually an overwhelming majority of the mining communities. Had they not been so, California would never have emerged from the struggle as soon as it did. Since they were so, it is useless for the survivors now to remind us of the undoubtedly honorable intentions of these good miners of early days, and to lay all the blame elsewhere. Not every one that saith Lord! Lord! is a good citizen.

But if the foreign criminals were not the great source of mischief, the honest men certainly did all that they could to make these foreigners such a source. The fearful blindness of the early behavior of the Americans in California towards foreigners is something almost unintelligible. The avaricious thirst for gold among the Americans themselves can alone explain the corruption of heart that induced this blindness. Some of the effects we have already seen. We must look yet a little closer at this aspect of the struggle.

The problem of the future relations of foreigners and Americans in California was, at the moment of the birth of the State, undoubtedly perplexing. A mixed population of gold-seekers was obviously a thing to be feared. Left to themselves, American miners, as it seemed, might be trusted to keep a fair order. With all sorts of people thronging the territory, danger might be apprehended. This problem, then, as to the future, was sure to trouble even the clearest heads. But, after all, clear heads ought quickly to have understood that this perplexing problem was not for any man, but, in its main elements, only for fortune to solve; and that the work of sensible men must be limited to minimizing the threatening evils by caution, by industrious good citizenship, and by a conciliatory behavior. The foreigners could not, on the whole, be kept from coming. One could only choose whether one would encourage the better or the worse class of foreigners to come to the land, and whether one would seek to make those who came friendly and peaceable, or rebellious and desperate. But the California public and the first legislature chose to pass an act to discourage decent foreigners from visiting California, and to convert

into rogues all honest foreigners who might have come. This was, indeed, not the title of the act. It was the Foreign Miners' Tax Law of 1850.

Its avowed purpose was as far as possible to exclude foreigners from these mines, the God-given property of the American people. Its main provision was a tax of thirty dollars a month (levied by means of the sale of monthly licenses) upon each foreigner engaged in mining. At the time when it was passed there were already several thousand Sonoran miners in California; and, as we have also seen, there had already been difficulty with them in the southern mines, a difficulty that, as we learn from Bayard Taylor,⁵² passed off peaceably enough at the moment, because the Sonorans would not fight. Taylor's mistake lay in supposing the Sonorans to have been seriously discouraged. In the next year they were more numerous than ever. So the public and the legislature were forewarned. The common talk about our national divine right to all the gold in California was detestable mock-pious cant, and we knew it. The right and duty that undoubtedly belonged to us was to build up a prosperous and peaceful community anywhere on our own soil. But you cannot build up a prosperous and peaceful community so long as you pass laws to oppress and torment a large resident class of the community. The one first duty of a state is to keep its own peace, and not to disturb the peace. The legislators must have known that to pass the law was to lead almost inevitably to violent efforts at an evasion of its monstrous provisions, and was meanwhile to subject the foreigners to violent assaults from any American ruffians who might choose to pretend, in the wild mountain regions, that they were themselves the state officers. Violence must lead to violence, and the State would have done all it could to sanction the disturbances.

Seldom is a political mistake so quickly judged by events. The next legislature, little wiser about many things than its predecessor, was still, in this matter, forced quickly enough to withdraw its predecessor's absurdity from the statute-books. The "Alta California" breathes with a sigh the general relief on hearing that this is done.⁵³ But ere it could be done, untold mischief, which added

⁵² See also Riley's letter (Cal. Docs. of 1850, p. 788) as corroboration.

⁵³ See the weekly *Alta*, in the Harvard College Library file, for March 15 and March 22, 1851. As appears from remarks and news herein contained, the repeal of the tax was, like all political action, the product of manifold

fearfully to the sorrows of the struggle for order, had been caused by the unlucky act.

No adventurer, no gambler, no thief, no cutthroat, who had desired to come to California from Mexico, or elsewhere abroad, could be prevented by a threat of taxing him thirty dollars a month for mining. Many a cautious, sober, intelligent foreigner might be warned away by the exorbitant tax, as well as by the hostility which it indicated. For, when levied not upon the uncommonly lucky miner, with his two ounces or his pound a day, but upon the ordinary poor devil, with his ups and downs, whose "wages" per month were in only a very few months more than enough to support him at the prices that prevailed, and in the winter months were often nothing at all, the thirty-dollar tax was a monstrous imposition. And when levied on men who had come already in 1848, and who had often felt, before the passage of the act, that the Americans hated them merely for being the more skillful miners, this tax was a blow that their hot spirits were sure to resent.

Trouble came at once, and quickly culminated in the difficulties at Sonora, in 1850. From his sources Mr. Shinn has given, in chapter xviii. of the "Mining Camps," an account of this disturbance.⁵⁴ He regards it as a "case where indignation against foreigners had much justification." I am prepared to believe that whenever it is proved, but what I have been able to gather from the contemporary newspaper files makes me prefer to express the matter by calling the affair a not wholly unprovoked, but still disgraceful riot on the part of Americans. They were undoubtedly harassed by foreigners of the poorer sort, and a number of murders were committed by such, but when the Americans turned upon for-

motives. San Francisco felt bitterly, as the chief port of the State, the loss of commerce that the act directly and indirectly entailed. Business men, in Stockton and the southern mines, complained of the loss of customers. Every one, by March, 1851, was weary of the insecurity produced by the bickerings with the foreigners. And, at a public meeting held (as the *Alta* reports) in Stockton, March 6, 1851, and addressed by several speakers, among others by one "Terry," whom I supposed to be the well-known judge of later years, the discussion is made to touch on the vital national question of north and south. The tax law is called a scheme to depress the enterprise of the southern mines, and so of the southern portion of the State, whose sectional sympathies were well known.

⁵⁴ His chief source, I suppose, is the *Miners' Directory of Tuolumne County* (Sonora, 1856), which he cites in his *Land Laws of Mining Camps*, and elsewhere. This pamphlet I have not been able to use.

eigners as a class, and especially upon Sonorans and South Americans, and tried to exclude them from the mines in a body, by means of mob-violence, supported by resolutions passed at miners' meetings, the undertaking was a brutal outrage, and the good sense of decent Americans quickly rebounded, for the moment, from the mood that could be guilty of such behavior. The result was, however, meanwhile, that many foreigners were rendered desperate and were turned into dangerous rascals, and that many more were driven violently away from the mines; but that, nevertheless, the body of the foreign miners remained in the mines at their work, ill-humored, suspicious, and ready for the worst; so that the last state of "those diggings" was far worse than the first. There is here no space for a discussion of the sources bearing on this topic; and these Sonoran difficulties form one of the many still almost un-studied topics that abound in California history, and that invite monographic treatment. I can give only the result of what I so far can make out. When, early in the summer of 1850, the collectors came for the foreign miners' tax, they found the foreigners surly and suspicious, and did what was possible to make them more so. A number of murders were committed by "Mexicans," and then the American miners began to meet, and to pass resolutions, not against murderers, nor in favor of a firm organization of the regular machinery of law, but against foreigners. One famous set of resolutions, quoted in all the authorities on this affair, pronounced in favor of a committee of three Americans in each camp, to decide what foreigners were "respectable," and to exclude all others by a sort of executive order, meanwhile depriving those who remained of all arms, save in cases where special permits should be issued. One is reminded once more, by this procedure of poor Ide and the "blessings of liberty." Other resolutions, passed in those days, and often later in various camps, excluded foreigners altogether, sometimes giving the obvious intentions of Providence as the reason for this brutality. There followed numerous assaults upon Mexicans, and several riotous assemblages of Americans.

It is impossible to judge how far the newspaper reports of foreign outrages in that region and time, outrages such as robberies and murders committed upon Americans, are truthful. Any mysterious outrage was attributed to "Mexicans;" any American wretch who chanced to find it useful could in moments of excite-

ment divert suspicion from himself, by mentioning the Mexicans in general, or any particular Mexicans, as the authors of his crimes. And, in "those diggings," there were, undoubtedly, numerous Mexicans who well deserved hanging. But the story as told by the foreign population is not known to us. We can see only indirectly, through the furious and confused reports of the Americans themselves, how much of organized and coarse brutality these Mexicans suffered from the miners' meetings. The outrages committed by foreigners were after all, however numerous, the crimes of individuals. Ours were the crimes of a community, consisting largely of honest but cruelly bigoted men, who encouraged the ruffians of their own nation to ill-treat the wanderers of another, to the frequent destruction of peace and good order. We were favored of heaven with the instinct of organization; and so here we organized brutality, and, so to speak, asked God's blessing upon it. The foreigners were often enough degraded wretches; such drank, gambled, stole, and sometimes murdered: they were also, often enough, honest fellows, or even men of high character and social position; and such we tried in our way to ruin. In all cases they were, as foreigners, unable to form their own government, or to preserve their own order. And so we kept them in fear, and, as far as possible, in misery.

So ill we indeed did not treat them as some nations would have done; we did not massacre them wholesale, as Turks might have massacred them: that treatment we reserved for the defenseless Digger Indians, whose villages certain among our miners used on occasion to regard as targets for rifle-practice, or to destroy wholesale with fire, outrage, and murder, as if they had been so many wasps' nests in our gardens at home. Nay, the foreign miners, being civilized men, generally received "fair trials," as we said, whenever they were accused. It was, however, considered safe by an average lynching jury in those days to convict a "greaser" on very moderate evidence, if none better could be had. One could see his guilt so plainly written, we know, in his ugly swarthy face, before the trial began. Therefore the life of a Spanish-American in the mines in the early days, if frequently profitable, was apt to be a little disagreeable. It served him right, of course. He had no business, as an alien, to come to the land that God had given us. And if he was a native Californian, a born "greaser," then so much the worse for him. He was so much the more our born foe; we

hated his whole degenerate, thieving, land-owning, lazy, and discontented race. Some of them were now even bandits; most of them by this time were, with our help, more or less drunkards; and it was not our fault if they were not all rascals! So they deserved no better.

The Sonora troubles of 1850 would be less significant if they had expressed only a temporary mistake, and had given place to a proper comprehension of our duty to foreigners. But although the exorbitant foreign miner's tax was repealed in 1851, and although, when a tax was reimposed later, it was of comparatively moderate amount, still the miners themselves were not converted from their error until long afterwards, and, in numerous individual cases, they were never converted at all. The violent self-assertions that from time to time were made of the American spirit over against the foreign element, accomplished absolutely no good aim, and only increased the bitterness on both sides, while corrupting more and more our own sense of justice. Instead, therefore, of justifying themselves as necessary acts of "self-preservation," the miners' outbreaks against foreigners only rendered their own lives and property less secure. Two years after the Sonora troubles, one finds in the summer of 1852 the same weary business going on in the southern mines, less imposing, no doubt, in its expressions of wrath, but none the less disgraceful and demoralizing.⁵⁵ The later the year, the more certain it is that all molestation of foreigners who had been in the peaceful possession of claims meant simply confiscation of valuable property that had been acquired by hard toil. For such claims, in these later times, were often river-bed claims, or "coyote-holes," or similarly laborious enterprises. So, in the disturbance in July, 1852, in Mariposa, referred to in the foregoing note, the foreign miners, as appears from the report, had undertaken all the work of turning the course of a river, and their property was confiscated as soon as it was perceived to be valuable.⁵⁶ And the turpitude of such conduct is especially manifest

⁵⁵ See in the steamer *Alta* (Harvard College Library file) for July 13, 1852, the account of the expulsion of foreign miners, French and Spanish-American especially, from expensive and valuable claims in Mariposa. See, also, resolutions of miners at Sonora, passed October 12, in the steamer *Alta* of November 1, ordering foreigners out of the mines.

⁵⁶ E. Auger, in his *Voyage en Californie* (Paris, 1857), p. 112, gives an account from hearsay, whose correctness I am unable to control, of one of the earlier difficulties between French and American miners in the southern

from the fact that the foreigners (as Auger, just cited, admits in case of his own countrymen) were in any case, and even under the fairest treatment, at a serious disadvantage in all operations of an extensive sort, by reason of their comparative deficiency in the character and training required in order to improvise, amid the confusion of a new country, greater organizations of labor and capital. The Frenchmen, says Auger (p. 106), in case of great mining undertakings, "ont toujours cédé au découragement qui remplaçait chez eux une ardeur immodérée ou aux divisions intestines qui les séparaient brusquement au moment de recueillir les fruits de leur enterprise." He excepts only the one greater case cited, where the Americans did the work of dissolution for the Frenchmen.⁵⁷ Thus, however, the very instinct and training of which we in this land have such good reason to be proud, aggravates, in the present case, our disgrace. Because we knew so well how to organize, we were not the weak nor the injured party, but had these foreigners at our mercy; and for the same reason our outrages upon them were organized outrages, expressions of our peculiar national combination of a love of order with a frequently detestable meanness towards strangers.

The northern mines, however, are often supposed to have been not only more orderly, but also more tolerant. This is probably, on the whole, the case. As there were fewer foreigners present in the northern mines, the temptations to abuse them were less frequent. In some cases, however, proof can be found even in the southern mines themselves of very great earnestness in the enforcement of the rights of foreigners. An amusing account is given (in a book that contains a series of well-written and apparently substantially truthful sketches of California life, by a Canadian) of a demonstration in a camp on the Stanislaus, as late as 1856, by the

mines, and remarks in that connection, very accurately, that, among the miners "La justice favorise généralement les Américains aux dépens des étrangers." On page 106, the author recounts from hearsay another quarrel at this time over a river-bed claim, "sur le Stanislaus-river," where his countrymen were violently dispossessed. This may be the Mariposa case misplaced.

⁵⁷ Borthwick, *op. cit.*, p. 369, cited also by Mr. Shinn, in the *Mining Camps*, p. 155, contrasts finely the organizing power of the American miners with the gregarious habits of the seldom organized French miners, and makes the fact illustrate national peculiarities.

whole force of the camp to protect certain Chinamen in their rights as miners.⁵⁸ This camp, Shaw tells us, was inhabited mainly by miners from the northern States of the Union, and where the influence of such was paramount it may have been, in general, a somewhat more tolerant influence. Yet, once for all, our American intolerance towards the unassimilable foreigner is not a sectional peculiarity, however often it may appear somewhat more prominently in one section of our land than in another. And the northern mines show us numerous cases of it. "Shirley's" experiences, we remember, were in the northern mines. It was in the same mines, and in the same summer of 1852, that miners' meetings at Bidwell's Bar, at Foster's Bar, at Rough and Ready, and elsewhere, passed resolutions excluding foreigners.⁵⁹ This shows how the same vain and demoralizing undertakings were still believed in at the north that had been so disastrous at the south. And one sees in another form how little reliance can be placed upon the impression that the baseness of the foreigners in California was to blame for the chief troubles of the struggle for order in the mines. But, as a crowning illustration of the position of the northern miners in this matter, the fact remains that in Downieville, far up in the northern mines, was committed in the summer of 1851 the most outrageous act of lynch law in all the pioneer annals, the entirely unnecessary hanging of a woman, whose death, under the circumstances, was plainly due, not merely to her known guilt, but quite as much to the fact that she was not an American. And the deed was not only done but defended by American miners.

⁵⁸ Pringle Shaw, *Ramblings in California* (Toronto, James Bain; date of publication not given, but apparently not far from 1858), p. 72, *sqq.* An American miner sold his claim to Chinamen, who were dispossessed by three "gaunt long-haired fellows" from Arkansas. Shaw was himself the recorder of claims in the district, appointed to his office by the miners' meeting. The Chinamen complained to him, he remonstrated with the "jumpers," and was insulted and threatened by them. He then called out the force of the camp, about one hundred men, who marched in military order to the disputed claim, under arms, and gave solemn warning to the Arkansas trio to leave it in five minutes. The order was obeyed.

⁵⁹ Steamer *Alta* for May 31 and June 15, 1852. In the meeting at Bidwell's Bar, the miners expressed great indignation at "all merchants and shipping agents engaged in transporting 'a countless number of villains from all parts of the world to California.'" So the *Alta* (steamer edition of June 15) expresses their view, partly in their own words.

IX *The Downieville Lynching of July 5, 1851*

Very obvious considerations lead civilized men, in times of social disturbance even more than in times of peace and good order, to be lenient to the public offenses of women. A man who gravely transgresses against order is necessarily viewed first of all as transgressor, and only in the second place do his fellows remember that considerations of mercy, of charity, or of his own personal merit, may enter, to qualify the sternness of justice towards him. But a woman, however she transgresses against law and order, is necessarily regarded first of all as a woman, and only in the second place does one remember that even in her case justice must have its place. Therefore all the considerations that may render lynch law a temporary necessity among men in an unsettled community have, obviously, absolutely no application to the few women who may chance to be there. If they become intolerable, a quiet expulsion of them must serve, until such a time as the community, having made up its mind to behave sensibly, has provided prisons to confine them.

However, the people of Downieville, in July, 1851, were once led to think differently. The incident has been frequently mentioned in books and essays about the early times, and has often been regarded with horror, and often, also, explained and even defended, as a necessity of the moment. Garbled accounts of it are found, sometimes, in the later pioneer reminiscences.⁶⁰ Of the newspapers of the time that I have been able to use, but one, so far as I know, has an extended account of the affair coming directly from an eye-witness. This paper is the "Daily Pacific Star," of San Francisco, whose version, I believe, has never yet been employed for historical purposes. I had the good fortune to come upon this version while consulting a partial file of the paper in the Mercantile Library in San Francisco, and upon it I have here largely depended. Other newspaper reports, such as the "Alta" account, or that in the "Sacramento Transcript," I have seen; but they are brief and unsatisfactory. On the whole it is plain that the newspapers, even in those plain-spoken days of early California,

⁶⁰ See, for example, the otherwise generally inaccurate essay of Mr. H. Robinson, on "Pioneer Times in California," in the *Overland Monthly* for 1872, vol. viii. p. 457. See, also, Borthwick's unconsciously unfair version, from hearsay, *op. cit.*, p. 222.

were disposed to hush the matter up as soon as possible. One of the editors of the "Star" happened to be in Downieville at the time; hence this particular report in the "Star" for July 19, 1851.

On the night of July 4, one Cannan, apparently an American,⁶¹ was walking home with some friends, in a state of mind and body appropriate to the occasion, when they passed near the house where, as they well knew, there lived, together with her Spanish paramour a young woman of Spanish-American race. She was, it would seem, a person whose associates were mostly gamblers; just how irregular her life was does not appear, save from this one item about her paramour. To judge by what is stated, she may therefore have been of at least pretended fidelity to him. All accounts make her a woman of considerable beauty, of some intelligence and vivacity, and of a still quite youthful appearance; and she seems to have been a person not at all despised in the camp. At this moment her house was dark, and the occupants were sleeping. But Cannan, in passing by, stumbled and fell, as his companions say, against the door of her house; and the light, rude door giving way, he fell half inside. One of his companions pulled him back, saying: "Come out; hush up; there's a woman in that house," or some such words. As Cannan rose, he had, in a drunken whim, picked up something from the floor, just inside the house door—a scarf or some like article; and his companions with difficulty got it away from him to throw it back. Then they all found their probably devious way homewards.

Next morning Cannan, with one of the same companions, passed by the house, and announced to his companion his purpose to apologize to the woman for having made the disturbance of the night before. Cannan could speak Spanish, which his companion did not understand, so that we have, in this respect, no competent witness surviving the following scene. At all events, as Cannan's companion testifies, the companion of the woman met them at the door as they approached, and seemed angry with Cannan, and was understood to threaten him. A moment later, the woman herself appeared, and spoke yet more angrily. Cannan continued the conversation in what seemed to his companion a conciliatory tone; the woman,

⁶¹ If Mr. Robinson, in the essay cited, can be viewed as trustworthy, he was a man of good position among the miners, and member of an influential order.

however, grew constantly more excited at his words, whatever they were, and ere long drew a knife, rushed quickly upon him, and stabbed him to death at a stroke. Whether Cannan really gave any momentary provocation by violent and insulting language addressed to the woman, this American witness is of course unable to testify. Both the woman herself and her paramour afterwards asserted that he did, and that it was his abuse, used in the course of the quarrel, which drove her to the act, in an outburst of fury.

The deed was quickly known throughout the town, and the citizens at once organized a popular court, in the ordinary lynchers' form, with an elected judge and a jury. The woman and her paramour were brought before the court, the crowd feeling and showing meanwhile very great excitement. Some shouted, "*Hang them,*" others "*Give them a trial.*" Our eye-witness heard a number also shout, "*Give them a fair trial and then hang them,*" a compromise which seems perfectly to have expressed the Great American Mind, as represented by these particular townspeople. A gentleman present, named Thayer, protested indeed openly, during the excitement, against this popular violence, but he was ordered by the crowd "to consult his own safety and desist." The trial began in the presence of the impatient crowd. The disturbance of the previous night was recounted; Cannan's friends insisting that there was no intention on their part to trouble the woman; and that what happened was due to a drunken accident and a frail door. The murder was described by Cannan's companion, and the two accused, being called upon, both gave, as the woman's sole justification, her rage at Cannan's midnight disturbance, and at his abuse. The man had evidently had no part in the murder, which was the work of the instant.

Then followed, it would seem, a recess in the trial, and thereafter a little more testimony for the defense. A physician, Dr. Aiken, was called by the woman, and gave it as his opinion that she was with child in the third month. The doctor made, as the editor tells us, a very unfavorable impression on the people. The only reason given for this unfavorable impression is "that he seemed desirous, so it was thought, to save the prisoner." Never before this in California, and never since, so far as I know, has Judge Lynch been called upon to deal with the delicate question now presented to this court. The Great American Mind suggested, under the circumstances, a consultation of physicians, and another

physician was called, who, with Dr. Aiken, retired into a house, taking the prisoner. The Great American Mind itself, meanwhile, grew intensely excited outside the frail structure in which the consultation was taking place; and this mind induced the crowd who represented it to threaten fiercely, and in no whispers, the offending Dr. Aiken, and to fill the air with shouts of "*Hang her.*" The result whereof was that at this very orderly and decent consultation of scientific experts, while Dr. Aiken seems not to have been convinced of his error, the consulting physician kept his own and his fellow's skin safe by announcing what we may hope to have been a sincere, and even by chance a well-founded, opinion, that differed altogether from Dr. Aiken's. Hereupon the jury soon quieted the tumult of the Great American Mind by declaring their verdict of guilty against the woman, and by themselves passing sentence of death upon her, while they acquitted the man. As it is an old trick of hypocritical flatterers of public opinion in this land to attribute all outrages and riots to our foreign fellow-residents, we do only justice if we remark that the names of the jurymen at this trial are given, and are as native to our language as are the names of Bunyan's jurymen at the trial of Faithful. In this instance, then, they are such names as Burr, Reed, Woodruff, and the like.

One who fancies that the fair prisoner was overwhelmed with abject terror all this while does not know her race. That same afternoon she was to suffer, and, when the time came, she walked out very quietly and amiably, with hair neatly braided, stepped up to the improvised gallows, and made a short speech, in which she bade them all a cheerful farewell, and said that she had no defense for her crime, save that she had been made very angry by Cannan, and would surely do the same thing again if she were to be spared, and were again to be as much insulted by anybody. Then she adjusted her own noose, and cheerfully passed away.

This account, in so far as it is due to the "Star" editor, is not the account of an enemy of the Downieville people, or of an angry spectator. The "Star" says, editorially, that it cannot very heartily approve of this hasty lynching of a woman, but that it expects the moral effect of the act to be on the whole good. Downieville had been much troubled with bad characters, and a necessity existed for some action. "We witnessed the trial, and feel convinced that the actors desired to do right." They had in fact themselves so-

lited this publication. One is reminded, as one reads, of the saying attributed to "Boss" Tweed, in his last moments. "*He had tried,*" he declared, "*to do right, but he had had bad luck.*" The people of Downieville obviously had bad luck.

X *The Attainment of Order*

Yet, after all, the effect of these outbursts of popular fury was indirectly good, although not in the way that many pioneers like to dwell upon. The good effect lay in the very horror begotten by the popular demoralization that all this violence tended to produce. While a part of the community was debased by all these doings, and was given over to a false and brutal confidence in mob law, a confidence that many individual men have never since lost, the better part of every such mining community learned, from all this disorder, the sad lesson that their stay in California was to be long, their social responsibility great, and their duty to devote time and money to rational work as citizens unavoidable. They saw the fearful effects of their own irresponsible freedom. They began to form town governments of a more stable sort, to condemn rather than to excuse mob violence, to regard the free and adventurous prospecting life, if pursued on a grand scale, as a dangerous and generally profitless waste of the community's energies, to prefer thereto steady work in great mining enterprises, and in every way to insist upon order. The coming of women, the growth of families, the formation of church organizations, the building of school-houses, the establishment of local interests of all sorts, saved the wiser communities from the horrors of lynch law. The romantic degradation of the early mining life, with its transient glory, its fatal fascination, its inevitable brutality, and its resulting loathsome corruption, gave place to the commonplace industries of the later mining days. The quartz mines and the deep placers were in time developed, vast amounts of capital came to be invested in the whole mining industry, and in a few years (by 1858, for instance) many mining towns were almost as conservative as much older manufacturing towns have been in other States. For all this result, lynch law in the mines, after 1850, was responsible *only* in so far as it excited in the minds of sensible men a horror of its own disorderly atrocities. Save in the newest camps, and in those most remote from regular courts, one can say almost uni-

versally that, in so far as the lynch law had been orderly, it had been at best the symptom and outcome of a treasonable popular carelessness, while, in so far as it had been disorderly, it had been brutal and demoralizing, and in itself an unmixed evil. Almost everywhere, moreover, as we have seen, it was not an externally produced necessity, forced from without upon the community by the violence of invading criminals; but it was the symptom of an inner social disease. For this disease the honest men themselves were the ones most responsible, since they were best able to understand their duty. The lesson of the whole matter is as simple and plain as it is persistently denied by a romantic pioneer vanity; and our true pride, as we look back to those days of sturdy and sinful life, must be, not that the pioneers could so successfully show by their popular justice their undoubted instinctive skill in self-government,—although indeed, despite all their sins, they showed such a skill also; but that the moral elasticity of our people is so great, their social vitality so marvelous, that a community of Americans could sin as fearfully as, in the early years, the mining community did sin, and could yet live to purify itself within so short a time, not by a revolution, but by a simple progress from social foolishness to social steadfastness. Even thus a great river, for an hour defiled by some corrupting disturbance, purifies itself, merely through its own flow, over its sandy bed, beneath the wide and sunny heavens.

3

An Episode of Early California Life: The Squatter Riot of 1850 in Sacramento

Preliminary Note

The following paper was first prepared as a contribution to local history, and was addressed to an audience familiar with the traditions of the early days of California. The text still retains forms of speech due to this origin. The author here often speaks as a Californian to his fellows, refers freely to local issues, and presupposes an interest in a special region and group of people.

Yet if the affair here in question is one of local history, the passions, the social forces, and the essential ideas concerned, are of permanent significance. How often, even in some of our latest American conflicts, at Homestead, at Chicago, or at Hazletown, can we not recognize the same essential motives that were at work in the affair here described? A lofty and abstract idealism, such as, despite the opinions of foreigners, is a permanent and potent force in our American life, appears, then, in this little story, as coming into contact with a very concrete problem of social existence—a

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problem about land ownership, about the rights and privileges of poor men, and about the good order of a new community. The Transcendentalist—a being who is, in one form, a characteristic American—imagines himself called upon to lead his fellows in a struggle for property and for bread. The Idealist gets into conflict with the sheriff; the Higher Law has to face the processes of the courts; a company of homeless wanderers have to solve, in a moment, a critical problem of civilization. The philosopher (who is here also a man of the people) pretends, for the passing hour, to be, by popular choice, the king; and a crowd of men, who know not precisely what they mean, are forced to decide whether or no to follow this new king. Such incidents may well be studied in miniature as on a grand scale. They may seem petty, local, transient, accidental, but their meaning is permanent, and they will recur, over and over, and perhaps on a constantly grander and grander scale, as long as our national history lasts. In miniature we have then, in this case, a process of universal meaning.

As an example of the way in which the solution of the most practical problems of the daily life of a community may involve the ultimate issues of an idealistic philosophy, the present Study of Good and Evil seems to me to have its place in this volume. And I have deliberately left its locally determined form essentially unchanged.

The most general outlines of early Californian history are very commonly known, and may here be, for the most part, presupposed. California, acquired by the United States during the Mexican War, had long been under the irregular government characteristic of a remote and sparsely settled Spanish-American province. Land ownership, at the time of our conquest of the country, was legally founded upon Grants, which the various governments of the province had, from time to time, made to settlers. These "Spanish Grants," frequently in the region near the coast, both in the central and in the southern parts of California, did not extend (except in a single instance), into the mountain regions where, in 1848 and later, the great gold discoveries were made. On the other hand, the portions of California nearer the coast, where the large towns soon grew up, and where the commercial interests of the new State, during the gold period, were principally centered, were especially affected by the controversies which soon began concerning the validity of the land-titles of Mexican origin. By the

treaty of 1848, between Mexico and the United States, the general validity of all such titles was guaranteed. On the other hand, the precise definition of individual titles was often doubtful; their authenticity could easily be questioned by unsympathetic strangers, unused to the simple provincial ways of a Spanish-American community; and the rude surveys through which, in some cases, their supposed boundaries had been determined, had sometimes been carried out in a most primitive fashion. Such titles needed a very considerate treatment, if they were to be recognized at all.

But the American newcomers were, in a goodly proportion of cases, men from the regions of our Middle West, where land ownership had very generally been determined either directly by settlement, or through conformity to easily comprehensible general laws. The Oregon wilderness, from which some of the newcomers came to California, was similarly the natural paradise of the "squatter." In consequence, the settlers in California were ill-prepared to be patient with the Californian laws, and with mysterious sources of land ownership. To add to the confusion of men's ideas, the lands of the gold region were, in general, actually free to all; for they were, on the whole, untouched by the Grants. They were therefore now public lands of the United States. The National Government refused, for years, to part with the title, or to survey the gold-producing lands, and thus left the whole question of the practical ownership of claims to be determined, so far as mining was concerned, by the local "Miners' Custom" of each district. The result was, for California miners, a system of temporary land ownership, determined by the actual occupancy and use of the land itself, the limits of such occupancy being subject to local regulation by miners' meetings. The contrast between this simple and practical system of the mining districts, and the complex and mysterious problems of land ownership in the large commercial towns and in the coast regions, was especially vexatious for those who, in the course of their business, needed land in the portion of the State covered by the Grants, and who could not get such land by the process with which the mining life, as well as the customs common to all squatters, had familiarized them.

Social unrest and discontent immediately resulted. The remoter consequences, however, have been very far-reaching. The agrarian theories of Mr. Henry George (to mention one instance only) form a striking example of the later outcome, in certain minds, of

this early Californian experience. The ideal of land ownership which Mr. George defends is simply the ideal suggested by the miners' methods in the gold districts of California. The ideal which he combats is the ideal of whose difficulties the weary history of the early litigation over the "Spanish Grants" in California was a peculiarly tragic example.

The present paper, in dealing with a single incident of the early struggle, is led to study, however, not so much the special problem as to the best form of land ownership, as the still more universal question of the conflict between abstract ideas and social authority, at a moment when the order of a new society, and the eternal conflict between the private and the universal *Selves*, had to be settled, for the time, by men of energy, of idealistic temper, and of very fallible intelligence, just as we to-day have, as men and as citizens, to solve our own analogous problems.

That the issues of the passing moment are also the issues of metaphysics, and that the eternal problems are met with in the midst of the temporal, is the familiar lesson for the sake of which I have ventured to introduce this paper into the present series.

So much by way of preliminary. Now follows the original discussion.

A prominent California pioneer, Doctor Stillman, published in the *Overland Monthly* for November, 1873, as one of the chapters of his since well-known book called *Seeking the Golden Fleece*, a contemporary record of his experiences at the time of the Squatter Riot of 1850 in Sacramento. In a note to this valuable reminiscence, Doctor Stillman remarked that no detailed account of the remarkable affair had ever been printed. So far as I know, the same thing can still truthfully be said. But the scenes of violence themselves form but a small part of the real story of the movement; and I shall venture in the following to try to present a somewhat connected account of the events that preceded the riot and that culminated therein. I draw my materials principally from the contemporary files of the *Placer Times* and the *Sacramento Transcript*; but I shall also seek to accomplish what has certainly so far been neglected—viz., to indicate the true historical significance of this little episode in our pioneer annals. For, as I think, the importance of the conflict was greater than even the combatants themselves knew; and most of us are not in a fair way to comprehend

the facts, unless we remind ourselves of a good many long since forgotten details of the narrative.

I

And now to begin the story with the moral, let us try to understand at once why this episode should seem of a certain more general significance. That a few lives should be lost in a squabble about land, is indeed a small thing in the history of a State that has seen so many land quarrels as California. The Squatter Riot of 1850 was but a preliminary skirmish, if one will judge it by the number of killed and wounded, while the history of settler difficulties in the whole State, during the thirty-five years since, seems, by comparison of number, a long battle, with killed and wounded who would need to be counted, not by fives, but by hundreds.

Not, however, for the number of lives lost, but for the importance of just that crisis at that moment, must we consider the Squatter Riot noteworthy. Just as the death of James King, of William, by leading to the formation of the famous Vigilance Committee of 1856, happened to seem of more importance to the California community than the death of ninety-and-nine just miners and other private persons, who were waylaid or shot in quarrels; just as that death had many times the historical significance that it would have had if King had been slain under the most atrocious circumstances a few months earlier; even so the Squatter Riot in Sacramento is significant, not because bloodshed was unknown elsewhere in California land quarrels, but because nowhere else did any single land quarrel come so near to involving an organized effort to get rid, once for all, of the Spanish titles as evidences of property in land. Elsewhere and later, men followed legal methods, or else stood nearly alone in their fight. Men regarded some one title as fraudulent, and opposed it; or frankly avowed their private hatred of all Mexican land titles, but were comparatively isolated in their methods of legal or illegal resistance to the enforcement of the vested rights; or they were led into lengthy and often murderous quarrels by almost hopelessly involved problems of title, such as so long worried all men alike in San Francisco. Elsewhere than in Sacramento men thus tried, in dealing with numerous questions of detail, to resist the enforcement of individual claims under Mexican titles; but in Sacramento

in 1850 the popular opposition was deeper, and its chances of a sweeping success were for a moment far greater.

In form, to be sure, even the Sacramento squatters, like so many successors, pretended to be doubtful of the legal validity of Sutter's "Alvarado grant," and to believe that, if it were valid, the grant still did not cover Sacramento. But this pretense was here a very thin veil for an undertaking that was in its spirit and methods distinctly revolutionary. The squatters of that time and place were well led, and they meant to do, and contemporary friends and foes knew that they meant to do, what would have amounted to a deliberate abrogation by popular sovereignty, of Mexican grants as such. Had they been successful, a period of anarchy as to land property would probably have followed far worse in its consequences than that lamentable legalized anarchy that actually did for years darken the land interests of our State, under the Land-Law of 1851. Bad as that enactment proved, the squatter doctrine, as preached in 1850, came near proving far worse. To investigate how the people of Sacramento showed their weakness in letting this crisis come on as it did, and their strength in passing it when it at last had come on, is to my mind, in view of the dangers of that and of all times, a most helpful exercise in social science; since it is such investigations that enable us to distinguish the good from the evil tendencies of the popular mind, and to feel the difference between healthy and diseased states of social activity. I want, in short, to make this essay a study of the social forces concerned in early California land difficulties.

Captain Augustus Sutter, the famous Swiss pioneer, whose name is closely connected with the gold discoveries of 1848, owned at the time of the conquest, and, in fact, since 1841, eleven leagues under a grant from the former Californian Governor, Alvarado. Moreover, as is again notorious, Sutter supposed himself to own much more than this grant by virtue of promises made to him by Governor Micheltorena, in 1845. In the latter supposition Sutter made a serious blunder, as was pointed out to him in 1858, by the United States Supreme Court. Micheltorena had made to him no valid grant whatever. In 1848, as soon as the gold seekers began to come, Sutter began to lose his wits. One of the pioneer statements in Mr. H. H. Bancroft's historical collection says rather severely that the distinguished captain thenceforth signed "any paper that was brought to him." At all events, he behaved in as

unbusinesslike a fashion as could well be expected, and the result was that when his affairs came in later years to more complete settlement, it was found that he had deeded away, not merely more land than he actually owned, but if I mistake not, more land than even he himself had supposed himself to own. All this led not only himself into embarrassment, but other people with him; and to arrange with justice the final survey of his Alvarado grant proved in later years one of the most perplexing problems of the United States District and Supreme Courts.

One part of his land, however, seemed from the first clearly and indisputably his own, to deed away as he might choose. That was the land about his own "establishment at New Helvetia." Here he had built his fort, commanded his laborers, received his guests, and raised his crops; and here the newcomers of the golden days found him, the reputed possessor of the soil. That he owned this land was, in fact, by this time, a matter, so to speak, of world-wide notoriety. For the young Frémont's "Report," which, in various shapes and editions, had years before become so popular a book, and which the gold-fever made more popular than ever, had distinctly described Sutter as the notorious and indisputable owner of this tract of land in 1844. If occupancy without any rival for a term of years could make the matter clear to a newcomer, Sutter's title to his "establishment" seemed beyond shadow. Moreover, the title papers of the Alvarado grant were on record. Governor Alvarado's authority to grant eleven leagues to Sutter was indubitable, and none the less clear seemed the wording of the grant, when it gave certain outer boundaries within which the tract granted was to be sought, and then defined the grant so as to include the "establishment at New Helvetia." Surely, one would say, no newcomer could attack Sutter's right, save by means of some purely agrarian contention. A settler might demand that all occupied land in California should be free to every settler, and that Mexican land-ownership should be once for all done away with. But unless a man did this, what could he say against Sutter's title to New Helvetia?

And so, when the town of Sacramento began to grow up, the people who wanted lots assented at the outset to Sutter's claims, and recognized his title. That they paid him in all cases a perfectly fair equivalent for his land, I venture not to say. But from him they got their titles, and under his Alvarado grant they held the

lands on which the town grew up. Land-holders under Sutter they were who organized the town government, and their speculation was soon profitable enough to make them quite anxious to keep the rights that Sutter had sold them. The question, however, quickly arose, whether the flood of the new immigration would regard a Spanish land-title as a sufficient barrier, at which its proud waves must be stayed. The first safety of the Sutter-title men lay in the fact that the mass of the newcomers were gold-seekers, and that, since Sacramento was not built on a placer mine, these gold-seekers were not interested in despoiling its owners. But this safeguard could not prove sufficient very long. The value of land in the vicinity of a thriving town must soon attract men of small capital and Californian ambitions from the hard work of the placers; and the rainy season would, at all events, soon crowd the town with discontented idlers.

Moreover, the whole question of California land-titles was a critical one for this new community. The Anglo-Saxon is, as we so often hear, very land-hungry. Many of the newcomers were accustomed to the almost boundless freedom of Western squatters; the right to squat on vacant land had come to seem to them traditional and inalienable; they would probably have expected to find it, with a little search, somewhere in the Declaration of Independence, or among the guarantees of the Constitution. Among these men some of the more influential pioneers were strongly under the influence of the Oregon tradition. In Oregon, squatter sovereignty, free and untrammelled, had been settling the land question of a newly occupied wilderness most happily. The temptation to apply these methods to California was very strong; in fact, during the *interregnum* after the conquest of the Territory of California, and before the golden days began, the discontented American settlers of the Sacramento Valley and of the Sonoma region had freely talked about the vexations caused by these Mexican land-titles, and had even then begun to propose methods of settling their own troubles. The methods in question would ultimately have plunged everybody into far worse troubles.

The dangerous and blind Americanism of some among these people is well shown by discussions in the California Star for 1847 and 1848, a paper which I have been able to consult in Mr. H. H. Bancroft's file. There is, for instance, a frequent correspondent of the Star in those days, who signs himself "Paisano." Although I

have nobody's authority for his identity, I am sure, from plain internal evidence, that he is L. W. Hastings, then a very well-known emigrant leader, and the author of a descriptive guide to California and Oregon. Hastings was a very bigoted American, at least in his early days on the Pacific coast, and his book had filled many pages with absurd abuse of native Californian people and institutions. Such a man was, just then, an unsafe popular leader, although he was a lawyer by profession, and later did good service in the Constitutional Convention of 1849. In discussing land-titles, in these letters to the Star, "Paisano" plainly shows the cloven foot. Let us insist upon a Territorial Legislature at once, he says, in effect; let us set aside this nuisance of military government by its own consent if possible, and let us pass laws to settle forthwith these land difficulties. All these "Paisano" cloaks under an appeal to the military government to call such a Legislature. But the real purpose is plain. The Legislature, if then called, would certainly have been under the influence of the squatter-sovereignty tradition of Oregon, since its leaders—e. g., Hastings himself—would have been, in many cases, Oregon men. It would, at all events, have been under purely American influence; it would have despised the natives, who, in their turn, fresh from the losses and griefs of the conquest, would have suspected its motives, would have been unable to understand its Anglo-Saxon methods, and would have left it to its work of treating them unfairly. Unjust land laws would have been passed, infringements on vested rights would have been inevitable, and in after time appeals to the United States authority, together with the coming of the new immigration, would have involved all in a fearful chaos, which we may shudder to contemplate even in fancy. Yet "Paisano" did not stand alone among the pioneers of the *interregnum* in his desires and in his plans. That such plans made no appearance in the Constitutional Convention of 1849 is due to the wholly changed situation of the moment, and to the pressing business before the Convention.

But if things appeared thus to the comparatively small group of Americans in the dawn of our life here, even before the gold discovery, how long should this complex spider web of land-titles, wherewith a Californian custom or caprice had covered a great part of the Territory, outlast the trampling of the busy newcomers? Who should resist these strange men? The slowly moving processes of the courts—how could they, in time, check the rapac-

ity of American settlers before the mischief should once for all be done, and the memory of these land-titles buried under an almost universal predatory disregard of them, which would make the recovery of the land by its legal owners too expensive an undertaking to be even thought of? The answer to this question suggests at once how, amid all the injustice of our treatment of Californian land-owners, our whole history has illustrated the enormous vitality of formally lawful ownership in land. Yes, this delicate web, that our strength could seemingly so easily have trampled out of existence at once, became soon an iron net. The more we struggled with it, the more we became involved in its meshes. Infinitely more have we suffered in trying to escape from it, than we should have suffered had we never made a struggle. Infinitely more sorrow and money and blood has it cost us to try to get rid of our old obligations to the Californian land-owners, than it would have cost us to grant them all their original demands, just and unjust, at once. Doubt, insecurity, retarded progress, litigation without end, hatred, destruction of property, expenditure of money, bloodshed: all these have resulted for us from the fact that we tried as much as we did to defraud these Californians of the rights which we guaranteed to them at the moment of the conquest. And in the end, with all our toil, we escaped not from the net, and it binds our land-seekers still. But how all this wonder came about is a long story, indeed, whereof the squatter riot of 1850 forms but a small part.

At all events, however, the critical character of the situation of Californian land-owners at the moment of the coming of the gold-seekers appears plain. That all the rights of the Californians should ultimately be respected was, indeed, in view of our rapacious Anglo-Saxon land-hunger, and of our national bigotry in dealing with Spanish-Americans, impossible. But there were still two courses that our population might take with regard to the land. One would be the just-mentioned simple plan of a universal squatter's conspiracy. Had we agreed to disregard the land-titles by a sort of popular fiat, then, ere the courts could be appealed to and the method of settling the land-titles ordained by Congress, the disregard of the claims of the natives might have gone so far in many places as to render any general restitution too expensive a luxury to be profitable. This procedure would have been analogous to that fashion of dealing with Indian reservations to which

our honest settlers have frequently resorted. Atrociously wicked as such a conspiracy would have been, we ourselves, as has been suggested above, should have been in the long-run the greatest sufferers, because the conspiracy could not have been successful enough to preserve us from fearful confusion of titles from litigation and warfare without end. Yet this course, as we shall see, was practically the course proposed by the Sacramento squatters of 1850, and for a time the balance hesitated between the choice of this and of the other course. The other course we actually adopted, and it was indeed the one peculiarly fitted to express just our national meanness and love of good order in one. This was the plan of legal recognition and equally legal spoliation of the Californians; a plan for which, indeed, no one man is responsible, since the coöperation of the community at large was needed, and obtained to make the Land-Act of 1851 an instrument for evil and not for good. The devil's instrument it actually proved to be, by our friendly coöperation, and we have got our full share of the devil's wages of trouble for our ready use of it. But bad as this second course was, it was far better than the first, as in general the meanness and good order of an Anglo-Saxon community of money-seekers produce better results than the bolder rapacity and less legal brutality of certain other conquering and overbearing races.

This struggle, then, resulting in the triumph of good order over anarchy, we are here to follow in a particular instance. The legalized meanness that was to take the place of open rebellion disappears in the background, as we examine the immediate incidents of the struggle, and we almost forget what was to follow, in our interest in the moment. Let us rejoice as we can in an incident that shows us what, amid all our folly and weakness, is the real strength of our national character, and the real ground for trust in its higher future development.

II

In the winter of 1849–50, that winter of tedium, of rain, of mud, and of flood, the trouble began. The only contemporary record that I know bearing upon this controversy in that time, I did not mention above, because it is so brief and imperfect. Bayard Taylor, then travelling as correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, had

his attention attracted by the meetings of malcontents on the banks of the Sacramento. They were landless men, and they could not see why. These people, Taylor tells us,¹ "were located on the vacant lots which had been surveyed by the original owners of the town, and were by them sold to others. The emigrants, who supposed that the land belonged of right to the United States, boldly declared their intention of retaining possession of it. Each man voted himself a lot, defying the threats and remonstrances of the rightful owners. The town was greatly agitated for a time by these disputes; meetings were held by both parties, and the spirit of hostility ran to high pitch. At the time of my leaving the country, the matter was still unsettled; but the flood which occurred soon after, by sweeping both squatters and speculators off the ground, balanced accounts and left the field clear for a new start."

The papers of the following spring and summer refer a few times to these meetings. Taylor was wrong in supposing that the affair was to be ended in any fashion by the flood. More water does not make an Anglo-Saxon want less land, and this flood of 1850 itself formed a curious part of the squatter's pretended chain of argument a little later, as we shall see. Much more efficacious in temporarily quelling the anger of the landless men was the happy but deceitful beginning of the spring of 1850. Early fair weather sent hundreds to the mines, and put everybody into temporary good humor. Arguments gave place to hopes, and the landless men hunted in the mountains for the gold that Providence had deposited for the sake of filling just their pockets.

The intentions of Providence included, however, some late rains that spring. The streams would not fall, mining was delayed, provisions were exhausted in some of the mining camps, and a good many of the landless men went back to that city where they owned no land, abandoning their destined fortunes in the mountains, and turning their attention afresh to those ever-charming questions about the inalienable rights of men to a jolly time and a bit of land. And then the trouble began to gather in earnest; although, to be sure, in that busy society it occupied a great place in the public attention only by fits and starts. The growth of the evil seems to have been steadier than the popular notion of its character and magnitude. But let us turn for an instant to glance at the general

¹ Bayard Taylor, *Eldorado* (in his Works, Household Edition), chap. xxvi, p. 279.

social condition of the city that was to pass through this trial.

The Sacramento Transcript, in its early numbers in the spring of 1850, well expresses the cheerful side of the whole life of the early days. The New California world is so full of wonders, and the soul of the brave man is so full of youth and hope! Mr. F. C. Ewer, the joint editor with Mr. G. Kenyon Fitch, is a person of just the sort to voice this spirit of audacity, and of delight in life. "The opening of a new paper," he says (in No. 1 of the Transcript, April 1, 1850, *absit omen*), "is like the planting of a tree. The hopes of many hearts cluster around it. . . . In the covert of its leaves all pure principles and high aims should find a home." As for the city, he tells us in the same issue, everything is looking well for its future. The weather is becoming settled, business activity is increasing, substantial buildings are springing up, health "reigns in our midst." The news from the mines is good. There is Murderers' Bar, for instance. Late reports make "its richness truly surprising"; two ounces per day's work of a man for from one hundred to one hundred and fifty workers. To be sure, however, there has been a great rise in the water, and a large portion of those holding leads have been obliged to suspend operations. But all that is a matter of time. When one turns from the contemplation of the mines to the contemplation of the general condition of the country at large, one is struck with awe; for then one has to reflect on what the great American mind has already done. "Never has a country been more orderly, never has property been held more inviolable, or life more sacred, than in California for the last twelve or fourteen months."—(Editorial, April 20.) "Is it strange, then, that this feeling of self-reliance should be so strong and broadcast in the land? With a country so rich in resources—so blest in a people to manage it—the future destiny of California is one of the sublimest subjects for contemplation that can be presented to the mind."—(*Id.*) All this sublimity is, of course, quite consistent with occasional items about affrays and robberies of a somewhat primitive sort here and there in the sublime country; but such things do not decrease one's rapture. Surely "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," and Mr. Ewer and Mr. Fitch were the generous youth to whom "to be young was heaven."

In such a good humor one finds, of course, time to write glowing accounts of the wondrously good society of Sacramento, of the great ball that those charming belles attended; that ball whose

character was so select that every gentleman had to send in beforehand to the committee his application for tickets for himself and for the fair lady whom he intended to take, and had to buy a separate, presumably non-transferable, ticket for her; the ball, whose brilliancy and high character, when the great evening came, surprised even Mr. Ewer, in this delightful wilderness of the Sacramento Valley. Nor in such a period does one forget the fine arts of music and poetry. One's heaven-favored city is visited by Henri Herz, indubitably the greatest of living pianists, "every lineament" of whose face "marks the genius," and who is therefore comparable in this respect to Daniel Webster, to Keats, to Beethoven, and to Longfellow (see the Transcript of April 20). Herz plays the sublimest of music to an enraptured audience: "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Carnival of Venice," and, greatest of all, his own grand "*Voyage Musicale*," actually a medley of national songs, with passages of his own composition, illustrating the Rhine, the castles, the sunny vales of Bohemia, the Napoleonic wars, a storm at sea, and other similarly obvious and familiar experiences, even on unto his "*California Polka*," wherewith he concludes! It is divine, this artistic experience, and the story of it fills columns of the generous little paper. Furthermore, one writes even sonnets, and having first printed them, one later finds occasion to quote them one's self, since, after all, one's own newspaper is a good place to be quoted in. The intellectual life of Sacramento is thus at the highest point. What shall such a community fear?

As for the Placer Times, that paper, a little later, calls attention to the stability of Sacramento conditions. San Francisco is a restless place, but for Sacramento, the speculative era is past. Solid business, permanent and steady growth, now begin. All this, you must remember, is in the spring of 1850. The whole picture is really an enchanting one; and only a churl could fail to feel a quickened pulse-throb when he reads these generous and innocent outbursts of splendid courage in both the newspapers. Here are energy, high aim, appreciation of every hint at things beautiful and good; here is every element of promise, save any assurance of real steadfastness and wisdom. Are these qualities truly present? For the trial is coming, and by another year these two papers will be as realistic and commonplace as you please. Will their purposes and those of the community gain in wisdom and in tried purity

what they must lose of the bloom and beauty of a childlike delight in novelty?

III

On April 23, 1850, there appears in the Transcript, for the first time, an advertisement that announces as "just published," and now for sale, a "translation of the papers respecting the grant made by Governor Alvarado to 'Mr. Augustus Sutter,' showing that said grant does not extend any further *south* than the mouth of Feather River, and, therefore, of course, does not embrace Sacramento City." This document could be bought for fifty cents. I have never seen the pamphlet itself, which contained some comments that would now have much interest; but the course of its argument, at all events, when taken together, with the other popular squatter talk of the time, is made plain by subsequent discussions in the newspapers. John Sutter, the squatters intend to show, has no claim, save, of course, as squatter himself, to the land on which Sacramento is built. Frémont found him here; but then he was, for all that, just a squatter. For, behold, what becomes of his boasted grant, when you turn a keen American eye upon it? In the first place, it is incomplete, since no evidence is produced that the central Government in Mexico ever sanctioned it. Furthermore, it is informal, if you will insist upon legal technicalities at all. For we will let land speculators have all the law that they want, if it is law that they are talking about. The grant is to "Mr. Augustus Sutter." Is that the Sutter known to us as the great captain? Still more, the grant is within a tract that is to have Feather River for its *eastern* boundary. Is the Feather River east of Sacramento? Yet again, the grant is specially framed to exclude land overflowed in winter. Let the land speculators, who were lately driven off their precious possessions by the flood, read and ponder this provision. Can you float in boats over a grant that is carefully worded to exclude the overflowed tracts near the river? Best of all, however, is the evidence of figures that cannot lie. Sutter's grant is not only too informal and ill-defined, but it is also far too formal and well-defined to afford the speculators any shadow of excuse for their claims. For the latitude of the tract granted is limited by the outside boundaries, recorded in the document. The southern

boundary is, however, expressly stated as latitude $38^{\circ} 41' 32''$. And this parallel is some miles north of the city, crossing the Sacramento River, in fact, not far above its junction with the Feather. This is conclusive. The inalienable rights of man are no longer to be resisted by means of such as a title as this one. The public domain is free to all. And Sacramento is obviously upon the public domain.

Such was the contention for which this pamphlet undertook to state the basis. Many a man has heard the old story repeated in lawsuits, occurring years after that time. Early in the seventies the California Supreme Court Decisions contain a settlement on appeal of a suit in which the appellant, resisting a title in the city of Sacramento derived from the Sutter grant, had managed still, after all State and national decisions, to present as a forlorn hope the old argument about the latitudes. The argument was, of course, at that date promptly rejected; but one watches with interest the reptilian tenacity of its venomous life. The whole case had received, as late as 1864,² the honor of restatement in the records of the United States Supreme Court, by the help of Attorney-General Black, who never missed an opportunity of abusing a Californian Land Grant title. The court, indeed, had failed to recognize the force of the argument.

And yet, even in 1850, this chain of squatter reasoning seems as one reads it to express rather a genuine American humor than any sincere opinion of anybody's. It is so plain that the squatter, annoyed by the show of legal right made by the other side, has determined in a fit of half-amused vexation to give the "speculators" all the law they want "hot and heavy." It is so plain, too, that what he really means is to assert his right to make game of any Mexican title, and to take up land wherever he wants it. For every item of his contention is a mere quibble, which would have been harmless enough, no doubt, in court proceedings, but which at such a moment, when urged with a view to disturbing the public mind of an established community, could easily become a very dangerous incitement to disorder and violence. Every Californian land-title had, of course, to be interpreted with reference to the conditions under which it was given. Substantial rights could not be left at the mercy of quibbles about matters of detail. A *bona*

² United States Reports, 2 Wallace, 575.

fide grant to Sutter, intended to include his "establishment at New Helvetia," could not be ignored because its boundaries were awkwardly described, nor because a surveyor, with poor and primitive instruments, had blundered about the latitude both of the northern and of the southern boundary, after Sutter's petition had described both of them with sufficient clearness, by the natural landmarks. Nobody, for instance, could have pretended that by Sutter's Buttes, the "*Tres Picos*" of the grant, must be meant some imaginary point out in the plains to the north, merely because the surveyor, Vioget, had erred about the latitude of the peaks, so that the grant put them just north of the northern outside boundary, while the line of latitude named for that boundary actually ran north of those familiar landmarks themselves. The *Tres Picos* formed an evidence of the true northern boundary of the tract in question, that was worth far more than Vioget's figures; for the peaks are visible and the lines of latitude are "merely conventional signs," after all. The figures did in fact lie, and Vioget this time, so soon as the trouble had begun, frankly confessed his old error in an affidavit signed by him at San Francisco. There had been a constant error in latitude in his work, he averred, and by the southern boundary in latitude $38^{\circ} 41' 32''$ he had meant "the estimated latitude of a point of land on the east bank of the Sacramento River, on the high ground south of the *lagunas*, below a town now called Sutter and distant about four and one half miles in a southerly direction from Sutter's fort."³ As for the argument about the exclusion of the overflowed lands, that capped the climax of the squatter humor. The flood was, indeed, a land-speculator whom no one could gainsay, and to its writ of ejectment nobody made successful resistance. But then, if one calls his beloved tract of firm land swampland, because a great flood has driven him from it, one is understood to be amusing himself with hard words.

Here, then, was the outer armor in which the squatter doctrine encased itself. Its inner life was a very different thing. "Captain Sutter," said a squatter correspondent of the Placer Times, "settles this question himself, by plainly declaring with his own lips that he *has* no title to this place, but he *hopes* Congress will *give* him one." These words of the correspondent are false on their face, but they

³ Transcript for June 8; see also Placer Times of the same date.

express truthfully enough the spirit of the squatter contention. Sutter "has," indeed, as yet no patent from the United States and he "hopes" that Congress will pass some law that will protect his right to his land. So much is true. But when a squatter interprets Sutter's position as this correspondent does, he plainly means that there are at present no legally valid Mexican land-titles in the country, since Congress, the representative of the conquering power, has so far passed no law confirming those titles. The squatter wants, then, to make out that Mexican land-grants, or at the very least, all in any wise imperfect or informal grants, have in some fashion lapsed with the conquest; and that in a proper legal sense the owners of these grants are no better than squatters themselves, unless Congress shall do what they "*hope*," and shall pass some act to give them back the land that they used to own before the conquest. That the squatters somehow held this strange idea about the grants, is to my mind pretty plain. The big Mexican grant was to them obviously an un-American institution, a creation of a benighted people. What was the good of the conquest, if it did not make our enlightened American ideas paramount in the country? Unless, then, Congress, by some freak, should restore to these rapacious speculators their old benighted legal *status*, they would have no land. Meanwhile, of course, the settlers were to be as well off as the others. So their thoughts ran.

Intelligent men could hold this view only in case they had already deliberately determined that the new coming population, as such, ought to have the chief legal rights in the country. This view was, after all, a very obvious one. Providence, you see, and manifest destiny were understood in those days to be on our side, and absolutely opposed to the base Mexican. To Providence the voyagers on the way to California had appealed at Panama, when they called on General Persifer Smith to make his famous proclamation excluding foreigners from the Californian mines. "Providence," they in effect declared, "has preserved the treasures of those gold-fields all through these years of priestcraft and ignorance in California, for us Americans. Let the Government protect us now."⁴ Providence is known to be opposed to every form of oppression; and grabbing eleven leagues of land is a great oppression. And so the worthlessness of Mexican land-titles is evident.

⁴ See the *Panama Star*, in the early part of 1849.

Of course the squatters would have disclaimed very generally so naked a statement as this of their position. But when we read in one squatter's card⁵ that "surely Sutter's grant does not entitle to a monopoly of all the lands in California, which were purchased by the treasure of the whole nation, and by no small amount of the best blood that ever coursed or ran through American veins," the same writer's formal assurance that Sutter ought to have his eleven leagues whenever they can be found and duly surveyed, cannot blind us to the true spirit of the argument. What has this "best blood" to do with the Sutter grant? The connection in the writer's mind is only too obvious. He means that the "best blood" won for us a right to harass great land-owners. In another of these expressions of squatter opinion I have found the assertion that the land-speculators stand on a supposed old Mexican legal right of such as themselves to take up the whole territory of California, in sections of eleven leagues each, by some sort of Mexican preëmption. If a squatter persists in understanding the land-owner's position in this way, his contempt for it is as natural as his wilful determination to make game of all native Californian claims is obvious.

But possibly the squatters would not have shown, and in fact would not have developed, their doctrine as fully as they in the end did, had not events hastened on a crisis. With mere argument no squatter was content. He was a squatter, not because he theoretically assailed Sutter's title, but because he actually squatted on land that belonged to somebody else. In order to do this successfully, the squatters combined into a "Settler's Association." They employed a surveyor and issued to their members "squatter-titles," which were simply receipts given by the surveyor, who was also recorder of the Association, each certifying that A. B. had paid the regular fee for the mapping out of a certain vacant lot of land, 40 × 160, within the limits of the town of Sacramento. The receipts have the motto, "The public domain is free to all."⁶ The Association announced its readiness to insist, by its combined force, upon the rights of its members.

A member, who has already been quoted, wrote to the Placer Times, that "with the Sutter men there has been and is now money and power, and some of them are improving every opportunity to

⁵ Transcript, June 21, 1850.

⁶ Placer Times, June 7th.

trouble and oppress the *peaceable, hard-working, order-loving*, and law-abiding settler, which, in the absence of the mass of the people in the mines, they do with comparative impunity." The italics are his own. The letter concluded with an assurance that the settlers were organized to maintain what "country, nature, and God" had given to them. The mention of the "absence of the people in the mines" is very characteristic of the purposes of the squatters; and the reference to "country, nature, and God" illustrates once more the spirit of the movement.

As for this "absence of the people," the squatters plainly hoped for much in the way of actual aid from the mining population, whenever it should return for another rainy season. That system of land-tenure which was so healthful in the mining districts, was not just the best school for teaching a proper respect in the presence of Mexican land grants. Colonel Frémont's later experience in the matter of the Mariposa grant proved that clearly enough. And not only the miners, but also the newly arriving emigrants, were expected to help the squatter interest, and to overwhelm the speculators. In an editorial on squatterism the Placer Times⁷ expressed not ill-founded fears, as follows: "Reckless of all principle," it said, the squatters "have determined to risk all hopes upon the chances of an immediate and combined effort, as upon the hazard of a die." "They hope," the editorial continued, "to overcome all resistance for the moment, and to get the land. Then they will have a colorable show of title; surveys and associated action of other sorts will make the thing look formal; and there will be the law's delay. Then the immigration of strangers from the plains will come in with the autumn, undisciplined by our system, untutored by our customs, ignorant of our laws, and wholly actuated by a desire for rapid and enlarged accumulation." These will finish the mischief. "Through their thronging ranks the apostles of squatterism" will "penetrate far and wide, disseminating radical and subversive doctrines, and contending for an indiscriminate ownership of property by the whole people, qualified only by a right of possession in the actual possessor." The editor, of course, considered a conflict imminent when he wrote these words. And what makes me think his notion of the significance of the squatter movement correct, is, in addition to what has been mentioned above, the fact that the squatters continued to assert their claims

⁷ Weekly edition, June 29th.

more and more violently and publicly from this time till the end, but never took any pains to allay the very natural alarm that they had thus aroused as to their intentions. The movement was plainly an agrarian and ultra-American movement, opposed to all great land owners, and especially to all these Mexican grantees.⁸

The appeal quoted above, to "nature, country, and God," is also, as I have said, characteristic of the spirit of the movement. The writer of the letter in question is very probably no other than the distinguished squatter-leader, Doctor Charles Robinson himself, a man to whom the movement seems to have owed nearly all its ability. And when we speak of Doctor Robinson, we have to do with no insignificant demagogue or unprincipled advocate of wickedness, but with a high-minded and conscientious man, who chanced just then to be in the devil's service, but who served the devil honestly, thoughtfully, and, so far as he could, dutifully, believing him to be an angel of light. This future Free-Soil Governor of Kansas, this cautious, clear-headed, and vigorous anti-slavery champion of the troubrous days before the war, who has since survived so many bitter quarrels with old foes and old friends, to enjoy, now at last, his peaceful age at his home in Lawrence, Kansas, is not a man of whom one may speak with contempt, however serious his error in Sacramento may seem. He was a proper hero for this tragic comedy, and "nature, country, and God" were his guiding ideals. Only one must understand the character that these slightly vague ideals seem to have assumed in his mind. He was a newcomer of 1849, and hailed from Fitchburg, Massachusetts. He was a college graduate, had studied medicine, had afterwards rebelled against the technicalities of the code of his local association, and had become an independent practitioner. His friends and interests, as his whole subsequent career showed, were with the party of the cultivated New England Radicals of that day. And these cultivated Radicals of the anti-slavery generation, and especially of Massachusetts, were a type in which an impartial posterity will take a huge delight; for they combined so characteristically shrewdness, insight, devoutness, vanity, idealism, and self-worship. To speak of them, of course, in the rough, and as a

⁸ One of the Tribune squatter correspondents (see Tribune for October 8, 1850) says, after the crisis, that, owing to the crowd in California, people are much in one another's way; but, he adds, "of necessity the rights of the *majority* are most worthy of respect, and ought to be maintained." This is the old story of robbers.

mass, not distinguishing the leaders from the rank and file, nor blaspheming the greater names, they were usually believers in quite abstract ideals; men who knew how to meet God "in the bush" whenever they wanted, and so avoided him in the mart and in the crowded street; men who had "dwelt cheek by jowl, since the day" they were "born, with the Infinite Soul," and whose relations with him were like those of any man with his own private property. This Infinite that they worshipped was, however, in his relations to the rest of the world, too often rather abstract, a *Deus absconditus*, who was as remote from the imperfections and absurdities of the individual laws and processes of human society, as he was near to the hearts of his chosen worshippers. From him they got a so-called Higher Law. As it was ideal, and, like its author, very abstract, it was far above the erring laws of men, and it therefore relieved its obedient servants from all entangling earthly allegiances. If the constitution upon which our sinful national existence depended, and upon which our only hope of better things also depended, was contradicted by this Higher Law, then the constitution was a "league with hell," and anybody could set up for himself, and he and the Infinite might carry on a government of their own.

These Radicals were, indeed, of the greatest value to our country. To a wicked and corrupt generation they preached the gospel of a pure idealism fervently and effectively. If our generation does not produce just such men, it is because the best men of our time have learned from them, and have absorbed their fervent and lofty idealism into a less abstract and a yet purer doctrine. The true notion, as we all, of course, have heard, is, that there is an ideal of personal and social perfection far above our natural sinful ways, and indeed revealed to us by the agencies of spiritual life, and not by baser wordly means, but not on that account to be found or served by separating ourselves, or our lives, or our private judgments, from the social order, nor by rebelling against this whole frame of human error and excellence. This divine ideal is partly and haltingly realized in just these erring social laws—for instance, in the land laws of California—and we have to struggle in and for the actual social order, and cannot hope to reach the divine by sulking in the bush, or by crying in the streets about our private and personal Higher Law, nor by worshipping any mere abstraction. That patient loyalty to the actual social order is the

great reformer's first duty; that a service of just this erring humanity, with its imperfect and yet beautiful system of delicate and highly organized relationships, is the best service that a man can render to the Ideal; that he is the best idealist who casts away as both unreal and unideal the vain private imaginings of his own weak brain, whenever he catches a glimpse of any higher and wider truth; all this lesson we, like other peoples and generations, have to study and learn. The Transcendentalists, by their very extravagances, have helped us towards this goal; but we must be pardoned if we learn from them with some little amusement. For when we are amused at them, we are amused at ourselves, since only by these very extravagances in our own experience do we ever learn to be genuine and sensible idealists.

Well, Doctor Robinson, also, had evidently learned much, in his own way, from teachers of this school. The complex and wearisome details of Spanish Law plainly do not interest him, since he is at home in the divine Higher Law. Concrete rights of rapacious land speculators in Sacramento are unworthy of the attention of one who sees so clearly into the abstract rights of Man. God is not in the Sutter grant, that is plain. It is the mission of the squatters to introduce the divine justice into California: no absurd justice that depends upon erroneous lines of latitude, and establishments at New Helvetia, and other like blundering details of dark Spanish days, but the justice that can be expressed in grand abstract formulae, and that will hear of no less arbiter than the United States Supreme Court at the very nearest, and is quite independent of local courts and processes.

For the rest, Doctor Robinson added to his idealism the aforesaid Yankee shrewdness, and to his trust in God considerable ingenuity in raising funds to keep the squatter association at work. He wrote well and spoke well. He was thoroughly in earnest, and his motives seem to me above any suspicion of personal greed. He made out of this squatter movement a thing of real power, and was, for the time, a very dangerous man.

Thus led and moved, the squatter association might easily have become the center of a general revolutionary movement of the sort above described. All depended on the tact of the Sacramento community in dealing with it. If the affair came to open bloodshed, the public sentiment aroused would depend very much upon where the fault of the first violence was judged to lie. The mass of people

throughout the State looked on such quarrels, so long as they avoided open warfare, with a mixture of amusement, vexation, and indifference. Amusement they felt in watching any moderate quarrel; vexation they felt with all these incomprehensible land grants, that covered so much good land and made so many people trip; and indifference largely mingled with it all, at the thought of home, and of the near fortune that would soon relieve the average Californian from all the accused responsibilities of this maddening and fascinating country. But should the "land speculators" seem the aggressors, should the squatters come to be looked upon as an oppressed band of honest poor men, beaten and murdered by high-handed and greedy men of wealth, then Robinson might become a hero, and the squatter movement, under his leadership, might have the whole sympathetic American public at its back, and the consequences we can hardly estimate.

How did the community, as represented by its generous-hearted papers, meet the crisis? Both these newspapers of Sacramento were, as the reader sees, editorially opposed to the squatters. They banded back and forth accusations of lukewarmness in this opposition. But in July the Transcript, not formally changing its attitude, still began to give good reason for the accusation that it was a little disposed to favor squatterism. For, while it entirely ceased editorial comment, it began to print lengthy and very readable accounts of the squatter meetings, prepared, it is said, by a reporter who was himself a squatter, thus giving the squatters just the help with the disinterested public that they desired, and supplying for the historical student some amusing material.⁹ By the beginning of July the arguments were all in; the time for free abuse and vigorous action had come. Yet it is just then that this paper, whose motives were but yesterday so pure and lofty, shows much more of its good humor than of its wisdom, and so actually abets the squatter movement.

IV

The reader needs at this point no assurance that the quarrel was quite beyond any chance of timely settlement by an authoritative trial of the Sutter title itself. Such a trial was, of course, just what

⁹ See the bitter letter to the editor of the Placer Times just after the crisis, published Aug. 16th. This letter may probably be trusted as to this one fact.

the squatters themselves were anxious to await. It was on the impossibility of any immediate and final judicial settlement that their whole movement depended. Mr. William Carey Jones's famous report on California Land Titles reached the State only during the very time of this controversy. Congress had, as yet, made no provision for the settlement of California Land Claims. The Supreme Court was a great way off; hence the vehemence and the piety of squatter appeals to God and the Supreme Court. Regular settlement being thus out of the question, some more summary process was necessary to protect the rights of land-owners. In the first session of the State Legislature, which had taken place early in this year, the landed interest seems to have been fairly strong, apparently by virtue of those private compromises, which one can trace through the history of the Constitutional Convention at Monterey, and which had been intended both to meet the political exigencies of the moment, and to further the personal ambitions of two or three men. The result had been the establishment in California of a procedure already well known elsewhere. The "Act Concerning Forceable Entry and Unlawful Detainer" provided a summary process for ejecting any forcible trespasser upon the land of a previous peaceable occupant, who had himself had any color of right. This summary process was not to be resorted to in case the question of title properly entered into the evidence introduced in defense by the supposed trespasser, and the procedure was no substitute for an action of ejectment. It was intended to defend a peaceable possessor of land from violent dispossession, even in case the assailant happened to have rights that would in the end prove on final trial superior. The act, therefore, was well able to meet the case of the naked trespasser, or squatter, who, without pretense of title, took possession of land that was previously in the peaceable possession of anybody. The act provided for his ejection, with the addition of penalties; and its framers had, of course, no intention to make it any substitute for a judicial determination of title.

To this act some of the land-owners of Sacramento now appealed for help. Moreover, as they were in control of the city council, they proceeded to pass, amid the furious protests of the squatters, a municipal ordinance, which in the end was indeed practically unenforced, forbidding any one, under serious penalties, to erect tents, or shanties, or houses, or to heap lumber or other encumbrances, upon any vacant lot belonging to a private

person, or upon any public street. The land-owners also formed a "Law and Order Association," and printed in the papers a notice of their intention to defend to the last their property under the Sutter title. They began to drill companies of militia. A few personal encounters took place in various vacant lots, where owners tried to prevent the erection of fences or shanties. Various processes were served upon squatters, and executed. The squatter association itself plainly suffered a good deal from the internal jealousies or from the mutual indifference of its members. Only the ardor of Doctor Robinson prevented an utter failure of its organization long before the crisis. In the latter part of June, and for some time in July, the movement fell into the background of public attention. The Transcript helped it out again into prominence. But the squatters themselves longed for a newspaper of their own, and sent for a press and type. They were accused, meanwhile, of threats to fire the town in case their cause was put down. But, after all, their best chance of immediate success lay in raising money to resist the suits brought against them; and to this course Doctor Robinson, although he had conscientious scruples about the authority of any California law, urged his followers as to the most expedient present device. It is at this point that the meetings of the squatters begin to receive lengthy reports.

At a meeting reported in the Transcript for July 2d, one squatter objected to going to law. It was unnecessary, he said; for this whole thing of the Sutter title was illegal. He was answered by one Mr. Milligan, to the effect that the object was to keep their enemies at bay until the question could be brought before a legal tribunal, where justice could be done. Mr. Milligan was then sent about in the country to the "brother squatters," who were so numerous near Sacramento, for subscriptions. In a meeting narrated in the Transcript for July 4th, he reported imperfect success. Some of the brethren were not at home; one told the story about a man who got rich by minding his own business; few had money to spare. Doctor Robinson had some reassuring remarks in reply to this report, and Mr. Milligan himself then made an eloquent speech. "The squatters were men of firmness; their cause had reached the States; they had many hearty sympathizers on the Atlantic shores." His thoughts became yet wider in their sweep, as he dwelt on the duty of never yielding to oppression. "He saw, a few days ago, a crowd of Chinese emigrants in this land; he hoped to be able to

send through these people the intelligence to the Celestial Empire that the Emperor don't own all the land in the world, and so he hoped the light would soon shine in Calcutta—throughout India, and Bengal, and Botany Bay, and lift up the cloud of moral darkness and rank oppression." This Oriental enthusiasm reads very delightfully in these days, and is worth preserving.

By the time of the meeting of July 24th, which was held in "Herkimer Hall," and was reported in the Transcript of the 25th, the talk was a little less world-embracing, and the feeling keener. Some land-owners had taken the law into their own hands, and had been tearing down a fence erected by squatters. Doctor Robinson announced that he would help to put up that fence next day, whereupon rose Mr. McClatchy.¹⁰ He was a law-abiding citizen, but would submit to no injustice. He would rather fight than collect subscriptions any day. If land-owners wanted to fight let them fight, and the devil take the hindmost. "Let us put up all the fences pulled down, and let us put up all the men who pulled them down." This last suggestion was greeted with great applause and stamping.

Doctor Robinson introduced resolutions declaring, among other strong words, that "if the bail of an arrested squatter be refused simply because the bondsman is not a land-holder under Captain Sutter, we shall consider all executions issued in consequence thereof as acts of illegal force, and shall act accordingly." In urging his resolutions, he pointed out how the land speculators' doctrine about land grants would certainly result in the oppression of the poor man all over California. "Was this right? Was it a blessing? If so, Ireland was blessed, and all other oppressed countries. Would any Anglo-Saxon endure this? The Southern slave was not worse treated." Doctor Robinson dwelt on the low character of these speculators. Look at the mayor, at the councilmen, and the rest. "There were no great minds among them. And yet these were the men who claimed the land. Can such men be men of principle?" He thought that "we should abide by all just laws, not unjust."

Mr. McClatchy now pointed out that God's laws were above man's laws, and that God gave man the earth for his heritage. In

¹⁰ James McClatchy, author of the March 25th letter to the New York Tribune, had previously been associated with land-reform movements in New York State. He, too, knew the Higher Law by heart, and was a man of some ability.

this instance, however, the laws of our own land, whenever, of course, we could appeal to them in the Supreme Court, were surely on our side, and so seconded God's law. "If the land-holders," he said, winding up his philosophic train of thought, "act as they do, we shall be obliged to lick 'em."

A Mr. Burke was proud to feel that by their language that evening they had already been violating those city ordinances which forbade assemblages for unlawful ends. "A fig for their laws; they have no laws." "Mr. Burke," says the report, "was game to the last—all fight—and was highly applauded." The resolutions were readily adopted, and the meeting adjourned in a state of fine enthusiasm.

In the second week of August a case under the "Forcible Entry and Detainer Act" came before the County Court, Willis, Judge, on appeal from a justice's court of the city. The squatters' association appealed, on the ground that the plaintiff in the original suit had shown no true title to the land. The justice had decided that under the evidence the squatter in question was a naked trespasser, who made for himself no pretense of title, and that, therefore, in a trial under the act the question of title had not properly entered as part of the evidence at all. The appeal was made from this decision and was promptly dismissed. The squatters were furious. Sutter had no title, and a man was a squatter on the land for just that reason; and yet when the courts were appealed to for help in sustaining the settler they thus refused to hear the grounds of his plea, and proposed to eject him as a trespasser. Well, the United States courts could be appealed to some time. One could well afford to wait for them if only the process under the State act could be stayed, and the squatter left in peaceable possession meanwhile. To this end one must appeal to the State Supreme Court. But alas! Judge Willis, when asked in court, after he had rendered decision, for a stay of proceedings pending appeal to the State Supreme Court, replied, somewhat informally, in conversation with the attorneys, that it was not clear to him whether the act in question, or any other law, permitted appeal from the county court's decision in a case like this. He took the matter under advisement. But the squatters present, in a fit of rage, misunderstood the judge's hesitating remark. They rushed from the court to excited meetings outside, and spread abroad the news that Judge Willis had not only decided against them, but had decided that from him there was no

appeal. Woe to such laws and to such judges! The law betrays us. We will appeal to the Higher Law. The processes of the courts shall not be served!

Doctor Robinson was not unequal to the emergency. At once he sent out notices calling a mass-meeting of "squatters and others interested," to take place the same evening, August 10th. It was Saturday, and when night came a large crowd of squatters, of land-owners, and of idlers, had gathered. The traditional leisure of Saturday night made a great part of the assembly as cheerful as it was eager for novelty and interested in this affair. Great numbers were there simply to see fair play; and this general public, in their characteristically American good-humor, were quite unwilling to recognize any sort of seriousness in the occasion. These jolly onlookers interrupted the squatter orators, called for E. J. C. Kewen and Sam Brannan as representatives of the land-owners, listened to them awhile, interrupted them when the thing grew tedious, and enjoyed the utter confusion that for the time reigned on the platform. At length the crowd were ready for Doctor Robinson and his inevitable resolutions. He, for his part, was serious enough. He had been a moderate man, he said, but the time for moderation was past. He was ready to have his corpse left on his own bit of land ere he would yield his rights. Then he read his resolutions, which sufficiently denounced Judge Willis and the laws; and thereafter he called for the sense of the meeting. Dissenting voices rang out, but the resolutions received a loud affirmative vote and were declared carried. The regular business of the meeting was now done; but for a long time yet various ambitious speakers mounted the platform and sought to address the crowd, which amused itself by roaring at them or by watching them pushed from their high place.

Next day Doctor Robinson was early at work drawing up in his own way a manifesto to express the sense of his party. It was a very able and reckless document. Robinson had found an unanswerable fashion of stating the ground for devotion to the Higher Law as opposed to State Law. There was, the paper reminded the people, no true State here at all; for Congress had not admitted California as yet, and it was still a mere Territory. What the Legislature in San José had done was no law-making. It had passed some "rules" which had merely "advisory force." These were, some of them, manifestly unconstitutional and oppressive. The act now in question was plainly of this nature. Worst of all,

the courts organized by this advisory body now refused an appeal from their own decisions even to the Supreme Court of the State. Such a decision, thus cutting off an appeal on a grave question of title, that could in fact be settled only by the Supreme Court of the United States, was not to be endured. The settlers were done with such law that was no law. "The people in this community called settlers, and others who are friends of justice and humanity, in consideration of the above, have determined to disregard all decisions of our courts in land cases, and all summonses or executions by the sheriff, constable, or other officer of the present county or city touching this matter. They will regard the said officers as private citizens, as in the eyes of the Constitution they are, and hold them responsible accordingly." If, then, the document went on to say, the officers in question appealed to force, the settlers "have deliberately resolved to appeal to arms, and protect their sacred rights, if need be, with their lives."

The confused assent of the Saturday night torchlight meeting to a manifesto of this sort, an assent such as the previous resolutions had gained, would have been worth very little. Where were the men and the arms? Doctor Robinson was man enough himself to know what this sort of talk must require if it was to have meaning. But what he did he can best tell. In his tent, after the crisis, was found an unfinished letter to a friend in the East. It was plainly never intended for the public eye, and may surely be accepted as a perfectly sincere statement. The newspapers published it as soon as it was found, and from the Placer Times of August 15th I have it noted down.

The date is Monday, the 12th of August. "Since writing you we have seen much and experienced much of an important character, as well as much excitement. . . . The County Judge on Saturday morning declared that from his decision there should be no appeal." Then the letter proceeds to tell how the meeting was called, as narrated above. The call "was responded to by both parties, and the speculators, as aforetime, attempted to talk against time. On the passage of a series of resolutions presented by your humble servant, there were about three ayes to one nay, although the Transcript said that they were about equal. Sunday morning I drew up a manifesto, carried it to church, paid one dollar for preaching, helped them sing, showed it to a lawyer, to see if my position was correct *legally*, and procured the printing of it in handbills and in

the paper, after presenting it to a private meeting of friends for their approval, which I addressed at some length. After a long talk for the purpose of comforting a gentleman just in from the plains, and who, the day before, had buried his wife, whom he loved most tenderly, and a few days previous to that had lost his son, I threw myself upon my blankets, and ‘seriously thought of the morrow.’

“What will be the result? Shall I be borne out in my position? On whom can I depend? How many of those who are squatters will come out if there is a prospect of a fight? Have I strictly defined our position in the bill? Will the *world*, the *universe*, and *God* say it is *just*, etc.? Will you call me rash if I tell you that I took these steps to this point when I could get but twenty-five men to pledge themselves on paper to sustain me, and many of them, I felt, were timid? Such was the case.”

In the night we deal, if we like, with the world, the universe, and God. In the morning we have to deal with such things as the Sheriff, the Mayor, and the writs of the County Court—things with which, as we have already learned from the squatters, God has nothing whatever to do! One wonders, in passing, whether the church in which Doctor Robinson so lustily sang and so cheerfully paid his dollar that bright August Sunday was Doctor Benton’s. If so, the settlers’ leader surely must have noticed a contrast between his own God of the Higher Law and the far more concrete Deity that this noted and able pioneer preacher always presented to his audiences. That orthodox Deity, whatever else may have seemed doubtful about him, was surely conceived and presented as having very definite and living relationships to all rulers who bear not the sword in vain. And nobody, whatever his own philosophic or theological views, ought to have any hesitation as to which of these two conceptions is the worthier of a good citizen, however incomplete both of them may be for philosophy. And now, to state this crisis in a heathen fashion, we may say that the concrete Deity of the actual law, and Doctor Robinson’s ideal abstract Deity of the Higher Law, were about to enter into open warfare, with such temporary result as the relative strength of unwise city authorities and weak-kneed squatters might determine. For to such earthen vessels are the great ideals, good and evil, entrusted on this earth.

What other squatters thought meanwhile is sufficiently shown by two letters from their side, one written just after the crisis, the other some months later, and published in Eastern newspapers. The

first says: "The cause of all this [difficulty] is nothing more or less than land monopoly," and denies that the squatters could have done anything but what they did. The second says, long after, be it noticed, and when the lessons of the affair ought to have been clear to every one, that the squatters have clearly shown their intent to fight to the death against all "favoritism" shown to old Californians. American citizens will never, the writer of the letter says, submit to such outrageous injustice. He was himself present at the fight and speaks authoritatively.

V

Morning came, and with it the printed manifesto. The city, with all its show of care and all its warnings during the last few months, was wholly unprepared for proper resistance to organized rebellion. The populace was aroused, crowds ran to and fro, rumors flew thick and fast. Doctor Robinson was found on a lot, at the corner of Second and N Streets, where the Sheriff was expected to appear to serve a writ. By adroitness in making speeches and by similar devices the doctor collected and held, in apparent sympathy with himself, a crowd of about two hundred, whom he desired to have appear as all squatters, and all "men of valor."¹¹ Meanwhile names were enrolled by him as volunteers for immediate action, a military commander of the company was chosen—one Maloney, a veteran of the Mexican War—and in all some fifty men were soon under arms. Mayor Bigelow now approached on horseback, and from the saddle addressed the crowd. It would be best, he said, for them to disperse, otherwise there might be trouble. Doctor Robinson was spokesman in answer. "I replied," he says in his letter, "most respectfully, that we were assembled to injure no one and to assail no one who left us alone. We were on our own property, with no hostile intentions while unmolested." The Mayor galloped off, and was soon followed to his office by a little committee of the squatters, Doctor Robinson once more spokesman. They wanted, so they said, to explain their position so that there could be no mistake. They were anxious to avoid bloodshed, and begged Bigelow to use his influence to prevent service of the processes of the Court. Doctor Robinson understood the Mayor to promise to use the desired influence in a private way and as a

¹¹ See his letter, after the passage quoted above.

peaceloving citizen. They then warned him that, if advantage should be taken of their acceptance of his assurance, and if writs were served in the absence of their body of armed men, they would hold him and the Sheriff responsible according to their proclamation. The Placer Times of Tuesday morning declares that the Mayor's reply assured the squatters of his intention to promise nothing but a strict enforcement of the law.

Doctor Robinson's letter seems to have been written just after this interview. In the evening the rumor was prevalent that a warrant was out for his arrest and that of the other ringleaders. Many squatters, very variously and sometimes amusingly armed, still hung about the disputed lot of land. On Tuesday, possibly because of the Mayor's supposed assurance, the squatters were less wary. Their enemies took advantage of their dispersed condition,¹² and arrested the redoubtable McClatchy, with one other leader. These they took to the "prison brig," out in the river. In the afternoon the Sheriff quietly put the owners of the disputed lot in possession, apparently in the absence of squatters. The Mayor's assurance, if he had given one, was thus seen to be ineffective. There was no appeal now left the squatters but to powder and ball.

It seems incredible, but it is true, that Wednesday morning, August 14th, found the authorities still wholly unprepared to overawe the lawless defenders of the Higher Law. When the squatters assembled, some thirty or forty in number, all armed, and "men of valor" this time when they marched under Maloney's leadership to the place on Second Street, and once more drove off the owners; when they then proceeded down to the levee, intending to go out to the prison brig and rescue their friends; when they gave up this idea, and marched along I Street to Third in regular order, Maloney in front on horseback, with a drawn sword, there was *no* force visible ready to disperse them; and they were followed by a crowd of unarmed citizens, who were hooting and laughing at them.¹³ Reaching the corner of Third Street, they turned into that

¹² The letter in the New York Tribune of October 15, 1850, by a squatter, says that the young man who claimed possession as a squatter was absent from the disputed land on Tuesday by reason of his attendance at the examination of the arrested squatters in court. McClatchy is also here said to have given himself up.

¹³ Transcript and Times of August 15. Compare Mr. Stillman's Golden Fleece, p. 172; New York Tribune of September 21, September 25, October 7, October 15, 1850.

street, passed on until J Street was reached, and then marched out J toward Fourth Street.

At this point, Mayor Bigelow, who had already been busily attempting to rouse the people near the levee, appeared in the rear of the crowd of sight-seeing followers, on horseback, and called upon all good citizens to help him to disperse the rioters at once. His courage was equal to his culpable carelessness in having no better force at hand; but to his call a few of the unarmed citizens replied (men such as Doctor Stillman himself, for instance) that the squatters could not be gotten rid of so easily by a merely *ex tempore* show of authority, since they surely meant to fire if molested. The Mayor denied, confidently, this possibility; the squatters were, to his mind, but a crew of blustering fellows, who meant nothing that would lead them into danger. He overtook the crowd of citizen followers, repeating his call; and the mass of this crowd gaily obeyed. Three cheers for the Mayor were given, and the improvised *posse*, led by Mayor and Sheriff, ran on in pursuit of their game. Only one who has seen an American street-crowd in a moment of popular excitement, can understand the jolly and careless courage that seems to have prevailed in this band, or their total lack of sense of what the whole thing meant. They were indeed not all unarmed, by any means; but it seems impossible that, acting as they did, they could have been expecting to draw fire from the squatters.

On J Street, Maloney of the drawn sword turned about on his horse to look, when lo! the Mayor, with the Sheriff, and with the little army, was in pursuit. The moment of vengeance for broken promises had come. Promptly the squatter company wheeled, drew into line across Fourth, and awaited the approach of the enemy, taking him thus in flank. Undaunted the Mayor rode up, and voiced the majesty of the law, by ordering the squatters to lay down their arms, and to give themselves up as prisoners. The citizen army cheerfully crowded about Bigelow, and in front of the armed rioters, curious, no doubt, to watch the outcome, anxious, it would seem, to enjoy a joke, incredulous of any danger from the now so familiar boasters. Armed and unarmed men seem to have been huddled together in confusion, beside the Mayor and the Sheriff. But the armed men displayed their weapons freely, and were ready for whatever might result. Thus everything was done to tempt a disaster.

The accounts of the scene that are written by the squatters themselves, pretend that they replied to the Mayor, refusing to surrender their arms, and even add that he himself first discharged a barrel of his own pistol before they began. But the newspaper reports, and Doctor Stillman's account, make it tolerably clear that the squatters had no intention of treating further at this moment with the Mayor, and make it doubtful whether they even replied to him. As the Mayor spoke, Maloney was heard giving orders. "Shoot the Mayor," he said; and at the words firing began—a volley, Doctor Stillman calls it, who saw the whole from a block away—an irregular, hasty, ill-aimed, rattle of guns and pistols, most accounts make it.

Men standing further down the street saw the crowd scatter in all directions, and in a moment more saw the Mayor's horse dash riderless towards the river. Those nearer by saw how armed men among the citizens, with a quick reaction, fired their pistols, and closed in on the rioters. Maloney fell dead. Doctor Robinson lay severely wounded. On the side of the citizens, Woodland, the city assessor, was shot dead, the Mayor himself, thrice severely wounded, had staggered a few steps, after dropping from his horse, and had fallen on the pavement. In all there were two¹⁴ squatters and one of the citizens' party killed, and one squatter and four citizens¹⁵ wounded. Like a lightning flash the battle came, and was done. The array of squatters melted away like a mist when the two leaders were seen to fall; the confused mass of citizens, shocked and awe-stricken where they were not terrified, waited no longer on the field than the others, but scattered wildly. A few moments later, when Doctor Stillman returned with his shotgun which, on the first firing, he had gone but half a block to get, the street was quite empty of armed men. He waited for some time to see any one in authority. At length Lieutenant-Governor McDougal appeared, riding at full speed, "his face very pale." "Get all the armed men you can," he said, "and rendezvous at Foster's hotel."

"I went to the place designated," says Doctor Stillman, "and there found a few men, who had got an old iron ship's gun, mounted on a wooden truck; to its axles was fastened a long dray

¹⁴ *Three*, says the Transcript, but never gives the name of this third. The other accounts name two.

¹⁵ Of these four one indeed was a non-combatant, a little girl just then on the street, whose injury was not very serious.

pole. The gun was loaded with a lot of scrap iron. I wanted to know where McDougal was. We expected him to take the command and die with us. I inquired of Mrs. McDougal, who was stopping at the hotel, what had become of her husband. She said he had gone to San Francisco for assistance. Indeed he was on his way to the steamer 'Senator' when I saw him, and he left his horse on the bank of the river."

In such swift, dreamlike transformations the experiences of the rest of the day passed by. In the afternoon, Caulfield, a squatter leader, who had fled from the scene of the fight, was captured, and brought toward the prison brig, his feet tied under his horse's belly, his face covered with blood and dust. He had been knocked from his horse with the butt of a pistol as he fought with his pursuers. So Doctor Stillman tells us. From the newspapers we learn how people generally felt that afternoon. Rumors were countless. The squatters had gone out of the city; they would soon return. They were, it was asserted, seven hundred strong. They meant vengeance. They would fire the city. Yes, they had already fired the city, although nobody knew where. No one could foresee the end of the struggle. The city, men said, had been declared under martial law. Everybody must come out. The whole force of the State would doubtless be needed. If the squatter's failed now, they would go to the mines, and arouse the whole population there. One would have to fight all the miners as well. Such things flew from mouth to mouth; such reports the "Senator" carried towards San Francisco, with the pale-faced Lieutenant-Governor, who himself landed, by the way, at Benicia, to appeal for help to the general of the United States forces there placed. Such reports were even sent East by the first steamer, and there printed in newspapers ere they could be contradicted.

As a fact, however, the most serious danger was already past. The opening of the fight had made the squatters seem, in the public eye, unequivocally lawless and dangerous aggressors. They could expect, for the moment at least, no sympathy, but only stern repression. And so, in reality, the city was never safer, as a whole, than it was a few hours after the fatal meeting at the corner of Fourth and J Streets. A little flowing blood is a very effective sight for our public. Conscience and passion are alike aroused in the community. American good-humor gives way, for the instant, to the sternest and most bigoted hatred of the offenders. So, in Sac-

ramento, there was just now no mercy for the squatters. Their late attorney was threatened with hanging. Their friends fled the town. And even while the wild rumors were flying, the most perfect safety from invasion had been actually secured in the city limits.

But yet neither the bloodshed nor the terror was wholly done. Outside the city limits there was yet to occur a most serious and deplorable encounter. The squatters were actually scattered in all directions; but the rumors made it seem advisable to prevent further attacks, by armed sallies into the country, and by arrest of leaders. Thursday afternoon (just after the funeral of Woodland), the Sheriff, McKinney, with an armed force in which were several well-known prominent citizens, set out towards Mormon Island, with the intention of finding and bringing in prisoners.¹⁶ That the Sheriff had no writs for the arrest of any one, and only the vaguest notion of his own authority, seems plain. Panic was king. At the house of one Allen, who kept a bar-room some seven miles out, the Sheriff sought for squatters, having been informed that several were there. It was now already dark. Leaving the body of his force outside, the Sheriff approached the house with a few men and entered. There were a number of occupants visible, all alarmed and excited. The writless Sheriff's party were unaware that, in the back room of the house, Mrs. Allen lay seriously ill, attended by her adopted daughter, a girl of sixteen. To be seen at the moment were only men, and they had arms. McKinney called out to Allen to surrender himself to the Sheriff. Allen replied, not unnaturally, that this was his house, his castle. He proposed to fight for it. McKinney repeated: "I am Sheriff; lay down your arms." What followed is very ill-told by the eye-witnesses, for the darkness and the confusion made everything dim. At all events, some of the Sheriff's party left the house, perhaps to call for assistance from the main body; and in a moment more the occupants had begun firing, and McKinney was outside of the house, staggering under a mortal wound. He fell, and in a short time was dead. That the firing from without soon overpowered all resistance, that two of the occupants of the house were shot dead, that others lay wounded, and that the assailants shortly after took possession of the place and searched it all through, not sparing the sick room; these were

¹⁶ See on this affair the Transcript and Times of August 16th and 17th, and Dr. Stillman's experiences, *Golden Fleece*, pp. 176, 177; also see the account in the *New York Tribune*.

very natural consequences. After about an hour the arresting party left, taking with them four men as prisoners. Allen himself, sorely hurt, had escaped through the darkness, to show his wounds and to tell his painful story in the mines.

The little dwelling was left alone in the night. Nobody remained alive and well about the place save the young girl and two negro slaves. The patient lay dying from the shock of the affair. For a long time the girl, as she afterwards deposed, waited, not daring to go to the bar-room, ignorant of who might be killed, hearing once in a while groans. About ten o'clock a second party of armed men came from the city, searched again, and after another hour went away. "Mrs. Allen died about the time the second party rode up to the house," deposes the girl. She had the rest of the night to herself.¹⁷

The city was not reassured by the news of the Sheriff's death. In the unlighted streets of the frightened place, the alarm was sounded by the returning party about nine o'clock. Of course, invasion and fire were expected. The militia companies turned out, detailed patrolling parties, and then ordered the streets cleared. The danger was imminent that the defenders of the law would pass the night in shooting one another by mistake in the darkness. But this was happily avoided. The families in the town were, of course, terribly excited. "The ladies," says Dr. Stillman, "were nearly frightened out of their wits; but we assured them that they had nothing to fear—that we were devoted to their service, and were ready to die at their feet; being thus assured, they all retired into their cozy little cottages, and securely bolted the doors." During the night, the Senator arrived from San Francisco, with reinforcements. Lieutenant-Governor McDougal had already returned on Thursday from Benicia, bringing, according to the Placer Times, muskets and cartridges, but no United States soldiers. He had felt seriously the responsibilities of his position, and had accordingly gone to bed, sick with the cares of office.

But morning came peacefully enough. Quiet in external affairs was restored. In the city Sam Brannan and others talked mightily of law, order, and blood. There were, however, no more battles to

¹⁷ Allen was a Missourian, who, like others, had brought his slaves to California at a venture. The State Constitution, when once the State was admitted, made slavery, as is known, impossible. Allen survived, and found his way back to Missouri in a year or so. I there lost sight of him.

fight. In a few days, quiet of mind also was restored; people were ashamed of their alarm. Squatters confined themselves to meetings in the mining districts and in Marysville, to savage manifestoes, and to wordy war from a distance, with sullen submission near home. The real war was done. A tacit consent to drop the subject was soon noticeable in the community. Men said that the laws must be enforced, and meanwhile determined to speak no ill of the dead. There was a decided sense, also, of common guilt. The community had sinned, and suffered.

Of the actors in this drama little needs further to be narrated here. Doctor Robinson disappeared for the moment as wounded prisoner in a cloud of indictments for assault, conspiracy, murder, and what else I know not. Mayor Bigelow was taken to San Francisco, where he almost miraculously recovered from his three bad wounds, only to die soon of the cholera. The squatter movement assumed a new phase. Doctor Robinson, indeed, was in little danger from his indictments, when once the heat of battle had cooled. He was felt to be a man of mark; the popular ends had been gained in his defeat; the legal evidence against him was like the chips of drift-wood in a little eddy of this changing torrent of California life. With its little hoard of drift, the eddy soon vanished in the immeasurable flood. After a change of venue to a bay county, and after a few months' postponement, the cloud of indictments melted away like the last cloudflake of our rainy season. *Nolle pros.* was entered, and the hero was free from bail, as he had already for a good while been free on bail to recover his bodily health, to edit the previously projected squatter newspaper, to run for the Legislature, and even to form friendships with some of the very men whom he had lately been assailing. In a district of Sacramento County, Doctor Robinson's friends managed, with the connivance of certain optimists, to give him a seat in the Assembly, that late "advisory" body, whose "rules," before the admission of the State, he had so ardently despised. The State was admitted now, and Doctor Robinson cheerfully undertook his share of legislation. But the Legislature cared more for senatorial election, and such small game, than for the Higher Law. Doctor Robinson was not perfectly successful, even in pleasing his constituents. Ere yet another year passed, he had forever forsaken our State, and for his further career, you must read the annals of the New England Emigrant Aid Society and the history of Kansas. I have found an

account of his career in a Kansas book, whose author must have a little misunderstood Doctor Robinson's version of this old affair. For the account says that the good Doctor, when he was in California in early days, took valiant part for the American settlers against certain wicked claimants under one John Sutter, who (the wretch) had pretended to own "99,000 square miles of land in California." Alas, poor Sutter, with thy great schemes! Is it to come to this?

I cannot close this scene without adding that a certain keen-eyed and intelligent foreigner, a Frenchman, one Auger, who visited our State a little later, in 1852, took pains to inquire into this affair and to form his own opinion. He gives a pathetic picture of poor Sutter, overwhelmed by squatters, and then proceeds to give his countrymen some notion of what a squatter is. Such a person, he says, represents the American love of land by marching, perhaps "*pendant des mois entiers*," until he finds a bit of seemingly vacant land. Here he fortifies himself, "*et se fait massacrer avec toute sa familie plutôt que de renoncer à la moindre parcelle du terrain qu'il a usurpé.*"¹⁸ This is well stated. But best of all is the following: "*Celui qui se livre à cette investigation prend dès lors le titre de 'squatter,' qui vient, je le suppose, du mot 'square' (place), et signifie chercheur d'emplacement.*" It is evident to us, therefore, that Doctor Robinson and all his party were "on the square." And herewith we may best end our account.

¹⁸ Auger, *Voyage en Californie*, p. 154.

4

*The Settlers
at Oakfield Creek*

"I don't quite like Alonzo's condition," Margaret said at last. "He seems nervous. He's not quite well. I wish that I had stayed longer at Monterey. He was doing very well there."

"Do you think it serious?" said Tom. "He was very merry with me before lunch. I thought he seemed in fine spirits."

"No, it's never serious. Only he's discontented. He quarrels even with me—much more with nurse. He's lonesome here, I suppose."

Tom suggested bringing him oftener into company with some of the neighbors' children, but Margaret had objections to make. There were very few of them whom she wanted him to know, and they were hard to get at. It was all the consequence of living in this lonesome place, she declared. If it hadn't grown so dear to her, she would be anxious to change once for all, and go over to San Francisco. For the rest, she was sure that that would be more convenient for Tom, who was getting, she said with a smile, to be more of a truant nowadays than ever. But the older the child grew, the more she felt that it was cruel to bring him up here all alone in the country, where he would never find playmates, nor be contented. He was seldom ill, but she confessed that she worried about him a good deal. In fact, it sometimes came over her that he would be

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grown up before long, and she found it a sad, yes, sometimes a painful thought, she said (with a faint tinge of bitterness in her voice), that he would then always be leaving her, and betaking himself to the city, where one could never know what he did, nor what acquaintances he had, nor what attachments he formed. All mothers, she added, knew beforehand that they must lose their sons some day. It was, however, the special dread of the mother who lived in the country that her boy would be lost by wandering off to some strange city. One who lived in a city had more chance to keep her boy contented near by his home, where she could have some faint idea of his surroundings.

Tom was always much interested in everything she said, and he was really pleased to-day to find her in so serious a mood. If her mocking humor had been upon her, he would have felt great trouble in approaching his present theme. Besides, for her to be troubled, and to tell him so, meant to invite his sympathy, a thing which she very seldom did. Her voice to-day was, moreover, even softer and gentler than usual. She always spoke in her low, musical tone, with the shortest pauses, and a certain pleasant monotony of accent.

"How melancholy you are to-day!" he said. "What shall I do, then, to cheer you? Shall I send for the doctor, for you to consult him about little Alonzo?"

"No, not that to-day. I've set that visit in my mind for Monday. There's no pressing need, of course. I only want general advice." Margaret said this with the pleasantly prim manner of the country lady who announces her fixed arrangements. "I've set that for such a day," was one of Margaret's commonest expressions. She delighted to predetermine her simple life down to all the smallest details, and it was in vain that you sought to suggest any unnecessary change in the predicted order of her doings. She would in fact have been very unhappy in the city, where there would have been so many more accidents to deal with in her experience. She went on, after a little pause:—

"I suppose I seem to brood a good deal. I do it whenever I'm much alone for a while. I'm glad we're going to have a full house again at the end of next week. By the way, did you know that mother had come back from Santa Cruz? She wrote me last night. I got the letter this morning. She doesn't want me to come to her

now, though, because she has yet to run over to San Rafael until Monday."

"I called to see her last night," said Tom. "I hoped to find her returned, and I wasn't disappointed."

"Dear me, why didn't you tell me at once that you had seen her, you cold-blooded man? Is she looking in better health?"

"Yes, indeed. She isn't so pale. The recent reports have been well founded. She walks more easily, and looks every way better."

"I'm so glad. She has said as much in all her letters, yet I didn't quite believe her. But tell me, Tom; what can there have been between mother and you, that you should be looking her up so carefully before even I myself knew just when she was to return? I didn't expect her to be there until Monday, or else I should have gone over last night to greet her. Have you taken to making secret appointments to conspire with mother about something or other?"

"Odd conspirators mother and I should make, Margaret, shouldn't we? No, to tell the truth, I had only hoped to find her. I knew no more than you. But I was glad of my good luck. Perhaps you'd call what passed between us a conspiracy, after all. If so, then I nevertheless mean to make you a fellow-conspirator. I was waiting until you should be ready to hear me out before I mentioned the fact of my visit. It seemed to be the easiest way to begin."

"Really, Tom, you must be at some most deadly plot. You, indeed, calling on mother in this way, and then waiting until I should be ready to hear you out before you would even mention that you had seen her! The easiest way to begin, to be sure! Come, now, no more airs. Begin at once."

"Have I then succeeded in making you actually curious?" said Tom, a little playfully, taking all possible advantage of his success so far.

"If you don't at once go on, I'll never hear another word from you about the matter, whatever it is," answered Margaret, with half-assumed indignation. "Don't you suppose mother will tell me, if you don't? What do I care for your little mysteries, any way?"

Tom grew serious again at once. "Well," he replied, "I suppose you'll forgive my hesitation when you know the topic. It concerns some old friends of mine, not of yours, and you must also forgive me for bringing it up at all. Yet you'll agree that I had to.

To begin very bluntly, I've just heard fresh and sad news about—Alf Escott." Tom hesitated. The word had been hard to bring out. He looked down again very hard, so as not to catch her eye. Her frank gaze had been very pleasantly fixed upon him as he began his remark, but now she turned paler than was her wont, and her eyes wandered once more to the window, while her face wore a pained and puzzled expression. There was another pause.

"And you carried this news to—mother?" she said at length.

"Yes, and surely that shows you that I must have good reason to bring it also to you. I won't pretend to talk of the thing otherwise than plainly. Surely you know that I would be the last to plague you with it save for cause. But you also know that I have wronged him as deeply—as—as—I have wronged you." Tom's voice hesitated and he seemed a little choked. It was years since she had heard this tone from him, and, much as she hated whatever had any touch of a scene about it, she pitied him a little now; for, after all, from the first days of their married life he had been very sparing of the emotional in her presence. Then he went on again, after a moment, and once more firmly:—

"His new misfortune is of a very crushing sort, at his age and in his circumstances. He was living until three days since in the second story of a house, corner of S—— and P—— streets, over a plumber's shop. But the other night the whole block of houses there burned down, in true San Francisco style, and he lost everything. His family barely escaped with their lives. I understand that he had some dramatic manuscripts still in his possession, and that he regarded them as worth something from a pecuniary point of view. I suppose he was right. He also had some ready money that he had drawn from a bank a day or two before, intending to make some new disposition of it,—I can't say what. At all events the money constituted all his savings, and he lost it. The manuscripts were also destroyed. At present only his family is left to him, save, to be sure, one piece of property that I'll soon mention. His family consists of his wife and his daughter Emily (both in poor health), and a son, who, I regret to say, although an innocent and well-meaning young man of about twenty-four or twenty-five, is a notorious good-for-nothing, almost a case of arrested development, so to speak, when you consider whose son he is. Escott himself is infirm, and is in constantly failing health. All that, you see, makes

his prospects poor enough. But he has all his old rugged independence. He will accept no direct help, though he die for the lack of it. How long he may yet be able to work I can't tell. He has for a good while lived by writing for the papers, for one or two of the dailies occasionally, and also for the 'Warrior.' His failing health may end all this at any time. Meanwhile, the climate of San Francisco is very bad for him. He ought to be living in the country."

Tom paused a little, and looked up at Margaret to judge the effect of his words. She had grown more interested as he went on. Her look was very kindly, he fancied. Plainly she nourished no such bitterness in her heart as would make her unable to consider the case. Tom already in secret began to cherish a little more warmly the distant hope that he had had in mind since he began his new undertaking. Meanwhile, he must keep himself to the business directly before him.

"But what," she said, "can you then have in your thought to do for the old man? Your account of his 'rugged independence' puts him quite beyond our aid, doesn't it? Yet, to be sure, it seems as if we must find some way?"

"No, not quite beyond our aid," Tom said. "There remains one thing to consider. More than two years ago, when father's suits about the Oakfield Creek property were just beginning, Escott chanced to receive quite a sum as a legacy from some Eastern relative. I think it must have been some ten or twelve thousand dollars. You know enough of his disposition to understand what he thereupon did. He heard of the Oakfield Creek suits. Certain of his friends, in particular certain people who were members of Reverend Mr. Rawley's church, to which his wife belongs, were involved. Escott espoused enthusiastically the settlers' side in the controversy, against my father; he wrote a series of articles for one of the papers about the matter, and then, quite counter to the advice of his friends, he bought up several of the claims at the highest possible figure, and from some of the poorest of the claimants. They were people who had been especially dear to members of his wife's family. Since then he has been in his way a leader in the settlers' opposition to father. His whole property, at this very moment, consists of his interest in those claims. If they were clear titles, he would own a home, and something more. As things stand, he probably owns nothing."

"That is an unpleasant reflection, surely. Are you interested in the Oakfield Creek property, yourself, Tom?" Margaret's really quick sympathy was now strongly aroused.

"Slightly, very slightly. I've always favored a compromise. The case of the settlers, taken in and for itself, has always seemed to me to have a good deal of common sense in its favor, whatever you may say about the law. I think father himself would have so regarded it, if it hadn't been for the way the opposition came to grow up in the first place. That's the fashion with father. Everything depends on how such a matter is brought before him. He's liberality itself at one time, while at another, in case he's once aroused, he may be as merciless as an old-fashioned conqueror. I'm afraid Escott's opposition has not tended to weaken his feeling in the matter. Coming as that did, it seemed to father peculiarly unbearable. I'm responsible for that also, I suppose." Tom sighed, and looked down once more.

"Tell me," said Margaret, speaking very deliberately now, with the thoughtful pride of a woman who finds herself unexpectedly appealed to by a man concerning a matter of business. "Has your father ever shown any signs of admitting that the settlers are right?"

"He used to admit almost as much, very often. If they alone were concerned, he said, he could actually give up the whole thing. But they weren't. Yet, even as it was, even with all the other interests to consider that would be affected, he would be willing to yield the settlers a great deal, if they would only show some disposition to compromise. So he used to speak. But later—you know how things are with father. He grew very bitter. I seldom have heard a word from him about compromise since Escott went into the struggle. It's now all a part of the old-time feud."

"I can't see how it all is," said Margaret, reflectively. "Men are so strange. You call us women mere creatures of feeling. But dear me, the thing seems easy enough to me. Perhaps it's all my womanly stupidity, but if the poor people have their rights, and you know it, why do you want to turn them out of house and home, just for a mere matter of pride? I think men are the least rational beings on earth. Women wouldn't have such troubles with settlers, I know."

"It's a mixed-up business, of course," responded Tom. "Perhaps if you knew better what one of these perennial fights is,

you wouldn't be so hard on us. Yet I don't quite justify father. I know how roughly he has been pressed from some sides, and I appreciate more or less his position and feelings. But I wish he could be persuaded to yield, if only ever so little. And now, at any rate, you'll see what I have in mind about poor Escott. And if you see, you'll forgive me for plaguing you by the mention of his name to-day. Won't you, Margaret?"

"Why, certainly," she responded, very simply and kindly. In mind she wondered, meanwhile, that he had understood her so ill. Of course Escott's name must pain her. But did he think her a raw girl, to go off into a pet whenever a painful thing had to be mentioned? She flattered herself that she was at least a woman of experience, and of some sense, both of the inevitable and of the demands of humanity. And he spoke, too, as if she must cherish some kind of vague resentment at the thought of the Escott family. That idea of his was, indeed, in a certain way exasperating, because it showed that he must still be a very vain fellow, who had not been in the least cured by his long sojourn in the cool shades of her disfavor. Resentment towards the poor Escotts! What could be further from her thoughts? Was not their great wrong her daily regret? Had she ever forgotten that wrong, or indulged any feeling so absurd and degrading as jealousy? But at all events, Tom was now plainly anxious to do his duty on this one occasion. However vain he was, however obviously selfish his purposes were, she liked his hesitating and humble demeanor, his fear of her anger, his apparently straightforward appeal to her on a matter that involved some considerations of pure business, and his whole assumed tone of earnestness and submission. She felt flattered, and even to some extent appeased, although she was not for a moment deceived about him. It was long since they had been so close together in conversation as this. She experienced a certain pleasurable excitement, which, however, in no wise disturbed her calm of manner, or the long cultivated repose of her general feelings towards him. It was amusing, all the while, that, in trying to appease her, he was playing what he obviously regarded as a deep game, although his absurd fear lest the very name of Escott should somehow anger her revealed his shallow vanity, and his real object in so ostentatiously doing his duty. She was willing to let him go on, of course, and she was cordially disposed to help him in his plans for Escott's good. But as for being actually won over by

these devices,—the thought of it was comical! And this man had, among men, a great reputation as a diplomatist, and even as an out-and-out intriguer! She went on, after a moment's pause:—

“What you have in mind, is to hit upon some plan whereby Escott shall get an undisputed right to his claim at Oakfield Creek.”

“Yes,” he replied, “and you see how delicate an undertaking it is. There might be no insurmountable obstacle, I fancy, to prevent my persuading father, if I wished, to let me buy his own claim as against Escott, and make Escott a present of it. If father objected to that plan, as looking too much like a general surrender from our side, I know friends of Escott who would be overjoyed to buy up father’s rights in their own name, and settle for the land with Escott later. That would avoid any appearance of an offer of compromise from father, since these persons would have no connection with the family. In fact, of course, there would be no difficulty about giving Escott a dozen farms outright, if he’d take ‘em. But all that’s out of the question. Escott is a confirmed romancer. What he wants, in this matter, is to sink or swim with his fellow-claimants. The business, in his eyes, is one of eternal justice. No doubt his original enmity to—myself, and, in consequence, to father (with whom, as you know, he was once fully reconciled),”—Tom’s voice was faltering a little again,—“caused him to look into the matter at all. But having once begun, he feels bound to continue the struggle to the end. So then, what does he demand? He demands that father shall give up the fight, and come to terms with the Oakfield Creek claimants. He demands that now, as much as ever he did. And when he’s approached concerning this, his one last piece of property, he says that he knows it’s his property; and intends to have it on the same terms as any other Oakfield Creek claimant. There he stands, and he won’t budge.”

“And what, then, do you still hope to do for him?”

“There’s just the point I’m coming to, though I fear it’s a very long story. I’m heartily weary of these conflicts; above all, of the Oakfield Creek conflict. Father will yet wear his life away in such things, without ever getting time to do his proper work. His life has been a long and hard one. By way of a well-earned reward, he’s been promising himself leisure to spend his last years in endowing and getting into running order one or two great public trusts, such as shall remain to perpetuate his name here in the State, and to do lasting good. You know that wish of his as well

as I do. It's a noble wish, and he's just the man to carry it out. Most of our pioneer millionaires have cherished such desires, and several have tried to accomplish something of the sort. Father is the best fitted of all, I fancy, to do work of the kind without crudity and without vacillation. He has magnificent plans. I want to see them mature during his lifetime. Nobody could really carry them out for him if he died. Well, as I say, with all his obstinate persistence in fighting to the last for whatever he regards as his rights, he not only has made himself many enemies, who still try to injure his name, but he has kept himself in the thick of the struggle, rendering it hopeless that he will ever find his longed-for leisure. I want him to get out of this hurly-burly. And I'm very anxious about that, I assure you." Tom was warming to his subject more and more. His pale and usually so impassive face was growing all the time fuller of life and earnestness. His eyes were sparkling with animation.

"And now," he went on, "as to the Oakfield Creek matter itself. It's to be throughout regretted. Here's the case, in as brief a statement as I can make. The thing is sadly mixed. Father long ago bought a title to the *sobrante*, or surplus land, surrounding an ill-defined Spanish grant. The original grant was confirmed, as well as the grant of the *sobrante*, but the survey long remained in dispute, and, pending that, father, of course, had no perfectly clear title, although his right to the *sobrante* itself, when it should be surveyed, was admitted, and he awaited only the survey to find where his property was. The thing dragged on from year to year, and the property, lying as it does in one of those rather inaccessible valleys between Mount Diablo and the Contra Costa hills, remained, owing to the clouded titles, almost worthless. Then father, some ten years ago, conceived his plan (there are many rival plans afoot among our capitalists, you know) to run the long-talked-of narrow-gauge road through the hills into the Mount Diablo region. That would bring the land near to market. But to persuade others to invest capital in his scheme, father took yet another step. He got the holders of the opposing claims to subscribe to shares of the proposed railway company, and to do so upon this agreement: Neither side should yield its land claims to the other, until the survey case should have been decided by the courts. Both should cooperate, however, in getting the railway started, and above all in getting the land into the hands of settlers. For, as father insisted,

both parties had, to a certain extent, undisputed claims, and so had interests in common, and both could take stock in the proposed railway, and steps to develop the property in question, without giving up an iota of their respective claims to the portion of the land which was still actually in dispute. Thus delay in developing the property would be avoided. Do you follow me, Margaret?"

"Of course; your statement is clear enough for even poor me."

"Well, forgive me if it's stupid. Father owned a great deal of other land over there, and this matter was only one among many kindred enterprises. But such, at all events, was the agreement on which the projected railway was to be begun. In fact, what with hard times and long fights, no rail of it has ever yet been laid beyond the hills. I've no doubt some other company will step in very soon and capture the prize. But, at all events, the other part of the plan went on for a time more successfully. Father and his rivals both began to attract settlers to their land. The soil is fertile, the railway is sure to come some day, the climate is excellent. The only trouble at the outset was that the tract in dispute between father and the others was just the best part of the land thereabouts. It was, namely, the long strip that borders Oakfield Creek, on both sides, for miles. Of course, when you talked to a settler about the region he always said: 'I'm in for that bottomland there, and I won't look at any other.' Now, however, as you see, neither father, as owner of the *sobrante*, nor the other party to the controversy, could give a settler a clear title within the borders of that tract. And neither of the litigant parties was ready to compromise in advance of the decision of the Supreme Court at Washington, which was as slow as usual in getting to the case of this particular Spanish grant survey. But father was equal, so he thought, to this perplexity. He got the other side to join with him in an advertisement to settlers, and, of course, in an agreement upon which this advertisement could be based. The advertisement opened the disputed land, for settlement, to all comers who in good faith should take up and improve small tracts along Oakfield Creek. Whenever the title should be clearly in the hands of one or the other of the principal disputants, it was declared, according to the terms of the advertisement, that the land should then be offered by the successful litigant to the actual settlers, and at very low rates. The rates, it was agreed, should not be raised meanwhile on account of

any increase in the value of the land through improvements made by the occupants themselves. Both father and his opponents signed this document. A goodly number of settlers, in all perhaps sixty or eighty families, very soon availed themselves of the joint offer. A good many more followed later. They could get a home, you see, without having to think of paying for it until the United States Supreme Court should be done with that survey case. That seemed an eternity to look forward to. They trusted implicitly in the zeal and skill of the wealthy litigants to keep the end a good way off. Whenever the end should come, they were promised the easiest of terms. Meanwhile, father and his opponents both gained a certain direct advantage from the presence of these settlers; for, first, in advance of the railway, a stage and transportation company was set up. That, of course, was in itself a very little thing. But, as a result, the undisputed property of both parties became more salable; while the railway, in view of the increasing population, looked daily more feasible, and more and more outside capital was promised for the enterprise. If it hadn't been for the sudden and stubborn financial troubles that began in 1875, with the failure of the Bank of California, I'm sure that the railway would have been begun and finished within a very short time. Meanwhile, father began improvements in that region on land to which he had a clear title. He planted thousands of eucalyptus trees, started an irrigation company, and was full of great plans.

"But now, as you see, misunderstandings came instead of further progress. The hard times made everybody unwilling to invest in the proposed enterprises over there, and the excitements of the new constitution period didn't better the prospects of such speculative undertakings. The occupants of the disputed lands began to get discontented with their homes, which didn't prove so profitable, in the absence of a railway, as they had expected. Father was ere long equally discontented with the whole venture. He often loses interest in past undertakings that don't prove successful. This one, you see, had cost him a comparatively moderate sum, after all, but it had proved tedious and unproductive. I'm afraid he even sometimes half forgot about his old dreams concerning that region. At last the survey suit was decided, and in his favor. The disputed Oakfield Creek property was his. To be sure, he had already disposed of part of his interest in it to a new Land and Improvement Company, and that fact tied his hands a little about

the decision of the later disputes. However, he still was substantially in control of the whole thing. But here the settlers interposed. They had been disappointed, they said. Some of them had invested more money in improving the land than the outcome had warranted. All of them had waited patiently for a railroad that never came. It seemed just to them, therefore, that, whatever should be done with the still untouched portions of the tract, the original occupants should get their land at rates still lower than those originally agreed upon. The inducement had been cheap land plus a railway. The railway was still in the cave of dreams. Meanwhile, they said, these original settlers, by their presence and hard labor, had much increased the value of all the surrounding real estate. It was just, therefore, that they should get at least the equivalent of their original inducements. And that, they said, would mean cheaper rates still than the original ones.

"I think they were wrong in this notion. But father had a counter-claim to make. He had invested something in the land himself. His own improvements, he said, had vastly assisted these occupants; while the tracts of undisputed land that he had sold out and out to other settlers, and the improvements that these purchasing settlers had made, formed, he asserted, yet another source of increased value, such as had not been named in the original inducements to the occupants of the disputed tracts. He gave other reasons that I won't go into. And he said, too, that if others had been disappointed, he had been far more so. The long and short of it was that he saw, on the whole, good cause for raising the old demand, instead of lowering it. He had given more than he had promised, he said, not less. He ought to be compensated.

"I think he put forward this statement at the outset in a rather tentative way, to offset the unreasonable demands of the occupants. But perhaps he stated the thing too strongly. He often does. The settlers flared up, some of them, and attacked him in the papers. Then father also grew angry. He and the Land and Improvement Company (the latter was, of course, largely under his control) joined in an assertion that the settlers must justly pay far more for their land than had at first been asked. The price was on the average just about quintupled. So the battle began. The longer it continued the worse it grew. Father at last felt himself so injured that he provisionally sold some of the occupied land to 'jumpers,'

whom he promised to protect, and suits were begun to put these in possession. The occupants, meanwhile, of course, have no actual title, but they claim the letter of the original agreement. They say that they have frequently tendered father the sum agreed upon. Father's lawyers, I'm sorry to say, lay stress on the legal worthlessness of the form of the document upon which the settlers' claims are founded. This document, namely, is in form only an agreement between father and his old opponents, who now, of course, have vanished from the field. I fear very much that the claimants have legally nothing to stand upon. The title is vested in father; a binding and valid agreement to sell at a fixed figure was, legally speaking, never made at all, I fancy, and the claimants will probably have to pay father's price or go. In the course of the controversy he was once so much wrought up that he said he would never settle with the old claimants at any price. They had betrayed him, he declared, and he would eject them, if it cost him half a million. Those were the words of passion. Father is not so bad as that. Only I have feared that he may indeed fight the settlers hard, and that they may have to pay him a very large sum. For the money he doesn't care now, I believe, at all. But the abuse and the hot blood have made him anxious to fight for victory."

"Your account isn't flattering to father, Tom, is it? It's as I said before: a woman simply can't understand such passions. Sixty or eighty families, you said, Tom. And many more since,—think of that! Families, you must remember! It's a great word, that. Ah, what shall we do with father, Tom, if he goes on in this way?"

"Perhaps I'm unjust to him. I grant I was not thinking just now of defending him to you, so much as of letting you understand the other side. You've known father too long, Margaret, you've been first his dread and then his idol too successfully, to need me to defend him. All his weaknesses you know,—as you know all mine too, I'm afraid." Tom sighed once more, and tried timidly to catch her eye, but this time he failed. "Well, for good or for ill this struggle's gone on. Escott's interference, I said, made things worse. You may wonder what, after all, he really bought from the settlers whose claims he took up. He bought, of course, these settlers' improvements; and then he bought what all of them out there regard, of course, as most sacred property, the claim in equity upon father for a delivery of the title to the tracts, on a proper tender of the sum mentioned in the old advertisement. Es-

cott has lived on one of the tracts twice or thrice since he purchased the claim, though always for short periods. Part of the land he has lent, without rent, to poor families. At other times he has employed two men to take care of some of it for him. He now has, of course, no means to pay these. He, who in the city has long been almost forgotten, is a great character when he goes out to Oakfield Creek. The settlers actually revere him, and hang on his words as if he were inspired."

"But what is going to happen, then, Tom? Are the suits never to end? Is the agony a thing for all time?"

"I ought to have said that the settlers, as a last defense, have in their despair undertaken to raise again the old issues, by contesting the validity of father's title itself. They have pleaded informality in the survey, fraud on the part of surveyors, collusion between father and his old opponents to defraud the settlers, and I don't know what else, in addition to their own supposed equity, based upon that original notice of invitation. The ejectment suits are being contested on all these questions in the United States courts; and the trial will be finished and the decision reached, I fancy, in from six to twelve months. I've little doubt but the thing will go against the settlers. Appeal would, I believe, be useless to them. But I have great fear of trouble, very serious trouble, to follow."

"What? Do you fear anything like a pitched battle?"

"Precisely so. The settlers may take to using their shot-guns. Such things have happened often enough before, you know."

"But Escott, himself,—surely the professor wouldn't take to a shot-gun."

"Why not? The man is reckless, and a genuine hero to boot. If his friends were in any sort of danger, he would cross all the seas and lands, if need be, to stand beside them. I never knew a more faithful nature."

"Indeed?" Margaret was the least bit malicious in tone; but she went on at once: "But did he ever get into trouble of just that sort?"

"Oh, never into a brawl, to be sure. He once fought the Indians in Washoe, you know, but he's not the man ordinary fellows would be apt to want to fight. Once or twice, in the old days, I think he sent a challenge to somebody or other. And, if report is correct, the case was settled each time without delay, by an ample apology from the other side. I doubt if anybody ever challenged

him. He's not the man to give needless offense. He's the gentlest of natures when he isn't aroused."

"You seem to have a singular admiration for Escott, Tom, which I am *very* glad to observe, let me say. But that," she went on hastily, "is neither here nor there. I still want to know what we are to do for him."

"Ah, how long I am about it! Well, father is just of late in a gentler mood. He has his more peaceable times, also, as you know. He has mentioned the pending suits with even a sort of regret in his tone. He heartily wishes, no doubt, that he hadn't been forced by his high spirits into a place where he appears as oppressor of the poor. And a really magnanimous action he's always glad to do, if he can but see the chance. And so, this has occurred to me. Can't we"—here Tom allowed himself a slightly more confidential tone—"can't we persuade him to take advantage of Escott's misfortune, and to admit to Escott, out and out, that the settlers are more than half right, and then to propose himself that Escott shall accept, and shall persuade the others to accept, a reasonable compromise? Bold this plan of mine looks,—impossible to one who doesn't know father. But consider, Margaret: father has at heart the greatest admiration for Escott's indomitable pluck, and he has never recovered from his feeling that many years since—you remember it well—he did to Escott, as he did to you, a terrible injury. Then there's father's friendship of long ago, in early days, with Escott. They were together, you know, in Washoe. They once fought the Indians together. All that's in father's mind. He never forgets anything of the sort. It has been the sense of the hopelessness of repairing that injury, or of renewing in any way the old friendship, with Escott so stern and repellent, that has made father all the more bitter. A proud man can never live quiet under such a sense. And, as I said, it's Escott's presence in this fight that has rendered father seemingly so irreconcilable towards the settlers. Take Escott out, and father would compromise. Keep Escott in, and father's unutterably miserable. Now here's our chance. Perhaps we can take Escott out, not by any ordinary course of conduct, but by proposing to father a finely magnanimous act in an attractive way. We can say, 'Here's your old friend, and also your old foe, a man whom you're conscious of having deeply injured. Here he is at your feet, helpless. He has no valid legal rights, as against you. He has nothing that will be good enough to

pass muster in the courts. He is old; he is despised or forgotten in the city; he is infirm. But in one way he still offends you. He leads the settlers' company out there at Oakfield Creek. Now, surely,' we can say to father, 'you in no sense confess weakness by going to this man now, just at this very crisis of his misfortunes, and holding out your hand. You needn't offer him charity. Just say that you're willing now to stand up and talk to him like a man, and that you want to grant to him and his friends their righteous, yes, even their barely plausible demands, precisely as if nothing had happened to make hard feeling.' That's what we can say to father, Margaret. And I believe the very novelty of the idea, if he's only rightly approached, will charm him. I know father; he likes to do good, but he wants it to look picturesque. And this thing may be made to look so, mayn't it?" Tom paused, a little breathless. Had he not spoken well? To be sure, there was something lacking about his eloquence, yet might it not move her just a little?

Margaret was smiling very approvingly, but she looked provokingly at her finger-tips. "Bravo, Tom! she said, with a soft laugh. "If you were a youth again I might almost be fool enough to say, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' But, alas! we're very old people now, and I'm afraid I can't encourage this boyishness in you." She changed her manner suddenly again, as she spoke the last of these words, and she grew sober and mildly forbidding once more, so that he felt a little chilled while she went on, in her usual tone of cheerful resignation: "But seriously now, Tom, to come back to real life; why am I so important for this undertaking? I approve it heartily, though I beg you to see that there's nothing heroic, no, nor even anything 'picturesque,' about your proposed action, or your father's. The matter is one of the simplest possible sort. It's just plain duty. You have both of you wronged a man bitterly, and he has a just claim, meanwhile, to a bit of land which you men have somehow been trying to get away from him for years past. You don't need his land the least in the world. You've no business with it, so long as he stands ready to pay somehow what was originally agreed upon. Now, at last, however, as he's very weak, and poor, and old, it happens to occur to you that it's a little mean to keep on kicking him while he lies there helpless, so you (you and your father together, I mean, of course) are to offer him your manly regrets and a kindly present of his

indisputable rights. That's a very pretty idea. I like it. I want to help you carry it out, of course. Why not? But now what can I do? Tell me, and I'll sit up all night for a week planning my part of the job."

Tom sighed, a little despairingly. That was a withering manner of hers, when she chose to adopt it. He knew it of old. Yet he, too, was learned in resignation, and he showed no further sign of vexation as he went on: "Well, there again I'm slow in making myself clear. Whatever this thing really is, picturesque or not, it's got to seem picturesque to father. And ever since you chose to make a conquest of him (as you do of whomsoever you please to assail, Margaret), there's been nobody your equal for controlling him. I've long been puzzling, you must know, to see what I could do for Escott. I'm a wretch, no doubt, but it isn't to-day or yesterday that my knowledge of that fact may be said to have begun. It's only now that I've seen my way clear to help him. And so I most humbly come to you, Margaret, for help, and you mustn't quite disdain me, or I shall become a lost soul altogether."

"No, Tom," she said, smiling, "you mustn't make me responsible for so grave a thing as that. I'm at your service, of course, in any good cause. And so, how and when am I to display the picturesque sight to father's awe-struck gaze? I'm delighted to be such a show-woman, of course. Think of me: 'Here, dear father, behold this portrayal of an unexampled deed of virtue. See this lovely picture: the good Samaritan disdaining even to pick a certain man's pocket of the last penny the thieves accidentally left him. Noble spectacle! Observe, and do likewise!' How impressive I shall be saying all this! How a woman loves to exert her powers for a great end!" She laughed merrily. "But, seriously, Tom, please don't look disconsolate. I won't bite, if I do snarl so. You're very good, I don't doubt. It's my proudest delight to praise you when you've done a noble action, and, of course, as far as in you lies, you're doubtless planning one now. I never did a noble action myself, and haven't the least idea how it may feel; but it's a woman's commonplace duty to help in these minor affairs. Men have a monopoly of the really noble deeds. I'm overjoyed at this chance to be a spectator of even the least approach to one of them. When shall we have father over here to try the new game on him?"

"Whenever you will, Margaret."

"Sunday?"

"Why not?"

"Alas! Sunday I had set as the day to do, not a noble action, but a decent one. I was going to spend all day in baby's company."

"If his health seems to you to need"—

"Oh, nonsense! His health's not perfect; but as if my staying with him of a Sunday would better it! No, I was only about to begin acquiring a few stray bits of information about the poor boy's character and habits. He and I have a sort of bowing acquaintance at present. I'm afraid he may cut me dead, by accident, before long, if I don't beware."

"How you malign yourself!"

"No, Tom. You mean how I spare myself! But, of course, to-morrow is the time for father. The sooner the better. Noble actions fly fast. We must spread our nets at once. Yet what part had dear mother to play in this great moral show of yours, Tom? Her first appearance can't be until later, you know."

"Oh, I went to her for first advice and encouragement. She was less cruel than you are, Margaret, towards my feeble efforts to do right."

"Cruelty is my only virtue. All the others are dear mother's. For what would you do without a little cruelty, you spoiled child?" Margaret smiled, certainly in the most cruel possible fashion. "But what then did dear mother counsel?"

"Much what I have done so far, and what you approve for the future. But there is still another aspect of the case. We need, of course, a person through whom we can deal with Escott. The old man himself is, I grant, a trifle hard for us to approach. And if the first approach to Escott were to be a wrong one, well, then, there'd only be a little more lightning than ever, I suppose."

"You speak of him as if he were a fiery dragon, poor man. I saw, however, all the time, that you had some such person in mind as might serve for a go-between. How otherwise should you know so much about Escott's condition and prospects, if you hadn't a go-between already? Who, then, is the Moses that may thus go up into burning mountains?"

"A man whom I have only recently learned to know at all well, —a friend of Williamson's; one William Harold by name. He's a man about my age."

"Harold? Oh, yes. I used to hear of him already years ago. He married Annie Thornton, and she died some four or five years

since. Then he went abroad. Have I heard him mentioned since he came back? I should say so, indeed! A poet, isn't he, or else a naturalist, or an amateur musician, or something of the sort, or perhaps all of them at once? And a confirmed woman-hater, too! Lives alone; keeps an owl, three parrots, seven cats, and a big inlaid chess-board, with great ivory chess-men; smokes all day long; lives in general in a mystical cloud of contemplation; is esteemed a sage, in fact is one, has charming blue-gray eyes, much old china, numerous books on the black art, and an altar with three candles burning before his wife's picture. Isn't all that true? Oh, I know of him very well, you may believe! Louise Parkhurst tells me everything that's going, you know."

"Louise isn't precisely a historian, Margaret, but she's a good chronicler, in her way. If all that isn't precisely so, it's better than the truth, as an account of Harold. Yes, barring a certain inaccuracy in all your facts, he's much that sort of man."

"But, see here, now, Tom. My inspirations are instantaneous. I'm to conduct the picturesque moral show for father's reformation. That's solemn business. And you, personally, can't detract much from the solemnity, try as you will. What's needed to give diversity, and to keep us all from yawning our heads off, is another member of the stock company of this dime museum, a second assistant showman and scene-shifter, a person, too, of some cleverness and originality. I take it, Harold's deeply interested in Escott, isn't he?"

"He has Escott staying with him since the fire. All our negotiations are, of course, so far a profound secret from the old man himself."

"Bravo! Perfect! Fetch Harold over here at *once*, Sunday. *That's* my inspiration. He and I can arrange it to bring father round straightway. He'll represent Escott, I'll represent eternal justice. I feel in my bones the sense that he's just the man. Father'll have no chance. You, of course, being in such delicate matters notoriously stupid, though very well meaning, poor boy, shall sit by and look on benevolently at the success of your heroic and self-sacrificing schemes. That's the plan. Can you do it, Tom?"

"Why not? Whatever you will." Her mood fascinated as well as baffled him; but he had every wish to please her. "Perhaps," he went on, "I can't get Harold so soon. I'll try, though. He really is very much interested in Escott's case. He was formerly one of

Escott's faithful band of disciples, I think, when we all were young. We knew little of each other, however. That was natural, too, being the fashion of Escott's friendships." Tom sighed yet once more, but felt when he did so what a foolish blunder he was committing all the while, as, for that matter, she had just shown him. Why must he be so melancholy in her presence? That wearied her. Yet how could he ever predict what she would take seriously, and what not? He had felt this old ground so dangerous to tread. And she—she merely laughed in his face, now that her first mood of soberness was past.

"As for me," she said, with the merriest of voices, "you see I'm so much lost in pride at the thought of enticing the unattainable, the icy, the profound Harold into our humble dwelling, that I'm near forgetting the noble task itself. But when he's once here we'll work it out. Now, however, what were you going to do to-day to secure father for Sunday?" Margaret's face wore just now her most beautiful expression.

"I was going back to the city before dinner, and coming out with father Sunday morning. Of him I feel sure, notwithstanding, or perhaps I should say because, he's no idea what awaits him."

"Excellent! Then hear your orders. You are to invite Harold to come over with you Sunday morning, on this special business of consulting with father and me about the whole affair. He's to come, of course, for Escott's sake. Tell him it's absolutely imperative for the success of the whole enterprise, because, of course, we must act quickly, before father has had time to get used to the new situation, or to get up some new prejudice about it. And mind you, you're to bring over Harold yourself in person, early, and in time for lunch. But you're to see that father himself does *not* get here until after lunch. Have him come early in the afternoon, say at three o'clock. Tell father we'll dine late, against the usual Sunday custom, for his sake, and that we have some other sort of little fandango running earlier in the day. You needn't say what. The purpose of all this is to give time for me to take Harold into my plots, and to arrange matters with him. Then, when father comes, the show will proceed,—trained elephants, conjurers, and all the rest that may be called moral and picturesque. The effect, as you may leave me to determine, will be all that any one could desire. Both Harold and father are, of course, to stay here all night. Lest as lone lorn woman I should feel too unprotected in the company

of so many of you men, I may take it upon myself to have other company also at dinner. But I'm not sure yet. At any rate, we're to have the great conversion take place before dinner, if possible."

"Well," said Tom submissively, "if this is what I have to arrange for, I must go back to town forthwith, that no time may be lost. I must order up the carriage, I suppose."

A few minutes later Tom reverently and sedately took his leave, feeling, as had happened before after certain of his interviews with Margaret, that his ears must have been somehow softly boxed, he could hardly tell when or by whom. Margaret was just now fairly radiant. She even let him kiss her hand as he left. It seemed to him long since he had seen just such a look in her face. He grew once more hopeful.

5

*The Pacific Coast:
A Psychological Study
of the Relations
of Climate and Civilization*

I have been asked to describe some of the principal physical aspects of California, and to indicate the way in which they have been related to the life and civilization of the region. The task is at once, in its main outlines, comparatively simple, and in its most interesting details hopelessly complex. The topography of the Pacific slope, now well known to most travellers, is in certain of its principal features extremely easy to characterize. The broad landscapes, revealing very frequently at a glance the structure of wide regions, give one an impression that the meaning of the whole can easily be comprehended. Closer study shows how difficult it is to understand the relation of precisely such features to the life that has grown up in this region. The principal interest of the task lies in the fact that it is our American character and civilization which have been already moulded in new ways by these novel aspects of the far western regions. But we stand at the beginning of a process which must continue for long ages. Any one inter-

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ested in the unity of our national life, and in the guiding of our destinies by broad ideals, desires to conceive in some fashion how the physical features of the Pacific Coast may be expected to mould our national type. Yet thus far we have, as it were, only the most general indications of what the result must be.

In endeavoring to distinguish between what has already resulted from physical conditions and what has been due to personal character, to deliberate choice, or to the general national temperament, or to what we may have to call pure accident, one is dealing with a task for which the data are not yet sufficient. We can but make a beginning.

I

The journey westward to California is even now, when one goes by rail, a dramatic series of incidents. From the wide plains of the states immediately west of the Mississippi one passes at first through richly fertile regions to the more and more arid prairies of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Then come either the steep ranges or the wide passes, and at last what used to be called the Great American Desert itself, that great interior basin of the rugged, saw-tooth ranges, where the weirdly dreary landscape at once terrifies the observer by its desolation, and inspires him by the grandeur of its loneliness, and by the mysterious peacefulness of the desert wherein, as one at first feels, nothing like the complex and restless life of our eastern civilization will ever be possible.

As one travels by the familiar central route still further west, one reaches the valley of the Humboldt River, that kindly stream whose general westerly trend made the early overland migration possible. At the end of this portion of the route rises the vast wall of the Sierra Range, and the traveller's heart thrills with something of the strange feeling that the early immigrants described when, after their long toil, they reached the place where, just beyond this dark and deathlike wall, the land of heavenly promise was known to lie. Abrupt is the ascent of this great range; slower on the other side, the descent, amidst the magnificent cañons of the western slope, to the plains of the Sacramento Valley. From the foot-hills of the Sierra one used to the journey could easily get at many points a wide outlook into the region beyond. The Coast

Range in the far distance bounds with its blue summits the western view, and seems to hide the ocean for whose shore one already looks, as in childhood I, who then lived in the Sierra foot-hills, and had never seen the sea, used longingly to look. Through the valley beneath winds the Sacramento, fed by numerous tributaries from the Sierra. At length, as one continues the railway journey, one reaches the plains of the Sacramento Valley themselves, and enters that interesting region where the scattered oaks, separated from one another by wide distances, used to seem, I remember in the old days, as if set out by God's hand at the creation in a sort of natural park. One crosses the valley,—the shore of San Francisco Bay is reached. If one is travelling in summer, the intensely dry heat of the Sacramento Valley suddenly gives place to the cold winds of the coast. Mist and the salt air of the sea greet you as you approach the rugged hills about the Golden Gate, and find your way by ferry to San Francisco.

The region that to-day is so swiftly and so easily entered was of old the goal of an overland tour that might easily last six months from the Missouri River, and that was attended with many often recorded dangers. Yet the route that in this brief introductory statement we have followed, is nearly identical with the one which first guided the immigrants to the new land. And in part this route was identical, namely, as far as Fort Hall, with the once familiar Oregon Trail.

II

Oregon and California, the Canaan which long formed the only goal of those who travelled over these intermediate regions, are determined as to their characters and climate by the presence beyond them of the great ocean, and by the trend northward and southward of the elevated ranges of mountains which lie west of the central basin. On all the continents of the world, in the latitudes of the temperate zones, the countries that lie on the lee side of the ocean receive the world's prevailing winds tempered by a long course over the water. Accordingly, those countries very generally enjoy a relatively steadier climate than those which lie in the same latitudes but on the lee side of the great continental areas; that is, toward the east. But other influences join themselves, as secondary causes, in a number of cases, to this general conse-

quence of the prevailing west winds of the temperate zones. The good fortune of Oregon and California as to their climate depends, in fact, as the meteorologists now recognize, partly upon the steady influence of the vast masses of water that there lie to windward, partly upon the influence of the mountain masses themselves in affecting precipitation, and finally upon certain great seasonal changes in the distribution of the more permanent areas of high and low pressure,—changes which have been elaborately studied in the report of Lieutenant Glassford on the climate of California and Nevada, published as a government document in 1891.

During the summer months, the entire region west of the high Sierra Range and of its continuation, the Cascade Range, is comparatively free, and in the southern portion almost wholly free, from storm disturbances. The moisture-laden winds of the ocean are then deflected by areas of high pressure, which persist off the coast, and the moister winds are prevented from coming into close relation to the mountains and discharging their moisture. On the other hand, during the months from November to March, and in Oregon still later, storm areas are more frequent, and their behavior along the coast, by reason of certain areas of high pressure which are then established in the regions east of the Sierra, is rendered different from the behavior more characteristic of the well-known storms of our eastern coast. The resulting conditions are sometimes those of long-continued and decidedly steady precipitation on the Coast Range of California, and on the western slope of the Sierra, as well as throughout the Oregon region. Thus arise the longer rains of the California wet season. At other times in the rainy season the storm areas, moving back and forth in a more variable way along the coast, but still unable to pass the area of high pressure that lies farther inland, produce conditions of a more gently and variably showery sort over a wide extent of country; as the rainy season passes away in March and April, these showers grow less frequent in California, though they continue in Oregon much later. That portion of Oregon which lies east of the Cascade Range belongs, once more, to the decidedly dry regions of the western country; on the other hand, western Oregon has a much moister climate than California.

In consequence, the climate, throughout this entire far western region, is characterized by a very sharp distinction between the

wet and dry seasons; while otherwise, within the area of Oregon and California, there exist very wide differences as to the total amount of annual precipitation. Wide extents of country, as, for instance, the San Joaquin Valley in California, have needed the development of elaborate methods of irrigation. The relative variability of rainfall in the more northern regions has in some years beset the Sacramento Valley with severe floods. And still farther north, at places on the Oregon and Washington coast, the annual precipitation reaches very high figures indeed. If one then returns to the other extreme, in far southeastern California, one is altogether in a desert region. Normally the wet season of central and southern California, even where the rainfall is considerable, is diversified by extended intervals of beautifully fair and mild weather. But nowhere on the Pacific coast has the variation of seasons the characters customary in the eastern country. A true winter exists, indeed, in the high Sierra, but even here this season has a character very different from that of the New England winter. Enormous falls of snow on the upper Sierra slopes are, indeed, frequent. But on the other hand, there are many places in the Sierra where an early spring very rapidly melts away these masses of snow from the upper foot-hills, and leads by a swift transition to the climate of the California dry season, in a dramatic fashion that happens to be prominent amongst my own childhood memories.

In general, then, in California and Oregon, with the great western ocean so near, the routine of the year's climate is much more definite and predetermined than in our Atlantic states. In western Oregon, where, as we have said, the climate is far more moist, the rains begin about the end of September and continue with more or fewer intermissions until May or June. The dry season then lasts steadily for three or four months. In California the dry season grows longer, the rainy season less persistent and wealthy in watery gifts, the farther south we go, until in the far south, except on the coast, there is often a very short intermission in the year's drought.

So much for the climate of this region as a whole. Meanwhile, there are numerous local varieties, and amongst these more distinctly local influences that modify the climate both in the wet and in the dry seasons, the Coast Range of California plays a very important part. This range, separated, as we have seen, from the

Sierra by the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, joins its masses with those of the Sierra both at the northern end of the Sacramento Valley and the southern extremity of the San Joaquin Valley. These two rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, flowing the one southward and the other northward, join their waters and find an exit to the sea through San Francisco Bay, which itself opens into the ocean through the Golden Gate. The Sacramento Valley is thus bounded on the east by a range that varies in height from seven thousand to fourteen thousand feet. The Coast Range on the west has an elevation varying from two thousand to four thousand, and in some cases rising to five thousand feet. The elevation of the Coast Range is thus sufficient to affect, in the rainy season, the precipitation in some localities, although the greatest rainfalls of the rainy season in California are due to the influence of the Sierra upon the moisture-laden winds of the sea during the passage of the areas of low pressure. But decidedly more marked is the influence of the Coast Range during the summer months upon the determination of local climate along the northern Californian coast. Here the summer, from Monterey northward, is along the coast decidedly cold,—sea-breezes and frequent mists marking the days of the entire dry season, while at night the winds usually fall, and the cold may not be so severely felt. But frequently only a few miles will separate these cold regions of the coast from the hot interior of the Sacramento Valley or from the smaller valleys on the eastern slope of the Coast Range.

To sum up the total result of all these conditions, one may say that the main feature of the whole climate, apart from its mildness, is the relatively predictable character of the year's weather. In the dryer regions of the south, wherever irrigation is possible and has been developed, the agriculturist often feels a superiority to weather conditions which makes him rejoice in the very drought that might otherwise be regarded as so formidable. In central California one is sure, in advance, of the weather that will steadily prevail during all the summer months. Agricultural operations are thus rendered definite by the knowledge of when the drought is coming, and by the freedom from all fear of sudden storms during the harvest season.

That this climate is delightful to those who are used to its routine will be well known to most readers. That it is not without its disagreeable features is equally manifest to every tourist. Nor

can one say that this far western country is free from decided variations in the fortunes of different years. Where irrigation is not developed, great anxiety is frequently felt with regard to the sufficiency of the annual rain supply of the rainy season. Years of relative flood and of relative drought are as well known here as elsewhere. Nor is one wholly free, within any one season, from unexpected and sometimes disagreeably long-continued periods of unseasonable temperature. A high barometer over the region north and east of California occasionally brings to pass the well-known California "northerns." These have, in the rainy season, a character that in some respects reminds one of the familiar cold-wave phenomena of the east, although the effect is very much more moderate. Frosts may then extend throughout northern California, may beset the central Coast Range, and may on occasion extend far into the southern part of California itself. But when the "northerns" come during the dry season, they are frequently intensely hot winds, whose drought, associated with hill or forest fires, may give rise to very memorable experiences. But these are the inevitable and minor vicissitudes of a climate which is, on the whole, remarkably steady, and which is never as trying as are the well-known variations of our own northeastern climate. The generally good effect upon the health of such a climate is modified in certain cases by the possibly overstimulating character of the coast summer, which, as for instance at San Francisco, permits one to work without thought of holidays all the year round. In my own boyhood it used often to be said that there were busy men in San Francisco who had reached that place in 1849, and who had become prominent in mercantile or other city life, and who had never taken vacations, and never left San Francisco even to cross the bay, from the hour of their coming until that moment. Of course, such men can be found in almost any busy community, but these men seemed rather characteristic of the early California days and suggested the way in which a favorable climate may on occasion be misused by an ambitious man to add to the strains otherwise incident to the life of a new country.

If one now turns from the climate to the other aspects of our region, the general topography at once suggests marked features that must needs be of great importance to the entire life of any such country. California and Oregon are sharply sundered from one another by the ranges north of the Sacramento Valley. The

Washington region, about Puget Sound, is destined to still a third and decidedly separate life, by reason of its relation to those magnificent inland waters, and by reason of the two high ranges which bound the shores of the American portion of Puget Sound.

And, in fact, the country of the whole Pacific Coast may be regarded as geographically divided into at least four great regions: the Washington region, in the neighborhood of Puget Sound; the Oregon region with the valley of the Columbia; the northern and central California region, including the coast and bay of San Francisco, together with the great interior valley; and, finally, the southern region of California. Both the social development and the material future of these four great sections of the Pacific Coast must always be mutually somewhat distinct and independent. The northern and central California region, the third of those just enumerated, is in possession of the largest harbor between Puget Sound and the southern boundary of the United States. It is, therefore, here that the civilization of the west was destined to find its first centre. Nor can this province ever have a social destiny independent of that of San Francisco itself. The southern California region, while not separated from central and northern California by any very high barrier, is still marked off by certain features due to the amount of precipitation, and to the smaller harbors of this part of the Pacific Coast.

I have already mentioned more than once the breadth of landscape characteristic especially of central California, but often visible elsewhere on the Pacific Coast. Here is a feature that has to do at once with the materially important and with the topographically interesting features of this land. When you stand on Mount Diablo, a mountain about three thousand eight hundred feet high, and some fifteen miles east of San Francisco Bay, you look in one direction down upon the ocean and upon San Francisco Bay itself, while in the other direction you have in full sight the Sierra Range beyond the great valley, and vast reaches of the interior valley itself. Similarly, from the upper foot-hills of the Sierra, every chance elevation that overtops its neighbors a little gives you far-reaching views of the interior valley. The normally clear air of a great part of the year determines the character and sharp outlines of these broad views. The young Californian is thus early used to a country that, as it were, tells its principal secrets at a glance, and he sometimes finds his eye pained and confused either by the monotonous

landscapes of the prairies of our middle west, or by the baffling topography of many parts of New England or of our middle states, where one small valley at a time invites one to guess what may be its unseen relations to its neighbors. The effect of all this breadth and clearness of natural scenery on mental life cannot be doubted.

III

Of climate and topography this very summary view must now suffice. We turn from nature toward life, and ask ourselves what bearing these geographical features have had upon the still so incomplete social development of California.

In 1846, at the outset of our war with Mexico, the Mexican province of California extended toward the interior, at least on paper, so far as to include the present Nevada and Utah; but only the California coast itself was really known to its inhabitants. California was seized by the American fleet at the outset of the war. Its value to our country had been earlier made known partly through the New England traders who dealt on that coast, and partly through the appearance in the territory of American settlers. The famous report of the expedition of 1844 made by Lieutenant Fremont brought to a focus the popular interest in the importance of the entire territory, and prepared the way for the excitement aroused by the discovery of gold in 1848.

The gold excitement determined the entire future history of California; and here of course the immediate influence of the physical upon the social conditions is the best known fact about the state. The golden period of California may be regarded as filling all the years between 1848 and 1860. Or perhaps a still better dividing line might be made in the year 1866, when the government first surveyed the mineral lands of California and parted with its title to these lands, so that the conditions of mining ownership were thenceforth no longer primitive. Up to that time the miners of California had worked by government consent upon land to which they could acquire no title, so that their right to hold land was entirely due to miner's custom and to occupation, both of which were recognized by the courts of the state in dealing with conflicts amongst miners. With the close of the distinctively mining period, begins the agricultural period of California.

Gold mining has of course continued until the present day, but the development of agriculture soon surpassed in importance that of all other industries in the state.

Nevertheless, the civilization of the agricultural period has been of course determined in large part, despite the change of material conditions, by the traditions of the more romantic golden period. The California pioneers are gradually passing away; but as the fathers and the early Puritans determined in many respects the future of New England, so the miners, together with their peers, the merchants of early San Francisco, lived a life whose traditions, directly due to the physical conditions under which they worked, are sure to be of long-continued, perhaps of permanently obvious, influence in the development of the civilization of California.

If one attempts to describe in what way the civilization either of the golden days or of the later agricultural period has been affected by the geographical conditions, a student of my own habits and prejudices feels at once disposed to pass directly to the inner life of the Californian and to ask himself what influence the nature and climate of such a region seem to have upon the life of the individual mind and body, and, indirectly, upon the social order. Here of course one treads upon ground at once fascinating and enormously difficult. Generalization is limited by the fact of great varieties of personal character and type with which we are dealing. But after all, I think that in California literature, in the customary expressions of Californians in speaking to one another, and, to a very limited degree, in the inner consciousness of any one who has grown up in California, we have evidence of certain ways in which the conditions of such a region must influence the life and, I suppose in the end, the character of the whole community. I feel disposed, then, to try to suggest very briefly how it feels to grow up in such a climate, to live in such a region, thus separated by wide stretches of country from other portions of our own land and from the world at large, thus led by the kindness of nature into a somewhat intimate, even if uncomprehended, relation to the physical conditions, and thus limited to certain horizons in one's experience. I speak of course as a native Californian, but I also do not venture to limit even for a moment my characterization by reference to my own private experience. Californians are rather extraordinarily conscious of the relation between their home and their lives. Newcomers who have grown up

elsewhere are constantly comparing their natural surroundings with those that they knew before. The natives, for reasons that I shall suggest in a moment, are put into a relation with nature which, whether they are students of nature or not, and whether they are observant or not, is in feeling a peculiarly intimate relation. The consequence may, as I have already suggested, be best understood by a reference to some of the wealthy and varied literature that California has already produced.

Every one is familiar with that reflection of the change of seasons in poetical literature which we find first in the classic English literature, which we find again gradually appearing in new forms in adaptation to the more special conditions of our American climate. New England nature has now been perhaps almost too frequently characterized in literary art. We are here to ask how the nature of California comes to be characterized. Let me appeal at once to some of the poets to tell us.

The most familiar account of the California climate in literature is Bret Harte's characterization of the seasonal changes in his poem, "Concepcion Argüello." The scene is here at the Presidio at San Francisco, close by the Golden Gate, where the heroine waited for her lover during the long years that the poem describes.

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow empty breeze—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;
Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks—
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;
Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted, wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers—half a year of dust and sky.

The nature which is thus depicted has of course many other aspects besides this its fundamental rhythm; but prominent in all the literary descriptions is the stress laid upon the coming of the rains,—an event which occupies, very naturally, the same place in the California poet's mind that the spring occupies elsewhere. Only what this springtime breaks in upon in California is not in general cold, but drought. It is here not the bursting away of any iron barrier of frost, but the clearing of the hazy air, the introduction of a rich and sudden new life, the removing of a dull and dry oppression from the heart,—it is such things that first come to mind

when one views this change. A student of the University of California in the year 1878, a lady who has won success in more than one branch of literature, Miss Millicent Shinn, published in a college paper of that time the following sonnet, under the title of "Rain." The poem deserves to be recalled here, just as a suggestion of the relation between nature and the individual mind under such conditions:—

It chanced me once that many weary weeks
I walked to daily work across a plain,
Far-stretching, barren since the April rain;
And now, in gravelly beds of vanished creeks,
November walked dry shod. On every side
Round the horizon hung a murky cloud,—
No hills, no waters; and above that shroud
A wan sky rested shadowless and wide.
Until one night came down the earliest rain;
And in the morning, lo, in fair array,
Blue ranges crowned with snowy summits, lay
All round about the fair transfigured plain.
 Oh, would that such a rain might melt away
 In tears the cloud that chokes my heart with pain.

The heavy air of the close of the dry season, the weary waiting for the autumn rains, the quick change as the new life came,—all these things bring characteristically before one the nature life of central California,—a region of the half-arid type, where the conditions are far enough from true desert conditions, while at moments they simulate the latter. Yet not merely this fundamental rhythm of the climate so easily impressive to every sojourner, arouses the sensitive attention of the life-long inhabitant. The dwellers by the shores of San Francisco Bay see these seasonal changes in the midst of a highly varied landscape. From the hill slopes on the eastern shores of that great harbor one looks toward the Golden Gate. North of the Gate rise the rugged heights of Mount Tamalpais, to a point about twenty-six hundred feet above the sea level. South of the Gate, San Francisco itself adds its smoke to the ocean mists, and its hilly summits to the generally bold landscape. The wide expanse of water, stretching north and south in the bay, changes color under the daylight in the most varied manner, according as cloud and sunshine, or as dawn, morning, afternoon, and sunset pass before you. In the summertime the afternoon ocean mists enter, along with the steadily rising daily

wind which falls only with the twilight. One of California's most successful poets, Miss Coolbrith, depicts this scene in her poem entitled "Two Pictures."

Morning

As in a quiet dream,
The mighty waters seem:
Scarcely a ripple shows
Upon their blue repose.

The sea-gulls smoothly ride
Upon the drowsy tide,
And a white sail doth sleep
Far out upon the deep.

A dreamy purple fills
The hollows of the hills;
A single cloud floats through
The sky's serenest blue;

And far beyond the Gate,
The massed vapors wait—
White as the walls that ring
The City of the King.

There is no sound, no word;
Only a happy bird
Trills to her nestling young,
A little, sleepy song.

This is the holy calm;
The heavens dropping balm;
The Love made manifest,
And near; the perfect rest.

Evening

The day grows wan and cold:
In through the Gate of Gold
The restless vapors glide,
Like ghosts upon the tide.

The brown bird folds her wing,
Sad, with no song to sing.
Along the streets the dust
Blows sharp, with sudden gust.

The night comes, chill and gray;
Over the sullen bay,
What mournful echoes pass
From lonely Alcatraz!

O bell, with solemn toll,
 As for a passing soul!
 As for a soul that waits,
 In vain, at heaven's gates.

This is the utter blight;
 The sorrow infinite
 Of earth; the closing wave;
 The parting, and the grave.

Such is the daily drama of the dry season at the bay. On the other hand, the rainy season itself contains some tragedies that in no wise belong to the eastern winter. There are the northers, with their periods of relative chill and their swift winged sternness; and these northerers have often been celebrated in California verse. But apart from such colder periods, the loud roaring storms and heavy rains are often likely to stand in a curious contrast to the abounding life of vegetation which the rains themselves have aroused. It is possible to cultivate roses in one's garden throughout the greater part of the year. These, the rainy season will generally encourage in their blooming. On the other hand, the stormy wind will from time to time destroy them with its own floods of cruelty. Miss Coolbrith depicts such a scene in the poem entitled, "My 'Cloth of Gold.'" As in tropical countries, so here the long storms seem often much darker and drearier by reason of their warfare with the rich life amidst which they rage.

IV

Such are a few of the many instances that might be given of the emotional reactions of sensitive minds in the presence of California nature. But now the outer aspect of nature unquestionably moulds both the emotions and the customs of mankind, insensibly affects men's temperaments in ways which, as we know, somehow or other tend to become hereditary, however we may view the vexed question concerning the heredity of acquired characters. Moreover, the influence of nature upon custom which every civilization depicts, is precisely the kind of influence that from moment to moment expresses itself psychologically in the more typical emotions of sensitive souls. Thus, one may observe that if we are considering the relation between civilization and climate, and are endeavoring to speculate in however vague a manner upon the

future of a society in a given environment, we may well turn to the poets, not for a solution of our problem, but for getting significant hints. Or, to put the case somewhat boldly otherwise, I should say that the vast processes which in the course of centuries appear in the changes of civilization due to climate, involve, as it were, tremendously complex mathematical functions. If it were possible for us to state these stupendous functions, we should be possessed of the secret of such social changes. Of such a stupendous function, a group of poems, expressing as they do momentary human changes, might be called, if you like, a system of partial, and I admit very partial, differential equations. I do not hope to integrate any such system of equations, or to gain an exact view of the types of the functions from a consideration of them, and of course I admit with readiness that I am using only a very rough mathematical metaphor. But to translate the matter once more into literal terms, the tendencies of the moment are in their way indications of what the tendencies of the ages are to be.

Now what all this poetry in general psychologically means, quite apart from special moods, is that the Californian, of necessity, gains a kind of sensitiveness to nature which is different in type from the sensitiveness that a severer climate would inevitably involve, and different too in type from that belonging to climates mild but moist and more variable. In the first place, as you see, such a climate permits one to be a great deal out of doors in the midst of nature. It permits wide views, where the outlines are vast and in general clear. As, when you are on a steamer it is a matter of some skill to understand what are the actual conditions of wind and sea, while, when you are on a sailing vessel you constantly feel both the wind and the sea with a close intimacy that needs no technical knowledge to make it at least appreciated, so, in the case of such a climate as the one of California, your relations with nature are essentially intimate, whether you are a student of nature or not. Your dependence upon nature you feel in one sense more, and in another sense less,—more, because you are more constantly in touch with the natural changes of the moment; less, because you know that nature is less to be feared than under severer conditions. And this intimacy with nature means a certain change in your relations to your fellow-men. You get a sense of power from these wide views, a habit of personal independence from the contemplation of a world that the eye seems to own.

Especially in country life the individual Californian consequently tends toward a certain kind of independence which I find in a strong and subtle contrast to the sort of independence that, for instance, the New England farmer cultivates. The New England farmer must fortify himself in his stronghold against the seasons. He must be ready to adapt himself to a year that permits him to prosper only upon decidedly hard terms. But the California country proprietor can have, during the drought, more leisure, unless, indeed, his ambition for wealth too much engrosses him. His horses are plenty and cheap. His fruit crops thrive easily. He is able to supply his table with fewer purchases, with less commercial dependence. His position is, therefore, less that of the knight in his castle and more that of the free dweller in the summer cottage, who is indeed not at leisure, but can easily determine how he shall be busy. It is of little importance to him who his next neighbor is. At pleasure he can ride or drive a good way to find his friends; can choose, like the southern planter of former days, his own range of hospitality; can devote himself, if a man of cultivation, to reading during a good many hours at his own choice, or, if a man of sport, can find during a great part of the year easy opportunities for hunting or for camping both for himself and for the young people of his family. In the dry season he knows beforehand what engagements can be made, without regard to the state of the weather, since the state of the weather is predetermined.

The free life and interchange of hospitality, so often described in the accounts of early California, has left its traces in the country life of California at the present day. Very readily, if you have moderate means, you can create your own quiet estate at a convenient distance from the nearest town. You may cover your house with a bower of roses, surround yourself with an orchard, quickly grow eucalyptus as a shade tree, and with nearly equal facility multiply other shade trees. You become, on easy terms, a proprietor, with estate and home of your own. Now all this holds, in a sense, of any mild climate. But in California the more regular routine of wet and dry seasons modifies and renders more stable the general psychological consequences. All this is encouraging to a kind of harmonious individuality that already tends in the best instances toward a somewhat Hellenic type.

A colleague of my own, a New Englander of the strictest persuasion, who visited California for a short time when he was him-

self past middle life, returned enthusiastic with the report that the California countrymen seemed to him to resemble the ancient, yes, even the Homeric, Greeks of the *Odyssey*. The Californians had their independence of judgment; their carelessness of what a barbarian might think, so long as he came from beyond the border; their apparent freedom in choosing what manner of men they should be; their ready and confident speech. All these things my friend at once noticed as characteristic. Thus different in type are these country proprietors from the equally individual, the secretively independent, the silently conscientious New England villagers. They are also quite different from the typical southern proprietors. From the latter they differ in having less tendency to respect traditions, and in laying much less stress upon formal courtesies. The Californian, like the westerner in general, is likely to be somewhat abrupt in speech, and his recent coming to the land has made him on the whole quite indifferent to family tradition. I myself, for instance, reached twenty years of age without ever becoming clearly conscious of what was meant by judging a man by his antecedents, a judgment that in an older and less isolated community is natural and inevitable, and that, I think, in most of our western communities, grows up more rapidly than it has grown up in California, where the geographical isolation is added to the absence of tradition. To my own mind, in childhood, every human being was, with a few exceptions, whatever he happened to be. Hereditary distinctions I appreciated only in case of four types of humanity. There were the Chinamen, there were the Irishmen, there were the Mexicans, and there were the rest of us. Within each of these types, every man, to my youthful mind, was precisely what God and himself had made him, and it was distinctly a new point of view to attach a man to the antecedents that either his family or his other social relationships had determined for him. Now, I say, this type of individuality, known more or less in our western communities, but developed in peculiarly high degree in California, seems to me due not merely to the newness of the community, and not merely to that other factor of geographical isolation that I just mentioned, but to the relation with nature of which we have already spoken. It is a free and on the whole an emotionally exciting, and also as we have said, an engrossing and intimate relation.

In New England, if you are moody, you may wish to take a

long walk out-of-doors, but that is not possible at all or even at most seasons. Nature may not be permitted to comfort you. In California, unless you are afraid of the rain, nature welcomes you at almost any time. The union of the man and the visible universe is free, is entirely unchecked by any hostility on the part of nature, and is such as easily fills one's mind with wealth of warm experience. Our poets just quoted have laid stress upon the directly or symbolically painful aspects of the scene. But these are sorrows of a sort that mean precisely that relation with nature which I am trying to characterize, not the relation of hostility but of closeness. And this is the sort of closeness determined not merely by mild weather, but by long drought and by the relative steadiness of all the climatic conditions.

Now, I must feel that such tendencies are of vast importance, not merely to-day but for all time. They are tendencies whose moral significance in the life of California is of course both good and evil, since man's relations with nature are, in general, a neutral material upon which ethical relations may be based. If you are industrious, this intimacy with nature means constant coöperation, a coöperation never interrupted by frozen ground and deep snow. If you tend to idleness, nature's kindness may make you all the more indolent, and indolence is a possible enough vice with the dwellers in all mild climates. If you are morally careless, nature encourages your freedom, and tends in so far to develop a kind of morale frequently characteristic of the dwellers in gentle climates. Yet the nature of California is not enervating. The nights are cool, even in hot weather; owing to the drought the mildness of the air is not necessarily harmful. Moreover, the nature that is so uniform also suggests in a very dignified way a regularity of existence, a definite reward for a definitely planned deed. Climate and weather are at their best always capricious, and, as we have seen, the variations of the California seasons have involved the farmers in much anxiety, and in many cases have given the farming business, as carried on in certain California communities, the same sort of gambling tendency that originally vitiated the social value of the mining industry. But on the other hand, as the conditions grew more stable, as agriculture developed, vast irrigation enterprises introduced once more a conservative tendency. Here again for the definite deed nature secures a definite return. In regions subject to irrigation, man controls the weather as he cannot

elsewhere. He is independent of the current season. And this tendency to organization—a tendency similar to the one that was obviously so potent in the vast ancient civilization of Egypt,—is present under Californian conditions, and will make itself felt.

Individuality, then, but of a peculiar type, and a tendency despite all this individualism toward agricultural conservatism and a definite social organization—these are already the results of this climate.

V

I have spoken already several times of the geographical isolation of this region. This has been a factor that was felt of course in the social life from the very outset, and more in the early days than at present. To be sure, it was never without its compensating features. It shows its influences in a way that varies with pretty definite periods of California history. In the earliest days, before the newcomers in California supposed that agriculture was possible on any large scale, nearly everything was imported. Butter, for instance, was sent around the Horn to San Francisco. And throughout the early years most of the population felt, so to speak, morally rooted in the eastern communities from which they had sprung. This tendency retarded for a long time the development of California society, and made the pioneers careless as to the stability of their social structure; encouraged corrupt municipal administration in San Francisco; gave excuse for the lynching habit in the hastily organized mining communities. But a reaction quickly came. After the general good order which as a fact characterized the year 1849 had gradually given place, with the increase of population, to the disorders of 1851 and to the municipal errors of the years between 1850 and 1856 in the city of San Francisco, there came a period of reform and of growing conservatism which marked all the time of the later mining period and of the transition to the agricultural period. During these years many who had come to California without any permanent purpose decided to become members of the community, and decided in consequence to create a community of which it was worth while to be a member. The consequence was the increase of the influence of the factor of geographical isolation in its social influence upon the life of California. The community became self-conscious,

independent, indisposed to take advice from without, very confident of the future of the state and of the boundless prosperity soon to be expected; and within the years between 1860 and 1870 a definite local tradition of California life was developed upon the basis of the memories and characters that had been formed in the early days. The consequence was a provincial California, whose ideals at last assumed that form of indifference to the barbarians beyond the border which my friend noticed as surviving even to the time of the visit of which I have spoken.

But the completion of the transcontinental railway in 1869 introduced once more the factor of physical connection with the East, and of commercial rivalry with the investors of the Mississippi Valley who now undertook, along with the capitalists of California, to supply the mining population of the still newer Rocky Mountain regions. On the whole, I should say that for a good while the provincial California, in the rather extremer sense of the tradition of the sixties and early seventies, held its own against the influence of the railway. But the original railway did not remain alone. Other transcontinental lines developed. The southern portion of the state, long neglected during the early days, became, in the beginning of the eighties, the theatre of a new immigration and of a new and on the whole decidedly more eastern civilization. There has resulted since that time a third stage of California life and society, a stage marked by a union of the provincial independence of the middle period with the complex social influences derived from the East and from the world at large. The California of to-day is still the theatre of the struggle of these opposing forces.

VI

It remains necessary to characterize more fully the way in which the consequences of the early days, joined to the geographical factors upon which we have already laid stress, have influenced the problems of California life and society. From the very outset, climate and geographical position, and the sort of life in which men were engaged, have encouraged types of individuality whose subtle distinction from those elsewhere to be found we have already attempted in a very inadequate fashion to suggest. Accordingly, from the first period down to the present time, the California community has been a notable theatre for the display

of political and financial, and, on occasion, of intellectual individuality of decidedly extraordinary types. The history of both earlier and later California politics has been a very distinctly personal history. The political life of the years before the war had as their most picturesque incident the long struggle for the United States Senatorship carried on between David Broderick and William Gwin. This contest involved personalities far more than principles. Gwin and Broderick were both of them extremely picturesque figures,—the one a typical Irish-American, the other a Southerner. The story of their bitter warfare is a familiar California romance. The tragic death of Broderick, in duel with the once notorious Terry, is a tale that long had a decidedly national prominence. Terry himself is an example of a type of individuality not elsewhere unknown in border life, but developed under peculiarly Californian conditions. Terry was, very frankly, a man of blood. Regarding him as a man of blood, one finds him in many ways, and within his own limits, an interesting, even a conscientious and attractive personality. He was at one time upon the Supreme Bench of the state of California. He warred with the Vigilance Committee of 1856 in a manner that certainly wins one's respect for his skill in bringing that organization into a very difficult position. He carried on this warfare both as judge of the Supreme Court and as wielder of a bowie knife. When he slew Broderick, he did so in a fashion that, so far as the duelling code permitted, was perfectly fair. He lived for years with a disposition to take the unpopular side of every question, to fight bitterly for causes for which no other man cared, and it was precisely for such a cause that he finally died. His attempted assault upon Judge Field, and the controversy that led thereto, and that resulted in Terry's death, was, a few years since, in everybody's memory.

It would be wholly wrong to conceive California individuality as at all fairly represented by a border type such as Terry's. Yet when one looks about in California society and politics, one finds even at the present day picturesque personalities preserving their picturesqueness amidst various grades of nobility and baseness, in a fashion more characteristic, I think, than is customary in most of our newer communities. The nobler sort of picturesque personality may be the public benefactor, like Lick or Sutro. He may be the social reformer of vast ideals, like Henry George. Or again the baser individual may be the ignorant demagogue of the grade of Dennis Kearney. Your California hero may be the chief of the

Vigilance Committee of 1856, or some other typical and admired pioneer, growing old in the glory of remembered early deeds. He may be the railway magnate, building a transcontinental line under all sorts of discouragements, winning a great fortune, and dying just as he founds a university. But in all these phases he remains the strong individual type of man that in a great democracy is always necessary. It is just this type that, as some of us fear, the conditions of our larger democracy in more eastern regions tend far too much to eliminate. In California, such individuality is by no means yet eliminated.

There is a symptom of this fact which I have frequently noted, both while I was a continuous resident of California and from time to time since. Individualistic communities are almost universally, and paradoxically enough, communities that are extremely cruel to individuals. It is so in a debating club, where individuality is encouraged, but where every speaker is subject to fierce criticism. Now, this is still so in California to an extent which surprises even one who is used to the public controversies of some of our eastern cities. The individual who, by public action or utterance, rises above the general level in California, is subject to a kind of attack which strong men frequently enjoy, but which even the stranger finds on occasion peculiarly merciless. That absence of concern for a man's antecedents of which I before spoke, contributes to this very mercilessness. A friend once remarked to me that in California, Phillips Brooks, had he appeared there before reaching the very height of his reputation, would have had small chance to win a hearing, so little reverence would have been felt for the mere form of the causes that he maintained. This remark was perhaps unfair, since a stranger preacher—Thomas Starr King,—gained in early California days, at about the beginning of the war, a very great public reputation in a short time, received great sympathy, and had a mighty influence. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly certain that the public man who intends to maintain his ideals in California will have to do so under fire, and will have to be strong enough to bear the fire. His family, or the clubs to which he belongs, the university that he represents, the church that supports him,—none of these factors will in such a community easily determine his standing. He works in a community where the pioneer tradition still remains,—the tradition of independence and of distrust toward enthusiasm. For one feels in California, very keenly, that enthusiasm may after all mean sham,

until one is quite sure that it has been severely tested. And this same community, so far as its country population is concerned, is made up of persons who, whether pioneers or newcomers, live in the aforesaid agricultural freedom, in easy touch with nature, not afraid of the sentiments of the crowd, although of course disposed, like other human beings, to be affected by a popular cry in so far as it attacks men or declares new ideals insignificant. It is much more difficult to arouse the enthusiastic sympathy of such people than it is, in case one has the advantage of the proper social backing, to affect the public opinion of a more highly organized social order in a less isolated region.

And now we have seen the various ways in which this sort of individuality is a product of the natural features of the state as well as of those early conditions which themselves were determined by geographical factors. On the other hand, in addition to this prevalence of individuality and this concomitant severity of the judgment of prominent individuals, there are social conditions characteristic of San Francisco which can also be referred to geographical and climatic factors. Early in the development of San Francisco a difficulty in the education of the young appeared which, as I fancy, has not yet been removed. This difficulty had to do with the easy development of vagrancy in city children. Vagrancy is a universal evil of cities, but the California vagrant can easily pass the night out-doors during the greater part of the year. A friend of mine who was connected with the management of San Francisco public schools for a number of years, laid stress upon this climatic factor and its dangers in official communications published at the time of his office. The now too well-known name of "hoodlum" originated in San Francisco, and is said to have been the name adopted by a particular group of young men. The social complications of the time of the sand lot, when Dennis Kearney led laborers into a dangerous pass, were again favored by climatic conditions. Public meetings out-of-doors and in the sand-lot could be held with a certain freedom and persistency in California that would be impossible without interruption elsewhere. While such factors have nothing to do with discontent, they greatly increase the opportunities for agitation. The new constitution of California, adopted in 1879, was carried at the polls by a combination of the working men of San Francisco with the dissatisfied farmers of the interior. This dissatisfaction of the farmers was no doubt due in the main to the inadequacy of their comprehension of the material

conditions under which they were working. The position of California—its geographical isolation again—has been one complicating factor for the California farmer, since luxuriant nature easily furnished him, in case he should use wise methods, with a rich supply, while his geographical isolation made access to market somewhat difficult. This difficulty about the markets long affected California political life in the form of dissatisfaction felt against the railway, which was of course held responsible and which in fact for years was more or less responsible for an increase of these difficulties of reaching the market. Well, this entire series of complications, which in 1879 combined San Francisco working men with the farmers of the interior, and changed the constitution of the state, is an example of the complex way in which the geographical situation and the factors of climate have acted to affect social movements.

On the other hand, the individuality aforesaid, when brought into the presence of such social agitations, has frequently proved in California life a conservative factor of great importance. The mob may be swept away for a time by an agitating idea. But the individual Californian himself is suspicious of mobs. The agitations in question proved transient. Even the constitution, designed to give the discontented whatever they most supposed they wanted, proved to be susceptible of a very conservative construction by the courts, and public opinion in California has never been very long under the sway of any one illusion. The individuality that we have described quickly revolts against its false prophets. In party politics, California proves to be an extremely doubtful state. Party ties are not close. The vote changes from election to election. The independent voter is well in place. Finally, through all these tendencies, there runs a certain idealism, often more or less unconscious. This idealism is partly due to the memory of the romance due to the unique marvels of the early days. It is also sustained by precisely that intimacy with nature which renders the younger Californians so sensitive. I think that perhaps Edward Rowland Sill, whose poems are nowadays so widely appreciated, has given the most representative expression to the resulting spirit of California, to that tension between individualism and loyalty, between shrewd conservatism and bold radicalism, which marks this community.

6

*William James and the
Philosophy of Life*

Fifty years since, if competent judges were asked to name the American thinkers from whom there had come novel and notable and typical contributions to general philosophy, they could in reply mention only two men—Jonathan Edwards and Ralph Waldo Emerson. For the conditions that determine a fair answer to the question, “Who are your representative American philosophers?” are obvious. The philosopher who can fitly represent the contribution of his nation to the world’s treasury of philosophical ideas must first be one who thinks for himself, fruitfully, with true independence, and with successful inventiveness, about problems of philosophy. And, secondly, he must be a man who gives utterance to philosophical ideas which are characteristic of some stage and of some aspect of the spiritual life of his own people. In Edwards and in Emerson, and only in these men, had these two conditions found their fulfillment, so far as our American civilization had yet expressed itself in the years that had preceded our civil war. Edwards, in his day, made articulate some of the great interests that had molded our early religious life. The thoughts which he most discussed were indeed, in a sense, old, since they largely concerned a traditional theology. Yet both in theology

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and general philosophy, Edwards was an originator. For he actually rediscovered some of the world's profoundest ideas regarding God and humanity simply by reading for himself the meaning of his own religious experience. With a mysterious power of philosophical intuition, even in his early youth, he observed what, upon the basis of what we know to have been his range of philosophical reading, we could not possibly have expected him to observe. If the sectarian theological creed that he defended was to our minds narrow, what he himself saw was very far-reaching and profound. For he viewed religious problems with synoptic vision that enabled him to reconcile, in his own personal way, some of the greatest and most tragic conflicts of the spiritual world, and what he had to say consequently far transcended the interests of the special theological issues which he discussed. Meanwhile, he spoke not merely as a thinker, but as one who gave voice to some of the central motives and interests of our colonial religious life. Therefore he was, in order of time, the first of our nationally representative philosophers.

Another stage of our civilization—a later phase of our national ideals—found its representative in Emerson. He too was in close touch with many of the world's deepest thoughts concerning ultimate problems. Some of the ideas that most influenced him have their far-off historical origins in oriental as well as in Greek thought, and also their nearer foreign sources in modern European philosophy. But he transformed whatever he assimilated. He invented upon the basis of his personal experience, and so he was himself no disciple of the orient, or of Greece, still less of England and of Germany. He thought, felt, and spoke as an American.

Fifty years ago, I say, our nation had so far found these two men to express each his own stage of the philosophy of our national civilization. The essence of a philosophy, in case you look at it solely from a historical point of view, always appears to you thus: A great philosophy expresses an interpretation of the life of man and a view of the universe, which is at once personal, and, if the thinker is representative of his people, national in its significance. Edwards and Emerson had given tongue to the meaning of two different stages of our American culture. And these were thus far our only philosophical voices.

To-day, if we ask any competent foreign critic of our philosophy whether there is any other name to be added to these two

classic American philosophers, we shall receive the unanimous answer: "There is to-day a third representative American philosopher. His name is William James." For James meets the two conditions just mentioned. He has thought for himself, fruitfully, with true independence, and with successful inventiveness. And he has given utterance to ideas which are characteristic of a stage and of an aspect of the spiritual life of this people. He, too, has been widely and deeply affected by the history of thought. But he has reinterpreted all these historical influences in his own personal way. He has transformed whatever he has assimilated. He has rediscovered whatever he has received from without; because he never could teach what he had not himself experienced. And, in addition, he has indeed invented effectively and richly. Moreover, in him certain characteristic aspects of our national civilization have found their voice. He is thus the third in the order of time among our representative American philosophers. Already, within a year of his death, he has begun to acquire something of a classic rank and dignity. In future this rank and dignity will long increase. In one of James's latest utterances he indeed expressed, with characteristic energy, a certain abhorrence of what he called classical tendencies in philosophical thought. But I must repeat the word: Fortune not unjustly replies, and will reply to James's vigorous protest against every form of classicism, by making him a classic.

Thus, then, from the point of view of the competent foreign students of our philosophy, the representative American philosophers are now three and only three—Edwards, Emerson, James.

And of these three there can be little question that, at the present time, the most widely known abroad is James. Emerson has indeed found a secure place in the minds of the English-speaking lovers of his type of thought everywhere; and has had an important part in the growth of some modern German tendencies. But James has already won, in the minds of French, of German, of Italian, and of still other groups of foreign readers, a position which gives him a much more extended range of present influence than Emerson has ever possessed.

It is my purpose, upon the present occasion, to make a few comments upon the significance of William James's philosophy. This is no place for the discussion of technical matters. Least of all have I any wish to undertake to decide, upon this occasion, any

controversial issues. My intentions as I address you are determined by very simple and obvious considerations. William James was my friend from my youth to the end of his beneficent life. I was once for a brief time his pupil. I long loved to think of myself as his disciple; although perhaps I was always a very bad disciple. But now he has just left us. And as I address you I remember that he was your friend also. Since the last annual meeting of this assembly he has been lost to us all. It is fitting that we should recall his memory to-day. Of personal reminiscences, of biographical sketches, and of discussions relating to many details of his philosophy, the literature that has gathered about his name during the few months since we lost him has been very full. But just as this is no occasion for technical discussion of his philosophy, so too I think this is no place to add new items to the literature of purely personal reminiscence and estimate of James. What I shall try to do is this: I have said that James is an American philosopher of classic rank, because he stands for a stage in our national self-consciousness—for a stage with which historians of our national mind must always reckon. This statement, if you will permit, shall be my text. I shall devote myself to expounding this text as well as I can in my brief time, and to estimating the significance of the stage in question, and of James's thought in so far as it seems to me to express the ideas and the ideals characteristic of this phase of our national life.

I

In defining the historical position which William James, as a thinker, occupies, we have of course to take account, not only of national tendencies, but also of the general interests of the world's thought in his time. William James began his work as a philosopher, during the seventies of the last century, in years which were, for our present purpose, characterized by two notable movements of world-wide significance. These two movements were at once scientific in the more special sense of that term, and philosophical in the broad meaning of that word. The first of the movements was concerned with the elaboration—the widening and the deepening—of the newer doctrines about evolution. This movement had indeed been preceded by another. The recent forms of evolutionary

doctrine, those associated with the names of Darwin and of Spencer, had begun rapidly to come into prominence about 1860. And the decade from 1860 to 1870, taken together with the opening years of the next decade, had constituted what you may call the storm-and-stress period of Darwinism, and of its allied tendencies, such as those which Spencer represented. In those years the younger defenders of the new doctrines, so far as they appealed to the general public, fought their battles, declared their faith, out of weakness were made strong, and put to flight the armies of the theologians. You might name, as a closing event of that storm-and-stress period, Tyndall's famous Belfast address of 1874, and the warfare waged about that address. Haeckel's early works, some of Huxley's most noted polemic essays, Lange's "History of Materialism," the first eight or nine editions of Von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious," are documents characteristic of the more general philosophical interests of that time. In our country, Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy" reflected some of the notable features that belonged to these years of the early conquests of evolutionary opinion.

Now in that storm-and-stress period, James had not yet been before the public. But his published philosophical work began with the outset of the second and more important period of evolutionary thought—the period of the widening and deepening of the new ideas. The leaders of thought who are characteristic of this second period no longer spend their best efforts in polemic in favor of the main ideas of the newer forms of the doctrine of evolution. In certain of its main outlines—outlines now extremely familiar to the public—they simply accept the notion of the natural origin of organic forms and of the general continuity of the processes of development. But they are concerned, more and more, as time goes on, with the deeper meaning of evolution, with the study of its factors, with the application of the new ideas to more and more fields of inquiry, and, in case they are philosophers, with the reinterpretation of philosophical traditions in the light of what had resulted from that time of storm and stress.

James belongs to this great second stage of the evolutionary movement, to the movement of the elaboration, of the widening and deepening of evolutionary thought, as opposed to that early period of the storm and stress. We still live in this second stage of

evolutionary movement. James is one of its most inventive philosophical representatives. He hardly ever took part in the polemic in favor of the general evolutionary ideas. Accepting them, he undertook to interpret and apply them.

And now, secondly, the period of James's activity is the period of the rise of the new psychology. The new psychology has stood for many other interests besides those of a technical study of the special sciences of the human and of the animal mind. What is technical about psychology is indeed important enough. But the special scientific study of mind by the modern methods used in such study has been a phase and a symptom of a very much larger movement—a movement closely connected with all that is most vital in recent civilization, with all the modern forms of nationalism, of internationalism, of socialism, and of individualism. Human life has been complicated by so many new personal and social problems, that man has needed to aim, by whatever means are possible, towards a much more elaborate knowledge of his fellow man than was ever possible before. The results of this disposition appear in the most widely diverse sciences and arts. Archæology and ethnology, history and the various social sciences, dramatic art, the novel, as well as what has been called psychical research—in a word, all means, good and bad, that have promised either a better knowledge of what man is or a better way of portraying what knowledge of man one may possess—have been tried and molded in recent times by the spirit of which recent technical psychology is also an expression. The psychological movement means then something that far transcends the interests of the group of sciences to which the name psychology now applies. And this movement assumed some of its most important recent forms during the decade in which James began to publish his work. His own contributions to psychology reflect something of the manifoldness and of the breadth of the general psychological movement itself. If he published the two great volumes entitled "Psychology," he also wrote "The Varieties of Religious Experience," and he played his part in what is called "psychical research."

These then are James's two principal offices when you consider him merely in his most general relations to the thought of the world at large in his time. He helped in the work of elaborating and interpreting evolutionary thought. He took a commanding part in the psychological movement.

II

But now it is not of these aspects of James's work, significant as they are, that I have here especially to speak. I must indeed thus name and emphasize these wider relations of his thought to the world's contemporary thought. But I do so in order to give the fitting frame to our picture. I now have to call attention to the features about James which make him, with all his universality of interest, a representative American thinker. Viewed as an American, he belongs to the movement which has been the consequence, first, of our civil war, and secondly, of the recent expansion, enrichment, and entanglement of our social life. He belongs to the age in which our nation, rapidly transformed by the occupation of new territory, by economic growth, by immigration, and by education, has been attempting to find itself anew, to redefine its ideals, to retain its moral integrity, and yet to become a world power. In this stage of our national consciousness we still live, and shall plainly have to live for a long time in the future. The problems involved in such a civilization we none of us well understand; least of all do I myself understand them. And James, scholar, thinker, teacher, scientific and philosophical writer as he was, has of course only such relation to our national movement as is implied by the office that he thus fulfills. Although he followed with keen interest a great variety of political and social controversies, he avoided public life. Hence, he was not absorbed by the world of affairs, although he was always ready to engage generously in the discussion of practical reforms. His main office with regard to such matters was therefore that of philosophical interpreter. He helped to enlighten his fellows as to the relations between the practical problems of our civilization and those two world-wide movements of thought of which I have just spoken.

Let me call attention to some of the results of James's work as interpreter of the problems of the American people. I need not say that this work was, to his own mind, mainly incidental to his interest in those problems of evolutionary thought and of psychology to which I just directed your attention. I am sure that James himself was very little conscious that he was indeed an especially representative American philosopher. He certainly had no ambition to vaunt himself as such. He worked with a beautiful and hearty sincerity upon the problems that as a fact interested

him. He knew that he loved these problems because of their intense human interest. He knew, then, that he was indeed laboring in the service of mankind. But he so loved what he called the concrete, the particular, the individual, that he naturally made little attempt to define his office in terms of any social organism, or of any such object as our national life, viewed as an entity. And he especially disliked to talk of causes in the abstract, or of social movements as I am here characterizing them. His world seemed to him to be made up of individuals—men, events, experiences, and deeds. And he always very little knew how important he himself was, or what vast inarticulate social forces were finding in him their voice. But we are now viewing James from without, in a way that is of course as imperfect as it is inevitable. We therefore have a right at this point to attribute to him an office that, as I believe, he never attributed to himself.

And here we have to speak first of James's treatment of religious problems, and then of his attitude towards ethics.

Our nation since the civil war has largely lost touch with the older forms of its own religious life. It has been seeking for new embodiments of the religious consciousness, for creeds that shall not be in conflict with the modern man's view of life. It was James's office, as psychologist and as philosopher, to give a novel expression to this our own national variety of the spirit of religious unrest. And his volume, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," is one that, indeed, with all its wealth of illustration, and in its courageous enterprise, has a certain classic beauty. Some men preach new ways of salvation. James simply portrayed the meaning that the old ways of salvation had possessed, or still do possess, in the inner and personal experience of those individuals whom he has called the religious geniuses. And then he undertook to suggest an hypothesis as to what the whole religious process might mean. The hypothesis is on the one hand in touch with certain tendencies of recent psychology. And in so far it seems in harmony with the modern consciousness. On the other hand it expresses, in a way, James's whole philosophy of life. And in this respect it comes into touch with all the central problems of humanity.

The result of this portrayal was indeed magical. The psychologists were aided towards a new tolerance in their study of religion. The evolution of religion appeared in a new light. And meanwhile many of the faithful, who had long been disheartened by

the later forms of evolutionary naturalism, took heart anew when they read James's vigorous appeal to the religious experience of the individual as to the most authoritative evidence for religion. "The most modern of thinkers, the evolutionist, the psychologist," they said, "the heir of all the ages, has thus vindicated anew the witness of the spirit in the heart—the very source of inspiration in which we ourselves have always believed." And such readers went away rejoicing, and some of them even began to write christologies based upon the doctrine of James as they understood it. The new gospel, the glad tidings of the subconscious, began to be preached in many lands. It has even received the signal honor of an official papal condemnation.

For my own part, I have ventured to say elsewhere that the new doctrine, viewed in one aspect, seems to leave religion in the comparatively trivial position of a play with whimsical powers—a prey to endless psychological caprices. But James's own robust faith was that the very caprices of the spirit are the opportunity for the building up of the highest forms of the spiritual life; that the unconventional and the individual in religious experience are the means whereby the truth of a superhuman world may become most manifest. And this robust faith of James, I say, whatever you may think of its merits, is as American in type as it has already proved effective in the expression which James gave to it. It is the spirit of the frontiersman, of the gold seeker, or the home builder, transferred to the metaphysical and to the religious realm. There is our far-off home, our long-lost spiritual fortune. Experience alone can guide us towards the place where these things are; hence you indeed need experience. You can only win your way on the frontier in case you are willing to live there. Be, therefore, concrete, be fearless, be experimental. But, above all, let not your abstract conceptions, even if you call them scientific conceptions, pretend to set any limits to the richness of spiritual grace, to the glories of spiritual possession, that, in case you are duly favored, your personal experience may reveal to you. James reckons that the tribulations with which abstract scientific theories have beset our present age are not to be compared with the glory that perchance shall be, if only we open our eyes to what experience itself has to reveal to us.

In the quest for the witness to whom James appeals when he tests his religious doctrine, he indeed searches the most varied

literature; and of course most of the records that he consults belong to foreign lands. But the book called "The Varieties of Religious Experience" is full of the spirit that, in our country, has long been effective in the formation of new religious sects; and this volume expresses, better than any sectarian could express, the recent efforts of this spirit to come to an understanding with modern naturalism, and with the new psychology. James's view of religious experience is meanwhile at once deliberately unconventional and intensely democratic. The old-world types of reverence for the external forms of the church find no place in his pages; but equally foreign to his mind is that barren hostility of the typical European freethinkers for the church with whose traditions they have broken. In James's eyes, the forms, the external organizations of the religious world simply wither; it is the individual that is more and more. And James, with a democratic contempt for social appearances, seeks his religious geniuses everywhere. World-renowned saints of the historic church receive his hearty sympathy; but they stand upon an equal footing, in his esteem, with many an obscure and ignorant revivalist, with faith healers, with poets, with sages, with heretics, with men that wander about in all sorts of sheepskins and goatskins, with chance correspondents of his own, with whomsoever you will of whom the world was not and is not worthy, but who, by inner experience, have obtained the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

You see, of course, that I do not believe James's resulting philosophy of religion to be adequate. For as it stands it is indeed chaotic. But I am sure that it can only be amended by taking it up into a larger view, and not by rejecting it. The spirit triumphs, not by destroying the chaos that James describes, but by brooding upon the face of the deep until the light comes, and with light, order. But I am sure also that we shall always have to reckon with James's view. And I am sure also that only an American thinker could have written this survey, with all its unconventional ardor of appreciation, with all its democratic catholicity of sympathy, with all its freedom both from ecclesiastical formality and from barren freethinking. I am sure also that no book has better expressed the whole spirit of hopeful unrest, of eagerness to be just to the modern view of life, of longing for new experience, which characterizes the recent American religious movement. In James's book, then,

the deeper spirit of our national religious life has found its most manifold and characteristic expression.

III

I must next turn to the other of the two aspects of James's work as a thinker that I mentioned above; namely, to his ethical influence. Since the war, our transformed and restless people has been seeking not only for religious, but for moral guidance. What are the principles that can show us the course to follow in the often pathless wilderness of the new democracy? It frequently seems as if, in every crisis of our greater social affairs, we needed somebody to tell us both our dream and the interpretation thereof. We are eager to have life, and that abundantly. But what life? And by what test shall we know the way of life?

The ethical maxims that most readily meet the popular demand for guidance in such a country, and at such a time, are maxims that combine attractive vagueness with an equally winning pungency. They must seem obviously practical; but must not appear excessively rigorous. They must arouse a large enthusiasm for action, without baffling us with the sense of restraint, or of wearisome self-control. They must not call for extended reflection. Despite their vagueness they must not appear abstract, nor yet hard to grasp. The wayfaring man, though a fool, must be sure that he at least will not err in applying our moral law. Moral blunders must be natural only to opponents, not to ourselves. We must be self-confident. Moreover, our moral law must have an athletic sound. Its first office is to make us "good sports." Only upon such a law can we meditate day and night, in case the "game" leaves us indeed any time for meditation at all. Nevertheless, these popular maxims will of course not be meant as mere expressions of blind impulse. On the contrary, they will appeal to highly intelligent minds, but to minds anxious for relief from the responsibility of being too thoughtful. In order to be easily popular they must be maxims that stir the heart, not precisely indeed like the sound of a trumpet, but more like the call of the horn of an automobile. You will have in mind the watchwords that express some of the popular ethical counsels thus suggested. One of these watchwords has of late enabled us to abbreviate a well-known and surely a highly

intelligent maxim, to something that is to-day used almost as a mere interjection. It is the watchword, "Efficiency"! Another expression of the same motive takes shape in the equally familiar advice, "Play the game."

Now I do not mean to make light of the real significance of just such moral maxims, for awakening and inspiring just our people in this day. The true value of these maxims lies for us in three of their characteristic features. First, they give us counsel that is in any case opposed to sloth. And sloth on every level of our development remains one of the most treacherous and mortal enemies of the moral will. Secondly, they teach us to avoid the dangers to which the souls of Hamlet's type fall a prey. That is, they discourage the spirit that reflectively divides the inner self, and that leaves it divided. They warn us that the divided self is indeed, unless it can heal its deadly wound, by fitting action, a lost soul. And thirdly, they emphasize courage. And courage,—not, to be sure, so much the courage that faces one's rivals in the market place, or one's foes on the battlefield, as the courage that fits us to meet our true spiritual enemies,—the courage that arises anew from despair and that undertakes, despite all tribulations, to overcome the world—such courage is one of the central treasures of the moral life.

Because of these three features, the maxims to which I refer are, in all their vagueness, vehicles of wisdom. But they express themselves in their most popular forms with a willfulness that is often more or less comic, and that is sometimes tragic. For what they do not emphasize is the significance of self-possession, of lifting up our eyes to the hills whence cometh our help, of testing the life that now is by the vision of the largest life that we can in ideal appreciate. These popular maxims also emphasize results rather than ideals, strength rather than cultivation, temporary success rather than wholeness of life, the greatness of "Him that taketh a city," rather than of "Him that ruleth his spirit." They are the maxims of unrest, of impatience, and of a certain humane and generous unscrupulousness, as fascinating as it is dangerous. They characterize a people that is indeed earnestly determined to find itself, but that so far has not found itself.

Now one of the most momentous problems regarding the influence of James is presented by the question: How did he stand related to these recent ethical tendencies of our nation? I may

say at once that, in my opinion, he has just here proved himself to be most of all and in the best sense our national philosopher. For the philosopher must not be an echo. He must interpret. He must know us better than we know ourselves, and this is what indeed James has done for our American moral consciousness. For, first, while he really made very little of the formal office of an ethical teacher and seldom wrote upon technical ethical controversies, he was, as a fact, profoundly ethical in his whole influence. And next, he fully understood, yet shared in a rich measure, the motives to which the ethical maxims just summarized have given expression. Was not he himself restlessly active in his whole temperament? Did he not love individual enterprise and its free expression? Did he not loathe what seemed to him abstractions? Did he not insist that the moralist must be in close touch with concrete life? As psychologist did he not emphasize the fact that the very essence of conscious life lies in its active, yes, in its creative relation to experience? Did he not counsel the strenuous attitude towards our tasks? And are not all these features in harmony with the spirit from which the athletic type of morality just sketched seems to have sprung?

Not only is all this true of James, but, in the popular opinion of the moment, the doctrine called pragmatism, as he expounded it in his Lowell lectures, seems, to many of his foreign critics, and to some of those who think themselves his best followers here at home, a doctrine primarily ethical in its force, while, to some minds, pragmatism seems also to be a sort of philosophical generalization of the efficiency doctrine just mentioned. To be sure, any closer reader of James's "Pragmatism" ought to see that his true interests in the philosophy of life are far deeper than those which the maxims "Be efficient" and "Play the game" mostly emphasize. And, for the rest, the book on pragmatism is explicitly the portrayal of a method of philosophical inquiry, and is only incidentally a discourse upon ethically interesting matters. James himself used to protest vigorously against the readers who ventured to require of the pragmatist, viewed simply as such, any one ethical doctrine whatever. In his book on "Pragmatism" he had expounded, as he often said, a method of philosophizing, a definition of truth, a criterion for interpreting and testing theories. He was not there concerned with ethics. A pragmatist was free to decide moral issues as he chose, so long as he used the pragmatic

method in doing so; that is, so long as he tested ethical doctrines by their concrete results, when they were applied to life.

Inevitably, however, the pragmatic doctrine, that both the meaning and the truth of ideas shall be tested by the empirical consequences of these ideas and by the practical results of acting them out in life, has seemed both to many of James's original hearers, and to some of the foreign critics just mentioned, a doctrine that is simply a characteristic Americanism in philosophy—a tendency to judge all ideals by their practical efficiency, by their visible results, by their so-called “cash values.”

James, as I have said, earnestly protested against this cruder interpretation of his teaching. The author of “The Varieties of Religious Experience” and of “The Pluralistic Universe” was indeed an empiricist, a lover of the concrete, and a man who looked forward to the future rather than backward to the past; but despite his own use, in his “pragmatism” of the famous metaphor of the “cash values” of ideas, he was certainly not a thinker who had set his affections upon things below rather than upon things above. And the “consequences” upon which he laid stress when he talked of the pragmatic test for ideas were certainly not the merely worldly consequences of such ideas in the usual sense of the word “worldly.” He appealed always to experience; but then for him experience might be, and sometimes was, religious experience—experience of the unseen and of the superhuman. And so James was right in his protest against these critics of his later doctrine. His form of pragmatism was indeed a form of Americanism in philosophy. And he too had his fondness for what he regarded as efficiency, and for those who “play the game,” whenever the game was one that he honored. But he also loved too much those who are weak in the eyes of this present world—the religious geniuses, the unpopular inquirers, the noble outcasts. He loved them, I say, too much to be the dupe of the cruder forms of our now popular efficiency doctrine. In order to win James's most enthusiastic support, ideas and men needed to express an intense inner experience along with a certain unpopularity which showed that they deserved sympathy. Too much worldly success, on the part of men or of ideas, easily alienated him. Unworldliness was one of the surest marks, in his eyes, of spiritual power, if only such unworldliness seemed to him to be joined with interests that, using his favorite words, he could call “concrete” and “important.”

In the light of such facts, all that he said about judging ideas by their "consequences" must be interpreted, and therefore it is indeed unjust to confound pragmatism with the cruder worship of efficiency.

IV

Yet, I repeat, James's philosophy of life was indeed, in its ethical aspects, an expression of the better spirit of our people. He understood, he shared, and he also transcended the American spirit. And just that is what most marks him as our national philosopher. If you want to estimate his philosophy of life in its best form, you must read or re-read, not the "Pragmatism," but the essays contained in the volume entitled "The Will to Believe."

May I still venture, as I close, to mention a few features of the doctrine that is embodied in that volume? The main question repeatedly considered in these essays of James is explicitly the question of an empiricist, of a man averse to abstractions, and of an essentially democratic thinker, who does not believe that any final formulation of an ideal of human life is possible until the last man has had his experience of life, and has uttered his word. But this empiricism of the author is meanwhile the empiricism of one who especially emphasizes the central importance of the active life as the basis of our interpretation of experience. Herein James differs from all traditional positivists. Experience is never yours merely as it comes to you. Facts are never mere data. They are data to which you respond. Your experience is constantly transformed by your deeds. That this should be the case is determined by the most essential characteristics of your consciousness. James asserts this latter thesis as psychologist, and has behind him, as he writes, the vast mass of evidence that his two psychological volumes present. The simplest perception, the most elaborate scientific theory, illustrate how man never merely finds, but also always coöperates in creating his world.

No doubt then life must be estimated and guided with constant reference to experience, to consequences, to actual accomplishments, to what we Americans now call efficiency. But on the other hand efficiency itself is not to be estimated in terms of mere data. Our estimate of our world is not to be forced upon us by any mere inspection of consequences. What makes life worth living is not

what you find in it, but what you are ready to put into it by your ideal interpretation of the meaning that, as you insist, it shall possess for you. This ideal meaning is always for you a matter of faith not to be imposed coercively upon another, but also never to be discovered by watching who it is that wins, or by merely feeling your present worldly strength as a player of the game. Your deeper ideals always depend upon viewing life in the light of larger unities than now appear, upon viewing yourself as a coworker with the universe for the attainment of what no present human game of action can now reveal. For this "radical empiricist" then present experience always points beyond itself to a realm that no human eye has yet seen—an empirical realm of course, but one that you have a right to interpret in terms of a faith that is itself active, but that is not merely worldly and athletic. The philosophy of action thus so imperfectly suggested by the few phrases that I have time to use can best be interpreted, for the moment, by observing that the influence of Carlyle in many passages of this volume is as obvious as it is by our author independently reinterpreted and transformed. Imagine Carlyle transformed into a representative American thinker, trained as a naturalist, deeply versed in psychology, deprived of his disposition to hatred, open-minded towards the interests of all sorts and conditions of men, still a hero worshiper, but one whose heroes could be found in the obscurest lovers of the ideal as easily as in the most renowned historical characters; let this transformed Carlyle preach the doctrine of the resolute spirit triumphant through creative action, defiant of every degree of mortal suffering. Let him proclaim "The Everlasting Yea" in the face of all the doubts of erring human opinion: and herewith you gain some general impression of the relations that exist between "Sartor Resartus" and "The Will to Believe."

The ethical maxims which are scattered through these pages voluntarily share much of the vagueness of our age of tentative ethical effort. But they certainly are not the maxims of an impressionist, of a romanticist, or of a partisan of merely worldly efficiency. They win their way through all such attitudes to something beyond—to a resolute interpretation of human life as an opportunity to coöperate with the superhuman and the divine. And they do this, in the author's opinion, not by destroying, but by fulfilling the purposes and methods of the sciences of experience themselves. Is not every scientific theory a conceptual reinterpretation

tion of our fragmentary perceptions, an active reconstruction, to be tried in the service of a larger life? Is not our trust in a scientific theory itself an act of faith? Moreover, these ethical maxims are here governed, in James's exposition, by the repeated recognition of certain essentially absolute truths, truths that, despite his natural horror of absolutism, he here expounds with a finished dialectic skill that he himself, especially in his later polemic period, never seemed to prize at its full value. The need of active faith in the unseen and the superhuman he founds upon these simple and yet absolutely true principles, principles of the true dialectics of life: First, every great decision of practical life requires faith, and has irrevocable consequences, consequences that belong to the whole great world, and that therefore have endless possible importance. Secondly, since action and belief are thus inseparably bound together, our right to believe depends upon our right, as active beings, to make decisions. Thirdly, our duty to decide life's greater issues is determined by the absolute truth that, in critical cases, the will to be doubtful and not to decide is itself a decision, and is hence no escape from our responsible moral position. And this our responsible position is a position that gives us our place in and for all future life. The world needs our deeds. We need to interpret the world in order to act. We have a right to interpret the universe so as to enable us to act at once decisively, courageously, and with the sense of the inestimable preciousness and responsibility of the power to act.

In consequence of all these features of his ethical doctrine a wonderful sense of the deep seriousness and of the possibly divine significance of every deed is felt in James's every ethical counsel. Thus it is that, while fully comprehending the American spirit which we have sketched, he at once expresses it and transforms it. He never loved Fichte; but there is much of the best of the ethical idealism of Fichte in "The Will to Believe." Many of you have enjoyed James's delightfully skillful polemic against Hegel, and against the external forms, phrases, and appearances of the later constructive idealists. I have no wish here to attempt to comment upon that polemic; but I can assure you that I myself learned a great part of my own form of absolute idealism from the earliest expressions that James gave to the thoughts contained in "The Will to Believe." As one of his latest works, "The Pluralistic Universe," still further showed, he himself was in spirit an ethical

idealist to the core. Nor was he nearly so far in spirit even from Hegel as he supposed, guiltless as he was of Hegel's categories. Let a careful reading of "The Pluralistic Universe" make this fact manifest.

Meanwhile, what interests us is that, in "The Will to Believe," as well as in "The Pluralistic Universe," this beautifully manifold, appreciative, and humane mind, at once adequately expressed, and, with true moral idealism, transcended the caprices of recent American ethics. To this end he lavishly used the resources of the naturalist, of the humanist, and of the ethical dialectician. He saw the facts of human life as they are, and he resolutely lived beyond them into the realm of the spirit. He loved the concrete, but he looked above towards the larger realm of universal life. He often made light of the abstract reason, but in his own plastic and active way he uttered some of the great words of the universal reason, and he has helped his people to understand and to put into practice these words.

I ask you to remember him then, not only as the great psychologist, the radical empiricist, the pragmatist, but as the interpreter of the ethical spirit of his time and of his people—the interpreter who has pointed the way beyond the trivialities which he so well understood and transcended towards that "Rule of Reason" which the prophetic maxim of our supreme court has just brought afresh to the attention of our people. That "Rule of Reason," when it comes, will not be a mere collection of abstractions. It will be, as James demanded, something concrete and practical. And it will indeed appeal to our faith as well as to our discursive logical processes. But it will express the transformed and enlightened American spirit as James already began to express it. Let him too be viewed as a prophet of the nation that is to be.

Part III

*The European
Background*

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Philosophical idealism is often associated with the abstract and speculative, over against the concrete concerns of empiricism. Aside from the historical inaccuracy of this judgment, it blinds us to the original version of experience to be found in Idealism. Certainly Royce did not see his affection for the Idealist perspective as cutting him off from experience. In his commentary of the role of Hegel in American thought, Royce points out that: "Some of us take ourselves to be pretty pure empiricists, Hegel merely seems to us to throw some light not upon the *a priori* construction of experience, but upon the significance of experience now that the empirical world is there."¹ For Royce, "The Rediscovery of the Inner Life," is a contribution to the understanding of the texture and quality of human experience, and, it should be noted, that he ranks Hume and Locke ahead of Berkeley in this revolution. Actually, the revolution is one in human self-consciousness and Royce sees the work of Goethe, Shelley and Byron as of a piece with that of Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. Further implications of this judgment of Royce, can be found in George Herbert Mead's

¹ This text is cited by Cotton, *Royce on the Human Self*, p. 156. The original source is found in Royce's Papers at Harvard University Archives, Widener Library, Folio 43, p. 16. The entire essay was published by Royce as "Systematic Philosophy in America in the Years 1893, 1894 and 1895," *Archiv für systematische Philosophie*, 3 (1897): 245-66. See also Royce's affirmation of idealism as built into the fabric of American culture and his denial that it is a "new and foreign feature grafted on to the life of the country by the Transcendentalists, or by their most recent successors amongst technical philosophers" (Josiah Royce, "Introduction" to L. van Becelaere, *La Philosophie en Amérique* [New York: Eclectic Public Co., 1904], p. xiv).

Movements of Thought in the Nineteenth Century, a book Roycean in theme and inspiration.²

The following selections are an unhappily brief indication of Royce's writings on European literature and philosophy. Nonetheless, even so short a presentation yields Royce's unusual fusion of an insight to voluntarism, coupled with what Jacob Loewenberg has called Royce's "most characteristic motive," the "social motive."³

² (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1936)

³ Jacob Loewenberg, "Preface," *LMI*, p. xii.

Shelley and the Revolution

Shelley's life is known to us as yet only in fragments. Motives of delicacy and of family pride unite to keep the materials locked up, that, if published, would answer very important questions. Meanwhile the literature about the poet's fortunes and acts is large and unsatisfactory. To go among his biographers, who together fill a long library shelf, and to ask them for help in understanding him, is to enter a company of cultured and critical people who are all talking among themselves in low whispers, and, withal, quarreling. You may admire their enthusiasm, but they do not and cannot put your mind at rest. Furthermore, you are a little saddened to see how they hate one another. Each abuses at least one of his fellows, and all mystify. "If," says each, "if I were permitted to state my source of information, I could show that the real meaning of this or that event is quite other than the stupid and unworthy soul of my colleague, A. B., has held it to be." "I am informed by a person well qualified to judge, that," etc. Or, "Certain indications, which it were not prudent to explain at present, lead me to a grave suspicion just here, a suspicion, however, that I will not more clearly define, but only say that I have it. People of insight will follow me. I care for no others." Such is the tone of your true Shelley biographer. Exceptions to the rule there doubtless are. Two later biographers, Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Mr. J. A. Symonds, are tolerably plain spoken and satisfying, Mr. Symonds especially so. Yet

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they are limited by their material. They can not alter the fact that those who are best able to give us the truth about Shelley at first hand have not seen fit to do so, and that the tea-pot ocean of anecdote concerning our poet is yet ever liable to convulsive tempests of angry argument, whenever any new investigator sees fit to hunt up for us some scrap of news, and another investigator to abuse the first for doing so or for failing to add something else. Of this the moral is that we can not from Shelley's biography gain very much aid in understanding him as a man. Important it is to know about his life what we do; yet, with the rude sketch in black and white that is thus furnished, no one can be for a moment content. The reality and the coloring of our Shelley's character we must seek in his works. And in his works, too, we must find the inspiring ideas concerning which he was permitted to speak, and speak grandly to his fellowmen. With these ideas, and not with the outward embodiment of them in the wondrous and obscure happenings of the poet's life on the earth, our business must chiefly be whenever we speak in earnest and with genuine purpose about the poet Shelley.

Shelley must be viewed from as many sides as any mountain peak. I choose for the present to consider his place in the great mountain chain or range of his age, an age as full of great and of small things, of beautiful and of terrible things, as ever were Ural Mountains or Sierra, Andes or Himalaya. Shelley is a poet of the age of the Revolution. To this age we still belong. Do or say or think what we will, the Revolution—political, social, moral, religious, philosophical, poetical—is all about us in the air we breathe. Escape from it we cannot. For a full hundred years the spirit of the Revolution has forced every one to take some position in reference to itself. One may be conservative, or progressive, or reactionary; one may content himself with his newspaper, or spend all his days in studying the thought of his time in its best expressions; one may think for himself, or be able to buy his whole system at a bookstore for a few dollars, and stow it away half read on a shelf, as is just now the custom of very many who revere the name of Herbert Spencer; one may publish continually all that passes through his brain, and more, too; or one may preserve that enviable love of silent contemplation which is no less creative than are the great life-giving forces of springtime, when the little blades of grass fill their places and do not advertise their beauty—yet, do

what one will, one is a unit in the great process of tremendous change which has gone on, now swift and now seemingly regressive, now terrifying and now quiet, but always intensely active, from the dawn of the French Revolution itself.

As a great man of the age of Revolution, and as a most characteristic man, one in whom the “passion for reforming the world” went side by side with the most original perception of the forces that move the world, Shelley is a form of life that we dare not leave out of sight in any effort we may make to survey the most important tendencies in modern thought and feeling. As undeveloped as he was many-sided and unfortunate, our poet is an image of the modern spirit itself—ardent, keen-sighted, aspiring, striving to be tolerant, yet often angry with misunderstanding; studious of the past, yet determined to create something new; anxious for practical reforms, yet conscious how weary the work of reform must be; above all, uncertain of the end, often despondent, not knowing what the fates may have decreed as a reward for all this strife, and incomplete, raw, or obscure, even in its most cherished and loftiest ideas. Of such a nature, I say, is Shelley, like the spirit of the age itself—not now, to be sure, strictly as poet, but as man, as moral teacher, as thinker. As poet, in the stricter sense, Shelley represents not so much the age as himself. For it pleases the World-Spirit at times to think highly original and peculiar thoughts; and these, embodied in living men, may make them incomparable with their fellows in some one respect, models and not things modeled after others; and such a distinct and lonely embodiment of ideas was Shelley the poet, who, as poet, might have been dropped down into any other age as well as into ours. Only as intellectual and as moral being may we claim him for our time, and find him one of the most striking representatives of the struggle with life problems which we ourselves carry on.

In studying, then, the relation of Shelley to the Revolution, one studies our poet, not in his most peculiar and most individual aspect, but without doubt, as I hold, in that aspect of his nature which means the most for the world at large. We always admire, to be sure, wonderful individuals. The “dæmoniac” power, whereby one soul conquers others with its fascination and leads them whithersoever it wills, is a power to which we delight to yield ourselves, with that love of the strongest which always guides us, even when we think ourselves most selfish. But the admiration for individuals

is not the highest form of enthusiasm. The world is more than the men in it. The total of life is something more than the sum of the parts. The place of a man in the universe, in humanity, or in his age, is a more profitable subject for study than the remarkable skill, or beauty, or genius of this man himself. Shelley the moral man, the teacher, is higher in the scale of interest than Shelley the imaginative genius. And with Shelley the man we are now chiefly concerned.

When people speak of Shelley as preëminently a lyric poet, they commonly neglect to notice what profound consequences for his whole character, as a teacher of truth, are implied in this statement. Shelley is a lyric poet; but what is meant by the lyric power in poets? Is it not the power to view emotional experiences by themselves, to separate each of them from all others, to regard every grand moment of life as standing alone, as out of the chain of causes and effects, as a glorious or terrible accident? If this is the fact, and we shall find it true in Shelley's case, the peculiar fitness of our poet to embody and set forth the ideas of a period of revolution will at once be evident. When men break with past methods, the future seems to them a dark field full of strange adventures. What may come they know not; they are sure only of this: that the unexpected will happen, and nothing but the unexpected. The poet, who shall express their emotions, will then naturally be one to whom the world is less a finished system than a scene of grand actions, less a world of certainty than a world of magic. And such a poet will be lyric, rather than dramatic or epic. Let us trace some of the consequences of this general tendency in the case of our poet.

Born in the year 1792, just at the beginning of the most terrible days of the French Revolution, Percy Bysshe Shelley grew up in an atmosphere of unrest. That he was sensitive and misunderstood, inquiring and dissatisfied, we know. Many other boys in quieter times have been like him in these things. But his sensibility was fed with stimulating ideas that not all men hear of very early in life. Of these ideas the most commonplace, perhaps, were the ones that had to do with superstition and mysticism. The Revolution at the end of the last century began, as everybody knows, with not purely rationalistic tendencies. Rousseau was no rationalist, rather reactionary in these respects than otherwise. The whole revolutionary spirit rebelled not merely against the traditional

social forms of Europe, not merely against the religious beliefs of ages, but also against the superficial philosophy of the eighteenth century itself. To explain the world by mere understanding was felt to be but a poor satisfaction for the many desires and hopes and fears and impulses that, in this time of restless activity, tinged men's notions of things. So, often in the early revolutionary period you find a vein of mysticism running side by side with the most stoutly radical tendencies. The greatest writers of the time have a mystical tinge in some part of their writings. Rousseau goes into raptures over the mysterious Being he feels everywhere in nature. Goethe, in his childhood, sets up an altar to worship the Eternal after his own fashion, in his early youth studies alchemy and speculates on the Trinity, in his early manhood writes the first part of *Faust*, in his old age the mystical choruses of the *Epilogue*. Schiller, less given to free contemplation of the world, is, by so much the more, a prey to reflective speculation on the hidden soul of things, and the *Ghostseer* and the philosophic lyrics testify to a sense of the mysterious, and an insight into the problematic side of life, which rationalism would wholly fail to comprehend. I need not speak at length of the German Romantic School proper, which sold its birthright to the succession of poetical empire for the poor boon of speculating on the realm beyond experience. England did not escape the contagion. To be sure, much of the nonsensical in this mystical reaction against rationalism was imported from Germany. "Monk" Lewis and many translators familiarized the public with what were little more than vulgar ghost stories, detestable even of their kind. But the genuine spirit, that was willing to see and express the mysterious in the strange destinies, emotions, and fears of a period of change, this natural and justifiable spirit of wonder, found in Coleridge's early poems, in Scott's healthy love of the marvelous, and, later on, in the early stages of the so-called Transcendental movement, a place on English, and, finally, on American ground. We must not despise even vagaries, in so far as they were honest vagaries, of this modern mysticism. Men felt, in the beginning of the Revolution, that the ground was insecure under their feet, that the future held great possibilities, that the world concealed the most weighty secrets. In all this, surely, they were right. To feel in view of the changes a superstitious terror, to picture in the realm of the possible all kinds of fantastic shapes, to interpret the world-secrets in terms of human emotions—all this was doubtless wrong;

yet certainly it was natural. Shelley was early a mystic. While yet a boy he read tales of wonder, and wrote them; he dabbled in such occult sciences as common acids and primitive electrical apparatus make possible, and believed he was treading on the verge of nature's deepest and most awful secrets; he conjured the devil with solemn earnestness, and hunted about in the dark for ghosts. Always a sceptic, he never ceased to be a mystic, and, if faith can be found among the followers of a revolution, Shelley held firmly to the end by this one faith, that, be this world what it may, it is at all events wonderful.

More important than his love of the mysterious was his love of freedom. This emotion Shelley breathed in the air about him, and found it intensified by his own heart. Few men have had the love of freedom in a purer form than he. Most men would like to be free themselves, and are willing that others should be what fortune makes them, so long as their lot be not all too hard. Shelley was absolutely universal, perfectly unselfish in his desire that men should be free. Freedom meant for him the same as the universal good of mankind. The slightest shadow of revenge he considered unworthy of the philanthropic soul; and so he would not deprive of liberty even the man who by wrong-doing had seemingly forfeited the right to it. In this one idea of liberty he bound up all his beliefs as to the rules of practical life. To study Shelley's theory of freedom is to study his poetry and prose, once for all, in its whole practical aspect. Most thoroughly an expression of the Revolution was our poet in this direction of his thought.

But yet another set of ideas went to the making of Shelley's world. Early he developed and enduringly he held by a sense of the worth of emotional experiences. In this sense of the significance of feeling Shelley is at one with the best spirits of the early revolutionary age. The rationalism of the first half of the eighteenth century had reduced everything to a mere affair of the understanding. The outburst of poetry which is contemporary with the outbreak of the political revolution is based on the recognition of the importance of feeling. Such a recognition the *Storm and Stress* poets forced on the German mind, and afterward the Lake school upon the English public, and again, years later, the French Romantics on the thought of their own country. And one of the most dramatic histories that could be related of this century would be the history of the war of the intenser human feelings to gain and hold a place

in esteem and influence beside the higher forms of human intellect. Our modern life is full of this conflict. Literature and daily experience furnish us numberless cases of the struggle, fought out on the grandest and on the humblest fields. An age full of change and of great thoughts is naturally an age of such tragedies.

Shelley never *came* to possess the sense of the worth of emotion; he always possessed it. In a sense in which few men have been uniformly and marvelously impressible, he was so. The power of vision never forsook him. We find him, to be sure, lamenting over his own weakness and poverty of experience:

O world! O life! O time!
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before,
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight;
 Fresh Spring, and Summer, and Winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief—but with delight
 No more, oh, never more!

But we know that all this divine sadness belongs to a world into whose lowest sphere we ascend but once in a long time. We know that the high visions the poet mourns are such as our eyes see not at all, while his monotony would be to us the most stirring emotional life. The poet moves us to sorrow; we lament with him, but these tears, this cry of anguish, these sobbing measures, we understand their true cause as little as if we were present at the funeral of a god, whom the other gods of high heaven were loudly mourning. What know we of climbing the last steps of life and time, or of the poet's joys that thus took wing? I speak of us as we are in general, single glimpses aside.

Thus far, then, we have noted certain tendencies in Shelley that seem directly expressive of the revolutionary spirit. Like all the general statements about poets, ours must have been found tedious and vague enough. We shall, in the sequel, do what we can to correct our fault by more special references to the poet's works themselves. Yet, before we go farther in this direction, a great question meets us face to face and demands answer, a question very general indeed, but very important. We have been speaking of the age and spirit of the Revolution. What do we mean by the

revolutionary spirit? What by the Revolution itself? What is the true significance for human progress of the great movement in which Shelley is but a unit, in which, as we saw in the beginning, we ourselves must play our part, whether we will or not? I conceive it to be a necessary portion of the work planned at the outset that we should give some space to a brief summary of one view at least concerning this great problem.

To state, then, once more, our query: What is the revolutionary spirit? What is in general a revolution of human affairs and of human life? To answer the question neither too vaguely nor too hastily requires that we should revert for a little to first principles.

Our ideas of the world, of the society about us, of life, of ourselves, exhibit, when we look at them somewhat closely, this wonderful characteristic: namely, that we are ever forming them afresh, ever reconstructing them out of their elements, ever creating, as it were, the very products we are supposed most permanently to possess. When we speak the word Humanity, or the word Universe, or Life, or Time, or Being, we can do no real thinking with these words, unless, be it never so quickly and vaguely, we build up, put together, make syntheses of simpler ideas into the form of the great and complex idea suggested by the word used. Thoughts are not dead and finished mind-products that you can lay away on a shelf, so as to take them down entire, dry, and sound, when you want to use them. Thoughts are living, and each thought lives, in the most literal sense, but a moment. You must create your thought afresh whenever you want it. You create it, it flashes into active life for a moment, and then it is forever past. That thought cannot be recalled. You may make another like unto it. You may build ever afresh airy castles, and let time tear them down as soon as they are made. But retain the same thought more than an instant you cannot. Whatever treasures your mind possesses belong to it only in so far as you recreate them, reconquer them again and again, your whole life long. Activity, and ceaseless activity, is the price of the possession of even the humblest kind of knowledge. Give up acting, and all your past labors go for nothing. Even the most plodding soul is thus in so far original in its thoughts as that these result always from its own efforts exerted anew on every impulse. If one ceases entirely to be original, he ceases to think altogether. The essence of thinking is originality.

Our thoughts are thus always the products of momentary, im-

mediately exerted activity. And so, of course, is our practical behavior in so far as it runs parallel to our ideas. We do this or that because Society approves of it, or because Law sanctions it, or because Humanity is benefited by it, or because the world appears to us such and such in nature and ordering, so that in it just this course of action is good. So, at least, we commonly account for our deliberate and most worthy acts. But to behave in this wise presupposes ideas of the world, of humanity, of law, of society—ideas complex and far-reaching which must, as shown, be formed anew whenever we have reason to form them.

So, then, in order to act at all well and deliberately in the greater affairs of life, men must be able easily and accurately to build up for themselves, just when they want them, clear notions of the great powers and facts that are concerned in human life. They must and do have well formed, if not quite finished, if often quite erroneous, ideas about the universe and about destiny in order to live well the humblest lives.

I lay stress on this great fact, because to understand it is necessary if you want to understand what is revolution. Men's ideas and practices are in so far changing and changing ever, as men active and men thoughtful are alike ever building up anew for themselves their world of ideas, of traditions, and of aims. The whole thought-fabric of human life is there, because human beings will at each and every moment that it should be there. The most cruel wrong, the most painful superstition, the most worthless prejudice, is what it is, because mankind please at this instant to suffer it or to conform to it. The highest aims, the most enduring truths, the most comfortable persuasions, are what they are, because at each and every moment human consciousness creates them again out of chaos. The same mind-power that originated still sustains all that is great or contemptible, morally good or morally evil, in human life. Men's affairs, in so far as they are matters of thought at all, are solely what men make them. Only our sensations escape our control. Our thoughts are our own.

But there is another and a very different aspect to this same truth. Changing, renewing themselves, are all our thoughts and principles ever, but the new thoughts are commonly like the old thoughts, the new acts follow the track of their predecessors. If it is true that our lives at any moment are the products of that moment, it is none the less true that the product is formed with the least possible ef-

fort, and that the least possible effort means conformity to previous acts. Hence, along with the fact of ceaseless activity in human thought and life goes the no less far-reaching fact of ceaseless economy of energy, of perennial laziness, in human thought and life. The world of thought for men is at each moment what men choose to find it; but let men alone, and they will choose to find or construct it at each moment just like the world of the previous moment. Without stimulus, without definite ends in view, men will indeed go on rebuilding their ideas every instant, but the rebuilding will not be a reformation, in the ordinary sense, but a building after the old models. This is what we mean by conservatism. The conservative spirit creates, indeed; it must do so. But it creates after the plan of its former creations. It originates, but by copying. All of us, however, left to ourselves, are conservatives. We need stimulus to make us otherwise. Wants that the old fashions by constructing our ideas will not satisfy, experiences that demand new forms of effort to bring them into harmony with older experiences, forces in the world beyond that call forth new answering strivings in our own hearts—these are the motives that lead us to be aggressive and revolutionary, to build our ideas after new fashions, to originate in a double sense, to will and purpose new things, to dwell as it were in a new world. Eating and drinking and sleeping are strictly conservative activities; they have to be performed ever afresh, but each new effort is like the former ones. Let us alone, entirely without disturbance, and conforming our lives to the rule of least waste of effort, we should inevitably do nothing but eat and drink and sleep. Disturbances arouse us, our fellowmen interfere with us, the struggle for life claims us, experience urges us with its scourge of many knotted problems, we cease to be purely conservative for a time, and rush on to some new stage of equilibrium. Our methods once formed and conformed to our circumstances, we act again in peace and with regularity, build our ideas according to our methods, and remain conservative till new impulses forbid us to continue longer in the same system and away we fly again in new revolution. Whence it follows that every revolutionary soul is seeking for nothing so much as an opportunity to become once more conservative, while every conservative differs not at all in his final aim from the upholder of revolution; for both desire to do with the least waste of effort what they must do as long as they live. Each seeks the easiest methods of forming his ideas and ordering his action.

Only the thoughts of the revolutionary soul are more confused, and so harder to bring into clearness, than are those of the conservative; while the ideas of the conservative are less complex, less evolved, and so less lively and rebellious, than those of his brother. The innovator is higher in the scale of being, but he is imperfectly developed on his plane. The supporter of the old is a completer creature on the earth, but he is farther from Heaven. The restlessness of the revolutionary spirit is contagious, and reminds the conservative what he ought to be seeking—namely, something higher. The regularity of conservative methods that have grown to be a second nature is instructive, and admonishes the rebellious preacher of progress as to what he is seeking through all changes—namely, rest and stability.

A revolution, then, in life or in society, is, on its intellectual side, a great change in the methods whereby men form their notions of the things of life and the world—a change arising from this, that new material in experience or emotion refuses to be conquered by the old methods, or to conform itself to ideas of the old pattern. But as men are accustomed to conceive of new thing after old fashions so long as it is possible to do so, the old fashions of forming ideas will remain unchanged so long as there are not formed great masses of experience that rebel against the old methods. Then, at length, when the impossibility appears of thinking of the world and of life, of the government or of custom, of one's fellows or of nature, in the old way, then suddenly, with anguish and strife, the old methods are abandoned, the entire mode of forming ideas is changed, the fountains of the great deep are broken up, chaos seems imminent, and the struggle for new modes of living and thinking begins.

Of the great practical changes that go side by side with these theoretical changes, we need not speak at length. The alteration in ideas concerns us the more. And one or two especially noticeable things come just here in our way. The ideas, namely, and the ways of forming ideas, that were accounted useful and permanent before the revolution, become upon the approach of the revolution itself objects of unbounded contempt. A holy zeal to destroy takes possession of men. In the service of the Highest, they think, must they tear down and root out. Forgetting that the old methods were adequate for the old problems, that the old way of building ideas mastered the old material, and was in so far forth

a true way, leading to relatively true ideas, men denounce the old age as an age of shams and errors, and speak of their present work as a work of regenerating or of creating the truth. Men do not bethink them that the old age, too, was creative, only in a conservative sense. The old ideas they call lies. For "lie" is a name quite often applied to an unserviceable truth, whether its uselessness arises from old age or from extreme novelty. Nor does the imperfection stop here. The revolution, like everything else in life, must have its own ways of forming ideas. Even provisionally, in all the confusion, notions about the world and about destiny must ever anew be created. The revolution throws away the old methods. Its system is not yet completed. It must furnish off-hand new methods. It resorts to high-sounding commonplaces, and wearies us with shallow truisms. The innovator talks of Liberty, of Nature, of Equality, as if with these barren ideas the whole complexity of life could be measured. Forgetting the negative character of the notions he recommends, forgetting that Nature means only the absence of voluntary interference, Liberty the absence of restraint, Equality the absence of definite moral relations, he calls upon all to solve the world-problem with him by repeating these abstractions, and he leaves us as unsatisfied and restless with it all as even his most unbounded revolutionary zeal could have desired to see us.

Such then is revolution, a conflict undertaken in the service of peace, a vast toil accepted in the interest of indolence; or, again, a destruction of numberless ideas and faiths, with the purpose of building up both knowledge and persuasion. No one understands the revolutionary spirit, I think, who does not see the deep-lying identity with it of the conservative spirit. As human nature is eternally active, the innovator is but the conservative with more perplexing facts before him, and the conservative only the upholder of revolution who has now, at length, no more worlds to conquer.

Thus, then, we have sought to give a clear, if very inadequate, idea of what revolution is. And, returning once more to our poet, we shall now understand better the meaning of the facts stated about him, and how he reflects in his own nature the spirit of a revolutionary time. We see how the unrest of the age finds expression in his mingling of the sceptical and mystical in his thought, how the gospel of the Revolution itself is embodied in his practical creed, and how the emotional strivings of the age receive in him a most wonderful representative. It remains for us to examine

how these results of the Revolution, as embodied in the poet Shelley, are found to bear fruit in his works, and what lesson is thence to be drawn concerning the value of the tendencies of our time.

Shelley, the practical reformer, is the inspirer of such conceptions as the *Prometheus*, or as the *Revolt of Islam*. Shelley, the poet of great experiences, sparkles in a multitude of rare gems of lyric poetry. Shelley, not only as lyric poet, but as seer and mystic, produces such marvels as the *Triumph of Life*, the *Epipsychedion*, or the *Adonais*, and adorns the *Prometheus* itself. In all these three directions of activity Shelley is the child of the Revolution in so far forth as his aims, his problems, and his beliefs are framed by the revolutionary spirit.

Let us consider briefly the "Prometheus Unbound." A poem in the form of a drama, all of whose characters are supernatural beings, and withal abstractions, might be supposed lacking in human interest. It is not so, however. The keenest sense of the real problems of life pervades every line. The imagery is sometimes colossal, and sometimes subtle and delicate in the extreme, but never cold. A certain tendency to declamation one feels now and then in the first act; but, on the whole, a greater triumph over stubborn material cannot easily be found. The intensest sympathy with human sufferings and hopes could alone have made such triumph possible.

Prometheus is the representative of the soul of man. Personified as he is and given a real body and a real love, he loses something of his perfect character as representative, but gains in human interest. As we know him in Shelley he is a kind of divine man, strong, wise, good, deathless, sleepless. His fortitude in suffering claims our worship at first, his joy and dignity our sympathy at the end.

Forget for a moment, however, the personification. We are not enjoying the poem now, but thinking of its meaning. Let us see, through the allegory to the truth beneath. The soul of man then, the human consciousness viewed in its highest manifestations, is condemned by cruel wrong to suffer under oppressors. Who are these oppressors? Shelley evidently means this, that the wise and good and lofty in human nature is perpetually in chains because tradition and custom and government, the instruments of those who are malicious because ignorant and powerful, are ever striving to repress higher development and destroy higher wisdom. This is for the present the law, as it has been the law in the past, that the evil

hates the good and is physically the stronger. Here, then, we have the first half of the revolutionary doctrine. The world, as it is, is bad, and must be changed.

The higher consciousness of man is content to endure this wrong, because it knows the end must come. In the fierce anguish of new or cruel oppression, it may, indeed, vent itself in cursing, not wishing other evil to happen to those who are evil than the fact of their baseness, but condemning them in its wrath to that, and leaving off all effort to save them. In calmer moments, however, it sees how much to be pitied are those who are evil. It withdraws its curses; but it has no thought of yielding. One great comfort it finds continually in the companionship of nature. All things mourn the oppression of man, as they will join in his rejoicings when he is free. To the higher consciousness all nature has a voice, is in league with the loftiest aims. But the soul of man has yet other comforts. The strivings of great thinkers to pierce the mystery of things, the outpourings of generosity and love, of poetic fervor and devotion to liberty—all these things are continual prophecies of the coming emancipation. Thus, in courage, and hope, and defiance, the unconquerable spirit lives on, and awaits the day of freedom.

But now, what and whence the deliverance? Can the apostle of the Revolution show us the means and the result of revolution? Evil has sprung up, and now rules the world. How is that evil to be destroyed? Is it not, as much as good, a necessary part of the universe, fixed beyond our power? If not, what are the laws whereby we can remove it? Prometheus can not destroy the evil himself; he is chained. He knows not how long the oppressor's rule will last; he knows only that it must some day end. I have heard of few stranger conceptions than this, emanating, as it does, from a reformer's mind—than this, I say, of the chained Prometheus, the hope and embodiment of all that is good, the divine genius of reform, unable to see a moment in advance the coming of his deliverer, only assured that a deliverer must some day come, and meanwhile inactive, unable by any word or sign to hasten the accomplishment of the deliverance, a slave of fate, a child of accident.

And yet to me welcome is day and night;
Whether one breaks the hoar-frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden colored east; for then they lead

The wingless, crawling Hours, one among whom—
As some dark priest hales the reluctant victim—
Shall drag thee, cruel king, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee,
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.

What means this self-contradiction of the revolutionary spirit? Why is Prometheus, the representative of progress, a prey to accident, helpless? Is this merely the result of the fable, or the expression of Shelley's doctrine of life? Partly, of course, both; but mainly the result of the doctrine. Shelley need not have chosen Prometheus for his hero had he not wished it. He need not have bound himself with the chains of the old story had he not been willing. But, in fact, the world is to Shelley just this: a theatre of the sublimest accidents; a grand conflict of contrasts; a place where the triumph of good or of evil is a matter for joy or for lamentation, for enthusiasm or for horror, but never a definite end, to be reached or avoided by definite means. Shelley, the lyric poet, here appears in the strongest light. With the events and the experiences in the *Prometheus* we are held spellbound. Even their sequence, also, is sublime. But this sequence is as irrational, or super-rational, as it is sublime. Whether we hear about the dim and obscure Necessity, that some day the liberating hour should come, and the tyrant should fall, or whether we look merely at the grandeur of the event itself, the sudden outburst of the universe into a pæan of harmony and an ecstasy of sacred love—whatever we may do, we can but call the entire occurrence a mere happening, a wild chance. We rejoice that the chance has found such a poet to sing it. But we doubt whether this means anything at all for our poor, real world of practical life. Do reforms really come in this way? we say.

Angry we are at our own question immediately. Of course, this is an ideal picture of things. Of course, the poet leaves out of account the forces of reform, and sings the glorious fact of reform itself. His picture is true, as far as it goes. It pretends not to discourse of causes and effects. And yet we must feel that this is not enough to have said. There is a defect, not an artistic, but an ethical one, in this poem. The doctrine is, despite all, only the orthodox revolutionary doctrine again, the teaching that you need but strike off the chains and the reform is accomplished; that you need but love fervently enough, and hate is quelled; that, in a word, the

world is a game-table, whereon a good throw of the dice must now forthwith be expected, because we have so long made bad throws.

That this was Shelley's doctrine appears, I think, from all his poetry, and from what we know of his life. His faith in the good, and in the triumph of the good, was sublime in its earnestness; but in its foundation it is much the same as the gambler's faith in luck, or as the ordinary stock optimism in which people always indulge when they wish to be considered especially clear-sighted. To say that in all things evil there is a soul of good; that the purpose of evil is simply to adorn and embellish good by contrast; that the deep desires of the human heart are certain to be realized—all this is supposed to be a sign of special profundity. Deeper, I think, would be the insight that were willing to recognize the problems of destiny as real, permanently real, and so forever insoluble problems; while itself only showed us what, in this checkered life, the truly and eternally good is, and bade us seek and increase that good as we are able. But all this shall be but an objection to Shelley's age, not to himself as the embodiment of it. To say that his optimism would have been shallow had it not been so deeply earnest, is to recognize the great truth about him, that he was undeveloped in his thought, but enviable in his ideas.

The revolutionary spirit as the gospel of the accidental was, I have said, especially fitted for Shelley's nature as a lyric poet. The effort he makes in *Laon and Cythna* (*The Revolt of Islam*) to set forth the doctrine of revolution at length and in order shows, I think, more than ever the truth of this observation. What a monstrous world of loveliness and horror, of glory and shame, is this into which the poet here introduces us. Yet this is the conception of the world which he learned from his time, adding only the touch of his own genius. One sees in this poem especially one great defect of the doctrine in question. If the belief in sublime accidents leads us to hope that men will suddenly be reformed, and the world suddenly turned from darkness to light, the same belief, making certain as it does the possibility of terrible accidents, leaves only too much room to dread that the good will give place to evil, the world return to its former errors, and life once more be shadowed. If progress be mainly negative and cataclysmic, what horrible reverses will not humanity have to endure throughout all time; the higher the development, the more terrible the disaster.

It is strange to see how this doctrine, which one might suppose, after all, to be in Shelley the result of immaturity and of over-haste to teach his fellowmen, is in fact derived from his father after the spirit, in process of time his actual father-in-law, William Godwin, who had interpreted the doctrines of the Revolution to the young men of Britain in a book published first in 1793, and known as *Political Justice*. Godwin's first period of literary activity, the one from which of course Shelley learned most, is distinguished by a vast confidence in the power of liberty to cure all ills. Shelley drank in eagerly the spirit of the doctrines long after the author had come to see reason to modify the latter, and he was certainly not wanting in effort to put ideas into practice. His expedition to Ireland for the sake of aiding Catholic emancipation and arousing the people is well known, and has, within a few years past, been investigated at length by Rossetti and McCarthy. Very fascinating is the preserved correspondence with Godwin at this time. Godwin had never met Shelley, knew him only by letter, but was not a little disturbed at witnessing the zeal of his young follower. He feared all manner of consequences, and used every effort to dissuade Shelley from continuing his work as an agitator. But Godwin's efforts would have been to little purpose had not the poet come to feel that, after all, his vocation was not in Ireland. Yet only by degrees did Shelley abandon his projects of immediate social reform. Probably he never gave up the idea of being a great reformer some day; and if he had lived, doubtless in the days that followed his name would have been heard in fields other than what are commonly known as poetical. A passage with which the young enthusiast closes a certain *Declaration of Rights*, a brief printed broadside composed during his Irish expedition, will serve to show us how his doctrines sounded when they are expressed, not in poetry, but in prose:

Man! thou whose rights are here declared, be no longer forgetful of the loftiness of thy destination. Think of thy rights, of those possessions which will give thee virtue and wisdom, by which thou mayest arrive at happiness and freedom. They are declared to thee by one who knows thy dignity, for every hour does his heart swell with honorable pride in the contemplation of what thou mayest attain—by one who is not forgetful of thy degeneracy, for every moment brings home to him the bitter conviction of what thou art.

Awake! arise! or be forever fallen.

Evidently Shelley just here feels as much a hero as if he were Satan himself on the burning marl. He always had a proper and praiseworthy admiration for Satan.

But enough of criticism of the revolutionary gospel as Shelley preached it. We see here the mistake into which our century has ever been apt to fall, a mistake which just now we seek to correct by studying natural science and history—those two great teachers of law and moderation and doubt. The mistake lies in recognizing from one side only that eternal activity which we noticed at the outset—the life-power whereby men make anew at each instant their works of good and evil; in recognizing, I say, this one side of the truth, while forgetting the other side, to wit: the fact of what I have named the perennial laziness of human nature, which prevents men from forming their ideas at any moment differently from the way in which they formed them the moment before, unless both new method and new impulses are present to their consciousness. The Revolution said: Men make their lives such as they are; therefore, if men but willed it, the world would be happy; therefore, grant freedom of action, and nature will do the rest. But the truth is that men do will and must will to be as wretched as they are unless both knowledge and stimulus unite to bring them to a better mind; and even then the change will be slow, weary, full of anguish. We can never be sure that the life of benevolence and of nobility in aim is possible for the mass of the race until we see the result accomplished; and even in that case we have no reason to suppose that evil would be forever prevented, or the goal of progress attained.

The Revolution was at first optimistic. Shelley, as representing it, is in purpose at least an optimist. But the fault of optimism is its blindness, and its *naïve* trust in the power of good intentions. In our time our duty is to correct this optimism by recognizing the ever-present fact of evil in the world. Not for a moment excusing evil nor yet daring to forget or overlook it, we must make up our minds to endless conflict while life lasts. We look forward to no haven of peace so long as we deal with life in its practical aspect. In contemplation, in knowledge, in worship, there is indeed peace; but these things belong not to active life, and to give ourselves up entirely to them is to be false to our duty to mankind. As men we must be in continual war. And even final victory for the right is never certain.

But if the Revolution was imperfect, its spirit was noble; and we who inherit its problems dare not neglect to reverence its ambitions, its faith, and its pure intentions.

I turn to those other forms of Shelley's poetry wherein we may see embodied the intellectual and emotional tendencies of the Revolution. We have been looking at imperfections, not because we desired to pick flaws in Shelley, but because to note these things is profitable. Whatever belongs to our poet's genius we find above criticism. Only as the embodiment of the ideas of his time, or as immature and not wholly master of his material, does he seem to us now and then imperfect. But when we come to consider him as the poetic voice of the emotions of the century, or as seer to whom higher truth is often manifest, here we find him not learning from the age. His genius has full play. The time impedes him less and less.

To catch a fleeting experience in its marvelous perfection of emotional coloring, to crystalize it and make it eternal, to leave it a jewel in the world's treasure house for all time, that it may flash back in multitudinous rays (how well worn the poor figure is!) the light of all future life that falls upon it—this is the great work of the lyric poet. This Shelley has done, living as he did in the midst of a time of revived emotional life, and has done with a magic power at which we can only mutely marvel. Think of the "Indian Serenade," or of the "Lament," which has been already cited, or of the songs in the *Prometheus*, or of Beatrice's song in the last act of the *Cenci*:

False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
 When my life is laid asleep?
 Little cares for a smile or a tear
 The clay-cold corpse upon the bier.
 Farewell! Heigh-ho!
 What is this whispers low?
 There is a snake in thy smile, my dear,
 And bitter poison within thy tear.

 Sweet sleep! were death like to thee,
 Or if thou couldst mortal be,
 I would close these eyes of pain—
 When to wake? Never again.
 O, world! farewell!
 Listen to the passing bell!
 It says thou and I must part,
 With a light and a heavy heart.

Even the bitter and uncertain conflict to which the Revolution introduces us seems not too hard, if in its pauses we can hear at moments such strains of music as this, breathing as they do from and for hearts that, without all the bitter conflict, might be dead and joined to the things of earth alone.

But if already, as one who notes down experiences, Shelley is a marvel and a benefactor, as a seer of truth he has claims upon our regard even greater. The Revolution has meant for so many souls doubt, distress, hesitation in the choice of ideals, or even blank materialism of moral aims, that it is at once strange and refreshing to deal with a soul whose consciousness of the worth of ideal truth never falters, and that is withal so familiar a guest in the world of the ideals as to be quite unconscious that what itself tells us is at all extraordinary. Most mystics and idealists of any sort are a little proud of the fact, and like to recount to us with childish simplicity how they know secrets that they in no wise intend to reveal, how they deal with matters quite out of the common reach. Shelley has this in common with Swedenborg, that he is a very unmystical kind of mystic, and pretends to know a world of fact by no means so foreign in import to our own world. Shelley's mysticism is, however, unlike Swedenborg's, purely poetical, and hence perfectly safe, being judged altogether by the standards of emotional truth. He introduces us into the region of high contemplation, the region of all most secure from the disturbances of the world of practical life; and in this calm abode he entertains us with thought never dogmatic, infinitely plastic, and colored with all the many hues of his light-giving spirit. Here it is that Shelley appears at times as the man of a fervor rightly to be named religious. There is the same contempt of the finite, the same elevation above the world of sense, the same beatific vision, that marks the best moments of the saints of all ages. *Adonais* is the record of such experiences. The picture of that higher life which he for a moment attributes to the dead is not easily surpassable:

Peace! peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

But as a seer, Shelley above all distinguishes himself in the character of a philosopher of love. In this realm so remote, and to most

poets so inaccessible, of genuine unsentimental comprehension of the great passion, Shelley has obtained for himself the highest rank. And this is a subject of some importance for our present business, because the poets of the Revolution period have all been very wayward in their treatment of the higher affections; and, in the doubt and obscurity of mind attendant upon the revolutionary spirit, have run from the extreme of sentimental ecstasy to the extreme of scepticism in regard to the worth, the truth, and the enduring character of love. Shelley, in the *Epipsychedion*, and in many single passages, has dealt with the subject in a spirit of the happiest faith. Love is with him real, and of profound importance; but half the ordinary sentiment about it means nothing to him at all. Hardly a more profitable study in higher criticism could be mentioned than one that compared in detail, as Shelley himself has compared in general, Dante's *Vita Nuova* with the *Epipsychedion*; the philosophic love of the age of romance, given up as it is to deep self-questionings, with the free, overflowing passion of this favored child of the age of Revolution, who had loved, as he said, an Antigone in some previous state of existence, and now could never rest in the precious toil of pursuing her shadow through all the world.

But, to sum up, we find in revolution the effort to accommodate the activity of thought and practical life to the ever new demands of emotion and experience. The Revolution of the past hundred years has expressed especially the need of the individual for fuller life, and for a better knowledge of his place in the universe. To use an expression from Novalis, many ways have the men of our day traveled; their end has been the same. To conquer the doubt of the time, and find themselves homes in the strange chaos of ideas with which the modern world seems filled, has been their common effort. Shelley, as a representative of the revolutionary spirit, has two chief things to teach us: that in the world of active life we are in no wise near to a solution of our problems. In the enthusiasm of the poet, which vented itself in dreams of an ideal society, dreams unlike the reality, and useless if they had been the reality, we see mirrored the incapacity of the modern spirit to lay the ghosts it has called up. Optimism is a resort as useless as it is unfounded. We are in the struggle of the Revolution still. We know not how it is to end. It would be no struggle if we did know. We know not that good must and will triumph. If we did know,

why lay our vain hands on the ark and meddle with a predetermined fate? But, as such bold efforts as Shelley's teach us, we are unable to know. Progress is full of mishaps and accidents. Our duty is to watch and fight, ever on the lookout for foes, as a tiger in a jungle that the hunters are beating might wander, still brave and confident, but ever looking this way and that for the gleam of the bright spears. In active life the lesson Shelley teaches is, save for the example of his heroism, and devotion, and high purpose, mainly a negative one.

But as a child of the Revolution, Shelley gives example, too, of the intellectual and poetical results of the age of unrest; and here he is our guide altogether. As contemplation is ever better than action, as thought is higher than things, as ideals put to shame the efforts made to realize them, so does Shelley, in the world of ideas, stand far above the unrest of the age, a grand model. Send us, too, O Life, such power to endure and to see! If only at rare moments we are favored as he perpetually was, those moments will outweigh all the years of conflict, and uncertainty, and pain, and disappointment that lengthen out our lives, weary children as we are of an age filled with the woes of doubt and with toil in the dark.

Pessimism and Modern Thought

The problem of the worth of life is often regarded among men of the world as one that the healthy have no wish to discuss, and the unhealthy no right to decide. But surely reflective beings must sooner or later be led to consider the worth of conscious life; for self-criticism is an essential part of all mental growth, and cannot rest until it has taken into consideration the whole, as well as the parts, of our activity. But as every new step in critical thought is made by means of a negative criticism of old positions, the question of the worth of life must distinctly appear for the first time in the form of what is inexactly called pessimistic doubt about human life. The doctrine popularly named pessimism, the doctrine that evil is on the whole triumphant, is consequently the immediate subject of the following discussion, whose ultimate aim is the suggestion of some thoughts on the method of estimating the worth of human life. Our plan will be to give, first, a study of certain modern views that bear on our problem; secondly, a critical examination of the bases of these views. We shall preface a very brief account of what is meant by a worth-estimate of human life.

No one familiar with the spirit and objects of modern discussion will find it improper that we should confine ourselves throughout to the study of human life as we know it in this world. Our life this side death is, at all events, the one subject of present moral interest. We are accustomed to bound our desires, even when they

extend beyond the limits of our own lives, by the limits of the probable future life of our race. The future means, to the modern man, future generations. Our position is that of Faust, and from that position alone can we clearly reason and definitely hope:

Aus dieser Erde quillen meine Freuden
Und diese Sonne scheinet meinen Leiden.
Kann ich mich erst von ihnen scheiden
Dann mag was will und kann, geschehn.

I *Worth-Estimates in General*

Pleasure and pain being familiar facts of consciousness, there arises a frequent desire quantitatively to compare different pleasures and pains. Whether this color is as pleasing as that one, this Christmas as merry as the last one, this novel as delightful as another, whether seasickness is more disagreeable than a toothache of equal persistence, whether a broken arm is a greater pain than a wounded conscience, such questions as these are often discussed among men. The only means of deciding them directly is by an appeal to inner personal experience. Discussion, by arousing sympathy, jealousy, or obstinacy, or by appealing to the desire for the approval of others, often alters the natural judgment in such matters. But natural or artificial, the ultimate judgment is based on inner experience. The difficulty, however, in imparting and understanding these elementary worth-judgments lies in the fact that the objects compared are not always clearly defined. It may be regarded as axiomatic that the result of a direct comparison of two present facts of experience is decisive of their relative value as pleasures or pains. If, at the same time, two colors are before me, or if, in immediate succession, I hear two different sounds, or smell two different flowers, my decision as to which is just now the better of the two compared experiences, is a decision beyond appeal. But most of our worth-judgments are not founded on direct comparison of facts of present experience. Two Christmases are separated by at least one year. Toothache and seasickness need not unite at the same time for the torture of the man that compares them. And so through a long list of cases. A worth-judgment is thus often founded on the comparison of a present with a remembered experience, or of two or more remembered experiences with one another. Here the direct judgment is as such indeed above

appeal. If the experience A appears to me in memory as superior to B, then so it appears. But one may still doubt whether A if present would seem preferable to a present experience of B. The actually made judgment does not and cannot decide upon this latter point. Of the relative worth as pleasures or pains of A and B in themselves we cannot judge, since A and B are experiences (*e.g.*, Christmases, toothaches, sea voyages, novels) separated by a considerable interval of time. Our judgment of their relative worth concerns them merely as they appear in memory.

We have some means of determining the nature of the illusions to which memory is subject,¹ but these means are insufficient for the purpose of eliminating the disturbing element introduced into our worth-judgments by the lapse of time. Our best effort in this direction is usually made when we have asked ourselves to decide quite deliberately what we should probably do in the way of choice, were the experiences in question now to present themselves for our decision. We substitute deliberate weighing of the remembered for living choice of the present experiences, and our decision is in the end a choice between two conceived actions, *i.e.*, a volition.

Completely hopeless is any attainment of direct judgment when we have to consider the total worth of a long series of experiences, such as are contained in a year or in an epoch of our lives. The sum of any number of successive impressions of pleasure and pain is never given in consciousness. Experience knows of no true summation of experiences. The sum of a series of enjoyments, or of sufferings, is a purely ideal thing, invented by subsequent reflection. You can sum up two heaps of bullets by putting them together and counting them. Facts of consciousness are not bullets to be kept, heaped up and counted. They die as soon as they are born. You might as well seek to sum up the successive tongues of flame in your fireplace as to find the sum of the ever-moving, up-springing, and dying contents of restless human conscious life. What we mean by the sum of a series of pleasurable and painful experiences is commonly simply the total impression of them that remains in memory when we overlook the past. When one says that it was "worth while" to take a certain journey, to read a particular dull book, to learn a certain foreign language; when one

¹ See Mr. James Sully's late book, *Illusions: A Psychological Study*; in particular ch. x, on "Illusions of Memory."

poet says that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, or when another poet tells each of us to count over the joys of his life, and then to "know, whatever thou hast been, 'tis something better not to be"; in all such cases we have to do with no real summation, but with an estimate based on the qualitative difference between the present total impressions of two represented sets of experiences. Not even such a rough summation is there here as is made in case of a hasty estimate of the size or weight of a present material mass. For the parts of the material mass coexist, and the total impression is made without any considerable lapse of time during the survey of the parts. But the worth-estimate is concerned with non-coexistent objects, separated by large periods of time. The one estimate is capable of verification; the other is beyond verification. The estimate of the actual size of a material object is the goal of inquiry. The most careful estimate of the mathematical sum of a long series of pleasures and pains would really be of no importance whatever if it chanced to disagree with a worth-estimate based upon a mere feeling or total impression of the acceptability or non-acceptability of the series of impressions as a whole. Prove to me that during a certain mountain walk I had in sum more pain than pleasure, and you will not prove to me that my walk was a failure. I may still have the total impression of the acceptability of the whole experience, an impression resulting from the fact that I have nearly forgotten the vexations of the walk, and have retained a vivid memory of the views and of the mountain air. This total impression you shall in vain seek to overcome with your estimate. I should not care for your sum if you were to make it with the exactitude of a recording angel. My mere feeling of the worth of mountain-climbing decides the whole matter.

Thus, then, our estimate of the worth of any large fragment of human life is founded, not so much on an estimate of the mathematical sum of its separate experiences, as on a total impression of the worth or significance of the entire series, when viewed from some other moment of time. The knowledge that this total impression is the basis of all judgment of life, is at the bottom of the *hæc olim meminisse juvabit* of the man in present misfortune. Hope says that even if our unhappy experiences exceed in number and intensity our happy experiences, still the future will arbitrarily turn the scale by regarding the whole series of experiences as essentially

good. And so no man, unprejudiced by a system, tries to apply a strictly utilitarian test to the judgment of the worth of his own experience. The utilitarian test would require a strict summation and balancing of pleasures and pains. Such summation is in fact never possible. If it were possible, the balance sheet of joy and misery would be for most men of no use whatever.²

Worth-judgments concerning human life, as a whole, are, therefore, not reducible to assertions about the mathematical sum of pleasures and pains. What, then, determines these judgments? Our historical study is intended to answer in part this very question. So much is, however, clear: that a worth-judgment about human life is the result of an act of mind, somewhat resembling an ordinary practical volition. *This life is good, this life is evil*, these opposing judgments are two opposing attitudes of will. The ultimate decision in the matter is not to result from a mathematical estimate, but from moral insight. The nature of this insight does not yet appear. But we must be clear as to what we are seeking, viz., not a balance sheet of evil and good, but a watch word to determine our principles of action; an everlasting yea or nay, that shall relate to the whole of life.

II Pessimism and Modern Poetry

Ethical "criticism of life," to borrow Mr. Matthew Arnold's phrase, takes in this century many forms. Chief among them are poetry and speculative philosophy. The poetry of the nineteenth century has been largely the result of the movement in mental life for which is chiefly responsible the revolution, political and social,

² This problem of the "Hedonistic calculus," is discussed by Mr. Sidgwick, *Methods of Ethics*, 1st ed., bk. II, ch. iii, sec. 2, p. 120, sqq. The fundamental importance of the whole question seems to be hardly appreciated by most utilitarians. To tell us to seek for the "greatest possible sum of happiness," when the balance of pleasures and pains can neither be made, nor, if made, accepted by most unprejudiced men, as expressing their sense of the worth of their own experience: this is simply to tell us to behead the Cheshire cat that has no body. The connection of the subject with the present question appears very well in v. Hartmann's essay, "*Ist der Pessimismus wissenschaftlich zu begründen?*" (*Philosoph. Monatsh.*, bd. XV, hft. X, p. 589, sqq.), where the author coolly assumes (p. 591), "that objection to this Hedonistic estimate of the worth of life . . . does not affect the truth of pessimism, which has for the first to do only with the proof of the fact that the balance of pleasure in the world gives a negative result." In other words, "Off with the cat's head," whether or not it has any body.

at the close of the eighteenth century. The revolution meant for the poets the suggestion of a splendid or terrible future for the human race, and the present realization of a fullness of emotional life unknown to the earlier decades of the century. Here was material enough for magnificent dreams and for stirring life-pictures. The schools of poetry that expressed the spirit of the age were, however, weighted with something that proved fatal to very many promising talents; and this something was the tendency to reflection. To have an emotion is one thing, to sing it a very different thing; but to sing it even while you are speculating about its philosophic significance is the saddest of all the tasks imposed by the envious gods. Yet such is the task to which are condemned more than half of our best modern poets. They can not have the pure emotion; or, if they can have it, they can not sing it purely and simply. The demon of reflection is continually whispering in the singer's ear: What is all this good for? Whence comes it? What has it to do with the inmost nature of things? What bearing has it on the conduct of life? The singer, unless he is a chosen one of all, stammers and blunders; or, recovering himself, takes refuge in grand metrical digressions of a semi-metaphysical nature. In fact, because the revolution itself expressed tendencies largely speculative, and because thought-problems were never before so widely known or discussed as they are in this century, the poet in mirroring his own age is forced to seek such union of thought with emotion as was never before demanded of the verse maker.

Emotion tinged with speculative reflection results in the writing of what is called romantic poetry. High or low, grand or inane, nearly all sincere modern poetic effort is in this sense romantic. A sort of secondary, artificial freedom from reflection we find in a few classic modern poems; a few natural songs from time to time spring up unaffected by the reflective spirit. But on the whole, for good or for evil, romanticism is triumphant: for good, when the thought and the emotion unite to form a perfect whole, a colored but still unblurred crystal, a *Prometheus Unbound* or a first part of *Faust*; for evil, whenever the thought mars the purity of the feeling, the feeling the definiteness of the thought.³

Of all the subjects of reflection in the romantic poetry, none is more familiar than the question of the meaning and worth of

³ The rest of Sec. II was incorporated in ch. v of *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*.—Ed. [J. L.]

human life as a whole. The first and natural answer of the modern poet to this question is well known. Human life means for him the emotional side of life. The highest good, when found, must be an emotional good. The romantic poet, criticizing life, must aim to make clear what kind of emotional condition is the most satisfactory one. Notice that in this view we have no mere truism. Many forms of Hedonism would oppose the doctrine that in the intenser emotions can be found the ideal states of consciousness. The common sense of men of the world sees in the more moderate pleasures of polite leisure, in the attainment of practical knowledge, in a successful professional or business career, the sources of permanent satisfaction. Several schools of ancient philosophy regarded tranquillity as constituting the essence of a blessed life. But to all this the spirit of modern poetry was from the outset violently opposed. Tranquillity, once exchanged for storm and stress, is not again regarded as the goal. Active emotion, intense in quality, unlimited in quantity, is what the poets of the revolution desire. One need only mention *Werther*, *The Robbers*, *The Revolt of Islam*, *Manfred*, *Faust*, to suggest what is meant by this spirit of the revolutionary poetry.

Life, then, can be of worth only in so far as it is full of the desirable forms of poetic emotion. But is such fullness of life possible? Is the view that makes it the ideal a tenable view? Must not the consistent following of this view lead ultimately to pessimism? The answer to this problem is the history of the whole romantic movement. Here must suffice a sketch of some of the principal results of the movement.

The stir of modern life, then, has awakened sensibility, quickened desire, aroused the passion for freedom, disturbed old traditions. Above all, the theological ideals of life have been for the romantic poet disturbed, perhaps shattered. His highest good must be sought in his own soul. What is the consequence? First, of course, a sense of splendid independence, a lofty spiritual pride. The joy of freed emotion is equaled by few delights on earth. The self-worship of poetic genius is surpassed by few forms of conceit. Shelley, rejoicing in his strength, writing *The Necessity of Atheism*, and defending, in all innocence of evil, adultery and incest, is a good example of the expression of this spirit. Lavatar's account of the nature of genius is another instance: "As the apparitions of angels do not come but are present, do not go away but are gone,

as they strike the innermost marrow, influence by their immortality the immortal in men, vanish and yet still influence, leave behind them sweet shuddering and tears of terror, and on the countenance pale joy, so the operation of genius. Describe genius as you will—name its fruitfulness of soul, faith, hope, love—the unlearned, the unlearnable—the inimitable, the divine—that is genius. 'Tis inspiration, revelation, that may be felt, but not willed or desired; 'tis art above art, its way is the way of the lightning."⁴ I cannot quote a tenth part of this rhapsody, wherein the self-admiration and the mutual admiration of the young men about Goethe, in the years just before and after 1780, receive a characteristic expression.

This pride leads directly to the effort to build up a wholly new set of ideals. The patience of the statesman, of the student of science, of the business man, is unknown to these forceful young men. They must make a world of their own, and in a day, too. At the same time they are without any definite faith. In fact, definite faith would endanger for them the freshness of their emotions. They fear any creed but one self-made. And they can more easily tear down than build up. One of the most interesting of the young geniuses of that age⁵ is the early lost Novalis (Friedrich v. Hardenberg), a representative, like Shelley after him, of the emotional or romantic poetry in its pristine innocence. A truly noble soul, joined to a weak body, oppressed by many troubles, unable to grow to full manly spiritual stature, he shows us the beauty and imperfection of the emotional movement in close union. He writes pages of vague philosophy, which afterwards impressed the young Carlyle as an expression of a sense of the deep mystery of life. You find delight in wandering through the flowery labyrinths of such speculation; but you come nowhere. Only this is clear: the young poet persists that the world must in some way conform to the emotional needs of man. And he persists, too, that a harmonious scheme of life can be formed on a purely romantic plan, and only on such a plan. He actually explains no reality and completes no scheme of life. He hints, at length, that the Catholic church is the

⁴ See the passage at much greater length in Koberstein's *Gesch. d. deutsch. Nationalität*, bd. IV, p. 26 of the 5th ed.

⁵ The age in question extends from 1770 to 1830. No special effort is here made to follow chronological order. Our purpose is to cite illustrations, not to give a history.

best expression of the needs of man. With this unsatisfactory suggestion, the little career of wandering ends in death. But in what could it have ended, had life continued?

Perhaps in what was called by the close friend of Novalis, Friedrich Schlegel, the romantic irony. This is the next stage in the growth, or, if you like, in the decay of the romantic spirit. Emotion is our guide and our goal. But what is emotion? Something changeable and by nature inconsistent. Each emotion sets up a claim to fill the whole of life. For each new one, the earnest poetic soul feels willing to die. Yet each is driven away by its follower. The feet of them that shall bear it out are before the door even while the triumphant emotion is reigning over the heart within. Fullness of such life means fickleness. Novalis, upon the death of his betrothed, made a sort of divinity of the departed, and dated a new era from the day of her death. His Diary was for a while full of spiritual exercises, suggested by his affliction. He resolved to follow her to the grave in one year. Within this year he was betrothed anew. If such is Novalis, what will be a lesser spirit? Conscious of this inevitable decay of each emotion, Friedrich Schlegel suggests that one should make a virtue of necessity and declare that the higher life consists in a sort of enthusiastic fickleness. The genius must wander like a humming bird in the garden of divine emotions. And he must be conscious and proud of his wanderings. Activity, or rather agility, is his highest perfection. The more numerous his emotions, the nobler the man. The fickler the man, the more numerous his emotions. This conscious union of nobility and fickleness is the romantic irony, which consists in receiving each new enthusiasm with a merry pride. 'Twas not the first, and will not be the last. We see through it, even while we submit to it. We are more than it, and will survive it. Long live King Experience, who showers upon us new feelings!

So much for an ingenious and thoroughly detestable view of life, in which there is for an earnest man no rest. This irony, what is it but the laughter of demons over the miserable weakness of human character? The emotion was to be our god. It turns out to be a wretched fetish, and we know it as such. 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands. It is gone, though we trusted in it. It was our stay, and it has flowed away like water. This is not fullness, but hollowness, of life. And how shall the romantic irony supply the vacancy? This irony is but the word of Mephistopheles

about the ruin of Gretchen: *Sie ist die erste nicht.* Not the first change of emotion is this present one; not the first breaking up of the fountains of the great deep within us; but what misery in that thought! Then there is nothing sure, nothing significant. In our own hearts were we to find life, and there is no true life there; only masks with nothing beneath them; only endless and meaningless change.

The consciousness of this result is the next step in the self-criticism of the romantic spirit. The consequence is what Hegel in the *Phänomenologie des Geistes*, described under the name of *Das Unglückliche Bewusstsein*, and what is more familiarly known to us as the Byronic frame of mind. The very strength of the previous emotion renders this consciousness of the hollowness of emotion the more insupportable:

When the lamp is broken
The light in the dust lies dead.

The brighter the lamp, the deeper the darkness that follows its breaking.

The romantic despair thus described took many forms in the poetry of the early part of the century. To describe them all were to go far beyond our limits. A few forms suggest themselves. If we are condemned to fleeting emotions, we are still not deprived of the hope that some day we may by chance find an abiding emotion. Thus, then, we find many poets living in a wholly problematic state of mind, expecting the *god stronger than they who, coming, shall rule over them*. Such a man is the dramatist and writer of tales, Heinrich von Kleist. "It can be," writes this poet to a friend, December, 1806,⁶ "it can be no evil spirit that rules the world, only a spirit not understood." In such a tone of restless search for the ideal of action, Kleist remains throughout his life. No poet of the romantic school had a keener love of life problems purely as problems. Each of his works is the statement of a question. Kleist answered his own questions at last by suicide. Others have other ways of fleeing misery. Ludwig Tieck, after running through the whole round of romantic questions, rids himself of his demons by turning his attention to other literary work, and lets most of the old romantic ideals alone. Friedrich Schlegel finally escapes from himself by means of scholarly toil and Cath-

⁶ I quote from J. Schmidt, *Gesch. d. deutchen Literatur*, bd. II, p. 472.

olic faith. Hölderlin takes refuge in a mad-house. Shelley manages to endure, while he lives, by dint of childlike submissiveness to his emotions, joined with earnest hope for yet better things. Schiller joins with Goethe in a search for perfection in the ancient Greek world. There are many fashions of quieting the restlessness that belonged to the time, yet what one of them really answers the problems of the romantic spirit? There is still the great question: How may mankind live the harmonious emotional life, when men are driven for their ideals back upon themselves, when traditional faith is removed, when the age is full of wretchedness and of blind striving, when the very strength of poetic emotion implies that it is transient and changeable? The conscious failure to answer this question is more or less decided pessimism.

Could modern poetry free itself from that reflective tendency in which we have found its most prominent characteristic, the pessimism could disappear with the criticism of life. But this is impossible. Omit part of our lyric poetry, some of our comedy and of our satire, and the rest of our best nineteenth-century poetic work is a more or less conscious struggle with pessimism. The grounds and the nature of this struggle have been set forth in the foregoing. The poet once for all accepts the emotional criterion of the worth of life. Determining to see in the harmonious emotional life the best life, feeling as the most certain of principles that "there is a lower and a higher," the poet seeks to picture the perfect existence thus defined. Failure means for him pessimism; not v. Hartmann's really quite harmless "*eudämonologischer Pessimismus*," but the true pessimism of the broken will, that has tried all and failed. The life that ought to be, cannot be; the life that is, is hollow and futile; such will be the result of disappointed idealism. In our time, the idealistic poets that are not pessimists have all, nevertheless, fought more or less consciously the same battle with pessimism. Think only of the *Excursion*, or of the *In Memorium*, or again of *Faust*, that epitome of the thought of our century.

But before we allow ourselves a word on the relation of *Faust* to our problem, let us look a little closer at Byron. *Faust* is the crown of modern poetic effort. If that fails as a solution, all in this field has thus far been lost. But in Byron there is a confessed, one might even say a professed, moral imperfection, whose nature throws light, not so much on the solution of the problem of pessimism, as on the problem itself.

The development of Byron's poetry has two very marked periods, the sentimental and the critical. The sentimental Byron of the years before 1816 is not of very great historical interest. The Byron of *Manfred*, *Cain*, and *Don Juan*, represents an independent phase of the romantic movement, whose faults are as instructive as its beauties. This period of Byron's poetry is of course but very roughly described by the word critical, yet that word is at any rate suggestive. A sensitive man, and yet heroic, strong in spirit, but without fixed ideals of life, a rebel by nature who yet finds no greater soul to lead him, no faithful band to follow him in any definite effort for mankind, Byron is a modern likeness of him that in the legend afterwards became St. Christopher. Only Byron seeks the strongest without finding him, learns to despise the devil, and never meets the devil's master. Worn out with the search, the poet flings himself down in the woods of doubt and dreams *Don Juan*. We look in vain for the right adjective with which to qualify this poem: it is so full of strength, so lavish of splendid resources, and yet in sum so disappointing. It has no true ending, and never could have had one. It is a mountain stream, plunging down dreadful chasms, singing through grand forests, and losing itself in a lifeless gray alkali desert. Here is romantic self-criticism pushed to its farthest consequences. Here is the self-confession of an heroic soul that has made too high demands on life, and that has found in its own experience and in the world nothing worthy of true heroism. We feel the magnitude of the blunder, we despise (with the author, as must be noticed, not in opposition to him) the miserable petty round of detestable experiences—intrigues, amours, dinners—in brief, the vulgarity to which human life is reduced; but the tragedy is everywhere to be read between the lines, not in what is said. The romantic spirit has sought in vain for the satisfactory emotional state, and for the worthy deed to perform, and now rests, scornful and yet terrified, in dizzy contemplation of the confused and meaningless maze of sensations into which the world has resolved itself. "There is nothing there to fear or hope," this spirit seems to say.

When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
And proved it, 'twas no matter what he said.

Or again:

To be or not to be? Ere I decide
 I should be glad to know that which is being;
 'Tis true we speculate both far and wide,
 And deem, because we *see*, we are *all-seeing*.
 For my part, I'll enlist on neither side,
 Until I see both sides for once agreeing.
 For me, I sometimes think that life is death,
 Rather than life a mere affair of breath.

In *Manfred* the same spirit seeks another, and not quite so successful a form of expression. The only peace that can come to this world-weary spirit, *Manfred* expresses at the sight of a quiet sunset. The only freedom from eternal self-examination is found in an occasional glance at peaceful nature.

It will not last,
 But it is well to have known it though but once;
 It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
 And I within my tablets would note down
 That there is such a feeling.

The famous last words of *Manfred*,

Old man, 'tis not so difficult to die.

coming as they do after all *Manfred*'s vacillation upon just this point, indicate the final resolution of despair to brave all possible wretchedness from without for the sake of feeling within, in all its strength, though but for a moment, the fierce defiance of the rebellious Titan. Hungary for deeds, finding nothing to do, fearing the possible future life, and hating the present, the hero at last resorts to an untrue but stirring assertion of absolute personal independence of all the hateful universe here and hereafter:

Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me.
 I have not been thy dupe, nor thy prey—
 But was my own destroyer, and will be
 My own hereafter.

This is pessimism that overleaps itself and falls on the other. The outcome of self-analyzing romanticism is the determination to build afresh a world that shall be nobler than this poor world

of decaying passive emotions. Feeling will not do. Manfred attains something by action, even though he first acts in the moment of death. Doing work of some kind is, then, that to which we are necessarily driven. But if the action of defiance can make death tolerable, why might not some kind of activity make life tolerable? Is not the worthy life then to be found, not in emotion, but in work? Is not the ideal state the ideal activity, not the ideal feeling? This suggestion is at the foundation of the prototype of Manfred, the Faust of Goethe.

Praise of the first part of Goethe's *Faust* is nowadays superfluous. Doubtless the work is a torso,⁷ but so is the life of man. Extravagant encomium of *Faust*, such as that wherewith Hermann Grimm has marred, as with a showman's harangue, the conclusion of his otherwise most instructive *Lectures on Goethe*, seems as out of place as applause in a cathedral. The poem is grand and profound, because the life problems it so truthfully portrays are grand and profound; in form, if you except digressions, it is sublimely simple and unassuming. Its imperfections are as open to view as is its grandeur. The doctrine of the poem may be thus briefly suggested. Here is a world wherein nature, the expression of divine intelligence, is perfect, wherein man, by the same divine wisdom, is left in darkness and confusion. The angels, who simply contemplate nature's perfection, are the "true sons of God." But they do nothing. They only see and think. Man is to act. By his action he is freely to create such perfection as already passively exists in nature. That is, his life is to become an harmonious whole. The postulate of the Lord is that this is possible. Mephistopheles holds the opposite opinion. The question is to be solved by the case of Faust.

Faust is a man in whom are combined all the strength and weakness of the romantic spirit. No excellence he deems of worth so long as any excellence is beyond his grasp. Therefore his despair at the sight of the great world of life. So small a part of it is his. He knows that he can never grow great enough to grasp the whole, or any finite part of the whole. Yet there remains the hopeless desire for this wholeness. Nothing but the infinite can be satisfying. Hence the despair of the early scenes of the first part. Like Byron's Manfred, Faust seeks death; but Faust is kept from

⁷ Cf. the opinion of M. Edm. Scherer as quoted in Mr. Matthew Arnold's essay, "A French Critic on Goethe," in the *Mixed Essays*, p. 291.

it by no fear of worse things beyond, only by an accidental reawakening of old childish emotions. He feels that he has no business with life, and is wholly a creature of accident. He is clearly conscious only of a longing for a full experience. But this experience he conceives as mainly a passive one. He does not wish as yet to do anything, only to get everything.⁸ But at the same time with this desire for a tempest of new feelings, Faust has the consciousness that there never can be a satisfactory feeling. Mephistopheles, stating the case of the contented man of the world, assures him that the time will come for enjoying good things in peace. Faust indignantly replies that pleasure can never deceive him, the tolerable moment never come. In making this very assertion, however, and in concluding his pact with Mephistopheles upon the basis of this assertion, Faust rises above his first position, and assumes a new one. The satisfactory pleasure can never be given to him, and why? Because he will always remain active. Satisfaction would mean repose, repose would mean death. Life is activity. The meaning of the pact is of course that, for good or for evil, all the existence of a man is work, and that no one is ever wholly lost so long as the power of accomplishment remains his. But if work is the essence of life, then satisfaction must be found not in feelings but in deeds. The world is good if we can make it so, not otherwise. The problem of Faust is, therefore, the discovery of the perfect kind of activity.

With this insight the romantic spirit has risen beyond itself. The essence of romanticism is the desire for fullness of personal experience. The essence of this new spirit is the eagerness to accomplish something. The difference is vast. Faust, following this new tendency, might be led to an obscure toiling life of endless self-sacrifice. His pessimism (for in the early scenes he is a pessimist) might give way before unquestioning heroic devotion to some great end. Does this take place? We know too well the answer. The whole poem is indeed a conflict between the two tendencies of Faust, but the first, the desire for manifold passive experiences, is until the last scenes of the second part predominant. Faust is active, but his activity is mainly a continual pursuit of new experiences. Even at the end he is not active as other men are active; his

⁸ Cf. the lengthy discussion of this point in Friedrich Vischer, *Goethe's Faust, Neue Beiträge zur Kritik des Gedichts*, especially p. 291, and p. 304. "Er (Faust) weiss also für jetzt nur von der Lust."

work is done by magic; and the accomplishment for whose sake he is at last willing to say, *This is the highest moment*, is an anticipation, not a reality. In the real world the satisfactory work is never found. And thus the solution of the problem is not fully given, though the poet, while suggesting it, has done more than any other modern poet. The revolution had furnished as life-ideals grand emotion and heroic action. The two cannot wholly be harmonized. The highest forms of activity imply self-sacrifice, drudgery, routine, cool-headed calculation, realism. The highest forms of emotion, pursued by themselves, intoxicate and enervate. It is the purpose of Goethe to lead his hero through the various stages of emotional life for the sake of making him prefer in the end a mode of action to all forms of simple emotion. The result is to be a man above the deadness of ordinary work-a-day realism, yet as devoted to toil as the stupidest realist. There is to be a free surrender of a full self to the service of some high end. Nothing is lacking to the conquest over pessimism, except the clear statement of that for which the converted Faust is to work. The goal of activity once found, the problem will be solved, and the devil's wager lost. But the dim allegorical suggestions of the second part will not suffice to give us the account of what is wanted. Faust is to work for human progress, and progress means the existence of a whole nation of hard-laboring, fearless men who fight forever for their freedom. To have been the father of such a people is the highest blessedness. Good, indeed, we say; but to have wrought by the devil's aid, through magic and oppression, is this the highest? Is this the type of the best activity? And is the great problem after all really solved? For what is the ultimate good of the eternal warfare with nature in which mankind are thus left? Faust leaves behind him a nation of toilers, whose business it will be to build dikes to keep the sea out. A worthy end of romantic hopes, truly! That Goethe himself is not wholly content therewith, is proven by the epilogue in heaven, which means, if it means anything, that the highest end of human activity is something very fine, but altogether inexpressible, invisible, inconceivable, indefinite, a thing of ether and fog. One longs in this last scene for the presence of Mephistopheles, who surely has as much right there as in the prologue, and who would be sure to say, in his terse and sinewy fashion, just the right and the last word about the whole business.

The incompleteness of *Faust* is the incompleteness of modern

thought. The poet is silent about the final problem, because modern thought is still toiling away on the definition of the highest human activity. And so we naturally turn from our hasty survey of the poetic movement of the revolutionary period to a sketch of certain forms of speculative thought regarding this problem of pessimism.

III *Pessimism and Speculation*

At the outset of our discussion, we rejected the view that estimates the value of life as an accountant estimates a man's assets, viz., by summation and balancing. The only useful speculations on the worth of life are those that regard life with reference to some accepted goal; itself a state of consciousness in some animate being. Given the goal, we can compare therewith the work actually done in human life, and see how nearly the desired state has been approached. The desired state may imply a series of experiences, in which, upon summation, there is found to be an excess of pain over pleasure. Yet this state may be demanded as the highest state, and the implied series of experiences may be accepted as a means thereto, without any question on the part of the acceptor as to the balance of pleasure and pain. The worth of life is judged solely with reference to the goal.

What determines the choice of our goal need not here be considered at length. It is enough to note the following principles: (1) If we choose any end as the end to be sought, our work towards that end is accompanied by an unrest, *i.e.*, by a constant disposition to alter the content of our consciousness, so long as we are at work. The attainment of the goal means the cessation of the unrest. To seek the goal and to seek to quiet the unrest are, therefore, one and the same thing. (2) Unrest has no absolute worth. For otherwise, unrest itself would be our goal. But unrest is not the goal; it is the consciousness that we are seeking our goal. The goal has worth in itself; but the unrest has worth only as bringing us near the goal. (3) If we have fixed upon any goal, so that we judge life as good in so far as it approaches, bad in so far as it does not approach, the goal, then our estimate of the worth of life is by implication fixed, and can be altered only by an alteration of the goal. But the choice of the goal is an act of volition. We cannot prove to another person that so and so is the goal. We can tell him what our goal is, and can hope that we shall find or awaken in him a sympathy with our en-

thusiasm. The choice of an object in life defies logical demonstration. Men catch from other men moral ideals, or now and again originate new ones for themselves. Never do they receive their moral principles as they do their mathematics, by rigid demonstration. The ultimate axioms of conduct are practical volitions; while the ultimate axioms of science, if volitional in nature, are yet volitions of another order. (4) But, in accepting several goals at once, or in altering a previously accepted goal, we are, to a certain extent, influenced by a logical consideration, viz., consistency. If two accepted goals of action are found to conflict, we seek to harmonize them by compromise, or by the elimination of one of them. If one goal is found, upon analysis, to imply a self-contradiction, we alter it. If, upon better understanding of what an accepted goal implies, we alter our position towards it, our reflection has influenced our volition. Thus, there arises a sort of moral dialectic, and the independence of our will, in accepting a particular object as the goal of our striving, is limited by the reaction of our thought upon each new ideal that we set up.

These principles being admitted, the discussion of the worth of life reduces to the following questions: (1) Are the goals of ordinary human action such as can be clearly defined at all? (2) If defined, will they be found to be consistent, or inconsistent and mutually destructive? (3) If this is the case, can any process of dialectic purification reduce them to unity, and set up a consistent and universal ideal of life? (4) If this last ideal is found, is it to be regarded as attainable?

The first question is generally answered with a qualified, sometimes with an unqualified, affirmative. That at least some of the popular objects of human life are definable, is implied in nearly every discussion of the subject, whatever the result of such discussion. In so far as such goals of action are not definable, the life that seeks them has, from our point of view, no definable worth.

Given an affirmative answer to the first question, the second presents itself in two forms. It may relate to the objects of the life of some one individual, as given to and for him. Or it may relate to the various ideals of various people, considered in their social relations. In both its forms we must answer the question in the same way. The various ordinarily accepted aims of human life, both in individuals for themselves and in society at large, do conflict. Vacillation, inner struggles of all kinds, show us how disunited are our

own individual ideals of life; aggression and cruelty, even discussion, even the forms of compact and alliance, show how great the conflict, or the danger of conflict, between various human aims. But if life as a whole is to have worth, these conflicts, it would seem, must, on the whole, be brought to an end. For they mean hindrance and extra unrest even to the victors; total failure, endless unrest, to the vanquished.

The third and fourth questions are the places of the greatest controversy. If one may be permitted to affirm anything about people's answers to questions that they themselves did not in so many words formulate, one may with fair certainty say that on his negative answer to our third question depends, in part, Schopenhauer's peculiar form of pessimism, while on the affirmative answer thereto depends the optimism of the most of the Hegelian school, as well as the optimism of the evolution philosophers. For the Hegelian, all conflicting human ends finally, through a dialethic process, harmonize in one highest end, the self-consciousness of the Absolute Spirit. For the believer in physical evolution, all human ends will at length harmonize in the one end of giving self, through the perfect satisfaction of our fellows, the greatest satisfaction possible. Such at least is the sense of a late formula propounded by a thoroughly competent authority. But for Schopenhauer such harmony is impossible. The greater our knowledge, the better shall we see, according to Schopenhauer, that warfare is of the essence of the will, and that the various objects of the will, not only are incompatible, but must forever remain irreconcilable.

But if the third question were answered in the affirmative, if the one goal were fixed upon, the fourth question would remain. This fourth question, viewed apart from the third, is answered negatively by Schopenhauer, affirmatively by the evolution philosophers, presumably with a *weder noch* by most of the Hegelians. Let us look for a moment at the matter. Given any goal, then life is of worth in so far as it approaches that goal. Endless unrest would be failure. But now, says Schopenhauer, life is will, and will is unrest. Given any goal as the highest, then attainment would mean absolute rest. Absolute rest would mean cessation of will, and so death. But if attainment of the absolute end means death, then in life the end cannot be attained. Life can, therefore, never have absolute worth. Whatever is a goal with nothing beyond cannot be life, but must be death. Whatever life has no final goal within its

reach, must be an eternal failure. On such a basis is Schopenhauer's pessimism built up.

Let us consider the subject in another way, making ourselves more independent of Schopenhauer's metaphysic, and taking a course that leads to a direct attack upon that stronghold of modern optimism, viz., upon the ethical significance of the doctrine of progress. Some people at one time liked the phrase "perfectibility of man," instead of the modern phrase "evolution of humanity." But when men looked to history for proof of this "perfectibility," one trouble in their way was the sad fact that the perfectible creature has never yet been perfected. If not quite "*so wunderlich als wie am ersten Tag*," he is still not a little defective; in fact, mostly a blunderer, and often a knave. "The progress of man" seems, then, a more satisfactory term wherewith to sum up the facts of history. But too many optimistic congratulations must not yet be exchanged over this fact of progress. It is a fact; progress is for the better, and worship of savage innocence was a mere sentimental whim of the strait-laced eighteenth century. But what follows thence about the nature of life? Alas! too little. This worship of progress is only another bit of sentiment, useful in its place, but of not very tough moral fiber. Stout-hearted men in this great, dark universe, must be ready to take their own view of the worth of life, quite apart from their knowledge of a link or two of the myriad-coiled chain of the world history. For reflect: this bit of life that we here know, is but a fragment (a cross-section as it were, with a little piece added lengthwise) out of an eternity of events. Here is an endless sequence of causes and effects. Now, on any hypothesis as to the powers that direct the universe, so much is certain. After an infinity of time (of progress or of retrogression, or of endless circular motion? Who shall say?), the world spirit of the world force has brought forth this present world of human life, with all its vast imperfections. The world plan or no-plan (we need not here discuss which) involves as a possible result, after the lapse of infinite ages of change, all the failure and worthlessness and blind struggling that is here about us in these oppressed millions of wasted lives, in these thieves and cut-throats, in these filthy, in these halt and blind, in these stupid wretches that make up the lower classes of society, in these heart-sick, lonesome wanderers that seek the outskirts of civilization, in all these fellow-beings to whom our hearts go out in pity even while we despise their weak-

ness. This is one result of the infinite ages. Take the worst wretch ever heard of—a Guiteau or a Judas. It took just an eternity to produce him. Now, this being so, it is enough. What the world plan is we need not judge. What it may imply, we by this example see. It may imply always just, as it now realizes, the existence of what we in this discussion are regarding as evil, namely, hopeless striving ending in failure, fierce conflict ending in mutual destruction of the fighters. Here helps no progress. This world may get better for a while; what are a few million years in an eternity? But there is no evidence to show that progress is eternal and regular. If progress had gone on from eternity, where would be room for imperfection now? Much as many efforts in theodicy become inconsistent with orthodox theology in that they necessarily imply that the evil of this world, being an essential of finite and rational existence, must continue into the next world and enter heaven itself, even so this optimism of progress proves too much. If evil is possible and actual after infinite ages of progress, then a further infinity of progress might never remove the evil. And why, then, is progress a very cheering fact? But if the infinite past has not been all progress, then what hope for the future? The most probable view of the universe as a whole would seem then to be the view, according to which growth and decay go on forever in cyclic rhythm. At any time in the past or future we should expect to find much such a universe of striving and imperfection as we now find, the forms infinitely various, the significance wearily the same.

So much for the skeptical consideration of our fourth question. To return now for a few final words about our third question. In the present writer's mind there is no doubt that the third question can be answered affirmatively; that there is an ultimate goal, to which, by simple self-knowledge, by immanent criticism of human desire, all the various and conflicting goals of action can be reduced. Whether all men will ever come to recognize this one goal, whether by any process of dialectic purification the many will for all men be stripped of their deceptions and seen in their reality as but one, we do not know. That makes little difference for the purposes of our third question. Nor can we go far now into the defense of this as our goal. We must content ourselves with a mere statement. The one goal is the rendering as full and as definite as possible all the conscious life that at any moment comes within the circle of our influence. Devotion, then, to universal conscious life, is the goal

of conscious life itself; or the goal is the self-reference or self-surrender of each conscious moment to the great whole of life, in so far as that whole is within reach. Separation from other conscious life means failure. Conscious union with other conscious life means for every conscious being success in proportion to the fullness, clearness, and definiteness of that union. This union is the highest goal, not for itself logically demonstrable as such, but deducible from the other actual goals of mankind when they are analyzed in their true meaning.

This being the goal of action, the fourth question recurs. Is the goal attainable? The trust in progress is, as we just saw, no secure support. Progress seems to be a fact of very limited scope, magnified rather unduly in our eyes by a certain praiseworthy enthusiasm of contemporary thought. No hope then there. Critical thinkers can not be permanently caught with such chaff. Optimists or pessimists we must be here and now, in and for this present earthly life in this nineteenth century. Everybody then must finally settle the question with his own soul. Discussions like the present but try to state the problem, that each may have its terms before him. And what is the problem as our discussion has defined it? Here is our final statement:

If the goal is conscious union of every conscious being with the great whole of conscious life, and if rest is impossible until that end is attained, and possible if that is attained, can we hope under human conditions to attain this goal? The answer is: in perfect union and harmony with the whole of conscious life we can at moments feel ourselves. Self-sacrifice chief of all, and in the next rank hard work for any impersonal end, or the mere contemplation of active life, the union with others for the doing of work that involves no warring with an opposite party, even warfare when carried on for the good of the whole of conscious life; whatever, in a word, impresses on each his own insignificance and still more the grandeur of the great ocean of conscious activity below, about, and above him: all such deeds and experiences serve to accomplish what is meant by union of each being with the whole of life. Yet such union is perfected only in moments. For the rest of the time selfishness, self-conceit, struggle with hated equals, in a word, unrest, are predominant. And of mankind as a whole, this is even more true than of those individual men who have a fancy for ethics. We must look forward then for ourselves to a life-long—for the universe to

a seemingly eternal—process of unrest, broken by transient moments of union with the whole of conscious life, by moments, that is, of devotion, of cheerful absorption in noble work, of strength in the admiration of other strength; by moments of sympathy and of self-sacrifice. Whether in sum there shall be more pains than pleasures in this series of conscious states, who knows? And who need care? Are we registering machines or men? We are viewing life solely with reference to the highest goal. What matters the rest of it?

This being our result, is it optimistic or pessimistic? Surely not what most people mean by the former. A life of endless battle, with temporary triumphs here and there, is no complete triumph. But is it complete failure? The goal never is finally attained, but is repeatedly attained, though but temporarily. The result is not the despair of disappointed romanticism, for we passed beyond that when we found that without activity no real triumph is possible. Nor is it that confused representation of an indefinite something with which the epilogue in heaven in *Faust* torments us. This sense of oneness with universal consciousness is a very simple experience: you can know it easily if you will but do a sacrificing act with purely unselfish motives, or if you will but give yourself up to the enthusiasm of a great popular cause, or if you will sit down and comfort a fellow-being in distress. Much nonsense can be talked about the matter; but, after all, the soul of true living is such experience. *This life is my life*: it is a rich moment when we say that of some other being, and were it but of a chirping, nestbrooding bird in the woods at twilight. Nor is our result a mere acceptance of activity as in itself enough. No, the activity is unrest; but through the unrest comes occasional rest. As for Schopenhauer's objection that the unrest predominates, we admit the fact. Schopenhauer's inference is that the will to live ought to be quenched. We reply that this is a matter not thus to be decided. As we first chose our goal by independent volition, so now we may choose how much hindrance of our endless efforts to reach the goal will be regarded as compensated by our occasional successes. Not the comparison of the two sums is desired, but the verdict of volition upon the worth of two sets of experiences. Which will you choose? That last question is simply unanswerable, except by a direct act of will. Here are the facts: A goal, viz., self-forgetfulness in the contemplation and creation of the fullest and clearest universal conscious life; a

struggle to reach this goal, a struggle with blind nature, with selfishness within, with hatred without; this struggle alternating with periods of triumph; the process of alternating struggle and occasional triumph an endless process. How like you this life? It is the best that you are apt to find. Do you accept it? Every man has to deal with these queries quite by himself, even as with his own eyes he must see colors. It is our province merely to suggest the ultimate questions.

It has been the aim of the foregoing essay to present the question of pessimism in various historical lights, and to suggest a method of dealing with the problems involved. That these problems are deeply rooted in human nature seems plain. Unfortunate is the public apathy and light-headedness which declines to consider serious moral questions until accident forces them upon our notice. Pessimism is often regarded with horror; yet an earnest pessimist would be better than a sluggard of any creed.

9

*The Rediscovery of the
Inner Life:
From Spinoza to Kant*

In the lecture of to-day, as I must frankly assure you at the outset, our path lies for the most part in far less inspiring regions than those into which, at the last time, Spinoza guided us. You are well acquainted with a fact of life to which I may as well call your attention forthwith, the fact, namely, that certain stages of growing intelligence, and even of growing spiritual knowledge, are marked by an inevitable, and, at first sight, lamentable decline, in apparent depth and vitality of spiritual experience. The greatest concerns of our lives are, in such stages of our growth, somehow for a while hidden, even forgotten. We become more knowing, more clever, more critical, more wary, more skeptical, but we seemingly do not grow more profound or more reverent. We find in the world much that engages our curious attention; we find little that is sublime. Our world becomes clearer; a brilliant, hard, mid-morning light shines upon everything; but this light does not seem to us any longer divine. The deeper beauty of the universe fades out; only facts and problems are left.

Such a stage in human experience is represented, in great part, by the philosophical thinkers who flourish between the time of

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Spinoza's death, in 1677, and the appearance of Kant's chief philosophical work, "The Critique of Pure Reason," in 1781. It is the period which has been especially associated, in historical tradition, with the eighteenth century, so that when one speaks of the spirit of the eighteenth century, he is likely to be referring to this sceptical and critical mood, to this hard, mid-morning light of the bare understanding, beneath which most of these thinkers of our period saw all their world lying. When I undertake to describe such a time, I therefore feel in its spirit a strong contrast to that curious but profound sort of piety which we were describing in the last lecture in the case of Spinoza. Spinoza, indeed, was in respect of his piety a man of marked limitations. His world had but one sublime feature in it, one element of religious significance, namely, the perfection of the divine substance. But then this one element was enough, from his point of view, to insure an elevated and untroubled repose of faith and love, which justified us in drawing a parallel between his religious consciousness and that of the author of the "Imitation of Christ." This sort of piety almost disappears from the popular philosophy of the early eighteenth century. What the people of that time want is more light and fewer unproved assumptions.

As against the earlier seventeenth-century thinkers, who, as you remember, also abhorred the occult, and trusted in reason, the thinkers of this new age are characterized by the fact that on the whole they have a great and increasing suspicion of even that rigid mathematical method of research itself upon which men like Spinoza had relied. In other words, whereas the men of the middle of the seventeenth century had trusted to reason alone, the men of the subsequent period began, first hesitatingly, and then more and more seriously, to distrust even human reason itself. After all, can you spin a world, as Spinoza did, out of a few axioms? Can you permanently revere a divine order that is perhaps the mere creature of the assumptions with which your system happened to start? The men of the new age are not ready to answer "Yes" to such questions. They must reflect, they must peer into reason itself. They must ask, Whence arise these axioms, how come we by our knowledge, of what account are our mathematical demonstrations, and of what, after all, does our limited human nature permit us to be sure? Once started upon this career, the thought of the time is driven more and more, as we have already said, to the study

of human nature, as opposed to the exclusive study of the physical universe. The whole range of human passion, so far as the eighteenth century knew about it, is criticised, but for a good while in a cautious, analytical, cruelly scrutinizing way, as if it were all something suspicious, misleading, superstititious. The coldness of the seventeenth century is still in the air; but Spinoza's sense of sublimity is gone. Spinoza himself, you remember, had altogether rejected, as occult, everything miraculous, marvelous, extra-natural. Not the thunder or the earthquake or the fire could for him contain God; God was in the still small voice that the wise man alone heard. Now the popular philosophy of the eighteenth century more and more approached a position which unconsciously agreed with Spinoza's in a number of respects. It cordially recognized, for instance, that the earthquake, say the great Lisbon earthquake of 1758, was a fearful thing, but that God was very certainly not in that earthquake. It could readily make out the same thing concerning any amount of thunder, fire, or wind that you might produce for inspection. But it went one step further than Spinoza's wise man, and was forced to observe, that, after considerable scrutiny, it had as yet been able to detect in the world of reason and experience no still, small voice whatsoever. That at least, as I say, was the outcome of a considerable portion of the thought of the time. It was indeed not the outcome of all the thinking of this age. In Leibnitz, who was a younger contemporary of Spinoza, and who flourished in the closing decades of the seventeenth century, and at the beginning of the new period, philosophical theology found an expositor of the greatest speculative ingenuity and of the most positive tendency. Later, in the ever-fascinating Bishop Berkeley, not merely theological doctrine, but a profoundly spiritual idealism got voice. In Rousseau, a new era of sentimental piety found its beginning, and all this movement led ere long to Kant himself. But for the moment I am speaking of tendencies in a most general way, and this negative, this cautious, skeptical attitude, is the one most observable in the philosophy of our period.

I

Those of us, who look to philosophy for positive experiences, rather than for technical instruction, will at first sight regard such a period as this with some natural indifference. The skeptic is not

always an interesting person; but then, you must remember, as skeptic he doesn't want to be interesting. He only wishes to be honest. He is meanwhile not only to be tolerated; he is also indispensable. Philosophical thought that has never been skeptical is sure not to be deep. The soul that never has doubted does not know whether it believes; and at all events the thinker who has not dwelt long in doubt has no rights to high rank as a reflective person. In fact, a study of history shows that if there is anything that human thought and cultivation have to be deeply thankful for, it is an occasional but truly great and fearless age of doubt. You may rightly say that doubt has no value in itself. Its value is in what it leads to. But then consider what ages of doubt have led to. Such an age in Greece produced that father of every humane sort of philosophizing, Socrates. The same age nourished with doubts the divine thought of Plato. Another and yet sterner age of doubt brought about the beginnings of Christian thought, prepared the Roman empire for the new faith, and saved the world from being ruined by the multitudinous fanatical rivals of Christianity. Yet a third great age of doubt began, at the Renaissance, the history of modern literature, and made the way plain for whatever was soundest about the Reformation. And a fourth age of doubt, the one under our consideration in this present lecture, proved more fruitful for good to humanity than a half dozen centuries of faith had done at another time. For, as we shall see, this eighteenth-century doubting drove thinkers from the study of nature to the study first of human reason, then of human conscience, then of all the human heart and soul, and meanwhile cleared the way for those triumphs of the spirit over great evils which have taken place from the moment of the French Revolution until now. Despise not doubting; it is often the best service thinking men can render to their age. Condemn it not; it is often the truest piety. And when I say this I do not mean merely to repeat cant phrases. I speak with reason. Doubt is never the proper end of thinking, but it is a good beginning. The wealth of truth which our life, our age, our civilization, our religion, our own hearts may contain, is not quite our property until we have won it. And we can win it only when we have first doubted the superficial forms in which at the outset it presents itself to our apprehension. Every true lover has in the beginning of his love grave doubts of his beloved's affection for him. And such doubts often take on bitter and even cynical forms in his soul in the various bad

quarters of an hour that fall to his lot. Doubt, however, is not the foe, but the very inspirer of his love. It means that the beloved is yet to be won. It means that the simple warmth of his aspiration isn't enough, and that, if the beloved is worth winning, she is worth wooing through doubt and uncertainty for a good while. Moreover, it is not the fashion of the beloved, in the typical case, to be especially forward in quelling such doubts, by making clear her attitude too soon. If it were, love-making might be a simple affair, but would not be so significant an experience as it is. Doubt is the cloud that is needed as a background for love's rainbow. Even so it is, however, in the world of abstracter thought. The more serious faiths of humanity can only be won, if at all, by virtue of much doubting. The divine truth is essentially coy. You woo her, you toil for her, you reflect upon her by night and by day, you search through books, study nature, make experiments, dissect brains, hold learned disputation, take counsel of the wise; in fine, you prepare your own ripest thought, and lay it before your heavenly mistress when you have done your best. Will she be pleased? Will she reward you with a glance of approval? Will she say, Thou hast well spoken concerning me? Who can tell? Her eyes have their own beautiful fashion of looking far off when you want them to be turned upon you; and, after all, perhaps she prefers other suitors for her favor. The knowledge that she is of sufficiently exalted dignity to be indifferent to you, if she chooses, is what constitutes the mood known as philosophical skepticism. You see that, in sound-hearted thinkers, it is like the true lover's doubt whether his unwon mistress regards him kindly or no. It is not, then, a deadening and weakening mood; it is the very soul of philosophical earnestness.

Meanwhile, in describing the skepticism of our period I am far from wishing to trouble you with its endlessly varied technical subtleties. These lectures are throughout selective, and they sacrifice numberless intrinsically important aspects of our various subjects, in order to be able to seize upon a few significant features, and to hold these up to your view. I cannot warn you too much that there is no chance of completeness of treatment anywhere in the course of our brief work together. I spared you, in the last lecture, whole cargoes of problems which are consigned to every special student of Spinoza. I shall omit in this every mention of innumerable significant features in the philosophy of our present

period. All this is a matter of course. I remind you of it only to excuse an immediate and somewhat dry statement of the few features of this eighteenth-century skepticism to which I intend to confine myself in what follows.

II

There are certain philosophic problems of which you are sure, sooner or later, to have heard something in general literature, and for which the time from Spinoza to Kant is at least partially responsible. I want to set forth a little of the growth of these problems, never forgetting, I hope, that they interest us here in their human rather than in their technical aspects, and that we are above all concerned in them as leading to Kant himself, and to those who came after him. And my selection is as follows:—

You have all heard about the controversy as to whether man's knowledge of more significant truth is innate, or whether it comes to him from without, through his senses; or, otherwise, as to whether the mind at birth is a *tabula rasa*, a blank white piece of innocent paper, upon which experience writes whatever it will, or whether the soul is endowed from the start with certain inborn rational possessions,—a divine law, for instance, written on the tablets of the heart, a divine wisdom about number and space, registered in some imperishable form in our very structures. You may have met with more or less elaborate arguments upon this topic. I do not know whether it has ever had more than the interest of a curious problem to many of us. I do know that in many styles of treatment it must appear as a sort of hackneyed debating-club question, an apparently excellent one of its sort, but a rather dry bone of contention, after all.

But you now know that philosophic research is no affair of the debating clubs, but a struggle of humanity to make its own deepest interests articulate, and therefore you will not expect me to deal with this question after the forensic fashion. What I want to do is this:—

I want to suggest summarily the origin of the controversy about the innate ideas, and to show you what interest first led men to the question. Then, I want to indicate the value of the controversy as bringing about the study of man's inner life which, at the close of the century, bore fruit in the great Romantic movement itself. Fi-

nally, I want to narrate how the problems ere long took form, what skeptical outcome the discussion, upon one side, seemed to have, and what solution, what re-winning of the great spiritual faiths of humanity, it suggested on the other. In this way I shall try to prepare you for that stupendous revolution of philosophic thought which is associated with the name of Kant.

For the first, then, as to the origin of the controversy about the innate ideas. I shall not go back farther in the history of thought than to Descartes, 1596-1650, a predecessor of Spinoza, and the man whose name usually begins the lists of modern philosophers proper, as they are set forth in the text-books of the history of philosophy. Had I been engaged in technical teaching, it would have been my duty, in the last lecture, to describe the highly interesting relation in which Spinoza's doctrine stands to that of his predecessor. As it is, I have so far passed Descartes over. At present I must mention, in a word, one or two features of his doctrine. Descartes had early become dissatisfied with the scholastic philosophy which he had learned at Jesuit hands, and decided to think out a system for himself. He began his reasoning by a formal philosophical doubt about everything that could conceivably be doubted, and then proceeded to examine whether any unassailable certainty was still left him. He found such an absolutely unassailable assurance in his own existence as a thinking being, and accordingly began his positive doctrine with the famous principle, "*Cogito, ergo sum*," "I think, and so I exist." He proceeded from this beginning to prove the existence of God, and then the existence of two so-called substances, mind and matter, as comprising the whole world of which we mortals know anything. The laws of matter he found to be those of mathematics, and of the elementary physics of his time. Of mind he also studied the constitution as well as he could, and the result appeared in several elaborate works. Now the principle on which Decartes proceeded throughout his investigations was this: "My own existence is the standard assurance of my thought. I know that *I* at least am. But surely, if, on examining some principle, say an axiom in geometry, I perceive that it is as plain to me, as clear, as distinct, as is my own existence, then indeed it must be as certain a truth as my existence." This, I say, was his way of procedure, whenever he was puzzled about a principle. "Is it as clear to me as my own existence; or can I somehow make it as clear and distinct? Well, then, it is true. Is it less clear? Then I must

examine it still further, or lay it aside as doubtful." By this fashion of procedure, which Descartes regarded as the typically rational one, he managed to collect after a time a very goodly stock of sure and clear principles. Others haven't always found them all as clear and sure as did Descartes, but that concerns us not now. Well, Descartes had a name, or in fact a brace of names, for these principles of his. He called them "eternal truths," and he also called them "innate" ideas or truths. We know them because it is of the nature of our reason to know them. We know them whenever we come to look at them squarely, whether we ever saw them in this light before or not. That $2+2=4$, that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, these are examples of such truths. They are as clear to me as that I myself exist. They are clear to me because my reason makes them so, and that is the sort of reason I have. They are innate in me. I don't see them with my bodily eyes. I just know them, because I do know them, and I know them also to be eternal.

Innate truths then, for Descartes, are of this sort. He isn't so much interested in finding out how so many truths could be innate in one poor little human soul all at once, as he is interested in singling them out and writing down bookfuls of them. The seventeenth century, you remember, was not much interested in man himself, but was very much interested in eternal truth. Hence Descartes makes light of the problem *how* all this thought-stuff could somehow be innate in a soul without the poor soul's ever even guessing the fact until it had studied philosophy. Yet of course if one becomes strongly interested in human nature for its own sake, this problem which Descartes ignored must come to the front.

The true interest of this problem, then, lies in the fact that by reflecting upon it philosophers have been led to some of the deepest undertakings of modern thought. For the moment it comes up as a question of mere idle curiosity. As such, however, the question was rather tauntingly suggested to Descartes himself by certain of his opponents. "How can so many ideas be innate?" they said. "Observe, children don't know these truths of yours, and couldn't even grasp them. Much less could infants. And yet you call them innate." Descartes, thus challenged, replied curtly, but not unskillfully. They may be innate, he said (in substance), as predispositions, which in infants haven't yet grown to conscious rank. The

thing is simple enough. In certain families, so Descartes further explains (I do not quote his words but give their sense), good-breeding and the gout are innate. Yet of course, as he implies, the children of such families have to be instructed in deportment, and the infants just learning to walk seem happily quite free from gout. Even so, geometry is innate in us, but it doesn't come to our consciousness without much trouble. With the taunting questions put to Descartes, and his example about the heredity of good-breeding and the gout, the question of the innate ideas enters modern philosophy. It was later to grow much more important.

III

In Locke's famous "Essay on the Human Understanding," published in 1689-90, the investigation may be said to have been fairly opened. Locke was born in the same year as Spinoza. Had he died when Spinoza died, the English thinker would never have been heard of in the history of thought. In Locke's patient devotion to a detailed investigation, we find a quality that reminds us of the most marked characteristic of another great Englishman, the scientific hero of our own day, Darwin. Locke was early busy with philosophy, natural science, and medicine. Later, he was for a short time abroad, in diplomatic service, and then lived long as the intimate friend of Lord Anthony Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, whose political fortunes he followed. His whole life was a mingling of study, private teaching, writing and practical politics. His character is thoroughly English. There is that typical clearness in seizing and developing his own chief ideas, and that manly, almost classically finished stubbornness as against all foreign, mystical, and especially Continental ideas, which usually mark the elder English thinkers. Give Locke a profound problem like that of the freedom of the will, and he flounders helplessly. Ask him to look at things from a novel point of view, and he cannot imagine what fancy you can be dreaming of. But leave him to himself, and he shows you within his own range a fine, sensible, wholesome man at work, a thorough man, who has seen the world of business as well as the world of study, and who believes in business-like methods in his philosophy. His style, to be sure, is endlessly diffuse, yet without being precisely wearisome, because, after all, it is itself the diffuseness of a man of business, whose accounts cover many and various

transactions, and who has to set down all the items. Nobody can fail to respect Locke, unless, to be sure, his work is employed as a text-book for classes that are too immature to grapple with him. It has too frequently been thus abused, to the great injury of the excellent man's popular fame.

Locke made, as everybody knows, short work of all innate ideas. He found none. Infants, with their rattles, show no sign of being aware that things which are equal to the same things are equal to each other. Locke himself, to be sure, is a poor expert concerning infants, as is evident from many things that he says about them, in the course of his book, but as to this matter he is not only confident but right. As for the hereditary predispositions, similar to good-breeding and the gout, Locke in one or two passages recognizes that there may, indeed must be, such things. But he does not see of what service they could be in forming knowledge, were it not for our senses.

What interests us most in Locke, however, is not this negative part of his argument, but his general view of the nature, powers and scope of human reason, a view which introduces a whole century of research into man's inner life. In the preface to his *Essay*, Locke describes to us the history of his book. "Were it fit," he says, addressing the reader, "to trouble thee with the history of this essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had awhile puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts that we took a wrong course, and that before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented; and thereupon it was agreed that this should be our first inquiry. Some hasty and undigested thoughts on a subject I had never before considered, which I set down against our next meeting, gave the first entrance into this discourse; which, having been thus begun by chance, was continued by entreaty; written by incoherent parcels; and, after long intervals of neglect, resumed again, as my humor or occasions permitted, and at last, in a retirement, where an attendance on my

health gave me leisure, it was brought into that order thou now seest it."

In this modest way Locke introduces a book whose historical value lies precisely in this insistence upon the importance of knowing our own understandings, as a preliminary to every sort of research. And how great this historical value of the book! Locke and his five or six friends fall to discussing, in club fashion, certain unnamed problems. They find themselves in a quandary. Locke proposes that they go back on their own track a little and study the structure and powers of the understanding itself. He himself begins the analysis, the entreaty of his friends leads him to continue the research. The result is a big book, sensible, many-sided, influential. It arouses a great controversy, and herefrom springs, first the philosophic movement from Locke through Leibnitz, through the wonderful Berkeley, through the ingenious, fearless, and doubting Hume, to Kant himself, and European thought is transformed. Meanwhile, from the same root grow other inquiries into the mind of man. The great English moralists of the eighteenth century, a stately row, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Butler, Adam Smith, and Hume once more, set forth the mysteries of the moral consciousness. The general public is aroused. A subjective, a humane mode of inquiry becomes everywhere prominent. Much of all this is cold and skeptical in tone. In France it gives us the encyclopedists, such as Diderot. But the same movement also gives us Rousseau. The modern novel, too, that great analyst of the mind and the heart of every man, takes its rise. I think I am not wrong in attributing the novel largely to that interest in analysis for which Locke stood. Yonder mere outer nature is no longer everything. And ere long, lo! almost before they know it, the nations of Europe themselves are once more plunged into the very midst of the great problems of the spirit. For at length the inquiry loses its negative and skeptical air altogether. The world glows afresh. Passion, brought by all this out of its hiding-places, grows hot; men have once more found something to die for; and what they learn to die for in the revolutionary period is the inner life. They die for the freedom of the subject; for the sacred rights of humanity; for the destruction of inhuman and despotic restraints. They make, indeed, vast blunders in all this, behead an innocent queen, set up a new despot merely because his rule isn't traditional, die amid the snows of

Russia for a bare whim, in short sin atrociously, but meanwhile they cleanse Europe of a whole dead world of irrationalisms; they glorify the human nature that can endure and suffer so much for the sake of coming to possess itself; they create our modern world. And all this, I say, because they had rediscovered the inner life.

Do I seem to exaggerate the significance of the mere thinker and his work? I assure you that I do not. My idea of the mission of the philosopher is, I insist, a very moderate one. As I have several times said, he doesn't create the passions of men; he makes no new ideals. His only mission is to direct the attention of man to the passions and ideals which they already possess. He doubts, analyzes, pries into this and that; and men say, How dry, how repellent, how unpractical, how remote from life. But, after all, he is prying into the secret places of the lightning of Jove; for these thoughts and passions upon which he reflects move the world. He says to his time: This and this hast thou,—this sense of the rights of man, a sword of the spirit, fashioned to slay tyrants;—this love of liberty, an ideal banner bequeathed thee by a sacred past to cherish, as the soldiers of old cherished the standard beneath which they conquered the world. Such things he says always, to be sure, in his own technical way, and for a time nobody finds it out at all or even reads his books. But at length discussion begins to spread, the word of wisdom flies from one book to another, and finally the people hear. They look at the sword and at the banner. No philosopher made these. They are simply humanity's own treasures. The philosopher had the sole service of calling attention to them, because, in the course of his critical research, he found them. But the rediscovery, how great its significance! I suppose that you have frequently heard it said that the philosophers had much to do with making the French Revolution, and you have wondered how this was. You may also have wondered how this was consistent with our view that philosophers are the mere critics of life. I show you the solution. The critic creates nothing, he only points out. But his pointing may show you powers that were indeed always there, and that were even effective, but that, once afresh seen, suggest to active passion a thousand devices whereby the world is revolutionized.

We return to Locke. By an inquiry of the sort which he has described to us, he had sought to comprehend the nature and the limits of our understanding. He had, as we saw, decided that innate

ideas cannot do anything for knowledge. And the force of this notion of Locke's really was that, according to him, it is useless to assume, as the basis of our human reason, anything occult, mysterious, opaque, hidden away in the recesses of the mind. The real cause of Locke's hatred of innate ideas is his horror of anything mystical. If thought is not to be clear, what shall be clear? Hence, if you pretend to have any knowledge, you must be prepared to tell where it comes from. It won't do to appeal, as Descartes did, to a certain impression of the clearness and distinctness of your ideas. Their origin will decide their value. And what is this origin? Locke puts the question plainly, at the beginning of the second book of his *Essay*, and answers it in a general way. I quote the whole passage:—

"Let us, then, suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, From Experience; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge from whence all the ideas we have or can naturally have do spring." "First," he continues, "our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities; which when I say that the senses convey into the mind, I mean, that they from external objects convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the understanding, I call Sensation.

"Secondly, the other fountain, from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our mind within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and

consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas, which could not be had from things without; and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds. . . . This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself; and though it be not sense, . . . yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called internal sense. But as I call the other sensation, so I call this Reflection, the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. . . . These two, I say, namely, external material things, as the objects of sensation, and the operations of our own minds within, as the objects of reflection, are to me the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings."

So much, then, for Locke's notion of how we come by knowledge. I quote him at this length, because his view was of such critical importance in what followed in all European thought.

You will ask at once, What sort of a real world did Locke manage to make out of this material of bare sensations and reflections? We see, touch, smell, taste this our world, and then we reflectively observe of ourselves that we are doubting, willing, hoping, loving, hating, thinking, and thus we get all our knowledge. That is all the mind we have. That is the human understanding. Such at least is Locke's view. But what does it all come to? Is the result a materialism pure and simple, or is it a skepticism? Not so. Locke was an Englishman; he saw, heard, smelt, tasted, what his fellow-countrymen also did; and he reflected upon all this after much their fashion. His world, therefore, is the world of the liberal English thinker of his day. He believes in matter and its laws, in God also, and in revelation, in duty and in the human rights of the British freeman, and in the *Essay* he tries to show how just such things can be known to us through bare seeing, hearing, tasting, and the rest, coupled with reflection upon what we are doing. There is nothing revolutionary about Locke's own view of his world, great as was the revolution that he prepared. By touch we learn that there are substances about us, solid, space-occupying, numerous, movable. By all our senses we learn that these substances have many curious properties, how or why brought about, we cannot discover. Sugar is sweet; gold is yellow; various drugs have specific effects in curing diseases; water flows; iron is rigid; every substance is as God wills it to be. These things

are so, because we find them so. Meanwhile, being reflective Englishmen, we can't help observing that all these things require God to create them what they are, because, as one sees, things always have adequate causes; and our minds, too, being realities, must have been made by a thinker. Moreover, a fair study of the evidence of revelation will convince any reasonable person of the essential truths of the Christian religion, and that is enough.

You will not find this world of Locke an exciting one. But remember, after all, what it is that he has done for us. He has tried hard to remove every mystery from the nature of human reason. Because innate ideas, the eternal truths of Descartes, were mysterious, he has thrown them overboard. Experience it is that writes everything on the blank tablet of the mind. But thus viewing things, Locke has only given us a new mystery. Can experience, mere smelling, tasting, seeing, together with bare reflection, do all this for us,—give us God, religion, reality, our whole English world? Then surely what a marvelous treasure-house is this experience itself! Surely ages will be needed to comprehend it. Locke cannot have finished it off thus in one essay.

And indeed he has not done so. His book is the mere beginning both of the psychology of experience, and of discussions about the nature and limit of consciousness. The truly important argument over Locke's problems was opened by Leibnitz, the great Continental thinker, whose views I must entirely pass over, vastly important as they are, and that the less unwillingly just now because his answer to Locke, written about 1700, was not published until many years after his own death. I must, however, ask you to examine the next step forward in English philosophical reflection, the one taken by the admirable and fascinating Berkeley.

IV

The world that Locke found with his senses is at once too poor and too much encumbered for Berkeley's young enthusiasm. Berkeley is a born child of Plato, a lineal descendant of a race whose origin is never very far off, and is divine. Men of Berkeley's type are born to see God face to face; and when they see him, they do so without fear, without mystical trembling, without being driven to dark and lofty speech. They take the whole thing as a matter of course. They tell you of it frankly, gently, simply, and

with a beautiful childlike surprise that your eyes are not always as open as their own. Meanwhile, they are true philosophers, keen in dialectic, skillful in the thrust and parry of debate, a little loquacious, but never wearisome. Of the physical world they know comparatively little, but what they know they love very much. A very few lines of philosophical research they pursue eagerly, minutely, fruitfully; concerning others they can make nothing but the most superficial remarks. They produce books young, and with marvelous facility. They have a full-fledged system ready by the time they are twenty-five. They will write an immortal work, as it were, over night. They are, for the rest, through and through poetical. Each one of their essays will be as crisp and delicate as a good sonnet. Yet what they lack is elaboration, wiliness, and architectural massiveness of research. They take after Plato, their father, as to grace and ingenuity. His life-long patience and mature productiveness they never reach. The world finds them paradoxical; refutes them again and again with a certain Philistine ferocity; makes naught of them in hundreds of learned volumes; but returns ever afresh to the hopeless task of keeping them permanently naught. In the heaven of reflection, amongst the philosophical angels who contemplate the beatific vision of the divine essence, such spirits occupy neither the place of the archangels, nor of those who speed o'er land and sea, nor yet of those who only stand and wait. Their office is a less serious one. They cast glances now and then at this inspiring aspect or at that of the divine essence, sing quite their own song in its praise, find little in most of the other angels that can entertain them, and spend their time for the most part in gentle private musings, many of which (for so Berkeley's own portrait suggests to me) they apparently find far too pretty to be uttered at all. We admire them, we may even love them; yet no one would call them precisely heroes of contemplation. They themselves shed no tears, but they also begin no revolutions, are apostles of no world-wide movements.

Berkeley's grandly simple accomplishment, as you know, lay in his observation that in the world of the senses, in the world of experience, as Locke knew it, there was properly no such thing as material substance discoverable at all. The world of sense-experience, said Berkeley, is a world of ideas. I have an idea, say of this fruit. It is a complex idea. The fruit is round, soft, pleasant to the taste, orange-colored, and the rest. But then, as you see, all these

things that I know about the fruit are just my ideas. Were I in the dark, the fruit would have no color. Do I refuse to bite it, the taste of it remains a bare possibility, not a fact. And so as to all the other properties of the fruit. All these exist for me in so far as I have ideas of them. Have I no idea of a thing, then it exists not for me. This is Berkeley's fundamental thought, but he does not leave it in such absolute and crude simplicity as this.

His deeper significance lies in the fact that he carries out in a new field an analysis of our inner life, namely, of a portion of the process of knowledge. His grandly simple idea, here applied, leads to very engaging results; but they are results which no other philosopher would be likely to accept without at once carrying them further than did Berkeley. The young student of Trinity College early became fascinated with the problem of the theory of vision. We seem to see objects about us in a space of three dimensions. These objects look solid, move about, stand in space relations to one another. But now, after all, how can we possibly see distance? Distance runs directly outward from my eyes; my eyes are at the surface of my body, and a distant object is not; my eyes are affected where they are, and, for the rest, not the distance of the opposite wall as such affects me, but the wall in so far as rays of light come from it. All this even Locke's man of plain sense has to admit. How, then, if distance itself is not one of my visual sensations, if distance isn't itself color or light, how can I still *see* distance? For all that I see is after all not even the object, but only the color and light of the object. This is Berkeley's problem about vision. His answer was early this: I don't really see distance. What I see is something about the color or shape of the distant object, or better still about the feelings that accompany in me the act of sight,—something which is to me a *sign* of distance. A distant orange isn't as big as a near one. That is *one* sign of distance then, namely, the size for me of my idea of a patch of color which I see when I look at the orange. Again, very distant objects, such as mountains, are known to be distant because they look to me blue. In short, to sum up, my apparent seeing of distance isn't any direct seeing of distance at all. It is a reading of the language of sight, as this is exhibited to my eyes by the colors and forms of things. A certain look of things, a certain group of signs, which I have learned, by long experience, to interpret, tells me how far off these things about me are. Distance isn't known directly. It is

read as we read a language, read by interpreting the signs of the sense of sight. And as with distance, so with solidity. I don't really see things as solid. The solid things don't wander in through my eyes to my soul. But there are signs of solidity about the look of the things, signs that you learn to copy when you learn to draw in perspective, and to imitate the relief of objects; these signs are the language of the sense of sight. You learn, when you come to comprehend this language, that if a thing looks in a certain way, has a certain relief of colors, a certain perspective arrangement of its outlines, that then, I say, it will feel solid if you go up to it and touch it. Infants don't know all this until they have learned to read the language of vision. Hence they don't see things as solid for a good while, don't judge distances accurately, have no eye for a space of three dimensions.

Seeing, then, is reading, is interpreting a world-language, is anticipating how things will feel to your touch by virtue of the signs given by the color, light, relief, perspective, of things. Such is Berkeley's view, and as far as it goes, it is obviously true. But he is not content to leave his thought here. He goes further. What is all my life of experience, my seeing, feeling, touching, moving about, examining my world? Isn't it from first to last a learning to read the language of things? Isn't it a learning to anticipate one thing by virtue of the signs that are given of its presence by another? Yes, all experience is after all learning to read. And this reading, what is it? It is merely rightly and rationally putting together the ideas which my world gives me. These ideas come in certain orders, follow certain laws. I learn these laws, and thus I read my world. I have one idea, say the glow of a fire. It suggests to me another idea, namely, that in case I go near the fire I shall feel warm. All experience, then, is a learning how my ideas ought to go together; it is a learning that upon one idea another will follow under certain circumstances. What, then, is this world of my experience? Is it anything but the world of ideas and of their laws? What existence has my world for me apart from my ideas of it? What existence can any world have apart from the thought of some thinker for whom it exists? Whose language, then, am I reading in this world before me? Whose ideas are these that experience impresses upon me? Are they not God's ideas? Is it not his language that I read in nature? Is not all my life a talking with God?

"Some truths there are," says Berkeley, "so near and obvious to the mind, that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, to wit, that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth, in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without mind; that their being is, to be perceived or known; that consequently so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind, or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit."

This is Berkeley's interpretation and extension of Locke's thought. I don't ask you to accept or to reject it, I only ask you to see once more how it holds together. Let us review it. My experience is a learning to read my world. What is my world? Merely the sum total of my ideas, of my thoughts, feelings, sights, sounds, colors, tastes. I read these when one of them becomes sign to me of another, when the idea of a glow tells me of the yet unfelt warmth that a fire will arouse in me if I approach it, when the ideas of forms and shadows warn me how a solid thing will feel if I touch it. My ideas and their laws, this is all my reality. But then surely I am not the only existence there is. No, indeed. The things about me are indeed only my ideas; but I am not the author of these ideas. This language of experience, those signs of the senses, which I decipher—I did not produce them. Who writes, then, this language? Who forces on my mind the succession of my ideas? Who spreads out the scroll of those experiences before me which in their totality constitute the choir of heaven and the furniture of earth? Berkeley responds readily. The sources of my ideas are two: my fellow-beings, who speak to me with the natural voice, and God, who talks to me in the language of the sense. "When," says Berkeley, "I deny sensible things an existence out of the mind, I do not mean my mind in particular, but all minds. Now it is plain they have an existence exterior to my mind, since I find them by experience to be independent of it. There is some other mind wherein they exist, during the intervals between the time of my perceiving them, as likewise they did before my birth, and would do after my supposed annihilation. And as the same is true with regard to all other finite created spirits, it necessarily follows, there is an *omnipresent eternal mind*, which knows and comprehends all things, and exhibits them to our view in such a

manner, and according to such rules, as He himself hath ordained, and are by us termed the *laws of nature*."

Here is the famous idealism of Berkeley. Never was philosophical idealism more simply stated. Nowhere is there a better introduction to a doctrine at once paradoxical and plausible, namely, the idealistic scheme of things, than in Berkeley's early essays. They are favorites—these essays—of all young students of philosophy. As you read them, unprepared, you first say, How wild a paradox! How absurdly opposed to common sense! Then you read further and say, How plausible this Berkeley is! How charming his style! How clear he makes his paradoxes! Perhaps, after all, they aren't paradoxes, but mere rewordings of what we all mean. He knows a real world of facts, too. Nobody is surer of the truths of experience, nobody is firmer in his convictions of an outer reality, than Berkeley. Only this outer reality—what is it but God directly talking to us, directly impressing upon us these ideas of the "choir of heaven and furniture of earth?" In sense, in experience, we have God. He is in matter. Matter, in fact, is a part of his own self: it is his manifested will, his plan for our education, his voice speaking to us, warning, instructing, guiding, amusing, disciplining, blessing us, with a series of orderly and significant experiences. Well, I say, as you read further, the beauty of Berkeley's statement impresses you, you are half persuaded that you might come to believe this; and lo! suddenly, as you read, you *do* believe it, if only for an hour, and then, in a curious fashion, the whole thing comes to look almost commonplace. It is so obvious, you say, this notion that we only know our own ideas, so obvious that it was hardly worth while to write it down. After all, everybody believes that! As for the notion of God talking to us, through all our senses, that is very pretty and poetical, but is there anything very novel about the notion? It is the old design argument over again.

So I say, your mood alters as you read Berkeley. The value of his doctrine, for our present purposes, lies in its place in this history of the rediscovery of the inner life which we are following in this lecture. Of the truth of Berkeley's doctrine I have just now nothing to say. I am simply narrating to you Berkeley's experience of spiritual things. And his experience was this: that our consciousness of outer reality is a more subtle and complex thing than the previous age had suspected, so that the real world must be very

different from the assumed substantial and mathematical world of the seventeenth century, and so that our inner life of sense and of reason needs yet a new and a deeper analysis. Everything in this whole period makes, you see, for the study of this inner life. It is no matter whether you are a philosopher, and write essays on the "Principles of Human Knowledge," or whether you are a heroine in an eighteenth-century novel, and write sentimental letters to a friend; you are part of the same movement. The spirit is dissatisfied with the mathematical order, and feels friendless among the eternities of the seventeenth-century thought. The spirit wants to be at home with itself, well-friended in the comprehension of its inner processes. It loves to be confidential in its heart outpourings, keen in its analysis, humane in its attitude towards life. And to be part of this new process is Berkeley's significance.

V

But now, if you are to enjoy the inner life, you must bear also its burdens and its doubts. To become sure of yourself, you must first doubt yourself. And this doubt, this skepticism, which self-analysis always involves, who could express it better than the great Scotchman, David Hume? Hume is, I think, next to Hobbes, the greatest of British speculative thinkers, Berkeley occupying the third place in order of rank. I cannot undertake to describe to you in this place the real historical significance of Hume, his subtlety, his fearlessness, his fine analysis of certain of the deepest problems, his place as the inspirer of Kant's thought, his whole value as metaphysical teacher of his time. What you will see in him is merely the merciless skeptic, and, in this superficial sketch of the rediscovery of the inner consciousness, I don't ask you to see more. Hume accepted Locke's belief that reason is merely the recorder of experience. He carries out this view to its remotest consequences. Our minds consist, as he says, of impressions and ideas. By impressions he means the experiences of sense; by ideas he means the remembered copies of these experiences. You see, feel, smell, taste; and you remember having seen, felt, tasted or smelt. This is all. You have no other knowledge. Upon some of your ideas, namely those of quantity and number, you can reason, and can even discover novel and necessary truth about them. This is owing to the peculiarity of these ideas and of the impressions on which

they are founded. For these ideas, also, even all the subtleties of mathematical science, are faded and blurred impressions of sense. And, as it chances, on just these faded impressions you can reason. But Berkeley was wrong in thinking that you can by searching find out God, or anything else supersensual. Science concerns matters of fact, as the senses give them, and ends with these.

With this general view in mind, let us examine, in Hume's fashion, certain of the most familiar conceptions of human reason. Hume is afraid of nothing, not even of the presumptions at the basis of physical science. Matters of fact he respects, but not universal principles. "There are," says Hume, "no ideas . . . more obscure than those of power, force, or necessary connection." Let us look a little more closely at these ideas. Let us clear them up if we can. How useful they seem. How much we hear in exact science about something called the law of causation, which says that there is a necessary connection between causes and effects, that given natural conditions have a "power" to bring to pass certain results, that the forces of nature *must* work as they do. Well, apply to such sublime and far-reaching ideas,—just such ideas, you will remember, as seemed to Spinoza so significant,—apply to them Hume's simple criterion. Ideas, in order to have a good basis, must, Hume declares, stand for matters of fact, given to us in the senses. "It is impossible for us to *think* of anything which we have not antecedently *felt*, either by our external or internal senses." "By what invention, then," says Hume, "can we throw light" upon ideas that, being simple, still pretend to be authoritative, "and render them altogether precise and determinate to our intellectual view?" Answer: "Produce the impressions or original sentiments from which the ideas are copied." These impressions will "admit of no ambiguity." So, then, let us produce the original impression from which the idea of causation, of necessary connection, or of power derived. You say that in nature there is and must be *necessity*. Very well, let us ask ourselves afresh the questions that we asked of Locke. Did you ever see necessity? Did you ever hear or touch causation? Did you ever taste or smell necessary connection? Name us the original impression whence comes your idea. "When," says Hume, "we look about us towards external objects, and consider the operation of causes, we are never able, in any single instance, to discover any power or necessary connection, any quality which binds the effect to the cause, and renders the one an infallible consequence of the other. We only find that the one

does actually in fact follow the other. The impulse of one billiard ball is attended with motion in the second. That is the whole that appears to the outward senses." "In reality, there is no part of matter that does ever by its sensible qualities discover any power or energy, or give us ground to imagine that it could produce anything," until we have found out by experience what happens in consequence of its presence. Thus outer sense gives us facts, but no necessary laws, no true causation, no real connection of events.

We must, then, get our idea of power, of necessary connection, from within. And so, in fact, many have thought that we do. If in outer nature I am only impressed by matters of fact about billiard balls and other such things, and if there I never learn of causation, do I not, perchance, directly feel my own true power, my own causal efficacy, my own will, making acts result in a necessary way from my purposes? No, answers Hume. If I examine carefully I find that my own deeds also are merely matters of fact, with nothing causally efficacious about my own conscious nature to make them obviously necessary. After all, "is there any principle in nature more mysterious than the union of soul with body?" "Were we empowered," adds Hume, "to remove mountains, or control the planets in their orbit, this extensive authority would not be more extraordinary, or more beyond our comprehension," than is the bare matter of fact that we now can control our bodies by our will. In inner experience, then, just as in outer, we get no direct impression of *how* causes produce effects. We only see that things *do* often happen in regular ways. In experience, then, "all events seem entirely loose and separate. One event follows another; but we can never observe any tie between them. They seem *conjoined*, but never *connected*. But as we can have no idea of anything which never appeared to our outward sense or inward sentiment, the necessary conclusion *seems* to be, that we have no idea of connection or power at all, and that these words are absolutely without any meaning." From this seeming conclusion, Hume makes, indeed, an escape, but one that is, in fact, not less skeptical than his result as first reached. The true original of our idea of power, and so of causation, he says, is simply this, that "after a repetition of similar instances, the mind is carried, by habit, upon the appearance of one event, to expect its usual attendant, and to believe that it will exist." "The first time a man saw the communication of motion by impulse, as by the shock of the two billiard balls, he could not pronounce that the one event was *connected*, but only that it was *con-*

joined, with the other. After he has observed several instances of this nature, he then pronounces them to be *connected*. What alteration has happened to give rise to this new idea of *connection*? Nothing but that now he *feels* these two events to be *connected* in his imagination." Custom, then, mere habit of mind, is the origin of the idea of causation. We see no necessity in the world. We only *feel* it there, because that is our habit of mind, our fashion of mentally regarding an often-repeated experience of similar successions.

The importance of all this skepticism lies, as you of course see, in its removal from our fact-world of just the principles that the seventeenth century had found so inspiring. "It is of the nature of reason." Spinoza had said, "to regard things as necessary." Upon that rock he had built his faith. His wisdom had reposed secure in God, in whom were all things, just because God's nature was the highest form of necessity, the law of laws. And now comes Hume, and calls this "nature of reason" a mere feeling, founded on habit, a product of our imagination, no matter of fact at all. What becomes, then, of Spinoza's divine order? Has philosophy fallen by its own hands? Is the eternal in which we had trusted really, after all, but the mass of the flying and disconnected impressions of sense? All crumbles at the touch of this criticism of Hume's. All becomes but the aggregate of the disconnected sense-impressions. Nay, if we find the Holy Grail itself, it, too, will fade and crumble into dust. Hume is aware of some such result. He skillfully and playfully veils the extreme consequences at times by the arts of his beautiful dialectic. But he none the less rejoices in it, with all the fine joy of the merciless foe of delusions:—*matters of fact, relations of ideas*,—these are all that his doctrine leaves us. "When," he once says, "we run through libraries, persuaded of these principles, what havoc must we make? If we take in our hand any volume of divinity or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask. Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."

VI

Hume represents thus, indeed, the extreme of purely philosophical skepticism in the eighteenth century. Others, to be sure, outside of

the ranks of the philosophers, went further in many ways, and were rebels or scoffers in their own fashion, far more aggressive than his. But Hume's thought is in its result as fruitful as in its content it is negative. The spirit, you see, has become anxious to know its own nature. After all, can we live by merely assuming the innate ideas? Can even Spinoza's wisdom save us from doubt? And yet this doubt doesn't mean mere waywardness. It means longing for self-consciousness. And in the last third of the century this longing took, as we shall next time learn, new and positive forms. The inner life, to be sure, has appeared so far as a very capricious thing, after all. Study it by mere analysis of its experiences, as Hume did, and in this its capriciousness it will seem to shrivel to nothing under your hands. Where you expected it to be wealthiest, it turns out to be poorest. It is mere sense, mere feeling, mere sophistry and illusion. But is this the end? No, it is rather but the beginning of a new and a higher philosophy. The spirit is more than mere experience. Locke's account of the inner life is only half the truth. And what the other half is, Kant and his successors shall teach us. The age of poetry and of history—of a new natural science, also, yes, even this our own century—shall take up afresh the task that Hume rejected as impossible. The revolutionary period shall first rediscover passion, shall produce Goethe's "Faust," and shall regenerate Europe. Historical research, reviving, shall prove to the spirit the significance of his own earthly past. Science, entering upon new realms, shall formulate the idea of cosmical evolution. No longer Spinoza's world, but a changing, a glowingly passionate and tragic world, of moral endeavor, of strife, of growth, and of freedom, shall be conceived by men; and meanwhile, in Kant and in his successors, as we shall find, a more fitting philosophy will arise to formulate with all of Hume's keen dialectic, with all of Locke's love of human nature, and still with all of Spinoza's reverence for an absolute rationality in things, something of the significance of our modern life.

Remember, however, finally, that if the skepticism of the eighteenth century is to be gotten rid of, this will only be by transcending it, living through and beyond it, not by neglecting or by simply refuting it, from without. Philosophical insight, however partial, is never to be refuted. You can transcend it, you can make it part of a larger life, but it always remains as such a part. The genuine spirit includes all that was true and earnest in the doubting

spirit. The only way to get rid of a philosophic doubt, in its discouraging aspect, is to see that, such as it is, it already implies a larger truth. The great spirit says to us, like Emerson's "Brahma,"—

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt.

And this, namely, the inevitableness and the true spirituality of genuine doubting, is the great lesson that the eighteenth century, in its transition to Kant, teaches us. It is a lesson well to be remembered in our own day, when, notwithstanding the vast accomplishments of recent research, there is a sense in which we, too, live in a world of doubt, but live there only that we may learn to conquer and possess it, all its doubts and its certainties, all its truth. In doubt we come to see our illusion; the phantoms of the night of thought vanish; but the new light comes. The old world dies, but only to rise again to the immortality of a higher existence. The spirit destroys its former creations, shatters its idols, and laments their loss. But, as in "Faust," the chorus still sings:—

Thou hast it destroyed,
The beautiful world,
With powerful fist:
In ruin 't is hurled,
By the blow of a demigod shattered!
The scattered
Fragments into the Void we carry,
Deploring
The beauty perished beyond restoring.
Mightier
For the children of men,
Brightlier
Build it again,
In thine own bosom build it anew!
Bid the new career
Commence,
With clearer sense,
And the new songs of cheer
Be sung thereto!

Such a building anew of the lost universe in the bosom of the human spirit, it was the mission of Kant to begin.

*The Concept of the
Absolute and the
Dialectical Method*

My former lecture was devoted to a general study of the transition from Kant's view of the self to that deeper but more problematic conception of the self which characterized the later idealism. Before characterizing further that conception, let me first remind you of some of the external conditions under which the German philosophical thinking of the time now in question took place.

I

Kant published his *Critique of Pure Reason* in 1871. The next ten years were marked by the first reception of that book in Germany, by the earliest efforts to understand, to expound, to criticize, and to supplement Kant's doctrines, and also by the appearance of the most important of Kant's own further expositions of his principal philosophical teaching. In 1792 the literary career of Fichte began; and in 1794 that philosopher published the first statement of his own form of idealism, in his *Wissenschaftslehre*. Almost at the same moment the young Schelling set out upon his career of rapid,

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brilliant, and changeful expressions of doctrine. In the last year of the century, Hegel's professional career as a teacher of philosophy began, when he went as *Privat-Docent* to Jena; and his own characteristic teachings received their first extended formulation in his *Phaenomenologie des Geistes*, published in 1807. All these works were, at the moment, but single examples of a very large philosophical literature which Germany was producing in those years.

We are here concerned with the beginnings of idealism. It requires only a moment's reflection upon the great historical events that were contemporary with this remarkable outburst of philosophical activity, to remind us what manner of time that was. In a general sketch of the philosophical situation of those years, I have indicated, in my *Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, some of the relations of the philosophical to the literary movement of that period in Germany, and I have also endeavored in that book to characterize some of the personalities who were concerned in both movements. It is not my purpose to repeat here in any detail these more popular aspects of the early history of idealism. But I do not wish you to lose sight of the fact that the abstract thinking whose fortunes we are trying to portray, was inevitably, and quite normally a reflection of the tendencies and of the problems of the civilization of just that age. I beg you to keep this fact in mind as you follow these lectures, whenever the problems and the theories of the philosophers seems to you, for the moment, hopelessly remote and unreal. Philosophy and life were then in far closer touch than, as I fear, they are today in the minds of many people. All this technical speech of categories and of knowledge, of phenomena and of the self, of the individual and of the Absolute—all this speech, I say, was rendered vital to the philosophically disposed readers of that time by the fact that, to their minds, it bore upon the very life problems which the Revolution and the new social ideals and the passions of the romantic movement made so prominent.

Kant's first Critique had won so wide a public hearing in Germany, in the eighties of the eighteenth century, largely because of the emphasis which its happily chosen title put upon the interests of the human reason. The word *reason* was to the age that immediately antedated the French Revolution very much what the word evolution has been to our own generation—a sort of general comforter of all those who felt puzzled and longed for light. What-

ever the issue, the enlightened souls of that time said, "Reason will set us right." Reason was to be the all-powerful substitute for religion, tradition, superstition, authority, custom, prejudice, oppression, in brief for whatever man happened to view as a galling harness. Reason was to be a chain breaker, jail deliverer, world reformer. Thus, when Kant undertook in his Critique an exhaustive survey of the province, the powers, and the limits of the reason, he had in his favor not merely technical but also deep-seated popular interests. So he won a well-deserved attention.

The results of Kant's Critique seemed to many disappointingly negative. But then, that was an age of great destructions. When the Revolution came, many institutions which had long seemed to be things in themselves, showed that they were nothing but phenomena. And when new constitutions and new social orders had to be planned, the spirit of the age emphasized the fact that, at least in the social world, it is the office of the human intelligence to impose its own forms upon the phenomena, and to accept no authority but that of the rational self. So in that day the spirit of the Kantian philosophy reflected, in a very practical sense, the tendencies of the age. The destructive as well as the constructive features of this new philosophy were in harmony with that reforming spirit in consequence of which the word *reason* at length became, as the Revolutionary ideals matured, not a mere name, but a term for a great regulative force, whose value lay no longer in its vaguely abstract authority but in its creative power, in its capacity to mould plastic phenomena into conformity with its forms.

The transition from Kant's philosophy to the later idealism was again a reflection of the spirit which determined the course of contemporary social events. Three features marked the mental life in Germany during the decades with which the eighteenth century closed and the nineteenth century opened, say from 1770 to 1805. The first feature was the great development of actual productive power in scholarship, in literature, in imaginative work generally, and the accompanying increase in the popular respect for great individuals. This tendency is visible from 1770 until the close of the old century. The second feature was that deepening of sentiment, that enrichment of emotional life, which characterized first the storm and stress period, and later both the classical and the romantic literatures of Germany in those decades. The third feature was that relative indifference to mere political fortunes, that spirit of

world-citizenship, that fondness for what Jean Paul called "the empire of the air," which by the close of the old century became so characteristic of the most representative Germans at the very time when, as the Napoleonic period began, the national unity and even the political existence of Germany seemed to be hopelessly lost. These three features of German mental life had a close connection with the great social movements of that period. The spirit of the revolutionary age, even before 1789, had set free the great individuals. The intense social activities of Europe after the political revolution began, found their expression, in Germany, not indeed for the time in effective political reconstructions, but rather in the form of a vast increase both of scholarly and of imaginatively creative mental life. Meanwhile this age of great experiences not unnaturally became also an age of great romantic emotions, in which Germany, by virtue of the temperament of her people, led the way. And at a period when political and military successes proved to be impossible for the divided Germany as it then was, the representative leaders of German public opinion preserved their spiritual independence, protected their individuality by deliberately ignoring, or else by defying political fortunes, in brief by aiming to show their moral superiority to the external mis-haps of their country. This was the age and the land for a somewhat unpractical and fantastical idealism. It was also the land and the age for really great thoughts, whose influence in later times and in other forms will be permanent.

Two topics were thus rendered especially prominent in the minds of representative German thinkers, whether they were technical philosophers or not. The first was the self, not merely what we now call the empirical ego of psychology, but the significant self, the hero of the storm and stress literature of the seventies and eighties, and of the romantic emotions of later literary art, the sovereign of the new spiritual order—the self that could rise above fortune and win without external aid. The second was what one may call, in a well-known sense, the invisible world in which the self is immersed—the realm into which Goethe's Faust seeks to penetrate at the outset of the poem—the region, namely, of ideal truths, of truths which you do not so much discover through observing either physical or political facts, as by investigating moral and aesthetic truth, and by consulting what you may at first imagine to be magic powers.

So far as the self was prominent in the minds of the Germans of that time, the tendencies of the age were towards a somewhat romantic type of individualism. Goethe's *Faust* in its earliest form, Schiller's early dramas, Goethe's *Prometheus*, Friederich Schlegel's romantic irony, Fichte's popular work called the *Vocation of Man*—these are representative expressions of the various sorts of individualism to which this period sooner or later gave birth. Such individualism was seldom of the type which Nietzsche has in our own days emphasized. The well-known doctrine of Nietzsche is that of an individual equally merciless to himself and to others. It is a restlessly intolerant and muscular individualism which despises its own sufferings, an idealism without any ideal world of truth, a religion without a faith, a martyrdom without prospect of a paradise. But this individualism of the storm and stress, of the classical and of the romantic periods of German literature was always, in the first instance, an emotional rather than what one might call a motor individualism; and it had great faith in its own discoveries of ideal truths. Its excesses were much more sentimental than are those of Nietzsche, and it usually had a religious faith, unorthodox but glowing. It might be rebellious; it might even undertake, in ideal forms, world-destroying revolutionary enterprises. But it never really despised its own affairs of the heart, as Nietzsche proudly despises his own emotional illusions. On the contrary, the individualism of that time always sought great heart experiences, and generally believed in them, whereas, in our day, individualism loves to assume a more drastic and contemptuous tone, where the interests of the heart are concerned. When German individualism, in those romantic old days, was philosophical and reflective, it might be highly critical; but it was withal, in the end, either fantastically or even laboriously constructive, rather than mainly iconoclastic, whereas our extreme individualists are fond of making, as it were, pyramids of the skulls of their enemies. Individualism is indeed always strongly negative, but the individualism of that time had its hearty positive enthusiasms, and often hugged its very illusions. It destroyed, but it was fond also of building its own temples, which were often indeed rather too much in the air.

As for the other topic of that time, the ideal world, that of course has often attracted the eager interest of the cultivated minds of mankind. The ideal world for the German thinkers of those

days differed from that of Plato, as well as from that of mediæval tradition. This new realm of the ideal was first of all a region where great ethical interests were prominent, but these interests had modern forms, determined by the social struggles of the age. Freedom, the ideal social order of modern society, the ideals of beauty suggested by the newer romantic poetry—these were among the notable problems of this time. So far as one went beyond the individual, the mysterious linkage of the self to other selves and to the whole universe of being, formed the central problem of philosophy. The religious views of the time meanwhile became altered; and instead of the God of traditional theology, and also instead of the world-contriving and utilitarian divine being of the earlier eighteenth century deism, one now sought for the Absolute—a being characterized in that time by two principal attributes: first, that the Absolute was impersonal and thus relatively pantheistic in type; while, secondly, the self was nevertheless the best image and revelation, the true incarnation, of this Absolute. This paradox, that the self was the center of the universe, while the Absolute was nevertheless impersonal, formed the crucial issue of the time.

II

I am thus led from this general sketch of the state of German mental life in the years in question, back to the properly philosophical field.

The early idealists, then, made the problems of philosophy center about two principal conceptions, that of the self and that of the Absolute. We have seen how these thinkers, in so far as they were guided by their technical interests, came by the first of these problems. The Kantian deduction of the categories had given this problem of the self its new form, and had done so by emphasizing the fact that all phenomena (and phenomena, alone, according to Kant, are knowable) are inevitably moulded in their form by the conditions which are imposed upon them by the self in order that they may become known to this self. As soon, however, as thinkers had undertaken to look closer into Kant's problem, to see why the self has these categories, and no others, and to understand how the self imposes these categories upon the data of sense, it had become obvious that Kant's account of the matter was incomplete.

The self remained even for Kant a problem. Kant's own emphasis, in his later writings, upon the ethical aspects of the self, still further made it necessary to understand where the basis and the true unity of self-consciousness lies. And when the philosophers further attacked this problem of the self, their interest was intensified by the whole spirit of an age which, as we have now seen, believed in the self, believed in individuality, gloried in the inner life.

We have now also seen why the other problem—the problem of the Absolute—was almost equally emphasized by the interests of that day. Whatever the true self is, its nature is hidden, at least from our ordinary knowledge, in the depths of unconsciousness. Only when we learn to reflect can we hope to penetrate any of its deeper mysteries. But when we reflect, we at once bring to light a new question, the question of the relations between the practical and the theoretical life of the self. The two expressions of self-consciousness, "I know," and "I do," stand, in Kant's account, in a profoundly baffling relation. The unity can here be found only through some principle which Kant left still undiscovered. Closely connected with this problem is another which Kant indeed touches but only to leave it for his successors to develop. This problem is furnished by the relations amongst the many selves. That they possess a common nature, is implied in every step of Kant's discussion of the human intellect. How this common nature is to be further defined, this matter Kant treats with a careful reticence. What indications he gives are paradoxically baffling. Kant's ideal moral world of rational agents—the object of what he defines as our well-warranted faith—is a realm of ethical autonomy, a kingdom of free selves, a distinctly pluralistic community, as Professor Howison has, with historical accuracy, insisted. The virtual self of the deduction of the categories, however, is a principle whose unity determines the mutual relations of all possible human experiences, and whose universality defines the sense in which empirical judgments are valid for all men. If you give to this principle any further definition than Kant had given it, the unity of this true ego invites a monistic formulation. Kant has no reason to decide between such a monism and his ethical pluralism. The one is a concept of his theory of knowledge, the other of his ethics. And ultimate truth we cannot know. His judgment in these matters is theoretically suspended. But for his idealistic successors such deliberate suspension of judgment proved impossible. We thus begin to see why, in

view of the conflict between the unity of the world of truth and the pluralism of the world of action, these idealists were led to seek a solution in terms of the conception of an impersonal Absolute, which is nevertheless the ground and the source of personality.

It would of course be inaccurate to ascribe to the concept of the Absolute as these men formed it the sole office of accounting for the relations of various selves. Unquestionably the magnitude of the social movements of those times, the vast changes of civilization that were then under way, the elemental passions that were then set free, the sense of an overwhelming fate, predetermining human affairs—all these things influenced the philosophers in their conception of the Absolute. In sharp contrast to the individualism of the revolutionary period, stood the fact of the blind power of the mob, which the Revolution had for a while so impressively demonstrated. The general awakening of the peoples, viewed as great masses, was as notable a fact of the age as was the importance of the heroes of the day. Napoleon, when he came, seemed to his admirers less a mere individual than the incarnation of some demonic spirit of a whole nation's life. The hackneyed story relates how Hegel, who one day saw Napoleon for a moment after the battle of Jena, said that he had met the *Weltgeist zu Pferde*. In those days, one could not long remain merely individualistic. The self was prominent; but the universe was impressing upon the beholder, in a new way, its possession of vast impersonal forces which used individuals as their mere tools. In the light of such experiences men began to read the philosophy of history in a new way.

Nevertheless, something more than the social and historical problems impelled thinkers towards an interpretation of the world in terms of an Absolute. Kant's theory was, within its carefully guarded limits, a doctrine regarding the bases of our empirical knowledge of phenomena. It was no theory of nature. Our understanding determines forms; it cannot predetermine the material that shall fill these forms. Hence nature remains to us a mystery. We can never deduce a single concrete fact. Why, for instance, organisms exist in nature with the appearance of having been designed, we can never hope to fathom through our understanding. Kant once more resolutely suspends his judgments. We can understand the order of phenomena; we can never pierce to the heart of things and find why they exist.

The idealists could not accept this Kantian limitation. Once

they had disposed of Kant's shadowy and unknowable things in themselves, the problem of the world became for them, as we have seen, one about the true nature of the self. This problem, however, sent them far beneath the threshold of our ordinary consciousness. Whatever it is that determines the experience of the self, must also determine not only all of the forms and the relations of the many selves but also the true basis of all the phenomena that appear to us as physical nature. Grant that the physical world is a phenomenon, *our* phenomenon. Then it is our own deeper nature which determines this phenomenon to appear thus foreign to us, and ourselves to seem as if we were mere products of its mechanism. All experience is appearance for the self. Well then, we must be able, if we reflect rightly, to discover, not indeed the reason for every detail of the world, but at least the general reasons why our experience presents to us here the organic and there the inorganic type of phenomena, here the growth of things, and there their decay. We must be able to learn why it is, and in what sense, that the individual man appears and must appear to us as a phenomenon amongst phenomena, as a product of nature—in brief, why man, who bears about in his own inmost core the very secret of the universe of phenomena, still seems, and has to seem, as if he were the mere creature of a day, whom a mere wound can destroy, whom a pestilence can slay. In sum then, this philosophy must undertake to be a philosophy of nature, and to discuss, not merely the forms of things, but their presentation, source, and meaning.

I suggest thus in outline certain of the main thoughts of this philosophical movement, attempting at this point neither criticism nor defense of these thoughts. They were at least a natural product of the situation. And one sees why a philosophy which was equally to explain our own inner as well as the basis of our experience of outer nature, was readily disposed to attempt to unify its notions by means of an impersonal conception of the Absolute, a conception still to be kept in the closest touch with the conception of the true meaning of the self.

In addition to the problems of the self, of the many selves, and of nature, the philosophy of this time was deeply moved by the new form which the problems of religion had inevitably received in consequence of the spirit of the age. Individualism had broken with theological authority. The eighteenth century worship of reason had long since rendered rationalism in theology a favorite

philosophical ideal. The Kantian philosophy, in relegating religion to the position of an indemonstrable ideal, to be purified into a simply rational faith in God, freedom, and immortality, had only the more set free the tendency to reconstruct the contents of tradition in accordance with the spirit of the time. The new conception of the Absolute was thus inevitably developed under the influence of a predisposition in favor of a new theology. There is a profoundly religious motive which, both in Hindoo and in Western thought, has for thousands of years underlain the view that one comes into closest touch with the Divine, not without but within one's own true self. The Hindoo seers and the Christian mystics had agreed in seeking an unity of the self and of the Divine wherein the nature of each is intimately revealed at the moment when they are nearest together. The new idealism revived these ancient thoughts but gave them its own form. What is at the heart, at the root, at the ground of the self, must be, in terms of the philosophy of which Kant's doctrine had given such novel forms, the Absolute, the common root and ground of all selfhood, and of all nature. This then, so these thinkers hold, will be what the ancient faith has meant by the name "God." Only the new philosophy will be no merely mystical experience. It will be a well-wrought and systematic doctrine, with a method of its own. A revised and completed deduction of the categories shall render the new formulation of religious faith compatible with reason. The triumph of the new age shall thus be the union of the "form" of a new rationalism with the "matter" of ancient mysticism. Such, I say, is in general the ideal of the religious philosophy to which this time gave birth.

III

You have now before you a few of the fundamental ideas of the philosophy of this period. We must next suggest something regarding the method of thinking which became characteristic of this philosophy. Concerning this method a great deal of misunderstanding exists amongst those who are not acquainted with the matter at first hand. These Germans, one says, attempted to evolve all things out of their inner consciousness. So much, and no more, does one, only too frequently, know about what went on in the procedure of the early idealistic metaphysicians. Those who thus

sum up the whole matter are accustomed to conceive our idealists merely as imaginative persons who fancied whatever they pleased, and who then hid from themselves and their pupils the arbitrariness of their opinions by means of much unintelligible phraseology. The one amongst the greater early idealists who gave most ground for such an opinion was Schelling, a genius, but in his youth an unprincipled and voluble genius, who began to write with enormous rapidity when he was twenty, and who had reached the culmination of his most productive period, and of his influence, before he had well passed thirty years of age. No doubt Schelling at his worst is indeed an arbitrarily imaginative person; his early won fame intoxicated him, he lacked due self-criticism, and he did not take the trouble properly to digest his large store of information concerning the current physical science of his day, while he nevertheless attempted to use this information for the purpose of constructing a new Philosophy of Nature. The result is that he wrote much upon this topic which remains both fruitless and unreadable. Yet even in the course of such hasty work, Schelling often showed a fine instinct for essentially important leading ideas such as the science of his day was beginning to develop. Some few of his own leading ideas in regard to nature are of decidedly more importance than the first glance indicates.¹

However, it is no part of my task at this moment to discriminate at all exhaustively between the good and the bad in the methods of thinking used here or there by Schelling or by any other of the thinkers of the time. What is here needed is a broad outline of the most novel, most characteristic, and least arbitrary of the methods which these philosophers gradually developed. This was the so-called dialectical or antithetical method. It meant much more than any purely arbitrary use of the constructive imagination. It did not consist of anything that can be fairly described as an evolving of the facts out of one's inner consciousness, in so far as that phrase suggests mere fancifulness. This method, on the contrary, had a certain very marked exactness of its own. Used within due limits it will always remain a valuable instrument of philosophical thought. Let me try to indicate at this point the nature of this dialectical method.

¹ Cf. the author's "Relations between Philosophy and Science in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century." *Science*, N. S., XXXVIII, 1913, pp. 567-584.—ED.

Historically speaking, this method is derived from Socrates, and elaborated in the Platonic dialogues, especially in the *Parmenides*, and to some extent in the *Sophist*, in the *Phedo*, in the *Theætetus*, in the *Phædrus* and elsewhere. As Plato used it, it often consists in developing and then comparing antithetical, i.e., mutually contradictory, doctrines, partly for the sake of leading the way, through natural, or perhaps inevitable, preliminary errors, to some truth which lies beyond them, and partly for the sake of exhibiting a complex truth in its various aspects, by looking at it first from one side and then from another in order finally to win a combined view of the whole. Thus, in the *Theætetus*, the Socrates of the dialogue aims towards the goal of a sound definition of knowledge—a goal which is indeed not reached in the dialogue—by first setting aside, through an elaborate dialectical process, the natural preliminary error of defining knowledge as sense impression. In the introduction to the *Republic*, false views of the nature of justice are expounded in order to clear the way for the true definition. On the other hand, in the *Phædrus* two views of nature and the effects of love are set in antithesis in order even thereby to depict the truth which justifies both views. This truth is that there is a conflict in the human soul of the two natures, the lower and the higher, and that hereby our mortal lives and our future destinies are determined. Love is a soul-destroying madness. Love is also a god-like passion, a divine madness, whereby we learn our true destiny. The conflict between these two theses is depicted, in this dialogue, as simply the abstract expression of the moral conflict of life, the warfare of the spirit with the flesh.

In addition to such more formal opposition of thesis and antithesis, the dialectical process plays, in Socratic dialogues, the general part of moving principle of the whole discussion. Through a constant self-analysis of its own defects, our thinking is led to what often appears in the dialogues to be its only possible mode of self-expression. Without erring, and transcending our error, we, as sometimes suggested by the Socratic irony, simply cannot become wise. Such is human wisdom; namely the self-consciousness that observes one's own forms of unwisdom. Without such self-consciousness, one remains blind in one's own conceit. Yet to get it, one must err and then rise above the error.

The thought thus somewhat dimly indicated by various Socratic expressions in the Platonic dialogues—the thought that error is not

a mere accident of an untrained intellect, but a necessary stage or feature or moment of the expression of the truth as it is in itself—this thought is the very one which the idealists of our period not merely admit, but consciously emphasize, and develop in new forms. Without the Platonic dialogues this dialectical method would indeed never have existed. But one cannot say that our idealists merely took over the old method and applied it to new problems. On the contrary, in the end they so revised it as to lead them to the thesis that philosophical truth is, as they gradually came to say, essentially dialectical, i.e., you cannot express the highest insights except in the form of a series of antitheses. Although, as I have suggested, the Platonic dialogues contain indications of such a tendency, Plato's own conception of ultimate truth tends to make the dialectical process appear rather an incident of our human life than a necessity of the truth as it exists in the pure realm of the Ideas themselves. Such evidences as Plato emphasizes for the thesis that the Ideas themselves are the result of a dialectical process, remain undeveloped. These idealists, however, devote a great deal of space to making the dialectical aspect of truth very explicit.

The new form of the dialectical method was also due, in part, to Kant's famous doctrine of the antinomies. Kant undertook to show that the human reason becomes involved in conflicts whenever it attempts to discuss the beginning of the world in time, the limits of the world in space, the ultimate divisibility or non-divisibility of matter, the possibility of the free initiation of a series of causes and effects, or the existence of a necessary being. Thus one can demonstrate, with equal cogency, that if the real world is in time at all, it must have had a beginning, yet cannot have had a beginning. If the real world is in space, it must be limited, and with equal cogency can be proved to be unlimited; and so on. Kant states these antinomies and the argument for both theses and antitheses and then shows that the solution depends upon distinguishing between the world of things in themselves and the world of phenomena. Kant's solution need not here further concern us. We know that it could not content our idealists, who did not admit the validity of the Kantian distinction here in question. But the fact that Kant declared the appearance of these antitheses to be essential to the very life of the human reason, so that the reason, according to him, always expresses itself in these antithetical de-

mands upon our conceptual powers, was of more importance for the idealists. For them the question consequently tends to take this form: Whatever the solution of any antinomy, why do such antinomies, real or apparent, arise in our minds at all? Why do we not come at the truth directly, or else, if ignorance besets us, why do we not become directly, or through our mere failures to get light, conscious of our ignorance? Why are there regions of our thinking where conflicting judgments appear to us to possess an equally cogent evidence, so that it is to us as if both a thesis and an antithesis were positively true?

No one could be interested in such a question unless he had cases of apparently dialectical or antithetical thinking prominently before his mind, and unless such instances seemed to him no results of merely accidental or easily avoidable blunders. The idealists actually believed themselves to be in possession of such notable cases. Moreover they came to regard such cases as characteristic of philosophical thought, and, in fact, of philosophical truth. Still holding ourselves free from any prejudgment of the merits of this view of philosophical truth, let us now endeavor merely to illustrate some of the forms of the dialectical method.

For the first class of illustrations one may again turn to the problems which the spirit of that time furnished to the idealists. Whatever else the age of the Revolution and the following Napoleonic period were, they were such as to suggest that the dialectical, the antithetical, the contradictory occurrences in our thinking are founded on tendencies very deep in human nature. It was not the mere blundering of the individual men of those days which led to rapid and contradictory changes of popular opinion and of social action; for instance, the practical expression of the abstract doctrine of the rights of men led to a social situation in which the rights of the victims of the Terror were so ruthlessly sacrificed; the propaganda of universal human freedom was sustained by bloody wars; and in the end, the outcome of the Revolution was a military despotism. It is hardly a very deep account of these processes to say simply that the pendulum swings, and that excessive action leads to reaction. This is true. But it is a deeper truth that the ideas and passions of such a time are in their nature an union of antithetical tendencies. The passion for human liberty, in the form which it took during the early French Revolution was obviously an example of what Nietzsche has called the *Wille zur*

Macht. Whatever the causes of the French Revolution, when it came it awakened a love of human freedom which was also a love of human might. The two aspects of this great fondness were antithetical, and for the moment inseparable. As the process developed they contended, and the one contradicted the other. How could one express one's regard for human freedom except through one's might? But might can be expressed only through finding some one to conquer. Conquest depends upon discipline; discipline requires a ruler.

Of course this obvious instance of the revolutionary tendencies awakened the reflections of our philosophers. But the instance did not stand alone. All the greater emotions are dialectical. The tragedies of the storm and stress period, and of the classical and romantic literature, are portrayals of this contradictory logic of passion. Faust asks the highest, and therefore contracts with the devil and destroys Margaret. The romantic poets so loved emotion that their works are mainly devoted to depicting the vanity of all the emotions. Outside of German literature, and in later times, one finds numerous instances of similar literary expressions of the dialectics of the emotions. The fascination and the power of Byron are due to his contradictions. Because of the loftiness of his emotional demands upon life, he finds only triviality and failure. His most characteristic ideal remains such a being as Manfred, whom the demons respect solely because his sins are deeper than theirs and because his internal remorse makes the external penalties of their hell seem by comparison insignificant. Manfred's poetic dignity consists in his absolute consciousness of his own moral worthlessness in all matters except his honest self-condemnation. Others are deluded into hope or fear. He knows that there is nothing to lose; and this makes him a hero. Instances of the dialectics of the emotions abound in the European literature of the period between 1770 and 1830. And not all such instances are tragic. There is a glory in winning all by abandoning all. Wilhelm Meister, like Saul, sets out to seek asses, and finds a kingdom. Or, as the classic lyric puts the cheerful aspect of this same dialectic:

Ich hab' mein' Sach' auf Nichts gestellt
Und mein gehört die ganze Welt.

It is easy to say that all such phenomena express precisely the unreasonableness of the emotions. But a closer view shows that

this dialectical tendency belongs rather to the active will than to the mere emotions. Upon this both Hegel and his bitter enemy Schopenhauer, though in very different ways, are agreed, and upon this they both insist. The mere sentimentalists amongst the romantic poets express such crises and such changes of point of view less effectively than do the more active natures. Byron is by nature a man of action who fails to find an absorbing career until he writes his last lyric after landing in Greece. That is why his utmost cynicism or his profoundest gloom has always a note of manliness about it that holds one's attention. To turn in the other direction, Goethe, full of emotional experience as he was, is rather a restlessly active man than a man of mere feeling. The dialectical process of his own activity brought him indeed to that splendid consciousness of calm and of inner self-possession which marked his best years; but his processes are always those not of the man of merely changing sentiments but rather of the man who became the controller of his fortunes, the master of his deeds.

Development through contradictions belongs then to the will, using that word in its merely popular sense, rather than to the relatively passive emotions. Can one still say that all such processes, whether of the emotions or of the will, belong *ipso facto* to the relatively irrational side of life? I will not at this moment answer this question upon its merits. It is enough for my present purpose to say that the idealists, whose position I am here merely illustrating, insist that this is not the case. They insist that the law of development through antitheses is characteristic not merely of the feelings, nor yet merely of what is unreasonable about our feelings and our will, but of the very life of reason itself. I have used the foregoing illustrations in order to show how deeply seated the dialectical or antithetical tendencies were in the life and in the literature of that age. The philosophy of our idealists was a reflection of the spirit of that time. Whether rightly or wrongly, these idealists did not seek to philosophize by merely purging their thoughts of all such antithetical tendencies, or by demonstrating that a sound thinker defines just one solid and stable truth such as enables you to ignore, once for all, every contradiction as a mere blunder. On the contrary, they developed a method which depends upon recognizing that the truth is a synthesis of antithetical moments or aspects, which does not ignore but unifies opposition.

This notion of truth is to many people so unsympathetic that

I can only hope, at the moment, to indicate some way in which one who approaches it for the first time may be aided in treating fairly a point of view which only our later illustrations can render even tolerably articulate. One is tempted to say, "Fickle emotions we know, contradictory attitudes of will we know, but the hypothesis of an essentially antithetical constitution of rational truth is a self-confessed absurdity. Something must be true. What is true excludes what is not true. Antithesis may arise, through our ignorance and our hastiness, on the way towards truth. Conflicting hypotheses may even wisely be formed, weighed, tested, as a means to the discovery of truth. But an antithetical or dialectical constitution of the truth is logically impossible."

I will not here undertake to answer this objection. I am only trying to smooth the way towards an historical appreciation of this idealistic movement; so I may as well point out a motive which may help to make the dialectical method comprehensible to students of contemporary philosophy. Our idealists were, one and all, in a very genuine sense what people now call pragmatists. They were also, to be sure, absolutists; and nowadays absolutism is supposed to be peculiarly abhorrent to pragmatists. But of the historical, and perhaps also of the logical relations of pragmatism to absolutism we shall see more hereafter. What I now emphasize is that all these thinkers make much of the relation of truth to action, to practice, to the will. Nothing is true, for them, unless therein the sense, the purpose, the meaning of some active process is carried out, expressed, accomplished. Truth is not for these post-Kantian idealists something dead and settled apart from action. It is a construction, a process, an activity, a creation, an attainment. *Im Anfang war die That.* It is true, as I have said, that on the religious side these idealists had a certain sympathy with the tradition of the mystics whose God was found through an interior illumination. But I also said that the new doctrine was never meant to be any mere revival of mysticism. I tried to suggest its spirit by calling its religion a synthesis of mystical and of rationalistic motives. What I now add is that these rationalistic motives were dialectical, largely because of the stress that these thinkers laid upon the active element in thought, in truth, and in reality.

The connection between what I have called the pragmatism of these thinkers and their dialectical method was the same as the connection already indicated, in our illustrations of the general

tendencies of the time, when we pointed out how the life of the will itself involves the presence of antitheses and of conflicting motives. If truth is what some active process finds, but finds only because this very activity itself creates the truth, then truth will not be something that you can merely describe in terms of monotonous consistency but will partake of the conflicting motives upon which the will depends. This thought lies very deep in the whole philosophy of this age. How this thought is expressed, our later illustrations will show.

Part IV

Religious Questions

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Religious Questions

In one sense, a separate section devoted to “religious questions” could be misleading to readers of Royce, for the “religious” was a dominant and lasting concern throughout his life. We wish to emphasize, however, that Royce saw an inextricable relationship between the problem of error and the meaning of God. His response to this problem was the cornerstone of his later thought and it is well to understand its early formulation. The line from these early essays to the doctrine of “Interpretation,” in *The Problem of Christianity*, is indeed continuous but characterized by profound and perhaps radical development.¹ It is true that the notion of the Absolute and the ponderous language surrounding such discussion in the early Royce generates little sympathy in contemporary thought. On the other hand, we should not forget that the young Royce begins his consideration of these matters with a number of commentaries on the *experience* of doubt, error and evil. Santayana once said: “It is characteristic of Royce that in his proof of something sublime, like the existence of God, his premiss should be something sad and troublesome, the existence of error.”²

¹ On the problem of continuity in Royce’s thought, cf. John E. Smith, “Introduction,” to Josiah Royce, *The Problem of Christianity* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1968), p. 3; and Peter Fuss, “Appendix: A Guess at a Riddle,” *The Moral Philosophy of Josiah Royce* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1965), pp. 260–63.

² George Santayana, “Josiah Royce,” *Character and Opinion in the United States* (New York: Anchor Books, 1956), p. 62.

11

The Possibility of Error

On ne sert dignement la philosophie qu'avec le même feu qu'on sent pour une maîtresse.—Rousseau, Nouvelle Héloïse.

We have before us our theorem, and an outline of its proof. We are here to expand this argument. We have some notion of the magnitude of the issues that are at stake. We had found ourselves baffled in our search for a certainty by numerous difficulties. We had found only one way remaining so far quite clear. That was the way of postulating what the moral consciousness seems to demand about the world beyond experience. For many thinkers since Kant, that way has seemed in fact the only one. They live in a world of action. "Doubt," they say, "clouds all theory. One must *act as if* the world were the supporter of our moral demands. One must have faith. One must make the grand effort, one must risk all for the sake of the great prize. If the world is against us, still we will not admit the fact until we are crushed. If the cold reality cares naught for our moral efforts, so be it when we come to know the fact, but meanwhile we will act as if legions of angels were ready to support our demand for whatever not our selfish interest, but the great interest of the Good, requires." Such is the view of the men whose religion is founded upon a Postulate.

We, too, felt that such faith is religious. We were willing to accept it, if nothing better could be found. But we were not content with it. Life has its unheroic days, when mere postulates fail

us. At such times we grow weary of toiling, evil seems actually triumphant, and, worse than all, the sense that there really is any perfect goodness yet unattained, that there is any worth or reason in our fight for goodness, seems to desert us. And then it will indeed be well if we can get for ourselves something more and better than mere postulates. If we cannot, we shall not seek to hide the fact. Better eternal despondency than a deliberate lie about our deepest thoughts and their meaning. If we are not honest, at least in our philosophy, then are we wholly base. To try once more is not dishonest.

So we did make the effort, and, in the last chapter, we sketched a result that seemed nearly within our reach. An unexpected result this, because it springs from the very heart of skepticism itself. We doubted to the last extremity. We let everything go, and then all of a sudden we seemed to find that we could not lose one priceless treasure, try as we would. Our wildest doubt assumed this, namely, that error is possible. And so our wildest doubt assumed the actual existence of those conditions that make error possible. *The conditions that determine the logical possibility of error must themselves be absolute truth*, that was the treasure that remained to us amid all our doubts. And how rich that treasure is, we dimly saw in the last discussion. That dim insight we must now try to make clearer. Perhaps our previous discussion has shown us that the effort is worth making.

Yet of one thing the reader shall be warned. The path that we travel is hereabouts very thorny and stony. It is a path of difficult philosophical investigation. Nobody ought to follow it who does not desire to. We hope that the reader will skip the whole of this chapter unless he wants to find even more of dullness than the rest of this sleepy book has discovered to him. For us, too, the arid way would seem hard, were it not for the precious prize at the end of it.

I

The story of the following investigation shall first be very briefly told. The author had long sought, especially in the discussions of Kant's "Kritik," and in the books of the post-Kantians, for help in seeing the ultimate principles that lie at the basis of knowledge. He had found the old and well-known troubles. Experience of

itself can give no certainty about general principles. We must therefore, said Kant, bring our own principles with us to experience. We know then of causation, because causation is a fundamental principle of our thought, whereby we set our experience to rights. And so long as we think, we shall think into experience the connection of cause and effect, which otherwise would not be there. But hereupon the questions arose that have so often been asked of Kant and the Kantians. Why just these principles and no others? "That is inexplicable," replies Kant. Very well, then, suppose we give up applying to experience those arbitrary principles of ours. Suppose we choose to stop thinking of experience as causally connected. What then? "But you cannot stop," says Kant, "Your thought, being what it is, must follow this one fashion forever." Nay, we reply, how knowest thou that, Master? Why may not our thought get a new fashion some day? And then what is now a necessary principle, for example, that every event has a cause, would become unnecessary or even nonsensical. Do we then know *a priori* that our *a priori* principles must always remain such? If so, how come we by this new knowledge?

So Kant leaves us still uncertain about any fundamental principles upon which a sure knowledge of the world can be founded.

Let us, then, examine a little deeper. Are there any certain judgments possible at all? If one is skeptical in a thorough-going way, as the author tried to be, he is apt to reach, through an effort to revise Kant's view, a position something like the following,—a provisional position of course, but one that results from the effort to accept nothing without criticism: "Kant's result is that our judgments about the real world are founded on an union of thought and sense, thought giving the appearance of necessity to our judgment, sense giving the material. The necessity of any judgment amounts then only to what may be summed up in the words: *So the present union of thought and sense makes things appear.* If either thought or sense altered its character, truth would alter. Hence every sincere judgment is indeed true for the moment in which it is made, but not necessarily true for other moments. We only postulate that it is true for other moments." "And so," to continue this view, "it is only by means of postulates that our thought even seems to have any unity from moment to moment. We live in the present. If our thought has other truth or falsity than this, we do not know it. Past and future exist not for this

present. They are only postulated. Save as postulated, they have no present meaning."

When he held and expressed this view, the author is free to admit that he was not always clear whether he ought to call it the doctrine of the relativity of truth or not. It might have avoided the absurdities of total relativity by taking form as a doctrine that the present moment's judgment is really true or false, for a real past and future, but that we, being limited to present moments, can never compare our judgments with reality to find whether our judgments are true or false. But although this interpretation is possible, this view often did express itself for the author as the doctrine of the total relativity of truth. The latter doctrine to be sure has no real meaning, but the author used with many others to fancy that it had.

To apply the view to the case of causal relations. "We continually postulate," the author used to point out, "we demand, without being able to prove it, that nature in future shall be uniform." So, carrying out this thought, the author used to say: "In fact future nature is not given to us, just as the past is not given to us. Sense-data and thought unite at every instant afresh to form a new judgment and a new postulate. Only in the present has any judgment evident validity. And our postulate of causal relation is just a way of looking at this world of conceived past and future *data*. Such postulates avoid being absurd efforts to regulate independent facts of sense, because, and only because, we have in experience no complete series of facts of sense at all, only from moment to moment single facts, about which we make single judgments. All the rest we *must* postulate or else do without them." Thus one reaches a skepticism as nearly complete as is possible to any one with earnest activity of thought in him. From moment to moment one can be sure of each moment. All else is postulate.

From the depths of this imperfectly defined skepticism, which seemed to him provisionally the only view he could adopt, the author escaped only by asking the one question more: "If everything beyond the present is doubtful, then how can even that doubt be possible?" With this question that bare relativity of the present moment is given up. What are the conditions that make doubt logically intelligible? These conditions really transcend the present moment. Plainly doubt implies that the statement doubted may be false. So here we have at least one supposed general truth,

namely, "All but the immediate content of the present moment's judgment, being doubtful, we may be in error about it." But *what then is an error?* This becomes at once a problem of exciting interest. Attacking it, the author was led through the wilderness of the following argument.

II

Yet before we undertake this special examination of the nature of error, the reader must pardon us for adding yet another explanatory word. The difficulty of the whole discussion will lie in the fact that we shall be studying the possibility of the plainest and most familiar of commonplaces. Common sense hates to do such things, because common sense thinks that the whole matter is sure from the outset. Common sense is willing to ask whether God exists, but unwilling to inquire how it is possible that there can exist an error about anything. But foreseeing that something is to follow from all this, we must beg common sense to be patient. We have not the shadow of doubt ourselves about the possibility of error. That is the steadfast rock on which we build. Our inquiry, ultra-skeptical as it may at moments seem, is into the question: *How* is the error possible? Or, in other words: *What is an error?* Now there can be little doubt that common sense is not ready with any general answer to such a question. Error is a word with many senses. By error we often mean just a statement that arouses our antipathy. Yet we all admit upon reflection, that our antipathy can neither make nor be used to define real error. Adam Smith declares, with common sense on his side, in his "Theory of the Moral Sentiments,"¹ that: "To approve or disapprove of the opinions of others is acknowledged, by everybody, to mean no more than to observe their agreement or disagreement with our own." Yet no one would accept as a definition of error the statement that: *Error is any opinion that I personally do not like.* Error has thus a very puzzling character. For common sense will readily admit that if a statement is erroneous, it must appear erroneous to every "right mind" that is in possession of the facts. Hence the personal taste of one man is not enough to define it. Else there might be as many sorts of error as there are minds. It is only the "right mind" whose personal taste shall decide what is an error in

¹ Part I., sect. i., chap. iii, near the beginning.

any particular case. But what then is a normal mind? Who is the right-minded judge? There seems to be danger that common sense shall run at this point into an infinite regress. I say: *That opinion is an error.* What do I mean? Do I mean that I do not like that opinion? Nay, I mean more. I mean that *I ought not to like or to accept it.* Why ought I not? *Because the ideally right-minded person would not*, seeing the given facts, hold that opinion about them. But who is the ideally right-minded person? Well, common sense may answer, *It is my ideal person, the right-minded man as I conceive him.* But why is my ideal the true ideal? *Because I like it?*—Nay, because, to the ideal judge, that kind of mind would seem the ideal. But who is the ideal judge? And so common sense is driven from point to point, unable to get to anything definite.

So much, then, to show in general that common sense does not know what an error is, and needs more light upon the subject. Let common sense not disturb us, then, in our further search, by the constant and indignant protest that error must somehow exist, and that doubt on that subject is nonsense. Nobody has any doubts on that subject. We ask only *how* error exists and how it can exist.

For the rest, what follows is not any effort to demonstrate in fair and orderly array, from any one principle or axiom, what must be the nature of error, but to use every and any device that may offer itself, general analysis, special example, comparison and contrast of cases,—anything that shall lead us to the insight into what an error is and implies. For at last, immediate insight must decide.

We shall study our problem thus. We shall take either some accepted definition of error, or some special class of cases, and we shall ask: How is error in that case, or in accordance with that definition, possible? Since error plainly is possible in some way, we shall have only to inquire: *What are the logical conditions* that make it possible? We shall take up the ordinary suppositions that common sense seems to make about what here determines the possibility of error. We shall show that these suppositions are inadequate. Then the result will be that, on the ordinary suppositions, error would be impossible. But that result would be absurd, if these were the only possible suppositions. Hence the ordinary suppositions must somehow be supplemented. When, therefore, we seem to say in the following that error is impossible, we shall mean only, impossible under the ordinary suppositions of common sense. What supplement we need to these suppositions, our argument will

show us. In sum we shall find the state of the case to be this: Common sense regards an assertion as true or as false apart from any other assertion or thought, and solely in reference to its own object. For common sense each judgment, as a separate creation, stands out alone, looking at its object, and trying to agree with it. If it succeeds, we have truth. If the judgment fails, we have error. But, as we shall find, this view of common sense is unintelligible. A judgment cannot have an object and fail to agree therewith, unless this judgment is part of an organism of thought. Alone, as a separate fact, a judgment has no intelligible object beyond itself. And therefore the presuppositions of common sense must be supplemented or else abandoned. Either then there is no error, or else judgments are true or false only in reference to a higher inclusive thought, which they presuppose, and which must, in the last analysis, be assumed as Infinite and all-inclusive. This result we shall reach by no mystical insight, by no revelation, nor yet by any mere postulate such as we used in former discussions, but by a simple, dry analysis of the meaning of our own thought.

The most formidable opponent of our argument will be, after all, however, not common sense, but that thought mentioned in the last chapter,—the thought that may try to content itself with somewhat plausible jargon, and to say that: "*There is no real difference between truth and error at all, only a kind of opinion or consensus of men about a conventional distinction between what they choose to call truth and what they choose to call error.*" This view, as the author has confessed, he once tried to hold. Still this meaningless doctrine of relativity is not the same as the view that contents itself with the postulates before discussed. That view might take, and for the author at one time did take, the possible and intelligible form thus expressible: "*Truth and error, though really distinguishable, are for us distinguished only through our postulates, in so far as relates to past and future time.*" Such views, while not denying that there is real truth, despair of the attainability for us of more than momentary truth. But the doctrine of Total Relativity, this view above expressed, differs from genuine skepticism. It tries to put even skepticism to rest, by declaring the opinion, *that there is error*, to be itself an error. This is not merely a moderate expression of human limitations, but jargon, and therefore formidable, because jargon is always unanswerable. When the famous Cretan declared all statements made by Cretans to be in all cases lies, his

declaration was hard to refute, because it was such honest-seeming nonsense. Even so with the statement that declares the very existence of error to be an erroneously believed fancy. No *consensus* of men can make an error erroneous. We can only find or commit an error, not create it. When we commit an error, we say what was an error already. If our skeptical view in previous chapters seemed to regard truth and error as mere objects of our postulates, that was only because, to our skepticism, the real truth, the real error, about any real past and future, seemed beyond our reach, so that we had to content ourselves with postulates. But that real error exists is absolutely indubitable.

This being the case, it is evident that even the most thorough-going skepticism is full of assumptions. If I say, "There may be no money in that purse yonder," I assume the existence of the purse yonder in order to make just that particular doubt possible. Of course, however, just that doubt may be rendered meaningless by the discovery of the actual non-existence of that particular purse. If there is no purse yonder, then it is nonsensical either to affirm or to deny that it contains money. And so if the purse of which I speak is an hallucination of mine, then the doubt about whether, as an actually existent purse, it has money in it, is deprived of sense. My real error in that case would lie in supposing the purse itself to exist. If, however, I abandon the first doubt, and go on to doubt the real existence of the purse, I equally assume a room, or some other environment, or at all events the universe, as existent, in order to give sense to my question whether the purse has any being in this environment or in this universe. But if I go yet further, and doubt whether there is any universe at all outside of my thought, what does my doubt yet mean? If it is to be a doubt with any real sense, it must be a doubt still with an object before it. It seems then to imply an assumed order of being, in which there are at least two elements, my lonely thought about an universe, and an empty environment of this thought, in which there is, in fact, no universe. But this empty environment, whose nature is such that my thought does wrong to suppose it to be an universe, what is that? Surely if the doubt is to have meaning, this idea needs further examination. The absolute skepticism is thus full of assumptions.

The first European thinker who seems to have discussed our present problem was Plato, in a too-much-neglected passage of the "Theætetus,"² where Socrates, replying to the second definition of

knowledge given by Theætetus, namely, *knowledge is True Opinion*, answers that his great difficulty has often been to see how any opinion can possibly be false. The conclusion reached by Plato is no very definite one, but the discussion is deeply suggestive. And we cannot do better here than to pray that the shade of the mighty Greek may deign to save us now in our distress, and to show us the true nature of error.

III

Logicians are agreed that single ideas, thoughts viewed apart from judgments, are neither true nor false. Only a judgment can be false. And if a reasoning process is said to be false, the real error lies still in an actual or suppressed assertion. A fallacy is a false assertion that a certain conclusion follows from certain premises. Error is therefore generally defined as a judgment that does not agree with its object. In the erroneous judgment, subject and predicate are so combined as, in the object, the corresponding elements are not combined. And thus the judgment comes to be false. Now, in this definition, nothing is doubtful or obscure save the one thing, namely, the *assumed relation between the judgment and its object*. The definition assumes as quite clear that a judgment has an object, wherewith it can agree or not agree. And what is meant by the agreement would not be obscure, if we could see what is meant by the object, and by the possession of this object implied in the pronoun *its*. What then is meant by *its object*? The difficulties involved in this phrase begin to appear as soon as you look closer. First then the object of the assertion is as such supposed to be neither the subject nor the predicate thereof. It is external to the judgment. It has a nature of its own. Furthermore, not all judgments have the same object, so that objects are very numerous. But from the infinity of real or of possible objects the judgment somehow picks out its own. Thus then for a judgment to have an object, there must be something about the judgment that shows what one of the external objects that are beyond itself this judgment does pick out as its own. But this something that gives the judgment its object can only be the intention wherewith the judgment is accompanied. A judgment has as object only what it intends to have as object. It has to conform only to that to which it wants to con-

² Plato, *Tb.*, p. 187 *sqq.*

form. But the essence of an intention is the knowledge of what one intends. One can, for instance, intend a deed or any of its consequences only in so far as he foresees them. I cannot be said to intend the accidental or the remote or even the immediate consequences of anything that I do, unless I foresaw that they would follow; and this is true however much the lawyers and judges may find it practically necessary to hold me responsible for these consequences. Even so we all find it practically useful to regard one of our fellows as in error in case his assertions, as we understand them, seem to us to lead to consequences that we do not approve. But our criticisms of his opinions, just like legal judgments of his acts, are not intended to be exact. Common sense will admit that, unless a man is thinking of the object of which I suppose him to be thinking, he makes no real error by merely failing to agree with the object that I have in mind. If the knights in the fable judge each other to be wrong, that is because each knight takes the other's shield to be identical with the shield as he himself has it in mind. In fact neither of them is in error, unless his assertion is false for the shield as he intended to make it his object.

So, then judgments err only by disagreeing with their intended objects, and they can intend an object only in so far forth as this object is known to the thought that makes the judgment. Such, it would seem, is the consequence of the common-sense view. But in this case a judgment can be in error only if it is knowingly in error. That also, as it seems, follows from the common-sense suppositions. Or, if we will have it in syllogistic form:—

Everything intended is something known. The object even of an erroneous judgment is intended. ∴ The object even of an error is something known.

Or: Only what is known can be erred about. Nor can we yet be content with what common sense will at once reply, namely, that our syllogism uses *known* ambiguously, and that the object of an erroneous judgment is known enough to constitute it the object, and not enough to prevent the error about it. This must no doubt be the fact, but it is not of itself clear; on the contrary, just here is the problem. As common sense conceives the matter, the object of a judgment is not as such the whole outside world of common sense, with all its intimate interdependence of facts, with all its unity in the midst of diversity. On the contrary, the object of any judgment is just that portion of the then conceived world, just that

fragment, that aspect, that element of a supposed reality, which is seized upon for the purposes of just this judgment. Only such a momentarily grasped fragment of the truth can possibly be present in any one moment of thought as the object of a single assertion. Now it is hard to say how within this arbitrarily chosen fragment itself there can still be room for the partial knowledge that is sufficient to give to the judgment its object, but insufficient to secure to the judgment its accuracy. If I aim at a mark with my gun, I can fail to hit it, because choosing and hitting a mark are totally distinct acts. But, in the judgment, choosing and knowing the object seem inseparable. No doubt somehow our difficulty is soluble, but we are here trying first to show that it is a difficulty.

To illustrate here by a familiar case, when we speak of things that are solely matters of personal preference, such as the pleasure of a sleigh-ride, the taste of olives, or the comfort of a given room, and when we only try to tell how these things appear to us, then plainly our judgments, if sincere, cannot be in error. As these things are to us, so they are. We are their measure. To doubt our truthfulness in these cases is to doubt after the fashion of the student who wondered whether the star that the astronomers call Uranus may not be something else after all, and not really Uranus. Surely science does not progress very far or run into great danger of error so long as it employs itself in discovering such occult mysteries as the names of the stars. But our present question is, How do judgments that can be and that are erroneous differ in nature from those that cannot be erroneous? If astronomers would be equally right in case they should agree to call Uranus Humpty Dumpty, why are not all judgments equally favored? Since the judgment chooses its own object, and has it only in so far as it chooses it, how can it be in that partial relation to its object which is implied in the supposition of an erroneous assertion?

Yet again, to illustrate the difficulty in another aspect, we can note that not only is error impossible about the perfectly well-known, but that error is equally impossible, save in the form of direct self-contradiction, about what is absolutely unknown. Spite of the religious awe of some people in presence of the Unknowable, it is safe to say, somewhat irreverently, that about a really Unknowable nobody could make any sincere and self-consistent assertions that could be errors. For self-consistent assertions about the Unknowable would of necessity be meaningless. And being

meaningless, they could not well be false. For instance, one could indeed not say that the Unknowable contemplates war with France, or makes sunspots, or will be the next Presidential candidate, because that would be contradicting one's self. For if the Unknowable did any of these things, it would no longer be the Unknowable, but would become either the known or the discoverable. But avoid such self-contradiction, and you cannot err about the Unknowable. For the Unknowable is simply our old friend *Abracadabra*, a word that has no meaning, and by hypothesis never can get any. So if I say that the Unknowable dines *in vacuo* with the chimera, or is Humpty Dumpty, I talk nonsense, and am therefore unable to make a mistake. Nonsense is error only when it involves self-contradiction. Avoid that, and nonsense cannot blunder, having no object outside of itself with which it must agree. But all this illustrates from the other side our difficulty. Is not the object of a judgment, in so far as it is unknown to that judgment, like the Unknowables for that judgment? To be in error about the application of a symbol, you must have a symbol that symbolizes something. But in so far as the thing symbolized is not known through the symbol, how is it symbolized by that symbol? Is it not, like the Unknowable, once for all out of the thought, so that one cannot just then be thinking about it at all, and so cannot, in this thought at least, be making blunders about it? But in so far as the thing symbolized is, through the symbol, in one's thought, why is it not known, and so correctly judged? All this involves that old question of the nature of symbols. They are to mean for us more than we know that they mean. How can that be? No doubt all that is really possible, but how?

IV

We follow our difficulty into another department. Let us attempt a sort of provisional psychological description of a judgment as a state of mind. So regarded, a judgment is simply a fact that occurs in somebody's thought. If we try to describe it as an occurrence, without asking whence it came, we shall perhaps find in it three elements,—elements which are in some fashion described in Ueberweg's well-known definition of a judgment as the "Consciousness about the objective validity of a subjective union of ideas." Our interpretation of them shall be this: The elements are: The *Subject*,

with the accompanying shade of curiosity about it; the *Predicate*, with the accompanying sense of its worth in satisfying a part of our curiosity about the subject; and the *Sense of Dependence*, whereby we feel the value of this act to lie, not in itself, but in its agreement with a vaguely felt Beyond, that stands out there as Object.

Now this analysis of the elements of a judgment is no explanation of our difficulties; and in fact for the moment only embarrasses us more. But the nature of the difficulty may come home to us somewhat more clearly, if we try to follow the thread of this analysis a little further. Even if it is a very imperfect account, it may serve to lead us up to the true insight that we seek into the nature of error. Let us make the analysis a little more detailed.

In its typical form then, the judgment as a mental state seems to us to begin with a relatively incomplete or unstable or disconnected mass of consciousness, which we have called the Subject, as it first begins to be present to us. This subject-idea is attended by some degree of effort, namely, of attention, whose tendency is to complete this incomplete subject by bringing it into closer connection with more familiar mental life. This more familiar life is represented by the predicate-idea. If the effort is successful, the subject has new elements united to it, assumes in consciousness a definiteness, a coherency with other states, a familiarity, which it lacked at the outset of the act of judgment; and this coherency it gets through its union with the predicate. All this is accompanied further by what one for short may call a sense of dependence. The judgment feels itself not alone, but looks to a somewhat indefinite object as the model after which the present union of ideas is to be fashioned. And in this way we explain how the judgment is, in those words of Ueberweg's definition, "the consciousness about the objective validity of a subjective union of ideas."

Now as a mere completion of subject-idea through the addition of a predicate-idea, the judgment is simply a mental phenomenon, having interest only to the person that experiences it, and to a psychologist. But as true or as false the judgment must be viewed in respect to the indefinite object of what we have called the sense of dependence, whereby the judgment is accompanied. Seldom in any ordinary judgment does this object become perfectly full and clear; for to make it so would often require many, perhaps an infinite, series of judgments. Yet, for the one judgment, the object, whether full and clear or not, exists as object only in so far forth as

the sense of dependence has defined it. And the judgment is true or false only with reference to this undefined object. The intention to agree with the object is contained in the sense of dependence upon the object, and remains for this judgment incomplete, like the object itself. Somewhat vaguely this single act intends to agree with this vague object.

Such being the case, how can the judgment, as thus described, fairly be called false? As mere psychological combination of ideas it is neither true nor false. As accompanied by the sense of dependence upon an object, it would be false if it disagreed with its imperfectly defined object. But, as described, the only object that the judgment has is this imperfectly defined one. With this, in so far as it is for the moment defined, the judgment must needs agree. In so far as it is not defined, it is however not object for this judgment at all, but for some other one. What the imperfect sense of dependence would further imply if it existed in a complete instead of in an incomplete state, nobody can tell, any more than one can tell what towns would grow up by a given rain-pool, if it were no pool, but a great lake. The object of a single judgment, being what it is, namely, a vaguely defined object, present to this judgment, is just what it is for this judgment, and the judgment seems once for all to be true, in case it is sincere.

Some one may here at once answer that we neglect in this description the close interdependence of various judgments. Thought, some one may say, is an organic unity. Separated from all else but its own incompletely defined object, a single judgment cannot be erroneous. Only in the organic unity of a series of judgments, having a common object, is the error of one of them possible. We reply that all this will turn out to be just our result. But the usual supposition at the outset is that any judgment has by itself its own object, so that thereby alone, apart from other judgments, it stands or falls. And thus far we have tried to show that this natural supposition leads us into difficulty. We cannot see how a single sincere judgment should possibly fail to agree with its own chosen object. But enough of our problem in general. We must consider certain classes of errors more in detail. Let us see how, in these special classes of cases, we shall succeed in verifying the natural presupposition of common sense, which regards error as possible only when our object is not wholly present to mind, and which assumes that a judgment can have an object that is yet only partially

present to mind. In choosing the classes of cases, we shall first follow common sense as to their definition. We shall take just the assumptions of daily life, and shall show that they lead us into difficulty. We are not for the first bound to explain why these assumptions are made. That common sense makes them is enough.

But let the reader remember: The whole value of our argument lies in its perfect generality. However much we dwell on particular classes of errors, we care nothing for the proof that just those errors are inexplicable, but only for the fact that they illustrate how, without some entirely new hypothesis, absolutely all error becomes impossible. This or that class of judgments may be one in which all the judgments are relative, but the total relativity of our thought implies an incomprehensible and contradictory state of things. Any hypothesis about error that makes total relativity the only admissible view, must therefore give place to some new hypothesis. And our illustrations in the following are intended to show that just what constitutes the difficulty in respect of these illustrations, makes the existence of any error inexplicable without some new hypothesis.

V

The class of errors that we shall first take seems, to common sense, common enough. It is the class known as errors about our neighbor's states of mind. Let us then, for argument's sake, assume without proof that our neighbors do exist. For we are not here concerned to answer Solipsism, but merely to exemplify the difficulties about the nature of error. If our neighbors did not exist, then the nature of the error that would lie in saying that they do exist would present almost exactly the same difficulties. We prefer, however, to begin with the common-sense assumption about ourselves and our neighbors as separate individuals, and to ask how error can then arise in judging of our neighbors' minds.

In the first place then: Who is my neighbor? Surely, on the assumptions that we all make, and that we made all through the ethical part of our discussion, he is no one of my thoughts, nor is any part of him ever any part of my thought. He is not my object, but, in Professor Clifford's phrase, an "eject," wholly outside of my ideas. He is no "thing in my dream," just as I am not in his dream.

Yet I make judgments about him, and he makes them about me. And when I make judgments about him, I do so by having in my thought some set of my own ideas that, although not himself, do yet, as I say, represent him. A kind of dummy, a symbol, a graven image of my own thought's creation, a phantom of mine, stands there in me as the representative of his mind; and all I say about my neighbor's inner life refers directly to this representative. The Scottish philosophy has had much to say to the world about what it calls direct or presentative, as opposed to representative, knowledge of objects. But surely the most obstinate Scottish philosopher that ever ate oatmeal cannot hold so tenaciously by his national doctrine as to say that I have, according to common sense, anything but a representative knowledge of my neighbor's thoughts and feelings. That is the only sort of knowledge that common sense will regard as possible to me, if so much as that is possible. But how I can know about this outside being is not now our concern. We notice only that our difficulty about error comes back to us in a new form. For how can I err about my neighbor, since, for this common-sense view, he is not even partly in my thoughts? How can I intend that as the object of my thought which never can be object for me at all?

But not everybody will at once feel the force of this question. We must be more explicit. Let us take the now so familiar suggestion of our great humorist about the six people that take part in every conversation between two persons. If John and Thomas are talking together, then the real John and Thomas, their respective ideas of themselves, and their ideas of each other, are all parties to the conversation. Let us consider four of these persons, namely, the real John, the real Thomas, John as Thomas conceives him, and Thomas as John conceives him. When John judges, of whom does he think? Plainly of that which can be an object to his thoughts, namely, of *his* Thomas. About whom then can he err? About *his* Thomas? No, for he knows him too well. His conception of Thomas is his conception, and what he asserts it to be, that it is for him. About the real Thomas? No, for it should seem, according to common sense, that he has nothing to do with the real Thomas in his thought, since that Thomas never becomes any part of his thought at all. "But," says one, "there must be some fallacy here, since we are sure that John *can* err about the real Thomas." Indeed he can, say we; but ours is not this fallacy. Common sense

has made it. Common sense has said: "Thomas never is in John's thought, and yet John can blunder about Thomas." How shall we unravel the knot?

One way suggests itself. Mayhap we have been too narrow in our definition of *object*. Common sense surely insists that objects are outside of our thought. If, then, I have a judgment, and another being sees both my judgment and some outside object that was not in my thought, and sees how that thought is unlike the object in some critical respect, this being could say that my assertion was an error. So then with John and Thomas. *If Thomas could know John's thoughts about him*, then Thomas could possibly see John's error. That is what is meant by the error in John's thought.

But mere disagreement of a thought with any random object does not make the thought erroneous. The judgment must disagree with *its chosen object*. If John never has Thomas in thought at all, how *can* John choose the real Thomas as his object? If I judge about a penholder that is in this room, and if the next room is in all respects like this, save for a penholder in it, with which my assertion does not agree, who, looking at that penholder in that other room, can say that my judgment is false? For I meant not that penholder when I spoke, but this one. I knew perhaps nothing about that one, had it not in mind, and so could not err about it. Even so, suppose that outside of John there is a real Thomas, similar, as it happens, to John's ideal Thomas, but lacking some thought or affection that John attributes to his ideal Thomas. Does that make John's notion an error? No, for he spoke and could speak only of his ideal Thomas. The real Thomas was the other room, that he knew not of, the other side of the shield, that he never could conceive. His Thomas was his phantom Thomas. This phantom it is that he judges and thinks about, and his thoughts may have their own consistency or inconsistency. But with the real other person they have nothing to do. The real other is not his object, and how can he err about what is not object for him?

Absurd, indeed, some one will reply to us. John and Thomas have to deal with representative phantoms of each other, to be sure; but that only makes each more apt to err about the real other. And the test that they can err is a very simple one. Suppose a spectator, a third person, to whom John and Thomas were both somehow directly present, so that he as it were included both of them. Then John's judgment of his phantom Thomas would be by

this spectator at once compared with the real Thomas, and even so would Thomas's judgment of John be treated. If now John's phantom Thomas agreed with the real Thomas, then John's ideas would be declared in so far truthful; otherwise they would be erroneous. And this explains what is meant by John's power to err about Thomas.

The explanation is fair enough for its own purpose, and we shall need it again before long. But just now we cannot be content with it. For what we want to know is not what the judgment of a third thinker would be in case these two were somehow not independent beings at all, but things in this third being's thought. For we have started out with the supposition of common sense that John and Thomas are not dreams or thoughts of some higher third being, but that they are independent beings by themselves. Our supposition may have to be given up hereafter, but for the present we want to hold fast to it. And so John's judgment, which we had supposed to be about the independently existing Thomas, has now turned out to be only a judgment about John's idea of Thomas. But judgments are false only in case they disagree with their intended objects. What, however, is the object of John's judgment when he thinks about Thomas? Not the real Thomas, who could not possibly be an object in another man's thoughts. John's real object being an ideal Thomas, he cannot, if sincere, and if fully conscious of what he means by Thomas, fail to agree in his statements with his own ideal. In short, on this our original supposition, John and Thomas are independent entities, each of which cannot possibly enter in real person into the thoughts of the other. Each may be somehow represented in the other's thoughts by a phantom, and only this phantom can be intended by the other when he judges about the first. For unless one talks nonsense, it should seem as if one could mean only what one has in mind.

Thus, like the characters in a certain Bab ballad, real John, real Thomas, the people in this simple tale, are total strangers to each other. You might as well ask a blind man to make true or false judgments about the real effects of certain combinations of colors, as to ask either John or Thomas, defined as common sense defines them, to make any judgments about each other. Common sense will assert that a blind man can learn and repeat verbally correct statements about color, or verbally false statements about color, but, according to the common-sense view, in no case can he err

about color-ideas as such, which are never present to him. You will be quite ready to say that a dog can make mistakes about the odors of the numberless tracks on the highway. You will assure us, however, that you cannot make mistakes about them because these odors do not exist for you. According to the common-sense view, a mathematician can make blunders in demonstrating the properties of equations. A Bushman cannot, for he can have no ideas corresponding to equations. But how then can John or Thomas make errors about each other, when neither is more present to the other than is color to the blind man, the odor of the tracks on the highway to the dog's master, or the idea of an equation to a Bushman? Here common sense forsakes us, assuring us that there is such error, but refusing to define it.

The inconsistency involved in all this common-sense view, and the consequences of the inconsistency, will appear yet better with yet further illustration. A dream is false in so far as it contains the judgment that such and such things exist apart from us; but at least in so far as we merely assert in our dreams about the objects as we conceive them, we make true assertions. But is not our actual life of assertions about actual fellow-beings much like a dream to which there should happen to correspond some real scene or event in the world? Such correspondence would not make the dream really "true," nor yet false. It would be a coincidence, remarkable for an outside observer, but none the less would the dreamer be thinking in his dream not about external objects, but about the things in his dream. But is not our supposed Thomas so and only so in the thought of John as he would be if John chanced to dream of a Thomas that was, to an external spectator, like the real one? Is not then the phantom Thomas, John's only direct object, actually a thing in John's thought? Is then the independent Thomas an object for John in any sense?

Yet again. Let us suppose that two men are shut up, each in a closed room by himself, and for his whole life; and let us suppose that by a lantern contrivance each of them is able at times to produce on the wall of the other's room a series of pictures. But neither of them can ever know what pictures he produces in the other's room, and neither can know anything of the other's room, as such, but only of the pictures. Let the two remain forever in this relation. One of them, A, sees on his wall pictures, which resemble more or less what he has seen in his own room at other times. Yet

he perceives these to be only pictures, and he supposes them to represent what goes on in another room, which he conceives as like his own. He is interested, he examines the phenomena, he predicts their future changes, he passes judgment upon them. He may, if you like to continue the hypothesis, find some way of affecting them, by himself acting in a way mysterious to himself so as to produce changes in B's actual room, which again affect the pictures that the real B produces in A's room. Thus A might hold what he would call communication with his phantom room. Even so, B lives with pictures before him that are produced from A's room. Now one more supposition, namely, that A and B have absolutely no other means of communication, that both are shut up altogether and always have been, that neither has any objects before him but his own thoughts and the changing pictures on the wall of his room. In this case what difference does it make whether or no the pictures in A's room are actually like the things that could be seen in B's room? Will that make A's judgments either true or false? Even if A, acting by means that he himself cannot understand, is able to control the pictures on his wall by some alteration that he unconsciously produces in B's room and its pictures, still A cannot be said to have any knowledge of the real B and his room at all. And, for the same reason, A cannot make mistakes about the real room of B, for he will never even think of that real room. He will, like a man in a dream, think and be able to think only of the pictures on his wall. And when he refers them to an outside cause, he does not mean by this cause the real B and his real room, for he has never dreamed of the real B, but only of the pictures and of his own interpretation of them. He can therefore make no false judgments about B's room, any more than a Bushman can make false judgments about the integral calculus.

If to our present world there does correspond a second world somewhere off in space, a world exactly like this, where just the same events at every instant do actually take place, still the judgments that we make about our world are not actually true or false with reference to that world, for we *mean* this world, not that one, when we judge. Why are not John's Thomas and the real Thomas related like this world and that second world in distant space? Why are not both like the relation of A's conceived phantom room and B's real room? Nothing of either real room is ever pres-

ent to the other. Each prisoner can make true or false judgments if at all, then, only about the pictures on his wall; but neither has even the suggestion that could lead him to make a blunder about the other's real room, of which he has and can have not the faintest idea.

One reason why we fail to see at once this fact lies in the constant tendency to regard the matter from the point of view of a third person, instead of from the point of view that we still implicitly attribute to A and B themselves. If A could get outside of his room once and see B's room, then he could say: "My picture was a good one," or the reverse. But, in the supposed case, he not only never sees B's room, but he never sees anything but his own pictures, never gets out of his room at all for any purpose. Hence, his sole objects of assertion being his pictures, he is innocent of any power to err about B's room as it is in itself, even as the man born blind is innocent of any power to err about the relations of colors.

Now this relation of A and B, as they were supposed to dwell in their perpetual imprisonment, is essentially like the relation that we previously postulated between two independent subjects. If I cannot have you in my thought at all, but only a picture produced by you, I am in respect to you like A confined to the pictures produced from B's room. However much I may fancy that I am talking of you, I am really talking about my idea of you, which for me can have no relation whatever to the real you. And so John and Thomas remain shut up in their prisons. Each thinks of his phantom of the other. Only a third person, who included them both, who in fact treated them as, in the Faust-Epilogue, the *Pater Seraphicus* treats the *selige Knaben* (*Er nimmt sie in sich*, says the stage direction)—only such an inclusive thought could compare the phantoms with the real, and only in him, not in themselves, would John and Thomas have any ideas of each other at all, true or false.

This result is foreign to our every-day thought, because this every-day thought really makes innocent use of two contradictory views of the relations of conscious beings. On the one hand we regard them as utterly remote from one another, as what Professor Clifford called ejects; and then we speak of them as if the thoughts of one could as such become thoughts of the other, or even as if one of them could as an independent being still become object in the thought of the other. No wonder that, with such contradictory assumptions as to the nature of our relations to our neighbors, we

find it very easy to make absurd statements about the meaning of error. The contradiction of common sense has in fact just here much to do with the ethical illusion that we called the illusion of selfishness. To clear up this point will be useful to us, therefore, in more ways than one.

VI

Disappointed once more in our efforts to understand how error is possible, we turn to another class of cases, which lie in a direction where, at least for this once, all will surely be plain. Errors about matters of fact or experience are certainly clear enough in nature. And as this class of errors is practically most important, the subtleties of our previous investigation may be dismissed with light heart so soon as we have gotten rid of the few little questions that will now beset us. It is to be noted that all errors about material objects, about the laws of nature, about history, and about the future, are alike errors about our actual or possible experiences. We expect or postulate an experience that at the given time, or under the given conditions, turns out to be other than it was postulated or expected to be. Now since our experiences not now present are objective facts, and capable of clear definition, it would seem clear that error concerning them is an easily comprehensible thing.

But alas! again we are disappointed. That errors in matters of experience are common enough is indubitable, but equally evident becomes the difficulty of defining what they are and how they are possible. Take the case of error about an expected future. What do we mean by a future time? How do we identify a particular time? Both these questions plunge us into the sea of problems about the nature of time itself. When I say, *Thus and so will it be at such and such a future moment*, I postulate certain realities not now given to my consciousness. And singular realities they are. For they have now no existence at all. Yet I postulate that I can err about them. Thus their non-existence is a peculiar kind of non-existence, and requires me to make just such and such affirmations about it. If I fail to correspond to the true nature of this non-existent reality, I make an error; and it is postulated not merely that my present statement will in that case hereafter turn out false or become false, but also that it is now false, is at this moment an error, even though the real-

ity with which it is to agree is centuries off in the future. But this is not all the difficulty. I postulate also that an error in prediction can be discovered when the time comes by the failure of the prediction to verify itself. I postulate then that I can look back and say: Thus and thus I predicted about this moment, and thus and thus it has come to pass, and this event contradicts that expectation. But can I in fact ever accomplish this comparison at all? And is the comparison very easily intelligible? For when the event comes to pass, the expectation no longer exists. The two thoughts, namely, expectation and actual experience, are separate thoughts, far apart in time. How can I bring them together to compare them, so as to see if they have the same object? It will not do to appeal to memory for the purpose; for the same question would recur about the memory in its relation to the original thought. How can a past thought, being past, be compared to a present thought to see whether they stand related? The past thought lived in itself, had its own ideas of what it then called future, and its own interpretation thereof. How can you show, or intelligently affirm, that the conception which the past expectation had of its future moment is so identical with the conception which this present thought has of this present moment, as to make these two conceived moments one and the same? Here in short we have supposed two different ideas, one of an expected future, the other of an experienced present, and we have supposed the two ideas to be widely separated in time, and by hypothesis they are not together in one consciousness at all. Now how can one say that in fact they relate to the same moment at all? How is it intelligible to say that they do? How, in fine, can a not-given future be a real object of any thought; and how, when it is once the object thereof, can any subsequent moment be identified with this object?

A present thought and a past thought are in fact separate, even as were John and Thomas. Each one means the object that it thinks. How can they have a common object? Are they not once for all different thoughts, each with its own intent? But in order to render intelligible the existence of error about matters of fact, we must make the unintelligible assumption, so it would seem, that these two different thoughts have the same intent, and are but one. And such is the difficulty that we find in our second great class of cases.

VII

So much for the problem, both in general and in some particular instances. But now may not the reader insist, after all, that there can be in this wise no errors whatever? Contradictory as it seems, have we not, after all, put our judgments into a position whence escape for us is impossible? If every judgment is thus by its nature bound up in a closed circle of thought, with no outlook, can any one come afterwards and give it an external object? Perhaps, then, there is a way out of our difficulty by frankly saying that our thoughts may be neither truths nor errors beyond themselves, but just occurrences, with a meaning wholly subjective.

We desire the reader to try to realize this view of total relativity once more in the form in which, with all its inherent absurdities, it now comes back to us for the last time. It says, "Every judgment, *A* is *B*, in fact does agree and can agree only with its own object, which is present in mind when it is made. With no external object can it agree or fail to agree. It stands alone, with its own object. It has neither truth nor error beyond itself. It fulfills all its intentions, and is true, if it agrees with what was present to it when it was thought. Only in this sense is there any truth or falsity possible for our thought."

But once more, this inviting way out of the difficulty needs only to be tried to reveal its own contradictions. The thought that says, "No judgment is true beyond itself," is that thought true beyond itself or not? If it is true beyond itself, then we have the possibility of other truth than the merely subjective or relative truth. If it is false, then equally we have objective falsity. If it is neither true nor false, then the doctrine of relativity has not been affirmed at all as a truth. One sets up an idea of a world of separate, disorganized thoughts, and then says, "Each of them deals only with its own object, and they have no unity that could make them true or false." But still this world that one thus sets up must be the true world. Else is there no meaning in the doctrine of relativity. Twist as one will, one gets not out of the whirlpool of thought. Error must be real, and yet, as common sense arranges these judgments and their relations to one another, error cannot be real. There is so far no escape.

The perfectly general character of the argument must be understood. One might escape it if it applied to any one class of errors

only. Then one would say: "In fact, the class of cases in question may be cases that exclude the possibility of both truth and error." But no, that cannot be urged against us, for our argument applies equally to all possible errors. In short, either no error at all is possible, or else there must be possible an infinite mass of error. For the possibilities of thought being infinite, either all thought is excluded once for all from the possibility of error, or else to every possible truth there can be opposed an infinite mass of error. All this infinite mass is at stake upon the issue of our investigation. Total relativity, or else an infinite possibility of truth and error; that is the alternative before us. And total relativity of thought involves self-contradiction.

Every way but one has been tried to lead us out of our difficulty. Shall we now give up the whole matter, and say that error plainly exists, but baffles definition? This way may please most people, but the critical philosophy knows of no unanswerable problem affecting the work of thought in itself considered. Here we need only patience and reflection, and we are sure to be some day rewarded. And indeed our solution is not far off, but very nigh us. We have indicated it all along. To explain how one could be in error about his neighbor's thoughts, we suggested the case where John and Thomas should be present to a third thinker whose thought should include them both. We objected to this suggestion that thus the natural presupposition that John and Thomas are separate self-existent beings would be contradicted. But on this natural presupposition neither of these two subjects could become object to the other at all, and error would here be impossible. Suppose then that we drop the natural presupposition, and say that John and Thomas are both actually present to and included in a third and higher thought. To explain the possibility of error about matters of fact seemed hard, because of the natural postulate that time is a pure succession of separate moments, so that the future is now as future non-existent, and so that judgments about the future lack real objects, capable of identification. Let us then drop this natural postulate, and declare time once for all present in all its moments to an universal all-inclusive thought. And to sum up, let us overcome all our difficulties by declaring that all the many *Beyonds*, which single significant judgments seem vaguely and separately to postulate, are present as fully realized intended objects to the unity of an all-inclusive, absolutely clear, universal, and

conscious thought, of which all judgments, true or false, are but fragments, the whole being at once Absolute Truth and Absolute Knowledge. Then all our puzzles will disappear at a stroke, and error will be possible, because any one finite thought, viewed in relation to its own intent, may or may not be seen by this higher thought as successful and adequate in this intent.

How this absolute thought is to be related to individual thoughts, we can in general very simply define. When one says: "This color now before me is red, and to say that it is blue would be to make a blunder," one represents an including consciousness. One includes in one's present thought three distinct elements, and has them present in the unity of a single moment of insight. These elements are, first, the perception of red; secondly, the reflective judgment whose object is this perception, and whose agreement with the object constitutes its own truth; and, thirdly, the erroneous reflection, *This is blue*, which is in the same thought compared with the perception and rejected as error. Now, viewed as separate acts of thought, apart from the unity of an including thought, these three elements would give rise to the same puzzles that we have been considering. It is their presence in a higher and inclusive thought that makes their relations plain. Even so we must conceive the relation of John's thought to the united total of thought that includes him and Thomas. Real John and his phantom Thomas, real Thomas and his phantom John, are all present as elements in the including consciousness, which completes the incomplete intentions of both the individuals, constitutes their true relations, and gives the thought of each about the other whatever of truth or of error it possesses. In short, error becomes possible as one moment or element in a higher truth, that is, in a consciousness that makes the error a part of itself, while recognizing it as error.

So far then we propose this as a possible solution for our puzzles. But now we may insist upon it as the only possible solution. *Either there is no such thing as error, which statement is a flat self-contradiction, or else there is an infinite unity of conscious thought to which is present all possible truth.* For suppose that there is error. Then there must be an infinite mass of error possible. If error is possible at all, then as many errors are possible as you please, since, to every truth, an indefinite mass of error may be opposed. Nor is this mere possibility enough. An error is possible for us when we

are able to make a false judgment. But in order that the judgment should be false when made, it must have been false before it was made. An error is possible only when the judgment in which the error is to be expressed always was false. Error, if possible, is then eternally actual. Each error so possible implies a judgment whose intended object is beyond itself, and is also the object of the corresponding true judgment. But two judgments cannot have the same object save as they are both present to one thought. For as separate thoughts they would have separate subjects, predicates, intentions, and objects, even as we have previously seen in detail. So that every error implies a thought that includes it and the corresponding truth in the unity of one thought with the object of both of them. Only as present to an including thought are they either true or false. Thus then we are driven to assume an infinite thought, judging truth and error. But that this infinite thought must also be a rational unity, not a mere aggregate of truths, is evident from the fact that error is possible not only as to objects, but as to the relations of objects, so that all the possible relations of all the objects in space, in time, or in the world of the barely possible, must also be present to the all-including thought. And to know all relations at once is to know them in absolute rational unity, as forming in their wholeness one single thought.

What, then, is an error? An error, we reply, is an incomplete thought, that to a higher thought, which includes it and its intended object, is known as having failed in the purpose that it more or less clearly had, and that is fully realized in this higher thought. And without such higher inclusive thought, an assertion has no external object, and is no error.

VIII

If our argument were a Platonic dialogue, there would be hereabouts an interruption from some impatient Thrasymachus or Callicles or Polus, who would have been watching us, threatening and muttering, during all of the latter part of our discussion. At last, perhaps, *οὐστρέψας ἔαυτὸν ὥσπερ θηρίσν*, he would spring upon us, and would say: "Why, you nonsense-mongers, have you not bethought you of the alternative that represents the reality in this question of yours? Namely, an error is an error, neither to the thought that thinks it, nor of necessity to any higher inclusive

thought, but only to a *possible* critical thought that should undertake afterwards to compare it with its object. An error is a thought such that if a critical thought *did* come and compare it with its object, it *would be* seen to be false. And it has an object for such a critical thought. This critical thought need not be real and actually include it, but may be only a *possible* judge of its truth. Hence your Infinite all-knower is no reality, only a logical possibility; and your insight amounts to this, that if all *were* known to an all-knower, he *would judge* error to be mistaken. And so error is what he would perceive to be error. What does all that amount to but worthless tautology?"

This argument of our Thrasymachus is the only outwardly plausible objection that we fear to the foregoing analysis, because it is the only objection that fully expresses the old-established view of common sense about such problems. Though common sense never formulates our present difficulty, common sense still dimly feels that to some possible (not actual) judge of truth, appeal is made when we say that a thing is false not merely for us, but in very truth. And this possible judge of common sense we have now unhesitatingly declared to be an Infinite Actuality, absolutely necessary to *constitute* the relation of truth and error. Without it there is for our view no truth or error conceivable. The words, *This is true*, or *This is false*, mean nothing, we declare, unless there is the inclusive thought for which the truth is true, the falsehood false. No barely possible judge, who *would* see the error *if* he were there, will do for us. He must be there, this judge, to constitute the error. Without him nothing but total subjectivity would be possible; and thought would then become purely a pathological phenomenon, an occurrence without truthfulness or falsity, an occurrence that would interest anybody if it could be observed; but that, unfortunately, being only a momentary phantom, could not be observed at all from without, but must be dimly felt from within. Our thought needs the Infinite Thought in order that it may get, through this Infinite judge, the privilege of being so much as even an error.

This, it will be said, is but reassertion. But how do we maintain this view against our Thrasymachus? Our answer is only a repetition of things that we have already had to say, in the argument for what we here reassert. If the judgment existed alone, without the

inclusive thought to judge it, then, as it existed alone, it either had an object, or had none. But if it had none, it was no error. If it had one, then either it knew what its object actually was, or it did not know what its object was, or it partially knew and partially did not know what its object actually was. In the first case the judgment must have been an identical one, like the judgment *A pain is a pain*. Such a judgment knows its own object, therefore cannot fail to agree with it, and cannot be an error. If the judgment knew not its own object at all, then it had no meaning, and so could not have failed to agree with the object that it had not. If, however, this separate judgment knew its object enough to intend just that object, but not enough to insure agreement with it, all our difficulties return. The possible judge cannot give the judgment its complete object until he becomes its actual judge. Yet as fair judge he must then give it the object that it already had without him. Meanwhile, however, the judgment remains in the unintelligible attitude previously studied at length. It is somehow possessed of just the object it intends, but yet does not know in reality what it does intend, else it would avoid error. Its object, in so far as unknown to it, is no object for it; and yet only in so far as the object is thus unknown can it be erred about. What helps in all this the barely possible judge? The actual judge must be there; and for him the incomplete intention must be complete. He knows what is really this judgment's object, for he knows what is imperfectly meant in it. He knows the dream, and the interpretation thereof. He knows both the goal and the way thither. But all this is, to the separate judgment as such, a mystery.

In fact, the separate judgments, waiting for the possible judge to test them, are like a foolish man wandering in a wood, who is asked whether he has lost his way. "I may have lost it," he answers. "But whither are you going?" "That I cannot tell." "Have you no goal?" "I may have, but I have no notion what it is." "What then do you mean by saying that you may have lost the way to this place that you are not seeking? For you seem to be seeking no place; how then can you have lost the way thither?" "I mean that some possible other man, who was wise enough to find whither I am trying to go, might possibly, in his wisdom, also perceive that I am not on the way to that place. So I may be going away from my chosen goal, although I am unaware what goal it is that I have

chosen." Such a demented man as this would fairly represent the meaningless claim of the separate judgment, either to truthfulness, or to the chance of error.

In short, though the partial thought may be, as such, unconscious of its own aim, it can be so unconscious only in case it is contained in a total thought as one moment thereof.

It will be seen that wherever we have dealt in the previous argument with the possibility of error as a mere possibility, we have had to use the result of the previous chapter concerning the nature of possibility itself. The idea of the barely possible, in which there is no actuality, is an empty idea. If anything is possible, then, when we say so, we postulate something as actually existent in order to constitute this possibility. The conditions of possible error must be actual. Bare possibility is blank nothingness. If the nature of error necessarily and with perfect generality demands certain conditions, then these conditions are as eternal as the erroneousness of error itself is eternal. And thus the inclusive thought, which constitutes the error, must be postulated as existent.

So, finally, let one try to affirm that the infinite content of the all-including mind does not exist, and that the foregoing idealism is a mere illusion of ours. He will find that he is involved in a circle from which there is no escape. For let him return to the position of total relativity and so say: "The infinite thought is unreal for me, and hence you are wrong." But then also he admits that we are right, for in affirming this infinite we affirm, according to this doctrine of total relativity itself, something that is just as true as it seems to us to be true. The opposing argument is thus at each moment of its progress involved in a contradiction. Or again, let him insist that our doctrine is not only relatively, but really false. Then however he will fail to show us what this real falsity is. In fact he says what all our previous examination shows to mean, this, namely, that an infinite thought does exist, and does experience the truth, and compares our thought with the truth, and then observes this thought of ours to be false, that is, it discovers that itself is non-existent. Whoever likes this result may hold it if he can.

IX

Now that our argument is completed as an investigation, let us review it in another way. We started from the fact of Error. That

there is error is indubitable. What is, however, an error? The substance of our whole reasoning about the nature of error amounted to the result that in and of itself alone, no single judgment is or can be an error. Only as actually included in a higher thought, that gives to the first its completed object, and compares it therewith, is the first thought an error. It remains otherwise a mere mental fragment, a torso, a piece of drift-wood, neither true nor false, objectless, no complete act of thought at all. But the higher thought must include the opposed truth, to which the error is compared in that higher thought. The higher thought is the whole truth, of which the error is by itself an incomplete fragment.

Now, as we saw with this as a starting-point, there is no stopping-place short of an Infinite Thought. The possibilities of error are infinite. Infinite then must be the inclusive thought. Here is this stick, this brickbat, this snow-flake: there is an infinite mass of error possible about any one of them, and notice, not merely possible is it, but actual. All the infinite series of blunders that you could make about them not only would be blunders, but in very truth now are blunders, though you personally could never commit them all. You cannot in fact *make* a truth or a falsehood by your thought. You only *find* one. From all eternity that truth was true, that falsehood false. Very well then, that infinite thought must somehow have had all that in it from the beginning. If a man doubts it, let him answer our previous difficulties. Let him show us how he can make an error save through the presence of an actual inclusive thought for which the error always was error and never became such at all. If he can do that, let him try. We should willingly accept the result if he could show it to us. But he cannot. We have rambled over those barren hills already too long. Save for Thought there is no truth, no error. Save for inclusive Thought, there is no truth, no error, in separate thoughts. Separate thoughts as such cannot then know or have the distinction between their own truth and their own falsity in themselves, and apart from the inclusive thought. There is then nothing of truth or of error to be found in the world of separate thoughts as such. All the thoughts are therefore in the last analysis actually true or false, only for the all-including Thought, the Infinite.

We could have reached the same result had we set out from the problem, *What is Truth?* We chose not to do so because our skepticism had the placid answer ready: "No matter *what* truth is, for

very likely there is little or no truth at all to be had. Why trouble one's mind to define what a fairy or a brownie is?" "Very well, then," we said to our skepticism, "if that is thy play, we know a move that thou thinkest not of. We will not ask thee of truth, if thou thinkest there is none. We will ask thee of error, wherein thou revelest." And our skepticism very cheerfully, if somewhat incoherently, answers, that, "if there be little or no truth here below, there is at least any amount of error, which as skeptics we have all been detecting ever since we first went to school." "We thank thee for that word, oh friend, but now, what is an error?" Blessed be Socrates for that question. Upon that rock philosophy can, if it wants, build we know not yet how much.

It is enough for the moment to sum up the truth that we have found. It is this: "*All reality must be present to the Unity of the Infinite Thought.*" There is no chance of escape. For all reality is reality because true judgments can be made about it. And all reality, for the same reason, can be the object of false judgments. Therefore, since the false and the true judgments are all true or false as present to the infinite thought, along with their objects, no reality can escape. You and I and all of us, all good, all evil, all truth, all falsehood, all things actual and possible, exist as they exist, and are known for what they are, in and to the absolute thought; are therefore all judged as to their real character at this everlasting throne of judgment.

This we have found to be true, because we tried to doubt everything. We shall try to expound in the coming chapter the religious value of the conception. We can however at once see this in it: The Infinite Thought must, knowing all truth, include also a knowledge of all wills, and of their conflict. For him all this conflict, and all the other facts of the moral world, take place. He then must know the outcome of the conflict, that Moral Insight of our first book. In him then we have the Judge of our ideals, and the Judge of our conduct. He must know the exact value of the Good Will, which for him, like all other possible truth, must be an actually realized Fact. And so we cannot pause with a simply theoretical idealism. Our doctrine is practical too. We have found not only an infinite Seer of physical facts, but an infinite Seer of the Good as well as of the Evil. He knows what we have and what we lack. In looking for goodness we are in no wise looking for what the real world does not contain.

This, we say, we have found as a truth, because we tried to doubt everything. We have taken the wings of the morning, and we have fled; but behold, we are in the midst of the Spirit. Truly the words that some people have thought so fantastic ought henceforth to be put in the text-books as commonplaces of logical analysis:—

They reckon ill that leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings,
I am the doubter and the doubt.—

Everything finite we can doubt, but not the Infinite. That eludes even our skepticism. The world-builders, and the theodicies that were to justify them, we could well doubt. The apologetic devices wearied us. All the ontologies of the realistic schools were just pictures, that we could accept or reject as we chose by means of postulates. We tried to escape them all. We forsook all those gods that were yet no gods; but here we have found something that abides, and waxes not old, something in which there is no variability, neither shadow of turning. No power it is to be resisted, no plan-maker to be foiled by fallen angels, nothing finite, nothing striving, seeking, losing, altering, growing weary; the All-Enfolder it is, and we know its name. Not Heart, nor Love, though these also are in it and of it; Thought it is, and all things are for Thought, and in it we live and move.

*The Conception of God
Address by Professor Royce*

I cannot begin the discussion of this evening without heartily thanking first of all my friend the presiding officer, and then the members of the Philosophical Union, for the kindness which has given to me the wholly undeserved and the very manifold privileges which this occasion involves for the one whom your invitation authorises to lead the way in the discussion. It is a privilege to meet again many dear friends. It is a great privilege to be able to bring with me to my old home, as I do, the warm academic greetings of Harvard to my Alma Mater. It is an uncommon opportunity to encounter in a discussion of this sort my honoured colleagues who are tonight of your company. And there is another privilege involved for me in this occasion, which I must not omit to mention. I come here as a former student, to express as well as I can, by means of my poor performance of the present academic task, my thanks to the teachers who guided me in undergraduate days. It is the simplest duty of piety to them to say how I rejoice to be able to see, in this way, those of them who are still here, and with us tonight. Nor can I forbear, in this brief word of personal confession, to express with what especial earnestness of gratitude I come tonight into the presence of one of your number, and one of my former teachers, whose lectures and whose counsel were to

me, in my student days, especially a source of light, of guidance, and of inspiration. This teacher it was, I may say, who first set before me, in living presence, the ideal, still to me so remote, of the work of the thinker; and whenever since, in my halting way, I have tried to think about central problems, I have remembered that ideal of my undergraduate days,—that light and guidance and inspiration,—and the beloved teacher too, whose living presence in those days meant the embodiment of all these things. It is a peculiar delight, ladies and gentlemen,—a wholly undeserved boon,—to have this opportunity to come face to face, in your presence, with Professor Le Conte, and to talk with you, and with him, of questions that are indeed often called vexed questions, but that he first of all taught me to regard with the calmer piety and gentleness of the serious reason.

I *God as the Omniscient Being, and Omnicience as Absolute Unity of Thought and Experience*

I have been asked to address the Philosophical Union upon some aspects of the problem of Theism. During the past year the Union has been devoting a very kind attention to a volume entitled *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*, which I printed more than ten years ago. Were there time, I should be glad indeed if I were able to throw any direct light either upon that little book or upon your own discussions of its arguments. But, as a fact, my time in your presence is very short. The great problems of philosophy are pressing. I can do you more service on this occasion, if I devote myself to a somewhat independent confession of how the problems of philosophical Theism look to me to-day, than I could do if I took up your time with an effort to expound or defend a text which, as I frankly confess, I have not read with any care or connectedness since I finished the proof-sheets of the book in question. A man may properly print a philosophical essay for several reasons, taken in combination; namely, because he believes in it, and because he wants to get himself expressed, and, finally, because he wants to get freed from the accidents of just this train of thought. But, on the other hand, no philosophical student is ever persuaded of his opinions merely because he has formerly learned to believe them, or because he has once come to express them. The question for the philosophical student always is: How does the truth appear to me

now, with the best reflection that I can at present give? Past expression is therefore no substitute for present effort in philosophy. The very essence of philosophy is an unconcern for every kind of tradition, just in so far as it has become to the individual student mere tradition. For while the contents of any tradition may be as sacred as you please, the traditional form, as such, is the very opposite of the philosophical form. A tradition may be true; but only a present and living insight can be philosophical. If this is the case with any tradition,—even a sacred tradition,—it is above all the case with the very poor and perhaps, if you will, very profane sort of tradition that an individual student of philosophy may find in the shape of a past piece of his own writing. It is the death of your philosophising, if you come to believe anything merely because you have once maintained it. And therefore I am not unwilling to confess that, if I had tonight to pass an examination upon the text of my book, I might very possibly get an extremely poor mark. Let us lay aside, then, for a moment, both text and tradition, and come face to face with our philosophical problem itself.

The Conception of God—this is our immediate topic. And I begin its consideration by saying that, to my mind, a really fruitful philosophical study of the conception of God is inseparable from an attempt to estimate what evidence there is for the existence of God. When one conceives of God, one does so because one is interested, not in the bare definition of a purely logical or mathematical notion, but in the attempt to make out what sort of real world this is in which you and I live. If it is worth while even to speak of God before the forum of the philosophical reason, it is so because one hopes to be able, in a measure, to translate into articulate terms the central mystery of our existence, and to get some notion about what is at the heart of the world. Therefore, when tonight I speak of the conception of God, I mean to do so in the closest relation to a train of thought concerning the philosophical proof that this conception corresponds to some living Reality. It is useless in this region to define unless one wishes to show that, corresponding to the definition, there is a reality. And, on the other hand, the proof that one can offer for God's presence at the heart of the world constitutes also the best exposition that one can suggest regarding what one means by the conception of God.

Yet, of course, some preliminary definition of what one has in mind when one uses the word "God" is of value, since our proof

will then involve a development of the fuller meaning of just this preliminary definition. For this preliminary purpose, I propose to define, in advance, what we mean under the name "God," by means of using what tradition would call one of the Divine Attributes. I refer here to what has been called the attribute of Omnipotence, or of the Divine Wisdom. By the word "God" I shall mean, then, in advance of any proof of God's existence, a being who is conceived as possessing to the full all logically possible knowledge, insight, wisdom. Our problem, then, becomes at once this: Does there demonstrably exist an Omniscient Being? or is the conception of an Omniscient Being, for all that we can say, a bare ideal of the human mind?

Why I choose this so-called attribute of Omnipotence as constituting for the purposes of this argument the primary attribute of the Divine Being, students of philosophy—who remember, for instance, that the Aristotelian God, however his existence was proved, was defined by that thinker principally in terms of the attribute of Omnipotence—will easily understand, and you, as members of this Union and readers of my former discussion, will perhaps especially comprehend. But, for the present, let this selection of the attribute of Omnipotence, as giving us a preliminary definition of God, appear, if you will, as just the arbitrary choice of this address. What we here need to see from the outset, however, is that this conceived attribute of Omnipotence, if it were once regarded as expressing the nature of a real being, would involve as a consequence the concurrent presence, in such a being, of attributes that we could at pleasure express under other names; such, for instance, as what is rationally meant by Omnipotence, by Self-Consciousness, by Self-Possession—yes, I should unhesitatingly add, by Goodness, by Perfection, by Peace. For, consider for an instant what must be meant by Omnipotence if one undertakes for a moment to view an Omnipotent Being as real.

An Omnipotent Being would be one who simply found presented to him, not by virtue of fragmentary and gradually completed processes of inquiry, but by virtue of an all-embracing, direct, and transparent insight into his own truth,—who found thus presented to him, I say, the complete, the fulfilled answer to every genuinely rational question. Observe the terms used. I say, the answer to every question. The words are familiar. Consider their meaning. We mortals question. To question involves thinking of possible facts,

or of what one may call possible experiences, that are not now present to us. Thinking of these conceived or possible experiences that we do not now possess, we question in so far as we ask either what it would be to possess them, or whether the world is such that, under given conditions, these experiences that we think of when we question could be presented to us. In other words, to question means to have ideas of what is not now present, and to ask whether these ideas do express, or could express, what some experience would verify. I question, on the country road: "Is it four miles to the railway station, or more, or less?" In this case I have ideas or thoughts about possible experiences not now present to me. I question in so far as I wonder whether these possible experiences, if I got them,—that is, if I walked or rode to yonder railway station and measured my way,—would fulfil or verify one or another of these my various thoughts or ideas about the distance. To be limited to mere questions, then,—and here is the essential point about questioning,—involves a certain divorce between your ideas and their objects, between facts conceived and facts directly experienced, between what you think about and what you regard as possibly to be presented to your direct experience. In this divorce of idea or thought and experience or fact, lies the essence of the state of mind of a being who merely questions.

On the other hand, to answer to the full, and with direct insight, any question, means to get your ideas, just in so far as they turn out to be true ideas, fulfilled, confirmed, verified by your experiences. When with full and complete insight you answer a question, then you get into the direct presence of facts, of experiences, which you behold as the confirmation or fulfilment of certain ideas, as the verification of certain thoughts. Take your mere ideas, as such, alone by themselves, and you have to question whether or no they are true accounts of facts. Answer your questions, wholly for yourself, without intermediation, and then you have got your ideas, your thoughts, somehow into the presence of experienced facts. There are thus two factors or elements in completed and genuine knowing, namely: fact, or something experienced, on the one hand; and mere idea, or pure thought about actual or possible experience, on the other hand. Divorce those two elements of knowledge, let the experienced fact, actual or possible, be remote from the idea or thought about it, and then the being who merely thinks, questions, and, so far, can only question. His state is such that he wonders:

Is my idea true? But let the divorce be completely overcome, and then the being who fully knows answers questions, in so far as he simply sees his ideas fulfilled in the facts of his experience, and beholds his experiences as the fulfilment of his ideas.

Very well, then, an Omniscient Being is defined as one in whom these two factors of knowledge, so often divorced in us, are supposed to be fully and universally joined. Such a being, I have said, would behold answered, in the facts present to his experience, all rational, all logically possible questions. That is, for him, all genuinely significant, all truly thinkable ideas would be seen as directly fulfilled, and fulfilled in his own experience.

These two factors of his knowledge would, however, still remain distinguishable. He would think, or have ideas,—richer ideas than our present fragments of thought, I need not say; but he would think. And he would experience. That is, he would have, in perfect fulness, what we call feeling—a world of immediate data of consciousness, presented as facts. This his world of feeling, of presented fact, would be richer than our fragments of scattered sensation, as I also need not say; but he would experience. Only,—herein lies the essence of his conceived Omnipotence,—in him and for him these facts would not be, as they often are in us, merely felt, but they would be seen as fulfilling his ideas; as answering what, were he not omniscient, would be his mere questions.

But now, in us, our ideas, our thoughts, our questions, not merely concern what experienced facts might come to us through our senses, but also concern the value, the worth, the relations, the whole significance, ethical or æsthetic, of our particular experiences themselves. We ask: Shall I win success? And the question implies the idea of an experience of success which we now have not. We ask: What ought I to do? And the question involves the idea of an experience of doing, which we conceive as fulfilling the idea of right. Misfortune comes to us, and we ask: What means this horror of my fragmentary experience?—why did this happen to me? The question involves the idea of an experience that, if present, would answer the question. Now such an experience, if it were present to us, would be an experience of a certain passing through pain to peace, of a certain winning of triumph through partial defeat, of a certain far more exceeding weight of glory that would give even this fragmentary horror its place in an experience

of triumph and of self-possession. In brief, every time we are weak, downcast, horror-stricken, alone with our sin, the victims of evil fortune or of our own baseness, we stand, as we all know, not only in presence of agonising fragmentary experiences, but in presence of besetting problems, which in fact constitute the very heart of our calamity. We are beset by questions to which we now get no answers. Those questions could only be answered, those bitter problems that pierce our hearts with the keen edge of doubt and of wonder,—when friends part, when lovers weep, when the lightning of fortune blasts our hopes, when remorse and failure make desolate the lonely hours of our private despair,—such questions, such problems, I say, could only be answered if the flickering ideas then present in the midst of our darkness shone steadily in the presence of some world of superhuman experience, of which ours would then seem to be only the remote hint. Such superhuman experience might in its wholeness at once contain the answer to our questions, and the triumph over—yes, and through—our fragmentary experience. But, as we are, we can only question.

Well, then,—if the divorce of idea and experience characterises every form of our human consciousness of finitude, of weakness, of evil, of sin, of despair,—you see that Omniscience, involving, by definition, the complete and final fulfilment of idea in experience, the unity of thought and fact, the illumination of feeling by comprehension, would be an attribute implying, for the being who possessed it, much more than a universally clear but absolutely passionless insight. An Omniscient Being could answer your bitter *Why?* when you mourn, with an experience that would not simply ignore your passion. For your passion, too, is a fact. It is experienced. The experience of the Omniscient Being would therefore include it. Only his insight, unlike yours, would comprehend it, and so would answer whatever is rational about your present question.

This is what I mean by saying that the definition of God by means of the attribute of Omniscience would involve far more than the phrase “mere omniscience” at first easily suggests. As a fact, in order to have the attribute of Omniscience, a being would necessarily be conceived as essentially world-possessing,—as the source and principle of the universe of truth,—not merely as an external observer of a world of foreign truth. As such, he would

be conceived as omnipotent, and also in possession of just such experience as ideally ought to be; in other words, as good and perfect.

So much, then, for the mere preliminary definition. To this definition I should here add a word or two of more technical analysis. We mortals have an incomplete experience. This means that the ideas awakened in us by our experience far transcend what we are now able to verify. We think, then, of actual or of possible experience that is not now ours. But an Omniscient Being would have no genuine or logically permissible ideas of any experience actually beyond his own or remote from his own. We express this by saying, technically, that an Omniscient Being would possess an Absolute Experience; that is, a wholly complete or self-contained experience, not a mere part of some larger whole. Again, the Omniscient Being would be, as we have said, a thinker. But we, as thinkers, are limited, both in so far as there is possible thought not yet attained by us, and in so far as we often do not know what ones amongst our thoughts or ideas have a genuine meaning, or correspond to what an absolute experience would fulfil. But the Omniscient Being would not be thus limited as to his thinking. Accordingly, he would possess what we may call an Absolute Thought; that is, a self-contained thought, sufficient unto itself, and needing no further comment, supplement, or correction. As the union of such an Absolute Thought and Absolute Experience, our Omniscient Being is technically to be named simply the Absolute; that is, the being sufficient unto himself. Moreover, I should also say that the experience and thought of this being might be called completely or fully *organised*. For us, namely, facts come in a disjointed way, out of connexion; and our thoughts, equally, seek a connexion which they do not now possess. An Omniscient Being would have to have present to himself all the conceivable relations amongst facts, so that in his world nothing would be fragmentary, disunited, confused, unrelated. To the question: What is the connexion of this and this in the world? the Omniscient Being would simply always find present the fulfilled answer. His experience, then, would form one whole. There would be endless variety in this whole, but the whole, as such, would fulfil an all-embracing unity, a single system of ideas. This is what I mean by calling his Experience, as we here conceive it, an abso-

lutely organised experience, his Thought an absolutely organised thought.

And now our question returns. We have defined the Omniscient Being. The question is: Does such a being exist? We turn from the ideal to the hard fact that we mortals find ourselves very ignorant beings. What can such as we hope to know of the Absolute?

II First Definition of Human Ignorance, Apparently Excluding Knowledge of Reality

Yes, the vast extent of our human ignorance, the limitations of our finite knowledge,—these great facts, so familiar to the present generation, confront us at the outset of every inquiry into our knowledge about God, or about any absolute issue. So little am I disposed to neglect these great facts of our limitation, that, as perhaps you will remember from the book that you studied, philosophy seems to me, primarily, to be as much the theory of human ignorance as it is the theory of human knowledge. In fact, it is a small thing to say that man is ignorant. It is a great thing to undertake to comprehend the essence, the form, the implications, the meaning, of human ignorance. Let us make a beginning in this task as we approach the problem of Theism. For my thesis to-night will be that the very nature of human ignorance is such that you cannot conceive or define it apart from the assertion that there is, in truth, at the heart of the world, an Absolute and Universal Intelligence, for which thought and experience, so divided in us, are in complete and harmonious unity.

“Man is ignorant,” says one,—“ignorant of the true nature of reality. He knows that in the world there is something real, but he does not know what this reality is. The Ultimate Reality can therefore be defined, from our human point of view, as something unknowable.” Here is a thesis nowadays often and plausibly maintained. Let me remind you of one or two of the customary arguments for this thesis—a thesis which, for us on this occasion, shall constitute a sort of first attempt at a definition of the nature of our human ignorance.

All that we know or can know, so the defenders of this thesis assert, must first be indicated to us through our experience. With-

out experience, without the element of brute fact thrust upon us in immediate feeling, there is no knowledge. Now, so far, as I must at once assure you, I absolutely accept this view. This is true, and there is no escape from the fact. Apart from—that is, in divorce from—experience there is no knowledge. And we can come to know only what experience has first indicated to us. I willingly insist that philosophy and life must join hands in asserting this truth. The whole problem of our knowledge, whether of Nature, of man, or of God, may be condensed into the one question: What does our experience indicate? But, to be sure, experience, as it first comes to us mortals, is not yet insight. Feeling is not yet truth. The problem: What does our experience indicate? implies in its very wording that the indication is not the result. And between the indication and the truth that experience indicates there actually lies the whole travail of the most abstruse science.

But the partisans of our present thesis continue their parable thus: This being true,—experience being the life-blood of our human knowledge,—it is a fact that our human experience is determined by our peculiar organisation. In particular, the specific energies of our sensory nerves determine our whole experience of the physical world. The visual centres get affected from without in such wise only that sensations of light accompany their excitement. The auditory centres respond to sensory disturbance in such wise only that we hear sounds. The physical fact beyond us never gets directly represented in our mental state; for between the physical fact and our experience of its presence lie the complex conditions that give our sensations their whole specific character. And what is true of our sensations is true of the rest of our experience. As it comes to us, this experience is our specific and mental way of responding to the stimulations which reality gives us. This whole specific way therefore represents, not the true nature of outer reality, so much as the current states of our own organisations. Were the outer reality, as it exists not for our senses but in itself, to be utterly altered, still our experience, so long as one supposed our organisation itself somehow to survive in a relatively unchanged form, might retain very many of its present characters—so many, in fact, that we need not necessarily suspect the metaphysical vastness of the change. On the other hand, if even a very slight cause, such as the inhaling of a little nitrous oxide or chloroform, chances to alter some essential process in the organisation

upon which our specific sort of experience depends, then at once our whole immediate experience undergoes a vast change, and it is as if our world came to an end, and a new world began. Yet the metaphysically real alteration of the universe in such a case may be almost inappreciable.

Thus, then, our experience changes with the current states of our own organisations, rather than reveals the reality beyond; and this reality beyond, as it is in itself, remains unknowable. So far, the well-known and popular argument for agnosticism as to every form of absolute truth.

III Higher Definition of Human Ignorance, Vindicating a Knowledge of Reality

This first definition of the nature of our ignorance is a very familiar one in the present day. It is a definition that contains, but also, as I must add, conceals, a great deal of truth. I do not know how many times or in how many forms you may meet with it in current literature. You often seem to be meeting it everywhere. I regard it, however, as a statement of a truth in a form so confused as to be almost useless, without revision.

And first, let me ask, when one thus laments our ignorance of the supposed Absolute Reality, what it is that he desires as his unattainable goal, when he thus laments. You cannot rationally say "I lack," without being properly called upon to define, in some intelligible terms, what you suppose yourself to be lacking. And I know not how the present question can be answered, unless thus: That which man now lacks, in so far as he is ignorant of the Absolute Reality, is logically definable as a possible, but to us unattainable, sort of experience; namely, precisely an experience of what reality is. And I lay stress upon this view, in order simply to point out that our ignorance of reality cannot mean an ignorance of some object that we can conceive as existing apart from any possible experience or knowledge of what it is. What you and I lack, when we lament our human ignorance, is simply a certain desirable and logically possible state of mind, or type of experience; to wit, a state of mind in which we should wisely be able to say that we had fulfilled in experience what we now have merely in idea, namely, the knowledge, the immediate and felt presence, of what we now call the Absolute Reality.

Let us remember, then, this first simple insight: That our ignorance of the Absolute Reality can mean only that there is some sort of possible experience, some state of mind, that you and I want, but that we do not now possess. And next let us proceed to ask why it is that the foregoing popular argument for our human ignorance has seemed to us so convincing,—as it usually does seem. Why is it that when men say: "You are confined to your sensations, and your sensations never reveal to you the external physical realities as they are in themselves," this argument seems so crushing, this exposure of our human fallibility so impressive?

To this question I answer, that, as a fact, the argument just stated from the physiology of the senses convinces us of our human fallibility and ignorance so persuasively, only because, in the concrete application of this argument, we actually first assume that we have a real knowledge, not, to be sure, of ultimate truth, but of a truth known to us through a higher experience than that of our senses; namely, the experience of that very science of the physiology of the senses which is relied upon to prove our total ignorance. When compared with this assumed higher form of indirect experience, or scientific knowledge, the direct experience of the senses does indeed seem ignorant and fallible enough. For the foregoing argument depends upon the supposition that we do know very well what we mean by the physical states of our organisms, and by the physical events outside of us. And the thesis involved is, in this aspect, simply the doctrine that any given group of sensations, *e.g.* those of colour, of temperature, or of odour, are inadequate indications of the otherwise known or knowable physical properties of the bodies that affect us when we see or feel or smell in their presence. On this side, then, I insist, the doctrine that our sensory experience is dependent upon the physical states of our organism is a doctrine expressive, not of our ignorance of any Absolute Reality (*or Ding an sich*), but of our knowledge of a phenomenal world. We happen to know, or at all events to believe that we know, concerning what our experience reveals and our science analyses, *viz.*, concerning the so-called physical world, so much, that we can actually prove the inadequacy of our current sensations to reveal directly, or to present to us, physical truths that our science otherwise, and more indirectly, well makes out. The relatively indirect experience of science can and does correct the existent and unconquerable momentary ignorance of our

senses. Indirect insight proves to be better, in some ways, than immediate feeling. To use Professor James's more familiar terminology, we declare that we *know about* the physical world more than we can ever grasp by direct *acquaintance with* our sensations. And so, now, it is because we are supposed to know these things about the so-called reality, that we are aware of the limitations of our passing experiences. Thus viewed, the present statement of our limitations appears to be merely a correction of our narrower experience by the organised experience of our race and of our science. It tells us that we are ignorant, in one region of our experience, of what a wider experience, indirectly acquired, reveals to us.

The physiology of the senses, then, rightly viewed, does not assert that *all* our human experience is vainly subjective, including the very type of experience upon which the sciences themselves are founded. What science says is simply that there is a sort of indirect and organised experience which reveals more of phenomenal truth than can ever be revealed to our direct sensory states as these pass by. But our popular doctrine of the Unknowable Reality uses this so-called "verdict of science" only by confounding it with a totally different assertion. The "verdict of science" is that organised experience indicates much phenomenal truth that the senses can never directly catch. The doctrine of the Unknowable Reality asserts that no human experience can attain any genuine truth, and then appeals to that aforesaid "verdict" to prove this result. But the sciences judge the ignorance of sense by comparing it with a knowledge conceived to be actually attained; namely, the knowledge of certain indirectly known physical phenomena as they really are, not to be sure as absolute realities, but as the objects of our organised physical experience. You surely cannot use the proposition that organised experience is wiser than passing experience, to prove that no experience can give us any true wisdom.

IV *Ignorance Defined as Unorganised Experience, and as Implying an Experience Absolutely Organised*

Yet I said, a moment ago, that this popular conception of the nature of our human ignorance contains—or, rather, conceals—much truth. And this notion of the relative failure of every sort of merely immediate experience to reveal a truth at which it kindly

hints, is a very instructive notion. Only, we plainly need to try a second time to define the nature of human ignorance, in terms of this very contrast between a lower and a higher sort of experience. Let us begin anew our analysis of this same significant problem of the nature and limits of knowledge.

The fortune of our empirical science has been, that as we men have wrought together upon the data of our senses, we have gradually woven a vast web of what we call relatively connected, united, or organised knowledge. It is of this world, in its contrast with the world of our sensations, that I have just been speaking. Now, as we have just seen, this organised knowledge has a very curious relation to our more direct experience. In the first place, wherever this organised knowledge seems best developed, we find it undertaking to deal with a world of truth, of so-called reality, or at least of apparent truth and reality, which is very remote from the actual sensory data that any man of us has ever beheld. Our organised science, as many have pointed out ever since Plato's first naïve but permanently important observations upon this topic, deals very largely with conceived—with ideal—realities, that transcend actual human observation. Atoms, ether-waves, geological periods, processes of evolution,—these are to-day some of the most important constituents of our conceived phenomenal universe. Spatial relations, far more exactly describable than they are directly verifiable, mathematical formulæ that express again the exactly describable aspects of vast physical processes of change,—such are the topics with which our exacter science is most immediately concerned. In whose sensory experience are such objects and relationships at all directly pictured? The ideal world of Plato, the product of a more elementary sort of infant science, was made up of simpler contents than these; but still, when thus viewed, our science does indeed seem as if absorbed in the contemplation of a world of pure,—yes, I repeat, of Platonic ideas. For such realities get directly presented to no man's senses.

But of course, on the other hand, we no sooner try to define the work of our science in these terms than we are afresh reminded that this realm of pure Platonic ideas would be a mere world of fantastic shadows if we had not good reason to say that these ideas, these laws, these principles, these ideal objects of science, remote as they seem from our momentary sensory experiences, still have a real and, in the end, a verifiable relation to actual experience.

One uses the scientific conceptions because, as one says, one can verify their reality. And to verify must mean to confirm in sensory terms. Only, to be sure, such verification always has to be for us men an extremely indirect one. The conceived realities of constructive science,—atoms, molecules, ether-waves, geological periods, processes of change whose type is embodied in mathematical formulæ,—these are never directly presented to any moment of our verifying sensory experience. But nevertheless we say that science does verify these conceptions; for science computes that if they are true, then, under given conditions, particular sensory experiences, of a predictable character, will occur in somebody's individual experience. Such predictions trained observers can and do successfully undertake to verify. The verification is itself, indeed, no direct acquaintance with the so-called realities that the aforesaid Platonic ideas define. But it appears to involve an indirect knowledge about such realities.

Yet our direct experience, as it actually comes, remains at best but a heap of fragments. And when one says that our science reduces our experience to order, one is still talking in relatively ideal terms. For our science does not in the least succeed in effectively reducing this chaos of our finite sensory life to any directly presented orderly wholeness. For think, I beg you, of what our concrete human experience is, as it actually comes, even at its best. Here we are all only too much alike. The sensory experience of a scientific man is, on the whole, nearly as full of immediately experienced disorder and fragmentariness as is that of his fellow the layman. For the scientific student too, the dust of the moment flies, and this dust often fills his eyes, and blinds him with its whirl of chance almost as much as it torments his neighbour who knows no Platonic ideas. I insist: Science throughout makes use of the contrast between this flying experience which we have, and which we call an experience of unreality, and the ideal experience, the higher sort of organised experience which we have not, and which we call an experience of reality. Upon this contrast the whole confession of our human ignorance depends. Let us still dwell a little on this contrast. Remember how full of mere chance the experience of nearly every moment seems to be; and that, too, even in a laboratory; much more, in a day's walk or in a lecture-room. The wind that sighs; the cart or the carriage that rumbles by; yonder dress or paper that rustles; the chair or boot that squeaks;

the twinge that one suddenly feels; the confusions of our associative mental process, "fancy unto fancy linking"; the accidents that filled to-day's newspapers,—of such stuff, I beg you to notice, our immediate experience is naturally made up. The isolating devices of the laboratory, the nightly silence of the lonely observatory, the narrowness of the microscopic field, and, best of all, the control of a fixed and well-trained attention, often greatly diminish, but simply cannot annul, the disorder of this outer and inner chaos. But, on the other hand, all such efforts to secure order rest on the presupposition that this disorder means fragmentariness—random selection from a world of data that our science aims to view indirectly as a world of orderly experience. But even such relative reduction of the chaos as we get never lasts long and continuously in the life of any one person. Your moments of unfragmentary and more scientific experience fill of themselves only fragments of your life. A wandering attention, the interruption of intruding sensations,—such fragments may at any time be ready, by their intrusion, to destroy the orderliness of even the best-equipped scientific experience. The student of science, like other men, knows in fragments, and prophesies in fragments. But—and here we come again in sight of our goal—the world of truth that he wants to know is a world where that which is in part is to be taken away. He calls that the world of an organised experience. But he sees that world as through a glass,—darkly. He has to ignore his and our ignorance whenever he speaks of such a world as if it were the actual object of any human experience whatever. As a fact, direct human experience, apart from the elaborately devised indirect contrivances of conceptual thought, knows nothing of it.

But let us sum up the situation now before us. It is the very situation that our first statement of human ignorance as dependent on our organisation tried to define. We now define afresh. All our actual sensory experience comes in passing moments, and is fragmentary. Our science, wherever it has taken any form, contrasts with this immediate fragmentariness of our experience the assertion of a world of phenomenal truth, which is first of all characterised by the fact that for us it is a conceptual world, and not a world directly experienced by any one of us. Yet this ideal world is not an arbitrary world. It is linked to our actual experience by the fact that its conceptions are accounts, as exact as may be, of systems of possible experience, whose contents would be presented,

in a certain form and order, to beings whom we conceive as including our fragmentary moments in some sort of definite unity of experience. That these scientific accounts of this world of organised experience are true, at least in a measure, we are said to verify, in so far as, first, we predict that, if they are true, certain other fragmentary phenomena will get presented to us under certain definable conditions, and in so far as, secondly, we successfully proceed to fulfil such predictions. Thus all of our knowledge of natural truth depends upon contrasting our actually fragmentary and stubbornly chaotic individual and momentary experience with a conceived world of organised experience, inclusive of all our fragments, but reduced in its wholeness to some sort of all-embracing unity. The contents and objects of this unified experience, we discover first by means of hypotheses as to what these contents and objects are, and then by means of verifications which depend upon a successful retranslation of our hypotheses as to organised experience into terms which our fragmentary experience can, under certain conditions, once more fulfil.

If, however, this is the work of all our science, then the conception of our human ignorance easily gets a provisional restatement. You are ignorant, in so far as you desire a knowledge that you cannot now get. Now, the knowledge you desire is, from our present point of view, no longer any knowledge of a reality foreign to all possible experience; but it is an adequate knowledge of the contents and the objects of a certain conceived or ideal sort of experience, called by you organised experience. And an organised experience would be one that found a system of ideas fulfilled in and by its facts. This sort of knowledge, you, as human being, can only define indirectly, tentatively, slowly, fallibly. And you get at it thus imperfectly,—why? Because your immediate experience, as it comes, is always fleeting, fragmentary. This is the sort of direct knower that you are,—a being who can of himself verify only fragments. But you can conceive infinitely more than you can directly verify. In thought you therefore construct conceptions which start, indeed, in your fragmentary experience, but which transcend it infinitely, and which so do inevitably run into danger of becoming mere shadows—pure Platonic ideas. But you don't mean your conceptions to remain thus shadowy. By the devices of hypothesis, prediction, and verification, you seek to link anew the concept and the presentation, the ideal order and the

stubborn chaos, the conceived truth and the immediate datum, the contents of the organised experience and the fragments of your momentary flight of sensations. In so far as you succeed in this effort, you say that you have science. In so far as you are always, in presented experience, limited to your chaos, you admit that your sensations are of subjective moment and often delude you. But in so far as your conceptions of the contents of the ideal organised experience get verified, you say that you acquire the aforesaid indirect knowledge of the contents of the ideal and organised experience. We men know all things through contrasts. It is the contrast of your supposed indirect knowledge of the contents of the ideal organised experience with your direct and actual, but fragmentary, passing experience, that enables you to confess your ignorance. Were you merely ignorant, you could not know the fact. Because you are indirectly assured of the truth of an insight that you cannot directly share, you accuse your direct experience of illusory fragmentariness. But in so doing you contrast the contents of your individual experience, not with any mere reality apart from any possible experience, but with the conceived object of an ideal organised experience—an object conceived to be present to that experience as directly as your sensory experiences are present to you.

V Reality and Experience as Correlative Conceptions

In the light of such considerations, our notion of the infinitely remote goal of human knowledge gets a transformation of a sort very familiar to all students of philosophical Idealism. And this transformation relates to two aspects of our conception of knowledge, viz.: first, to our notion of what reality is, and secondly to our notion of what we mean by that Organised Experience. In the first place, the reality that we seek to know has always to be defined as that which either is or would be present to a sort of experience which we ideally define as an organised—that is, a united and transparently reasonable—experience. We have, in point of fact, no conception of reality capable of definition except this one. In case of an ordinary illusion of the senses we often say: This object seems thus or so; but in reality it is *thus*. Now, here the seeming is opposed to the reality only in so far as the chance experience of one point of view gets contrasted with what would

be, or might be, experienced from some larger, more rationally permanent, or more inclusive and uniting point of view. Just so, the temperature of the room seems to a fevered patient to vary thus or thus; but the real temperature remains all the while nearly constant. Here the seeming is the content of the patient's momentary experience. The real temperature is a fact that either is, or conceivably might be, present to a larger, a more organised and scientific and united experience, such as his physician may come nearer than himself to possessing. The sun seems to rise and set; but in reality the earth turns on its axis. Here the apparent movement of the sun is somewhat indirectly presented to a narrow sort of human experience. A wider experience, say an experience defined from an extra-terrestrial point of view, would have presented to it the earth's rotation as immediately as we now can get the sunrise presented to us. To conceive any human belief as false—say, the belief of a lunatic, a fanatic, a philosopher, or a theologian—is to conceive this opinion as either possibly or actually corrected from some higher point of view, to which a larger whole of experience is considered as present.

Passing to the limit in this direction, we can accordingly say that by the absolute reality we can only mean either that which is present to an absolutely organised experience inclusive of all possible experience, or that which would be presented as the content of such an experience if there were one. If there concretely is such an absolute experience, then there concretely is such a reality present to it. If the absolute experience, however, remains to the end barely possible, then the concept of reality must be tainted by the same bare possibility. But the two concepts are strictly correlated. To conceive, for instance, absolute reality as containing no God, means simply that an absolutely all-embracing experience, if there were one, would find nothing Divine in the world. To assert that all human experience is illusory, is to say that an absolutely inclusive experience, if there were one, would have present, as part of its content, something involving the utter failure of our experience to attain that absolute content as such. To conceive that absolute reality consists of material atoms and ether, is to say that a complete experience of the universe would find presented to it nothing but experiences analogous to those that we have when we talk of matter in motion. In short, one must be serious with this concept of experience. Reality, as opposed to illusion, means

simply an actual or possible content of experience, not in so far as this experience is supposed to be transient and fleeting, but in so far as it is conceived to be somehow inclusive and organised, the fulfilment of a system of ideas, the answer to a scheme of rational questions.

It remains, however, to analyse the other member of our related pair of terms, viz.: the conception of this organised sort of experience itself. In what sense can there be any meaning or truth about this conception?

VI Analysis of the Conception Absolute Experience: Meaning of its Reality

The conception of organised experience, in the limited and relative form in which the special sciences possess it, is unquestionably through and through a conception that for us men, as we are, has a social origin. No man, if isolated, could develop the sort of thoughtfulness that would lead him to appeal from experience as it comes to him to experience as it ideally ought to come, or would come, to him in case he could widely organise a whole world of experience in clear relation to a single system of conceptions. Man begins his intelligent life by imitatively appealing to his fellow's experience. The life-blood of science is distrust of individual belief as such. A common definition of a relatively organised experience is, the consensus of the competent observers. Deeper than our belief in any physical truth is our common-sense assurance that the experience of our fellows is as genuine as our own, is in actual relation to our own, has present to it objects identical with those that we ourselves experience, and consequently supplements our own. Apart from our social consciousness, I myself should hold that we men, growing up as we do, can come to have no clear conception of truth, nor any definite power clearly to think at all. Every man verifies for himself. But what he verifies,—the truth that he believes himself to be making out when he verifies,—this he conceives as a truth either actually or possibly verifiable by his fellow or by some still more organised sort of experience. And it becomes for him a concrete truth, and not a merely conceived possibility, precisely so far as he believes that his fellow or some other concrete mind does verify it.

My fellow's experience, however, thus supplements my own in

two senses; namely, as actual and as possible experience. First, in so far as I am a social being, I take my fellow's experience to be as live and real an experience as is mine. In appealing to the consensus of other men's experiences, I am so far appealing to what I regard as a real experience other than my own momentary experience, and not as a merely possible experience. But in this sense, to be sure, human experience is not precisely an organised whole. Other men experience in passing moments, just as I do. Their consensus, in so far as it is reached, is no one whole of organised experience at all. But, on the other hand, the fact of the consensus of the various experiences of men, so far as such consensus appears to have been reached, suggests to our conception an ideal—the ideal of an experience which should be not only manifold but united, not only possessed of chance agreements but reduced to an all-embracing connectedness. As a fact, this ideal is the one constantly used by anyone who talks of the "verdict of science." This significant, whole, and connected experience remains, to us mortals, a conceived ideal,—always sought, never present. The ultimate question is: Is this conception a mere ideal?—or does it stand for a genuine sort of concrete experience? The social origin of the conception, as we mortals have come to get it, suggests in an ambiguous way both alternatives. The experience to which, as a social being, I first appeal when I learn to talk of truth, is the live actual experience of other men, which I, as an imitative being, primarily long to share, and which I therefore naturally regard as in many respects the norm for my experience. In society, in so far as I am plastic, my primary feeling is that I ought, on the whole, to experience what the other men experience. But in the course of more thoughtful mental growth, we have come to appeal from what the various men do experience to what they all ought to experience, or would experience if their experiences were in unity; that is, if all their moments were linked expressions of one universal meaning which was present to one Universal Subject, of whose insight their own experiences were but fragments. Such an ideally united experience, if it could but absolutely define its own contents, would know reality. And by reality we mean merely the contents that would be present to such an ideal unity of experience. But now, on this side, the conception of the ideally organised experience does indeed at first look like a mere ideal of a barely possible unity. The problem still is: Is this unity more than a bare

possibility? Has it any such concrete genuineness as the life of our fellows is believed to possess?

Observe, however, that our question: Is there any such real unity of organised experience? is precisely equivalent to the question: Is there, not as a mere possibility, but as a genuine truth, any reality? The question: Is there an absolutely organised experience? is equivalent to the question: Is there an absolute reality? You cannot first say: There is a reality now unknown to us mortals, and then go on to ask whether there is an experience to which such reality is presented. The terms "reality" and "organised experience" are correlative terms. The one can only be defined as the object, the content, of the other. Drop either, and the other vanishes. Make one a bare ideal, and the other becomes equally such. If the organised experience is a bare and ideal possibility, then the reality is a mere seeming. If what I ought to experience, and should experience were I not ignorant, remains only a possibility, then there is no absolute reality, but only possibility, in the universe, apart from your passing feelings and mine. Our actual issue, then, is: Does a real world ultimately exist at all? If it does, then it exists as the object of some sort of concretely actual organised experience, of the general type which our science indirectly and ideally defines, only of this type carried to its absolute limit of completeness.

The answer to the ultimate question now before us—the question: Is there an absolutely organised experience?—is suggested by two very significant considerations. Of these two considerations, the first runs as follows:

The alternative to saying that there is such a real unity of experience is the assertion that such a unity is a bare and ideal possibility. But, now, there can be no such thing as a merely possible *truth*, definable apart from some actual experience. To say: So and so is possible, is to say: There is, somewhere in experience, an actuality some aspect of which can be defined in terms of this possibility. A possibility is a truth expressed in terms of a proposition beginning with *if*, or a hypothetical proposition,—an *is* expressed in terms of an *if*. But every hypothetical proposition involves a categorical proposition. Every *if* implies an *is*. For you cannot define a truth as concretely true unless you define it as really present to some experience. Thus, for instance, I can easily define my actual experience by expressing some aspect of it in the form

of a supposition, even if the supposition be one contrary to fact, but I cannot believe in the truth of such a supposition without believing in some concrete and experienced fact. The suitor asks for the daughter. The father replies: "I will give thee my daughter if thou canst touch heaven." Here the father expresses his actually experienced intention in the form of a hypothetical proposition each member of which he believes to be false. The suitor cannot touch heaven, and is not to get the gift of the daughter. Yet the hypothetical proposition is to be true. Why? Because it expresses in terms of an *if* what the father experiences in terms of an *is*, namely, the obdurate inner will of the forbidding parent himself. Just so with any *if* proposition. Its members, antecedent and consequent, may be false. But it is true only in case there corresponds to its fashion of assertion some real experience.

And now, to apply this thought to our central problem: You and I, whenever we talk of reality as opposed to mere seeming, assert of necessity, as has just been shown, that *if* there were an organised unity of experience, this organised experience *would have* present to it as part of its content the fact whose reality we assert. This proposition cannot, as a merely hypothetic proposition, have any real truth unless to its asserted possibility there corresponds some actual experience, present somewhere in the world, not of barely possible, but of concretely actual experience. And this is the first of our two considerations. In fine, if there is an actual experience to which an absolute reality corresponds, then you can indeed translate this actuality into the terms of bare possibility. But unless there is such an actual experience, the bare possibility expresses no truth.

The second consideration appears when we ask our finite experience whereabouts, in its limited circle, is in any wise even suggested the actually experienced fact of which that hypothetical proposition relating to the ideal or absolute experience is the expression. What in finite experience suggests the truth that if there were an absolute experience it would find a certain unity of facts?

VII *Proof of the Reality of an Absolute Experience*

To the foregoing question, my answer is this: Any finite experience either regards itself as suggesting some sort of truth, or does not so regard itself. If it does not regard itself as suggesting truth,

it concerns us not here. Enough, one who thinks, who aims at truth, who means to know anything, is regarding his experience as suggesting truth. Now, to regard our experience as suggesting truth is, as we have seen, to mean that our experience indicates what a higher or inclusive, *i.e.* a more organised, experience would find presented thus or thus to itself. It is this meaning, this intent, this aim, this will to find in the moment the indication of what a higher experience directly grasps,—it is this that embodies for us the fact of which our hypothetical proposition aforesaid is the expression. But you may here say: "This aim, this will, is all. As a fact, you and I aim at the absolute experience; that is what we mean by wanting to know absolute truth; but the absolute experience," so you may insist, "is just a mere ideal. There need be no such experience as a concrete actuality. The aim, the intent, is the known fact. The rest is silence,—perhaps error. Perhaps there is no absolute truth, no ideally united and unfragmentary experience."

But hereupon one turns upon you with the inevitable dialectic of our problem itself. Grant hypothetically, if you choose, for a moment, that there is no universal experience as a concrete fact, but only the hope of it, the definition of it, the will to win it, the groaning and travail of the whole of finite experience in the search for it, in the error of believing that it is. Well, what will that mean? This ultimate limitation, this finally imprisoned finitude, this absolute fragmentariness and error, of the actual experience that aims at the absolute experience when there is no absolute experience at which to aim,—this absolute finiteness and erroneousness of the real experience, I say, will itself be a fact, a truth, a reality, and, as such, just the absolute truth. But this supposed ultimate truth will exist for whose experience? For the finite experience? No, for although our finite experience knows itself to be limited, still, just in so far as it is finite, it cannot know that there is no unity beyond its fragmentariness. For if any experience actually knew (that is, actually experienced) itself to be the whole of experience, it would have to experience how and why it were so. And if it knew this, it would be *ipso facto* an absolute, *i.e.* a completely self-possessed, experience, for which there was no truth that was not, as such, a datum,—no ideal of a beyond that was not, as such, judged by the facts to be meaningless,—no thought to which a presentation did not correspond, no presentation whose reality was not luminous to its comprehending thought. Only such an absolute experience

could say with assurance: "Beyond my world there is no further experience actual." But if, by hypothesis, there is to be no such an experience, but only a limited collection of finite experiences, the question returns: The reality of this final limitation, the existence of no experience beyond the broken mass of finite fragments,—this is to be a truth,—but for whose experience is it to be a truth? Plainly, in the supposed case, it will be a truth nowhere presented—a truth for nobody. But, as we saw before, to assert any absolute reality as real is simply to assert an experience—and, in fact, just in so far as the reality is absolute, an absolute experience—for which this reality exists. To assert a truth as more than possible is to assert the concrete reality of an experience that knows this truth. Hence,—and here, indeed, is the conclusion of the whole matter,—the very effort hypothetically to assert that the whole world of experience is a world of fragmentary and finite experience is an effort involving a contradiction. Experience must constitute, in its entirety, one self-determined and consequently absolute and organised whole.

Otherwise put: All concrete or genuine, and not barely possible truth is, as such, a truth somewhere experienced. This is the inevitable result of the view with which we started when we said that without experience there is no knowledge. For truth *is*, so far as it is *known*. Now, this proposition applies as well to the totality of the world of finite experience as it does to the parts of that world. There must, then, be an experience to which is present the constitution (*i.e.* the actual limitation and narrowness) of all finite experience, just as surely as there is such a constitution. That there is nothing at all beyond this limited constitution must, as a fact, be present to this final experience. But this fact that the world of finite experience has no experience beyond it could not be present, as a fact, to any but an absolute experience which knew all that is or that genuinely can be known; and the proposition that a totality of finite experience could exist without there being any absolute experience, thus proves to be simply self-contradictory.

VIII *Summary of the Whole Argument for the Reality of the Omniscent*

Let us sum up, in a few words, our whole argument. There is, for us as we are, experience. Our thought undertakes the interpretation of this experience. Every intelligent interpretation of an experience

involves, however, the appeal from this experienced fragment to some more organised whole of experience, in whose unity this fragment is conceived as finding its organic place. To talk of any reality which this fragmentary experience indicates, is to conceive this reality as the content of the more organised experience. To assert that there is any absolutely real fact indicated by our experience, is to regard this reality as presented to an absolutely organised experience, in which every fragment finds its place.

So far, indeed, in speaking of reality and an absolute experience, one talks of mere conceptual objects,—one deals, as the mathematical sciences do, with what appear to be only shadowy Platonic ideas. The question arises: Do these Platonic ideas of the absolute reality, and of the absolutely organised experience, stand for anything but merely ideal or possible entities? The right answer to this question comes, if one first assumes, for argument's sake, that such answer is negative, and that there is no organised, but only a fragmentary experience. For then one has to define the alternative that is to be opposed to the supposedly erroneous conception of an absolute experience. That alternative, as pointed out, is a world of fragmentary experiences, whose limited nature is not determined by any all-pervading idea. Such a world of finite experiences is to be merely what it happens to be,—is to contain only what chances here or there to be felt. But hereupon arises the question: What reality has this fact of the limitation and fragmentariness of the actual world of experiences? If every reality has to exist just in so far as there is experience of its existence, then the determination of the world of experience to be this world and no other, the fact that reality contains no other facts than these, is, as the supposed final reality, itself the object of one experience, for which the fragmentariness of the finite world appears as a presented and absolute fact, beyond which no reality is to be viewed as even genuinely possible. For this final experience, the conception of any possible experience beyond is known as an ungrounded conception, as an actual impossibility. But so, this final experience is by hypothesis forthwith defined as One, as all-inclusive, as determined by nothing beyond itself, as assured of the complete fulfillment of its own ideas concerning what is,—in brief, it becomes an absolute experience. The very effort to deny an absolute experience involves, then, the actual assertion of such an absolute experience.

Our result, then, is: There is an Absolute Experience, for which the conception of an absolute reality, *i.e.* the conception of a system

of ideal truth, is fulfilled by the very contents that get presented to this Experience. This Absolute Experience is related to our experience as an organic whole to its own fragments. It is an experience which finds fulfilled all that the completest thought can rationally conceive as genuinely possible. Herein lies its definition as an Absolute. For the Absolute Experience, as for ours, there are data, contents, facts. But these data, these contents, express, for the Absolute Experience, its own meaning, its thought, its ideas. Contents beyond these that it possesses, the Absolute Experience knows to be, in genuine truth, impossible. Hence its contents are indeed particular,—a selection from the world of bare or merely conceptual possibilities,—but they form a self-determined whole, than which nothing completer, more organic, more fulfilled, more transparent, or more complete in meaning, is concretely or genuinely possible. On the other hand, these contents are not foreign to those of our finite experience, but are inclusive of them in the unity of one life.

IX *This Conception of God in its Relations to Historic Philosophy and Faith*

The conception now reached I regard as the philosophical conception of God. Some of you may observe that in the foregoing account I have often, in defining the Absolute, made use of the terms lately employed by Mr. Bradley,¹ rather than of the terms used in either of my two published discussions of the topic, *i. e.* either in the book that you have been studying or in my *Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. Such variation of the terms employed involves indeed an enrichment, but certainly no essential change in the conception. The argument here used is essentially the same as the one before employed. You can certainly, and, as I still hold, quite properly, define the Absolute as Thought. But then you mean, as in my book I explicitly showed, a thought that is no longer, like ours in the exact sciences, concerned with the shadowy Platonic ideas, viewed as conceptional possibilities, but a thought that sees its own fulfilment in the world of its self-possessed life,—in other words, a thought whose Ideas are not mere shadows, but have an aspect in which they are felt as well as meant, appreciated as well as described,—yes, I should unhesitatingly say, loved as well as con-

¹ F. H. Bradley: *Appearance and Reality*. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1893.

ceived, willed as well as viewed. Such an Absolute Thought you can also call, in its wholeness, a Self; for it beholds the fulfilment of its own thinking, and views the determined character of its living experience as identical with what its universal conceptions mean. All these names: "Absolute Self," "Absolute Thought," "Absolute Experience," are not, indeed, mere indifferent names for the inexpressible truth; but, when carefully defined through the very process of their construction, they are equally valuable expressions of different aspects of the same truth. God is known as Thought fulfilled; as Experience absolutely organised, so as to have one ideal unity of meaning; as Truth transparent to itself; as Life in absolute accordance with idea; as Selfhood eternally obtained. And all this the Absolute is in concrete unity, not in mere variety.

Yet our purpose here is not religious but speculative. It is not mine to-night to declare the glory of the Divine Being, but simply to scrutinise the definition of the Absolute. The heart of my whole argument, here as in my book, has been the insistence that all these seemingly so transcendent and imprudent speculations about the Absolute are, as a fact, the mere effort to express, as coherently as may be, the commonplace implications of our very human ignorance itself. People think it very modest to say: We cannot know what the Absolute Reality is. They forget that to make this assertion implies—unless one is using idle words without sense—that one knows what the term "Absolute Reality" means. People think it easy to say: We can be sure of only what our own finite experience presents. They forget that if a world of finite experience exists at all, this world must have a consistently definable constitution, in order that it may exist. Its constitution, however, turns out to be such that an Absolute Experience—namely, an experience acquainted with limitation only in so far as this limitation is determined by the organised and transparent constitution of this experience—is needed as that for which the fragmentary constitution of the finite world of experience exists. The very watchword, then, of our whole doctrine is this: All knowledge is of something experienced. For this means that nothing actually exists save what is somewhere experienced. If this be true, then the total limitation, the determination, the fragmentariness, the ignorance, the error,—yes (as forms or cases of ignorance and error), the evil, the pain, the horror, the longing, the travail, the faith, the devotion, the endless flight from its own worthlessness,—that constitutes the

very essence of the world of finite experience, is, as a positive reality, somewhere so experienced in its wholeness that this entire constitution of the finite appears as a world beyond which, in its whole constitution, nothing exists or can exist. But, for such an experience, this constitution of the finite is a fact determined from an absolute point of view, and every finite incompleteness and struggle appears as a part of a whole in whose wholeness the fragments find their true place, the ideas their realisation, the seeking its fulfilment, and our whole life its truth, and so its eternal rest,—that peace which transcends the storms of its agony and its restlessness. For this agony and restlessness are the very embodiment of an incomplete experience, of a finite ignorance.

Do you ask, then: Where in our human world does God get revealed?—what manifests his glory? I answer: Our ignorance, our fallibility, our imperfection, and so, as forms of this ignorance and imperfection, our experience of longing, of strife, of pain, of error,—yes, of whatever, as finite, declares that its truth lies in its limitation, and so lies beyond itself. These things, wherein we taste the bitterness of our finitude, are what they are because they mean more than they contain, imply what is beyond them, refuse to exist by themselves, and, at the very moment of confessing their own fragmentary falsity, assure us of the reality of that fulfilment which is the life of God.

The conception of God thus reached offers itself to you, not as destroying, but as fulfilling, the large collection of slowly evolving notions that have appeared in the course of history in connection with the name of God.

The foregoing definition of God as an Absolute Experience transparently fulfilling a system of organised ideas, is, as you all doubtless are aware, in essence identical with the conception first reached, but very faintly and briefly developed, by Aristotle. Another definition of God, as the Absolute (or Perfect) Reality, long struggled in the history of speculation with this idea of God as Fulfilled Thought, or as Self-possessed Experience. The interrelation of these two central definitions has long occupied philosophical thinking. Their rational identification is the work of recent speculation. The all-powerful and righteous World-Creator of the Old and New Testaments was first conceived, not speculatively, but ethically; and it is to the rich experience of Christian mysticism that the historical honour belongs, of having bridged

the gulf that seemed to separate, and that to many minds still separates, the God of practical faith from the God of philosophical definition. Mysticism is not philosophy; but, as a stage of human experience, it is the link that binds the contemplative to the practical in the history of religion, since the saints have taken refuge in it, and the philosophers have endeavoured to emerge from its mysteries to the light of clearer insight. To St. Thomas Aquinas belongs the credit of the first explicit and fully developed synthesis of the Aristotelian and the Christian conception of God. The Thomistic proofs of God's existence—repeated, diluted, and thus often rendered very trivial, by popular apologetic writers—have now, at best, lost much of their speculative interest. But the conception of the Divine that St. Thomas reached remains in certain important respects central, and in essence identical, I think, with the definition that I have here tried to repeat; and that, too, despite the paradoxes and the errors involved in the traditional concept of the creation of the world.

For the rest, let me in closing be perfectly frank with you. I myself am one of those students whom a more modern and radical scepticism has, indeed, put in general very much out of sympathy with many of what seem to me the unessential accidents of religious tradition as represented in the historical faith; and for such students this scepticism has transformed, in many ways, our methods of defining our relation to truth. But this scepticism has not thrown even the most radical of us, if we are enlightened, out of a close, a rational, a spiritually intelligent relation to those deep ideas that, despite all these accidents, have moulded the heart of the history of religion. In brief, then, the foregoing conception of God undertakes to be distinctly theistic, and not pantheistic. It is not the conception of any Unconscious Reality, into which finite beings are absorbed; nor of a Universal Substance, in whose law our ethical independence is lost; nor of an Ineffable Mystery, which we can only silently adore. On the contrary, every ethical predicate that the highest religious faith of the past has attributed to God is capable of exact interpretation in terms of our present view. For my own part, then, while I wish to be no slave of any tradition, I am certainly disposed to insist that what the faith of our fathers has genuinely meant by God, is, despite all the blindness and all the unessential accidents of religious tradition, identical with the inevitable outcome of a reflective philosophy.

Immortality

All question about Immortality relate to some form of the continuance of human life in time, beyond death. All such questions presuppose, then, the conception of time. But now, what is Time? How is it related to Truth, to Reality, to God? And if any answer to these questions can be suggested, what light do such answers throw on man's relation to time, and on the place of death in the order of time?

Secondly, all questions about Immortality relate to the survival of human personality. But, what is our human personality? What aspect of a man do you want to have survive? In considering these two sets of questions, I shall be led to mention in passing several others, all of which bear upon our topic.

My honored colleague, Professor Münsterberg, in his recent little book on "The Eternal Life," has raised in a somewhat novel form an old issue regarding the metaphysics of time, and has applied his resulting opinion to our problem of immortality. The real world, he has said,—the world of the absolute,—is an essentially timeless world—a world of meanings, of ideal values—a world where there is no question of how long things endure, but only a question as to what value they have in the whole of real life. In this genuinely real world of ideal values everything has eternal being in accordance with its absolute worth. A value cannot be

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lost, for it belongs to the timeless whole. But the ordinary point of view, which so emphasizes time, as most of us do, is merely a quantitative view—a falsification, or at least a narrowing, of the truth—a transformation of reality—a translation of its meaning into the abstract terms of a special set of concepts—concepts useful in our human science and in our daily business, but not valid for the student of real life. Matter, indeed, endures in time; but then matter is a conceptual entity, a phenomenon, a creation, of the scientific point of view. A man endures in time while his body lives; but this is only the man as viewed in relation to the clocks and to the calendars—the phenomenal man—the man of the street and the market place, of the psychological laboratory and of the scientific record, of the insurance agents and of the newspapers. The real man whom you estimate and love is not this phenomenal man in time, but the man of will and of meaning, of ideals and of personal character, whose value you acknowledge. This real man is—what he is worth. His place in the world is determined not by the time during which he endures, but by the moral values which he expresses, and which the Absolute timelessly recognizes for what they eternally are. This real man does not come and go. He is. To say that he is immortal is merely to say that he has timeless value. And to say that is to express your love for him in its true meaning.

Hence, as Professor Münsterberg holds, the whole problem about immortality is falsely stated in popular discussion. Revise your view of time. See how time is but an appearance belonging to the world of description; that is, the world of conceptual clocks and calendars; and then the real man is known to you, not as temporally outlasting death, but as, in his timeless ethical value, in the real world of appreciation, deathless. For he belongs to the realm of meanings; and the timeless Absolute of real life neither waits for him to come, nor misses him after his death as one passed away, but acknowledges him in his true value as what he is, the real person, whose eternal significance as little requires his endless endurance in the unreal conceptual time of the calendar and of the clock makers, as this same significance requires him to have a taller stature than he has in the equally unreal conceptual space of the metric system and of the tailor's measuring tape.

So far my colleague, as I venture to restate his view. I do not agree with him in the way in which he has formulated and applied this view. Yet I think that Professor Münsterberg is at least in one

respect justified in printing his essay. He is justified, namely, in calling our attention to the fact that, in order to discuss immortality exhaustively, we must include in our discussion some view of the sense in which time itself is a reality. And I also think that my colleague's view of time, although not mine, contains an important element of truth. Let me try to suggest what this element is.

I need not say to theologically trained readers that you cannot well conceive of God without supposing the Divine Being to be otherwise related to time than we men just now are. To view the Deity as just now waiting, as we wait, for the vicissitudes of coming experience that are floating down the time stream towards him, to conceive the divine foreknowledge merely as a sort of clever computation of what will yet happen, a neat prediction of the fortunes that God has yet to expect—well, I cannot suppose any competent theologian to be satisfied thus to conceive of the divine knowledge of time, or of what time contains. If God is merely the potent computer and predictor, whose expectations as to the future have never yet been disappointed, then he remains merely upon the level of a mighty fortune teller and fortune controller—a magician after all. And not thus can you be content to conceive of the divine omniscience. If the question arose: Why might not God's foreknowledge some day prove to have been fallible? Why might not revolving time force upon him unexpected facts?—then you would certainly reply: "If God, as God, absolutely foreknows, that means, properly viewed, not merely that he skillfully anticipates, or even that he mightily controls fortune, but that time, present, past, future, is somehow his own, is somehow at once for him, is an eternal present for which he has not to wait, a total expression of his will which he not merely remembers or anticipates, but views in one whole, *totum simul*, as St. Thomas well insisted."

God's relation to time cannot, then, be merely our own present human relation. We expect what is not yet. But if God is God, he views the future and the past as we do the present. And in so far Professor Münsterberg's view is indeed well founded. The lasting or the passing away of things as we view them does not express the whole divine view of them. What has, for us men, passed away, is, for the divine omniscience, not lost. What is future is, from the divine point of view, a presentation. Time is in God, rather than is God in time. Some such view you surely must take if God is to be conceived at all.

But if God views facts as they are, this indeed implies that death, and the passing away of man, and the lapse of countless lives into what we call the forgotten past, cannot really be what we take these things to be—an absolutely real loss to reality of values which, but for death, would not become thus unreal. As a fact, I do not doubt that the least fact of transient experience has a meaning for the divine point of view—a meaning which we very ill express when we say of such a fact: "It passes, it is done, it is no more." In reality—that is, from the divine point of view—there can be no absolute loss of what is once to be viewed as real at all.

Now so far, using, to be sure, for the moment, theological rather than my colleague's metaphysical terms, I suggest a view about time which is obviously close to that which Professor Münsterberg emphasizes. Nevertheless I do not agree with him that, by means of such considerations, we can completely define the sense in which man is immortal. I turn, then, from this first naturally vague effort to hint that our human view of time is inadequate, and that even our present brief lives have a divine meaning which no human view of their transiency exhausts,—I turn, I say, from this glance into general theology, back to the problem about time, as we men have to conceive time. We talk of to-morrow, of the time after death, of the future in general. In that future, we say, we are to live or not to live. Every such formula, every such hypothesis, presupposes some sense in which our words about the future can have truth, even to-day—presupposes then some doctrine about what time is, and about how the past and future are related to the present. We must therefore ask again, but now in a more definite way, What reality has time, whether for the universe or for us?

It requires but little reflection to see that, in our ordinary speech about time, we are accustomed to use obscure, if not contradictory, language. We often ascribe true reality to the present only, and speak as if the past, as being over and done with, had no reality whatever; while the future, as yet unborn, we hereupon view as if it were also wholly unreal. The present, however,—this only real region of time,—we often speak of that as a mere point, having no duration whatever. Yet in this point we place all reality; and meanwhile, even as we name it, this sole reality vanishes and becomes past. Time, however, if thus defined, consists of two unreal regions, which contain together all duration—all that ever has been or will be; and time, in addition to these, its unreal halves, contains just one

real instant, which itself has no duration, and which is thus no extended part of time at all, but only a vanishing presence. Thus, after all, there remains, when thus viewed, no real region in time at all. Nothing is; all crumbles. Such a view has only to be explicitly stated in order to be recognized as inadequate; as a fact, such a view is a mere heap of false abstractions. Moreover, we ourselves not only frequently assert, but almost as constantly deny, this interpretation of time. For the past we view, after all, as a very stern and hard reality. What is done, is done. The past is irrevocable, unchangeable, adamantine, the safest of storehouses, the home of the eternal ages. Moreover, you can tell the truth about the past. Hence the past is surely not unreal in the sense in which fairyland is unreal. A man who practically treats the past as unreal, becomes *ipso facto* a liar; and you might in fact define a false witness as a man who tries to make the past over at will, not recognizing its stern and unalterable truth. On the other hand, the future indeed is not thus irrevocable; but it has its own sort of very potent and recognizable being. You constantly live by adjusting yourself to the reality of the future. The coal strike threatens. You wish that your coal bins, if they are not full, were full. For next winter, after all, is a reality. Thus, then, the two regions of time, the past and future, are not wholly unreal. For the truthful witness the past is a reality. For the faithful maker of promises the future is a reality. As for the present,—after all, are many dreams less real than is the *mere* present? Fools live in the present, and dream there, taking it to be the real world. But whoever acts wisely, knows that the present is merely his chance for a deed; and that the worth of a deed is determined by its intended relations to the past and future. Not the present, then, of our flickering human consciousness, is the temporal reality, so much as are the past and the future. Life has its dignity through its bearing upon their contents and their meaning.

We see from these illustrations, I hope, that much of our common speech about time is belied by our practical attitudes towards time. Truthful reports and promises, serious deeds and ideals, prudence and conservatism and enterprise, all unite to show us that the reality of time is possessed especially by its past and its future, over against which the present is indeed but vanishing. And now what, after all, do such illustrations teach us regarding the true meaning of our conception of time?

I answer at once, dogmatically,—but, as I hope, not without some suggestion of the reason for my answer: Time, to my mind, is an essential practical aspect of reality, which derives its whole meaning from the nature and from the life of the will. Take away from your conception of the world the idea of a being who has a will, who has a practical relation to facts; take away the idea of a being who looks before and after, who strives, seeks, hopes, pursues, records, reports, promises, accomplishes; take away, I say, every idea of such a being from your world, and whatever then remains in your conceived world gives you no right to a conception of time as any real aspect of things. The time of the timepieces and of mechanical science, the time of geology and of physics, is indeed, as Professor Münsterberg maintains, but an abstraction. This abstraction is useful in the natural sciences. But it has no ultimate meaning except in relation to beings that have a will, that live a practical life, and that mean to do something. Given such beings, it can be shown that they need the conception of the time of mechanics or of geology in order to define their relation to nature. But apart from their needs, time is nothing. The time regions, already mentioned in this account, get their distinct types of reality solely from their diverse relations to a finite will, and, for us, to our own finite will. The past is that portion of reality where, to be sure, deeds also belong; but these past deeds are presupposed by my present attitude of will as already, and irrevocably, accomplished facts. As such they are the acknowledged basis upon which all present deeds rest. That is, then, what I mean by the past, viz. the presupposed and hence irrevocable basis on which my present deed rests. I say, "So much is done." The will, therefore, presupposing the past, asks, "What next?" and is ready to decide by further action. The future is equally definable solely in terms of the will. The future is the region of the opportunity of the finite will. The future also, indeed, contains its aspect of destiny—as, for example, next winter's chill. But it likewise contains the chance of deeds yet undone, and so incites the will. As for the present, it is the scintillating flash of the instant's opportunity and accomplishment. It too is meaningless except for the deed, be this deed a mere act of attention or an outward expression. In terms, then, of my attitude of will, and only in such terms, can I define time, and its regions, distinctions, and reality.

Time then is, I should say, a peculiarly obvious instance of the

necessity for defining the universe in idealistic terms—that is, in terms of life, of will, of conscious meaning. Burdened as we all are by the mere concept of the time of the clock makers and of the calendars, by the equally conceptual time of theoretical physics and of daily business, we are prone to forget that it is the human will itself which defines for us all such concepts, which abstracts them from life, and which then often bows to them as if they were indeed mere fate. If you look beneath the abstractions, you find that time is in essence the form of the finite will, and that when I acknowledge one universal world time, I do so only by extending the conception of the will to the whole world. If I say: "There is to come a future," I mean merely: My will acknowledges deeds yet to be done, and defines as the future reality of the universe a will continuous with my will—a world will in whose expression my present deed has its place. The unity and continuity of the time of the universe are definable only through the practical relation of my will to this world will. My deed has its place in the system of the world's deeds. The will that is yet to be expressed in the future is inseparable in its essence from the will which even now, and in my present deed, acknowledges this future as its own. As appears from these forms of expression, I am in philosophy an idealist. This is no place to set forth lengthy arguments for idealism. I have to sketch and to speak dogmatically. But the conception of time is peculiarly good as an illustration of the need of idealism.

My result is, so far, that time is indeed indefinable and meaningless except as the form in which a conscious will process expresses its own coherent series of deeds and of meanings. And so, if all the finite world is subject to one time process, this assertion means merely that all our wills are together partial expressions of a single conscious volitional process—the process whereby the world will gets expressed in finite forms and deeds. A complete argument for idealism would, of course, have to develop and to supplement this interpretation of time in many ways. But here is a hint of idealism.

A result so stated is, I admit, not at first sight at all decisive as to any question of personal immortality. Yet I hope that the reader will already see how a doctrine of this sort, dogmatically as I have to state it, fragmentarily as I have to suggest my reasons for holding it, must have some bearing upon the problem as to how and whether a personal survival of death is a possibility. One is too

much disposed to view the time process as an utterly foreign fate, physically forced upon unwilling mortals, who can only lament how youth flies, and how the good old times come again no more, and how the unknown future, vast and merciless, is impending and is yet to engulf us. What I now point out is that all such abstract conceptions of the fatal, external, physical, inhuman, unconscious reality of the world's time process are inadequate. As we have seen, in our sketch of a few such false conceptions, they appear in various, in paradoxically conflicting forms, which sometimes treat all time as unreal except the present, and sometimes view the past and future as an iron reality of blind fate. As a fact, so I insist, we concretely know time as the form of the will. We define the time relations practically, and in terms of deeds done and to be done. If we generalize our time experience, so as conceptually to view the whole world as expressing itself in a single temporal process, our generalization means this: that the entire world is the expression of a single will, which is in its totality continuous with our own, so that the past and future of our personal will is also the past and future of this world will, and conversely.

The lesson, however, is already this: If, as is very obviously true, there was a time when I personally did not exist, then that was because the world will did not then yet need, and so did not yet involve, in its own expression, and as a part thereof, my personal deeds. If, on the other hand, the time is to come when I, in my private personality, shall have become extinct, that can be only because the world will as a whole, after my passing away, is thenceforth to presuppose all of my personal deeds as irrevocably done, and is to have no longer any need to include my further choices. Assume, for the moment, that this is to be the case. This world will, however, is in any event not foreign in nature to my own will, but is continuous therewith; just as continuous, namely, as the real time of my own consciousness is continuous with the real time of the universe. If I die, then, and finally cease, that will be because a will—a conscious will—a will essentially continuous with my own—a will now expressed in my consciousness, but sure to be forever expressed in *some* consciousness—a will that now includes all my hopes and my meanings—must some day come to look back upon my personal life as an expression no longer needed. My extinction, then, if it comes, will be at all events a teleological, not a merely

fatal process—an inner and purposive checking of the very will which now throbs in me—a checking which will also be a significant attainment—not a blind passing away, due to the mere fate that, in time, all becomes unreal. "Our life," said wondrous old Heraclitus, "is the death of gods; our death is the life of gods." And Heraclitus meant by these words that if indeed all passes away, and if we pass too, that can only be because that very divine life which now lives in us will, living in other divine forms, accomplish the very meaning which it now partially accomplishes in us, by expressing itself otherwise, and yet as the very life which is now ours. "For we are also his offspring."

Considerations such as these are indeed but highly fragmentary. They certainly do not by themselves give any adequate notion of immortality. They have been emphasized by many thinkers who thereby meant merely to make light of personal permanence. Nevertheless, to conceive time as the form of the will, and universal time as the form of the world will, and our lives as linked to a conscious world will by precisely as close a link as binds the time of our consciousness—to conceive of all this, I say, is to be helped to a sort of introduction to a more definite view of our problem. In time you are at any rate not lost as the snows are lost when they melt; or engulfed as the mountains are engulfed when they are washed away and sink, as sediment, into the sea. For the world time is also the time of your consciousness; and, in precisely as genuine a sense, the world will is your will. If you ever become extinct, that will occur only as a single deed, or as a partial expression, becomes extinct for the doer who, presupposing that very deed, bases his own further expression upon the acknowledgment, the valuation, and the memory of the past deed itself. The question whether such extinction will occur at all thus gets its proper teleological formulation. You will die, not as blind fate determines, nor merely because time flies: you will die, if at all, because the world will needs no more of your personal deeds, except in so far as they are henceforth merely presupposed.

So far, then, I suggest what might be called a voluntaristic theory of the time process. I understand, I may say, that Professor Münsterberg would in large measure agree with even this account of the time relations as due to, as expressions of, the significant attitudes of a world will. The point where my colleague and I are at variance is now ready for a clearer statement than is the one so

far given in this discussion. The difference relates to the way in which this entire will process, this whole expression of significant activities in the universe, appears when viewed, so to speak, *sub specie eternitatis*; that is, in its wholeness, as God must be conceived to view it—or as any one ought to view it who does not confine himself to the abstract concepts of the clock makers and of the calendars, but who considers real life as it genuinely is, in its veritable meaning.

The time process is the form of the will. Past and future differ as deeds yet to be done differ from presupposed and irrevocable deeds. The present is the vanishing opportunity for the single deed. The time distinctions, then, are relative to deeds and to meanings. Grant all this for a moment. What follows? Does it follow that whoever views the world life as it truly is, sees the whole world as a timeless totality, consisting simply of meanings, of acts, of will attitudes, whose relations are not temporal, but significant? Does it follow that endurance in time is no test of the worth of a personality, any more than colossal stature is needed as an attribute of a great personality?

I cannot agree to such a conclusion, in the form in which Professor Münsterberg states it. First, then, as to the supposed timelessness of the world of real meanings, let me use an aesthetic example. Music, which Schopenhauer called an image of the will, is in any case essentially an art that expresses beautifully significant musical meanings in temporal order. Abstract, however, from the time form of music, and what is left of any musical form whatever? If the gods listen to music at all, they must appreciate its sequences. Wherein consists, however, a true musical appreciation? Whoever aimlessly half listens to the musical accompaniments of a dance or of a public festival, may indeed be so absorbed in the passing instant's sound that he gets no sense of the whole. True listening to music grasps, in a certain sense as a *totum simul*, entire sequences—measures, phrases, movements, symphonies. But such wiser listening and appreciation is not timeless. It does not ignore sequence. It is time-inclusive. It grasps as an entirety a sequence which transcends any one temporal present. In this grasping of the whole of a time process one gets a consciousness of a present which is no longer merely a vanishing present, but a time-including, a relatively eternal present, in which various vanishing instants have their places as relatively present, past, and future one to another.

Well, such a view, as I take it, comes nearer to getting the sense of what real life is than does any view which considers its world merely as timeless. If, then, I try to conceive how God views things, I can only suppose, not that the absolute view ignores time, but that the absolute view sees at a glance all time, past, present, future, just as the true appreciator of the music knows the entirety of the sequence as a sort of higher or inclusive present—a present in which the earlier stages do not merely vanish into the later stages, and yet, on the other hand, are not at all devoid of time relations to the later stages. For this inclusive view, as I suppose, sees the totality of the significant deeds and will attitudes as a single life process—temporal because it is both significant and volitional,—and present, not in the vanishing, but in the inclusive and eternal sense—present not as a timeless whole, but as an infinite sequence—“one undivided soul of many a soul,” one life in infinite variety of expression.

For such a view, however,—a view which is not timeless, but time-inclusive—the duration of a given series of will acts, the wealth, the lasting, the variety of a distinguishable portion of the entire process, might have—yes, must have—a true relation to the degree of the significance which this portion of the whole possesses. A truly great work of musical art must involve a considerable sequence. Its length has a definable relation to its greatness. What is true of a work of art might be true of so much of the world life as constitutes an individual finite being. There might be significant time processes—individual lives, so to speak—whose meaning would require them to be endless, and whose place in the whole might demand that, once having appeared, they could never in the later will activities of the temporal order be ignored, but must thenceforth coöperate—the temporal will process always including amongst its deeds activities which were not only its own, but also their own.

If such individual lives, distinct in their meaning from other partial expressions of the world will, endless in their duration from some one point onwards, were actually factors in the world process, and were amongst the facts which the absolute view of real life had to include, in order to express and to find its own complete truth—how would such lives be related to the world life in its entirety? How would they be related to that absolute insight, to that divine view, which, in an eternal, that is, in a time-inclusive sense, would see at a glance the entirety of the world process?

If I try to suggest, however vaguely, an answer to these momentous questions, the reader will understand that I am merely sketching, and am not now trying to prove, what elsewhere I have discussed with tedious detail, and in a far more technical way. Here we have no time to weigh arguments pro and con. I can only outline, in a dogmatic way, my views. I merely suggest a few of their reasons.

I have spoken of a world will. I have said that to recognize, as we all do, one time process as holding for all the world, is to recognize the world will as a single volitional process in which all our lives are bound up. We are simply different modes of willing, continuously related to one another and to the total world will which throbs and strives in all of us alike, but which, in endless variety, seeks now this and now that special aim—accomplishes now this and now that special deed—presupposes an infinity of deeds as its own past—goes on to an infinity of deeds as its future—is content to be no one of us, but shows in our social life the community of our endlessly various aims, as in our individual lives it exhibits an endless variety of differentiations and of distinguishable trends of purpose. It is one will in us all; yet I have tried to show, elsewhere, that this does not deprive us of individuality. It needs our variety and our freedom. And we need its unity and its inexhaustible fertility of suggestion. We read the symbols of this inexhaustible fertility when we study nature, and when we commune with man. We acknowledge this unity whenever we view the time of the world as one time. Our own will to live is the will of the world, conscious in us, and demanding our individual variety as its own mode of expression. We conspire with the world will even when most we seem to rebel. We are one with it even when most we think of ourselves as separate. Art, ethics, reason, science, service, all bear witness both to our unity with its purposes, and to its need that all unity of purpose should be expressed through an endless variety of individual activities.

I have thus spoken of the world will as this infinitely complex unity in the variety of all finite wills. I have also spoken of an absolute point of view, which views this entire life of the world will as one whole. I have used theological speech, and have called this absolute point of view that of the divine being, the point of view of God. Now this is no opportunity to consider either the proofs

for the divine existence or the problem regarding the nature of God. I have again to use dogmatic forms of speech. I mean by the term "God" the totality of the expressions and life of the world will, when considered in its conscious unity. God is a consciousness which knows and which intends the entire life of the world, a consciousness which views this life at one glance, as its own life and self, and which therefore not only wills but attains, not only seeks but possesses, not only passes from expression to expression, but eternally is the entire temporal sequence of its own expressions. God has and is a will, and this will, if viewed as a temporal sequence of activities, is identical with what I have called the world will. Only, when viewed as the divine will this world will is taken not merely as an infinite sequence of will activities, but in its eternal unity as one whole of life. God is omniscient, because his insight comprehends and finds unified, in one eternal instant, the totality of the temporal process, with all of its contents and meanings. He is omnipotent, because all that is done is, when viewed in its unity, his deed, and that despite the endless varieties and strifes which freedom and which the variety of individual finite expressions involve. God is immanent in the finite, because nothing is which is not a part of his total self-expression. He is transcendent of all finitude, because the totality of finite processes is before him at once, while nothing finite possesses true totality.

If one hereupon asks, Why should there be finitude, variety, imperfection, temporal sequence at all?—we can only answer: Not otherwise can true and concrete perfection be expressed than through the overcoming of imperfections. Not otherwise can absolute attainment be won than through an infinite sequence of temporal strivings. Not otherwise can absolute personality exist than as mediated through the unification of the lives of imperfect and finite personalities. Not otherwise can the infinite live than through incarnation in finite form, and a rewinning of its total meaning through a conquest of its own finitude of expression. Not otherwise can rational satisfaction find a place than through a triumph over irrational dissatisfactions. The highest good logically demands a conquering of evil. The eternal needs expression in a temporal sequence whereof the eternal is the unity. The divine will must, as world will, differentiate itself into individuals, sequences, forms of finitude, into strivings, into ignorant seekings

after the light, into doubting, erring, wandering beings, that even hereby the perfection of the spirit may be won. Perfect through suffering—this is the law of the divine perfection.

All these assertions would need, were there time, their own defense. I do not assert them as merely my own. That they are substantially true is what the whole lesson of the moral and religious experience of our race seems to me to have led us to see. That they are necessarily true can, as I think, be demonstrated.

So much, then, for some hint as to how the temporal is, to my mind, related to the eternal.

But what, one may ask, has all this to do with deciding the problem regarding immortality? Much, every way, I reply, if you only add, at this point, a little reflection as to the second of the two questions with which this paper opened. We have studied our relation to time, and also have considered the relation of time to the divine being. But what, so we asked at the outset, is a human personality?

Incidentally, as it were, we have now almost answered this question, so far as it here concerns us.

A human personality has many aspects, psychological, physical, social, ethical. But a man is a significant being by virtue not of his body, or his feelings, or his fortunes, or his social status, but by virtue of his will. The concept of personality is an ethical concept. A man, as an ethical being, is what he purposes to be, so far as his purpose is as yet temporally expressed. So far as his will is not yet expressed, his life belongs to the future. All else about him besides his will, his purpose, his life plan, his ideal, his deed, his volitional expression,—all else than this, I say, is mere material for manhood, mere clothing, mere environment, or mere fortune. Ignorantly as he now expresses himself, his worth lies not in the extent of his knowledge, but in the seriousness of his intent to express himself. Is he a sinner, then he is not yet true to his own will; that is, he is not yet, in the temporal order, his own complete and genuinely ideal self. For my duty is only my own will brought to a reasonable self-consciousness, and is not an external restraint. Hence the sinner is not yet his own explicit self. His conflict with the world is also an internal conflict—an inner war with his own imperfection. But if one who appears in the outer form of man shows no sign as yet of having any personal ideal, or life plan, or purpose, or individual will at all, then one can only say, "Since here

we find a seemingly blind expression of the world will, but not an expression that as yet gives an account of itself, we must indeed suppose that some form of personality is here, in this fragment of the time process, latent, but we simply cannot tell what form." In such a case we indeed call the being whom we know in our human relations a person; but he so far appears as a person by courtesy. An explicit personality is one which shows itself through deeds that embody a coherent ideal—an ideal—an ideal which need not be abstractly formulated, but which must be practically active, recognizably significant, consciously in need of further temporal expression. Such an explicit personality may be that of a hero, of a saint, or of a rascal. The hero and the saint are simply personalities that are so far expressed in forms whose deeds and ideals have a truer internal harmony. A rascal is a finite personality who is, so far as his personality is yet expressed, essentially at war with himself, as he is with the world. For his deeds are opposed to his true meaning. In so far as he appears to us, as he often does, to be a contented rascal or a joyous sinner, who observes not this essential warfare with himself—in just so far, I say, he is a fool, and, accordingly, in just so far he lacks explicit personality; so that, when we judge him as such a joyous rascal, we know not with what personality we are dealing. But the awakened sinner, however obstinate in his wrong-doing, is a consciously tragic figure. He may also be much of a hero. We shall then admire his vigor. But he remains a warfare of ideals and deeds, and so is not yet come to himself. The true hero, the righteous man, the saint,—these are personalities on a higher level. But at no one point in time have they attained their total expression. For the dutiful will, in a finite being, is insatiable. It views itself as a dutiful will in so far as it seeks something yet to be done; and it views itself as an individual dutiful will in so far as it consciously says: "Since this is my duty, nobody else in the universe—no, not God, in so far as God is other than myself—can do this duty for me. My duty I must myself do. And wherever in time I stand, I am dissatisfied with what is so far done. I must pass on to the next."

Saints and sinners, so far as they are indeed explicit personalities, that is, finite wills conscious of their own individual intent, agree in being, in the temporal world, practically dissatisfied. The righteous man is dissatisfied with his present opportunity to express his will. He needs yet further future opportunities to do his duty. The con-

scious sinner is dissatisfied with the very will which he is at the moment trying to express. Each, as a finite being, engaged in a temporal process, is a person by virtue of his very "dissatisfactions." I refer now by the word "dissatisfaction," not to gloomy feelings, so much as to eagerness for further deeds. How we feel is a matter of fortune. How active we need to be, that constitutes our very selves, as now we are. For a finite personality, I insist, is a will to do something. So far as I have something yet to do, I am, however, dissatisfied with the past as with the present. I demand, in just so far, a future—a future in which, since I am now a sinner, at war with myself, I shall come into unity with my own will, and shall discover what it is that I am seeking—a future in which, in so far as even now I know and intend my duty, I shall further express this will of mine in the countless deeds that my personal purpose requires me yet to do.

So much, then, for a hint regarding what a finite personality is. But in view of all the foregoing, how shall we say that such a finite personality is related to the world and to God? I reply: A finite personality, as a conscious expression of the world will, is, when viewed in time, an expression of what is just now a dissatisfaction—and of a dissatisfaction of this very personality with itself. In so far as consciously sinful, this personality is dissatisfied with what it so far knows about its own will; but in so far as it is a finite doer of deeds, this personality, whether just or unjust, is dissatisfied with what it has so far done to express its will. Hence it looks to the future. And our very conception of the temporal future is due to this our present active dissatisfaction.

That such dissatisfactions should be at all in the world is due, however, as we have said, to that general need which demands that the eternal should be expressed through the temporal, that the divine and absolute should take on human and fallible form, and that the infinite should be incarnate in the finite. Not otherwise than through a divine immanence, however, can I conceive all these finite forms of temporal striving to arise.

What then follows? Does not this follow at once? The finite personality can say: "In me, as now I am, God is dissatisfied with himself just in so far as now he is partially expressed in me. I am a form of that divine dissatisfaction which constitutes the entire temporal order. This is my link with God, that now I am discontent with the expression of my personality."

In me, then, God is discontented with his own temporal expression. This very discontent I myself am. It constitutes me. This individual thirst for infinity, this personal warfare with my own temporal maladjustment to my own ideal—this is my personality. I am this hatred of my own imperfection, this search for the future deed, this intent to do more than has yet been done. All else about me,—fortune, feeling, hope, fear, joy, sorrow,—these are accidents. These are my clothing, my mere belongings; these constitute the very wilderness of finitude in which I wander. But I—I am essentially the wanderer, whose home is in eternity. And in me God is discontent—discontent with my waywardness—discontent with the little so far done. In me the temporal being, in me now, God is in need, is hungry, is thirsty, is in prison. In me, then, God is dissatisfied. But he is God. He is absolute. Eternity is his. He must be satisfied. In eternity, in the view of the whole temporal process, he is satisfied. In his totality he attains, and he attains what I seek.

This then is, as I conceive, the situation of any finite personality. How is this divine satisfaction attained? I answer, not by ignoring, either now or hereafter, the voluntary individual expression; for it is of the very essence of personality to define its opportunity, its deed, and its meaning, as individual, as insatiable, and unique. And God, too, so defines them, if he knows what personality is. No; the divine satisfaction can be obtained solely through the deeds of the individual. No finite series of these deeds expresses the insatiable demand of the ethical individual for further expression. And this, I take it, is our rational warrant for insisting that every rational person has, in the endless temporal order, an opportunity for an endless series of deeds.

To sum up: Since the time order is the expression of a will continuous with my own, my life cannot ever become a wholly past fact unless my individual will is one that, after some point of time, becomes superfluous for the further temporal expression of the meaning of the whole world life. But as an ethical personality I have an insatiable need for an opportunity to find, to define, and to accomplish my individual and unique duty. This need of mine is God's need in me and of me. Seen, then, from the eternal point of view, my personal life must be an endless series of deeds.

This is a sketch of what I take to be the doctrine of immortality. The reader will observe that I have spoken wholly of will, of deeds, and of opportunity for deeds. I have carefully avoided

saying anything about fortune, about future rewards and punishments, about future compensations for present sorrows, about one's rights to meet again one's lost friends, about any of these better known popular aspects of our topic. As a fact, I pretend to no knowledge about my future fortunes, and to no rights whatever to demand, as a finite personality, any particular sort of good fortune. The doctrine of immortality is to my mind a somewhat stern doctrine. God in eternity wins the conscious satisfaction of my essential personal need. So much I can assert. But my essential personal need is simply for a chance to find out my rational purpose and to do my unique duty. I have no right to demand anything but this. The rest I can leave to a world order which is divine and rational, but which is also plainly a grave and serious order.

Monotheism

Monotheism.—In the history of religion monotheism, the doctrine that ‘there is one God,’ or that ‘God is One,’ is somewhat sharply opposed to a very wide range of beliefs and teachings. The contrast, when it appears in the religion of a people, or in the general evolution of religion, tends to have an important bearing both upon religious practices and upon religious experience, since to believe in ‘One God’ means, in general, to abandon, often with contempt or aversion, many older beliefs, hopes, fears, and customs relating to the ‘many gods,’ or to the other powers, whose place or dignity the ‘One God’ tends henceforth to take and to retain. If these ‘many,’ as the older beliefs, which some form of monotheism replaces, had dealt with them, were themselves for the older faiths ‘gods,’ then the monotheism which is each time in question opposes, and replaces, some form of ‘polytheism.’ This is what happened when Judaism and Muhammadanism replaced other local faiths. If one were satisfied to view the contrast in the light of cases closely resembling these, and these only, then the natural opponent of monotheism as a belief in ‘One God’ would appear to be, in the history of religion, polytheism as a belief in ‘many gods.’

Since, however, there are various religions and many superstitions which recognize the existence of powers such as, despite their more or less divine character, lack some or all of the features which naturally belong either to God or to gods, and since demons, the spirits

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of the dead, or magic powers may be in question in such religions, the name 'polytheism' can hardly be quite accurately applied to the whole class of beliefs which are in any important way opposed to monotheism. So, in the history of religion, monotheism has two opponents: (1) polytheism proper, and (2) beliefs that recognize other more or less divine beings besides those that are properly to be called gods.

In the history of philosophy, however, monotheism has a much narrower range of contrasting or opposing beliefs. Polytheism, as an explicit doctrine, has played but a small part in the history of philosophy. To the doctrine 'God is One' or 'There is one God,' where this doctrine forms part of a philosophy, there are opposed forms of opinion which are often classified under three heads: (1) philosophical pantheism, (2) philosophical atheism, (3) philosophical scepticism regarding the divine beings. The modern name 'agnosticism' has been freely used for a philosophical scepticism which especially relates either to God or to other matters of central interest in religion.

Frequently, in summaries of the varieties of philosophical doctrine, the term 'pantheism' has been used as a name for such philosophical doctrines as 'identify the world with God.' Pantheism is often summed up as the doctrine that 'All is God,' 'Everything is God,' or, finally, 'God is everything.' But a more careful study of the philosophical doctrines which have gone under the name of pantheism, or which have been so named by their opponents, would show that the name 'pantheism' is too abstract, too vague in its meaning to make any clear insight easily obtainable regarding what ought to constitute the essence of a philosophical pantheism as opposed to a philosophic monotheism. The two propositions (1) 'God is One,' and (2) 'God is identical with all reality,' or 'with the principle upon which all reality depends,' are not, on the face of the matter, mutually contrary propositions. How far, in reference to a given creed, or theology, or religious tradition, the first proposition appears to be contrary to the second depends upon the special interpretation, and sometimes upon the special prejudices of critics, sects, or philosophers of a given school.

One who asserts the 'unity of God' may or may not be laying stress upon the fact that he also makes a sharp distinction between the reality called God and other realities—e.g., the world. That such sharp distinctions are often in question is an important fact in the history of philosophy. Nevertheless the doctrine that 'God is One'

has been philosophically maintained at the same time with the doctrine that 'God is all reality.' For such a view, the two doctrines would simply be two ways of expressing the same centrally important fact. One who wishes to understand the numerous controversies, subtle distinctions, and religious interests which at one time or another have been bound up with the name 'pantheism' must be ready to recognize that the term 'pantheism,' when used without special explanation, is a poor instrument for making clear precisely where the problem lies. In brief, one may say that, while the term 'pantheism' has been freely employed by philosophers, as well as by those who are devoted to practical religious interests, it is, as a historical name, rather a cause of confusion than an aid to clearness. The proposition, 'God is One,' has, despite the complications of doctrine and of history, a comparatively definite meaning for any one who advances a philosophical opinion concerning the nature of God. But the proposition, 'God is all,' or 'God is all reality,' has, in the history of thought, no one meaning which can be made clear unless one first grasps all the essential principles of the metaphysical doctrine of the philosopher who asserts this proposition, or who at least is accused by his critics of asserting it.

If we endeavour, then, to make clearer the essential meaning of the term 'monotheism' by contrasting the historical forms of monotheism with philosophical doctrines which have been opposed to it, we may attempt to solve the problem of defining what is essential to philosophical monotheism by dwelling upon a contrast which, especially in recent discussion, has been freely emphasized. One may assert, e.g., that in speaking of the nature of the 'One God' who is the essential being of monotheistic belief, either (1) one holds that God is 'immanent' in the world, thus asserting the doctrine of the 'divine immanence,' or (2) one holds to the doctrine of the 'transcendence' of God, thus asserting that the divine being in some fashion 'transcends' the world which He has created or with which He is contrasted. But here, again, one deals with two doctrines which, in certain philosophical contexts, do not appear to stand in contrary opposition to each other. For, as is well known, there are philosophies which insist that God is in a certain sense 'immanent' in the world, and also in a certain sense 'transcendent' in His relation to the world. Aristotle, in a well-known passage (*Met.* xii. 10), gave a classic expression of the relations of the doctrines which are here in question, when he stated the question as to whether the divine being is related

to the world as the 'order' is to the army, or as the 'general' is to the army. Aristotle replied by saying that 'in a certain sense' God is *both* the 'order' of the world and the 'general,' 'although rather the general.' Thus the opposition between divine immanence and divine transcendence does not precisely state the issue and class of issues which one finds playing the most important part in the history of philosophical monotheism.

Another attempt to get the issue between monotheism and the contrasting or opposed philosophical doctrines clearly before the mind may take the well-known form of declaring that monotheism, properly so called, lays stress upon the 'personality of God,' while the opposed or contrasting doctrines, which so often are regarded as constituting or as tending towards pantheism, have as their essential feature the tendency to view God as 'impersonal.' From this point of view, it would be of the essence of monotheism to declare that the One God is a person, while it would be of the essence of those doctrines which are opposed to monotheism to declare, in a fashion which might remain simply negative, that the divine being is not personal. It would then remain for further definition to consider whether the divine being is 'superpersonal' or is 'merely material,' or, again, is 'unconscious,' or is otherwise not of a personal character.

But the difficulty in this way of defining the contrasts which have actually appeared in the history of thought lies in the fact that the very conception of personality is itself, in the history of philosophy, a comparatively late as well as a decidedly unstable conception. It is fair to ask how far the most widely current modern ideas of personality were present to the minds of such Greek philosophers as Plato and Aristotle. All the ideas of personality which philosophers may now possess have recently been vastly influenced by the whole course of modern European civilization. The problem of how far the Occidental and Oriental minds agree regarding what a 'person' is is one about which those will be least likely to dogmatize who have most carefully considered the accessible facts. In fact, the whole experience of the civilized consciousness of any nation or philosopher is likely to be epitomized in the idea of personality which a given philosophy expresses. It seems, therefore, inconvenient to make one's classification of the philosophical doctrine about the nature of God depend upon presupposing that one knows what a philosopher means by the term 'person.' It is true that whoever makes clear what he means by 'person' will thereby define his atti-

tude towards nearly all fundamental philosophical problems. But the idea of personality is, if possible, more difficult to define than any other fundamental philosophical idea. Therefore, to define monotheism as a 'belief in a personal God' will give little aid to the understanding of what sort of belief is in question, so long as the idea of what constitutes a person remains as obscure as it usually does.

A still further effort has been made to define monotheism by making explicit reference to philosophical doctrines concerning the question whether the world was created or is self-existent. As a matter of fact, that set of Christian theological doctrines and of scholastic interpretations of Aristotle which goes by the name of 'creationism' has played an important part in the history of the more technical forms of monotheism. Yet the issues regarding creation are, after all, special issues. How they bear upon the problem of monotheism can hardly be understood by one who has not already defined monotheism in other terms. Creationism is the familiar doctrine that 'the world was created by God.' This doctrine can become clear only if one first knows what one means by God.

The effort to make some further advance towards unravelling the great variety of interwoven motives which appear in the history of monotheism, and which have been suggested by the foregoing considerations, will be aided by attempting, at this point, once more to review the issues with regard to the nature of God, but now from a somewhat different point of view. The problems, both about 'God' and about 'the gods,' have everywhere been inherited by the philosophers from religions whose origins antedated their philosophy. In a few cases, notably in the case of Greece on the one hand and India on the other, the origin of the philosophical traditions regarding the divine being can be traced back to ancient religious tendencies, while the transition from religion to philosophy is fairly well known, and passes through definite stages. In one other instance, the transition from a tribal religion to a form of monotheism which was not due to philosophers but which has deeply influenced the subsequent life of philosophy is also decidedly well known, and can be traced in its essential details. This is the case of the religion of Israel. Now in the three cases in question—that of India, that of Greece, that of Israel—the rise of a doctrine which is certainly in each case a monotheism can be fairly well understood. The three forms of monotheism which resulted led in the sequel to contrasts of doctrine which, in the case of the history of philosophical thought, have been momentous. Ig-

noring, then, the complications of early religious history, ignoring also the effort further to define and to classify those doctrines which have been summarized in the various definitions of monotheism and its opponents which we have just reviewed, it seems well to reconsider the important varieties of philosophical belief regarding the divine being in the light of the great historical contrast of the three forms of monotheism which India, Greece, and Israel put before us. We shall discard the name 'pantheism,' and make no attempt to define the contrast between divine immanence and divine transcendence, or to speak of the problem in what sense God is personal and in what sense impersonal. Nor can we here exhaust the varieties of philosophical opinion. But the threefold contrast just given will help us to make clearer the philosophical issues of monotheism by naming certain varieties of philosophical thought which have both a definite historical origin and a great influence upon the character of opinion about the divine being. Simplifying the whole matter in this somewhat artificial but still well-founded way, we may say that, from the historical point of view, three different ways of viewing the divine being have been of great importance both for religious life and for philosophical doctrine. No one of these three ways has been exclusively confined to the nation of which the form of opinion in question is most characteristic, and in the history of philosophical thought the three motives are interwoven. But a comparatively clear distinction can be made if we emphasize the three contrasting doctrines, and then point out that these doctrines, while not exclusively due each to one of the three nations or to philosophies which have grown out of the religious traditions of the nation in question, are still, on the whole, fairly to be associated, one with the tradition of Israel, the second with the influence of Greece, and the third with the influence either of India or of nations and civilizations which, in this respect, are closely analogous in spirit to the civilization of India.

1. The monotheism due to the historical influence of the religion of Israel defines God as 'the righteous Ruler of the world,' as 'the Doer of justice,' or as the one 'whose law is holy,' or 'who secures the triumph of the right.' The best phrase to characterize this form of doctrine, to leave room for the wide variety of special forms which it has assumed, to indicate its historical origin, and also to imply that it has undergone in the course of history a long process of development, is this: 'the ethical monotheism of the Prophets of Israel.' We include under this phrase that form, or type, or aspect of

monotheism, which characterizes philosophies that have been most strongly influenced, directly or indirectly, by the religion of Israel.

2. The monotheism which has its historical origin very largely in the Greek philosophers defines God as the source, or the explanation, or the correlate, or the order, or the reasonableness of the world. It seems fair to call this form 'Hellenic monotheism.' In the history of philosophy, and especially of that philosophy which has grown up under the influence of Christianity, this idea of God has, of course, become interwoven—sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously—with the ethical monotheism of Israel. But, when a philosophy of Christian origin is in question, while in some respects this philosophy, if positively monotheistic, is almost sure to be strongly influenced by ethical monotheism, the most important and essential features of the philosophy in question will be due to the way in which it deals with the relation between the order of the world and the nature of the 'One God.' Aristotle's statement of his own problem regarding whether God is identical with the 'order' or is related to the world as the 'general' is related to the army is a good example of the form which the problem of monotheism takes from this point of view.

3. The third form of monotheism is very widespread, and has actually had many different historical origins. In the history both of religion and of philosophy this form of monotheism, somewhat like the Ancient Mariner, 'passes, like night, from land to land' and 'has strange power of speech.' Often unorthodox at the time or in the place where it is influential, it has indirectly played a large part in the creeds of various times and places. Usually fond of esoteric statements of doctrine, and often condemned by common sense as fantastic and intolerable, it has had many times of great popular influence. The official Christian Church has had great difficulty in defining the relation of orthodox doctrine to this form of opinion. In the history of philosophy the more technical statements of it have formed part of extremely important systems.

This form of monotheism is especially well marked in the early history of Hindu speculation. It is often called 'Hindu pantheism'; and it is indeed fair to say that it is in many respects most purely represented by some systems of belief and doctrine which have grown up on Indian soil. On the other hand, it has a less exclusive relation to Indian philosophy than the Hellenic form of monotheism, in its later history, has to Greek philosophy, so that the connexion

here insisted upon between this kind of monotheism and the early history of Hindu philosophy must be interpreted somewhat liberally. In fact, at the close of the history of Greek philosophy this third form of monotheism appeared as a part of the Neo-Platonic philosophy. Yet in this case an Oriental origin or direct influence is extremely improbable. Examples of the tendency of this form of monotheism to take on new forms, and to be influenced by other motives than those derived from the religion or philosophy of India, are to be found in the recent revival of such types of doctrine in various forms of 'intuitionism' and 'anti-intellectualism' in European thought.

The essence of this third type of monotheism is that it tends to insist not only upon the 'sole reality of God,' but upon the 'unreality of the world.' The name 'acosmism' therefore is more suggestive for it than the name 'pantheism.' It might be summed up in the proposition 'God is real,' but all else besides God that appears to be real is but an 'appearance' or, if better estimated, is a 'dream.' If we attempt to make more precise the vague word 'pantheism' merely by saying, 'God and the world are, according to pantheism, but one,' the natural question arises, 'If they are but one, then which one?' But what we may now call, in a general way and upon the general historical basis just indicated, 'Indic monotheism,' whether it appears in Hindu philosophy, in Spinoza, or in Meister Eckhart, tends to assert, 'The One is God and God only, and is so precisely because the world is but appearance.' This definition of the third form of monotheism relieves us of some of the ambiguities of the term 'pantheism.'

The threefold distinction now made enables us similarly to review some of the great features of the history of philosophical monotheism in a way which cannot here be stated at length, but which, even when summarily indicated, tends to elucidate many points that have usually been unduly left obscure.

The ethical monotheism of the Prophets of Israel was not the product of any philosophical thinking. The intense earnestness of the nation into whose religious experience it entered kept it alive in the world. The beginnings of Christianity soon required philosophical interpretation, and in any such interpretation the doctrine of the righteous God must inevitably play a leading part. In the course of the development of the Church this doctrine sought aid from Greek philosophy. Consequently, the whole history of Christian monotheism depends upon an explicit effort to make a synthesis of the ethical monotheism of Israel and the Hellenic form of mono-

theism. This synthesis was as attractive as, in the course of its development, it has proved problematic and difficult. The reason for the problem of such a synthesis, as the philosophers have had to face that problem, lies mainly in the following fact. Whether taken in its original form or modified by philosophical reflexion, ethical monotheism, the doctrine that 'God is righteous,' very sharply contrasts God, 'the righteous Ruler,' or in Christian forms, 'God the Redeemer of the world,' with the world to which God stands in such ethical relations. On the other hand, for the Hellenic form of monotheism, the problem which Aristotle emphasized about the 'order' and the 'general' indeed exists. But in its essentials Hellenic monotheism is, on the whole, neutral as to the kind of unity which binds God and the world together. Our later philosophies, in so far as they are founded upon Hellenic monotheism, must therefore attempt explicitly to solve the problem which Aristotle stated. And, on the whole, such philosophies tend towards answering the question as Aristotle did: God is both 'order' and the 'general' of the army which constitutes the world. Hellenic monotheism, moreover, is influenced by strongly intellectual tendencies. On the other hand, the monotheism of Israel was, even in its ante-philosophical form, a kind of voluntarism. God's law, viewed as one term of the antithesis, the world which He rules, or which He saves, viewed as the other, are much more sharply contrasted than Aristotle's 'order' and 'general' tend to be. When, in the development of the philosophies which grew out of the Greek tradition, the Hellenic concept of the Logos assumed its most characteristic forms, its intellectual interests were, on the whole, in favour of defining the unity of the divine being and the world as the most essential feature of monotheism. But, at each stage of this development, this intellectual or rational unity of the Logos and the world gradually came into sharper and sharper conflict with that ethical interest which naturally dwelt upon the contrast between the righteous Ruler and the sinful world, and between divine grace and fallen man.

Therefore, behind many of the conflicts between so-called pantheism in Christian tradition and the doctrines of 'divine transcendence' and 'divine personality,' there has lain the conflict between intellectualism and voluntarism, between an interpretation of the world in terms of order and an interpretation of the world in terms of the conflict between good and evil, righteousness and unrighteousness.

Meanwhile, in terms of this antithesis of our first and second types of philosophical monotheism, we can state only half of the problem. Had the monotheism of Israel and the Hellenic doctrine of God as the principle of order been the only powers concerned in these conflicts, the history both of philosophy and of religion would have been, for the Christian world, far simpler than it is. The motives which determine the third idea of God have tended both to enrich and to complicate the situation.

It is true that a direct connexion between ancient Hinduism and early Christian doctrine cannot be traced. But what we have called, for very general reasons, the Indic type of idea of God became, in the course of time, a part of Christian civilization for very various reasons. As we have seen, the doctrine that God alone is real while the world is illusory depends upon motives which are not confined to India. In the form of what has technically been called 'mysticism,' this view of the divine nature in due time became a factor both in Christian experience and in philosophical interpretation. The Neo-Platonic school furnished some of the principal technical formulations of such a view of the divine nature. The religious experience of the Græco-Roman world, in the times immediately before and immediately after the Christian era, also in various ways emphasized the motives upon which this third type of Christian monotheism depends. The Church thus found room within the limits of orthodoxy for the recognition, with certain restrictions, of the tendency to view the world as mere appearance, ordinary life as a bad dream, and salvation is attainable only through a direct acquaintance with the divine being itself.

The very complications which for philosophy have grown out of the efforts to synthesize Hellenic monotheism and the religion of the Prophets of Israel have repeatedly stimulated the Christian mystics to insist that what the intellect cannot attain, namely, an understanding of the nature of God and His relation to the world, the mystic experience can furnish to those who have a right to receive its revelations. Philosophy—intellectual philosophy—fails (so such mystics assert) to solve the problems raised by the contrasts between good and evil, between God and the world, as these contrasts are recognized either by those who study the order of the universe or by those who thirst after righteousness. What way remains, then, for man, beset by his moral problems, on the one hand, and his intellectual difficulties, on the other, to come into real touch with the

divine? The mystics, *i.e.* those who have insisted upon the third idea of God, and who have tested this idea in their own experience, have always held that the results of the intellect are negative, and lead to no definite idea of God which can be defended against the sceptics, while, as the mystics always insist, to follow the law of righteousness, whether with or without the aid of divine grace, does not lead, at least in the present life, to the highest type of the knowledge of God. We approach the highest type of knowledge, so far as the present life permits, if we recognize, in the form of some sort of 'negative' theology, the barrenness of intellectualism, and if, meanwhile, we recognize that the contemplative life is higher than the practical life, and that an immediate vision of God leads to an insight which no practical activity, however righteous, attains. To teach such doctrines as matters of personal experience is characteristic of the mystics. To make more articulate the idea of God thus defined has formed an important part of the office of theology.

Without this third type of monotheism, and without this negative criticism of the work of the intellect and this direct appeal to immediate experience, Christian doctrine, in fact, would not have reached some of its most characteristic forms and expressions, and the philosophy of Christendom would have failed to put on record some of its most fascinating speculations.

It is obvious that, on the face of the matter, the immediate intuitions upon which mystical monotheism lays stress are opposed to the sort of insight which the intellect obtains. Even here, however, the opposing tendencies in question are not always in any very direct contrary opposition in the thought or expression of an individual thinker or philosopher. Thus, in an individual case, an exposition of mysticism may devote a large part of its philosophical work to a return to the Hellenic type of theism. That this was possible the Neo-Platonic school had already shown. Wherever Christian monotheism is strongly under the Neo-Platonic influence, it tends to become a synthesis of our second and third types of monotheism. In such cases the monotheism is Hellenic in its fondness for order, for categories, and for an intellectual system of the universe, and at the same time devoted to immediate intuitions, to a recognition that the finite world is an appearance, and to a definition of God in terms of an ineffable experience, rather than in terms of a rational system of ideas. Such a synthesis may, in an individual system, ignore the conflicts in question. Nevertheless, on the whole, the opposition is bound to become,

for great numbers of thinkers and, on occasion, for the authorities of the Church, a conscious opposition. And the opposition between the ethical and the mystic types of monotheism is in general still sharper, and is more fully conscious. Despite all these oppositions, however, it remains the case that one of the principal problems of Christian theology has been the discovery of some way to bring the third of the ideas of God, the third of the tendencies to define God as One, into some tolerable and true synthesis either with the first or with the second of the three types of monotheism, or with both.

In the technical discussions of the idea of God which have made up the introductory portions of many systems of so-called 'nature theology' it has been very general for the philosophers of Christendom to emphasize the Hellenic type of theism. The so-called philosophical 'proofs of the divine existence' make explicit some aspect of the Hellenic interest in the order and reason of the world. The 'design argument,' first stated in an elementary form by Socrates, and persistently present in popular theology of the monotheistic type ever since, is an interpretation of the world in terms of various special analogies between the particular sorts of adaptation which the physical world shows us and the plans of which a designing intelligence, in the case of art, makes use. The so-called 'cosmological argument' reasons more in general terms from the very existence of this 'contingent' world to the Logos whose rational nature explains the world. The highly technical 'ontological argument' insists upon motives which arise in the course of the effort to define the very nature of an orderly system. In its briefest statement the ontological argument is epitomized by Augustine when he defines God as 'Veritas' and declares that Veritas must be real, since, if there were no Veritas, the proposition that there is no Veritas would itself be true. The more highly developed forms of the ontological argument reason in similar fashion from our own ideas of the nature of the Logos, or of the rationally necessary order system of the universe—in other words, from the realm of Platonic ideas, in so far as it is manifested through and to our intellect, to the reality of such a system beyond our intellect.

It has been insisted, and not without very genuine basis, both in religion and in the controversies of the philosophers, that all such efforts, through the intellect, to grasp the divine nature lead to results remote from the vital experience upon which religious monotheism and, in particular, Christian monotheism must rest, if such

monotheism is permanently to retain the confidence of a man who is at once critical and religious. Into the merits of the issues thus indicated, this is no place to enter. In any case, however, both the warfare of the philosophical schools and the contrast between intellectual theology and the religious life have often led to philosophical efforts to escape from the very problems now emphasized to some more immediate intuition of the divine, or else to assert that there is no philosophical solution to the religious problem of theism. Thus intellectualism in theology, in the forms in which it has historically appeared, has repeatedly tended to bring about its own elimination. The more highly rational it has become, and the more its apparent barrenness, or its inability to combine the various motives which enter into the three different monotheistic tendencies has become manifest, the more the result of a careful analysis of the intellectual motives has led either to the revival of mysticism or to a sceptical indifference to philosophical theism. To say this is merely to report historical facts.

Some negative results of the more purely Hellenic type of monotheism became especially manifest through the results of the Kantian criticism of reason and of its work. It is extremely interesting, however, to see what in Kant's case, was the result of this criticism of the traditional arguments for the existence of God. By temperament Kant was indisposed to take interest in experiences of mystic type. For him, therefore, the failure of the intellect meant a return to the motives which, in no philosophical formulation, but in the form of an intensely earnest practical faith, had long ago given rise to the religion of Israel. Therefore the God of Kant is, once more, simply the righteous Ruler. Or, as Fichte in a famous early essay defined the idea, 'God is the moral order of the world.' This Kantian-Fichtean order is, however, not the Hellenic order, either of the realm of Platonic ideas or of the natural world. It is the order of 'the kingdom of ends,' of a universe of free moral agents, whose existence stands in endless contrast to an ideal realm of holiness or moral perfection, after which they must endlessly strive, but of whose real presence they can never become aware through a mystical vision or by a sure logical demonstration. The righteous man, according to Kant, says: 'I will that God exists.' Kant defines God in terms of this will. Monotheism, according to this view, cannot be proved, but rationally must be acknowledged as true.

Yet, in his *Critique of Judgment*, Kant recognized that the re-

quirement to bring into synthesis the intellect and the will, and to interpret our æsthetic experience, *i.e.* our acquaintance with the kind of perfection which beauty reveals—this ideal, a synthesis of the ethical, the intuitional, and the rational—remains with us. And, despite all failures, this ideal is one from which philosophy cannot escape.

The revived interest in intuition and in religious experience which has characterized the transition from the 19th to the 20th cent. has once more made the mystical motives familiar to our present interest. The permanent significance of the ethical motives also renders them certain to become prominent in the attention of serious-minded men, even though the Kantian formulation of the ethical ideals seems for the moment, in our mobile contemporary philosophical and religious thought, too abstract and rigid. And so we are not likely, in future, to accept any merely one-sided Hellenism.

While no attention can here be given to the solutions of the problem of philosophical monotheism which have been proposed during the last century, the problem of monotheism still remains central for recent philosophy. It may be said that dogmatic formulations are at the present time often treated with the same indifference which is also characteristically shown towards the faith of the fathers, viewed simply as a heritage. Nevertheless, the problems of philosophical monotheism remain as necessarily impressive as they have been ever since the early stages of Christian theology. They are as certain to survive as is philosophy itself. What the whole history of the monotheistic problem in philosophy shows becomes today, in view of our explicit knowledge of the philosophy of India, and in view of our wide comparative study of religions, more explicit than ever. Philosophy is a necessary effort of the civilized consciousness, at least on its higher level. Monotheism is a central problem of philosophy. This problem is not to be sufficiently dealt with by merely drawing artificial or technical distinctions between Platonic or Neo-Platonic theories; nor can the problem be solved by calling it the problem of the immanence of God as against His transcendence. The question 'Is God personal?' becomes and will become more explicit in its modern formulation the more we become aware of what constitutes a person. Meanwhile, as was remarked above, the problem of monotheism has other aspects besides the probem of personality.

The essentials of the great issue remain for us, as for our fathers, capable of formulation in the terms which have here been emphasized. To repeat, the philosophical problem of monotheism is (1) In

what sense is the world real? (2) In what sense is the world a rational order? (3) In what sense is the world ethical? The effort to answer these questions cannot be made by exclusive emphasis on one of them. For, as we have seen, the problem of monotheism requires a synthesis of all the three ideas of God, and an answer that shall be just to all the three problems. Whether monotheism is true or not can be discovered, in a philosophical sense, only through a clear recognition of the contrast of the three ideas of God, and the synthesis which shall bring them into some sort of harmony. The further discussion of the nature of this harmony does not come within the scope of this article.

Part V

*The World and the
Individual*

Part V

The World and the Individual

The opening essay of the present section gains its importance from Royce's concern for "social consciousness." A somewhat muted theme during the period when he utilized the language of the "Absolute," Royce's developing insight to the irreducible social dimension of human consciousness and experience should not be blocked from view.¹ It is unfortunate that Royce did not fulfill his "Plan of a Book" on *The World and the Social Consciousness* (Royce Papers, Harvard University Archives, Widener Library, folio 97).

The remaining essays in this section are taken from Royce's Gifford Lectures of 1899. He received this opportunity when William James temporarily declined the invitation due to a serious psychological affliction. The resultant volumes by Royce, *The World and The Individual*, are perhaps his best known work. They are, however, often bloated in style and signify Royce's last effort at vast metaphysical synthesis. From his opening discussion of the meaning of an "Idea," Royce goes on to hold that "the empirical world is a whole, a life fulfilling the purposes of our ideas. It is that or it is nothing." (*WI*, 1:368; below, 1:558) In order to sustain this view, Royce's theory of being requires an aggressive statement of the unity of the "Absolute Experience" and our potential knoweldge of the universe as a whole. "*Our finitude means, then, an actual inattention,—lack of successful interest, at this conscious instant, in more than a very few of the details of the universe. But the infinitely numerous other details are in no wise wholly absent from our knowl-*

¹ In this regard, it is virtually unknown that Royce's thought is considerably anticipatory of the work of George Herbert Mead, who studied with Royce during the academic year, 1887–88. For an exception to this judgment, see Paul E. Pfuetze, *The Social Self* (New York: Bookman Associates, 1954), p. 104, n. 25; p. 106, n. 49; p. 220, n. 224.

edge even now." (*WI*, 2:59; below, 1:578-79) Royce, therefore, sets for himself the herculean task of having a philosophical doctrine provide total accountability for the nature of our experience.

Although Royce contends that *The World and The Individual* remains a basis for his subsequent thought (PC, 1968, ed., p. 38), an examination of his logic and theory of interpretation will show that he later recognized the need to provide, at the very least, more explicit recognition of the *constructive* character of human experience in the formulation of meaning. Given this development, there are at least two other reasons why we should read *The World and The Individual*. First, it is metaphysics in the grand style and certainly the supreme example of an American philosopher doing "System" philosophy. Second, and considerably more significant, the philosophical sophistication and awareness of experiential complexity, so characteristic of Royce's mature thought, as found in *The Philosophy of Loyalty*, his logic, and *The Problem of Christianity*, depends directly on the nature of the undertaking in *The World and the Individual*. Readers of the later work of Royce should see the problems as he saw them. It is with this in mind, that I have presented the core of his Gifford Lectures in the essays reprinted below.²

² Readers may wonder why I have not included the intriguing "Supplementary Essay" to *The World and The Individual*, vol. 1. Aside from the burdensome and painful problem of space, which afflicts all efforts of this kind, I have omitted it for the following reasons. First, it is partially a polemic against the thought of F. H. Bradley and assumes some knowledge of this dispute. Royce's reference is to Bradley's *Appearance and Reality* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1893). Second, The "Essay" is an unusually extended effort to deal with one question, namely, the logical soundness of the "concept of the actual Infinite." In its quasi-logical form, the "Essay" only hints at Royce's later masterful effort to deal with this problem under the terms of formal logic. The concluding essays of part VI, vol. 2, of the present work are more representative of Royce's intention and his ability to deal with this issue.

*Self-Consciousness, Social Consciousness
and Nature*

The ultimate purpose of the present paper is to reach, and, in closing, to sketch some views as to the relation of Man to Nature. By way of introduction, I must first define the place of my inquiry in the general catalogue of philosophical questions, and must then state the theses that I mean to defend.

There are two great divisions of philosophy—theoretical and practical. The present paper concerns itself with a matter belonging to theoretical philosophy. Within the range of theoretical philosophy, however, one may distinguish between the discussion of the ultimate problems of knowledge and of truth, and the treatment of the more special theoretical problems suggested by our human experience. General Epistemology and general Metaphysics have to do with what can be made out about the deepest nature of our knowledge and the final constitution of the universe. But there are, within the scope of theoretical philosophy, other problems relating to the constitution of our finite world—problems which are often grouped together as the questions of special metaphysics, or of the Philosophy of Nature—a doctrine to which has also sometimes been given the name Cosmology. The problems of Cosmology are such as the questions: What is the truth behind what we mortals call Nature, or the

A paper read before the Philosophical Club of Brown University, May 23, 1895, and later considerably enlarged and supplemented. [Reprinted from *SGE*, pp. 198–248.]

physical world? What are finite minds, and how are they related to physical reality? What, if any, is the philosophical interpretation to be given to the doctrine of Evolution?

Now the present paper, as I just said, is an inquiry within the region of theoretical philosophy. Within that region my investigation, however, concerns itself only secondarily with the ultimate problems of general metaphysics. I shall chiefly aim to reach, before I close, light as to a certain problem of philosophical cosmology. Here about us, as we all admit, whatever our ultimate metaphysical views, is the natural world, the world that appears to our senses—a world manifesting some sort of finite, and obviously, as we mortals see it, some sort of highly fragmentary truth. Now man, as we phenomenally know him, appears as a part of nature, a product of nature, a being whose destinies seem to be the sport of purely physical laws. The problem that this paper aims in the end to approach is: What is the meaning of this phenomenal relation of man to nature?

Now, as I need not say, a real answer to this question must lead us past, if not through, the realms of the most ultimate and general sort of metaphysical inquiry. Nor will this paper wholly escape the responsibility of considering to some extent, as we proceed, such ultimate matters. But on the other hand, all philosophical students are used to the fragmentary, and I shall not here attempt completeness. Such general metaphysical views as come in sight in this paper will remain, after all, of rather secondary importance. I shall attempt only to clear some of the way that leads from the study of man as we ordinarily know him towards the regions where general philosophy attempts to grapple with the ultimate issues of life, and with the rational constitution of the universe.

The relation of man to nature—this, then, is our immediate topic. But why, you may ask, if such is the purpose of this paper, have I chosen my actual title? Why does a study of the relations of Self-consciousness and Social Consciousness seem adapted to throw light on the cosmological problem of the relation of human beings to natural processes? To this preliminary question let us at once address ourselves.

I

The philosophical examination of man's social consciousness has been left, rather exclusively, in the hands of the students of ethics.

Even the psychologists, until very recently, have paid a very inadequate attention to the distinctively social aspects of their science. It is far too customary, in consequence, for the ethical philosophers themselves to begin their study of the duties of man with a very abstract view of the nature of the social consciousness, and of its original relations to our self-consciousness. We hear nowadays, for instance, in popular philosophy, a great deal about the supposed primal and natural conflict between Egoism and Altruism. Egoism, so we are told, is the original human tendency—the natural and innate bias of any one of us mortals. And it is so because, as soon as one becomes self-conscious, i. e., aware of one's Ego, one finds one's self, as an animal, instinctively selfish. The practical tendency of the self-preserving animal organism, translated into the terms of self-consciousness, becomes deliberate Egoism. Hence the moral problem is to make a man altruistic. The philosophical problem of ethics, on the other hand, is to show a man why he ought to be altruistic, i. e., why Egoism, which is naturally prior and apparently self-evident, ought rationally to be subordinated, upon reflection, to its derived and slowly acquired natural opponent, Altruism.

But now, I insist that, as a fact, this far too customary notion of a natural and fatal opposition between self-consciousness, Egoism, and our socially determined and derived Altruism, is also far too falsely abstract a notion. There are evil tendencies in plenty in human nature, and common sense has a very wholesome meaning in mind when it condemns our natural selfishness. But when one defines in philosophical terms our evil tendencies, or undertakes to analyse in an ultimate sense what common sense knows as our selfishness, one does ill if one merely substitutes abstract distinctions for our concrete and passionate life-conflicts. As a fact, the abstract opposition, Ego and Alter, or Egoism and Altruism, ill suggests the meaning of the opposed ethical aims that struggle in us. This whole customary popular and philosophical opposition between a man's self-consciousness, as if it were something primitive and lonely, and his social consciousness, as if that were something acquired, apart from his self-consciousness, through intercourse with his fellows, is false to human nature. As a fact, a man becomes self-conscious only in the most intimate connection with the growth of his social consciousness. These two forms of consciousness are not separable and opposed regions of a man's life; they are thoroughly interdependent. I am dependent on my fellows, not only physically, but to the very core of

my conscious self-hood, not only for what, physically speaking, I am, but for what I take myself to be. Take away the Alter from consciousness, and the conscious Ego, so far as in this world we know it, languishes, and languishing dies, whatever may become of the organism in whose fortunes this Ego, while it is known to persist, seems to be involved. Hence, I am not first self-conscious, and then secondarily conscious of my fellow. On the contrary, I am conscious of myself, on the whole, as in relation to some real or ideal fellow, and apart from my consciousness of my fellows I have only secondary and derived states and habits of self-consciousness. I cannot really will to preserve the Ego, then—this derived conscious creature of the habits of my social consciousness; I cannot really will to preserve the Ego, without also willing to preserve and to defend some sort of Alter, and some sort of relation to my fellow who is this Alter, and upon whom my conscious Ego depends for its very life. It is only in abstraction that I can be merely egoistic. In the concrete case I can only be egoistic by being also voluntarily altruistic, however base may be the sort of Altruism that I chance to prefer. I can aim, for instance, to be a political "boss." That appears to be a very egoistic aim. But the political "boss" exists by the suffrages of interested people, and must aim at their conscious, even if illusory, sense of advantage in so far as he wills them to be sincerely interested. I can will to be a flattering demagogue, admired for vain show by a crowd of fools. The end is selfish; but it also involves wishing to be agreeable in the eyes of many people; and even a saint might on occasion wisely include so much of the demagogue's aim in his own vastly different context of voluntary life. The tyrant wills the lives and even the limited good fortune of his subjects, for without powerful and numerous and even devoted subjects he would be no tyrant. The master wills his slave's preservation, even in willing to preserve his own mastery. Even the thief or the defaulter wills that the hoarding of valuable property should be on the average sufficiently advantageous to others to make them willing and careful to provide him with the wherewithal to win his thief's livelihood. Even the murderer, although he directly aims to destroy his fellow, does so, in general, and whenever the act is deliberate and intelligent, for a social end—honor, property, power—all of them ends which involve willing the preservation, and even the prosperity, of many social relations involving others than the murderer himself. There is, then, much bad Altruism in the world, much base wishing of social relations which do involve the preserva-

tion, and even the relative private advantage of others besides the evil-doer. But bad Altruism is not mere Egoism, nor is it identical with a lower animal's unconsciously naïve selfishness. The mere instincts of the self-preservation of this organism have to be far transcended before one can become consciously egoistic. Vanity, pride, love of social power, the greed of mastery, covetousness, oppression—all these are tendencies that, just in so far as they are conscious and deliberate, involve not only Egoism, i. e., the love of the advantage of this individual, but also some more or less evil form of Altruism—the love of the preservation, and often of a certain limited advantage, of those of one's fellows who form the necessary other term of the social relation which satisfies one's vanity, one's greed, or one's love of power. In brief, speaking ethically, you cannot consciously be merely egoistic. For you, as a man, exist only in human relations. Your aims have to be more or less social, just so far as you clearly define them. The ethical problem is not: Shall I aim to preserve social relations? but: What social relations shall I aim to preserve?

But to return from these illustrations to the general topic: my first point on this occasion is that, just as there is no conscious Egoism without some distinctly social reference, so there is, on the whole, in us men, no self-consciousness apart from some more or less derived form of the social consciousness. I am I in relation to some sort of a non-Ego. And, as a fact, the non-Ego that I am accustomed to deal with when I think and act, is primarily some real or ideal finite fellow-being, in actual or possible social relations with me, and this social non-Ego, real or ideal, is only secondarily to be turned into anything else, as, for example, into a natural object that I regard as a mere dead thing. And I have dwelt upon these facts for the sake of first introducing a matter towards whose final definition the whole of the following argument is to tend, viz., the assertion that what you and I mean by Nature is, as a finite reality, something whose very conception we have actually derived from our social relations with one another; so that, as we shall see, to believe that there really exists a finite reality called Nature, is of necessity, when you rightly analyze the facts, to believe that there is, in the real universe, an extra-human, but finite conscious life, manifesting its presence to us by means substantially similar to those whereby we have become assured of the presence of the inner life of our human fellows. As it is not true that we are primarily and in unsocial abstraction merely egoistic, just so it is not true that we primarily know merely our own

inner life as individuals, apart from an essentially social contrast with other minds. While it is true, as all idealistic analysis has affirmed, that the object of knowledge is precisely what it is known as being, it is not true that you and I ever know our own individual inner world of objects, without contrasting these objects with others that we regard as present to some sort of conscious life beyond our own. But primarily we learn to contrast our own inner life with what we regard as the inner life of our fellows in human society. It is by virtue of this very contrast of our own inner life with a finite conscious life beyond our own, viz., that of our human fellows, that we become self-conscious. When later, for reasons that I shall soon define, we learn to oppose to ourselves as finite knowers, a world of relatively independent natural objects, which we conceive as existent apart from any human insight, all the categories in terms of which we can learn to think of these nature-objects are categories derived from our social experience, and modified, but not really transformed, to suit the peculiar behavior of the relatively unsocial beings whose existence our experience seems to indicate to us in nature. Our relations with nature are thus such as involve a more or less social contrast between our life and the life of nature. And upon this principle every philosophy of nature must rest.

II

I have begun our research, as you see, by some decidedly general and positive assertions. I must next try to show you more precisely and more in detail what these assertions mean, and why I find myself obliged to hold them.

The theses of the present paper, set forth in particular, run as follows:

1. A man is conscious of himself, as this finite being, only in so far as he contrasts himself, in a more or less definitely social way, with what he takes to be the life, and, in fact, the conscious life, of some other finite being—unless, indeed, he modifies his natural self-consciousness by contrasting his own life with the conceived fullness of the life of God. But except by virtue of some such contrast one cannot become self-conscious, and the result is that, as a matter of simple and necessary meaning, if any metaphysical argument is to prove than I am I, viz., this finite being, then at the same time this argument will prove that there is other conscious life besides mine. For other-

wise my own finite life as this Ego cannot be defined or conceived.

2. The other conscious life that I must contrast with mine, in order to become self-conscious, is primarily, in our human relations, the life of my fellow in the social order. The original, as Hume would say, of the conception of a non-Ego is given to me in my social experiences. The real other being that I, as this finite Ego, can know is, at first, the human being. A man who had no social relations could form no clear conception of the reality of any finite non-Ego, and so could get no clear notion of the reality of the non-Ego now called Nature. Our conception of physical reality as such is secondary to our conception of our social fellow-beings, and is actually derived therefrom.

3. In consequence, any metaphysical proof that what we human beings mean by physical nature exists at all, must also be a proof that behind the phenomena of nature, just in so far as nature has finite reality, there is other conscious life, finite like our own, but unlike human life in so far as it, the nature-life, does not enter into closer relations with us human beings. Yet all that manifests to us the external existence of nature, does so by virtue of a more or less definite appeal to the categories of our social consciousness.

4. But, as a fact, a probable proof, not amounting to philosophical demonstration, but capable of an indefinite degree of extension and illustration, does exist for the existence of a real finite world called the Realm of Nature. Hence, this very proof indicates that there is behind the phenomena of nature a world of finite life in more or less remote, but socially disposed relations to us human beings.

5. This proof of the finite reality of a conscious life behind the phenomena of nature is furnished by the whole mass of facts that in modern times have come to be conceived together as the basis of the doctrine of Evolution. And the doctrine of Evolution must in the end be interpreted in terms of this notion. In other words, the doctrine of Evolution seems to me the beginning of what promises to become a sort of universal Sociology, tending towards a definition of the social relations of the finite beings that together must make up the whole natural world, both human and extra-human.

6. Yet, on the other hand, the view of nature thus indicated ought to be very sharply distinguished, both from most traditional forms of Animism and of Hylozoism, and from the modern doctrine of Mind-Stuff. The view that I have in mind is not Schopenhauer's doctrine of the Will in Nature, nor Schelling's *Naturphilosophie*,

nor von Hartmann's theory of the Unconscious as manifested in physical phenomena. From such theories mine is to be distinguished by its genesis. It tries to avoid all premature dogmatism as to the inner aspect of the life of nature. But it conceives the possibility of a gradual and, as one may hope, a very significant enlargement, through the slow growth of human experience, of our insight into the inner meaning of nature's life, and into the essentially social constitution of the finite world. Meanwhile this conception of the natural order as a vast social organism, of which human society is only a part, is founded upon no merely animistic analogies between the physical phenomena and the phenomena of our organisms, but upon a decidedly deeper analysis of the very nature of our conception of other finite beings besides ourselves. And further, if my conception is true, it quite transforms certain important aspects of our whole notion of the meaning of Evolution. For the process of Evolution, as I now view it, becomes, not the history of the growth of life from the lifeless, but the history of the differentiation of one colony, as it were, of the universal society from the parent social order of the finite world in its wholeness.

Such, in some detail, are my theses. They need, of course, both analysis and defense. I will take them up in their order, dwelling perhaps too long upon the first thesis, upon which all the rest depends.

III

First, then, as to the thesis that one is conscious of one's Ego only by virtue of the contrast between this Ego and some consciousness which one regards as external to one's finite self.

Speaking in psychological terms, one can say that our finite self-consciousness is no primitive possession at all, but is the hard-earned outcome of the contact between the being capable of becoming rational and the rationally-disposed world in which he slowly learns to move. A child becomes self-conscious only by degrees. When, as infant, he cries for his food, or even, when more intelligent, shows lively disappointment if his expectations are not met, he is not yet self-conscious. When later, as older child, he struts about, playing soldier, or shyly hides from strangers, or asks endless questions merely to see what you will say, or quarrels with his fellows at play, or shrinks from reproof, or uses his little arts to win praise and caresses, he is self-conscious. These latter conditions are all of them

such as involve a contrast between his own deeds and meanings and the deeds and meanings that he takes to be those of other conscious beings, whom, just as his conscious fellows, he loves or hates, fears or imitates, regards with social curiosity, or influences by devices adapted to what he thinks to be their states of mind. In brief, then, I should assert here, as a matter of psychology, what I have elsewhere worked out more at length, that a child is taught to be self-conscious just as he is taught everything else, by the social order that brings him up. Could he grow up alone with lifeless nature, there is nothing to indicate that he would become as self-conscious as is now a fairly educated cat.

But in the present paper I am dealing, not with psychology, but with certain aspects of the constitution of our knowledge. Let us consider briefly our self-consciousness, now that it has developed. It is a familiar paradox of idealistic analysis that we can have true knowledge of ideas or other objects of consciousness only in so far as they have first been presented to ourselves in our own inner life. Whatever I know must be really known to me, one says only in so far as it is in me. I know, or can conceivably come to know, my own states, my own presentations, my own thoughts, my own experiences. Things external to me can be known only in so far as they first appear inside my conscious world. When I pretend to know something about a far-off star, that something which I know proves, upon analysis, to be my own state, my experience, or my thought—nothing else. I cannot transcend consciousness. And consciousness is for me *my* consciousness, or, at least, can always come to be regarded as mine. "Das 'Ich denke,' " says Kant, "muss alle meine Vorstellungen begleiten können."

Now all this is, in one sense, quite true. There is an aspect of knowledge which is always dependent upon my presentations, my direct acquaintance with mental contents. Without such direct acquaintance, I have no knowledge. But, on the other hand, if one asks a little more closely about the implications of our inner consciousness, one comes upon another, a strongly contrasted, and a highly momentous aspect of our human knowledge. And this aspect is indicated by the well-known fact that if I can only really know my own inner states in so far as they are inner, still, on the other hand, I can never really define to myself just how much is actually presented at any one moment to my inner life. One can know the far-off star only by virtue of ideas and experiences that get presented in the inner

life; but, on the other hand, this presentation, merely as such, is not enough. For if anything present in the inner life were, as such, at once and altogether known to me, I should always be able to know just what it is, just how much it is, that now constitutes the whole filling and meaning of my inner life. But alas, I never can find out in all my life, precisely the whole of what it is that gets presented to me in any one moment. Are you now conscious of all that is in your field of vision, e.g., of the head of every person who sits in this audience within this instant's range of your vision? Obviously you are not, or at least are not equally conscious of all the possible objects of your momentary visual attention. You are now clearly aware only of what you are now attending to, and not of all the contents that are present but that you merely *might* attend to if you chose. But once more, what is precisely the whole of what you are now attending to—words, thoughts, sights, faces? It is impossible just now exhaustively to tell yourself, unless—unless you first attend to your own process of attention, capriciously fixate its normal fluctuating attitudes, and so give an artificially prepared account of a deliberately falsified situation. The inner life, as we get it, is conscious, but normally very unequally self-conscious—possesses contents, but cannot precisely define to itself what they are; seeks not to hold the present, but to fly to the next; scorns the immediate, the presented, and looks endlessly for the oncoming, the sought, the wished-for, the absent, so that the inner eye gazes on a flowing stream of events, but beholds rather what they hint at than what they present.

Now it is this other, this curiously contrasted aspect, of our finite knowledge, that constitutes one of the deepest problems of the life of human reason. I can know only what can get presented to me. But, on the other hand, most of what gets presented to me always escapes my knowledge. I know not the merely presented, as such, but only that which in the presented facts I can hold, apperceive, contrast with other contents, and define as to the real meaning of this object which I am to know. But alas, the moment flits. What I now know turns into what I just now knew, even while I reflect upon it. The direct gets lost in the indirect, the instant in the imperfectly known series of states; and my best approach to finite knowledge appears as only a sort of substituting of expectations and of memories for the desired presentations. If, then, on the one hand, I can know only my own ideas, states, thoughts, presentations, our present unhappy result seems to be that, as a fact, owing to the ceaseless flux of con-

sciousness, I cannot fully know even these. For, once more, I can know only what I can examine with steadily fixated attention; but while I fixate my attention upon the inner object, it changes even while I observe it. *Only the presented can be known:* this idealistic proposition seems to be mockingly answered by the fairly tragic counter-assertion: *Not even the presented is, as such, known.*

In view of these paradoxes of our finitude, in view of the fact that only the presented can, as such, be known, while the presented never stays long enough in one moment of consciousness to allow us fully to know what it is, the actual situation of our human knowledge is simply this: What is always most clearly present to our consciously inquiring intelligence is the conceived relation between some content now immediately apprehended but very imperfectly comprehended, and that which, as we hope, believe, or expect, *will be* or *would be* apprehended, when we come more fully to know, or if we now more fully knew the meaning of this immediate datum. What I now experience leads me to expect another experience. My conscious knowledge is, then, mainly of this relation of transition from the immediate fact to the expected outcome. Or again, what I now experience leads me to believe that were I otherwise situated, I should apprehend such and such other facts. My knowledge is here again consciously concerned with the relation between my actual and my conceived possible experience. Or, once more, I now have passing through my mind an assertion, a belief, an opinion. And I am thinking just what it is that I mean by this opinion. In this case, my meaning is partly presented to me, partly conceived as a more fully developed meaning, which I should get presented, or shall find presented, upon a further consideration of what I am aiming to do.

Thus, you see, the original paradox of our idealistic analysis gets corrected by this other paradox. To the unknowability of whatever cannot get presented is now opposed the equal unknowability of whatever merely gets immediately presented, without being held through a constant inner appeal from what *is* presented to what in future will be presented, or to what conceivably *would be* presented, were consciousness otherwise determined. I know only my own states and ideas; but those I know only by virtue of their conceived relation to states and ideas that will be, or that would be, under other conditions, or in other moments, the contents of my experience.

But, from this point of view, the nature of the world of our knowledge gets transformed. Our only approach to that ideal of knowl-

edge which complete and fixated presentation would involve if we *had* it, is afforded us by the imperfectly presented relation between fleeting actual presentations and conceived possible presentations. And therefore you will observe at once that my notion of my own Ego and of its contents depends upon a certain contrast between these contents and a conceived world of actual or possible experience beyond this Ego. For what I come nearest to knowing at any moment is the relation between imperfectly grasped immediate contents and the conceived experience beyond the moment. It is indeed true, as idealism is accustomed to say, that of a *Ding-an-sich*, out of relation to possible knowledge, I have and can have no sort of knowledge or conception. For, as soon as I try to tell what such a *Ding-an-sich* is, I turn it into actual or conceived possible experience, and conceive it only as in such experience. But, on the other hand, my whole knowledge of my inner finite Self and of its meaning is dependent upon the contrast between the immediate experiences of this self and a world of abstractly possible or of genuine experiences not presented to any moment of my inner self as such. Thus, all my finite knowledge involves as much mediation as it contains immediacy—assures me of fact only by sending me elsewhere for truth; lets me know something, never the whole, of my actual experience, but through its contrast with possible experience; verifies merely by presupposing experiences now unverified; instructs me by suggesting further problems; tells me who I am by indicating whither I am to go to look for my true self; suggests fulfillment of insight, yet all the while sending me out to wander for more insight; arouses the question, What do I mean? at the very moment when I am attempting to answer the question, What is the experienced datum?

Now this realm of contrasts of the light of present experience and of the shadow of possible or of distant other experience, of presentation and of thought; this dwelling in hope rather than in fulfillment, in search for a lost self rather than in enjoyment of a present self; this realm, I say, and this dwelling constitute the inner finite life of every one of us, in so far as he lives rationally at all. My actual inner life is, then, always contrasted with experience other than is now mine; and the problem of my intellectual life, whatever my worldly calling, is this: Where is the rest of my experience? or, What is the content of the other experience with which mine is even now contrasted?

But it is, of course, vain to regard my inner view of myself as con-

stituted solely by the contrast between my individual presentation and a possible inner experience that I view as merely my own private, but still *individually* possible experience. My possible experience and the world of other experience than is now mine—these terms, in a wide but an essentially human sense, constantly include not merely the conceived experiences that I alone in my individual capacity am likely ever to have, or to find individually accessible, but also the whole world of experiences that other human beings either have had, or will have, or may have. The upper Nile valley is, in the general and abstract sense, a possible experience of mine; but I individually shall doubtless never come to get that experience. Yet the upper Nile valley is, and has been, a system of actual and of accessibly possible experiences for very many of my fellow-men. When I conceive the upper Nile valley, there are presented to my inner life, images, map-experiences, and the like; and these I know as meaning something to me, in so far as I contrast these relatively immediate data with the conceived contents of the experience of other men who more directly verify what I only conceive as to that region. And, in fact, the whole contents of my individual experience get regarded as one conscious system of remembered and expected contents, in so far as, in conception, I contrast my own private inner life with the experiences which I attribute to my actual or conceived fellows. I often say that my own inner life, as a whole, past and future, actual and accessibly possible, is better known to me, is more immediate, is more accessible to me, than is your inner life. But what do I mean by saying this? Surely both my past and my future are now as truly and literally unrepresentable to me as are your inner states. I have now only my memories of my past, as I have only my beliefs as to your inner states. Directly I can now verify neither set of ideas. What I mean by the relative intimacy and accessibility of my own individual past is, then, only the fact that my notion of my past has a "warmth," a definiteness, a sort of inner assurance, which contrasts with the notion that I form of the past of any other man.

You see, whatever way I turn, I am definable to myself only in terms of a contrast with other experience which might, abstractly speaking, be conceived as mine, but which, as a fact, is viewed either as now inaccessible in comparison with my present experience, or else as the actual or possible experience of my fellow, and so as now more remote than even my own relatively warm and quasi-accessible, although actually unrepresentable past experience appears to me

to be. But to define any sphere whatever as the sphere of my own finite life, i. e., to define my life either as the sphere of my momentary finite life, or as the sphere of my whole human individuality, involves in each case a contrast between what is within my defined Ego, in the way of relatively realized, or warm, or accessible contents of experience, and what is beyond my defined Ego, as a sphere of experiences that, abstractly speaking, I regard as possibly mine, while, as a fact, I contrast them with mine, as being really somehow beyond me, and relatively inaccessible to me. These other experiences, which are not mine in precisely the degree in which what I call mine is viewed as belonging to me—these other experiences are, primarily, the actual experiences of other men. *My* opinion means, in general, my opinion as contrasted with opinions which I attribute to other men. *My* private experience means, primarily, whatever nobody else but myself has experienced, and is therefore defined by contrast with the conception of what everybody else has experienced. In brief, take away the concept of that world of abstractly possible other experience, which might be mine, or which would be mine, if I were you, or Cæsar, or any one else, or which would now be mine if I were once more my past self—take all this other experience out of my conception, and forthwith I lose all means of becoming conscious of my experience as mine, or of knowing what I mean either by my whole individuality, or by my present Ego.

IV

So far, then, for our first thesis. To myself, I am I, not merely in so far as my inner contents get presented to me, but in so far as I contrast my experience present, or the sum total of my conceived individual experience, with an experience which is, in some sense, not mine, but which is conceived as other than mine.

But now what warrant have I, philosophically speaking, for assuming that there is any other experience than mine at all—any experience past or future, remote or warm, like my present experience, or unlike it? Is this merely a practically warranted assertion of common-sense, or has it a deeper philosophical basis?

The general answer to this question is simply that I know the presented experience as such, and in so far as, in passing it is imperfectly grasped at all, only by virtue of its contrast to the conceived other experience. Without knowledge that the other experience is, there

can be then no meaning in saying that the presented experience itself exists. That the present is, he alone can say who regards the past and future as real. That I as this individual am, I can say only if I contrast myself with some conceived other experience. The judgment: "There is experience," can have meaning only if one defines some experience that is to be thus real. But the only way to define any finite experience is by its contrast with other experience. The total object of true knowledge is therefore never the immediate experience of my own state as such and alone, although there never is any knowledge without some immediate experience as one of its elements. The judgment: "There is experience" means, then, for any finite being, "There is my finite experience, known as somehow contrasted with other experience than what is here presented as mine." Thus, then, the conviction that there is other experience than what is presented to me here, has not only a common-sense value but a philosophical warrant. But if one says: "No, but the contrast is itself something given, and so is not the contrast between my experience and any experience that is really known to be other than mine, but is only a contrast between my presented experience and one that is not presented as other than mine, but that is merely conceived as other than mine"—then to this objection, once more, the answer is, that the very conception of other experience than what is now presented as mine either actually relates to such other experience, or else is a meaningless conception. But if it is to be meaningless, even while it takes itself, as it does, to have a meaning, then this conception that always shadows my presentations, this conception of other experience than mine, is itself an experience that is in fact other than it takes itself to be. For it always takes itself to mean something; although, unless it actually does refer to other experience than mine, it is meaningless. But to say that a conception, or any other presented content of consciousness, is other than it seems, and is, for example, really meaningless when it seems to mean something, this is already to distinguish between my erroneous experience of its nature, and another, a fuller experience of its nature which, if I knew it better, I should have. But thus to distinguish between what my experience really is and what it seems to be, is simply to distinguish between a presented and a not presented aspect of the very experience in question. For what can one say of an experience which is not what it seems to be, and which is yet only a presentation after all—a mere matter of the instant in which it happens to live? If an expe-

rience, viz., here the conception of other experience than mine, presents itself as meaning something beyond the moment when it really means nothing beyond the moment, then this very experience itself is really other than the experience as it is presented, and once more one gets a real contrast between my experience as presented, and related experience which is not presented. The conception of other experience than mine must, therefore, in any case, have relation to a real experience which is other than my presentation.

Thus, then, that there is some experience not individually mine, is an assertion precisely as sure as the assertion that my own experience is. For neither assertion has meaning apart from the other. On the other hand, it is impossible to contrast my experience with any *Ding-an-sich*, existent apart from all experience, because the instant that I tell what I mean by a *Ding-an-sich*, I have converted it into an experience, actual or possible, and other than mine.

But finally, in this connection, one must still further insist that our now frequently illustrated contrast cannot ultimately be one between my presented experience and an experience other than mine which is *barely* a possible experience, and not an actual experience at all. A possible experience, not now mine, is a notion that has a very sound meaning in case it has some direct or indirect relation to a real experience not now mine. But bare possibilities, to which no actualities correspond, are indeed meaningless. Are there real facts or aspects of experience not now presented to me, then I can easily define these in terms of logical possibilities. But possibilities need realities to give them meaning. There must then be other experience than mine, not merely as possible experience, but as actual experience. Given such actual experience, there is not only convenience, but rational necessity in the attempt to define its nature in terms of all sorts of conceived possibilities; but unless you have some actual experience upon which to base your possibilities, then the possibilities themselves become mere contradictions. A barely possible experience is, as Mr. Bradley has well said, the same as an impossible experience.

V

There is, then, an universe of other actual experience than my own finite experience, presented or remembered. Were this central truth not known to me, I should have no means of being conscious of my-

self as this finite Ego. The general constitution of this world of other experience, in its wholeness, I must here leave to metaphysics. We are now concerned with the finite aspects of the complex of experiences with which, as human beings, we have to do.

Concretely, we get information about the contents of experience not our own, when we communicate socially with our fellows. And the essence of social communication is this: My fellow does something in a certain situation—deals with his environment so or so. He uses tools, utters words, makes gestures. If these deeds of his are new to me, they do not convey to me his inner experience. These deeds are so far, for me, phenomena in my own experience. I cannot directly view my fellow's experience at all. How, then, is a word, or gesture, or other deed, which as yet conveys no meaning to me, to acquire a meaning, or to become expressive to me of my fellow's inner life as such? The answer is, that, from infancy on, my fellow's expressive acts get a meaning to me as the suggestion of his concrete inner life, just in so far as I am able to imitate these deeds of his by bodily acts of my own, brought to pass under conditions like those in which he, my fellow, acts. For when I definitely repeat a bodily act that expresses any human meaning, the act, as I repeat it, under definite conditions, gets for me an inner meaning which I could never grasp so long as I merely observed such an act from without, as an event in my perceived phenomenal world. But this inner meaning which the act gets when I repeat it, becomes for me the objective meaning of the act as my fellow performs it; and thus the meaning of the imitated act, interpreted for me at the moment of my imitation, gets conceived as the real meaning, the inner experience of my fellow, at the moment when he performs the act which is my model. If you laugh, I know what you mean just in so far as, under similar conditions, I can join with you and laugh heartily also, and can thus, by fully imitating your deed, get a sense of your meaning. But if I see you laughing under circumstances that absolutely forbid me even to conceive myself as imitating your expression of mirth, then I have frankly to say that I do not in the least know what you mean by laughing at just this situation, and so cannot conceive in so far what your inner experience is. If I see you playing cards, or chess, I can only make out what your inner experience is in case I learn the cards, the pieces, the rules, or the moves of the game, and proceed to play it myself. If I want to know what the poets mean when they sing of love, I must myself become a lover. When I have imitated, in

my measure, the lover's situation, and the lover's sincerely expressed devotion, then I know something of what love meant for the poet. In general, I believe in other human experience than mine in so far as I notice other people's expressive acts, and then gradually interpret them through social conformity. What I cannot interpret by imitation, I cannot definitely realize as another man's experience. Yet as my imitations always remain incomplete, and my interpretations correspondingly indefinite, I have constantly to contrast my fellow's experience, so far as I can realize it, with my fellow's experience so far as it attracts my efforts to interpret it, but also sets a limit to the success of these efforts. And thus I get a notion of a boundless world of human meanings which I can partially, but not wholly, grasp. In the effort, by social conformity, i. e., by imitation of expressive actions, to interpret such inadequately grasped human meanings, a great part of my social life consists. This effort is constantly supplemented by my efforts to convey my own meanings to others; and thus my self-consciousness and my social consciousness, each helped and each limited by the other, since each exists only in contrast with the other, get organized and developed in the endless giving and taking of social communications.

Thus far, then, we have been illustrating our first and second theses. Their application to our notion of Nature remains to be developed.

VI

So far, then, a reality, external to my finite Ego, means a world of other experience with which my experience is contrasted. This world is concretely defined, in the first place, as the world of other human experiences than my own. What these experiences actually are, I learn only by myself repeating the expressive deeds of my fellows, and by attributing to these deeds, when performed by my fellows, an inner meaning similar to the one which I more directly observe in the deeds when I myself repeat them under conditions similar to those in which my fellows have already performed them. Of course, no such interpretation of any human meaning is infallible; but I am verifiably right in saying that, at every step, this social process does really bring me into relation with experience which, until I performed the deeds of social imitativeness, *was not* mine. This concrete new experience, which was not mine until I imitated, was then

before my imitation, at the very least, a possible experience other than mine. The whole social world is full of suggestions of such actually possible experiences. If every real possibility must, logically speaking, have a basis in actuality, I am philosophically warranted in saying that all these suggestions of other human experience which social imitation interprets, and which common-sense trusts, do as a fact stand not only for a barely possible enlargement of my inner Ego, but for real experience which, however fallible my private interpretations of it may be, has an actuality contrasted with, and existent apart from, my finite individuality. The world of my fellows' experiences may not be real just as I, in my narrowness, interpret it. But this world is still, from the philosophical as from the common-sense point of view, a real world, a complex of experiences other than mine, and more or less imperfectly communicated to me. And thus it is that one in general defines the metaphysics of the social consciousness. You observe once more the essential relativity of the individual Ego and the social Alter. Neither conception has any clearness apart from the other.

But now, in our human world of experience, there are, yonder, the phenomena of physical nature. Our next question is, in what sense are we to attribute reality to them?

J. S. Mill's answer to this question is well known, and is, in one aspect, closely and instructively similar to Kant's answer, despite all the differences between the two philosophers as to other matters. The phenomena of nature, e. g., the upper Nile valley, the other side of yonder wall, or of the moon—these one conceives as systems of possible experiences, experiences which, in general, I now have not, but could have under definable conditions. Nature, as such, contains, apart from the bodies of my fellows and of the higher animals, no objects that I conceive as communicating to me any now intelligible inner intents, meanings, plans, or other socially interesting contents. Nature consists of masses of "possibilities of sensation." The problem is, in what sense have these possibilities of experience any inner or self-existent sort of reality? Is nature a *Ding-an-sich*, whose reality is absolutely inscrutable, but self-possessed? The answer to this last and special question is that such a notion is simply meaningless. I can contrast my experience with other experience, and can regard myself as limited by facts of experience not now presented to me. And such a way of regarding myself is, as we have seen, absolutely essential to even my self-consciousness. But I cannot contrast expe-

rience with what is no experience at all. Even to say that there now exist certain possibilities of experience which I do not realize, is to raise the issue already several times touched upon in the foregoing. A bare possibility is a mere fiction. It cannot be real. To my true definition of a given experience as merely possible for me, there may correspond an experience which, as it is in itself, is very unlike my private definition of the real possibility. But if I am right in saying, "There is a possibility of experience not now mine," then to such a real possibility some sort of real experience, other than mine, must correspond. The question arises: Is there any such real experience behind those nature-facts which we conceive as our own possible experiences?

But there is another aspect of natural phenomena which perhaps brings us nearer to our goal. The reality of the facts of nature, when we actually confirm their presence, is always viewed as capable of being submitted to social tests. The real nature-phenomenon is not merely conceived as the object of my possible experience, but in general as the object of my fellows' actual or possible experience as well. If the star that I see is a real star, then you, if you are a normal observer can see that star as well as I. This is the common-sense presupposition as to nature. Natural objects are viewed as phenomena that are, in some sense, public property, in so far as many different human observers could make them objects of possible inspection. The presupposition of common-sense is, that many observers could, on occasion, verify the *same* natural fact; so that the physical world will consist, for common-sense, not merely of possibilities of my individual experience, but of possibilities of common experience on the part of many observers.

Here surely is a well-known, but a paradoxical aspect of our nature-experience. I cannot observe your mind, but, as common-sense supposes, I can observe the same external natural fact that you observe. This presupposition is, in effect, a basis in terms of which we often define the facts of nature. What I alone experience, belongs to my inner life. What you can experience as well as I, is as such a physical fact, and, mind you, this means that, when we deal with nature-phenomena, common-sense supposes us, not merely to have similar inner states, but to refer to actually the *same* fact. If you as finite being count ten, and I as finite being count ten, we perform similar inner acts, but our objects are so far *not* the same; for the ten that you count is not the ten that I count. We can in this case be re-

ferring to the same truth only if there is, as a fact, some of extra-human reality possessed by the truths of arithmetic, and actually referred to by both of us. But just such extra-human reality common-sense actually attributes to the facts of nature. If ten stones lie on the highway, and you and I count them, common-sense supposes that though your counting of ten is not my counting of ten, though your perception of the stones is not mine, though your inner life is in no fashion, here noteworthy, identical with mine, still the real stones that I count are identically the same as the real stones that you count. Now any natural fact, as common-sense conceives it, could, without losing its identity, be made the common object of as many observers as could come to get the right hints of its nature through their inner experience. All these possible observers, so common-sense holds, would really refer to the same natural fact.

The nature-things, then, are not merely possible experiences for me; they pretend to be possible objects of common experience for many observers.

Now when the nature-facts make such puzzling demands upon us as this, there are only two ways of viewing the situation thus created. One way is to say that in truth, all this common-sense notion of nature is illusory. As a fact, one might insist, it is impossible for two finite observers of nature to have the same external fact actually referred to by both of them at once. What one means is, that, as our social consciousness indicates, human beings have many similar experiences, and can socially convey to one another this similarity of their inner lives. When I rejoice, you may rejoice too; yet our rejoicings are not the same, but only similar. Just so, one might insist, when I point at my star, you may point at your star also. But what happens is that your experience then resembles mine; but has not the same outer object at all. Nature is the sum-total of those facts of our various experiences, concerning which our perceptual experience seems most easily to agree. But this agreement means merely a certain social communicable similarity of our experiences—not unity or sameness of natural object.

This, I say, is one possible hypothesis as to nature. But observe at once: There is *one* class of nature-objects in case of which just this negative and sceptical hypothesis simply cannot be carried out without destroying the very basis of our social consciousness itself. And this class of seeming outer objects is made up of the very bodies of our human fellows whom we observe, and with whom we socially

communicate. The social consciousness, upon which, as we have seen, our very self-consciousness itself depends for its definition in finite terms, involves, as an integral part of its unity, the observation of certain natural phenomena definable as the expressive movements, the gestures, words, deeds, of our fellows. Now these phenomena are not merely to be viewed as reducible to the possible similar experiences of the various people who may observe their fellows from without. For these phenomena, on the contrary, have, whoever observes them, their identical and inner aspect; for they indicate the inner life of the social fellow-being who thus expresses himself. Many of you are now observing me. Are all of your various inner experiences of me now actually referring to the *same* fact, external to you but having for me its presented internal aspect, identically the same whoever it is that regards himself as observing my movements? The answer is here, at once: Yes. If I am I, and am communicating to you through deeds which are represented in you by systems of similar experiences, then, when you experience, in your inner lives, the observable phenomenal aspects of these my deeds, you are all at once meaning, referring to, listening to, the same genuinely real object.

Paradox though it be, the social consciousness insists that the same fellow-man can phenomenally manifest his presence to as many observers as can get some experience of his expressive deeds. All these observers can agree, with due care, as to their accounts of his deeds. These deeds, then, are so far nature-phenomena, like any others. My movements appear to any one of you in space, even as does this desk. So far, one could say, the fact is that the observers have experiences that are similar in one man's case to the experiences of his observing fellow. The observed deeds are merely such similar perceptions in the various observers. The various observers do not see the same real deeds; but they do possess similar perceptions, which they call perceptions of expressive deeds.

But no, this conclusion the social consciousness declines to accept. All your various but similar individual perceptions of my deeds really refer to the *same* genuine object, precisely in so far as I am I, and in so far as it is my inner experience that is manifested in these deeds. Thus, then, you could say that, if this desk were alone here, you could indeed so far talk sceptically of phenomenal experiences, in various observers, which only seemed to be experiences relating

to the same object, but which as a fact do not demand the real sameness of their object. But it is no longer so if, in terms of the social consciousness, you consider not the desk, but me as your nature-object. For I am to you not only nature-phenomenon, represented in you by comparable and merely similar perceptual experiences of your various private worlds; but I am, as communicating fellow-man, the same outer object for all of you.

Now a similar proposition holds true of any fellow-man. Any man you please has for you his phenomenal aspect. In this aspect he is viewed as object of possible experiences, and the real facts corresponding to this view are, so far, expressible by saying that all of his observant fellows have similar experiences whenever they come into certain definable groups of relations to their own inner worlds. But this man has another existence than the existence of certain images that his fellows form. All of these images refer to him, to the same man, to his manifested inner experience, and so to one reality. And this is what the social consciousness insists. Give up that insistence, in any general form, and you have no social consciousness, no fellow-men with similar experiences, no definable self-consciousness—yes, nothing but an inexpressible immediacy of inner presentations. But hold by that insistence, and what can you say? I answer: You can and must say that to one portion of phenomenal nature, viz., to the observed bodily movements of your fellows, there corresponds an inner life which is the same in essence, however many may be the phenomenal images that observers form of it when they refer to it as a reality.

The first view of nature, viz., that nature consists of a total of possible experiences, similar in various observers, thus fails as to all those nature-objects that present themselves as our expressively moving fellows. Our fellows are real beings, phenomenally observable from without by as many observers as you please, but self-existent as masses of inner experience, contrasted with one another, and with our own experiences.

But now how can you separate the phenomenal fellow, the originally real finite being, the original of your notion of your non-Ego, from the phenomenal nature of which he appears as a part, and with whose existence he appears to be, in all his life, absolutely continuous? For at this point there returns to help us our whole knowledge of human nature as such. A man's phenomenal expressive move-

ments, objects of possible experience for all observers, stand for, and phenomenally accompany, his inner life. They then are real manifestations of a real interior finite life. But his movements cannot be thus regarded as real unless his limbs, his muscles, his nerves, his brain, his circulatory and nutritive processes, the food that he eats, the desk from which he speaks, the air that he breathes, the room where he speaks, the ancestors from whom he descended—yes, in the end, the whole phenomenal nature-order with which he is phenomenally continuous, unless all these things be also regarded as real in the same general sense, viz., as inner finite experience. In short, you cannot separate your phenomenal fellows from the order of phenomenal nature. The continuity between man and nature, known to us first as the absolute inseparability of the expressive movements of our fellows from the nature-processes in which these movements appear to be imbedded, and of which they are phenomenally a part, has now become, in the light of our whole experience of natural phenomena, an all-embracing continuity, extending to cerebral and to general physiological processes, and to the ancestry and evolution of the human race, so that the highest in expressive human nature is now phenomenally linked by the most intimate ties to the simplest of physical processes. If, then, one's fellow is real, the whole of the phenomenal nature from which his phenomenal presence is continuous must be real in the same general fashion.

But observe, *this* deduction of the reality of the natural objects implies something very significant as to what nature is. The only possible way to get at the existence of a finite non-Ego is through some form of the social consciousness. What a finite non-Ego is, your fellow teaches you when he communicates to you the fact that he has inner experience, and is the same object, however many observers view him. Now if his continuity with the phenomenal nature of whose processes his observed expressive movements are an inseparable and continuous part, impels you to say that if he is real his whole body, and so, in the end, the whole nature of which that body is an inseparable part and an evolutionary product, is also real, in an inner and finite sense, then the only possible way to interpret this relation is to say: "Nature, by itself, is a system of finite experience which, on occasion, and by means of perfectly continuous evolutionary processes, passes over into, or differentiates from its own organization, the communicative form of socially intelligible experience that you and I call human."

VII

The force of this proof is limited, of course, by the fact that it is precisely an argument from continuity. It is capable of endless development and illustration; and I take it to be the only possible proof that nature exists in any way beyond the actual range of our more or less similar human experiences of nature's observable facts. Yet no argument from any continuity of apparent processes has absolute force. It does not follow that every hypothetical conception which you and I now form of this or that natural process, e. g., of the atoms, or of gravitation, corresponds to any distinct form of the inner nature-experience. As a fact, I take it that our scientifically conceived laws of nature are largely phenomenal generalizations from very superficial aspects of the inner life of nature, and that very much indeed of what we now call nature has existence only for human perception and thought, as a matter of the similarities of the experiences of various human observers. But my point is here not a detailed theory, but a general conception of nature. And my general conception is this:—There is a vast system of finite experience, real as our socially communicative fellows are real, and manifesting its existence to us just as they do, viz., through the phenomena which appear to our senses as material movements in space and time. What this inner experience is we know, in case of our human fellows, by social communication. What the rest of the nature-experience is, we can only make out very indirectly. But the continuity proves that the nature-experience passes over, on occasion, by unbroken although vastly complex processes, into the form of human experience. All the facts grouped together as the doctrine of Evolution, make this continuity seem the more elaborate, minute, and significant, the better we know it. In consequence we have no sort of right to speak in any way as if the inner experience behind any fact of nature were of a grade lower than ours, or less conscious, or less rational, or more atomic. Least of all have we a right, as the Mind Stuff theories do, to accept our hypothetical atoms as corresponding to real nature-entities, and then to say that inorganic nature consists of a mass of scattered sensations. Of the reality of organized experience we all know; but scattered sensory states are mere abstractions, just as the atoms of physics are. There is no evidence for the reality of nature-facts which is not defined for us by the very categories of the social consciousness. No evidence, then, can indicate nature's inner reality without also indi-

cating that this reality is, like that of our own experience, conscious, organic, full of clear contrasts, rational, definite. We ought not to speak of dead nature. We have only a right to speak of uncommunicative nature. Natural objects, if they are real at all, are *prima facie* simply other finite beings, who are, so to speak, not in our own social set, and who communicate to us, not their minds, but their presence. For, I repeat, a real being can only mean to me other experience than mine; and other experience does not mean deadness, unconsciousness, disorganization, but presence, life, inner light.

But it is customary to say, by way of getting rid of any sort of animism, that we have no right to reason by mere analogy from our inner experience to anything resembling life in inorganic nature. To this I answer that, were the foregoing argument one from analogy, it would be open to the same objections as could be urged against any form of animism. But the whole point of the foregoing analysis has been that you do not first find nature as something real, and occult, and *then* proceed to argue from analogy that this occult reality is alive. On the contrary, I have first insisted that occult realities, things in themselves, in the abstract sense, are absurd; that the social consciousness gives us the only notion of finite reality that we can have; and that the social consciousness recognizes, as real, beings having conscious experience. After this point was reached, and only then, could we turn, in our argument, to the phenomena of nature to ask if they must be regarded as conforming to just such a concept of finite reality, since, as a fact, this is our only possible concept of what a real being is. Now a phenomenon of nature, on the face of it, is solely something suggested to us by the agreement between the series of experiences present in various men. And no purely physical experience can possibly prove that nature has other reality than this, viz., reality as a series of parallel trains of experience in various people. So far we had not to interpret nature, but only to wonder why nature gets taken to be real at all, apart from these parallel series of experiences. Then it was that there came to our aid the argument from continuity. Certain of the phenomena of nature do stand for real inner experience, viz., the expressive movements of men. It is impossible to separate these latter phenomena, however, from the rest of the natural world, whose phenomenal unity the doctrine of Evolution is now daily making more manifest. Hence—so we reasoned—the rest of phenomenal nature must be regarded as standing for systems of finite experience, whose inner unity has to be defined

in the way that human experience illustrates. And it is thus, not by analogy, but by the very process whereby nature comes to be defined as real at all, that natural facts get conceived as like other finite experience. Of the relation of this "other experience than ours" in the cosmos, to our human type of experience we can then at once say, that, in the process of evolution, our human experience has become differentiated, by long and continuous processes, from the whole, so that relatively continuous intermediate stages now probably link us to the rest of the cosmical inner life. Of "unconscious" experience in nature we have no right to speak, precisely because consciousness means the very form and fashion of the being of experience itself, as we know it. Of transformations of conscious experience, with a preservation of continuity through the whole process, our own inner life gives us numerous examples.

Meanwhile, let us lay aside, once for all, the petty human Philistinism that talks of the evolution of humanity out of so-called "dead nature," as if it were necessarily a vast progress from "lower" to "higher," or from the meaningless to the world full of meaning. What value human life may get we in a measure know. But we certainly do not know that the nature-experience whose inner sense is not now communicated to us is in the least lower or less full of meaning. Our human evolution is, as it were, simply the differentiation of one nature-dialect, whereby a group of finite beings now communicate together. We have no right to call the other tongues with which nature speaks, barbarous, because, in our evolutionary isolation from the rest of nature, we have forgotten what they mean.

VIII

A few concluding considerations seem to be still in place in view of the most cogent positive objection that is likely to be urged against the foregoing interpretation of nature. The hypothesis advanced in the foregoing transcends our direct as well as our scientifically mediated experience of nature, just in so far as our view supposes that the nature-phenomena are hints of the existence of a finite experience continuous with ours, but such that its extra-human contents are not communicated to us. And this transcendence of our human experience is indeed a perfectly obvious objection to my notion. Yet the objection is so far only negative. In admitting, as I do, all that such an objection can urge so far as regards the fact that our hypoth-

esis transcends the limits of present human verification, I still answer that this objection is precisely as cogent against every theory which attributes any sort of genuine inner reality to nature, as it is against our own theory. The objection, in fact, contends only against the attribution of relatively independent reality to nature, just as such attribution, and not against our special view as such. No human verification, made as it is under social conditions, can of itself do more than prove (in the social sense of the word "proof") that various human experiences, existent in different men, have certain actual agreements. To believe that nature has any reality apart from these, our intercommunicable parallel series of human experiences of what we call the nature-phenomena, is, therefore, to transcend the actual data of the social consciousness, so far as they are presented to us mortals. The present objection, then, is equally valid against all cosmological doctrines. The only question really at issue, however, is: What reason forces us to transcend the data of our liberal social consciousness at all? Why are we led to assume a nature outside of the various reports that men give of their parallel trains of describable physical experience? To this question, as I conceive, the only fair answer is the argument from continuity, as it has now been stated. But the argument from continuity is an argument for the existence of finite realities whose ultimate type the social consciousness in general predetermines for our conception, while the nature of their specific relations to our experience is such as to preclude our filling out this general conception of "other experiences than ours" with any particular contents such as we attribute to the communicative minds of our fellows. My argument, then, is not for one concept of the reality of the facts of nature as against contrasting, and equally possible, concepts of the reality of beings other than ourselves. My argument is, that, from the nature of our human consciousness, with its primal contrast of inner Ego and social non-Ego, we can have just one general concept of a finite non-Ego, viz., the concept of "other experience than our own." The only real question, then, is: Shall we attribute this concept, in its most generalized form, to nature, or shall we not? There is no answer to this question except the one derived from our foregoing argument from continuity. That to attribute any reality whatever to nature is to "transcend our own experience," in the human and socially concrete sense of the word "experience," ought to be especially remembered by those who, while glibly attributing to nature a reality which they profess to re-

gard as utterly inscrutable, are still accustomed to insist that one must never venture to transcend human experience in any fashion.

But it is not this negative argument that I myself regard as the most cogent. I am, as I have just said, more interested in a positive objection which will occur to many of you.

The nature-experience, so our hypothesis supposes, is, in at least a considerable degree, relatively continuous with ours. That is, there is experience in nature which closely resembles human experience; there is other experience which less resembles ours, but which need not be lower; there is conscious experience still more remote from ours; and so on. All this experience hints to us its presence, but only in case of our human fellows communicates its inner meaning to us. But one may now answer: "It is true that the phenomena of our bodies are, physically speaking, continuous with the phenomena of physical nature in general. It is not true, so soon as we leave man, that we get any direct signs of the existence of an inner life, or nature-experience, at all corresponding, in its inner resemblance to, our own, to the physical continuity of its phenomenal processes with our own expressive physical life. The higher animals manifest their inner experience, apparently similar to ours, by expressive activities which resemble ours, but which certainly do not stand in any close physical continuity with ours. Our own organic processes, on the other hand, stand in very close relations of physical continuity with our most intelligent conscious and voluntary deeds. Yet if there is any inner experience connected with those of our organic activities which have no conscious equivalents in our own inner life, it is hard to show any sufficient body of evidence to bring this 'subliminal' experience into any relatively continuous *inner* relations with our own, despite the numerous, and decidedly interesting, recent efforts which have been made to connect our individual consciousness, by empirical links, with some such 'subliminal' processes." What my theory seems to lack, then, is a definition of any way in which our human consciousness *can* be in relations of inner continuity with a world of experience which, although thus actually in close continuity with ours, gives signs of its presence only through physical phenomena whose inner meaning, even in case of our own organic processes, quickly escapes any interpretation in terms now intelligible to our socially limited minds. An objector may well urge that this is a positive fault of the theory. Our theory, he may say, need not undertake to tell precisely what the supposed nature-experience contains. But it ought

to show how physical processes continuous with those of whose inner meaning we are conscious, may involve, as their own inner aspect, types of experience more or less continuously related to our own, and yet now quite inaccessible to us.

As a fact, there is a very obvious way of hypothetically accounting for this presence and inaccessibility of types of experience closely related to ours, whose presence is hinted to us by physical processes such that we now wholly fail to interpret their inner meaning. This supplementary hypothesis is suggested by one of the most interesting and best known principles governing the correlation of mental processes and their phenomenal accompaniments.

Mental processes, in human beings, are correlated to physical processes whose phenomenal or externally observable basis is known to be the functions of nervous systems. Now the best known principle governing the physical fortunes of any nervous system is the principle of Habit. This is the rule that a nervous system tends to repeat its former functions, when once these have become set through series of repeated stimulations. Whatever function has frequently been accomplished under the direction of nervous centers, tends to be the more readily accomplished again. This principle tends, of course, to the production of stability and uniformity of conduct in us all. And the analogy between the results of this special tendency to the formation of nervous Habits, on the one hand, and the existence of the observable processes of Natural Law in general, on the other hand, has often been noted. The phenomenally observable conduct of a being with a nervous system is always, as a fact, and in proportion to the elevation of this being in the scale of life, a very irregular sort of conduct. Yet it tends towards regularity, because of the principle of Habit. Now, however, the regularity of outwardly observable conduct towards which, as towards an asymptote, the conduct of a being with a nervous system tends, is a sort of regularity which physical nature, especially in the inorganic world, continually shows us, only in a highly perfected form, in those extremely regular processes which we define, not, to be sure, as the ideally ultimate laws of the universe, but as the observable routine of phenomenal nature (such routine as is exemplified by the tides, the seasons, etc.). That nature's observable Laws might even be interpreted, from an evolutionary point of view, as nature's gradually acquired Habits, originating in a primal condition of a relatively capricious irregularity, is a conception to which several recent writers, notably Mr. Cope, and,

with great philosophical ingenuity, Mr. Charles Peirce, have given considerable elaboration. I do not myself accept this notion that the laws of phenomenal nature, where they are genuinely objective laws, and not relatively superficial human generalizations, are the evolutionary product of any such cosmical process of acquiring habits, as Mr. Peirce has so ingeniously supposed in his hypothesis of "Tychism." But I mention the analogy between these regularities of physical phenomena which are called the observable laws of nature, and the gradually acquired regularities of conduct which slowly appear in the lives of beings with nervous systems, in order to introduce another consideration, of equal importance for the definition of the place of conscious experience in the cosmical order.

If it is the rule that our nervous systems tend to form habits, and that habits mean uniformities of phenomenal behavior, it is equally true that our human consciousness tends to grow faint just in proportion as our habits become relatively invariable. Our human and conscious experience is the inner accompaniment of what appears, when viewed from without, as an irregularity of phenomenally observable conduct. Or, in other words, our conscious life is the inner aspect of a physical process of what is called our adjustment to our environment. This adjustment tends to become, in proportion to the perfection of our habits, a matter of predictable routine. But whenever this routine becomes relatively perfect, our consciousness grows fainter, and in the extreme case of an almost entirely invariable physical routine, our consciousness ceases, while the perfected nervous habit remains, for human experience, only as an externally observable phenomenal process of a physical nature. A young man consciously and proudly twirls his moustache. The acquisition of this new mode of conduct constitutes a novel adjustment, and so involves change of routine behavior. This change is accompanied, at first, by a decided sense of personal importance. In time the habit may become set, so that it gets an entirely reflex perfection, and then, as in a well-known reported case, a man struck senseless by a street-accident, and suffering from severe cerebral injury, is seen, as he is carried to the hospital, automatically twirling his moustache, from time to time, in what, from our human point of view, appears as absolute unconsciousness, since we are unable, either then or later, to get into any sort of communication with the conscious experience, if such there be, that forms an inner aspect of this nervous habit. Just so, if one's nervous habits were so well formed, and if one's environment

were so changeless, that one's whole physical life were a settled series of rhythmically performed activities, recurring with the regularity of breathing, or of the tides, the empirical evidence is that one would have no conscious life of the sort now communicated to us by our social fellows. Consciousness, as we know it in man, and interpret its presence in animals, is an incident of an interrupted adjustment to our environment—an interrupted adjustment which, seen from without, expresses itself in conduct that involves *alteration of old habits to meet new conditions*. As Romanes well asserted, the signs of mind, in any animal, are best to be defined as just such relative *novelties of conduct in the presence of new situations*. Not routine, then, as such, but irregularity, gives the physically interpretable sign of mind. Habit is always present, in the actions of the obviously conscious being; but, whenever he shows interpretable signs of consciousness, habit is always undergoing alteration.

If one considers these various groups of facts together, one gets, at first, an impression of the place of consciousness in nature which seems quite unfavorable to our hypothesis. Inorganic nature seems to be, as we view it, a realm where physical routine is, at present, obviously much more nearly verifiable, in an exact degree, than is the case with organic nature. In the inorganic world, then, what might be called, by analogy, the habitual process of the cosmos, the observable routine of physical phenomena, seems to be especially fixed, and open in its fixity to our human observation. In the organic world, whether or no the same ultimate natural laws would, if we knew the whole truth, ideally explain the facts, it is obvious that, at present, we see less regularity—less perfected observable habits, so far as our present imperfect experience goes. But, just where we now see least regularity, there we get the only signs of finite minds that we can at present definitely interpret. The ordinary generalization from this whole situation is, that, phenomenal irregularity being characteristic of the physical processes which indicate mind, phenomenal regularity must, by contrast, indicate the presence of the Unconscious—whatever that may mean.

But now this generalization is open to many objections. The unconscious, as such, is, as a fact, a mere *Ding-an-sich*, a meaningless abstraction. And, on the other hand, if one leaves out the ultimate presupposition that *all* of nature's processes, organic and inorganic, are, in some fashion still unknown to us, absolutely and equally uniform—if one, I say, leaves out this ultimate metaphysical presupposi-

tion, which I intend to examine in another place, and which does not here concern us—and if one confines one's self simply to the phenomenal, and to the empirical differences between organic and inorganic nature, then one must say that the observable or the scientifically computable and verifiable routine of rhythmic repetition in inorganic nature is nowhere concretely known to us as phenomenally invariable. The rhythm of the tides, at any given point, or over the surface of the globe at large, is invariable only if you do not take account of long periods of time. The same holds true of the regularity of the earth's revolution on its axis, and of the change of the seasons. The planetary orbits undergo secular variations, which are, within certain long periods, relatively rhythmic; but if you take a period sufficiently long, these variations are doubtless no longer rhythmic.

As a fact, then, the permanence of the phenomenally obvious "habits" of inorganic nature is only relative. It is true that, if you pass from such observably regular rhythms, whose actual degree of regularity is itself only a varying function of the time taken into account, and if you consider the ultimate and ideal "laws of nature," upon which all such approximate regularities are conceived to be founded, you do, indeed, reach systems of "force functions" conceived as absolutely independent of time. But thus to pass to the ultimate is to substitute a metaphysical conception of rigid causation for the empirically observed uniformities. And this conception which we here omit from consideration, must apply, if true at all, to organic nature quite as much as to inorganic nature. If, however, you cling to the observable "habits" of nature, then the difference between the organic and the inorganic is one only of the length of time required to make a given alteration of habitual sequence in the phenomena manifest. Our solar system is "adapting" itself to an environment of seemingly limitless extent by the well-known dissipation of its energies. This adaptation involves, in varied ways, slow processes of phenomenal change which must, in the end, alter every known phenomenal rhythm of regularly repeated nature-habits. When read backwards, the same tendencies indicate that the present phenomenal order must have been reached by processes whose phenomenal manifestations would have been, in past times, enormously different in their routine from any process now manifest. Even if ultimate laws exist, then, and involve absolutely ideal regularities, which hold for all phenomena, organic and inorganic, it still follows

that the observable and relatively rhythmic regularities of inorganic nature must be as truly cases of constantly altered "habits," continually adjusted to numerous conditions in the environment, as are the seemingly so irregular expressive acts of our socially expressive fellows. The difference lies in the enormously different times required to make manifest the alterations of phenomenal conduct in question. A business man in a great commercial crisis, or a great general, directing his army during a battle, adjusts his regular routine to the new conditions by changes of conduct that occur within very brief periods. A planet or a solar system alters the routine of its rhythmic processes in ways that it may take millions of years to make manifest. But in both cases the essentials of adjustment are present, viz., variations in the rhythm of characteristic movements occurring in correspondence to changing situations.

If, thus viewed, the difference between the larger phenomenal alterations of inorganic and of organic nature appears mainly as a matter of the time-span involved in each alteration, it remains to consider a little more carefully the relation which we all experience between the inner processes of our conscious experience and those expressive alterations of habit to suit environment which accompany our conscious life.

What appears to our fellows from without as habit altered to meet circumstance, appears from within, in the experience of each of us, as the apperception of relatively new elements of experience by virtue of their relations of similarity and contrast to relatively old or familiar or established masses of inner states. The old, the familiar, the established in consciousness we have always with us whenever we experience. It is the element of our consciousness which corresponds, at any moment, to the established nervous habits just then aroused—to the routine of our lives so far as it is just then repeated. The novel, the puzzling, the intruding element in our consciousness corresponds to the alteration which the environment is at the moment producing in our established physical routine as at that moment represented. We breathe regularly, and are not conscious of the fact. But an alteration in breathing, produced by a novel physical situation, gets represented in consciousness as a shock of surprise. Thus the alteration of our physical routine, at any moment, corresponds to the degree of our conscious experience. The greater the masses and the contrast of the opposing new and old elements, the sharper is our consciousness, and, externally viewed, the more

marked is our adjustment. If either mass of mental contents tends utterly to overbalance the other, consciousness becomes dim. The effacement of either element means the temporary or final cessation of our whole stream of conscious experience. In sleep one's physical routine is nearly regular, and one's conscious experience vanishes.

Meanwhile, our human experience is subject to another and very important limitation, which we may call *The Limitation of our Apperceptive Span*. This limitation, so far as we can see, is something purely arbitrary—a mere fact, which we have to accept like the rest of our finite situation. The existence of all such arbitrary limitations is, like the existence in general of any form of finitude, a proper problem for a general metaphysical inquiry. But a merely cosmological study has to be content, in such cases, with accepting the arbitrary fact as such. What is meant, however, by this apperceptive span is the fact that what we call a present moment in our consciousness always has a brief but still by no means an infinitesimal length, within which the "pulse" of change, which that moment apperceives, must fall. Changes of mental content which occur either too swiftly or too slowly to fall within the span of the least or of the greatest time-interval which our human apperception follows escape us altogether, or else, like the slower changes occurring in nature, are only indirectly to be noticed by us. Since the momentary change in the contents of our consciousness corresponds, in a general way, to the externally observable alteration of our physical routine to meet new conditions, one may say, on the whole, that where our established habits are changed too slowly or too quickly, the change is inadequately represented, or is not represented at all, in our individual experience.

Yet a change in our routine which is so slow as to escape our own apperceptive span, is still a fact in the phenomenal world, a fact capable of being recorded and verified. *Why may not just such facts be represented by experience which accompanies our own, and which is just as real as ours, but which is characterized by another apperceptive span?* This supplementary hypothesis is worthy of special consideration.

No element or character of our human experience, in fact, appears more arbitrary than does the apperceptive span when we submit its phenomena to experimental tests. That the whole of the contents of a finite series of temporal instants should, despite the fact of this temporal succession, form one moment of our consciousness—that,

for instance, a rhythmic phrase, made up of a number of successive beats, should constitute one presented whole, and stand before our consciousness as such, is in itself a remarkable fact. That, when once this is the case, the length of such a single and presentable rhythmic phrase or other presentable conscious moment should be as limited as it is, is an entirely arbitrary characteristic of our special type of human experience. When once we recognize this aspect of our conscious life, we can conceptually vary indefinitely this temporal span of consciousness, and can so form the notion of other possible experience than ours whose essence, like that of our own, should consist in the contrast between relatively familiar or changeless contents and relatively new contents, but whose apperceptive span should differ from our own in such wise that for such experience a "present moment" might be, when temporally regarded, as much longer or as much shorter than ours as one pleases. A millionth of a second might constitute the span of one such conceivable type of experience. In that case changes of content far too subtle to mean anything to us would be matters of immediate fact to the experience in question. A minute, an hour, a year, a century, a world-cycle might form the apperceptive span of some other possible type of consciousness. In that case inner changes of content which utterly transcend our direct apperception might be matters of presentation to such another type of experience.

Now, however, imagine a system of finite series of experiences, agreeing, in a great measure, in their contents, but differing in some graded fashion, in their apperceptive span. Let each of these series be characterized by the fact that everywhere there were present, in the inner world of each experience, changing groups of contents A, B, C, D , the rate of change, however, differing in all the series alike for each group of contents, so that in every one of the series in question the group A changed at some rapid rate r , the group B at some slower rate r' , the group C at a still slower rate r'' , and so on. Now suppose it arbitrarily agreed that if, for any one of these series, a given change of contents Δ took place within the span of one of the presented moments of that series, then this degree of change should mean a clear consciousness of the nature of just that change from older to newer conditions, whereas, in so far as contents changed either much less or much more than Δ during such a presented moment, then these contents and their changes should be relatively obscure for the experience in question, forming only the back-

ground upon which the clearly apperceived changes stood out. It would then become possible, in one of these series of experiences (whose apperceptive span was so related to the rate r that the required change Δ took place in the group A during one presentable moment of this series), that the changes of A should stand out clearly, as definite facts, on a dimly apperceived background of the contents B , C , and D . In a second series, whose contents we may suppose the same as those of the first, but whose apperceptive span has relation to the rate r' , the changes of A would become obscure, while the changes of B were clear, and so on. Thus what for one of these series of experiences was the clearly apperceived relation of new and old, would be, in another series, represented only by bafflingly swift and confused tremulousness of contents, or by apparently changeless contents. What one experience might indirectly come to regard as a conceivable secular variation of the content which, so far as its own direct apperception went, is found unalterable, another experience, substantially agreeing with the first in all but the apperceptive span, would have presented to itself as definitely changing material. What one experience, therefore, viewed as seemingly unalterable, and consequently unmeaning routine, the other would apperceive as significant and momentary change.

Let one now further suppose, however, that through the addition of still other elements to each of these series of experiences, the presence of one series became communicated to the others by phenomenally observable manifestations. Then surely one can conceive each series of experiences as aware, more or less indirectly, of the presence, and even of the inner reality of its neighbors. But of the meaning of this other life each series could form a directer sort of appreciation only in so far as the apperceptive span of one series agreed with that of another. Socially definite communication could occur only between types of experience of substantially the same apperceptive span. Finally, if one supposes the phenomenally indicated contents of the various series to involve many unlikenesses, as well as many agreements in the different series themselves, one approaches the conception of a system of series of experiences whereof any one series might manifest its presence to its neighbors, while the inner life and meaning of one series could be concretely realized by another only in so far as, along with much agreement in their contents, there was also close agreement in apperceptive span. But if a series of slowly changing contents, and of vast apperceptive span,

manifested its presence to a series of swiftly changing contents, and of brief apperceptive span, then the only representative of the first series in the life of the second would be a group of changeless, or of rhythmically repeated phenomena, which would seem to manifest no intelligible inner life as such, but only those habits which form, not the whole, but a single aspect of the phenomenal life of any being whose inner experience his neighbor can interpret—only such habits, but no significant variations or adjustments of habits.

If one again reviews, in the light of these considerations, the facts before considered, one finds a situation which our single supplementary hypothesis now enables us in general to understand. This hypothesis is that the apperceptive span of finite experience is a quantity relatively fixed for our social fellows, but very vastly variable in the realm of cosmical experience in general. The “other experience than ours,” of which we suppose the inner life of nature to consist, is everywhere an experience of new contents viewed on the background of old contents, of changes arising on a basis of identity, of novelty contrasted with familiarity. In order that such streams of gradual change should be inwardly appreciable, the change must everywhere be present, to a finite degree, within one presented moment of the series of experiences to which, in each case of conscious experience, this appreciation belongs. But a present moment does not mean a mathematical instant. It means, in any type of conscious experience, a period of time equal to the apperceptive span, and this period, in case of any given finite experience, might as well be a world-cycle as a second. Only, in case a type of changing experience whose apperceptive span is a world-cycle, hints its contents to a sort of experience whose apperceptive span is brief, like ours, then the phenomenal manifestation in question may, to any extent, take the form of an apparently final uniformity of contents, such as we seem to observe in the secular uniformities of physical nature. But, where uniformity alone is suggested, the element of change of contents, upon which every appreciation of any inner experience depends, is absent. One then seems to be apperceiving only fixed laws, absolute routine, settled habits of nature, and can detect no inner meanings, unless by the aid of the most fanciful analogies. Between experience of this august span and our human experience a relatively continuous series of types of experience may lie, whose presence gets manifested to us in processes of increasing phenomenal irregularity, such as those of organic nature. Nearest to our own type

of human experience would doubtless lie masses of "subliminal" experience related to those changing habits of our own organisms which escape our apperceptive span. Below our own brief span there may lie types of experience of still briefer span, whose phenomenal manifestations have, like the hypothetical collisions of the molecules of a gas, an enormous irregularity, such as only the law of averages, as revealed by the doctrine of chances, enables us to conceive of resulting, by virtue of the vast numbers of facts that are concerned, in a secondary regularity of outward seeming when these facts are grouped in great masses.

But in itself, nature, as such, would be neither a world of fixed habits or yet a world of mere novelties, but rather a world of experience with permanence everywhere set off by change. For the rest, the problem which has been raised by Mr. Charles Peirce (to whose brilliant cosmological essays the foregoing discussion, despite the indicated disagreements, obviously owes very much)—the problem whether in nature there is any objective "chance," and whether all natural law is, in the last analysis, a product of evolution, has been in the foregoing, deliberately ignored. It is a problem, as above remarked, whose discussion belongs elsewhere than in this context.

16

The Religious Problems and the Theory of Being

In the literature of Natural Religion at least three different conceptions of the subject are represented. The first of these conceptions regards Natural Religion as a search for what a well-known phrase has called "the way through Nature to God." If we accept this conception, we begin by recognizing both the existence of the physical world and the validity of the ordinary methods and conceptions of the special sciences of nature. We undertake to investigate what light, if any, the broader generalizations of natural science, when once accepted as statements about external reality, throw upon the problems of religion. It belongs, for instance, to this sort of inquiry to ask: What countenance does the present state of science give to the traditional argument from Design?

The second of our three conceptions views Religion less as a doctrine to be proved or disproved through a study of the external world than as a kind of consciousness whose justification lies in its rank amongst the various inner manifestations of our human nature. Man, so this conception holds, is essentially a religious being. He has religion because his own inmost nature craves it. If you wish, then, to justify religion, or even to comprehend it, you must view it, not as a theory to be proved or disproved by an appeal to external reality, but rather as a faith to be estimated through reference to the

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inner consciousness of those who need, who create, and who enjoy religion. From this point of view the study of Natural Religion concerns itself less with proof than with confession, with a taxing of interior values, and with a description of the religious experience of mankind. A somewhat extended interpretation of this point of view treats the purely historical study of the various religions of mankind as a contribution to our comprehension of Natural Religion.

But a third conception of the study of Natural Religion remains. This third view identifies the doctrine in question with the fundamental Philosophy of Religion. It is the Nature of Things, viewed in the light of the most critical examination of our reason, that is now the object of an inquiry into Natural Religion. The problems at issue are, for this view, those of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, of Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre*, of Hegel's *Logik*,—of all the undertakings that, in the history of thought, have most directly attempted the contemplation of Being as Being. For our first conception the student of Natural Religion, having accepted the natural knowledge of his time as valid, and not having attempted to delve beneath the foundations of that knowledge, seeks to interpret external nature in the light of religious interests. For our second conception Natural Religion is viewed simply as the voice of human nature itself, whose faith is to be expressed, whose ideals are to be recorded, whose will and whose needs are to be, above all, consulted and portrayed, since, for this view, the consciousness of those who believe in religious truth is, when once made articulate, its own apology. But, for our third conception, the office of the student of Natural Religion is to deal with the most fundamental metaphysical problems. He is for this view a thorough-going critic of the foundations of our faith, and of the means of our insight into the true nature of Reality.

All these three conceptions, however much they may differ, have in common what makes it proper enough to view them as conceptions of the study of Natural Religion. For they are all three concerned with religion; they can all alike be pursued without explicit dependence upon any creed as to a revealed religion; and finally, they are busied about some relation between the natural order of truth and the contents of religious doctrine. They differ in the sort of natural truth that forms their starting-point, or that limits the scope of the investigation which they propose. I suppose that no one of these various lines of inquiry will ever come to be wholly ne-

glected. But their office is distinct. And I mention them here in order all the more clearly to say, at the outset, that our own business, in these lectures, is with the most neglected and arduous of the methods of studying the relations between religion and the ultimate problems of the Theory of Being. From the first, to be sure, we shall be concerned, in one sense, with human nature, as every philosophy has to be concerned. And in the latter half of this course the Philosophy of Nature will play a part in our investigation. But the central problem of our discussion will be the question: What is Reality?

I

In thus stating, in the opening words, the plan of these lectures, I do so with a full sense of the shadow that such a programme may, at the first glimpse, seem to cast upon the prospects of our whole undertaking. It is true that, in calling the fundamental problems of the Metaphysic of Religion relatively neglected, I do not fail to recognize that they are both ancient and celebrated, and that some of us may think them even hackneyed. It is certainly not uncommon to call them antiquated. But what I have meant by the phrase "relatively neglected" is that, compared with the more easily accessible fashions of dealing with Natural Religion, the strictly metaphysical treatment less frequently involves that sort of ardent hand-to-hand struggle with the genuine issues themselves that goes on when men are hopefully interested in a study for its own sake. It is one thing to expound, or even to assail, the theology of Hegel or of St. Thomas, or to report any of those various quaint opinions of philosophers in which even the popular mind often delights. It is another thing to grapple with the issues of life for one's self. The wiser religions have always told us that we cannot be saved through the piety of our neighbors, but have to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Well, just so the theoretical student of Natural Religion has to learn that he cannot comprehend ultimate philosophical truth merely by reading the reports of other people's reasonings, but must do his thinking for himself, not indeed without due instruction, but certainly without depending wholly upon his text-books. And if this be true, then the final issues of religious philosophy may be said to be relatively neglected, so long as students are not constantly afresh grappling with the ancient problems, and giving them renderings

due to direct personal contact with their intricacies. It is not a question of any needed originality of opinion, but it is rather a matter of our individual intimacy with these issues.

And now, in recognizing the fact of the comparative neglect of the Theory of Being in the discussions of Natural Religion, I recognize also the motives that tend to make such an inquiry seem, at the first glimpse, unpromising. These motives may be expressed in the forms of three objections, namely, first, that such undertakings are pretentious, by reason of the dignity and the mystery of the topic; secondly, that they are dreary, by reason of the subtle distinctions and the airy abstractions involved in every such research; and thirdly, that they are opposed, in spirit, to the sort of study for which in our day the sciences of experience have given the only worthy model.

Such objections are as inevitable as they are, to lovers of philosophy, harmless. Philosophy necessarily involves a good deal of courage; but so does life in general. It is pretentious to wrestle with angels; but there are some blessings that you cannot win in any other way. Philosophy is an old affair in human history; but that does not make the effort at individuality in one's fashion of thinking a less worthy ideal for every new mind. As to the dreariness of metaphysics, it is always the case, both in religion, and in thinking about religion, that, just as the letter killeth, and the spirit giveth life, so the mere report of tradition is dreary, but the inward life of thinking for one's self the meaning within or behind the tradition constitutes the very coming of the Spirit of Truth himself into our own spirits; and that coming of the Spirit, in so far as it occurs at all, never seems to any of us dreary. As for the fine-drawn distinctions and airy abstractions, no distinction is ever too subtle for you, at the moment when it occurs to you to make that distinction for yourself, and not merely to hear that somebody else has made it. And no abstraction seems to you too airy in the hour when you rise upon your own wings to the region where just that abstraction happens to be an element in the concrete fulness of your thoughtful life. Now it chances to be a truth of metaphysics, as it is an experience of religion, that just when you are most individual, most alone, as it were, in your personal thinking, about ultimate and divine matters, you are most completely one with that universal Spirit of Truth of which we just spoke. It is then your personal process of thinking that both gives interest to the subject and secures your relation to the Reality. Hence not the universality nor yet the ultimate character of the

principles of which we think, but rather our own sluggishness in thinking, is responsible for the supposed dreariness of the Theory of Being. As Aristotle observed, that Theory itself is what all men most desire. You may in these regions either think or not think the truth; but you cannot think the truth without loving it; and the dreariness which men often impute to Metaphysics, is merely the dreariness of not understanding the subject,—a sort of dreariness for which indeed there is no help except learning to understand. In fact, nobody can ever regret seeing ultimate truth. That we shall hereafter find to be, so to speak, one of the immediate implications of our very definition of Being. When people complain of philosophy as a dreary enterprise, they are then merely complaining of their own lack of philosophical insight. The lover of philosophy can only offer them his sincerest agreement, and sympathy, so far as concerns the ground of their own complaint. He too shares their complaint, for he is human, and finds his own unwisdom dreary. But he is at least looking lovingly toward yonder shining light, while they walk wearily with their backs to the Celestial City.

As to the supposed opposition between the methods of philosophy and those of the special sciences of experience,—it exists, but it does not mean any real opposition of spirit. Here are two ways of getting insight, not two opposed creeds. The very wealth and the growth of modern empirical research furnish especially strong reasons for supposing that the time is near when the central problems of the Theory of Being shall be ready for restatement. Our life does not grow long and healthily in one region, without being ready for new growth in other regions. The indirect influence of special science upon philosophy is sure, but does not always mean a logical dependence of philosophy upon the empirical results of science. Just so, pure mathematical science has no logical dependence upon physics. Yet we have all heard how largely physical science has influenced the lines of investigation followed by the modern mathematicians. Within the mathematical realm itself, pure Algebra, when once abstractly defined, is not logically dependent upon Geometry for its principles or for its theories, yet some theories of modern Algebra have actually developed largely under the spell, as it were, of ideas of an unquestionable geometrical origin. Now a similar relation, I think, will in future find the development of pure Philosophy, and in particular of Rational Theology, to the progress of the special sciences, both mathematical and empirical. I do not think it right to regard

philosophy merely as a compendium of the results of special science. Philosophy has its own field. But on the other hand, to reflect upon the meaning of life and of science (and in such thorough-going Reflection philosophy consists), is a process whose seriousness and wealth must grow as our human life and science progress. And hence every great new advance of science demands a fresh consideration of philosophic issues, and will insure in the end a power to grasp, more critically and more deeply, the central problem of Being itself. Hence the more we possess of special science, the more hope we ought to have for pure Philosophy.

II

So much then for the most general definition and justification of the proposed scope of these lectures. I cannot forbear to point out the easily recognizable fact that, in thus defining the plan before us, I have merely tried to adhere, so far as I can, to the programme explicitly laid down by Lord Gifford. A study of religion is required of your lecturer, and Lord Gifford, as appears from the words of his Will, would himself have thought, above all, of studying religion not only as a matter of purely natural and rational knowledge, but primarily as a body of Ontological problems and opinions, in other words as, in its theory, a branch of the Theory of Being. It is of "God, the only Substance," that your lecturer, if his Ontology so far agrees with Lord Gifford's, will principally speak. Well then, I can best work in the spirit of Lord Gifford's requirements if I explicitly devote our principal attention to the ultimate problems of Ontology, laying due stress upon their relations to Religion.

And now let me venture to sketch, in outline, the particular discussions by which I propose to contribute my fragment towards a study of the inexhaustible problems propounded by Lord Gifford's Will. Programmes in philosophy, as Hegel used to say, mean far less than in other enterprises. But even here some sort of programme is needed to fix in advance our attention.

My precise undertaking then, in the following lectures, is to show what we mean by Being in general, and by the special sorts of Reality that we attribute to God, to the World, and to the Human Individual. These I regard as the problems of the ontology of religion. In every step of this undertaking I shall actually be, in a psychological and in an historical sense, dependent, both for my ideas and for

their organization, upon this or that philosophical or theological tradition (well known to every student of philosophy); and therefore I must early introduce into my work a sketch of certain philosophical traditions in which we are to be especially interested. Here, of course, you might expect to find, as such an historical introduction to the later critical enterprises, either a summary of the history of the principal religious ideas, or some account of the technical history of the Philosophy of Religion itself. Yet for neither of these two very natural enterprises shall I have time. My very fragmentary historical discussions will be limited to an attempt to depict some of the principal conceptions concerning the ultimate nature of Being, in other words to sketch the history of what one might call the ontological predicate of the expression *to be*, or *to be real*, used as a means of asserting that something exists. I shall dwell upon the nature of Being, because to assert that God is, or that the World is, or even, with Descartes, that I am, implies that one knows what it is to be, or in other words, what the so-called existential predicate itself involves. Now it is true that the existential predicate, the word *is* used to assert the real Being of any object, is often viewed as something of an absolutely simple, ultimate, and indescribable meaning. Yet even if this view were sound, the ultimate and the simple are, in philosophy, as truly and as much topics for reflective study as are the most complex and derived ideas of our minds. Moreover, a great deal of popular religion seems to involve the notion that it is both easier and more important to know *that* God is, than to know, with any sort of articulation, *What* God is, so that if you express even a total ignorance of the Divine nature and attribute, there are some very traditionally minded people who will hardly dare to disagree with you, while if you express the least doubt of the assertion that God is, the same people will at once view you with horror as an atheist. Now this preference in much popular religious thinking for the ontological predicate in its purity is not an altogether rational preference. Yet we shall find that it is based upon very deep and even very worthy, if vague, instincts. It is true that if I pretend to know no attributes whatever, characterizing a given object X, I seem to have won very little by believing that X nevertheless exists. Yet the fondness for the Unknowable in theology has been to some extent supported by the dim feeling that even in asserting the bare existence of a being, and especially of God, I am already committed to extremely important attributes, whose definition, even if not yet overt,

is already, however darkly, implied in my abstract statement. It is interesting, therefore, to study historically what men have supposed themselves to mean by the ontological predicate.

The basis having been thus laid in the history of the subject, our lectures, at various points in the historical summary, will have at some length to undertake a critical comparison and analysis of the various meanings of the ontological predicate. Such an analysis will constantly show us unexpected connections of these meanings with the concrete interests of religion. We shall find it with ontology, as it certainly is with ethics. People often regard moral philosophy as a topic very abstract and dry. And yet wherever two or three are gathered together indulging in gossip about the doings of their neighbors, their speech, even if it involves out-and-out scandal, is devoted to a more or less critical discussion, to an illustration, and even to a sort of analysis of what are really very deep ethical problems,—problems about what men ought to do, and about the intricate relations between law and passion in human life. Well, as even the most frivolous or scandalous gossip really manifests an intense, if rude concern, for the primal questions of moral philosophy, so our children and all our most simple and devout souls constantly talk ontology, discourse of being, face the central issues of reality, but know it not. Yet once face the true connection of abstract theory and daily life, and then one easily sees that life means theory, and that you deal constantly, and decisively, with the problems of the Theory of Being whenever you utter a serious word. This then is the reason why our ontological studies will bear directly upon the daily concerns of religion.

Our discussion of the general meaning and of the relative value of the various ontological predicates will, moreover, throw light, as we go, upon some of the best known of the special issues of the history of theology. We shall see, for instance, what has been the real motive that has made the doctrine of the speculative Mystics so important a factor in the life of the more complex religious faiths. We shall see too, in the great historical conflicts between the Realistic and the Mystical conceptions of the nature of Reality, the source of some of the most important controversies concerning the being and attributes of God, the existence of the physical world, and the nature of human individuality. Thus we shall gradually approach a position where we shall learn the inevitableness of a certain final conception of the meaning of our ontological predicates; and the result

of our critical study will be a light that we may not wholly have anticipated, both upon the conception of God, and upon our notion of the relations between God, the World, and the Human Individual. With the development of these fundamental conceptions, the first of my two series of lectures will close. We shall herewith have stated the bases of religion.

The second series I intend first to devote to the application of our fundamental conceptions to the more special problems of the nature of the human Ego, the meaning of the finite realm called the Physical World, and the interpretation of Evolution. The vast extent of the discussions thus suggested will be limited, in our own case, by the very fact that we shall here be attempting merely the application of a single very general ontological idea to a few problems which we shall view rather as illustrations of our central thesis concerning Reality, than as matters to be exhaustively considered for their own sake. Having thus sketched our Cosmology, if I may call it such, we shall then conclude the whole undertaking by a summary discussion of the problems of Good and Evil, of Freedom, of Immortality, and of the destiny of the Individual, still reviewing our problems in the light of our general conception of Being. The title that I shall have given to the whole course of lectures, "The World and the Individual" will thus, I hope, prove to be justified by the scope of our discussion in the two divisions of this course.

III

The plan of the proposed investigation has now been set before you in outline. May I next undertake to indicate a little more precisely not merely what problems we are to attempt, but the sort of positive argument that we are to use, and the kind of result that we may hope to reach? A philosophy must indeed be judged not by its theses, but by its methods; and not upon the basis of mere summaries, but after a consideration of the details of its argument. Yet it helps to make clearer the way through an intricate realm of inquiry if one first surveys, as it were, from above, the country through which, in such an enterprise, the road is to pass. I propose then, to indicate at once, and in the rest of this lecture, where the central problem of the Theory of Being lies, and by what method I think that this problem is, in a general sense, to be solved. To state the proposed solution, however, even in the most abstract and necessarily uncon-

vincing fashion, is to arouse comments as to the meaning of this thesis, as to its consequences, and, above all, in a discussion like the present, as to its bearing upon the more practical interests of religion. I think that we may be helped to an understanding hereafter, if I attempt at once to call out, and, by anticipation, to answer, a few such comments.

I am one of those who hold that when you ask the question: What is an Idea? and: How can Ideas stand in any true relation to Reality? you attack the world-knot in the way that promises most for the untying of its meshes. This way is, of course, very ancient. It is the way of Plato, and, in a sense, already the way of his Master. It is, in a different sense, the way of Kant. If you view philosophy in this fashion, you subordinate the study of the World as Fact to a reflection upon the World as Idea. Begin by accepting, upon faith and tradition, the mere brute Reality of the World as Fact, and there you are, sunk deep in an ocean of mysteries. The further you then proceed in the study of that world, the longer seems the way to God or to clearness, unless you from the start carry with you some sort of faith, perhaps a very blind and immediate faith, that God reigns, or that the facts in themselves are somehow clear. The World as Fact surprises you with all sorts of strange contracts. Now it reveals to you, in the mechanics and physics of the stars or in the processes of living beings, vast realms of marvellous reasonableness; now it bewilders you, in the endless diversities of natural facts, by a chaos of unintelligible fragments and of scattered events; now it lifts up your heart with wondrous glimpses of ineffable goodness; and now it arouses your wrath by frightful signs of cruelty and baseness. Conceive it as a realm for pure scientific theory; and, so far as your knowledge reaches, it is full at once of the show of a noble order, and of hints of a vain chance. On the other hand, conceive it as a realm of values, attempt to estimate its worth, and it baffles you with caprices, like a charming and yet hopelessly wayward child, or like a bad fairy. That is the world of brute natural fact as you, with your present form of consciousness, are forced to observe it, if you try to get any total impression of its behavior. And so, this World of Fact daily announces itself to you as a defiant mystery—a mystery such as Job faced, and such as the latest agnostic summary of empirical results, in their bearing upon our largest human interests, or such as even the latest pessimistic novel will no doubt any day present afresh to you, in all the ancient unkindliness that belongs to human fortune.

The World as Fact is, then, for all of us, persistently baffling, unless we find somewhere else the key to it. The philosophers of the Platonic type have, however, long ago told us that this defect of our world of fact is due, at bottom, simply to the fault of our human type of consciousness. And hence a whole realm of philosophical inquiry has been devoted, in the best ages of speculative thinking, to a criticism of this human type of consciousness itself. Upon such a criticism, Plato founded his conception of the Ideal World. By such criticism, Plotinus sought to find the way upwards, through Soul to the realm of the Intellect, and beyond the Intellect to his Absolute "One." Through a similar criticism, Scholastic doctrine attempted to purify our human type of consciousness, until it should reach the realm of genuine spirituality, and attain an insight but a little lower than that of the conceived angelic type of intelligence. For all such thinkers, the raising of our type of consciousness to some higher level meant not only the winning of insight into Reality, but also the attainment of an inner and distinctly religious ideal. To a later and less technically pious form of thinking, one sees the transition in Spinoza, who was at once, as we now know, a child of Scholasticism, and a student of the more modern physical conceptions of his day,—at once a mystic, a realist, and a partisan of nature. For Spinoza too, it is our type of finite consciousness that makes our daily world of fact, or, as he prefers to say, of imagination, seem chaotic; and the way to truth still is to be found through an inner and reflective purification of experience. A widely different interpretation is given to the same fundamental conception, by Kant. But in Kant's case also, remote from his interests as is anything savoring of mysticism, the end of philosophical insight is again the vindication of a higher form of consciousness. For Kant, however, this is the consciousness of the Moral Reason, which recognizes no facts as worthy of its form of assurance, except the facts implied by the Good Will, and by the Law of the good will. All these ways then of asserting the primacy of the World as Idea over the World as Fact, agree in dealing with the problem of Reality from the side of the means through which we are supposed to be able to attain reality, that is, from the side of the Ideas.

IV

But if this is to be the general nature of our own inquiry also, then everything for us will depend upon the fundamental questions, al-

ready stated, viz., first: What is an Idea? and second: How can an Idea be related to Reality? In the treatment of both these questions, however, various methods and theories at once come into sight. And, to begin with one of the favorite issues, namely the fundamental definition of the word "idea" itself, there is a well-known tendency in a good deal of philosophy, both ancient and modern, either to define an idea, as an Image, destined to picture facts external to the idea, or else, in some other way, to lay stress upon the *externally cognitive* or "representative" value of an idea as its immediately obvious and its most essential aspect. From this point of view, men have conceived that the power of ideas to know a Reality external to themselves, was indeed either something too obvious to excite inquiry, or else an ultimate and inexplicable power. "Ideas exist," says this view, "and they exist as knowing facts external to themselves. And this is their fundamental character." Now I myself shall, in these lectures, regard this power of ideas to cognize facts external to themselves not as a primal fact of existence but as an aspect of ideas which decidedly needs reflective consideration, and a very critical restatement. Hence I cannot here begin by saying: "Ideas are states of mind that image facts external to themselves." That would be useful enough as a definition of ideas in a Psychology of Cognition. For such a Psychology would presuppose what we are here critically to consider, namely, the very possibility of a cognition of Being. But, for the purpose of our present theory, the definition of the term "idea" must be made in such wise as not formally to presuppose the power of ideas to have cognitive relations to outer objects.

Moreover, in attempting a definition of the general term "idea," while I shall not be attempting a psychology of cognition, I shall myself be guided by certain psychological analyses of the mere contents of our consciousness,—analyses which have become prominent in recent discussion. What is often called the active and sometimes also the motor aspect of our mental life, has been much dwelt upon of late. This is no place, and at present we have no need, for a psychological theory of the origin or of the causes of what is called activity, but as a fact, you have in your mental life a sort of consciousness accompanying the processes by which, as the psychologists are accustomed to say, you adjust your organism to its environment; and this sort of consciousness differs, in some notable features, from what takes place in your mind in so far as the mere

excitation of your sense organs by the outer world is regarded apart from the experiences that you have when you are said to react upon your impressions. The difference between merely seeing your friend, or hearing his voice, and consciously or actively regarding him as your friend, and behaving towards him in a friendly way, is a difference obvious to consciousness, whatever your theory of the sources of mental activity. Now this difference between outer sense impressions, or images derived from such impressions, and active responses to sense impression, or ideas founded upon such responses, is not merely a difference between what is sometimes called the intellect, and what is called the will. For, as a fact, the intellectual life is as much bound up with our consciousness of our acts as is the will. There is no purely intellectual life, just as there is no purely voluntary life. The difference between knowledge and will, so far as it has a metaphysical meaning, will concern us much later. For the present, it is enough to note that your intelligent ideas of things never consist of mere images of the things, but always involve a consciousness of how you propose to act towards the things of which you have ideas. A sword is an object that you would propose to use, or to regard in one way, while a pen is to be used in another; your idea of the object involves the memory of the appropriate act. Your idea of your friend differs from your idea of your enemy by virtue of your consciousness of your different attitude and intended behaviour towards these objects. Complex scientific ideas, viewed as to their conscious significance, are, as Professor Stout¹ has well said, plans of action, ways of constructing the objects of your scientific consciousness. Intelligent ideas then, belong, so to speak, to the motor side of your life rather than to the merely sensory. This was what Kant meant by the spontaneity of the understanding. To be sure, a true scientific idea is a mental construction supposed to correspond with an outer object, or to imitate that object. But when we try to define the idea in itself, as a conscious fact, our best means is to lay stress upon the sort of will, or active meaning, which any idea involves for the mind that forms the idea.

By the word "Idea," then, as we shall use it when, after having criticised opposing theories, we come to state, in these lectures, our own thesis, I shall mean in the end any state of consciousness, whether simple or complex, which, when present, is then and there viewed as at least the partial expression or embodiment of a single

¹ Stout, *Analytic Psychology*, Vol. II, Chap. VIII, especially pp. 114, 124.

conscious purpose. I shall indeed say nothing for the present as to what causes an idea. But I shall assert that an idea appears in consciousness as having the significance of an act of will. I shall also dwell upon the inner purpose, and not upon the external relations, as the primary and essential feature of an idea. For instance, you sing to yourself a melody, you are then and there conscious that the melody as you hear yourself singing it, partially fulfils and embodies a purpose. Well, in this sense, your melody, at the moment when you sing it, or even when you silently listen to its imagined presence, constitutes a musical idea, and is often so called. You may so regard the melody without yet explicitly dwelling upon the externally cognitive value of the musical idea, as the representative of a melody sung or composed by somebody else. You may even suppose the melody original with yourself, unique, and sung now for the first time. Even so, it would remain just as truly a musical idea, however partial or fragmentary; for it would then and there, when sung, or even when inwardly heard, partly embody your own conscious purpose. In the same sense, any conscious act, at the moment when you perform it, not merely expresses, but is, in my present sense, an idea. To count ten is thus also an idea, if the counting fulfils and embodies, in however incomplete and fragmentary a way, your conscious purpose, and that quite apart from the fact that counting ten also may enable you to cognize the numerical character of facts external to the conscious idea of ten itself. In brief, an idea, in my present definition may, and, as a fact always does, if you please, appear to be representative of a fact existent beyond itself. But the primary character, which makes it an idea, is not this its representative character, is not its vicarious assumption of the responsibility of standing for a being beyond itself, but is its inner character as relatively fulfilling the purpose (that is, at presenting the partial fulfilment of the purpose), which is in the consciousness of the moment wherein the idea takes place. It is in this sense that we speak of any artistic idea, as present in the creative mind of the artist. I propose, in stating my own view hereafter, to use the word "idea" in this general sense.

Well, this definition of the primary character of an idea, enables me at once to deal with a conception which will play no small part in our later discussions. I refer to the very conception of the Meaning of an idea. One very fair way to define an idea, had we chosen to use that way, might have been to say: An Idea is any state of

mind that has a conscious meaning. Thus, according to my present usage of the word "idea," a color, when merely seen, is in so far, for consciousness, no idea. A brute noise, merely heard, is no idea. But a melody, when sung, a picture, when in its wholeness actively appreciated, or the inner memory of your friend now in your mind, is an idea. For each of these latter states means something to you at the instant when you get it present to consciousness. But now, what is this meaning of any idea? What does one mean by a meaning? To this question, I give, for the instant, an intentionally partial answer. I have just said that an idea in any state of mind, or complex of states, that, when present, is consciously viewed as the relatively completed embodiment, and therefore already as the partial fulfilment of a purpose. Now this purpose, just in so far as it gets a present conscious embodiment in the contents and in the form of the complex state called the idea, constitutes what I shall hereafter call the Internal Meaning of the Idea. Or, to repeat, the state or complex of states called the idea, presents to consciousness the expressed although in general the incomplete fulfilment of a purpose. In presence of this fulfilment, one could, as it were, consciously say: "That is what I want, and just in so far I have it. The purpose of singing or of imagining the melody is what I want fulfilled; and, in this musical idea, I have it at least partially fulfilled." Well, this purpose, when viewed as fulfilled through the state called the idea, is the internal meaning of the idea. Or yet once more,—to distinguish our terms a little more sharply,—in advance of the presence of the idea in consciousness, one could abstractly speak of the purpose as somewhat not yet fulfilled. Hereupon let there come the idea as the complex of conscious states, the so-called act wherein this purpose gets, as it were, embodied, and relatively speaking, accomplished. Then, finally, we shall have the internal meaning of the idea, and this internal meaning of the completed idea is the purpose viewed as so far embodied in the idea, the soul, as it were, which the idea gives body. Any idea then, viewed as a collection of states, must have its internal meaning, since, being an idea, it does in some degree embody its purpose. And our two terms, "purpose embodied in the idea," and "internal meaning of the idea," represent the same subject-matter viewed in two aspects. The purpose which the idea, when it comes, is to fulfil, may first be viewed apart from the fulfilment. Then it remains, so far, mere purpose. Or it may be viewed as expressed and so far partially accomplished by means of the complex

state called the idea, and then it is termed "the present internal meaning of this state."

V

So now we have defined what we mean by an idea, and what we mean by the internal meaning of an idea. But ideas often seem to have a meaning, yes, as one must add, finite ideas always undertake or appear to have a meaning, that is not exhausted by this conscious internal meaning presented and relatively fulfilled at the moment when the idea is there for our finite view. The melody sung, the artist's idea, the thought of your absent friend—a thought on which you love to dwell: all these not merely have their obvious internal meaning, as meeting a conscious purpose by their very presence, but also they at least appear to have that other sort of meaning, that reference beyond themselves to objects, that cognitive relation to outer facts, that attempted correspondence with outer facts, which many accounts of our ideas regard as their primary, inexplicable, and ultimate character. I call this second, and, for me, still problematic and derived aspect of the nature of ideas, their apparently External Meaning. In this sense it is that I say, "The melody sung by me not only is an idea internally meaning the embodiment of my purpose at the instant when I sing it, but also is an idea that means, and that in this sense externally means, the object called, say, a certain theme which Beethoven composed." In this same sense, your idea of your absent friend, is, for my definition, an idea primarily, because you now fulfil some of your love for dwelling upon your inner affection for your friend by getting the idea present to mind. But you also regard it as an idea which, in the external sense, is said to mean the real being called your friend, in so far as the idea is said to refer to that real friend, and to resemble him. This external meaning, I say, appears to be very different from the internal meaning, and wholly to transcend the latter.

By thus first distinguishing sharply between the conscious internal meaning of an idea and its apparently external meaning, we get before us an important way of stating the problem of knowledge or, in other words, the problem of the whole relation between Idea and Being. We shall find this not only a very general, but a very fundamental, and, as I believe, despite numerous philosophical discussions, still a comparatively neglected way. And in problems

of this kind so much turns upon the statement of the issue, that I must be excused for thus dwelling at length, at this early stage, upon the precise sense in which we are to employ our terms.

Plainly, then, whoever studies either a special science, or a problem of general metaphysics, is indeed concerned with what he then and there views as the external meaning of certain ideas. And an idea, when thus viewed, appears as if it were essentially a sort of imitation or image of a being, and this being, the external object of our thoughtful imitation, appears to be, in so far, quite separate from these our ideas that imitate its characters or that attempt to correspond to them. From such a point of view, our ideas seemed destined to perform a task which is externally set for them by the real world. I count, but I count, in ordinary life, what I take to be real objects, existent quite apart from my counting. Suppose that I count ships seen from the shore. There, says common sense, are the ships, sailing by themselves, and quite indifferent to whether anybody counts them or not. In advance of the counting, the ships, in so far as they are a real collection, have their number. This common sense also presupposes. Let there be seen, yonder, on the sea, nine ships or ten; this number of the real ships is in itself determinate. It does not result from my counting, but is the standard for the latter to follow. The numerical ideas of anybody who counts the ships must either repeat the preëxistent facts, or else fail to report those facts accurately. That alternative seems absolute and final. The question how anybody ever comes to count ships at all, is a question for psychology. But there remains for the seeker after metaphysical truth, just as much as for the man of common sense, the apparently sharp alternative: Either actual ships, whose multitude is just what it happens to be, whose number preëxists, in advance of any counting, are correctly represented by the ideas of one who happens to be able to count, or else these ships are incorrectly counted. In the latter case we seem to be forced to say that the counting process misses its external aim. In the former case we say that the ideas expressed by the one who counts are true. But in both cases alike the ideas in question thus appear to be true or false by virtue of their external meaning, by virtue of the fact that they either correspond or do not correspond to facts which are themselves no part of the ideas. This simple instance of the ships and of the ideas of a man who sits watching and counting the ships, is obviously typical of all instances of the familiar relation of ideas

to Being, as the metaphysics of common sense views Being, or of the relation of ideas to what we have here called the objects of their external meaning. That ideas have such external meanings, that they do refer to facts existent wholly apart from themselves, that their relation to these facts is one of successful correspondence or of error-producing non-correspondence, that the ideas in so far aim, not merely to embody, like the musical ideas just exemplified, an internal purpose, but also to imitate, in the form of their conscious structure and in the relationship of their own elements, the structure and relationship of a world of independent facts,—what could possibly seem, from such a common-sense point of view, more obvious than all this? And if common sense presupposes that ideas have such external meanings, how much more does not natural science appear to involve the recognition of this essentially imitative function of ideas?

In any special natural science, a scientific description appears as an adjustment, express, conscious, exact, of the internal structure of a system of ideas to the external structure of a world of preëxistent facts; and the business of science has been repeatedly defined, of late years, as simply and wholly taken up with the exact description of the facts of nature. Now the world of Being, when viewed in this light, appears to mean simply the same as the fact world, the external object of our ideas, the object that ideas must imitate, whatever their internal purpose, unless they want to be false. But for this very reason, no study of the inner structure of ideas, of their conscious conformity to their internal purpose, can so far promise to throw any direct light upon their success in fulfilling their external purpose. Or, as people usually say, you cannot make out the truth about facts by studying your "mere ideas." And so, as people constantly insist, no devotion to the elaboration of the internal meaning of your own ideas can get you in presence of the truth about Being. The world of Being is whatever it happens to be, as the collection of ships is what it is, before you count. Internal purposes cannot predetermine external conformity to truth. You cannot evolve facts out of your inner consciousness. Ideas about Being are not to be justified like melodies, by their internal conformity to the purpose of the moment when they consciously live. They must submit to standards that they themselves in no sense create. Such is the burden of common sense, and of special science, when they tell us about this aspect of the meaning of our ideas.

I state thus explicitly a very familiar view as to the whole externally cognitive function and value of ideas. I mean thus to emphasize the primary appearance of hopeless contrast between the internal purpose and the external validity of ideas. In fact, nothing could seem sharper than the contrast thus indicated between the melody on the one hand, the musical idea, as it comes to mind and is enjoyed for its beauty while it passes before consciousness, and the counting of the ships, on the other hand,—a process whose whole success depends upon its conformity to what seem to be absolutely indifferent and independent outer facts. In the one case we have the embodiment of a conscious inner purpose,—a purpose which is won through the very act of the moment, and by virtue of the mere presence of a certain series of mental contents. In the other case we have a conformity to outer truth,—a conformity that no inner clearness, no well-wrought network of cunning ideal contrivance, can secure, unless the idea first submits to the authority of external existence.

And yet, sharp as is this apparent contrast, every student of philosophy knows how profound are also the motives that have led some philosophers to doubt whether such contrast can really be as ultimate as it seems. After all, the counting of the ships is valid or invalid *not* alone because of the supposed independent being of the ships, but also because of the conscious act whereby just this collection of ships was first consciously selected for counting. After all, then, no idea is true or is false except with reference to the object that this very idea first means to select as its own object. Apart from what the idea itself thus somehow assigns as its own task, even that independent being yonder, if you assume such being, cannot determine the success or failure of the idea. It is the idea then that first says: "I mean this or that object. That is for my object. Of that I am thinking. To that I want to conform." And apart from such conscious selection, apart from such ideal pre-determination of the object on the part of the idea, apart from such free voluntary submission of the idea to its self-imposed task, the object itself, the fact world, in its independence, can do nothing either to confirm or refute the idea. Now in this extremely elementary consideration, namely, in the consideration that unless ideas first voluntarily bind themselves to a given task, and so, by their internal purpose, already commit themselves to a certain selection of its object, they are neither true nor false,—in this con-

sideration, I say, there may be hidden consequences that we shall later find momentous for the whole theory of Being and of truth. This consideration, that despite the seemingly hopeless contrast between internal and external meaning, ideas really possess truth or falsity only by virtue of their own selection of their task as ideas, is essentially the same as the consideration that led Kant to regard the understanding as the creator of the phenomenal nature over which science gradually wins conscious control, and that led Hegel to call the world the embodied Idea. This consideration, then, is not novel, but I believe it to be fundamental and of inexhaustible importance. I believe also that some of its aspects are still far too much neglected. And I propose to devote these lectures to its elaboration, and to a study of its relations to the various conceptions of Reality which have determined the scientific and religious life of humanity.

In any case I say, then, at the outset, that the whole problem of the nature of Being will for us, in the end, reduce to the question: How is the internal meaning of ideas consistent with their apparently external meaning? Or again: How is it possible that an idea, which is an idea essentially and primarily because of the inner purpose that it consciously fulfils by its presence, also possesses a meaning that in any sense appears to go beyond this internal purpose? We shall, in dealing with this problem, first find, by a development of the consideration just barely indicated, that the external meaning must itself be interpreted, not primarily in the sense of mere dependence upon the brute facts, but in terms of the inner purpose of the idea itself. We shall, perhaps to our surprise, reach the seemingly paradoxical and essentially idealistic thesis that no being in heaven or in earth, or in the waters under the earth, has power to give to an idea any purpose unless, the idea itself, as idea, as a fragment of life, as a conscious thrill, so to speak, of inner meaning, first somehow truly learns so to develop its internal meaning as to assign to itself just that specific purpose. In other words, we shall find that while, for our purposes, we, the critics, must first sharply distinguish the apparently external purpose that, as it were, from without, we assign to the idea, from the internal meaning of the idea, as present to a passing conscious instant, still, this our assignment of the external purpose, this our assertion that the idea knows or resembles, or imitates, or corresponds to, fact wholly beyond itself, must in the end be justified, if at all, by appeal to

the truth, *i.e.* to the adequate expression and development of the internal meaning of the idea itself. In other words, we shall find either that the external meaning is genuinely continuous with the internal meaning, and is inwardly involved in the latter, or else that the idea has no external meaning at all. In brief, our abstract sundering of the apparently external from the consciously internal meaning of the idea must be first made very sharp, as we have just deliberately made it, only in order that later, when we learn the true relations, we may come to see the genuine and final unity of internal and external meaning. Our first definition of the idea seems to make, yes, in its abstract statement deliberately tries to make, as you see, the external meaning something sharply contrasted with the internal meaning. Our final result will simply reabsorb the secondary aspect, the external meaning, into the completed primary aspect,—the completely embodied internal meaning of the idea. We shall assert, in the end, that the final meaning of every complete idea, when fully developed, must be viewed as wholly an internal meaning, and that all apparently external meanings become consistent with internal meanings only by virtue of thus coming to be viewed as aspects of the true internal meaning.

To illustrate this thesis by the cases already used: The melody sung or internally but voluntarily heard, in the moment of memory, is, for the singer's or hearer's consciousness, a musical idea. It has so far its internal meaning. And to say so much first means simply that to the singer, as he sings, or to the silent memory of a musical imagination, the present melody imperfectly and partially fulfils a conscious purpose, the purpose of the flying moment. On the other hand, the melody may be viewed by a critic as an idea corresponding to external facts. The singer or hearer too may himself say as he sings or remembers: "This is the song my beloved sang," or "This is the theme that Beethoven composed in his *Fidelio*." In such a case, the idea is said to have its apparently external meaning, and this, its reference to facts not now and here given, is the idea's general relation to what we call true Being. And such reference not only seems at first very sharply different from the internal meaning, but must, for our purposes, at first be sundered by definition from that internal meaning even more sharply than common sense distinguishes the two. For abstract sundering is, in us mortals, the necessary preliminary to grasping the unity of truth. The internal meaning is a purpose present in the passing

moment, but here imperfectly embodied. Common sense calls it, as such, an expression of transient living intent, an affair of Will. Psychology explains the presence and the partial present efficacy of this purpose by the laws of motor processes, of Habit, or of what is often called association. Ethical doctrine finds in such winning of inner purposes the region where Conscience itself, and the pure moral Intention, are most concerned. On the other hand, the apparently external meaning of the idea is at first said to be an affair of the externally cognitive intellect, and of the hard facts of an independently real world. Not purpose, but the unchangeable laws of the Reality, not the inner life, but the Universe, thus at first seems from without to assign to the idea whatever external meaning it is to obtain. Subject and Object are here supposed to meet,—to meet in this fact that ideas have their external meaning,—but to meet as foreign powers.

Now we are first to recognize, even more clearly, I say, than common sense, the sharpness of this apparent antithesis between the conscious internal and the seemingly external meaning. Here, as I have said, is indeed the world-knot. We are to recognize the problem, but we are, nevertheless, to answer it in the end (when we get behind the appearances, and supplement the abstractions), by the thesis that at bottom, the external meaning is only apparently external, and, in very truth, is but an aspect of the completely developed internal meaning. We are to assert that just what the internal meaning already imperfectly but consciously is, namely, purpose relatively fulfilled, just that, and nothing else, the apparently external meaning when truly comprehended also proves to be, namely, the entire expression of the very Will that is fragmentarily embodied in the life of the flying conscious idea,—the fulfilment of the very aim that is hinted in the instant. Or, in other words, we are to assert that, in the case mentioned, the artist who composed, the beloved who sang the melody, are in verity present, as truly implied aspects of meaning, and as fulfilling a purpose, in the completely developed internal meaning of the very idea that now, in its finitude, seems to view them merely as absent. I deliberately choose, in this way, a paradoxical illustration. The argument must hereafter justify the thesis. I can here only indicate what we hereafter propose to develop as our theory of the true relation of Idea and Being. It will also be a theory, as you see, of the unity of the whole very World Life itself.

In brief, by considerations of this type, we propose to answer the question: What is to be? by the assertion that: To be means simply to express, to embody the complete internal meaning of a certain absolute system of ideas,—a system, moreover, which is genuinely implied in the true internal meaning or purpose of every finite idea, however fragmentary.

VI

You may observe already, even in this wholly preliminary sketch of the particular form of Idealism to be developed in these lectures, two principal features. First, Our account of the nature of Being, and of the relation between Idea and Being, is to be founded explicitly upon a theory of the way in which ideas possess their own meaning. Secondly, Our theory of the nature of Meaning is to be founded upon a definition in terms of Will and Purpose. We do not indeed say, Our will causes our ideas. But we do say, Our ideas now imperfectly embody our will. And the real world is just our whole will embodied.

I may add, at once, two further remarks concerning the more technical aspects of the argument by which we shall develop our thesis. The first remark is, that the process by which we shall pass from a study of the first or fragmentary internal meaning of finite ideas to that conception of their completed internal meaning in terms of which our theory of Being is to be defined, is a process analogous to that by which modern mathematical speculation has undertaken to deal with its own concepts of the type called by the Germans *Grenzbegriffe*, or Limiting Concepts, or better, Concepts of Limits. As a fact, one of the first things to be noted about our conception of Being is that, as a matter of Logic, it is the concept of a limit, namely of that limit to which the internal meaning or purpose of an idea tends as it grows consciously determinate. Our Being resembles the concept of the so-called irrational numbers. Somewhat as they are related to the various so-called “fundamental series” of rational numbers, somewhat in that way is Being related to the various thinking processes that approach it, as it were, from without, and undertake to define it as at once their external meaning, and their unattainable goal. That which is, is for thought, at once the fulfilment and the limit of the thinking process. The thinking process itself is a process whereby at once meanings tend to

become determinate, and external objects tend to become internal meanings. Let my process of determining my own internal meaning simply proceed to its own limit, and then I shall face Being. I shall not only imitate my object as another, and correspond to it from without: I shall become one with it, and so internally possess it. This is a very technical statement of our present thesis, and of our form of Idealism,—a statement which only our later study can justify. But in making that statement here, I merely call attention to the fact that the process of defining limits is one which mathematical science has not only developed, but in large measure, at the present time, prepared for philosophical adaptation, so that to view the concept of Being in this light is to approach it with an interest for which recent research has decidedly smoothed the way. We shall meet both with false ways of defining the limit, and with true ways.

My second remark is closely related to the first, but is somewhat less technical, and involves a return to the practical aspects of our intended theory. I have just said that the development of the conception of an idea whose internal meaning is fully completed, and whose relation to Being is even thereby defined, will involve a discussion of the way in which our internal, our fragmentary finite meanings, as they appear in our flying moments, are to attain a determined character or are to become, as Hegel would say, *bestimmt*, so as to pass from vagueness to precision. Our theory, as you already see, will identify finite ignorance of Reality with finite vagueness of meaning, will assert that the very Absolute, in all its fulness of life, is even now the object that you really mean by your fragmentary passing ideas, and that the defect of your present human form of momentary consciousness lies in the fact that you just now do not know precisely what you mean. Increase of knowledge, therefore, would really involve increase of determination in your present meaning. The universe you have always with you, as your true internal meaning. Only this, your meaning, you now, in view of the defect of your momentary form of consciousness, realize vaguely, abstractly, without determination. And, as we have further asserted, this indetermination of your ideas also involves a hesitant indeterminateness of your momentary will, a vagueness of conscious ideal as well as of idea, a failure not only to possess, but wholly to know what you want. To pass to your real and completed meaning, to the meaning implied in this very

moment's vagueness, would be a passage to absolute determinateness. So to pass would therefore be to know with full determination truths of an often desired type, truths such as: What you yourself are; and, who you are, as this individual; what this individual physical fact now before you is. Yes, it would be to know what the whole individual Being called the World is; and who the Individual of Individuals, namely the Absolute, or God himself, is. Just such final determinateness, just such precision, definiteness, finality of meaning, constitutes that limit of your own internal meaning which our theory will hereafter seek to characterize. And so my present remark hereupon is that, in following our enterprise of defining Being, we shall not be looking for mere abstract principles, but we shall be seeking for the most concrete objects in the world, namely for Individual Beings, and for the system that links them in one Individual Whole,—for Individuals viewed as the limits towards which all ideas of universal meanings tend, and for the Absolute as himself simply the highest fulfilment of the very category of Individuality, the Individual of Individuals.

Will, meaning, individuality, these will prove to be the constant accompaniments and the outcome of our whole theory of ideas, of thought, and of being. And in the light of these remarks we may now be able to anticipate more precisely the form of doctrine to which these lectures are to be devoted.

Idealism in some sense is indeed familiar in modern doctrine. And familiar also to readers of idealistic literature is some such assertion, as that the whole of Reality is the expression of a single system of thought, the fulfilment of a single conscious Purpose, or the realm of one internally harmonized Experience. But what the interested learners ask of idealistic teachers to-day is, as you are all aware, a more explicit statement as to just how Thought and Purpose, Idea and Will, and above all finite thought and will, and absolute thought and will, are, by any idealist, to be conceived as related to each other. My definitions in the foregoing have been deliberately intended to prepare the way for our later direct dealing with just these issues. An idea, in the present discussion, is first of all to be defined in terms of the internal purpose, or, if you choose, in terms of the Will, that it expresses consciously, if imperfectly, at the instant when it comes to mind. Its external meaning, its externally cognitive function as a knower of outer Reality, is thus in these lectures to be treated as explicitly secondary to this its

internal value, this its character as meaning the conscious fulfilment of an end, the conscious expression of an interest, of a desire, of a volition. To be sure, thus to define, as we shall see, is not to separate knowing from willing, but it is rather to lay stress, from the outset, upon the unity of knowledge and will, first in our finite consciousness, and later, as we shall see, in the Absolute. Our present statement of our doctrine is therefore not to be accused, at any point, of neglecting the aspect of value, the teleological, the volitional aspect, which consciousness everywhere possesses. We shall reach indeed in the end the conception of an Absolute Thought, but this conception will be in explicit unity with the conception of an Absolute Purpose. Furthermore, as we have just asserted, we shall find that the defect of our momentary internal purposes, as they come to our passing consciousness, is that they imply an individuality, both in ourselves and in our facts of experience, which we do not wholly get presented to ourselves at any one instant. Or in other words, we finite beings live in the search for individuality, of life, of will, of experience, in brief, of meaning. The whole meaning, which is the world, the Reality, will prove to be, for this very reason, not a barren Absolute, which devours individuals, not a wilderness such as Meister Eckhart found in God, a *Stille Wüste, da Nieman heime ist*, a place where there is no definite life, nor yet a whole that absorbs definition, but a whole that is just to the finite aspect of every flying moment, and of every transient or permanent form of finite selfhood,—a whole that is an individual system of rationally linked and determinate, but for that very reason not externally determined, ethically free individuals, who are nevertheless One in God. It is just because all meanings, in the end, will prove to be internal meanings, that this which the internal meaning most loves, namely the presence of concrete fulfilment, of life, of pulsating and origenerative will, of freedom, and of individuality, will prove, for our view, to be of the very essence of the Absolute Meaning of the world. This, I say, will prove to be the sense of our central thesis; and here will be a contrast between our form of Idealism and some other forms.

And thus, in this wholly preliminary statement, I have outlined our task, have indicated its relation to the problems of religion, have suggested its historical affiliations, and have, in a measure, predicted its course. I have defined in general the problem of the

relation of the World as Idea to the World as Fact, and have stated our issue as precisely this relation between Ideas and Reality. In order to assist in clarifying our undertaking, I have also given a general definition of what an idea is, and have stated the logical contrast between the consciously internal and the apparently external meaning of any finite idea. And finally I have asserted that, in dealing with the problem as to how internal and external meaning can be reduced to a consistent whole, we shall be especially guided to fruitful reflection upon the final relation of the World and the Individual. This, then, is our programme. The rest must be the actual task.

I am not unaware how valueless, in philosophy, are mere promises. All, in this field, must turn upon the method of work. The question in philosophy is not about the interest or the hopefulness of your creed, but about your rational grounds for holding your convictions. I accept the decidedly strict limitations imposed by this consideration, and shall try, when we come to the heart of our critical and constructive task, to be as explicit as the allotted time permits, both in expounding the precise sense of the doctrine now loosely and dogmatically sketched in the foregoing statement, and in explaining the grounds that lead me to prefer it, as a solution both of logical and of empirical problems, to its rivals. But the way of detailed argument is long, and the outlook of the whole enterprise may often seem, as we proceed with our difficulties, dark and perplexing. Introductions also have their rights; and I have meant in these opening words merely to recount the dream of which what follows must furnish both the interpretation and, in a measure, the justification.

The Internal and External Meaning of Ideas

With the former lecture our inquiry into the conceptions of Being reached a crisis whose lesson we have now merely to record and to estimate. That task, to be sure, is itself no light matter.

I

Experience and Thought are upon our hands; and together they determine for us the problems regarding Being. Realism offered to us the first solution of this problem by attempting to define the Reality of the world as something wholly independent of our ideas. We rejected that solution on the ground that with an Independent Being our ideas could simply have nothing to do. Or, if you please so to interpret our discussion of Realism, we pointed out that our ideas, too, are realities; and that if Realism is true, they are therefore in their whole Being as independent of their supposed realistic objects as the latter are of the ideas. If, then, it makes no difference to the supposed external beings whether the ideas are or are not, it can make no difference to the ideas whether the independent external Beings are or are not. The supposed dependence of knowledge for its success upon its so-called independent object, proves, therefore, to be contradicted by the ontological independence inevitably possessed by the knowing idea, in case Realism is once accepted. For the realistic sort of independence is an

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essentially mutual relation. The idea can then say to the independent object, in a realistic world: "What care I for you? You are independent of me, but so am I of you. No purpose of mine would be unfulfilled if you simply vanished, so long as I then still remained what I am. And I could, by definition, remain in my whole Being unaltered by your disappearance. Accordingly, since my truth means merely the fulfilment of my own purpose, I should lose no truth if you vanished. In short, I not only do not need you, but observe, upon second thought, that I never meant you at all, never referred to you, never conceived you, and, in truth, am even now not addressing you. In short, you are Nothing."

With such reflections, we woke from the realistic dream, and knew that whatever Being is, it is not independent of the ideas that refer to it.

After our later experience with the fascinating paradoxes of Mysticism had equally shown us that Being cannot be defined as the ineffable immediate fact that quenches ideas, and that makes them all alike illusory, we passed, in the two foregoing lectures, to the realm of Validity, to the ontological conceptions of Critical Rationalism. What is, gives warrant to ideas, makes them true, and enables us to define determinate, or valid, possible experiences. That was the view that we illustrated as our Third Conception of Being. We dwelt upon it so lengthily because, if it is not the final truth, it is, unquestionably, as far as it goes, true.

What we found with regard to this definition of Reality may be summed up briefly thus: In the first place, the conception has an obvious foundation in the popular consciousness. Not only does the ontological vocabulary of ordinary speech illustrate this third conception in several ways; but, amongst the beings known to common sense, there are many that are regarded as real beings, but that are still explicitly defined only in terms of validity. Such beings are the prices and credits of the commercial world, the social standing of individuals, the constitutions of Empires, and the moral law.

In the second place, in science, mathematics deals exclusively with entities that are explicitly conceived by the science in question as of this third type, and of this type only. In the next place, as we found, the Being usually ascribed to the laws and to the objects of physical science, is capable, at least in very large part, of being interpreted in terms of this third conception. Such con-

ceived entities as Energy are typical instances of beings of this sort. And, finally, all the entities of even a metaphysical Realism proved to be such that when one tries not to leave them unintelligibly independent, but to tell what they are, there is no means to define their character which does not first of all declare that their reality involves the validity of certain of our ideas, and the truth of the assertion that, under definable conditions, particular experiences would be possible. What else the Being of such entities would mean, remained for us so far undefinable.

On the other hand, as we concluded our former discussion, considerations crowded upon us, which forced us to observe that in some way this Third Conception of Being, despite all the foregoing, is inadequate.

Valid in its own measure it is,—to say that is to utter the deep commonplace of St. Augustine's form of the ontological proof of the existence of God. For it must indeed be true that there is a *Veritas*. Yet mere *Veritas*, mere validity, still remains to us a conception as unintelligible as it is insistently present to our thought. And our difficulty at the last time came thus to light: In mathematics, you define and prove valid assertions, and deal with entities, such as roots of equations, and properties of functions, whose Being seems to mean only their validity. But how do you prove these propositions about validity? How do you test the existence of your mathematical objects? Merely by experimenting upon your present ideas. What is there before you as you thus experiment? At each step of your procedure, one moment's narrow contents extend to the very horizon of your present finite mathematical experience. Yet if your procedure is, indeed, as it pretends to be, valid, the truth that you define embraces eternity, and preetermines the structure and the valid existence of an infinity of objects that you regard as external to the thought which defines them. Your world of objects then is here boundless; your human grasp of these objects is even pitifully limited. Validity thus implies, in the world of the mathematical entities, a twofold character. As presented, as seen by you, as here realized, the observed validity is apparently given in experience, indeed, but as a mere internal meaning,—the creature of the instant. But as objective, as genuine, the validity is a part of the endless realm of mathematical truth, a realm that is, to use Aristotle's term, the Unmoved Mover of all your finite struggle for insight in this region. How can the one

form of Being be thus ambiguous, unless, in constitution, it is also much wealthier in nature than the mere abstraction expressed in our Third Conception makes it seem. Or, to put the case otherwise, the Third Conception of Being, in defining possibilities of experience, tells you only of mere abstract universals. But a mere universal is so far a bare *what*. One wants to make more explicit the *that*, to find something individual.

And, if you pass from mathematics to the physical instances of the third conception, and to the world of moral and social validity, it is of course true that every Being in heaven or in earth exists for you as determining a valid possibility of experience. But countless of these valid possibilities exist for you precisely as possibilities not yet tested by you, and therefore never to be tested. Herein lies the very essence of prudence, of generalizing science, and of moral choice, viz., in the fact that you recognize much experience as possible only to avoid it, and to refrain from verifying in your own person the valid possibility. But what is a mere possibility when not tested? Is it a mere internal meaning? Then where is its Truth? Is it external? Then what is its Being?

These were, in sum, our difficulties in regard to the Third Conception of Being. Their solution, logically speaking, lies now very near. But for us the road must still prove long. Meanwhile, the formulation of all these difficulties may be condensed into the single question, the famous problem of Pontius Pilate, What is Truth? For the Third Conception of Being has reduced Being to Truth, or Validity. But now we need to make out what constitutes the very essence of Truth itself. It is this which at the last time we left still in obscurity. It is this which lies so near us, and which still, because of manifold misunderstandings, we must long seek as if it were far away.

II

Of course in approaching our final definition of Truth will divide itself into two stages. Truth is very frequently defined, in terms of external meaning, as *that about which we judge*. Now, so far, we have had much to say about Ideas, but we have avoided dwelling upon the nature and forms of Judgment. We must here, despite the technical dreariness of all topics of Formal Logic, say something concerning this so far neglected aspect of Truth, and of our

relation to Truth. In the second place, Truth has been defined as the *Correspondence between our Ideas and their Objects*. We shall have, also, to dwell upon this second definition of Truth. Only at the close of both stages of the journey shall we be able to see, and then, I hope, at one glance, whither through the wilderness of this world our steps have been guided. The result will reward the toil.

When we undertake to express the objective validity of any truth, we use Judgments. These judgments, if subjectively regarded,—that is, if viewed merely as processes of our own present thinking, whose objects are external to themselves,—involve, in all their more complex forms, *combinations* of ideas,—devices whereby we weave already present ideas into more manifold structures, thereby enriching our internal meanings. But the act of judgment has always its other—its objective aspect. The ideas, when we judge, are also to possess external meanings. If we try to sunder the external meaning from the internal, as we have so far done, we find then that weaving the ideas into new structures is a mere incident of the process whereby we regard them as *standing for the valid Reality*, as characterizing what their object is. It is true, as Mr. Bradley has well said, that the intended subject of every judgment is Reality itself. The ideas that we combine when we judge about external meanings are to have value for us as truth only in so far as they not only possess internal meaning, but also imitate, by their structure, what is at once Other than themselves, and, in significance, something above themselves. That, at least, is the natural view of our consciousness, just in so far as, in judging, we conceive our thought as essentially other than its external object, and as destined merely to correspond thereto. Now we have by this time come to feel how hard it is to define the Reality to which our ideas are thus to conform, and about which our judgments are said to be made, so long as we thus sunder external and internal meanings.

Yet, for the instant, we must still continue to do so. We must, so to speak, “absent us from felicity awhile,” and in this world of merely internal and disappointed meanings, whose true objects are still far beyond, and whose only overt law is so far the law of correspondence to those objects—in this “harsh world,” I say, we must “draw our breath in pain,” until the real truth shall become manifest, and take the place of these forms which now merely represent it. The Truth that we pursue is no longer, indeed, the

Independent Being of Realism; but it still remains something defined as *not* our ideas, and as that to which they ought to correspond, so that their internal meanings, interesting as these may seem, appear the mere by-play, so to speak, of the business of truth-seeking. And that business seems to be the task of submitting our thought to what is not our own mere thought. Well, for the time, we must still accept this situation. And, while we do so, let us examine briefly our processes of judgment, in so far as these consciously refer to external Objects; and let us endeavor to observe how our judgments, as they occur in actual thinking, or are confirmed or refuted by our ordinary experience, seem to view their own relation to Reality. To turn in this direction is to seek help, if you please, from Formal Logic. For Formal Logic is the doctrine that treats of our judgments and of their ordinary meanings as we make and combine them.

Ordinary judgments, all of them, as we have just said, make some sort of reference to Reality. Never do you judge at all, unless you suppose yourself to be asserting something about a real world. You can express doubt as to whether a certain ideal object has its place in Reality. You can deny that some class of ideal objects is real. You can affirm the Being of this or of that object. But never can you judge without some sort of conscious intention to be in significant relation to the Real. The *what* and the *that* are, indeed, easily distinguished, so long as you take the distinction abstractly enough. But never, when you seriously judge in actual thinking, do you avoid reference *both* to the *what* and to the *that* of the universe.

Now, this observation may itself seem questionable. You may object: "Can I not make judgments about fairies and centaurs without asserting whether they are or are not? And if I distinguish between ideas and facts at all, cannot I do so in my judgments also, and make judgments about ideal objects merely as ideal objects, without referring to the Reality in any way?" The answer to all these questions is simply, *No*. To judge is to judge about the Real. It is to consider internal meanings with reference to external meanings. It is to bring the *what* into relation with the *that*. And if you have sundered the external and internal meanings, every attempt to judge, even while it recognizes this sundering as sharpest, is an effort to link afresh what it all the time, also, seems to keep apart. To illustrate the truth of this principle, look over the list of forms

of judgment as they appear in the ordinary text-books of Logic. The list in question is, indeed, in many ways, imperfect; but it will serve for our present purpose.

Judgments may be, as the logical tradition says, "Categorical," or "Hypothetical," or "Disjunctive." That is, they may assert, for example, that *A is B*; or they may affirm that *If A is B, then C is D*; or they may declare that *Either A is B, or else C is D*. This ancient classification is no very deep one; but it may aid us to survey how our various sorts of judgment view Reality.

Let us begin with the "hypothetical" judgment, the judgment of the bare "if." This sort of judgment seems, of course, to be capable of becoming as remote as possible from any assertion about Being, and as completely as possible a judgment about "mere ideas." "If wishes were horses, beggars might ride." "If the bowl had been stronger, my tale had been longer." "If a body were left undisturbed by any external cause, it would continue its state of rest, or of uniform motion, in a straight line unchanged." Are not all these judgments about purely ideal objects, and not about Being, or about any real world? Where are wishes horses? When do beggars ride on their own steeds? When were the wise men of Gotham in the bowl? What real body moves undisturbed?

And yet, I answer, these are all of them judgments that, if they are true, do not indeed directly tell us what the world of valid Being actually and concretely contains, but do tell us what that real world does *not* contain. Indirectly, by limiting the range of valid possibilities, they thus throw light upon what the world does contain. Thus the First Law of Motion, as stated, tells us that there are no bodies which, although undisturbed by external causes, still move in lines not straight, and with velocities that vary. Hence, since the physical bodies observed by us turn out to be in motion, in various curves, and with varying velocities, we are directed to look for the causes hereof in the disturbances to which these bodies are subjected. So it is, also, in the other cases mentioned, in so far as these statements are true at all. In general, the judgment, "*If A is B, C is D*," can be interpreted as meaning that there are, in the world of valid objects, no real cases where, at once, *A is B*, while at the same time *C is not D*. A good instance is furnished by any sincere promise, such as a promise to a child, in the form: "*If you do that I will reward you*." The promise relates to the valid Being of the future. Its asserts that

this future, when it comes to be present, shall not contain the event of the child's doing that work *unrewarded* by the giver of the promise. So, then, hypothetical judgments tell us that some ideally defined object, often of very complex structure, *finds no place* in Being. Even the fantastic examples of the wishes and the bowl involve the same sort of assertion, true or false, as to a real world.

The judgments of simple assertion, the categorical judgments, are of the two general classes, the "Universal" and the "Particular" judgments, namely those, respectively, that speak of *all* things of a class and those that only tell about *some* things. But here, again, it would seem, at first, as if an universal judgment might concern itself wholly with ideal objects. When a contract is made, universal judgments are, in general, used. "All the property" of a given sort, if ever it comes to exist, is by the terms of the contract "to be delivered," perhaps, to such and such a person. "All payments" under the contract "are to be made," thus and thus. But, perhaps, if ever the contract comes later to be adjudicated, it may be found that no property of the sort in question has ever come into existence, or has ever been delivered at all; and then it may be decided that, by the very terms of the contract, and just by virtue of its legal validity, no obligation exists to make any of the mentioned payments. So all contracts concerning future work, delivery, or compensation are, on their face, about ideal objects, which may never come to be in valid Being at all. In fact, genuinely universal judgments, as Herbart and a good many more recent Logicians have taught, are essentially hypothetical in their true nature. But for that very reason, like the hypothetical judgments, the universal judgments, taken in their strictest sense, apart from special provisos, are judgments that undertake to *exclude* from the valid Reality certain classes of objects. To say that *All A is B*, is, in fact, merely to assert that the real world contains no objects that are A's, but that fail to be of the class B. To say that *No A is B* is to assert that the real world contains no objects that are *at once* A and B. Neither judgment, strictly interpreted, tells you that A exists, but only that *if* it exists, it is B. Now those mathematical judgments, of whose endless wealth and eternal validity we have heretofore spoken, are very frequently, although by no means always, of the universal type. They refer to Being,—a Being of the third type,—and, when universal, they assert, about a realm of definite or relatively determinate, although still universal validity,

or possibility, something that proves to be primarily negative, so far as its relation to its external object is concerned. They accomplish their assertions by means of the very fact that they undertake to exclude from the realm of externally valid Being, certain ideal combinations that, in the first place, would have seemed abstractly possible, if one had not scrutinized one's ideas more closely. Thus, to know that universally $2 + 2 = 4$, is to know that there nowhere exists, in all the realm of external validity, a two and a two that, when added, *fail* to give, as the result, four. In advance of such knowledge, the opposite would seem abstractly possible. But it proves to be only verbally or apparently possible. Determinately viewed, only the "actual sum" is possible.

In general, when we judge in universal ways, we begin, before we attain an insight into the truth of our judgment, by stating, as abstractly possible, *more* ideal alternatives than in the end will prove to be determinately possible, or to be valid possibilities. In the exact sciences, or, again, in case of those practically important realms of Being which we view as subject to our choice,—whenever we win control over a system of ideas, and assert a truth, or decide upon a course of action, and whenever we do this upon the basis of general principles,—our insight is always *destructive of merely abstract possibilities*, and, where our knowledge takes the form of universal judgments, they are always primarily such destructive judgments, so far as they relate to external objects. They tell us, indirectly, what *is*, in the realm of external meanings, but only by first telling us what *is not*.

The consequence is that universal categorical judgments, being always primarily negative in force, enlighten us regarding that realm of the external meanings which is still for us, at this stage, the realm of Being, only by virtue of the junction, overt or implied, of the universal categorical judgments with disjunctive judgments, *i.e.* with judgments of the *either, or* type. One who inquires into a matter upon which he believes himself able to decide in universal terms, *e.g.* in mathematics, has present to his mind, at the outset, questions such as admit of alternative answers. "A," he declares, "*in case it exists at all, is either B or C.*" Further research shows universally, perhaps, that *No A is B*. Hereupon the abstract possibilities are in so far reduced, and the world of Being, taken still as a realm of external meanings, is limited to a realm where "*If A exists at all, it can only be C.*" The purpose of our universal

judgments is thus that, by the aid of disjunctive judgments, they enable us to determine the world of Being by cutting off some apparent possibilities as really impossible, and by then taking the remaining alternatives, not in general, as any entirely determinate account of what is, but as a less indeterminate account of Reality than is the one with which we started. To think in universal terms is thus to attempt, as it were, to exhaust the abstractly possible alternatives, and to define what exists in yonder external world as what survives the various stages of ideal destruction through which one passes as one judges. So long as thus, separating ideas from their external meanings, you struggle through universal judgments towards the far-off truth, your principle is the one that Spinoza stated, *Omnis Determinatio est Negatio*. The universal truth is the slayer of what seemingly might have been, but also of what, as a fact, proves to be *not* possible.

As for your disjunctive judgments themselves, even they, too, affirm about external Being only by first denying. "A is either B or C; there is no third possibility open,"—such must be one's assertion when a disjunction is announced. The type of an ideally perfect and evident disjunction is the assertion, "A is either B or not-B," where B and not-B are the alternative members of a "dichotomy," i.e. of an exhaustive and twofold division of the Universe of your Discourse, as at any time you conceive its Reality to be opened to your ideal inspection.

This general situation of our thought in all those branches of inquiry where, as very often in mathematics, we deal with universal truth, and reason out results about Being, while still viewing Reality as Another than thought, is a situation that stimulates us to manifold inquiries. In the first place, as you at once see, the limitations of all our merely abstract and universal reasoning about the world, when taken as a world of external meanings, are, at a stroke, laid bare by virtue of these very considerations. For by mere reasoning, in these universal terms, we never directly and determinately characterize the Being of things as it finally is. We at best, and even if we are quite sure of our universal truths, *tell what external Reality is not*, and add that, of the remaining abstractly possible and definable alternatives, it is doubtless determinately some one, and no other. But, apart from any scepticism, justified or not, regarding the validity of our universal judgments themselves, they at best carry us a certain way only in an under-

taking that seems essentially endless, and, in fact, worse than endless. And that is the undertaking of exhausting all the possible alternatives, and so of making the finally valid possibility, that can alone remain, into something absolutely determinate. And where the sole principle is that *Omnis Determinatio est Negatio*, this task is indeed not only endless, but hopeless.

This, in fact, is why mathematical science, especially in so far as it deals merely with universal truths, can never hope, by any conceivable skill in construction, to replace the more empirical sciences, and merely to define the world in terms of its own sort of universal validity. For every step of the process is a cutting-off indeed of false possibilities, and an assertion of what therefore seems the more precisely and determinately limited range of the valid possibilities. But at every step, also, the range beyond is simply inexhaustible, so far as you take your object as merely external. Unless some other principle than that of mere negation determines the realm of valid Being, then it has no final determination at all. Looking beyond, to that realm of external meanings, we say: *A is never B*. Well then, comes the retort, *What is it?* So far, the answer is, *Whatever else is still possible. Is it C then?* A further reasoning process perhaps excludes this, or some other, possibility also. Have we found out the positive contents of Being? No, we have only again excluded. And so we continue indefinitely, not only with an infinite process upon our hands, but with no definite prospect as to positive consequences to be won by exhausting even this infinity. This is the essential defect of "merely reasoning," in abstractly universal terms, about the external nature of things.

But all this has, indeed, another aspect. This negative character of the universal judgments holds true of them, as we have said, just in so far as you sunder the external and the internal meanings, and just in so far as you view the Real as the Beyond, and as merely the Beyond. If you turn your attention once more to the realm of the ideas viewed as internal meanings, you see, indeed, that they are constantly becoming enriched, in their inner life, by all this process. Take your thinking merely as that which is to correspond to an external Other, and then, indeed, your universal judgments tell you only what this Other is not, and leave, as what it is, merely *some* of the possibilities still *undestroyed*. But view the internal meaning of thought as a life for itself, and revel in the beautiful complexities of a mathematical, or other rationally constructed

realm of inner expressions of your thoughtful purposes; and then, indeed, you seem to have found a positive constitution of an universe that, alas! is, after all, as contrasted with those "external facts," to be regarded only as a shadowland. "Is it really so yonder?" you say. Is namely the *positive* aspect of all this construction present in that world? Your universal judgments cannot tell. To take, again, the simplest case: To know, by inner demonstration, that $2 + 2 = 4$, and that this is necessarily so, is not yet to know that the so-called "external world," taken *merely* as the Beyond, contains any true or finally valid variety of objects at all,—any two or four objects that can be counted. That you must learn otherwise, namely, of course, by what is usually called "external experience" of that outer world. On the other hand, so far as your internal meaning goes, to have seen for yourself, to have experienced within, that which makes you call this judgment necessary, is, indeed, to have observed a character about your own ideas which rightly seems to you very positive. So, then, universal judgments and reasonings appear to be of positive interest in the realm of internal meanings, but only of negative worth as to the other objects.

All this, however, only brings afresh to light the paradoxical character of all this sundering of external and internal meanings. For at this point arises the ancient question, How can you know at all that your judgment is universally valid, even in this ideal and negative way, about that external realm of validity, in so far as it is external, and is merely your Other,—the Beyond? Must you not just dogmatically say that that world must agree with your negations? This judgment is indeed positive. But how do you prove it? The only answer has to be in terms which already suggest how vain is the very sundering in question. If you can predetermine, even if but thus negatively, what cannot exist in the object, the object then cannot be *merely* foreign to you. It must be somewhat predetermined by your Meaning. But of this matter we shall soon hear more in another connection. The result is so far baffling enough. Yet in this situation most of our ordinary thinking about the world is done.

Let us pass to the "particular affirmative" judgments. As has been repeatedly pointed out in the discussions on recent Logic,¹

¹ Amongst others by Mr. Charles Peirce, by Schroeder, by Mr. Venn, and, quite independently, by Brentano, in his *Psychologie*.

the particular judgments,—whose form is *Some A is B*, or *Some A is not-B*,—are the typical judgments that positively assert Being in the object viewed as external. This fact constitutes their essential contrast with the universal judgments. They undertake to cross the chasm that is said to sunder internal and external meanings; and the means by which they do so is always what is called “external experience.” No “pure thinking” can ever really prove a particular judgment about external objects. You have to appeal to outer experience. On the other hand, all empirical judgments about objects of external meaning, viewed merely as such, are, or should be, in this form of the particular judgments. It is a form at once positive and very unsatisfactorily indeterminate. It expresses the fact that there has been found *some* case where an A that is a B not only *may* exist, in yonder object with which we are to correspond, but *does* exist. The defect of these judgments is that they never tell us, by themselves, precisely *what* object this existent instance of an A that is B really is. In other words, they are particular, but are not individual judgments. Yet, as we shall hereafter more fully see, and have already in a measure observed, what we want our knowledge to show us about the Being of things, is what Reality, taken as an individual whole, or, again, as *this individual*, finally is. Hence, the particular judgments,—those of external experience viewed as external,—are especially instructive as to the nature that our ordinary thinking attributes to Being, and as to what we demand of our Other.²

² The assertion that purely ideal reasoning processes, viewed as mere internal meanings, never result in particular propositions about their external objects, is one extensively discussed by Schroeder and by many others. See Schroeder, *Algebra der Logik*, Bd. II, p. 86, *sqq.* The defence of the assertion in detail, as a matter of formal Logic, would here take us too far afield. Speaking briefly, one can remind the reader, by the use of a familiar example: (1) That *unless* wisdom is conceived necessarily to follow from the nature of man, you cannot, by “mere reasoning,” find out whether or no *any* man is wise, so long as man is taken to be an external object. You have to turn to “external experience.” If, in experience, you then find somebody say Socrates to be a wise man, the matter is empirically settled in favor of the judgment: *Some man is wise*. But, (2) on the other hand, *even in case* wisdom followed, as an ideally necessary result, from the mere nature of man, then you would know indeed, by mere reasoning, that *if* any man exists at all, that man is wise. But apart from the “external experience” itself, you would still fail to know, through the “pure ideas,” whether there exists indeed any man at all. And you still could not assert, despite your reasoning, the truth of the proposition that *some man is wise*, until you had *first* found that man exists in the realm of the external meanings. All this is an inevitable

Our situation, then, is, in substance, this: We have our internal meanings. We develop them in inner experience. There they get presented as something of universal value, but always in fragments. They, therefore, so far dissatisfy. We conceive of the Other wherein these meanings shall get some sort of final fulfilment. We view our ideas as shadows or imitations of this Other; and we make judgments as to how well they represent it. When we study the universally expressible aspects of Reality, we get the sense,—no matter at present how,—that, in such cases as those of the judgment $2 + 2 = 4$, we can, in idea, predetermine the constitution of the external object. But if we look closer, we see that no such predeterminations involve more than the assertion that Being, as thus predetermined, *excludes* and *forbids* certain of the ideal constructions that, at first, seem possible. But what Being, in so far as it is merely Other and external, positively contains, we cannot thus discover.

How else shall we attempt to discover this desired fulfilment of our purpose? The ordinary answer is, *By external experience*. Now this so-called external experience is never what you might call "Pure Experience." For only the mystic looks for Pure Experience wholly apart from ideas. And we already know what he finds. He is the only thoroughgoing Empiricist; and he has his reward. What is usually called "Experience," by common sense or by science, is not purely immediate content, and it is not whatever happens to come to hand. It is carefully and attentively *selected* experience. It is experience lighted up by ideas. They, as our internal meanings, are incomplete, and they therefore take the form of asking questions. They formulate ideal schemes, and then they inquire, Have these schemes any correspondent facts, yonder, in that externally valid object? The very question is full of ideal presuppositions, which one in vain endeavors to renounce by calling himself a pure empiricist. Unless he is a mystic he is no

consequence of the sundering between the internal and the external meanings; and holds true so long as the sundering is insisted upon. The traditional Logic of the text-books, when it reasons from universals to their subalternates particulars, or derives particular conclusions from universal premises, does so by tacitly and, in general, by unjustifiably assuming the external existence of the objects reasoned about, while all the time still sundering external and internal. Reasoning itself is, to be sure, experience, but is, by hypothesis, experience of internal meanings, not of the external meanings which are taken, by this sort of thinking, to be the Reality.

such pure empiricist. And if he is a mystic, he abhors ideas and frames no hypotheses, except for the sake of merely teaching his doctrine in exoteric fashion. But a scientific empiricist has hypotheses,—internal meanings, ideal constructions,—and he deliberately chooses to submit these to the control of what he views as external experience. If you ask why he does so, he answers, very rightly, that he has no other road open to the grasping of yonder “external object.” But this answer means more than an empiricist of this type usually observes. Wholly inconsistent with any abstract Realism (which is always metempirical in its actual assumptions), the wish of the ordinary empiricist, however highly trained his scientific judgment, and however steadfast his assurance that the idea and its valid object are somehow sundered aspects of Being, is always simply to enrich his internal meanings by giving them a selective control which, of their own moving, they cannot find. Or, in the ordinary phraseology, Man thinks in order to get control of his world, and thereby of himself. What the bare internal meanings, in their poverty, leave as an open question, the external experience shall decide. If you ask, again, What experience? the answer always is, Not *any* experience that you please, but a sort of experience determined by the question asked, viz., whatever experience is apt to decide between conflicting ideas, and to determine them to precise meaning.

It is customary to dwell upon the “crushing character,” the “overwhelming power” of “stubborn empirical facts.” The character in question is, of course, a valid one. Yet this crushing force of experience is never a barely immediate fact; it is something relative to the particular ideas in question. For, as I must repeat, our so-called external experience, that is, our experience taken as other than our meanings, and viewed as what confirms or refutes them here or there, never does more, in any question concerning the truth, than to decide our ideal issues, and to decide them in particular instances, whose character and meaning for us are determined solely by what ideas of our own are in question. Or, again, empirical judgments, as such, are always particular. Hence, they never by themselves absolutely confirm, or refute, *all* that our ideas mean. And what they confirm, or refute, depends upon what questions have been asked from the side of our internal meanings.

The empirical facts can, indeed, refute, and they very often do

refute, abstractly stated universal judgments, by showing particular cases that contradict these judgments. But they can never show, by themselves, that the ideas in question have *no* application, anywhere, in yonder externally valid world, but only that in some case just these ideas fail. Hence, unless I have ideally chosen to stake my all upon a single throw of the dice of "external experience," I am not logically "crushed" by the particular experience that this time disappoints me. If my internal meaning takes, for instance, the form of a plan of external action, I can, if this time defeated, "try again"; and the human will has in all ages shown its power *not* to be crushed by any particular experience, unless its ideas determine that it ought to accept the defeat. Ideas can be quite as stubborn as any particular facts, can outlast them, and often, in the end, abolish them. Even if the internal meaning is a merely imitative conception, that, like a scientific hypothesis, was solely intended to portray the nature of the external fact, then the empirical failure of the hypothesis, in a given instance, shows, indeed, that it is not universally valid as regards yonder external world of finally valid fact, but does *not* show that it is universally *invalid*. Experience, taken as external and particular, can never prove any absolute negation.

On the other hand, but for the very same reason, our experience, when taken as in contrast to our internal meanings, can never, in any finite time, completely confirm or demonstrate any universal judgment, such as, upon the basis of our internal meanings, we may have asserted. *Some A is B.* That is all that your experience, when viewed as other than your ideas, and as that to which you appeal for the sake of defining your external object, can ever by itself reveal. Herein lies the well-known limitation of the merely "inductive" processes of science. That we all believe universal propositions about yonder external world of valid objects, is due to the fact that we are none of us mere empiricists, even in this modified sense. All of us view *some* of our ideas as predetermining the nature of things, so that we conceive the reality as the fulfilment of distinctly internal meanings,—with what right we have yet to see.

All of these considerations arise in a realm where internal and external meanings, without ever being viewed as abstractly independent of one another, are still taken as actually and rightly sundered. And this, as we have now seen, is the case throughout

the world of our Third Conception. All who use this conception, that is, all who once learn rationally to modify their Realism, while still regarding the antithesis of internal and of external as finally valid, employ the two main types of judgment which we have now examined. When the mathematicians use the existential judgments, of which we before have spoken, they, too, employ the particular judgments and appeal to what, for their current ideas, constitutes a relatively external realm of experience. When, believing that their own science, too, has become exact, the students of nature, in their turn, use universal judgments; they just as truly appeal, for their sole warrant, to internal meanings, as do the mathematicians when the latter think about universal truth.

As to these two types of judgment, the universal and the particular, they both, as we have seen, make use of experience. The one type, the universal judgments, arise in the realm where experience and idea have already fused into one whole; and this is precisely the realm of internal meanings. Here one constructs, and observes the consequences of one's construction. But the construction is at once an experience of fact, and an idea; at once an expression of a purpose, and an observation of what happens. Upon the basis of such ideal constructions, one makes universal judgments. These, in a fashion still to us, at this stage, mysterious, undertake to be valid of that other world,—the world of external meanings, the realm that is said to be the Reality of which these ideas are the shadow and imitation. But every assertion of this sort implies that in verity the external and the internal meanings are not sundered, but have some deeper unity, which, in this realm of mere validity, you can never make manifest. Meanwhile, this control of idea over fact is, indeed, here viewed as limited. The ideal necessities only determine what the facts are not, and not what the facts are.

On the other hand, since this realm of internal meanings is, in us men, limited and fragmentary, one indeed seeks to enlarge its realm. And in doing so one appeals to what is called the external experience; and hereupon one makes those particular judgments which are the typical expression of our human sort of external experience. But this is experience so far as it has not yet fused with the internal meanings; but so far as, nevertheless, through selection and through patient effort, it can gradually be brought to the point where it decides ideal issues. As other than the ideas, this experience is said to be the evidence and the expression of the

external objects themselves. Yet these objects, for the awakened reason, are no longer "things in themselves." Their contrast with the world of "mere ideas" is, indeed, here insisted upon; but we have plainly, so far, no final account of what the contrast is.

III

Yet there remains one further aspect of this whole situation of our judging thought,—an aspect upon which sufficient stress has not been laid. We have said, as against this Third Conception of Being, that at best it leaves Reality too much a bare abstract universal, and does not assert the individuality of Being. We have still to express this objection in a more formal way. As we have seen, all our universal and particular judgments leave Reality, in a measure, indeterminate. Can we tolerate this view of Reality as final?

Ideas, as such, take, we have said, the abstractly universal form. External experience, as such, in this realm where we find it sundered from the internal meanings, confirms or refutes ideas in particular cases. But do ideas, in so far as they merely imitate or seek their external Other, ever express what common sense often means by calling that external object an Individual? Or, on the other hand, does the external experience ever, as such, present to us individuals, and show them to us *as* individuals?³

If this question is put simply as an appeal to common sense, the answer will be unhesitating. Who does not know that our knowledge "begins with individual facts?" The child "knows its nurse or its mother or its own playthings first. Only later does it learn the universal characters of things." The individual, then, is the well known, the familiar, the *first* in Knowledge and in Being.

This theory, as usually stated, is simply full of inconsequences and inaccuracies that I cannot here undertake to follow out. Of course, what a child first knows are objects that we, with our common-sense metaphysic, call individual things; but there is every evidence that he knows them by virtue of their characters, their qualities, their recognizable, and, for that very reason, abstractly universal features. All animals adjust themselves to the *what* of their world, and pursue or shun objects because of their odor,

³ I have discussed this point at length in the "Supplementary Essay" of the book called *The Conception of God*. See Part III of that Essay, pp. 217-271.

taste, color, form, touch-qualities, fashion of movement,—in brief, because of features that are common to many objects and experiences and that, in so far as we can empirically make out, are not, except by accident, confined to an individual being or experience. A child's early vagueness in applying names, his "calling of all men and women fathers and mothers,"⁴ as Aristotle already observed, shows that our primary consciousness is of the vaguely universal.

And now, not only is this true as to the genesis of our knowledge, but, to the end, it remains true of us mortals that, *Neither do our internal meanings ever present to us, nor yet do our external experiences ever produce before us, for our inspection, an object whose individuality we ever really know as such.* Neither internal meanings nor external meanings, in their isolation, are in the least adequate to embody individuality.

For an individual is unique. There is no other of its individual kind. If Socrates is an individual, then there is only one Socrates in the universe. If you are an individual, then in Reality there is no other precisely capable of taking your place. If God is an individual, then, as ethical monotheism began by saying, *There is no Other.*

Now, by taking note in thought of this supposed uniqueness, you can, of course, in general, define, as a sort of problem to be solved by real Beings, the ideal and abstract nature of individuality itself. But then, you do not, in that case, tell what constitutes any one individual such as he is. But now change the statement of the problem. Try to define, in idea, some one individual, real or fictitious, e.g. Achilles, or Socrates, or the universe. At once, when you define, your idea, as an internal meaning, presents to you a combination of characters such as, according to your definition, some Other, i.e. some object external to the idea, might embody. In consequence, however, the possibility of characterizing, or portraying, the features that are to make yonder external individual unique, has been surrendered in the very act of trying to define what constitutes him an individual. For your object is another, and you here, by hypothesis, know it merely through ideally imitating it and "corresponding" to it. But as individual, the unique Being is to be precisely something that *has no likeness.* Hence, just so far as you define it, you define of it everything but its individuality. Socrates defined, is no longer the unique external meaning,—the individual

⁴ Aristotle, *Phys.*, Bk. I, 1.

Being as such. He has now become a mere conceived type of man. That this type has but one real expression, you may, from the side of your internal meanings, dogmatically assert or inevitably presuppose. But you can never tell what, about that kind of man called Socrates, forbids him to get repeated expression in the universe, unless you have expressed the secret of Being in terms different from those involved in this sundering of the external and the internal meanings. The same is true if you try thus abstractly to define what makes either God or the world One Individual, that has no likeness.

But if ideas, as internal meanings opposed to external objects, cannot express the nature of the individuality of the world or of any one Being in it, whence, then, do we ever get this belief that Being is, in fact, individual? Does perhaps our external experience present to us individuals? The answer is again simply, *No*. If, when you define Socrates in inner idea, you define a type of man, and not an unique Being without any likeness, it is equally true that, if ever you had an experience which made you say, *Here is Socrates*, you would have present to yourself but, once more, a *type* of empirically observed man,—a *kind* of experience. When you daily meet your family and friends, you constantly confirm your internal meanings by external experiences; but the confirmation, read accurately, is always a confirmation of ideal types by *particular* cases, never by really *individual* Beings directly known as present and yet as unique. You presuppose that your family and friends are individual Beings. The presupposition may be, yes, to my mind is, justifiable in the light of a genuine metaphysic. But it is an essentially metaphysical presupposition, never verifiable by your external experience. In this presupposition lies the very mystery of Being. The *what* is abstractly universal. The *that* is individual. You have an idea of your friend. You go to meet him; and lo, the idea is verified. Yes; but what is verified? I answer, this, that you have met a certain type of empirical object. "But my friend is unique. There is no other who has his voice, manner, behavior." "Yes; but how should your personal experience verify that? Have you seen all beings in heaven and earth?" Perhaps you reply, "Yes; but human experience in general shows that every man is an individual, unique, and without any absolute likeness." If such is your reply, you are appealing to general inductive methods. I admit their significance. But I deny that they rest solely upon external experience, as such,

for their warrant. They presuppose a metaphysic. They do not prove one. Besides, you are now talking of general principles, and not of any one verified individual.

In fact, how should any one individual Being present himself, in this external experience of yours, or of all men taken together, in such wise as to show not only that he is of this or this aspect, but that *no other* is like him in the whole realm of Being. It is this *no-Other*-character that persistently baffles both the merely internal meaning, and the merely external experience, so long as they are human and are sundered.

And, now, just this difficulty gives one further reason why our Third Conception of Being, in conflict with common sense, does, indeed, abandon the concept that Being is individual, and confines itself to forming internal meanings, and to confirming them by external experience. It tries to rest content with abstract universals, more or less determined by particular observations.

Yet, in doing thus, can this conception satisfy even the fragmentary internal meanings that we so far sunder from their external objects, and that we then seek to confirm or to refute by external experience? No; for if we can neither abstractly define within, nor yet empirically find without, the individuals that we seek, there can be no doubt that our whole interest in Being, is an interest in individuality. For the Other that we seek is that which, if found, would *determine our ideas to their final truth*. Now, only what is finally determinate can, in its turn, determine. As a fact, while we never abstractly define individuals as such, we certainly love individuals, believe in individuals, and regard the truth with which we are to correspond as determinate. So much is this the case, that whoever should try, as, in fact, our Third Conception of Being seems to try, to define the world of Being in terms exclusive of individuality, seems forced to say, "The final fact is that there is no individual fact, or, in other words, that there is no unique Being at all, but only a type; so that the Being with which our thoughts are to correspond does not determine the 'mere ideas' to any single and unique correspondence with itself, but leaves them finally indeterminate." But is the *Veritas* that is thus left us any *Veritas* at all? Is not the very expression used self-contradictory? Can the absence of finality be the only final fact?

Our general survey of the world of judgments and of reasoning processes, as well as of the accompanying relations between

Thought and Experience, is on one side completed. What have we learned? Our survey has not yet solved the problem as to the whole nature of Truth, but has shown us very important features that must, indeed, belong to the inmost essence of the Other that we seek. For one thing, we have found that every step towards Truth is a step away from vague possibilities, and towards determinateness of idea and of experience. Our very ideas themselves, even when expressed as hypotheses, or as universal definitions, or as *a priori* mathematical constructions, or as judgments of hypothetical or of universal type, are from the outset destructive of vague possibilities, and involve *Determination by Negation*. That is what every step of our survey has shown. Being, then, viewed as Truth, is to be in any case something determinate, that excludes as well as includes.

As to the vastly important relation of Thought to external Experience, we have seen that our thought, indeed, looks to this external experience to decide whether our hypotheses about fact can be confirmed. But, on the other hand, while external experience, in confirming ideas, furnishes a positive content which our human internal meanings never can construct for themselves, still the service of our external experience, in revealing what is Real, has perfectly obvious limitations. It can confirm our hypotheses, but never adequately; for it shows us only particular instances that agree with such of our hypotheses as succeed. It can refute our hasty ideal generalizations, but only when they are stated as universal propositions. It can never by itself prove a determinate negative by excluding from Reality *the whole* of what our hypotheses have defined. Hence, our will has its limitless opportunity to "try again"; and external experience never finally disposes of ideas unless the ideas themselves make, for reasons defensible upon the ground of internal meaning only, their own "reasonable" surrender. And, finally, our experience, whether internal or external, never shows us what we, above all, regard as the Real, namely, the Individual fact. Hence, in consulting experience, we are simply seeking aid in the undertaking to give our ideas a certain positive determination, to *this content and no other*. But never, in our human process of experience, do we reach that determination. It is for us the object of love and of hope, of desire and of will, of faith and of work, but never of present finding.

This Individual Determination itself remains, so far, the principal

character of the Real; and is, as an ideal, the Limit towards which we endlessly aim. Now, a Limit, in mathematics, may have either one or both of two characters.⁵ It may be that which a given process so approaches that we ourselves are able to get and to remain *near at will* to,—that is, less than any predesignated distance from,—the limit, although the process in question, by itself, never reaches the limit. So we can get as near as we choose to 2, by adding terms of the series $1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4}$, etc. Or, again, in the second place, the limit may be defined as that which, never attained by the process in question, is demonstrably a finality that occupies, in order, *the first place immediately beyond* the whole series of incomplete stages which the endless process in question defines. Thus, 2 is *the least number that lies beyond*, or that is *greater than all possible fractions*, of the form $1 + \frac{1}{2}$, $1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4}$, $1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8}$, etc. Usually, in mathematics, both senses of *limit* are combined (as they are in the example just used). But not so in the case here before us. Being is not an object that we men come *near at will* to finally observing, so that while we never get it wholly present in our internal meanings, we can come as near as we like to telling all that it is. But the Real, as our judgments and empirical investigations seek it, is that determinate object which all our ideas and experiences try to decide upon, and to bring within the range of our internal meanings; while, by the very nature of our fragmentary hypotheses and of our particular experiences, it always lies Beyond.

Yet if we could reach that limit of determination which is all the while our goal, if our universal judgments were confirmed by an adequate experience, not of *some* object (still indeterminate), but of *the individual* object, or of *all the individual objects*, so that no other empirical expression of our ideas remained possible, then, indeed, we should stand in the immediate presence of the Real. The Real, then, is, from this point of view, that which is *immediately beyond* the whole of our series of possible efforts to bring, by any process of finite experience and of merely general conception, our own internal meaning to a complete determination.

Abstract as this result is, it is already of great significance. It shows us what the Third Conception lacks, namely, a view of the

⁵ See Georg Cantor, in the *Zeitschrift f. Philosophie und Philosophische Kritik*, Bd. 91, p. 110. The finite limit of a “convergent series” has both characters. But the “determinate infinite,” viewed as the limit of the whole-number-series, has only the latter of the two characters.

Real as the finally determinate that permits no other. It also shows that the mere sundering of external and internal meanings is somehow faulty. Their linkage is the deepest fact about the universe.

And thus the *first* of the two closing stages of our journey is done. We have learned how the internal meaning is related to its own Limit, in so far as that is just a limit. But thus to view Being is still not to take account of what seems to common sense the most important of all our relations to the Real. And that is the relation of *Correspondence*,—several times heretofore mentioned, but not yet fathomed. “We must not only seek Being as our goal, but we must correspond to its real constitution if we are to get the truth. And somehow it *has* that constitution. We have to submit. The Real may not be wholly independent of our thinking, but it is at least authoritative.” So common sense states the case. But that aspect of the matter, as I repeat, we have not yet fathomed. To complete our definition of Reality, we must undertake to do so. And here, at last, the sundering of external from internal meaning receives its final test. Must not that to which our thought has to conform, whether it will or no, remain wholly external to thought itself? We shall see. And when we see this, our goal will at last be attained.

IV

A time-honored definition of Truth declares it to mean the *Correspondence between any Idea and its Object*. The mystery that everybody feels to lie hidden behind this definition depends upon the fact that two relations, both of a very intangible sort, are implied by this definition, and that the combination of these two relations is required to constitute truth. If an idea is true, it must, in the first place, *have an object*. But what constitutes the relation called *having an object*? When is an object the object of a given idea? And, secondly, the idea must *correspond* with its object. But what is the relation called *correspondence*? Until recently, the whole theory of the nature of correspondence remained an extremely undeveloped, although an obviously fundamental conception of Logic. And still more neglected has been the conception of the relation that constitutes any supposed object the genuine object of an idea, whether the idea be true or false. As to the problem about correspondence, how much must an idea resemble its object in order to be true? A photograph resembles the

man whom it pictures. Must a true idea be even so a sort of photograph of its object? Or, perhaps, may an idea be very unlike an object, and still so correspond therewith as to be a true idea? Are not the items in a ledger very unlike the commercial transactions that they ideally depict? And yet may not the items in the ledger be true? The nature, then, and the degree of that correspondence between idea and object which is meant when one talks of the truth of an idea, is a doubtful matter, and we shall have to consider it more closely. As to the other one of these two problems about idea and object, it seems plain, and in fact seems to be implied in the very definition of truth, that an idea can have an object without rightly corresponding to its object. For how otherwise should falsity and error be possible? To have an object and to correspond to it are therefore different relations. What, then, is the nature of the relation that makes a given idea such as to have a given object, whether or no the idea truly represents the object? These two problems are, then, the two aspects of the general question, What is Truth? regarded now from the side of the correspondence between internal and external.

Let us next attack the first of these two questions. If an idea is to be correspondent to an object, our first impression is that the idea must always possess some one predestined sort or degree of likeness or similarity to its object. Is this necessary? Is it once for all predetermined that its object, as a finished fact, required the idea to be like it? The relation of correspondence, in general, apart from the special problem about ideas and objects, has been most elaborately studied in mathematics, where correspondence is, in the most various forms, a constant topic of exact inquiry. If you have before you two objects, say two curves, or two variable quantities, or two collections of objects,—one of them a collection of symbols, the other a collection of objects to be symbolized,—a relation of correspondence can be established, or assumed, between these two objects, or collections, in the most manifold and, in one sense, in the most arbitrary fashion. Necessary to the relations of correspondence is only this, that you shall be able to view the two corresponding objects together, in a one-to-one relation, or in some other definite way, and, with some single purpose in mind, shall then be able in some one perhaps very limited aspect to affirm of one of them the same that you, at the same time and in the same limited sense, affirm of the other. In consequence, with

reference to this one affirmation, you could in some specified wise substitute one of them for the other, whole for whole, part for part, element for element. Thus, if you have before you a collection of counters, and a collection of other objects, you can make these collections correspond, if you are able to arrange both sets of objects in a definite order, and then to say, that the first of your counters agrees with the first of your other objects precisely, and perhaps solely, in being the first of its series; while the second counter agrees with the second of the objects precisely in being the second of the series, and so on. The result will then be that by counting the counters, you can afterwards, perhaps more conveniently, enumerate the objects to be counted. Ordinary counting depends, in fact, upon making the members of a number series, one, two, three, four, etc., arbitrarily correspond to the distinguishable objects of the collection that you number. The result is, then, that by adding, subtracting, or otherwise operating upon the numbers, you can reach results that will be valid regarding the objects that were to be counted. Again, a given plane curve can be made to correspond, point for point, with its own shadow, or with some other systematic projection of the curve as made upon a given surface. In this case, a great number of relationships between the points of the curve will remain true of the corresponding points of the projected curve. In the very familiar case of a map, the parts of the map correspond to the parts of the object represented, in a manner determined by a particular system of projection or of transformation of object into map.

But in consequence of the very general nature of this relation of correspondence, two complicated objects, or two collections of objects, may be made to correspond to one another, part for part, member for member, in wholly different ways. When you count objects, for instance, it makes no difference in what order you count them, or, in other words, in what order you make them correspond, object for object, to your number series. When you draw maps, you may use either Mercator's projection, or some other plan of map-making. In any case, you can still get a definite correspondence of map and object, part for part, although, by varying the plan of projection followed, you may vary the way in which the correspondence used in any one case will prove useful in measuring distances, or in plotting courses on the map once drawn. Any sort of correspondence thus always fulfils one definite

purpose, such as the purpose of counting, of map-drawing upon some special plan, or of constructing projections of curves, or of otherwise systematically transforming one set of relationships into another set. But if this special purpose is fulfilled, the correspondence in question is accomplished, and is said to hold true. But in any case, as you now see, correspondence does not necessarily imply, just as it does not exclude, any such common characters in the two corresponding objects, as makes you say that one of the two objects resembles the other in mere external appearance. A photograph looks like the man; a map may look, in outline, like the land mapped. But numbers and the symbols of an algebra no longer seem to our senses at all like the objects defined by these symbolic devices for establishing correspondence; and the accounts in the ledger, while very systematically corresponding, item for item, to the commercial transactions, are very unlike them in immediate interest and in sensible appearance. There is, then, no degree of unlikeness in appearance between two objects which excludes a correspondence—and even the most exact and instructive sort of correspondence—between one object and the other. What is involved in correspondence is the possession, on the part of the corresponding objects, of some system of ideally definable characters that is common to both of them, that is, for the purposes of our thought, the same in both of them, and that is such as to meet the systematic purpose for which the particular correspondence is established.

So much, then, for the relation of correspondence, viewed by itself. If we apply this consideration to the case of the definition of truth, we see that, for the first, a true idea, in corresponding to its object, need not in the least be confined to any particular sort or degree of general similarity to its object. The similarity may be as close or as remote, as sensuously interesting or as abstractly formal as you please. A scientific idea about colors need not be itself a color, nor yet an image involving colors. Or, to state the case in a very crude instance, a true idea of a dog need not itself bark in order to be true. On the contrary, photographs, and wax images, and toy dogs that bark, may correspond to the imitated objects in fashions that are of very little use in framing such ideas as are at once of scientific grade and of a given desired type of correspondence to their objects. The photographs, to be sure, help one to form scientifically valuable ideas far more frequently than

does a wax image. But you cannot photograph the solar system, nor yet the constitution of a molecule. Yet you may have symbolically expressed ideas that correspond much more exactly to certain special truths about the solar system and the molecule than any ordinary photographs ever correspond to even the most important visible features of certain of their objects. The modern X-ray photographs very crudely reveal the internal structure of certain solid objects; but a trained student of anatomy of the brain has largely symbolic ideas of its structure which far exceed, in value of their correspondence to their object, all that can ever be hoped for from the X-ray photographs of a brain. In general, the photograph gives us at its best very one-sided ideas of visible objects. It is the aim of science to win ideas that intimately correspond, in however symbolic a fashion, to certain desired aspects of the structure of their objects; and without systems of such more symbolic ideas to aid in our interpretation of what we at any time merely see, such sensible ideas as photographs suggest remain, in general, very imperfect beginnings of a scientific insight into objects.

But what, then, is the test of the truthful correspondence of an idea to its object, if object and idea can differ so widely? The only answer is in terms of Purpose. The idea is true if it possesses the sort of correspondence to its object that the idea itself wants to possess. Unless that kind of identity in inner structure between idea and object can be found which the specific purpose embodied in a given idea demands, the idea is false. On the other hand, if this particular sort of identity is to be found, the idea is just in so far true. The identity that suffices to establish a sufficient correspondence must, then, be, like the identity found in two correspondent curves (as, for instance, in a given curve and in its projection), or like the identity discoverable when you compare the map with the region to which the map corresponds,—it must be, I say, an identity serving some conscious end, fulfilling an intent, possessing a value for your will. Such identity is, in the more abstract sciences, often confined to an agreement in certain very general relationships. It is, then, usually the sort of identity that the scholastics often called analogy, *i.e.* equivalence merely as to the common possession of certain relationships which permit the idea, for a specific purpose, as in a computation, a calculus, or in any system of ideal constructive processes, to act as a substitute, to take the

place of its object. But the identity desired may, indeed, also be of a more sensuous type. If so, then, indeed, the idea must sensuously resemble its object. The desired identity may, as in a case of a photograph, involve visible similarities. So the visual image of your absent friend may, indeed, resemble him in seeming, and the desired identity may, as in the ideas that accompany the actions of people who sing or who play in concert, involve musically interesting agreements and harmonies. Or, again, your idea may be one that, like the sympathetic ideas with which two friends accompany each other's sentiments, intends to involve an identity in emotional attitudes. But however the intention varies, always the test of truth is the same. Is the correspondence reached between idea and object the precise correspondence that the idea itself intended? If it is, the idea is true. If it is not, the idea is in so far false. Thus it is not mere agreement, but intended agreement, that constitutes truth.

Do you want the image to look like its object? If so, your mental image is a true idea when, like the photograph, it looks like its object; and it is a false representative of its object if, like a poor visual image, it is dim, blurred, and, for its representative purpose, consequently deceitful. But do you want your idea, like a series of numbers, or like a statistical diagram, or like a certain mathematical transformation of given curves and surfaces, *not* to look like its object, but to have a wholly different sort of correspondence, member for member, part for part, point for point, relation for relation, to its object? Then, not similarity of sensible seeming, but precisely the fulfilment of whatever intent was in mind, is the test of the truth of the idea. And, then, the idea would be false in case it did look too much like its object. Do you intend to sing in tune? Then your musical ideas are false if they lead you to strike what are, then, called false notes. But do you want to study acoustics? Then your ideas of sound are false unless they involve correct inner constructions of the physical relations of sound waves, and that, too, however fine your musical skill, and however vivid and accurate your musical imagination may be. In that case mere accurate images of tones would be false acoustical ideas.

In vain, then, does one stand apart from the internal meaning, from the conscious inner purpose embodied in a given idea, and still attempt to estimate whether or no that idea corresponds with its object. There is no purely external criterion of truth. You cannot merely look from without upon an ideal construction and say

whether or no it corresponds to its object. Every finite idea has to be judged by its own specific purpose. Ideas are like tools. They are there for an end. They are true, as the tools are good, precisely by reason of their adjustment to this end. To ask me which of two ideas is the more nearly true, is like asking me which of two tools is the better tool. The question is a sensible one if the purpose in mind is specific, but not otherwise. One razor can be superior to another. But let a man ask, Is a razor a better or worse tool than a hammer? Is a steam-engine a better mechanism than a loom? Such questions are obviously vain, just because they suggest that there is some one purely abstract test of the value of any and all tools, or some one ideal tool that, if you had it, would be good apart from any specific use. Yet there are philosophers who ask, and even suppose themselves to answer, questions about the truth of ideas that are just as vain as this.

When Mr. Spencer, according to the tradition of the long series of thinkers whom he in this respect follows, speaks, in a well-known passage, of "symbolic" ideas as essentially inferior in the conscious definiteness of their truth to ideas whose relation to their objects we can directly picture, he applies a criterion to the testing of ideas which is as crude as if one should argue that a razor is not as good a tool as a hammer, because, forsooth, the test of a tool shall be its weight, or the amount of noise that you can make when you use it. Many admirable ideas are, indeed, of the type of mental pictures. That is not only obvious, but worth remembering. There is no reason why such images should not be both valid and important. Sensuous experience may show you many sorts of truth that we cannot at present otherwise express. A man who sees a photograph sees truth, if he is intelligent enough to observe it. A man who sings a tune sings truth, if he is thoughtful enough to know what he is doing. And imageless abstractions, or algebraic symbols, are, indeed, not true by reason of their mere poverty of sensuous life. But, on the other hand, algebraic symbols are, for precisely the purposes of algebra, actually superior, as representations of objects, to any pictures of these objects. And this is not because by any chance we cannot picture the objects, but because, for this end, the symbols are truer than the pictures. The constructions of mathematics are oftener like razors, ideal tools that are all the better for their lack of bulk and grossness, and for the almost invisible fineness of their edge. When you count, it is symbols that

you want, not pictures. Hence, the numbers are for your purpose superior to photographs; and the entries in the ledger give a better record of their own aspect of the commercial transactions than a legion of phonographs and kinetoscopes, set up in a shop to record transactions, could, by any perfection of literal reproductions, retain. Symbols, then, are not in the least less definitely and, on occasion, less obviously, consciously, empirically true, or correspondent to their objects, than are, for their own purpose, the most vivid of mental pictures. An idea, again, is true, as a chess player is skilful, or as an artist is powerful, or as a practical man is effective. The question always is, Can the player win his chosen game, the artist succeed in his own selected art, the practical man accomplish his own task, and not the task of some other man? And precisely so the question is, Does the idea win in its own deliberately chosen game of correspondence to its object?

And so we conclude that the object does not, as a finished fact, predetermine the sort of likeness that the idea must possess in order to be true. It is the idea that so far decides its own meaning. And I may once more point out that in all this you may see afresh why, from the opening lecture of this course, I have laid such stress upon the essentially teleological inner structure of conscious ideas, and why I defined ideas as I did in our opening lecture, namely, as cases where conscious states more or less completely present the embodiment, the relative fulfilment of a present purpose. Whatever else our ideas are, and however much or little they may be, at any moment, expressed in rich, sensuous imagery, it is certain that they are ideas not because they are masses or series of images, but because they embody present conscious purposes. Every idea is as much a volitional process as it is an intellectual process. It may well or ill represent or correspond to something not itself, but it must, in any case, make more or less clearly articulate its own present purpose. The constructive character of all mathematical ideas, the sense of current control which accompanies all definite thinking processes, the momentary purposes more or less imperfectly fulfilled whenever we conceive anything,—these are evidences of what is essential to processes of ideation. Volition is as manifest in counting objects as in singing tunes, in conceiving physical laws as in directing the destinies of nations, in laboratory experiments as in artistic productions, in contemplating as in fighting. The embodied purpose, the internal meaning, of the instant's act, is thus a *conditio*

sine qua non for all external meaning and for all truth. What we are now inquiring is simply how an internal meaning can be linked to an external meaning, how a volition can also possess truth, how the purpose of the instant can express the nature of an object other than the instant's purpose.

V

So much, then, for the relation of correspondence between idea and object. But, now, when has an idea an object at all? This question, as I before observed, has been decidedly more neglected in fundamental discussions about truth than has the question as to the nature of the desired correspondence to the object. That which makes an object the object of a given idea has too frequently been considered from the side of an accepted and uncriticised ontological, or, possibly, psychological theory as to the causation and origin of ideas. The object of any idea is, for many of the older theories of knowledge, that which arouses, awakens, brings to pass, the idea in question. The old Aristotelian metaphor of the seal impressing its form upon the wax is here the familiar means of exemplifying how an object becomes such by impressing its nature upon the ideas that it arouses. The sun shines, a light enters a man's eyes, and the man, looking up, sees the sun. Thereupon the sun becomes the object of his ideas. One touches and handles objects; they impress upon him their solidity and their tangible form. Thereupon they furnish the basis for further ideas. Or, again, a distant object is dimly seen. It comes nearer and nearer, and is found to be some particular object. When it was distant it was already the object of ideas, because, affecting one's sense of sight, it roused curiosity. As it approaches, these ideas are confirmed or refuted by further observation, and, according to the sort of correspondence with their object that they undertook to have, they then turn out to be true or false.

In all such accounts of the relation of idea and object, the existence of the object is presupposed as something well understood. And not only is this presupposition made, but the whole existence of the so-called external world, the existence, too, of the relation called the relation of causality between the object and the perceiving subject, yes, the very Being of the subject itself, as an entity that is supposed to be by nature apt to perceive objects when it is awakened through their presence,—all these very important onto-

logical conceptions are assumed in order to define the special conditions under which a given object becomes the object of the ideas of a given person. Now, of course, we are not concerned here either to accept or to refute these presuppositions of so many theories of knowledge. We have only in passing to observe that these theories cannot help us in our present inquiry. We are now asking what is, by the Being of anything whatever, by the very Reality that one attributes to world or to soul, to causality or to sense organs. In pursuing this inquiry we have been led to a point where the reality of things means for us some condition or ground, whatever it be,—whether conscious or extraconscious we know not yet, —some genuine basis or guarantee which gives to our ideas their truth. We have thus been led to ask directly, What is Truth? Into this question our question, What is Being? has transformed itself. The word "Truth," however, appears, in traditional language, as a name for something called the correspondence of an idea with an object. And thus it is that we have been brought to face the problem, When has an idea an object? Our effort at present is to see whether we cannot define the Being of things by first defining their relation, as objects, to ideas. We cannot, then, hope to define, for our present purpose, the character of our objects, viewed as objects of ideas, by first presupposing their Being, and the Being of the whole physical world. No doubt there is this world,—but in what sense it is, that is precisely our problem.

Moreover, the view that in order to be object of a given idea, the object must be cause of the idea, or that ideas have to look to their own causes as their objects, is refuted, as a general definition, by a glance at the nature of all those temporal objects of which we have ideas, but which are not now present in time. Is anything in the future, say my own death, or an eclipse due next year, or futurity in general, the cause of my present ideas, true or false, that refer to any such object. When I form a plan, or sign a contract, the hypothetical future event defined by the plan or contemplated in the contract is said, in the familiar Aristotelian phraseology, to be the final cause of the present act, but it certainly is not a cause impressing itself upon knowledge as the seal imprints its form upon the wax. Yet Aristotle, to whom final causation meant at bottom everything, also loves far too much the trivial seal and wax metaphor as his customary means for defining the general relations of object and idea; so much deeper was Aristotle's thought than his phraseology! Even the *Nous* of

Aristotle knows through some sort of so-called touching of its intelligible objects.

But if one attempts to escape from these just-mentioned considerations about the future objects of present ideas, by declaring that the future has as yet no real Being at all, and that it therefore is no real, but only an imagined, object of present ideas, I should, indeed, not in the least accept the objection as valid, but I should for the moment only ask the objector what he thinks about the whole realm of past Being. The most noticeable feature of the past is that it is irrevocable. This character of the past, viz., that it is gone beyond recall, is regarded by us all as objectively valid; and so it is the object of present ideas. But now I ask, in all seriousness, what is the irrevocable past now doing to our ideas that the fact of its irrevocable absence should, as cause, now be viewed as moulding our ideas? By means of what stamping process is the seal of the past impressing its form upon the wax of the present ideas? The irrevocable character of the past is a fact that can become object of an idea only by not being any present cause of ideas at all, since to be irrevocable means to be temporally over and done with altogether. If one says, "But past events were the causes that have led to present events, and that is why we now have ideas of the past," then I should reply: "You miss the point altogether; not in so far as they occurred, and were causes that led up to present events, not in so far as they were real causes at all, but in so far as they can never occur again, are those past events now viewed as irrevocable." Yet to say, "Those past events can never occur again," is to utter an objective truth, unless indeed all our human view of time is false. But how can the mere truth that an event can never occur again be a cause at all? Still more, how can it cause me to have ideas of itself? What, once more, does the irrevocableness of the past do to me when I think of it? Or do you say, "Our idea of the irrevocable character of the past is in truth only a sort of generalization from our many experiences of physically irrevocable happenings, such as the breaking of china, the spilling of milk, the flight of youth, and all the other proverbial instances of the past that return not"? Then I answer: If our idea that the past is wholly irrevocable were the result of such empirical instances,—if, I say, this explanation, which I hold to be false, were correct, all the more would it be plain that what causes an idea is not, as such, the object of the idea, for it is not of broken china, nor of spilled milk, nor even of lost youth that one thinks in announcing the view that the past is irre-

vocable,—but of what one supposes to be an universal law of all time, which one applies as well to the repeated sequence of the monotonous beats of the pendulum, or to the waves that break over and over upon the beach, as to youth, or even to death. For even of the monotonously repeated series of events, one asserts that each individual case of the repetition is irrevocable when past. Even if one's view as to this matter were false, one's object would here be a character of the whole of time, and a character which is certainly no cause of present ideas.

It is hopeless, then, to persist in the hypothesis that the object of an idea is as such the cause of the idea. Were one to persist in such a view, what would he say about all the mathematical objects? Does the binomial theorem act as a seal, or any other sort of cause, impressing its image on the wax of a mathematician's mind? Do the properties of equations do anything to the mathematician when he thinks of them? Is not all the fresh creative activity in this case his own?

VI

Nearer to our desired definition we may come if we next observe the reason for the plausibility of the usual appeal to the objects of vision and touch as the typical cases of objects of ideas. For, in fact, nobody can doubt that the pen in my hand, or the sun in the heavens, or the sail on the horizon, may be genuine objects of ideas; and why do these instances seem so typical of the whole relation of idea and object? I answer, because, in case of these objects, a very typical feature of the relation of idea and object is indeed manifest enough. That an idea has an object depends at least in part upon this, that the idea selects its object. And selection is manifested in consciousness by what is usually called attention, while attention to objects of sense is something very obvious and easy to estimate. Into the intricacies of the psychological theory of attention, we have not here to go. Enough, one who attends, whatever the causal explanation of his process, is, as to the nature and trend of his meaning, selective. And the ideas of an attentive consciousness are the embodiments of such selection. Whatever type or correspondence is involved in the purpose of a given idea, it is then not enough, in case you wish to confirm or to refute the idea, that you should point out how the desired correspondence is to be found, or fails to be found, anywhere

that you please or anywhere at random in the world. For the idea must be confirmed or refuted by comparison with the object that the idea itself means, selects, views with attentive expectation, determines as its own object. And while this selection is not merely a subjective matter, left to the mere caprice of the idea itself, certain it is, that in order to find out what the truth of a man's ideas is, you must take account not merely of the sort of correspondence that he intends to attain in the presence of his object, but of the selection that he himself has made of the object by which he wishes his idea to be judged. Now this selection involves what we have called the inner meaning of the idea. Just as truly as the sort of correspondence by which an idea is to be judged is predetermined by the internal meaning of the idea, just so truly is the internal meaning of the idea also to be consulted regarding the intended selection of the object. If I have meant to make an assertion about Cæsar, you must not call me to account because my statement does not correspond, in the intended way, with the object called Napoleon. If I have meant to say that space has three dimensions, you cannot refute me by pointing out that time has only one. And nowhere, without a due examination of the internal meaning of my ideas, can you learn whether it was the object Cæsar or the object Napoleon, whether it was space or time, that I meant.

Our preference, however, for the objects of sense, for the pen, and the sun, as typical instances of objects of ideas, arises from the fact that in case of just these objects, it is especially easy, by observing, from without, the acts of the person who has these ideas, to form confident and, for common-sense purposes, relatively exact notions of the selection to which the internal meaning of the ideas has bound the maker of any given judgment about objects. Moreover, it is easy for us ourselves to follow our sense-ideas and their objects with continuous scrutiny and to observe their relations. For sense-objects are vivid, and combine relative permanence with the sort of plasticity that enables us to get what we call nearer or, in general, novel views of them; so that in passing back and forth from idea to object, we seem assured of some definite relation between them. And our acts in dealing with the objects of sense are correspondingly definite, so that observers easily judge what object we mean.

Yet precisely what this relation of object and idea is, we are still called upon to explain, even in case of the most obvious object of

sense, and still more in case of objects of a more subtle character, such as past events, valid laws, and mathematical constructions.

Plain, so far, are two considerations: First, the object of an idea is in somewise predetermined, is selected from all other objects, through the sort of attentive interest in just that object which the internal meaning of the idea involves. Unless the idea is thus selective, it can never come to be either true or false. For if it means to be true, it intends a sort of correspondence with an object. What correspondence it intends is determined, as we saw, solely by the purpose which the idea embodies, *i.e.* by the internal meaning of the idea. Furthermore, the idea intends to attain this correspondence to some particular object,—not to any object you please, not to whatever happens to correspond to the ideal construction in question, but to a determined object. The determination of what object is meant, is, therefore, certainly again due, in one aspect, to the internal meaning of the idea. Nobody else can determine for me what object I mean by my idea.

But hereupon we seem to face, indeed, a fatal difficulty, for the second of the two considerations just mentioned remains. And this is that, if the idea predetermines what object it selects as the one it means, just as it predetermines what sort of correspondence it intends to have to this object, the idea, nevertheless, does not predetermine whether its object is such that the idea, if finite, shall succeed in attaining entire agreement with the object. Otherwise truth would be mere tautology, error would be excluded in advance, and it would be useless even to talk of an object external in any sense to the idea.

VII

Here, then, is the central dilemma as to the nature of truth. I may state it once more, but now in the form of an antinomy; that is, in the familiar shape of the Kantian Antinomies, with thesis and antithesis. To be sure, the antinomy will be imperfect. On one side will stand a stubborn, but no doubt somehow incompletely stated, apparent truth. On the other side will stand an obvious and demonstrable certainty. We shall have to reconcile an opposition that can be but apparent.

The thesis of our antinomy is as follows: There seems to be, in the object of an idea, just in so far as it is the object of that specific idea, no essential character which is not predetermined by the pur-

pose, the internal meaning, the conscious intent, of that idea itself.

For consider: An object, as we have seen, has two relations to an idea. The one is the relation that constitutes it the object meant by that idea. The other is the sort of correspondence that is to obtain between object and idea. As to the first of these two: An object is not the object of a given idea merely because the object causes the idea, or impresses itself upon the idea as the seal impresses the wax. For there are objects of ideas that are not causes of the ideas which refer to these objects, just as there are countless cases where my ideas are supposed to have causes, say physiological or psychological causes, of which I myself never become conscious at all, as my objects. Nor is the object the object of a given idea merely because, from the point of view of an external observer, who looks from without upon idea and object, and compares them, the idea resembles the object. For the sort of correspondence to be demanded of the idea is determined by itself, and this correspondence cannot be judged merely from without. Again, my idea of my own past experiences may resemble your past experiences, in case you have felt as I have felt, or have acted in any way as I have acted. Yet when my ideas, in a moment of reminiscence, refer to my own past, and have that for their object, they do not refer to your past, nor to your deeds and sorrows, however like my own these experiences of yours may have been. One who, merely comparing my ideas and your experiences, said that because of the mere likeness I must be thinking of your past as my object, would, therefore, err, if it was my own past of which I was thinking. Neither such a relation as causal connection nor such a relation as mere similarity is, then, sufficient to identify an object as the object of a given idea.

Nor yet can any other relation, so far as it is merely supposed to be seen from without, by an external observer, suffice to identify any object as the object of a given idea. For suppose that any such relation, merely observed from without, were regarded as finally sufficient to constitute an object the object of a given idea. I care not what this relation may be. Call it what you will. As soon as you define such a relation from without, and declare that the idea has an object by virtue of that relation to this object, I shall merely ask: Did the idea itself intend and select that relation as the relation in which its purposed object was to stand to the idea? If you answer "No," then I take my stand beside the idea, and shall persist in demanding by what right you thus impose the relation in question

upon the idea as the relation rightly characterizing its object. For the idea, in seeking for truth, does not seek for your aims, so far as you are a merely external observer. The idea is selective. It seeks its own. It attends as itself has chosen. It desires in its own way. If you, having somehow first finished and established your own definition of Being, choose to regard the idea and its object as entities in your own supposed world, then, indeed, you can talk, from your own point of view, of the various real relations of these entities, precisely as a psychologist does when he discusses the origin or the results of ideas. But just now we are not first presupposing that we know what the Being of the object is apart from the idea, and what the Being of the idea is apart from the object. We are trying, in advance of a finished conception of the Being of the object, to define the essential relation that makes an object the object of that particular idea. And as the idea, precisely so far as it intends truth at all, is through and through a selection, a choosing of an object, I ask what reason you can have to say that the object is the object of the idea, unless you observe somehow that the idea chooses for itself this object.

But now if you reply, "Yes, the relation of object to idea, here in question, is the one chosen by the idea," then you admit the essential point. The relation to the object is so far predetermined by the idea. Hence, as we have now seen, the object of the idea is predetermined, both as to what object it is, and as to how it is to correspond to the idea, through the choice made by the idea itself. The object, precisely in so far as it is object of that idea, seems thus to be altogether predetermined. In brief, the object and the idea of that object appear to be related as Hamlet in the play is related to the intent of Shakespeare, or as creation and creative purpose in general are related. Hamlet is what Shakespeare's idea intends him to be. The object is what it is because the idea means it to be the object of just this idea. And so much may suffice for our thesis.

But the antithesis runs: No finite idea predetermines, in its object, exactly the character which, when present in the object, gives the idea the desired truth. For observe, first, that the object of a true finite idea, such as our idea of the world or of space, is in any case something other than the mere idea itself. And the truth of the idea depends upon a confirmation of the idea through the presence and the characters of this other,—the object. Now error is certainly possible in finite ideas. For some finite ideas are false. And that this last

assertion itself is true, is not only a matter of common opinion, but can be proved by the very counterpart of the Augustinian argument about *Veritas*. For if there could be no error, then the customary assertion that ideas can err, *i.e.* our well-known common-sense conviction that error is possible, would be itself an error, and this result would involve a self-contradiction. Or again, were no error possible, there would be no truth, since then the assertion that there is no truth would itself be no error, or would itself be true. This, again, would be a contradiction. Or finally, if error were impossible, any and every account of Being or truth, of ideas and of objects, of the world or of nothing at all, would be equally true, or in other words, no truth would ever be defined. For truth we define by its contrast with the error that it excludes. So some ideas certainly can and do err in as far as they undertake to be ideas of objects. Ideas can then fail of their desired correspondence with their intended objects, just because these objects are indeed other than themselves. But the error of an idea is always a failure to win the intended aim of the idea, precisely in so far as the idea sought truth. Hence, as no purpose can simply and directly consist in willing or intending its own defeat, it is plain that an idea, precisely in so far as it can turn out to be an erroneous idea, can intend what its object forbids it to carry out, and can mean what its object excludes; while in so far as the object thus refutes the idea, the object contains what the idea did not purpose, and was unable to predetermine. In brief, the very Possibility of Error, the absolutely certain truth that some ideas give false accounts of their own objects, shows that some objects contain what is opposed to the intent of the very ideas that refer to these objects. And so the antithesis is proved.

VIII

In view of this apparent antinomy, how is the idea related to its object? How is error possible? What is truth? The answer to these questions,—the solution to all our previous difficulties, is in one respect so simple, that I almost fear, after this so elaborate preparation, to state it, lest by its very simplicity it may disappoint. Yet I must first state it, abstractly, and perhaps unconvincingly, and then illustrate it as I close the present discussion, leaving to a later lecture its fuller development. The idea, I have said, *seeks its own. It can be judged by nothing but what it intends.* Whether I think of God or

of yesterday's events, of my own death, or of the destiny of mankind, of mathematical truth, or of physical facts, of affairs of business, or of Being itself, it is first of all what I mean, and not what somebody merely external to myself might desire me to mean, that both gives me an object, and determines for me the standard of correspondence to the object whereby I must be judged. Moreover, my idea is a cognitive process only in so far as it is, at the same time, a voluntary process, an act, the partial fulfilment, so far as the idea consciously extends, of a purpose. The object meant by the idea is the object because it is willed to be such, and the will in question is the will that the idea embodies. And that is why Realism proved to be impossible; that is why the Independent Beings were self-contradictory concepts; that, too, is why the resignation of all definite purpose which Mysticism required of our ideas was impossible without a failure to define Being as any but a mere Nothing. And every definition of truth or of Being must depend upon a prior recognition of precisely this aspect of the nature of ideas.

Whoever says, "I am passive; I merely accept the world as my object; I recognize the superior force of this object, and I have no part in willing that it is my object," any such submissive observer is invited merely to state what object he means, and what idea he has of it. He will at once find his idea arising before him as a conscious construction, and he will regard this idea as intelligible because he follows its construction with his own unity of purpose. The vaster the world that he then defines as the overwhelming fate of his intelligence, the larger will be the part that his own consciously constructive will has taken in the definition of the idea. And by his will, I mean here not any abstract psychological power or principle so to be named. I speak here of will not as of any causally efficacious entity whatever. I refer only to the mere fact of any one's consciousness, insisted upon in these discussions from the start, namely, the fact that the contents of an idea are present to mind as the actual embodiment and relative fulfilment of a present purpose, such as for instance you find embodied when you count or sing. Space, time, past, future, things, minds, laws,—all these constituents of the world, our supposed passive spectator of universe indeed recognizes as objects other than the ideal products of his will; but his ideas of these objects come to him precisely as constructive processes, present to his consciousness as his own act, and understood by him so far as they are his own meaning. Moreover, the objects, too, to which these

relate, can be understood as objects only when the ideas embody the will to mean them as such objects.

But now, in order that we may also take account of our former problem about the determinateness and individuality attributed to Being, let us add yet one further consideration: Whenever an idea of any grade aims at truth, it regards its object as other than itself, and that the object shall be thus other than itself is even a part of what the idea means and consciously intends. But as a will seeking its own fulfilment, the idea so selects the object, that, if the idea has a perfectly definite meaning and truth at all, this object is to be a precisely determinate object, *such that no other object could take its place as the object of this idea*. And in spite of the fact that the object is such solely by the will of the idea, the idea undertakes submissively to be either true or false when compared with that object.

Now the obvious way of stating the whole sense of these facts is to point out that what the idea always aims to find in its objects is *nothing whatever but the idea's own conscious purpose or will, embodied in some more determinate form* than the idea by itself alone at this instant consciously possesses. When I have an idea of the world, my idea is a will, *and the world of my idea is simply my own will itself determinately embodied*.

And what this way of stating our problem implies may first be illustrated by any case where, in doing what we often call "making up our minds," we pass from a vague to a definite state of will and of resolution. In such cases we begin with perhaps a very indefinite sort of restlessness, which arouses the question, "What is it that I want? What do I desire? What is my real purpose?" To answer this question may take a long time and much care; and may involve many errors by the way, errors, namely, in understanding our own purpose. Such search for one's own will often occupies, in the practical life of youth, some very anxious years. Idleness, defective modes of conduct, self-defeating struggles without number, fickle loves that soon die out, may long accompany what the youth himself all the while regards as the search for his own will, for the very soul of his own inner and conscious purposes. In such cases one may surely err as to one's intent. The false or fickle love is a sort of transient dream of the coming true love itself. The transient choice is a shadow of the coming true choice. But how does one's own real intent, the object at such times of one's search, stand related to one's present and ill-defined vague restlessness, or imperfectly conscious longing. I an-

swer, one's true will, one's genuine purpose, one's object here sought for, can be nothing whatever but one's present imperfect conscious will in some more determinate form. What one has, at such times, is the will of the passing moment,—an internal meaning, consciously present as far as it goes. And now it is this will and no other that one seeks to bring to clearer consciousness. But what other, what external meaning, what fact beyond, yes, what object, is the goal of this quest? I answer, nothing whatever in heaven or in earth but this present imperfect internal meaning rendered more determinate, less ambiguous in its form, less a general longing, more a precisely united and determinate life. And this, once rendered perfectly determinate, would be what the man in question calls "My life according to my conscious will."

Well, this case of the vague purpose that one seeks, not to abandon, but to get present to the moment's consciousness in another, that is a more explicit and precise, form, and if possible, in what would finally prove to be an absolutely determinate form,—this case, I insist, is typical of every case where an idea seeks its object. *In seeking its object, any idea whatever seeks absolutely nothing but its own explicit, and, in the end, complete, determination as this conscious purpose, embodied in this one way. The complete content of the idea's own purpose is the only object of which the idea can ever take note. This alone is the Other that is sought.* That such a search as this is a genuine search for an object, that while sought appears as another and as a beyond, the experience of the mathematical sciences will at once illustrate. As we saw, in a previous discussion, the mathematician deals with a world which his own present ideas, as far as they go, explicitly attempt to predetermine; yet what these ideas do not at present completely and consciously predetermine for the mathematician's private judgment, in advance of proof, is precisely that further determination of their own meaning which they imply and seek. This further determination the mathematician wins through his process of inquiry. His result is, then, actually willed from the start, in so far as his definitions, which are themselves acts of will, determine in advance the outcome of the proofs and computations of which they are already the initial step. But at the instant when the definitions and considerations of his problem alone are present to the mathematician's passing consciousness, the outcome, the fully developed meaning, is an Other, an Object, which the mathematician seeks. At any moment, in his further research, he may attempt to

define this Other by a conjectural or hypothetical construction, a tentative idea, which may to a large extent prove not to correspond with the fully developed purpose which the result of the inquiry, when reached, presents to consciousness in as determinate form as is humanly possible. So far as our narrow human consciousness does permit this result of mathematical inquiry ever to appear to us in its complete expression, it is finally observed, however, as a fact of experience, or complex of facts of experience, as a series of properties and relations, embodied in diagrams, symbols, and systems of symbols. This expression, as far as it goes, fulfils the purpose defined from the start, the very outset of the mathematical inquiry. In this case one says, "Yes, I see this to be true, and I see that this is what the initial definitions meant." Such a result of mathematical inquiry, just in so far as it is satisfactory, is a result that sends us no farther, or that defines no object lying yet beyond itself. This then is the answer to the mathematician's initial query.

In just as far as we pause satisfied, we observe that there "is no other" mathematical fact to be sought in the direction of the particular inquiry in hand. Satisfaction of purpose by means of presented fact, and such determinate satisfaction as sends us to no other experience for further light and fulfilment, precisely this outcome is itself the Other that is sought when we begin our inquiry. This Other, this outcome, is at once uniquely determined by the true meaning already imperfectly present at the outset, and it is also not consciously present in the narrow instant's experience with which we begin. A vaguely indeterminate act of will thus begins a process; the object sought is simply the precise determination of this very will itself to unique and unambiguous expression. And in such a case the thesis and antithesis of our antinomy are reconciled. For the object is a true Other, and yet it is object only as the meaning of this idea.

But how is it when facts of experience are sought,—when the astronomer, having computed the planet's place, looks to see whether the determination conforms to the apparently wholly "external empirical object," when the chemist awaits the result of the experiment in the laboratory, when the speculator watches the waverings of the market, or when the vigilant friend by the bedside longs for the favorable turn of the beloved patient's disease? I answer, in all these cases the apparently conflicting objects and ideas in question are indeed far more numerous and complex in their relations than the mathematician's world. And we shall hereafter consider precisely

such complications more in detail. But here we are concerned with the most universal aspects of our problem as to idea and object; and so here I can only respond, *Whatever the object, it is still the object for a given idea solely because that idea wills it to be such.* If it is experience, of a given type, and won under determinate conditions, that you seek, then in just that region of inquiry your inquiring interest, your imperfectly determined initial will, seeks its own more precise determination. But this self-determination is even here the only object that the idea seeks. No idea is confirmed or refuted by any experience except by that more determinate type, or instance, of experience which the less determinate and vaguer will of the inquiring idea has first sought as its ideal goal, as its chosen authority, as its accepted standard, and so as its own object. If I will to watch for stars, or to measure places of heavenly bodies, or to be guided in the determination of my will by the appearance of certain chemical precipitates in test-tubes, or to stake my fortune in the stock-market, or to be determined in my acts by the empirical outcome of this patient's disease,—well, in all such cases, it is an experience that I first am to accept as the determination of my purpose. By that choice my development of my ideas is guided. But for that very reason the awaited experience is, in advance, my object precisely, because it is, just by virtue of my own purpose, the desired determiner of my purpose. The same rule holds here also as in the former cases. The idea is a will seeking its own determination. It is nothing else. And herein lies the explanation of the process which we studied, earlier in this lecture, in our account of the relations between judgment and experience. Judgments, taken as universal, already involve a negative determination of the world of internal meanings through an exclusion of bare possibilities. The judgments of experience, the particular judgments, express a positive, but still imperfect, determination of internal meaning through external experience. The limit or goal of this process would be an individual judgment, wherein the will expressed its own final determination.

But if one here retorts, "Ay, but in the empirical world I have no choice, since facts are facts, and the world is once for all there;" then I reply: I do not now question that the world is there. I am asking in what sense it is there. It is, but what Being has it? We have long since seen that the whole world is real as the object that gives validity to ideas. We have inquired as to the sense in which

anything can be called object. We have found the sense in which the idea chooses its object. We have found also that the object is nothing but the will of the idea itself in some determinate expression. But now one points out that in giving our ideas of empirical objects determinate expression, there is a sense in which, once having committed ourselves to given ideas, we have no more choice as to how the ideas shall turn out to be determined. Well, is not this an obvious enough result even of our own view? The idea in seeking for its object is seeking for the determination of its own just now consciously indeterminate will. This is, so to speak, the game that the idea undertakes to play. But consistently with itself the idea cannot choose to change capriciously its own choice, to alter the rules of its own game, even while it plays. If its will is to be determined only by experience that it awaits, then just this experience is the determiner of the will. In this sense the mathematician, too, has no choice. He, too, awaits the outcome of his own sort of experience as he computes, as he observes his diagrams and symbols. For his world also is in its own way an empirical world, and he experiments in that world, and wills to accept the result. In this same sense, too, the youth has no choice as to what he shall find his own will to be, since so long as he wills in his own way, his struggles for self-comprehension are in essence predetermined by his accepted, if not yet momentarily conscious selection, of a life plan. The idea having opened the game of its life, cannot withdraw its own moves without failing of its own determination.

Well, precisely so it is with all the facts of experience in their relation to specific ideas. All finite ideas, even the vaguest, are already in one aspect contents of experience, imperfectly fulfilling purpose. In all cases every idea, whether mathematical, practical, or scientific, seeks its own further determination. In every case it is true that such further determination is also to be given only in terms of experience. Sometimes it is a definite group of sense-experiences that we mean in advance; then we are said to be observant of the physical world; and then in physical nature only do we find the desired determination of our will. Sometimes, as in the mathematician's world, we deal with objects that appear more directly under our control than do physical objects. But there are no ideas that have not an aspect in which they are masses of experience, and masses of experience are never objective facts except in so far as they present the answers to specific questions about fact.

And the answer to a question is merely the more precise determination of the will that asks the question.

Of course, my private will, when viewed as a mere force in nature, does not create the rest of nature. But my conscious will as expressed in my ideas does logically determine what objects are my objects.

But one may say: "How if the facts of experience altogether refuse to fulfil given ideas in any sense whatever? Have not such ideas an object that they seek and never find at all? Is not the object of a defeated purpose, or of an error, still an object, but a purely ideal one? Yet here the object remains precisely object of an unfulfilled idea." I answer: An error is an error about a specific object, only in case the purpose imperfectly defined by the vague idea at the instant when the error is made, is better defined, is, in fact, better fulfilled, by an object whose determinate character in some wise, although never absolutely, opposes the fragmentary efforts first made to define them. As for failure, or practical defeat of our plans: The practical object that we have not yet won remains for us a Beyond, or Other than our search, precisely so long as we still seek it; and no merely external buffetting of so-called hard facts ever proves to the resolute will that its practical objects are unattainable, or have no existence, until we see an inner reason why just these objects are really excluded by a fuller understanding of our own ideal purposes themselves. I do not will just now to fly, because my purpose in conceiving nature is now relatively fulfilled in a system of ideas which excludes my possession of the power to fly. But were I an inventor trying to perfect flying-machines, I should continue the effort to find the determination of my will present in a flying-machine, until I became convinced that my purpose as defined stood somehow in conflict with itself, or with the whole idea of nature of which it is a portion.

IX

And now as to what results from all this concerning the essential nature of the object of any idea, and as to that determinateness and individuality of Being which has so perplexed us.

Ideas as they come to us, in their finite imperfections, are at first indeterminate, and for that very reason vague, general, or, as technical language often expresses it, abstractly universal. That is

precisely why they at once seek and attempt to define another than themselves, and do so in the form of Universal Judgments. For an universal, in the abstract sense of the term, is, as we have fully illustrated, known to us merely as *that of which there might be another instance*. Whoever seeks his meaning in another complex of facts than the one present to him, thereby makes explicit that what he possesses in his idea is merely a *kind of fulfilment* of his purpose, and not a *whole fulfilment*. Whoever thinks merely of man, of triangle, of life, has a general idea. So far as he imperfectly defines a purpose that essentially seeks other expression than the present. Whoever longs, loves, hopes, struggles, aspires; whoever experiments, watches for facts, makes hypotheses,—whoever is finite, possesses in his passing idea a general type of relative fulfilment, but seeks precisely to specify, to render more determinate, precisely this general idea. He first looks for specification in further experience. Finding is a more determinate experience of the very contents of one's ideas themselves than is seeking. As more determinate, it takes the form of Particular Judgments.

Well, if every idea is as such a general type of empirical and fragmentary fulfilment of purpose, if in seeking its object, its Other, the idea seeks only its own greater determination, then, *at the desired limit of determination*, the idea, as already pointed out, would face a present content which would imply, seek, and in fact permit, no other than itself to take for this ideal purpose its place. Now an object, such as Socrates, or this world, or as yourself, is called an individual, as we before said, when one conceives that for a particular and determinate purpose no other object could be substituted for this one. It follows that the finally determinate form of the object of any finite idea is that form which *the idea itself would assume whenever it became individuated, or in other words, became a completely determined idea, an idea or will fulfilled by a wholly adequate empirical content, for which no other content need be substituted or, from the point of view of the satisfied idea, could be substituted.*

Now, if this be the result of our analysis, we can at length define truth and Being at one stroke. You have an idea present at this moment. It is a general idea. Why? For no reason, I answer, except this, viz.: that this idea, being but a partial embodiment of your present purpose, could get and desires to get some other embodi-

ment than the present one. This possibility of other embodiment means for you just now simply the incompleteness, or partial non-fulfilment of your present purpose. Mere generality always means practical defect. You think of your own life. Your idea is general, just because your life could be and will be embodied in other moments than this one. The idea of your own life finds, then, just at this instant, an imperfect expression. Your idea of your own whole life is just now vague. This vagueness means for you the possibility of other embodiments. Or perhaps you think of numbers, and accordingly count one, two, three. Your idea of these numbers is abstract, a mere generality. Why? Because there could be other cases of counting, and other numbers counted than the present counting process shows you. And why so? Because your purpose in counting is not wholly fulfilled by the numbers now counted. Incompleteness here goes with universality. There could be other instances of the idea, just because what is needed to fulfil the purpose in question is not all here. And this you know in the form both of present imperfect satisfaction, and in the form of the idea of other numbers, and of other counting processes than are here present to you.

Well, if in all such cases of your present and imperfect passing ideas, other cases of your idea were also fully present to your consciousness just now, what would you experience? I answer, *You would experience at once a greater fulfilment of your purpose, and a more determinate idea.* But were not only some, but all possible, instances that could illustrate your idea, or that could give it embodiment, now present, even at this very instant, and to your clear consciousness, what would you experience? I answer, first, *the complete fulfilment of your internal meaning*, the final satisfaction of the will embodied in the idea; but secondly, also, *that absolute determination of the embodiment of your idea as this embodiment would then be present,—that absolute determination of your purpose, which would constitute an individual realization of the idea.* For an individual fact is one for which no other can be substituted without some loss of determination, or some vagueness. You seek another so long as your present purpose is unfulfilled. The fulfilment of the internal meaning of the present idea would leave no other object defined by this idea as an object yet to be sought. And where no other was to be sought, the individual life of the whole

idea, as a process at once of experience and of purpose, would be present fact.

Now this final embodiment is the ultimate object, and the only genuine object, that any present idea seeks as its Other. But if this be so, when is the idea true? It is true—this instant's idea—if, in its own measure, and on its own plan, it corresponds, even in its vagueness, to its own final and completely individual expression. Its expression would be the very life of fulfilment of purpose which this present idea already fragmentarily begins, as it were, to express. It is with a finite idea as it is with any form of will. Any of its transient expressions may be at any instant more or less abortive. But no finite idea is wholly out of correspondence to its object, as no will is wholly false to itself.

We have thus defined the object and the truth of an idea. But observe that thus we stand upon the threshold of a new definition of Being. Being, as our Third Conception declared, is what gives true ideas their truth; or in other words, to be real is to be the object of a true idea. We are ready, now that we have defined both object and truth, to assert, as our Fourth and final Conception of Being, this, that *What is, or what is real, is as such the complete embodiment, in individual form and in final fulfilment, of the internal meaning of finite ideas.*

To later lectures must be left both the fuller development and the further defense of this conception of Being. But our argument in its favor is, in its foundation, already before you. Being is something Other than themselves which finite ideas seek. They seek Being as that which, if at present known, would end their doubts. Now Being is not something independent of finite ideas, nor yet a merely immediate fact that quenches them. These were our results when we abandoned Realism and Mysticism. Being involves the validity of ideas. That we learned from critical Rationalism. Yet mere validity, mere truth of ideas, cannot be conceived as a bare universal fact. We wanted to find its concreter content, its finally determinate form. We have carefully studied this form. No finite idea can have or conform to any object, save what its own meaning determines, or seek any meaning or truth but its own meaning and truth. Furthermore, a finite idea is as much an instance of will as it is a knowing process. In seeking its own meaning, it seeks then simply the fuller expression of its own will. Its only Other is an

Other that would more completely express it. Its object proves therefore to be, as proximate finite object, any fuller determination whatever of its own will and meaning. But as final object, the idea can have only its final embodiment in a complete and individual form. This final form of the idea, this final object sought when we seek Being, is (1) a complete expression of the internal meaning of the finite idea with which, in any case, we start our quest; (2) a complete fulfilment of the will or purpose partially embodied in this idea; (3) an individual life for which no other can be substituted.

Now in defining this complete life, in which alone the finite idea, as a passing thrill of conscious meaning, can find the genuine object that it means fully embodied, we have so far still used many expressions derived from the conception of mere validity. We have spoken of what this life would be *if it were* completely present. But, having used these forms of expression as mere scaffolding, at the close we must indeed observe afresh that all validity, as an incomplete universal conception, needs another, to give it final meaning. If there is validity, there is then an object more than merely valid which gives the very conception of validity its own meaning. All that we learned before. It was that very defect of the third conception which sent us looking for the sense in which there can be an object of any idea.

We have now defined what this object is. It is an individual life, present as a whole, *totum simul*, as the scholastics would have said. This life is at once a system of facts, and the fulfilment of whatever purpose any finite idea, in so far as it is true to its own meaning, already fragmentarily embodies. This life is the completed will, as well as the completed experience, corresponding to the will and experience of any one finite idea. In its wholeness the world of Being is the world of individually expressed meanings,—an individual life, consisting of the individual embodiments of the wills represented by all finite ideas. Now *to be*, in the final sense, means to be just such a life, complete, present to experience, and conclusive of the search for perfection which every finite idea in its own measure undertakes whenever it seeks for any object. We may therefore lay aside altogether our *ifs* and *thens*, our *validity* and our other such terms, when we speak of this final concept of Being. What is, is for us no longer a mere Form, but a Life; and in our

world of what was before mere truth the light of individuality and of will have finally begun to shine. The sun of true Being has arisen before our eyes.

In finding this world have we not been already led to the very definition of the divine Life? Yet must we leave to the later lectures some portrayal of what objects this world contains,—enough, the way is now open, and we shall enter at last the homeland.

The Fourth Conception of Being

Any doctrine concerning fundamental questions is likely to meet with two different sorts of objections. The objections of the first sort maintain that the theory in question is too abstruse and obscure to be comprehended. The objections of the second sort point out that this same theory is too simple to be true. Every teacher of philosophy becomes accustomed not only to hear both kinds of objections from his more thoughtful pupils, but to urge them, for himself, upon his own notice. No one, in fact, is a philosopher, who has not first profoundly doubted his own system. And it is in presence of objections that philosophical theses best show their merits, if they have merits.

Upon the present occasion I have more fully to develope the conception of Being to which we were led at the close of the last discussion. While I shall do so, in the first place, independently, I shall come before I am done into intimate connection with some of the principal objections that may be urged against our theses regarding the definition of what it is to be. For the objections will help us to make clearer our position.

I

But let us first restate our thesis as to the nature of Being. There is an ancient doctrine that whatever is, is ultimately something Indi-

vidual. Realism early came to that view; and only Critical Rationalism has ever explicitly maintained that the ultimate realities are universals, namely, valid possibilities of experience, or mere truths as such. Now at the close of the last lecture, after analyzing the whole basis of Critical Rationalism, the entire conception of the Real as merely valid, we reinstated the Individual as the only ultimate form of Being. In so far we returned to a view that, in the history of thought, Realism already asserted. But we gave a new reason of our own for this view. Our reason was that the very defect of our finite ideas which sends us seeking for Being lies in the fact that whether we long for practical satisfaction, or think of purely theoretical problems, we, as we now are, are always seeking another object than what is yet present to our ideas. Now any ultimate reality, for us while as finite thinkers we seek it, is always such another fact. Yet this other object is always an object for our thought only in so far as our thought already means it, defines it, and wills it to be our object. But what is for us this other? In its essence it is already defined even before we undertake to know it. For this other is precisely the fulfilment of our purpose, the satisfaction of the will now imperfectly embodied in our ideas, the completion of what we already partially possess in our finite insight. This completion is for us another, solely because our ideas, in their present momentary forms, come to us as general ideas,—ideas of what is now merely a kind of relative fulfilment and not an entire fulfilment. Other fulfilment of the same general kind is needed before we can face the whole Being that we seek. This kind of fulfilment we want to bring, however, to some integral expression, to its own finality, to its completeness as a whole fact. And this want of ours, so I asserted, not only sets us looking for Being, but gives us our only ground and means for defining Being.

Being itself we should directly face in our own experience only in case we experienced finality, *i.e.* full expression of what our finite ideas both mean and seek. Such expression, however, would be given to us in the form of a life that neither sought nor permitted another to take its own place as the expression of its own purpose. Where no other was yet to be sought, there alone would our ideas define no other, no Being, of the type in question, lying yet beyond themselves, in the direction of their own type of fulfilment. The other would be found, and so would be present. And there alone should we consequently stand in the presence of what is real. Con-

versely, whoever grasps only the nature of a general concept, whoever merely thinks of light or colors, or gravitation, or of man, whoever lacks, longs, or in any way seeks another, has not in his experience the full expression of his own meaning. Hence it is that he has to seek his object elsewhere. And so he has not yet faced any ultimate Being. He has upon his hands mere fragments, mere aspects of Being. Thus an entire instance of Being must be precisely that which permits your ideas to seek no other than what is present. Such a being is an Individual. Only, for our present conception of Being, an individual being is not a fact independent of any experience, nor yet a merely valid truth, nor yet a merely immediate datum that quenches ideas. For all these alternatives we have already faced and rejected. On the contrary an individual being is a Life of Experience fulfilling Ideas, in an absolutely final form. And this we said is the essential nature of Being. The essence of the Real is to be Individual, or to permit no other of its own kind, and this character it possesses only as the unique fulfilment of purpose.

Or, once more, as Mysticism asserted, so we too assert of your world, *That art thou*. Only the Self which is your world is your completely integrated Self, the totality of the life that at this instant you fragmentarily grasp. Your present defect is a matter of the mere form of your consciousness at this instant. Were your eyes at this instant open to your own meaning, your life as a whole would be spread before you as a single and unique life, for which no other could be substituted without a less determinate expression of just your individual will. Now this complete life of yours, is. Only such completion can be. Being can possess no other nature than this. And this, in outline, is our Fourth Conception of Being.

II

Now I cannot myself conceive any one lightly accepting such a definition as this,—a definition so paradoxical in seeming, so remote from the limits which common sense usually sets to speculation, and so opposed to many dignified historical traditions; and indeed I wish nobody to accept it lightly. The whole matter is one for the closest scrutiny. The only ground for this definition of Being lies in the fact that every other conception of reality proves, upon analysis, to be self-contradictory, precisely in so far as it does not in essence agree with this one; while every effort directly to deny

the truth of this conception proves, upon analysis, to involve the covert affirmation of this very conception itself. Upon these assertions of the absolute logical necessity of our conception of Being, our whole case in this argument rests. And in order to make this fact clearer, I must briefly review the former argument.

Our argument in the last lecture was based upon the consideration that Being has, at all events, to be that object which makes ideas true or false. The more special features of our analysis of the relation of idea and object were as follows:—

An idea and its real object, in case the idea has any real object, must indeed plainly possess some characters in common. There must thus be general, or abstractly universal, features, belonging to them both. Upon that point all theories of Being to some extent agree. Even the Mystic, at the moment when he calls all ideas vain, identifies your true Self—yes, the very Self that now has your poor ideas—with the Absolute, and says of your object, viz. of the true Being, “That art thou.” Even the Realist, despite the independence of his Beings, holds that the ideas either truly represent the nature of these beings, or else, at all events, have in common with even the unknowable object some features whereby the object embodies in reality the same fact which the idea aims to express when it seeks for the reality. The failure of Realism we found to be due to the logical impossibility of reconciling the independent Being of the object of our ideas with this inevitably assumed sameness of nature, which must be possessed, in however slight a measure, by both the knowing idea and the object that it knows. In the world of the Third Conception of Being, that of Validity, the ideas express with more or less precision, and in their own way, precisely that truth which is to be valid beyond them. And, in fact, as we just saw, the most general conditions which determine for us the problem of Being, demand that the purpose which every idea has in seeking its Other, must have some element in common with that which fulfils this very purpose.

Idea and Reality must, then, possess elements that are common to both of them. On the other hand, as we saw, this mere community is wholly inadequate to the tasks of defining what makes the object belong, as object, to a given idea. For, if you view any idea and its supposed object, merely as one might be imagined viewing them from without, it is wholly impossible to determine what degree of correspondence between them is required either to make

the reality that precise object sought by the idea, or to render the idea the true representative of the object to which it is said to refer. A true idea, as Spinoza said, must indeed resemble its ideate. But on the other hand, a mere resemblance of idea and ideate is not enough. Nor does the absence of any specific degree of resemblance necessarily involve an error. It is intended resemblance which counts in estimating the truth of ideas. If in fact you suppose, as an ideal case, two human beings, say twins, absolutely to resemble each other, not only in body, but in experience and in thought, so that every idea which one of these beings at any moment had was precisely duplicated by a thought which at the same instant, and in the same fashion, arose in the other being's life,—if, I say, you suppose this perfect resemblance in the twin minds, you could still, without inconsistency, suppose these twins separated from infancy, living apart, although of course under perfectly similar physical conditions, and in our human sense what we men call absolute strangers to each other, so that neither of them, viewed merely as this human being, ever consciously thought of the other, or conceived of the other's existence. In that case, the mere resemblance would not so far constitute the one of these twin minds the object of which the other mind thought, or the being concerning whom the ideas of the other were true.

The resemblance of idea and object, viewed as a mere fact for an external observer, is, therefore, never by itself enough to constitute the truth of the idea. Nor is the absence of any externally predetermined resemblances, such as you from without may choose to demand of the idea, enough to constitute any specific sort of error. Moreover, when you merely assert that in the world of Being there is to be found an object which resembles your idea, you have so far only mentioned two beings, namely, your idea and its object, and have asserted their resemblance. But you have not yet in the least defined wherein the Being of either of these objects consists. This, then, is the outcome so long as you view idea and object as sundered facts agreeing or disagreeing with each other. Neither truth nor Being is thus to be defined. The result so far is conclusive as against the adequacy, not only of Realism, and of Mysticism, but also, as we saw, of even the Third Conception of Being.

For if one asserts, as his account of the nature of Being, that certain ideas of possibilities of experience are valid, he is so far left

with a world of objects upon his hands whose only character, so far as he yet defines the Being of these objects, is that these objects are in agreement with his ideas. Such a definition of Being constituted the whole outcome of the Third Conception. The mathematician's ideas, as present to himself, take the form of observed symbols and diagrams. These, so far as they are observed, are contents of experience fulfilling purpose. They so far conform to our definition of what constitutes an idea, for they have internal meaning. But the existent objects concerning which the mathematician endeavors to teach us, are, by hypothesis, not the symbols, and not the diagrams, but valid truths to which these diagrams and symbols—these mathematician's ideas—correspond. The existences of the mathematician's realm are other than his mere finite ideas. Now that such objects have their place in reality, I myself thoroughly believe. But I point out that their reality, the true Being of these objects, is in no wise defined when you merely speak of the ideas as nothing but valid, because the assertion of validity is so far merely the assertion of a correspondence between a presupposed idea and its assumed object, without any account as yet either of the object, or of the truth of the idea. And bare correspondence, the mere possession of common characters in idea and in object not only fails to define, but, as we now see, can never lead us to define, the Being of either idea or object, and in no sense shows or explains to us the relation whereby the idea means, selects, and is in just this way true of just this one object.

The relation of correspondence between idea and object is, therefore, wholly subordinate to another and far deeper relation; and so to say, "My idea has reference to a real Being," is to say, "My idea imperfectly expresses, in my present consciousness, an intention, a meaning, a purpose; and just this specific meaning is carried out, is fulfilled, is expressed, by my object." For correspondence to its object, and intentional selection of both the object and the sort of correspondence, constitute the two possible relations of idea and object. If the bare correspondence determines neither Being nor truth, the intention must determine both Being and truth. In other words, the Being to which any idea refers is simply the will of the idea more determinately, and also more completely, expressed. Once admit this definition of the nature of Being, and you will accomplish the end which all the various prior definitions of Being actually sought.

For, first, with the realist, you will now assert that the object is not only Other than the finite idea, but is something that is authoritative over against the finite idea. The realist gave an abstract expression to this authority of the object when he said that the object is independent of the idea. The abstraction was false; but it was already a suggestion of the true meaning. The finite idea does seek its own Other. It consciously means this Other. And it can seek only what it consciously means to seek. But it consciously means to seek precisely that determination of its own will to singleness and finality of expression which shall leave it no Other yet beyond, and still to seek. To its own plan, to its own not here fully determined purpose, the idea at this instant must needs submit. Its very present conscious will is its submission. Yet the idea submits to no external meaning that is not the development of its own internal meaning. Moreover, the finite idea is a merely general idea. But what it means, its object, is an Individual. So you will all agree with the realist that whether or no the idea just now embodies its own object of search as nearly with present truth as the narrow limits of our consciousness permit, it must still seek other fulfilment than is now present, and must submissively accept this fulfilment as its own authoritative truth. But you will reject the realistic isolation of the idea from the object, and of the object from the idea.

If one attempts in some way to modify his Realism by declaring the object not wholly, but only partially, independent of the ideas which refer to it, still such a modified realist would only the more have to face, as we ourselves have been trying to face, the problem as to how the idea and its object are positively related. And if idea and object are left in the end in any way as two separate existent facts, isolated from each other, then one can find no further relation between the isolated idea and object except the relation of greater or less correspondence, and by this relation of mere external correspondence, taken alone, one would be able to define neither the Being of any object, nor the truth of any idea. Or, in other words, a world where ideas and objects merely correspond, as isolated facts, and where no other and deeper relation links knowledge and Being, is a world where there is so far neither any knowledge nor any Being at all.

But secondly, if you accept our Fourth Conception, you will also agree with Mysticism in so far as, identifying Being with ful-

filment of purpose, the mystic says, of the object of any of your ideas: *That art thou.* For the mystic means this assertion not of the imperfect self of the merely finite idea. He does not mean that this passing thrill of longing is already fully identical with the Other that this very longing seeks. For the mystic, as for the realist, Being is indeed something Other than our mere search for Being. The mystical identification of the world and the Self is meant to be true of the completed, of the fulfilled and final, or Absolute Self. Now, starting with any idea, we shall henceforth say to this idea, regarding its own object, precisely what the mystic says of the Self and the World: *That art thou.* Namely, the object is for us simply the completely embodied will of the idea. It is nothing else. But we shall henceforth differ from the mystic precisely at the point where the mystic takes refuge in mere negations. We, too, of course, shall also confess our finite ignorance. But the *Neti, Neti* of Yâjnavalkya, the *nescio, nescio* of the mediæval mystic, will express for us, not the essential nature of true Being, as the mystic declared, but merely the present inadequacy of your passing idea to its own present and conscious purpose,—a purpose known precisely so far as it is embodied at this instant. We shall say if we follow to its conclusion this our Fourth Conception, “We know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when the object meant, namely, precisely when that which is perfect is truly said to be, it fulfils, and in so far by supplementing but not otherwise, it takes away that which is in part.” Our final object, the *urbs Sion unica, mansio mystica*, is for us, as for the mystic, the unique Being wherein this our finite will is fulfilled. But this one object meant, this fulfilment of our will, is not merely “founded in heaven.” Its will is done on earth, not yet in this temporal instant wholly as it is in heaven, but is still really done, in these ideas that already consciously attain a fragment of their own meaning. They are ideas precisely because they do this. The sadness of the mystical longing is now for us lighted by glimpses of the genuine and eternally present truth of the one real world. It is not merely in the mystic trance, but in every rational idea, in so far as it is already a partially embodied purpose, that we now shall in our own way and measure come upon that which is, and catch the deep pulsations of the world. Our instant is not yet the whole of eternity; but the eternal light, the *lux eterna*, shineth in our every reasonable moment, and lighteth every idea that cometh into the world.

And, thirdly, if you follow our Fourth Conception, you will now agree with the critical rationalist when he asserts that Being essentially involves what gives the validity to ideas. But you will have discovered what conditions are necessary to constitute validity. The valid finite idea is first, for whoever possess it, an observed and empirical fulfilment of purpose. But this fulfilment is also observed in this instant as something incomplete. Therefore it is that a finite idea seeks beyond itself for its own validity. And it is perfectly true to say that if the idea is valid, certain further experience of the fulfilment of the idea is possible. Leave this further experience, however, as something merely possible, and your definition of Being would so far remain fast bound in its own fatal circle. Is the idea valid or not? If it is valid, then, by hypothesis, further experience that would confirm the idea is possible. This further experience, like any object existent in the mathematician's realm, is both known to be something Other than the idea that refers to it, and is also viewed as a fact precisely corresponding to what the idea means to define. Now so long as you call this Other, this possible experience, merely such a bare possibility, you define, as we have said, only those characters of this object which the object has in common with your merely present idea of the object. The object is so far defined as an experience, and as having this or that type or form. That is what you say when you talk of any being in Kant's realm of *Mögliche Erfahrung*, or of any mathematical fact. All that is thus defined about the object is its mere *what*, the characters that it shares with your present ideas and experiences at the moment when you define it. What therefore you have *not* thus defined is precisely the Being of the object as Other than the very finite idea which is to regard it as an Other. If you have once observed this defect of any assertion of a bare possibility of experience, you will have seen why the mere definition of universal types can never reach the expression of the whole nature of real Beings, and why, for that very reason, the realm of Validity is nothing unless it is more than merely valid, nothing too unless it takes an individual form as an unique fulfilment of purpose in a completed life.

But all the three former conceptions are now to be brought into synthesis in this Fourth Conception. What is, is authoritative over against finite ideas, as Realism asserted, is one with the true meaning of the idea, as Mysticism insisted, and is valid as Critical Ration-

alism demanded. What is, presents the fulfilment of the whole purpose of the very idea that now seeks this Being. And when I announce this as our Fourth Conception of Being, I do not mean to be understood as asserting a mere validity, but as reporting facts. I do not any longer merely say, as we said at the outset of our discussion, Being is that which, if present, would end your finite search, would answer your doubts, would fulfil your purpose. All that was the language of validity. It was a mere preliminary. Since validity has no meaning unless its general types of truth take on individual form, and unless the *what* turns into the *that*, I now say, without any reserve, What is does in itself fulfil your meaning, does express, in the completest logically possible measure, the accomplishment and embodiment of the very will now fragmentarily embodied in your finite ideas. And I say, that this embodiment means in itself precisely what your present embodiment of purpose in your rational experience means, just in so far as your purposes are not mere fragments, but are also, even in their transiency, results known as, relatively speaking, won, as possessed, as accomplished. The accomplishment of your purpose now means that your experience is viewed by you as the present and conscious expression of a plan. Well, what is, precisely in so far as it is, is in the same way a whole experience finally expressing and consciously fulfilling a plan. And the Being of the real object of which you now think means a life that expresses the fulfilment of just your present plan, in the greatest measure in which your plan itself is logically capable of fulfilment.

Into this categorical assertion of a concrete experience embodying a plan, our whole series of hypothetically valid assertions of the realm of Critical Rationalism have now resolved themselves. A will concretely embodied in a life,—and these meanings identical with the very purposes that our poor fleeting finite ideas are even now so fragmentarily seeking, amidst all their flickerings and their conflicts, to express,—this, I say, is the reality. This alone is. All else is either shadow, or else is partial embodiment, *i.e.* is a striving after that ideal which needs for its own expression this very striving. This alone is real,—this complete life of divine fulfilment of whatever finite ideas seek. It is because the finite idea essentially seeks its Other, so long as it remains indeterminate, that the quest can be attained only when the will of the idea is so embodied that no other embodiment is to be sought. It is because no quest can

be defined as a quest without defining valid possible experiences such as would fulfil or defeat this quest, and it is because no such valid possible experiences can be defined without presupposing that something more than mere validity is real,—it is because of all these considerations that we define the fulfilment of the finite quests embodied in our present and partial ideas as the essential nature of Being.

III

So far, then, we have restated and developed our Fourth Conception of Being as the only one capable of defining how an idea can correspond to an object which is other than the idea, but which is still the very object consciously meant by the idea.

But now are there not perfectly natural objections to this conception? There are. They appear in both the before mentioned forms,—as assertions that our conception is too complex and abstruse for the plain-minded man, and as assertions that our definition is too simple for the complexities of the actual universe. Both sorts of objections, however, will prove to be welcome aids to the very comprehension of our conception of Being itself. Let me here begin with a very familiar form that an empirical objection to our theory may take.

“After all,” one may say, “you in vain endeavor, through your analysis of this or that conception of Being, to escape the conclusion of enlightened common sense that experience, and experience alone, determines what is and what is not. The whole question as to Being comes in the end to this: A man can frame ideas as he will, and as you say, ideas are indeed wilful enough constructions of merely conceived possibilities. But the question about Being always is, Does experience confirm the ideas? That idea expresses Being which is found to be confirmed by experience. Upon this view of Being all sane science is founded. But this view excludes all *a priori* constructions, and all efforts to pierce the mysteries of the Absolute. Constructions of ideas about possibilities of experience are often allowable enough in science, as mere hypotheses, or as assertions about what is probable. But the test is the concrete, present, immediate experience of this or that observer. What has been seen, felt, or otherwise empirically encountered by some body, is in so far real. Nothing else is for us men knowable about the constitution

of Being. Now when you talk about Being as a final fulfilment of ideas, and of human experience as a mere fragment of such a final fulfilment, you transcend human experience. Your view is too abstruse and artificial for plain men. We no longer seek, in these days, for any absolute or final Being. We believe what we find. Nothing final is experienced by men. The realm of the empirical is always, as you say, fragmentary. But then this is the only realm known to men. This alone is for us real. Ideas furnish us the *what*. Concrete experience alone can supply the *that*. I conceive in idea a horse. In experience I thereupon see, touch, drive, or buy and sell horses. Other men do the same. Hence horses are real. But I conceive of a fairy. My idea is perhaps vivid. But still I never see fairies, and I find that none but children and ignorant people fancy that they have seen fairies. So fairies remain unobserved, and so far appear to be unreal. The same rule holds in science. Neptune was first ideally conceived, but this idea was verified by astronomical observation; for the predicted planet was later observed. So Neptune is a reality. But the heavenly spheres of an older astronomy proved to be mere ideas, since advancing experience proved to be inconsistent with the ideas in question. So in science and in life, it is experience which decides that any supposed Being, whose *what* an idea defines, exists. Away, then, with your hope of finality. Experience is fragmentary, growing, and finite. And Being is only known through experience."

So far the objector. I reply, in a way already indicated at the last lecture. I myself doubt not in the least that the realm of experience is, and is decisive of truth. I doubt not this, simply because our Fourth Conception declares that what is real is an experience presenting the fulfilment of the whole purpose of ideas.

Nur in der Erfahrung ist Wahrheit, said Kant. I not only accept this thesis, but insist upon it. I know of no truth that is not an empirical truth, whatever further character it also possesses. An idea, according to our original definition, is already a fragment of experience although partially fulfilling a purpose. The fulfilment of an idea could not possibly take any form that was not also empirical. Neither God nor man faces any fact that has not about it something of the immediacy of a sense datum. That is for my conception a logical necessity. For what finite ideas seek is expression, embodiment, life, presence. Experience then is real. Ay, but what experience? And above all, in what sense is experience real? What kind of Being has experience? This question must be an-

swered by any one who glibly asserts that experience is. Now it seems strange to find that while many a man laughs to hear how some of the earlier scholastics supposed that not dogs and lions and men, but the canine nature, and leoninity in general, and humanity in the abstract are real,—still this same man will appeal to an ideal authority called Experience in general,—a mere universal idea so far,—as decisive of what is real, or as itself the reality. As a fact, only individual experience is real, be that the experience of man or God. And whoever asserts: "The reality is experience," has precisely those alternatives to face about the sense in which experience is real which have been discussed in the foregoing general account of the problem of Being.

There are in the world the experiences of men. Granted. But are these experiences facts whose Being is wholly independent of the ideas whereby we now assert that these experiences are real? If we assert this, then, our empiricism becomes simply one form of Realism. It now defines the *what* of our world as experience; but the *that* it defines, not at all merely in empirical terms, but rather in realistic terms, namely as a form of Being independent of our ideas, in so far as these ideas refer to the reality of this experience. A realistic empiricist, therefore, if you look closer, explicitly transcends the very finite experience that he declares to be the only test of truth.

For consider: Suppose that you say that the experience of mankind is a real fact, and is what it is, whatever the metaphysical dreamers say about it. Now as a finite being, confined to this instant, you do not experience my experience, nor in the same finite sense do I now and here experience your experience. If you assert that my experience is real, you in fact mean to transcend what your present finite experience presents to you. And neither your present fragment of experience can be directly used to verify the fact that my experience exists, nor can my fragment of momentary experience itself be used to verify the fact that you are thinking of me at all, or are referring to me, or are even meaning to assert my existence. And, in the same way, it is not a present fact of any man's momentary finite experience that the body of fact called the combined experience of humanity, or of science, or of any group of men, great or small, exists. Whoever asserts, then, that human experience exists, as a body consisting of the many experiences of various human observers, asserts what no finite human observer

ever has, at any moment, experienced. For I insist, no man ever yet at any instant himself observed that mankind as a body, or that any man but himself, was observing facts.

Yet more, no man, at any one of our temporal human instants, ever then and there empirically verifies the existence even of his own past experiences. For, by definition, his past experiences are over, and are irrevocably no longer present, at any present empirical moment. No man, then, has ever observed the empirical fact that he himself has in the past observed facts, or has acquired by experience this which he now views as his own personally possessed body and outcome of experience.

Therefore, let no one who says, in a realistic sense, "Human experience, the experience of many men, exists," venture to add that he himself, or that any other man has, merely as man, empirically verified this assertion. It is false, then, to say that for such an assertion ideas furnish the *what*, and our human experience itself, in the form in which any man gets that experience, ever verifies the *that*. The assertion that a body of human experience exists, gets its *that* from some source not to be found in any one man's experience at any time. Our realistic empiricist is, therefore, so far precisely like other realists. He transcends every man's personal experience. He asserts the existence of independent Beings. He transcends all that any man ever has directly verified, or, as mere man, will at any instant ever verify. He is as transcendently metaphysical in his thesis as a Leibnitz or as a Herbart ever was in talking of Monads or of Reals. He can be decisively judged, however, only by the consistency of his ontological predicate. And we already know, in so far as he is a thoroughgoing realist, his fate.

For human experience, in so far as it is existent apart from our ideas which refer to it, is either something consciously meant by these ideas, or it is something not meant by them. If it is meant by them, it is either their whole real fulfilment in the form defined by our Fourth Conception; or else it is a part of just such a real final fulfilment. But, on the other hand, if it is something wholly independent in its existence of whether our private and momentary ideas refer to it or not; in other words, if it is a realm of facts whose type of Being is the realistic type, then in vain do you call it experience. Like any realistic Being, it is one whose existence cannot be referred to at all without the inconsistencies before observed. And in the end, like any other realistic Being, it is nothing at all.

Our empiricist may then take his choice. He is with us, or against us. If he is the latter, we have already dealt with him. For just so, if the experience to which our empiricist refers is the realm of the valid possibilities of experience, we already know its meaning and outcome. Conceive the realm of possible experience consistently, and it becomes the realm of our own conception of Being. But if one means only the sort of pure experience, the bare immediacy, to which the mystic referred, that sort of experience, as we found, is again explicitly nothing at all.

But if this empirical realm in question is the genuine realm of experience to which our ideas refer when, talking of experience with rational definiteness, we mean to see clearly, to observe closely, to know richly, and to live wisely, this is indeed an empirical world, and it is real. But it is real in the sense of our Fourth Conception. It is a life expressing in fulness what every transient moment of human consciousness fragmentarily embodies, and ideally seeks.

And as to finality, what constitution shall that realm of actual experience possess at all unless this constitution, in its wholeness, is indeed final, and final precisely in the sense of our Fourth Conception? For finality means, for us, the individual constitution of the realm of fact, interpreted in the only possible consistent way. You say, "Experience is." If you are an empiricist you also say, "All that is, is, in at least one aspect, experienced fact." Now, so far, all that is precisely what our Fourth Conception says. So far we agree with any empiricist. But if you reject our Fourth Conception, you then add, "This experience which is, is, even when taken in its totality, a fragmentary experience,—a mere collection of whatever happens to be;—and this world of experience possesses no finality." But do you mean hereby that of two contradictory propositions made about the existence of a supposed individual fact in this whole realm of the real experience, both or neither may now be true? Do you mean that if I say: "There is life after death," or, "There was the siege of Troy," or, "There is the observable planet Neptune," or, "There is happiness in yonder child's heart as he sings," I can thus assert a proposition that is neither true nor false, or that is both true and false at once, and in the same sense? If this were what you asserted, the assertion would indeed mean nothing. But otherwise, if the world of experience, as a real world, has even now, while we speak, an actual constitution, then any definite proposition about the world is either true or false when it is made. But if so, my proposition with a definite internal meaning

involves ideas that, when the proposition is made, consciously mean to refer to the existent facts of that world of real experience. But such reference to objects does not consist, as we have now sufficiently seen, in mere correspondence between idea and object. The only reference that can constitute the meaning of an idea is one which involves the complete expression of the will of the idea. But if every issue which ideas can join, with regard to the constitution of the empirical world, if every contradictory opposition which the ideas can express, has its correspondent decision, *yes* or *no*, in the facts of the truly real empirical world, then the fulfilment of the ideas about experience in the facts of experience to which they refer, is once for all a wholly determinate fulfilment. And in this case, whatever constitution the world of experience in its entirety possesses, is as such an individual and final constitution.

And so, we say, the empirical world is a whole, a life fulfilling the purposes of our ideas. It is that or it is nothing. You labor in vain. The net of truth enmeshes your doubts.

"And yet," as you may now interpose, "we have but just seen that no man experiences, for himself, at any moment, this final constitution of our realm of experience." Of course no man experiences that constitution. Now we see through a glass darkly. It is not yet revealed what we shall be. It is not yet known to us what our own whole experience itself in its details contains. But we know that it is. And we observe the constitution of that realm. It is through and through a constitution that answers our questions, embodies our meanings, integrates our purposes. It is then in essence a realm of fact fulfilling purpose, of life embodying idea, of meaning won by means of the experience of its own content. The now present but passing form of our human consciousness is fragmentary. We wait, wonder, pass from fact to fact, from fragment to fragment. What a study of the concept of Being reveals to us is precisely that the whole has a meaning, and is real only as a Meaning Embodied.

IV

"But," our objector next retorts, "your view is still too abstruse for a plain man,—for how can you thus dare to transcend the limits of human consciousness? It is true that when a man thinks, he just then consciously aims only at a meaning which is present to himself at the instant. But you talk now about the constitution of a realm of Being that is to lie beyond the limits of any merely human experience.

For you admit that no man has yet seen at any one instant this which you call the whole of his meaning empirically expressed. Now, how can you have any assurance as to such a realm of transcendent and superhuman finality of experience? Perhaps there is experience beyond our own, perhaps not. At all events, any man actually knows only his own contents of experience, and with more or less probability he guesses at the existence of other contents than his own in other men. But nobody can assert, with real or positive assurance, any Being that transcends his own present experience. Yet you talk of final Being, and of its constitution. *Perhaps there is no final Being.* Perhaps there is only the present fragment of empirical life. Even my own past and future, as you say, are not present to me. How should I myself at this instant know that there exists more than what is now present to me? Why, then, cannot we be mere sceptics, doubting all reality not now and here given?"

I reply at once: State your doubt in a more precise form. Tell what it means. What hypothesis, if any, do you oppose to our own thesis as to this complete and individual, this teleological constitution of the realm of Being, which we have asserted as our Fourth Conception. What is it that you doubt? And what alternative would be true if your doubt were well founded? Hesitate not to give your doubt all possible precision. Philosophy lives upon the comprehension of the meaning of its own doubts.

Let one then say, by way of a mere trial at scepticism: "Beyond a given circle of experience, supposed to be at present known to you and to me, or to me alone, there may be *Nothing at all*. Let us then suppose, for argument's sake, that there is nothing at all beyond what you or I may just now feel to be present, as our empirical facts, as our passing conscious ideas, desires, hopes, as our so-called memories, and as the problems of the instant. Let that be the realm of Being. Let there be supposed to be naught in the universe but just this. Now this little realm of given fact has no consciously experienced finality about it, no wholeness, no satisfying constitution, no absoluteness. Yet this little realm of passing consciousness somehow exists. How then shall this Fourth Conception of Being refute the purely sceptical hypothesis thus made? And unless such a sceptical hypothesis is refuted, how can any assertions which transcend the instantaneous limits of our human form of consciousness be made in any wise certain?"

So far the doubter's hypothesis. I reply: This doubt, once stated as a possible account of a realm of Being, has all the responsibilities

of any ontology. It hypothetically defines as real, a supposed, or given, finite circle of empirical facts, called this instant's contents. It supposes this circle to be conceived, for the moment, as the whole of Being, as all that there is. Well, what does this hypothetical assertion mean? Stripped of its accessories, it means simply: A certain finite momentary collection of empirical facts, ideas, desires, etc., merely called the present moment, is the universe. Now, to simplify the matter, name this finite conscious instant of experience, of thought and of will, A. One supposes that A is all, or that nothing but A exists. Well, this assertion, like any other metaphysical one, involves a *what* and a *that*. Moreover, it asserts the non-being of anything but A. Now an assertion of non-being is subject to the same general conditions as an assertion of Being. Whatever one means by Being, the meaning of the negative of Being, or of the assertion that something does *not* exist, is determined by the sense given to the predicate by which one affirms Being. Premising this, then, let one estimate the consistency of the hypothesis now in question.

If one asserts; *A is all* or, *There is naught but A*, the assertion involves ideas, and if it means anything these ideas possess some object. Now by hypothesis, the present moment, or A, does not itself contain the direct experience of the fact that it includes the whole universe of Being. For if A were certainly aware that nothing besides itself could exist, it would consciously have present what exhausted, even in the very present consciousness of A, the whole possible meaning of the idea of Being. But A would itself then be a completely embodied meaning, an absolutely self-possessed Whole of experience, fulfilling its own purpose. Or in other words, our own Fourth Conception of Being would directly apply to it. And our doubter would then be no mere sceptic; for his positive account would be ours. But since, by hypothesis, A is a passing moment, a dissatisfied instant of finite human experience, the fact that it comprises all that is real is not itself present to the experience of A. And the non-being of all except A, the exclusion from Being of all not present in A, is supposed to be a fact, but a fact whose *that*, whose very existence as a real fact, must consequently be sought *elsewhere* than in the conscious experience present to A alone. This already contradicts the hypothesis here in question, as we first stated it. For the fact that A is all Being cannot itself be part of the experience of a consciously fragmentary, or dissatisfied A. Yet A was,

by hypothesis, to contain all Being. Our sceptic, then, if you suppose him a mere partisan of experience as the only reality, has begun by contradicting himself.

But this is not all. This supposed fact, that *A is all Being*, or that *Naught but A exists*, may indeed next be made formally consistent with itself by an amendment. Let the hypothesis now run, as amended thus: "*A contains all experience, or all conscious fact, but besides this conscious fact there does exist the unconscious fact, the mere brute reality, unknown to anybody, and present to nobody's experience, the mere fact that A is, not indeed all Being, but all Experience.*" The sceptical hypothesis thus amended leads, however, at once, to precisely our foregoing alternatives as to the sense in which this supposed fact of the loneliness of A can be asserted as a real fact. *That there is no experience in the universe except A*, is now supposed to be itself a fact, but a fact whose reality nobody experiences. But what kind of Being has this fact? It is, by hypothesis, the object to which the sceptical assertion relates. As such object, other than the sceptic's assertion, but really meant by him as a truth, it is in the position that we have now exhaustively discussed. It cannot be a fact whose Being is wholly independent of the sceptic's own assertion, nor yet a being of the mystical type, nor a merely universal valid truth, of the type of our Third Conception of Being. For all these types of Being have been found logically wanting. Nor can it be in any sense an object merely agreeing with our sceptic's assertion, and externally correspondent thereto. For external agreement with an idea that asserts Being, when such agreement is taken alone, constitutes neither the Being of any object, nor the truth of any idea. That A is the only existent experience must, therefore, be a fact which, as an individual fact, fulfils the will embodied in the sceptic's hypothesis, both in so far as this will refers to that fact, and in so far as the sceptic himself inevitably, even in still supposing the non-being of all but A, talks of Being in general and of the universe in its wholeness. The only possible result is that, in asserting that A is all experience, the sceptic's hypothesis, if consistent with itself, asserts that A itself consciously contains, presents, and fulfils the whole meaning involved in the idea of Being; or in other words that A is not a mere passing thrill of human experience, but is an absolute experience, self-determined, self-contained, individual, whole, and therefore final.

The sceptic's hypothesis, therefore, so soon as it is made explicit,

wholly agrees with our own. Nothing can be but such a whole experience.

V

But our empirical objector may finally turn upon us with another version of his parable. "Who," he may say, "could for a day attempt to hold your Fourth Conception of Being, and still face a single one of the most characteristic facts of human experience, a single practical failure, a single case where dear hopes have to be resigned, an hour of darkness and private despair, a public calamity, or even a sleepless night,—who I say could face such commonplace facts and not have the observation thrust, as it were, upon him by the seemingly irresistible powers of this world,—the well-known observation: '*You reason in vain: these hard facts are against you.*' Your view is too simple for this our complex real world. What is, does not in any essential way fulfil ideas. What is real, is once more whatever experience shows to exist. And experience contains all sorts of non-fulfilments and irrationalities. Chaos or order, joy or defeat, tears of despair and shouts of victory, mysteries, storms, north winds, wars, the wreck of hearts, the might of evil, the meteors that wander in interplanetary darkness, the suns that waste their radiant energy in the chill depths of lifeless space,—these all are facts,—these are Beings. Why talk of Being? What Being in itself is, may well remain unknowable. But what is consistent with the existence of facts, you experience whenever you observe just such wretchedly irrational facts as these. Whatever they mean, they involve not fulfilment, but defeat, of purpose. And that is what you yourself experience whenever you lose what is dear, and face the insoluble mysteries of experience."

The practical weight of such objections can escape no one. They constitute in one aspect the well-known problem of evil. With the positive solution of this problem for its own sake we are not yet directly concerned. That belongs later in these discussions. Our concern at the moment is less with the pathetic than with the purely logical aspect of such objections. What they point out is that, empirically, there are countless, if essentially fragmentary, empirical facts to be recognized, which do not at present come to us human beings as the embodiment of certain specified purposes. These facts appear as involving the temporal defeat of these very purposes in

just these passing instants of wavering search for Being wherein we now are. We call these facts,—such facts as storms, as war, as defeat and despair, as north winds and sleepless nights,—facts belonging somehow to the realm of Being. Yet they are facts that, when spoken of as ills, are so far defined with reference to the ideas which they just now temporally defeat. How do they stand with reference to our definition of Being?

I reply, for the first, by distinguishing two aspects of any unwelcome facts, such as the empirical observer of human destiny may find to be present in the world. These two aspects are indeed not to be sundered, and are here distinguished only for the sake of present convenience. Yet we shall profit by taking care not blindly to confuse them. Any unwelcome empirical fact has, namely, its own positive characters, as a fact that in our human experience appears at a point of time, in certain relations in space, and with numerous other positively definable features, all of which the thought of any historian or any student of science who describes the fact, may define as the object of his own ideas. In addition to these, its own relatively internal and positive features, the unwelcome fact also appears as involving the present temporal defeat of a purpose which, but for this fact, might here have been won. Now these two aspects of the unwelcome fact were long ago distinguished by the ancient as well as by the mediæval students of the problem of evil. "Every evil," said such students, "has, as a positive fact in the world of Being, its own internal perfections. Its evil character is due to its relations to other facts that coexist with it in the same world. Even Satan," said such views, "is an angel; and even as a fallen angel he has extraordinary perfections of nature, which so far constitute a good. His diabolical quality is due to the misuse of precisely these perfections. The best in wrong setting becomes the worst." Upon such bases these older accounts of evil undertook to make the presence of evil in the world consistent with the well known thesis, *Omne Ens est bonum*,—a thesis whose historical relation to our own conception of Being I am far from attempting to deny.

Now I indeed have no doubt that these ancient and mediæval students of the problem of evil often made their own task far too light. Nor am I here concerned to accept their special solutions of the problem as to the place of ill in a divinely ordered world. But it does concern us here to point out that an unwelcome fact of human experience has in general these two sorts of characters,

namely, the characters which make it a positively definable temporal and spatial fact,—so far like any other fact of experience,—and the characters which make us say, that it defeats this or that human purpose.

Thus physical death appears in our experience as an occurrence resulting from a series of physiological processes. As a natural phenomenon its very prevalence is of a deep rational interest. Meanwhile, it involves chemical and physical changes which are not essentially different from countless other changes going on in the organic world. For science it therefore has the same sort of importance that any other event in the biological realm may come to have. On this side, one can say that death is definable as an objective fact rendering relatively true, in their own fragmentary degree, our ideas about death. And this one can say in the same sense as that in which one can make this assertion about any natural fact whatever. If our theory of Being assigns to every objective fact a character as a relative fulfilment of the ideas which refer to it, death also, in so far as it fulfils ideas about death, is to just this extent no instance against our theory. Or, in case you will to know the facts about death, would your will be fulfilled if you remained ignorant of death? Or, once more, as facts now are, for us human beings, would you prefer to remain as innocent of any knowledge of death as much lower animals than ourselves may be ignorant? If you ask a question about death, is your will yet fulfilled in case experience refuses the answer? Would not many amongst us prefer to know much more than we now do as to when and how we ourselves are to die? Is not the very uncertainty of the time of death one of its ills for every prudent man? So much then for one aspect of the empirical ill called death. So far, to know its Being is relatively and imperfectly to fulfil ideas. And our theory defines its Being in terms of this fulfilment.

But death—and, above all, not our own death nearly so much as the death of our friends—is an evil in so far as it appears in our experience as a temporal defeat of the purposes of human love, and of the need of the human world for its good men. Well, this is the other, and, for our own theory, indeed, the more problematic aspect of death. For here the passing fragment of fact is that a given human purpose is so far defeated. And this fragment of fact, as we admit, is obviously somehow a part of the real,—a fact of finite Being. And yet our theory asserts that what is, as such, fulfils purposes, and fulfils too the very purposes of our ideas.

I have emphasized death as merely one instance, and by no means of course the worst instance, of that inestimably pathetic story of human defeat and misfortune to which our previous examples a moment ago made reference. Now of course I accept to the full the responsibility of our theory to account in the end, not for the mere fact that some finite purposes are defeated, but for the fact that, in human experience, the very purposes which refer, as ideal strivings, to certain objects as their ends, appear, so far as our more direct mortal ken extends, to be for the instant defeated in presence of the very objects to which they have made reference. It is I who fear my friend's death, and hope for his survival. Yet he dies. I have thought beforehand of my object, namely, of my friend's coming destiny. But my object has so far, at least in a measure, entered into my experience, and has overwhelmed me, whose idea defined the object, with the despair of non-fulfilment. Here is a Being in apparently direct conflict with its own idea, and an idea apparently at war with its own object. How is our theory to explain this?

I answer, in the first place, precisely as the mystic would have done in a similar case: By our own definition of Being, you have not empirically found your whole final object, the entire and individual fact of Being that you seek, so long as you seek still for an Other. It is precisely as the Other that Being is not yet empirically present. Loneliness and despair, just because they are dissatisfied, look beyond themselves for Being. And in presence of death you do thus seek for the Other, namely, for the meaning of this fact, for the solution of this mystery, for the beloved object that is gone, for the lost life, for something not here, for the unseen,—yes, for the Eternal. And in this your search for the eternal lies for you the very meaning of death and of finite despair.

As Mary passionately cried, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him," so every mourner knows precisely this,—that true Being is not finally here where death is, but is elsewhere. The true object, then, the actual Being that you seek, is not found, but merely seems to be lost, at the moment of death. Where, then, is that object? *Not here, Not here*, cries despair. *Aye, Elsewhere*, answers our teaching, *Elsewhere* is precisely the true Being that you seek. Look, then, elsewhere. Seek not the living among the dead.

But you will reply: Have we not just admitted that death itself is, like any other amongst our countless human disasters, a fact of experience? Is not a fact an object? Is not an object real? Have we not

ourselves called it so? Aye, but we have not said that death is by itself a Whole object. Death, as far as it comes into our experience, is indeed a glimpse of fact, but in the moral world it is the most fragmentary of such glimpses of reality. Whoever faces it faces nothing that he finds as an individual and present reality. What he observes is the absence of precisely what he himself defines as the Whole of Being that he seeks,—the very longing of an unfulfilled idea, which defines the Other, and looks elsewhere for the reality.

Now our theory merely consists in asserting that in every such case the reality sought is a life, and a concrete life of fulfilment, and that this reality is, and is in its wholeness, elsewhere than at this fragmentary instant of human experience. Human experience offers, so far as it goes, only a confirmation of this our view. For we have said that true Being is essentially a Whole Individual Fact, that does not send you beyond itself, and that is, therefore, in its wholeness, deathless. Where death is, Being in its wholeness is not.

"But," so one insists, "but my grief, my defeat, my despair; are they not real? And are they real as determined facts?" I reply: Our theory is indeed responsible for an account of how the temporal and empirical defeat of a specific, although always fragmentary, human purpose can be an incident in a deathless life which in its wholeness involves the fulfilment of a purpose, and of a purpose which includes the very fragmentary purpose now temporally defeated. That account, in its more complete statement, belongs elsewhere, as the explicit discussion of the problem of evil. It is enough at present to point out what all the strongest of human souls have observed and reported as a fact of experience; namely, that through the endurance and the conquest over its own internal ills the spirit wins its best conscious fulfilment. What if this moment of despair be but the beginning, or the fragment, of your whole life as this winning of the object that you now seek? Our theory maintains that, in fact, this is the case. That the fulfilment of the whole of a purpose may involve the defeat of a part of this very purpose, every experience of the beauty of tragedy, of the glory of courage, of the nobility of endurance, of the triumph over our own selves, empirically illustrates.

For tragedy wins our interest by making us suffer, and yet consent to endure, not the tragic hero's suffering, but our own, for the sake of the spiritual beauty that we thereby learn to contemplate. Courage is glorious, because it involves a conquest over our own con-

scious shrinking in the presence of danger. Who fears not knows not conscious courage. Endurance is noble, because it includes a voluntary defeat of our own unwillingness to endure. And, in general, every form of more complex rational life means a triumph over ourselves whereby alone we win ourselves. Whoever has not faced problems as problems, mysteries as mysteries, defeats as defeats, knows not what that completer possession of his own life means which is the outcome and also the present experience of triumph in the midst of finitude and disaster. For in the victorious warfare with finitude consists the perfection of the spirit.

The Linkage of Facts

That all our acknowledgment of facts is a conscious submission to an Ought, is a principle which still leaves numerous aspects of our world of human experience very ill-defined. We turn to a study of some of these aspects, and of their corresponding most fundamental Categories.

Let us give at once a list of the features of our experience which are here in question. First, then, the world of Facts is a world of Likenesses and Differences. These characters we find interwoven in our world with a most baffling complexity. We endeavor to deal with them, in an elementary way, by discriminating and classifying facts. But secondly, as we proceed to classify our world, we discover, for reasons which this lecture will have to study somewhat minutely, that the acknowledged facts appear as forming Ordered Series, and so as more or less obviously grouped into Systems, and subject to Laws. These laws, which have come to characterize all our modern views of Nature, appear to us to be universal in what I have called the World of Description. A decidedly new deduction of the most fundamental categories of this World of Description will be presented in this lecture. But thirdly, the very structure of this World of Description proves, upon closer analysis, that it cannot be the final expression of the inmost nature of things. We are led, then, in a way that profoundly concerns the interests of religion, to view the true world in another light. The genuine Facts of the

universe are the facts of Life; and this, the necessary result of our general idealistic doctrine, will get a special expression in consequence of our present way of stating the contrast between the World of Description and the World of Will or of Appreciation. The one aspect of reality we shall later find embodied in the conception that *nature's laws are invariable*. The other aspect will receive embodiment in our Social Consciousness. The two aspects will be reconciled in subsequent lectures, by means of our Interpretation of Nature. We shall maintain that all special physical laws are only *relatively* invariable, and that our deepest relations to Nature are social.

To the consideration of the foregoing Categories in general, as leading up to our later study of Nature and of Man, the present lecture is to be devoted.

I

And first as to the Likenesses and Differences of Facts. The logic of the relations of likeness and difference first came to our notice when we were dealing with the problem of Realism in our former series of lectures. We became better acquainted with the bearing of the general concept of Being upon these relations in the course of the Ninth and Tenth lectures of that series. Here we have to deal with the topic still more at close range. Every student of these problems knows that likeness and difference are two aspects of the world that simply cannot be sundered even by the utmost efforts of abstraction. In a sense, any two objects that you recognize as real, or as possible, have points of resemblance. In a sense, also, any two objects, however nearly alike, have differences. Moreover, if you detect a difference between two objects and are asked in what respect the two differ, or are asked for what is often called the "point of difference," a moment's reflection shows you that what you name in your answer is not only a point of difference, but also a point of agreement or resemblance between the two objects. Two artists differ in style or in degree of skill. That is, they also agree in both possessing style or skill. Two solids differ in contour. That is, they both have contour, and in so far are alike. No skill of abstraction ever enables you to sunder the likenesses and the unlikenesses of facts, so as to place the two aspects of the world apart in your conception. Each depends upon the other. Where you estimate de-

grees of likeness and difference, and call objects "more" or "less" different, you get further illustrations of the same principle. For two objects do not grow appreciably "more" different, for your usual fashion of estimate, merely by losing points of agreement. What you may often call a "very wide," or even the "widest possible" difference, comes to your consciousness in connection with contrasted or opposed objects, such as complementary colors, violent emotional changes, conflicts of will, and the like. But in such cases the difference is recognized as resting upon similarity. The complementary colors are more obviously contrasted than a color and an odor would be. Joy and grief, rage and gentleness, love and hate, are alike in being emotions, and the contrasted emotions of each pair resemble each other in being of the same more special types. Wills can differ or conflict by virtue of their relation to the *same* objects. On the other hand, where points of difference between objects multiply until we no longer recognize the correlative agreements, the objects in question become disparate for our consciousness. And disparity means at once the possession of so many differences that we can no longer recognize what they are, and a kind of secondary appearance of vague likenesses; since all objects whose relations we cannot clearly make out tend to lapse into a sort of blur in the background of our consciousness. There are countless differences amongst the miscellaneous objects that one sees in a crowded market-place, in case he himself is not seeking for the wares, or caring for the buyers and sellers. One observes that these differences are in one sense endless. One also observes that all this seems much alike to him; because it all means crowd and confusion, and leaves him "indifferent."

Herewith, however, we come to a point in the theory of our consciousness of likeness and difference which is, in my opinion, of critical importance for our whole doctrine about the particular facts of the world, and for our final interpretation of the problem of the individual. The likenesses and differences that we observe in facts are not merely thrust upon us without our consent or connivance. They are the objects of our attentive Interest. And they obviously vary with this interest. Nowhere more clearly than in case of our consciousness of likeness and difference do we see how significant the will is in determining what we shall regard as actual.

To attend, namely, is to take note of differences (and consequently of resemblances) which, were we inattentive, we should

ignore. To turn our attention from certain facts, is to disregard differences of which we were before taking account. Now we are here speaking of attention, not as of a causally efficacious psychological process (for cause and effect concern us not yet), but as of one aspect of that relative fulfilment of purpose in present consciousness of which I have all along spoken. That to which we attend interests us. In attending to a sound, to a color, to an abstract conception, we find our purpose in some degree fulfilled by the ignoring or observing of some specific likenesses and differences. And the correlated likenesses and differences which appear before us in the observed facts are such as the direction of our attentive interest in some measure favors.

The world of facts is thus not merely *given* as like or different; it is at any moment *regarded* as possessing the correlative likenesses and differences to which we then and there attend. In fact, that reaction to our world, of which at the last time we spoke, is in great part an attentive attitude of the will, and is in so far a regarding of that to which we attend as more definitely different from the background of consciousness than it otherwise would be. It is perfectly true that we are not conscious of creating, *i. e.* of finding our purpose presently fulfilled in, more than a very subordinate aspect of the differences and correlative likenesses that we at any moment observe in the facts of our world. That is because of that relatively "foreign" character of the facts of which we spoke in defining the Ought. But it is also true that the more closely I observe, and the more carefully I submit myself to the requirement "to see the facts as they are," the more surely it is the case that the attitude of my attention in all this process of observation does, in its own degree, determine *what* differences amongst facts shall come to my observation. Careful measurement, for instance, that most characteristic of the processes upon which exact empirical science is based, involves a typically objective, "self-surrendering," submissive attitude of attention. Yet, on the other hand, we must insist that just this attitude, observant as it is of certain small differences which our less exact activities ignore, *finds what it seeks*, and what otherwise gets forced by outer nature upon *nobody's* observation, viz. precisely these small differences themselves, which meet our intent to be exact. What experience shows us as to the quantitative aspect of the world is, not that such differences exist wholly apart from our own or anybody's attention, but that the attentive will to measure

does find a successful expression of its purposes in experience, so that a consciousness of small differences in lengths, times, masses, etc., comes to be recognized, where untrained and careless attention had ignored every such difference. Here, too, then, the fact observed is the fulfilment of our intent to observe that kind of fact.

In general, we may say: Likenesses and differences are not recognized by us as aspects of the world existent wholly apart from any of our specific purposes, but as correlative to certain tendencies of our will, *i.e.* to certain interests, which are fulfilled in recognizing these specific sorts of likenesses and differences which we come to observe. In the concrete, then, we must say, our intelligent experience involves at every step *an interest in regarding facts as like or as different*. This interest wins its way; and herein consists one aspect of the expression of purpose in fact which is characteristic of our own view of Being.

Most clearly this correlation of fact and purpose appears in all our Classifications. To classify is to regard certain facts as different (just because we find that to us certain differences are important), and certain objects as in a specific sense alike (because our interest in their likeness predominates over our interest in making certain possible sunderings). *What classes* your acknowledged world of fact contains, your own interest in classification obviously coöperates in determining. Hence the possibility of the well-known and endless disputes over whether our classifications in science stand for the truth of things, over whether our general ideas represent "external realities," and over the other historically significant problems of the theory of Universals. From our own point of view, these controversies get a very simple solution. Of course all classification is relative to the point of view, varies with that point of view, and has value only as fulfilling the purpose of whoever classifies. And, nevertheless, the question, *How ought I to classify?* has an objective meaning in precisely the sense in which any question about the facts of the world has meaning. Just now, when I classify mankind into two groups, you who hear me, and the rest of humanity, the classification fulfils a purpose of mine. It involves emphasizing certain presented or conceived differences, and regarding as equivalent certain facts that, from another point of view, could be subdivided or contrasted. The question whether this classification expresses anything "objective," anything bearing on the "true nature of things," is simply the question, How far is

my momentary purpose in classifying thus an explicit and conscious expression of a certain infinitely wealthy purpose? This larger purpose comes to my present consciousness in the form of the assurance that *I ought to acknowledge* humanity and the universe, together with all that infinite wealth of meaning which my present thought of these objects even now hints to me,—and hints to me as that complete expression of my will which at every moment I am seeking.

The true problem about the objective validity of my classification is then the problem of the Ought, only here considered with reference to the question, What ought to be regarded as different or distinct, and what as equivalent, and in what respect? This is a teleological problem. It is to be solved, if at all, upon the ground of a consideration of the relation of this moment's passing purpose to the whole world-purpose of which it is a hint and a fragment. God distinguishes what it pleases him to distinguish. The logical as well as the moral problem is, Does my will accord with God's will?

So much, then, for Likeness, Difference, and Classification in general. The sum is so far this: Likeness and Difference are inseparable aspects of the world. Their recognition, and their very existence, are correlated with the interests which they fulfil. We express our own interests in them by means of our classifications, whose objective truth depends upon the significance of the will that makes them.

II

I pass next to an important special instance of likeness and difference, whose consideration will lead us over to the other categories of our list.

The most “subjective” of our classifications, that is, the one most expressive of the point of view of a particular consciousness, is founded on the distinction which any one of us finds himself making between the facts that he *just now* observes, acknowledges, thinks about, and the “rest of the universe.” We not only recognize in the concrete the facts that we chance to be making the objects of our present and conscious consideration, but we all acknowledge a realm of truth beyond, whose reality we accept, but whose detail is unknown to us. London is real to us when we think of it;

but our acknowledgment of its reality is far from being a concrete recognition of the wealth and variety of facts, social and physical, that we regard as being contained in what is meant by the name. It is so with all those distant facts which we found Realism using, at one stage of our discussion of that doctrine, as examples of independent facts that "make no difference" to a given knower, in a certain state of his knowledge. The unseen meteors of interplanetary space, the waves in the far-off seas, the craters in the moon, the ballads and legends of ancient Tartar tribes, the copper mines of Montana,—all such facts, and an infinity of others, equally varied, are lost, at any moment of our human consciousness wherein we do not concretely acknowledge their reality, in the nebulous blur of what we call "the rest of the world."

And so, what we seem to know, at any instant, consists of *two* regions, whose contrast is of more importance, in many ways, than is the one upon which we insisted at the opening of our former lecture. There we laid stress upon the difference between what is *presented*, at any instant of our consciousness, and what is then *recognized* or *acknowledged* as the expression of the theoretical Ought which controls our thinking. Here we draw the line of our classification at another place. We distinguish what either is presented or else is in some detail the object of belief, from what is acknowledged only as a whole and undifferentiated. Think of Asia, and think of some definite belief of yours regarding Asia, and what you think of is an object that, as you believe it, is indeed not now presented to your observation. But it is presented to your thought. The idea of it, as an Internal Meaning, is something of which you are definitely conscious. Yet, in addition to believing this or that about Asia, you unquestionably do recognize, however vaguely, even at the moment, that Asia is but a part of the universe whose reality you also acknowledge. Now this universe in its wholeness is real for you, at the moment, over and above Asia, because, as we have insisted, your idea of Asia is by itself unsatisfying, and so is inevitably viewed as something that cannot be expressed alone. It is felt to be essentially a fragment; and this feeling constantly tends to lead you to further thoughts, which still remain for your consciousness latent,—thoughts of the relation of Asia to the rest of the Eastern Continent, or of the relation of the Asiatic peoples to the British Empire, or to the world's history.

But in what more concrete sense this idea of Asia needs and gets supplement through other realities, you are not conscious, so long as you fix attention upon the assertions about Asia alone.

Every concrete act of knowledge, in our conscious life, includes, then, a more or less deliberate abstraction from the background of recognized reality which we conceive as the world, for the sake of a clearer attention to certain special objects of our present acknowledgment. There results a contrast between this foreground and background of knowledge, the one containing the consciously distinguished objects of our present beliefs, the other containing only what is acknowledged in the lump, as the single and undifferentiated whole called "the rest of the universe."

Now this classification at once arouses a question as to its own basis and meaning. The question takes the form of the inquiry, What is the true relation of those various real objects of which at any moment we do not think in the concrete, to the whole state of our knowledge at that moment?

Realistic theories of knowledge, and in fact most of the popularly familiar philosophical views, even where they are only in part under the influence of technical Realism, reply to this question simply: "The objects now thought of by us are not present to our knowledge at all. They are absent objects, which do not now affect the mind. In some other state of our consciousness they may require a meaning for us. Then they become our objects. But when they are not thought of as these and these objects they are not thought of at all." This theory seems simple. It appeals to natural prejudices. But it is wholly opposed to our own analysis of the relation of Internal to External Meaning. We can entertain it no longer. It lapses with the realistic conception of Being.

For if nothing that exists exists independently of anything else, if the nature of everything is inevitably bound up with the nature of all other things, then knowledge, in facing reality at all, faces in *some* wise the whole of it at once, and the only question is how this at any instant takes place. The abstractness of our momentary knowledge, the vastness of our momentary ignorance of all concrete facts, no theory of knowledge recognizes more sincerely than does our own. But that all differences rest upon an underlying unity,—this is the very thesis which, in our present series of discussions, we are trying to make more concrete. For us, if you say, "The objects, other than Asia, which the world contains while I

think, with conscious definiteness, only of Asia, must be objects of other acts of knowledge, and are in no sense present to this act," then it is necessary to reply: But the other acts of knowledge cannot, in their own Being, be *wholly* other than this one. For were they wholly other, they would have nothing really in common with this act. And if so, they would not be acts of knowledge at all. For two acts of knowledge have in common the real character of being knowledge. And this is a single character. If common to two facts, it gives them share in one Being. Just so, if the other objects besides Asia were *wholly* other than Asia itself, there would again be no community; and if Asia has Being, these other objects could have no Being. And so, in knowing Asia, I, in *some* sense, already know these other objects. And my knowledge, too, is in *some* sense one with the knowledge that more concretely possesses them. They are not, then, wholly absent objects. Even now, I, in *some* sense, mean them all.

Whoever denies this, after all, by implication, affirms it. For he asserts that there exist various objects, and various states of knowledge. He implies in his very assertion that his own present idea of these existences, his present meaning, is expressed in the existence of these same facts. This assertion, if true, implies a genuine unity, including, and by its nature differentiated into, the variety, not only of his sundered facts, but of these facts and his own knowledge of them.

And therefore, whoever knows *any* concrete object, knows in a sense *all* objects. In what sense is he then ignorant of any? This is for us the truly important problem.

We reply at once: The objects now concretely acknowledged are related to the objects not now concretely known, in precisely the same general sense as is that in which, at any instant of our conscious life, *the objects which our attention focusses are related to what, although present, is lost in the background of consciousness. Ignorance always means inattention to details.* In our momentary conscious life, such ignorance, so far as it relates to the presented contents of sense, is often due to a direction of attention which we can then and there alter by an instantaneous and voluntary shifting of our point of view. In such cases we speak of voluntary inattention, as when, in order to listen better, we neglect the facts of vision, or, in order to think better, disregard a bodily discomfort. But even within the limits of our momentary con-

sciousness, our attention and inattention, although expressions of our will, are not always just then alterable at will. And even so, our inattention to the countless real facts, which at any moment of our human existence we altogether fail concretely to acknowledge, is due to conditions of our attention and of our inattention which we cannot at present alter except by the infinitely numerous small steps that together make up what we call the process of experience. This process of experience itself, of which empiricism justly makes much, is not, however, something determined wholly from without, by the mere coming of the facts to us. It is determined also from within, by our going to meet the facts, as we actually and restlessly do whenever we inquire, observe, or reflect. And every least shifting of our conscious momentary attention is one of these small steps whereby we continually undertake to make good the original sin, as it were, with which our form of consciousness is beset. On the other hand, this narrowness of our actual attention, this limitation to a few concrete facts, and this ignoring of the infinite detail of a world that, at any moment, we acknowledge as real only in its vague wholeness, is a condition fixed for us, not by a power wholly external to our own will, but by the very Will of which our every act of attention is the passing expression, namely, by the Will whose embodiment is the whole world of facts. And this very narrowness itself therefore constitutes, not indeed a present momentary act, but a *state* of our own will, a character of our present interest in the universe. This character is that we attend to only a few facts at a time, while the rest is the vague background of the world. Just as the disappointed lover of our former illustration is defeated, not without the connivance of his own will, although against his main conscious wish, so here, too, it is a present constitution of our own will that is in a genuine sense expressed in our very failure to know the detail of the universe, despite our conscious wish to know more than we do. For this inner conflict of the World Will with itself, this tragedy of satisfaction through the establishment and the overcoming of endless dissatisfaction, is a character of the universal purpose which we shall learn hereafter to appreciate, even as here we meet with an instance of it in the most elementary phenomena of the knowing process.

Our finitude means, then, an actual inattention,—a lack of successful interest, at this conscious instant, in more than a very few of

the details of the universe. But the infinitely numerous other details are in no wise wholly absent from our knowledge, even now. They do "make a difference to us." Consciously we know them all at once, but know them abstractly, in the form of our acknowledgement of the "rest of the world" as real, over and above the few things we now recognize in detail. And since we are even at this instant, ourselves, in one aspect, a resultant of the meaning of all the "rest of the world," it is true, even now, that were the facts which we fail to know in detail, other than they are, our appreciation of what we do concretely know, our present attentive attitude, would be other than it is.

This is the general expression, in terms of our own theory, of the source of the present imperfections of our knowledge. Observe that we do not explain these matters by first assuming the existence of a certain being, called a finite knowing Subject, an entity amongst others, by next pointing out how knowledge gets impressed upon him from without, say through his sense-organs, and by then finally referring his ignorance to his lack of impressions. All such views, in so far as they are defensible at all, belong either to psychological theory, or, at best, to the developed metaphysical theory of the many individual Selves, and not to the general Theory of Knowledge. But Psychology, as a special science, is one result only of a particular human interest in the natural world which we shall come to know a little better in our fourth lecture. That special interest concerns us not as yet. Nor can we here presuppose that theory of the many individual Selves which we shall hereafter develope. In our general theory of finite knowledge we have to do only with the fact that a certain state of inattention exists at a certain moment of time. We know here, as yet, nothing of soul-substances, or even of metaphysical individual Subjects, such as, acted upon from without, come to build up their knowledge upon the basis of their impressions. Nor are there, from this point of view, separate series of "mental states," correlated to physical processes called brain states, and capable of being studied as to the laws of association which determine their sequence. All such conceptions can be viewed either as relatively valid, or as metaphysically final, only upon the basis to be established by a general theory of what constitutes our own type of knowledge. And for such a theory,—our whole present concern,—experience and reality alike contain only fulfilment of purpose, complete or

incomplete, conditions of interest and attention, expressed or partially expressed in present consciousness,—acknowledgments of facts, and ignorance of facts,—beliefs, and truths related to beliefs. And of these only does the world of our considerations in this lecture consist. Hence we say, While the world in its entirety is the embodiment of our whole will, the fragment of that will, which this passing moment of human consciousness embodies, is a fragment that so far gets expressed in an attention to a few only of the world's real facts, and in such an inattention to the countless others as lets them all lapse into the vague background of acknowledged reality as "the rest of the world." Expressing the matter wholly in teleological, not at all in causal terms, we can therefore answer the question, "Why do we not now consciously and explicitly know all things, since the Being of all things is involved in our present meaning?" by saying simply, Because, as we are, we do not *attend* to all things, but only to a few. Or, again, Because *we are not duly and sufficiently interested* in the "rest of things," so that they fade into the background of knowledge, as the forests upon distant hills are lost in the contour of the rocky masses and become one with the whole. Thus simple, and in seeming no doubt paradoxical, is our formula for what is to be finite.

III

But the simplicity of the formula will prove endlessly fruitful. For this theory of our relations, as finite knowers, to the real world, predetermines what Form we ascribe to the system of facts whose reality we acknowledge.

We dealt at some length, in our study of the Third Concept of Being, with the definition of both physical and mathematical things as "objects of possible experience." But from the point of view which we have reached at the present stage of the inquiry, the facts that we acknowledge as real are for us, at any one conscious instant, Objects of Possible Attention. That is indeed not their whole Being. But it is one valid aspect of their Being. In the undifferentiated background of our present consciousness of "the rest of the world," all those real facts are even now present, but not as distinct objects. Any one of them could now be known, if only we were able to attend to its actual presence. Hence its real relationships are such as to permit, upon occasion, its discrim-

ination from other facts in the way in which conscious attention discriminates.

Here, however, we meet, in its most elementary form, with that abstract way of viewing the world which expresses itself in the categories of the World of Description. The situation, at the moment, is this: A certain attitude of will, just now unchangeable by us, has determined each of us to a stubborn present inattention to the vast totality which we just called, in our discussion, "the rest of the world." To undertake to define the concrete facts of that world by a direct application of our general concept of Being is prevented, at the outset, by the consideration that the inattention in question hides from us not only the particular facts themselves, but the reflective knowledge of what it is that we ourselves will. For of all our human ignorance, our reflective ignorance as to the Self seems most stubborn. It is just this limitation of ours which requires us from moment to moment to view the facts in terms of the category of the Ought. We must submit in order to succeed, and must be conscious of subordinating ourselves before we can hope to find ourselves expressed. Or, to state the matter in other terms, we are in a position where we can only hope to view the world as, in the concrete, the expression of our will, in case we first can learn definitely to act; while, on the other hand, we can view our action, at the present stage, only as a *reaction*. We have to presuppose our facts in order to make concrete our purposes, while we can define our facts, if at all, only in terms of our purposes. This is the fatal circle of our finitude, from which we can indeed escape, as we do in some measure, at every instant, by acting,—more or less blindly,—more or less at haphazard,—seeking in the process of experience both our own purpose, and the means of executing it, both our dream, and the interpretation thereof.

But when we still try to give our undertaking the clearest definition possible at this stage, the only way is to repeat, deliberately, a process which, in a still blinder form, one sees in the early life of any being that is destined to win intelligence. Not knowing what it craves, the young creature first acts vaguely, driven by unconscious impulses. Its action is so far planless and disorganized. When trial and error have led to some few little successes, it then begins to organize its life in a more definite way—how? By watching its environment. By *discriminating*. By engaging in a sort of action which involves, in a sense, a temporary resignation of all

more immediate efforts towards self-expression. This stage of growing intelligence surrenders itself to what, in us men, becomes the deliberate undertaking to describe the facts of experience as they come, and so to win indirectly a plan for what may prove to be the expression of the Self.

This effort, to be sure, is still a kind of action. It is creative as well as passive. It involves in its least movement an acknowledgment of what is *not* given, as well as an observation of what *is* given; for, as we have seen, there is no rational conception of experience except by means of a linking of present and past experience; and this act of linking is always a transcending of what is merely found. But then, this watchful, discriminating activity is seeking to attend to what is conceived as already there in the vast background of the world; and it abandons, for the time, the immediate effort to win the expression of any other purpose but the purpose to wait, and to distinguish. So (to use an example from what appears to us as the workings of a far lower form of intelligence than our own) I see, from my library window at home, sometimes, a young cat, despairing for the time of succeeding in her cherished desire to catch the gray squirrels that play about from branch to branch in the trees, and that occasionally tempt her to vain crouching and springing when they descend to the ground in pursuit of nuts. She has long hoped to find the world the expression of her Internal Meaning by getting her claws upon them. But these swift phenomena still baffle her finitude. They escape her sly approaches with a maddening agility. They scold her from above, and throw down bits of bark to insult her. At length she abandons all apparent efforts at direct attack. It becomes her will to lie for hours nearly motionless, simply watching them. She chooses, as it were, to pursue science rather than any more drastic course of action. She will learn their ways, and discriminate one of their habits from another. In her dull patience, she seems to give herself over to the study of the World of Description. It is an enlightened patience of a sort somewhat similar to this that has created for us our sciences.

Now my purpose just here is not to define the methods and the tests that are used in any special science, but to point out the most fundamental conceptions to which this way of taking the world leads us, so long as we try to abstract it from any more deliberately creative fashion of viewing things. It is plain that in

this way we can hope for no final view of the whole truth of things. We shall be dealing with a realm of abstractions, yet they will prove to be fruitful abstractions, everywhere founded upon final truth, although in themselves not final. For, that the world permits us, up to a certain point, to describe it, does help to throw light on the true nature of things. For the rest, I shall of course attempt here no account of the psychological genesis of our describing intelligence, or of its categories. I am concerned only with the logical genesis of these ideas, that is, with the way in which their simpler forms determine their more complex ones.

We return then to the view that the real world consists of facts which are, so to speak, waiting for us to attend to their presence. What constitution must such a world possess?

In reply to this question, I must next point out certain accompaniments of the process of discrimination which are of fundamental importance for our interpretation of the structure of any realm that we are to conceive as an object of possible attention. If I discriminate attentively between two facts in space, such as two marks on a blackboard, or two sides of the same coin or die, I observe, in general, that there is something *between* these two discriminated objects, and also that there are regions of space *between which* these two distinguished objects are to be found. So that, in such a case, *one* discrimination demands, as it were, *another*. One analysis of a whole into elements calls for further analysis. And every union of discriminated elements into a new whole (as, for instance, the two sides of the die form, when taken together with the material between them, a single whole),—every such union, I say, leads us to distinguish only so much the more clearly between this new whole and the “rest of the world,” which limits the observed portion so as to set it between other portions. Thus, at all events in such cases as our own consciousness of the extended world, our process of attentive discrimination tends to become a Recurrent Process,¹ *i.e.* a process in which every step leads to conditions which demand, or at least appear to demand, a repetition of the very type of act that led to the step in question itself. For if I have discriminated, then, at least in this sort of instance, I have found a basis for a repetition of discriminations.

Now it is also plain, at least in case of such an object as the

¹ See the Supplementary Essay to the First Series, p. 495, *sqq.*, for the general definition of such a process.

world of extended things, that this very recurrent character of our process of discrimination becomes to us a motive for interpreting what we take to be the "real structure" of space itself. Because we are led, upon any clear distinction of positions in space, to an observation of an interval between two positions, while this interval itself becomes the basis for new discriminations between the positions that lie once more within that interval, we find ourselves started upon a process which we can define as recurrent, that is, as capable of repeating itself indefinitely; and since we see no reason why this process should meet with any limit in the nature of extended facts, we come to the familiar postulate of the infinite divisibility of space. And because every such observed collection of spatial objects, once discriminated, and then viewed as a whole, turns out to be between still other regions of space, which its very presence leads us to discriminate from itself, this process of discrimination also becomes recurrent, and we are led to the other familiar postulate of the boundlessness of space.

What such an instance shows is: (1) that, in certain cases at least, our tendency to discriminate *two* objects leads us by itself to discriminate a *third* object, *m*, as between them, and to distinguish other objects, let us say *f* and *l*, *between which* both *a* and *b* are; (2) that this observation may of itself lead to new discriminations, and so become, or tend to become, recurrent; and (3) that the result hereof *may* be to give us an idea of an infinitely complex objective structure which we are then disposed to ascribe to a system of facts (such as the points in space). So here the law of our discriminating process gives us a conception of a law of structure in the world of facts. This law may then be to any extent confirmed by further experience.

That not only space, but also time, suggests similar recurrent processes of discrimination, is familiar.

Now these well-known instances lead us to a more general question. Is this character of the process of discrimination something general in its nature, so that, *wherever* we discriminate, the conditions of such recurrent processes of finding new differences are present, or is the tendency to look for points between points, and so forth, a tendency determined by special conditions, such as those of our experience of space and time? And what follows with regard to the conception that we tend to form of the structure of the world of facts?

At first, the answer would seem to be that we may, upon occasion, come to perfectly clear limits in our discriminations. In the world of our pure conceptions, we find that between successive whole numbers, such as 2 and 3, 3 and 4, it is impossible to conceive other whole numbers inserted, so long as one takes the whole numbers in their natural order. And the same holds true, in the world of empirical things, regarding any simple series of objects whose type is that of the whole number series, where every object of the series is followed by a *next* one, with *nothing between* that belongs to the series. A series of this type we shall hereafter call, in accordance with recent mathematical usage, a Well-Ordered Series. But, on the other hand, as our Supplementary Essay showed at length, any collection of objects in the world is part of some infinite collection; and so the objects of any well-ordered series are themselves portions of the expression of a recurrent process, or of a well-ordered series of such processes. And in every such process, as was shown in the Supplementary Essay, an infinite number of discriminations are already implied. Hence, although it is indeed possible to find cases where we can no longer look for objects between a given pair of objects which have already been discriminated, it still appears that discriminations which are logically completed, merely by our distinguishing between *two* objects, are not to be found. Discrimination seems to be not merely of *pairs*, but of *triads*, or of larger systems of facts.²

It is then worth while to examine the matter a little more closely. For if we can find whether or no *every* discrimination logically leads to some such recurrent process as the empirical instance of our consciousness of space has just exemplified, we may come to a result of great importance for the formulation of the Categories in terms of which we conceive the structure of the world of facts, so far as we view them merely as objects of possible discrimination.

And may I venture already to anticipate something of what this result will prove to be? Matters of this kind are not to be studied, except by a consideration of very subtle and abstract logical rela-

² For the sake of later use, it is proper to note here, regarding the definition of the Well-Ordered Series just given, that, while its type is that of the whole-number series, in so far forth as every term has a *next following* term, recent mathematical usage has extended the concept to include the so-called Transfinite Well-Ordered Series of Cantor, in which infinite series may follow infinite series without end, but so that every term has its own next following term.

tionships. The inquiry, even in the fragmentary form here adopted, can be tolerable, in this context, only by virtue of its bearings on more concrete issues. May I, therefore, say, at once, regarding the outcome, simply this? I hold that by studying more closely what the process of discrimination logically implies, *we shall be led to see something regarding what enables us to view all acknowledged facts as linked in a single Ordered System, in which countless definable Series of real facts are interwoven*; and hereby *we shall be led to a more definite idea of what is meant by the acknowledgement of Law in the natural, in the social, and in the moral order of the world*. Thus our notions of the Unity of the world will become, in one aspect at least, more concrete.

How come we to the recognition of Law as an aspect of the real world? By means of some primal "intuition," which (despite its name) inflicts itself upon us as an opaque assurance? Our Idealism knows of no such primal assurances. Every assertion must bear criticism. No assertions can escape such a test by pleading that they are "primal." Or again, has the Creator, in making our souls, stamped upon them a system of principles which is in preëstablished harmony with the real order, so that our metaphysical theory, if true, will teach us that our ideas of order must correspond to an order present in the facts beyond us? With Kant we reject such a *Präformations-System der Menschlichen Vernunft*. Our special reason for rejecting it is contained in our thesis, so fully set forth in Lecture VII of the previous Series, to the effect that correspondence is never the most fundamental relation between Idea and Object, and that, accordingly, the world is not merely a world of facts to which our knowledge conforms. Our own view has in common with Kant (from whom we, of course, derive this portion of our fundamental doctrine) the thesis that the laws of the objective world are the expression of Categories which the nature of every subjective process, and the Unity of Apperception wherein all truth is embraced, together determine. Only, for us, the Categories are not stamped, as Kant's Categories were, upon a foreign matter, but are in some measure, *i.e.* as far as they are really valid at all, at once objective and subjective. This last thesis we have in common with many forms of recent Idealism. But our own doctrine is not wholly identical with any of these forms. The *differentia* of our doctrine will be found, however, in the method whereby we define the special Categories, and in the special form

that we accordingly give to them. Our logical genesis of the concept of real Law will determine the definition that we shall give to the term. It will also determine the limits of the subjection of fact to law in the universe. It will free us from that bugbear of popular metaphysic, the superstition that whatever is, is somehow subject to an absolutely rigid Necessity. We shall see that necessity is only one aspect of the fact-world, and the more abstract one, which is a valid aspect only in so far as it serves to make possible Individuality and Freedom.

To my mind, as I may at once say, our best single word for expressing what is essential to a lawful order in the world of facts is the term Series. Facts are subject to law in so far as they are arranged in definable series, or in systems of interwoven serial orders. The relation of physical cause and effect, whose consideration we have so often postponed in our previous discussions, becomes a definite relation at all only when it is viewed as an instance (and by no means the most important instance) of the existence of series of facts in the universe. All comprehension of particular facts which goes beyond a bare abstract classification of them, and which still falls short of a satisfactory teleological view of their meaning, depends upon conceiving them as in the same series, or system of series, with other facts. This is the essential nature of the categories that have to do with Law. As we shall see, the general concept of Series is common to the World of Description and to the world of the actual life of the Will. Only the types of Series differ in these two worlds, the Well-Ordered Series being characteristic of the life of the Will just in so far as it is self-conscious, and consequently always knows *what next to do*, while the World of Description is characterized, in general, by another and less perfect type of serial order.

To illustrate empirically of what wide application the concept of Series is, and how it is present wherever the concept of Law is present, and *vice versa*, is useful in beginning a discussion of this category, although anything like present completeness in such illustrations is hopeless. You find serial order wherever you look in the world of definitely conceived or of exactly describable fact. Space and Time illustrate our principle in their every detail. They and the Number-Series are the most familiar of the forms in which serial order appears to us. As for more special classes of instances, I conceive my own life as a particular and connected series of

events, and yours in the same way. All the more significant social relations involve, directly or indirectly, the establishment of serial order-systems such as those of debtors and creditors, of friends and neighbors, of fellow-citizens, of teachers and pupils, of official superiors and inferiors, of the various grades of relationships in families, and so on indefinitely. For a social relationship of the type of debtor, friend, neighbor, fellow-citizen, teacher, superior, ancestor, cousin, has the logical character illustrated by saying that if A stands in this relation to B, B may, and frequently does, stand in the same relationship to C, C to D, and so on,—the collection of social individuals A, B, C, constituting in this way an ordered series, sometimes of a very limited, but more often of a very widely extended scope. In natural history, the classification of living forms, the study of the structures and functions of organisms, the accounts of the evolution and decay of all types of life, involve the conception of ordered series. Geology, on its descriptive side, is similarly a science of serial order-systems of rocks, fossils, formations. Nor does this character cease to mark the conceptions of science when one passes to chemistry, to physics, to astronomy, or to mechanics. The serial system of the chemical elements, which forms so important a topic of consideration in recent chemistry, is a notable example of how various masses of facts which once seemed in certain respects ultimate and mutually sundered, tend, upon further examination, to assume their places as stages of a single, though highly complex, order-system. Any natural process which is capable of a mechanical description,—such as the processes studied in the more exact regions of physical science,—is made comprehensible by conceiving all of its occurrences as stages in a single series, or system of series, of what the mathematicians call “transformations.” Such a series of transformations is exemplified by the successive states of a body cooling under definable physical conditions, or by the successive configurations of a system of bodies moving under the influence of definable forces. In astronomy, the apparent places of the stars are reduced to order by the use of a system of astronomical coördinates, just as we reduce to order our knowledge of geographical positions on the earth’s surface by the conceptions of latitude and longitude. But such ways of viewing facts are conceptions of definitely complex order-systems of places. In recent astronomy, moreover, the classification of the stellar spectra has led to a still tentative arrangement of stars

in order-systems whose bearing on problems of evolution seems to be important. At all events, one thus finds a new sort of definable relation between the physical processes occurring in the very bodies that would appear, from one point of view, to be amongst the most disconnected and mutually sundered objects of the visible universe.³

And now, as to the more universal meaning of this serial structure of our world of facts, we may note in passing still one further consideration. It is a commonplace that the exact sciences of Nature have owed their exactness, up to the present time, and in the main, to their *quantitative* treatment of facts. The logic of the conception of Quantity has its own very complex problems; but thus much is clear: Any system of quantities, such as distances, times, masses, temperatures, pressures, is a serial order-system of facts, or is a complex of such serial order-systems. For the relationships, Equal, Greater, and Less, which mark systems of quantities, involve arrangements in serial order-systems. Therefore, one has much to say for the thesis that the whole logical value of the quantitative conceptions in science is due, not to any peculiar advantage of the concept of quantity, as such, but to the exactness of the forms of serial order which are discoverable in case of any quantitative realm of facts. From this point of view it is not, then, the quantitative character of exact science which is its most essential feature, but the precision and relative exhaustiveness of its reduction of its own ranges of fact to serial order-systems. Not Quantity, but Order, is the fundamental category of exact thought about facts.⁴

Now what is the logical derivation of the category of serial Order? The answer to this question requires us to return to the study of what is logically implied in coming to discriminate between any two objects. To such a study I must devote a little space, despite the painfully abstract nature of the topic.⁵

³ That plans of action, reflective systems of Ideas, and the structure of the Self in general, illustrate the concept of Series in the form of the Well-Ordered, or self-representative Series, we have shown in the Supplementary Essay, and we shall have occasion to return to that fact soon.

⁴ I am principally indebted for the substance of this remark to Mr. Charles Peirce, and to the study of Dedekind and Cantor. See the article on the Logic of Relatives in the *Monist*, Vol. VII, p. 205, *sqq.*, by Mr. Peirce.

⁵ The best way of forming, from a psychological point of view, a general sense of the practical importance of the process of conceiving facts in series,

IV

In certain cases, as we have seen, to compare attentively two objects, as to their differences and likenesses, is to observe a situation which implies that something is *between* the two, and that the two themselves are again between another pair of objects. The process of discrimination and of synthesis thus initiated proves, at least in some such cases, recurrent, or self-repeating, and leads us to form postulates about the objective structure of the system of facts to which the things in question belong. In order to estimate more carefully the meaning and the universality of such processes, we next need a *generalization of the relation expressed by the word between.*

Such a logical generalization has been suggested, although for a purpose decidedly different from that of my present inquiry, by Mr. A. B. Kempe, in a very remarkable paper on "The Relation between the Logical Theory of Classes and the Geometrical Theory of Points."⁶ If I venture to follow out the suggestion of Mr. Kempe's work, it is in my own way, and his discussion must not be viewed as responsible either for the intent or for the outcome of speculations. In Mr. Kempe's research, what is most important for us at the moment is that a relation of a logically identical character is shown to exist in two apparently very different cases. When three points are on the same line, one of them is said to be *between* the two others. But when two logical classes of objects, *a* and *b*, are so related to a third class, *m*, that this class *includes* all the objects which are common to both *a* and *b*, and at the same time is *included within* the class of the objects which are *either a or b*, then Mr. Kempe defines the class *m* as a class *between*

is to read the brilliant passages on the topic in Professor James's larger Psychology (Vol. I, p. 490; Vol. II, pp. 644-669). What Professor James there takes as a fundamental psychological feature of the process of comparison, I here try to analyze in certain of its logical aspects. The discussion in the Supplementary Essay in our First Series has already dealt in full with that primary form, the Number-Series. Here we deal mainly with a derived type of Order.

⁶ Published in the *Proceedings of the London Mathematical Society*, Vol. XXI, for the year 1890. Another statement of his main results was printed by Mr. Kempe in *Nature*, Vol. XLIII, pp. 156-162. These papers have been far too much neglected by the students of exact logic to whom they were addressed. Their interest goes far beyond that of the special idea which I here borrow from them.

a and *b*. The interest of the identification of the relation *between* in the geometrical and in the logical realms, lies in the proof, given at length by Mr. Kempe, that the exactly definable properties of any complete system of logical classes, or "Universe of Discourse," are, up to a certain limit, *identical with the properties of a geometrical system of points*. Mr. Kempe shows, in fact, that the system of points possible in a space of any number of dimensions differs from the system of logical classes possible in any "Universe of Discourse," merely by the addition of a single new property, viz. that which is geometrically expressed by saying that two straight lines have only one point in common. This very striking identification of laws belonging to the kinds of orderly arrangement present in such different realms as a system of ideal logical classes and a system of points in space is associated, in Mr. Kempe's discussion, with an observation regarding the nature of the generalized relation *between*, which I here propose to use, although I have no time to state either fully or very exactly the reasoning that I found upon this observation.

If one visible point were between two others on a line, and if all three were (to fix our ideas) luminous points, and if you went just far enough away from the line to be unable longer to observe the place of the point *a* as diverse from that of the point *b*, so that the two blended to your eye in one luminous point, then obviously *m*, the intermediate point, would blend with both of them. Just so, however, if you abstract from the difference between the classes *a* and *b*, while still recognizing, in a measure, the possibility of objects that, as a fact, belong to one or to another of them, then, so long as you thus regard the two classes as equivalent, it makes no conscious difference to you whether an object is in the class *a*, or the class *b*, or both at once. So that you do not observe, in that case, Mr. Kempe's intermediate class *m* as a class different from either *a* or *b*. The same result follows if you not merely neglect or abstract from the difference of the two classes, but positively know them to be identical classes. For in that case both *a* and *b* become identical with *m*.

Generalizing from these cases, one may go quite beyond Mr. Kempe's instances of the classes and the points and say, Let there be any system or collection of objects such that, if they are really different, these objects can be discriminated by an attention once properly directed. Let it be also possible for a given intelligence

not to discriminate two objects belonging to that collection. Or again, let it be possible for this intelligence, although discriminating them, still to regard two of them at will as "equivalent," that is, as such that their difference does not count for a given purpose. Then let an object *m* of the system in question be so related to *a* and to *b* that if you, either by inattention, neglect, or deliberate choice, disregard their difference, so that in any way they blend or become equivalent, *m* thereupon of necessity blends with both, or becomes equivalent to both. In this case we shall say that, in the generalized sense, *m* is such a member of the system in question as to lie between *a* and *b*. The mathematical way of symbolizing this relation would be briefer. It would take the form of merely saying: "*m* is such that, if *a* = *b*, then *m* = *a* = *b*. And if this is the case, *m* is regarded as between *a* and *b*."

Now the advantage of this formal generalization is the power that it here gives us of facing an important logical aspect of all discrimination, comparison, and differentiation. We usually say that the relation between *a* and *b*, where we discriminate them, or regard them as unequal, is a relation of the *pair* of them, a *dual* relation. The generalization here founded upon Mr. Kempe's paper will show us that contrast and comparison involve, in general, a relation of at least *three* objects, viz. *a* and *b*, and something else that *helps us to keep them apart*, or that *illustrates the point wherein they differ*, or that helps to *determine the sort, degree, or direction of their difference*. This something *may* be an object of the exact character here ascribed to *m*. That is, it may be conceived as an object such that, if *a* and *b* were to blend, or were to be viewed as equivalent, it would blend with both, or be viewed as equivalent to both. In such a case, the relationship emphasized by the contrast belongs not to the pair, *a* and *b*, but to the triad, *a*, *b*, and *m*. In other words, it is what one may technically name a *triadic* relation. The possibility of observing this relation is due to the fact that, since our discriminating attention is a voluntary act, possessed of its own internal meaning, we are able to see, by reflection, how one discrimination follows from another.

Let us look yet a little more closely at the considerations which come into view whenever we make any definite discrimination. I attend to *a* and to *b*. I note that they are different. It follows, as we saw at the outset, that they differ in *some character*, and that they also, although of course in another respect, agree as to this

same character. It may be color in which they differ. Then they agree also in having color. In magnitude,—then they agree in having magnitude. Tell me the character in which they differ, and I will at once undertake to show you the sense in which, in respect to this same character, they also agree. I inevitably note, then, if I look closer, the “common nature” of *a* and *b*. Of course I can never, in any realistic sense, so abstract this “common nature” as to make it appear by itself as an object existing independently of their difference. Yet it is there, and arouses my interest. Otherwise I should not be comparing *a* and *b*. They, as they come to me, appear as specifications of this “common nature.”

Now when I view them as such specifications, the problem of the One and the Many arises afresh. How can this One Nature be the same in these *two*? This ancient question is here a question of fact. It is a question about what I actually observe when I discriminate. As it comes to me, it is already a question about a Triad, not as yet of objects, but of aspects of the whole situation before me. There is an unity here. There is also the diversity of these two objects; and this unity is not something merely glued to this diversity in an external way. The situation is this: That a certain One (viz. the “common nature” of these two objects) is observed, not as something over and above these two, but as *in* them,—as *their* nature, diversified into their differences. Yet this one is itself, nevertheless, contrasted with these two; for neither of the two, *a* or *b*, is by itself the other member of the pair; while the “common nature” is expressed in them both. *How* this can be, I so far am led to inquire. But that this is so, the discrimination implies. Here, then, I have one of those “bare external conjunctions” of the One and the Many of which Mr. Bradley, in his *Appearance and Reality*, has so much to say, and which, for him, constitute the insoluble problem of our finitude.

Now the effort to answer the question thus raised is not merely an idle subtlety of the philosophers. As a fact, *all* the sciences are full of specific contributions towards the answers to just such questions. Yes, even unreflective common sense daily undertakes to do something towards answering problems of the sort. Common sense and science, however, go about the matter more concretely than the philosophers have usually done. In ordinary life we recognize the problem of the presence of One in a pair of discriminated objects only by proceeding at once to look for *still another*

instance of the same kind of likeness and difference. Baffled by the so formal triad just named, viz. the triad of the One nature and the two expressions, we help ourselves by searching out a more concrete triad. We compare, if possible, both objects with a third object, as concrete as themselves, which serves us as a "common standard." This third object is preferably an already known one, whose choice sums up the results of a long course of previous experience. To help us at all, however, it must obviously possess something of the "common nature" that interests us in *b* and *c*. It will, of course, differ from both of them. But most of all it helps us when it is so much like *a* and *b*, and yet so definitely unlike them, that the triad, *a*, *b*, *c*, leads us to definite observations of the sort characterized in the foregoing exact definition of the relationship *between*. If one of the triad is such that upon reflection we observe a particular order of dependence amongst the acts whereby we distinguish the three objects, *i.e.* if one object appears, as in our present sense, *between* the two others, then we have the first beginning of a single *series of distinctions*. And the rule of our discriminating intelligence is that, while the problem of the One and the Many is hopelessly baffling if we deal merely with two terms, and while it is equally hopeless so long as we deal with an indefinite number of objects *not* arranged in series, we begin to see the light so soon as we get *one of our objects between the two others*, and so begin to form a series possessing a definite character and direction. And by "direction" we here mean, not spatial or temporal direction, but direction of logical dependence.

And now why does this getting of one object between two others help us? I point out that the generalized definition of the relation *between*, which we owe to Mr. Kempe, suggests at once the answer to this question. I can comprehend the relation of One and Many just in so far, and only in so far, as I observe the unity of my own purpose demanding, itself of itself, a variety of expression.⁷ Now, when I discriminate, I at first find the fact of differ-

⁷ As our Supplementary Essay showed at length, the precise understanding of the relations of One and Many which we get in case of the Number-Series, or of any "self-representative system," is due to the fact that there our own purpose in creating the system is just such a consciously self-differentiating Unity. Hence, as I there said, the order of the number-system is the original type of all order in heaven and upon earth. But we are here following out a process that leads us to a conception of order-systems very different from the number-system. For in the latter, each term has a next following

ence as something that is indeed an expression of my attentive purpose, but that is still more an instance of the limitations of my insight. I look for light, and so far I find a problem. The object *a* differs from *b*. How? I cannot so far tell; for I do not yet see the *structure* of the difference as the expression of any one plan. But when I conceive, and then am able to find in experience, some third object *c*, which behaves like the *m* of my former definition, then, while my insight is still infinitely limited, I see the differences of *a*, *b*, and *c*, or, (as we may now say, in case *c* is the intermediate object of the triad), I see the differences of *a*, *b*, and *m*, as such that the recognition of the difference of *b* from *a* follows for me inevitably upon the recognition of the difference, either of *a* and *m*, or of *b* and *m*, or of both. I make this fact clear to myself by trying the ideal experiment of annulling or disregarding the difference of *a* and *m*, and of *b* and *m*. I can try this experiment with exactness, because, in making it, I am observing my own voluntary acts. I observe hereupon that the difference between *a* and *b* vanishes. In convincing myself of this fact, in seeing how the distinction of *b* from *a* follows from first distinguishing one of them from *m*, I gradually begin to find that the nature expressed in *a* is such that I am led over from *a* to *b* by a single definable process of drawing distinctions. Or again, I thus conceive the nature of *a* not as static and as merely given to me, but as a stage in a process that now has an actively appreciated and logically significant direction,—a direction determined by my own purposes, and also by the facts. Hereupon I can proceed in the direction of *b* by passing, in the course of this process, through *m*. For the very discovery of *m*, and of the dependence now in question, constitutes for me the direction of this ideal process. I now begin to construct the Many by one sort of activity. And in doing so, I also find what structure my objects themselves, as so far known to me, appear to possess.

It is perfectly true that such a process as this is far from answering *all* my questions about the One and the Many. On the contrary, it constantly arouses new ones. But it also suggests a systematic plan for attempting to move towards an answer to every such question. Let me find, if possible, by means of further experience,

term. In the system that we shall now be led to conceive, no term has a next term. Yet we reach these other systems by means of the first form of order, since, as we shall see, the *recurrent* character of our discriminations is the source of these derived order-systems.

not only the triad, *a, m, b*, but also yet other objects similarly disposed,—a whole series of further intermediaries (m_1 between *a* and *m*, m_2 between *m* and *b*, and so on). If I succeed in my search, I then gradually get, by means of a well-ordered series of acts of my own, a series resembling a collection of points in order on one line, thus:

$$a \dots m_1 \dots m \dots m_2 \dots b.$$

But there is room, in this series, for the conception of new intermediate terms indefinitely; and I can continue the search for such in my experience. The objects of the series are such that any three form a triad, with one of the triad *between* the two others (in our present sense of *between*), while all the triads are thus linked in one series, beginning with *a*, ending with *b*, and having intermediaries such as are determined by a recurrent process of conceiving, and, if possible, of finding in experience, ever new triads within the series. The whole series, so far as I can conceive and verify it at all, will define stages of a single process of ideal construction, which I can conceive in volitional terms, as a process that expresses *how one can pass from a to b*, or (to borrow a mathematical term, again) can *transform a into b*. And the unity of this series, as the expression of a single volitional process, will be due to the fact that I can everywhere see, as I pass along the series, how *one distinction, or act of holding apart two objects, depends for its very existence on another and previous distinction*. For in this way my ideal process, going from distinction to distinction, establishes between every pair of distinct objects, an intermediary, which is viewed by me as *making their distinction possible*, or as *holding them apart*. Yet the intermediary terms, while they hold apart, also link.

V

This is, then, our general statement of how it is that every discrimination tends to lead us to the definition of series of objects, observed or conceived. At the same time we begin to see how and why every such series helps us to comprehend the structure of the world that we are to acknowledge as real. Now my main thesis here is that, in the World of Description, *all understanding of facts in terms of general laws* depends upon the conception and

verification of such serial order in facts as I have been characterizing. The whole logic of our conception of general law in this World of Description turns, in my view, upon the single question, What for us is implied in discriminating *a* from *b*? For the world acknowledged as beyond is presented to us at every moment as a single whole, *within* which the facts are present. These facts are for us, in one aspect of their nature, *objects of possible attention*. Attention begins to succeed when we discriminate. And so we have for one postulate about the acknowledged facts this: *They are such that any pair of them could be known together through a single possible act of discrimination and comparison.* This is the primal notion of linkage. Any pair of real objects are thus linked. But this postulate leads to others. Whatever pair of objects there may be in that world, since both members of the pair could be the object of a single act of discriminating attention, those two objects are already *like each other and different from each other*. Hence the single discrimination of the two presents a new problem, that of the union of One and Many. What is the unity, what the variety of this pair? The only way that we have of proceeding towards a solution of this problem, so long as we are still ignorant in the concrete of what One Will is expressed in these objects, is by passing from the pair to the triad, and defining an object that lies *between* the members of the first pair, in the sense of Mr. Kempe's generalized definition of this relation. We then seek for this fact in experience. If we find it we are helped towards an understanding of the One and the Many. For in so far as we define such a triad, we discover how we could conceive one member of our original pair as *transformed* into the other, by means of a process that involves first distinguishing the intermediary between the two from one of the extremes, and then the other member from the object thus distinguished. The direction of the process of transformation thus defined is determined by the logical sequence, according to which *one distinction is observed to follow from another*. But because we are thus led better to comprehend what the objects discriminated are, we now make still a further and provisional postulate: *Between any two objects of the world there is always another to be found.* Our power to illustrate this postulate in our empirical investigations is very wide, but is also always limited. And the postulate itself would indeed fail wholly to receive application beyond a certain definite point, if we could

only come to understand all the objects of our world as a single ordered series of the type of the whole number-series. For then any pair of directly successive objects would have no object between them. But, then, to be sure, the objects of the world, if so understood, would no longer *need* to be discriminated merely in pairs. They would be logically given, all at a stroke (like the whole numbers), as an expression of a single self-representative Purpose,⁸ and we should have to look no further than this purpose for the transparent definition of all our facts. But in discriminating pairs and then triads of facts, we come as yet upon no purpose, but our own descriptive purpose, of trying to find the One in the midst of this given Many. Our own process of discriminating proves indeed to be recurrent, but it looks always for yet another object between any two objects already distinguished. Hence, while the process of defining the intermediate terms is a Well-Ordered Process, that leads us from each stage to the next one, it tends to make us conceive a series of facts in which no term has any next neighbor, because, as we conceive, there is always another *between*. So the postulate: *Between any two there is a third*, is the working postulate of our process of comprehending things through our successive discriminations. And this is the process upon which all scientific description of given facts depends.

Now the definition of *between* suggested by Mr. Kempe's papers has quite freed us from the need of limiting the application of this postulate to the extended world, or to the numerical and quantitative aspects of things. The points on a line, as conceived by the geometer, the series of rational fractions arranged in order as greater and less, and the series of the real numbers, all indeed illustrate our postulate.⁹ They are conceptual systems of objects especially wrought out by the mathematician in such wise as to conform to the postulate. And every homogeneous system of measurable and continuous quantities (masses, distances, durations, forces, temperatures, etc.) is conceived by our exact science as also to illustrate this postulate. Yet the formation of series has application to qualities as well as to quantities,—in fact, to whatever we can under-

⁸ See once more the Supplementary Essay.

⁹ All these systems are so ordered that no term is conceived to have a next neighbor. Yet the process whereby we reach the conception of each is always a Well-Ordered Process, in which each of our own acts leads to the next one.

take to discriminate. Hence there is no obvious limit to the variety of objects that we can undertake to deal with in this way. We can compare colors and shades as well as points and magnitudes. Europe and America, compared geographically, or socially, or politically, lead us to attempt the formation of series of objects. Feelings, deeds, persons, lives, stellar spectra, chemical elements, processes of evolution, types of doctrine, modes of conduct, æsthetic values, in brief, beings of all grades, invite serial treatment as soon as they are compared. Various series, already conceived, can be combined in the most varied ways, so as to give us systems of objects that no longer can be arranged in any *single* serial order. We thus get Systems whose series are interwoven and interrelated in most manifold fashions. Mr. Kempe's example of the classes in a single "Universe of Discourse," while it by no means exhausts the complexity of the relations that are definable through conceiving various systems of series connected together, is so complex that the space of the geometer, we have seen, corresponds to one only of the special forms definable *within* that system.¹⁰

The conception of systems of facts such that any two members of the system may be viewed as linked by series of intermediaries, is thus indeed capable of application in the most widely sundered regions of our experience. If we disregard the empirical limitations that we constantly meet with in our attempts to find the desired intermediary terms, and if we consider only the foregoing postulates as defining for us how we are to conceive our world of acknowledged facts, we hereupon get a view of this world which may be summed up as follows: We may omit, for the time, from our notice, the before-mentioned possibility of a knowledge of the world that would reduce it to a *single* serial order of the general type

¹⁰ Mr. Kempe's system illustrates, amongst other things, very definitely the fact that the generalized conception of a series of intermediaries, linking two given objects, *a* and *b*, is an infinitely variable concept. If two objects can be linked by one series, they can, in general, be linked by an infinity of other series of intermediaries. Thus *all* the classes in any Universe of Discourse are, by Mr. Kempe's definition, contained between any class *a* and the negative of that class, *not-a*. Again between any class *a* and a class *i* included within *a*, you can establish an infinite number of different series of intermediate classes. It is thus also in space, if you consider the various curves by which two points can be connected. But the spatial relation of points on a line is inadequate to express all the possibilities of the generalized relation of *between*. In Mr. Kempe's system the same object *x* can be defined as between *a* and *b*, *b* and *c*, and *c* and *a*, and can yet be different from all three.

of the Well-Ordered Series of whole numbers, where every term has one coming *next after* it. If we abstract from *that* possibility, we are left to the conception that *Between any two facts there are to be found various series of intermediaries* of the type now defined. The world thus regarded will consist for us of all these interwoven series, and will constitute a single System. The work of our knowledge, if we were to grow in knowledge indefinitely, on just these lines, would consist in the Description of this system. But this description would have the same general character that geometry illustrates in case of the space-world, which is only a particular example of such a linked system of interwoven series. Any such system would be capable of description in terms of Laws. The laws would express features common to various of the series present in this world. And the method of discovering laws would be, in its most general outlines, this:—

The whole system of the world may be viewed as made up of various different systems. For whole systems of facts can be discriminated from one another, and then linked by series of intermediate systems, precisely as *a* and *b* have been in our discussion of series in general. If, comparing two of these subordinate systems (let us say A and B), we conceive also, in some comprehensive fashion, a series of intermediary systems that link A and B together, we conceive what the mathematicians would call the "series of transformations," whereby we can, at least in our conceptions, if not in our observations, pass from one of these systems to the other. Thus, let A be, no longer, as in one of our earlier illustrations, a point in space, but a large solid body. And let B be this same body viewed by us at another time in another place, or else let it be another body of precisely the same shape and size as A, occupying another place. Let us suppose A and B compared together in one act of attention. Then we can conceive of a system of movements (consisting of translations from place to place, of rotations about one or another axis, or of a single translation followed by a single rotation),—a system whereby A could be brought to take precisely the place that B now occupies. Sometimes this serial system of movements can be actually observed. Or again, let A be the system of the characters, habits, and dispositions of the people of England just before the colonization of America; let B be the system of characters and habits and dispositions of the people of the North American Colonies at the middle

of the Eighteenth Century. Then we can follow (although, in this case, only very inexactly) the series of transformations that English civilization early underwent in its passage to American soil. Other instances without limit could be named.

Between any two systems, A and B, there thus lie intermediate systems of conceived, or, on occasion, of observed transformations, whereby one passes, in idea or in experience, from A to B. Now because of the general character of the relation *between*, as defined in the foregoing, all the intermediate transformations in any one system will be capable of being viewed as stages in a single definable process of passing from A to B. This process tends to acquire the unity of a single volitional act. And this process (if we abstract from certain complications that we need not here consider) may always be viewed as having *one* general direction, that leads *from* A to B, *through* the intermediary stages. But A and B will, as systems, resemble one another as well as differ. That depends upon the very nature of discrimination. And by virtue of the nature of the *between* relationship (just in so far as the intermediate process has one type and direction), all the intermediate stages will resemble each other in the very features in which A and B resemble each other. For all the stages between A and B are, by definition, facts that would not be viewed as different from either A or B, unless A and B were viewed as different each from the other. Hence all the intermediate stages must have in common the features that A and B have in common. These features then remain *unvarying* throughout the series of transformations in question. Denote these *unvarying features* (or, in the more technical way of stating the case), the "invariant characters of this system of transformations," by the letter I. Then the whole process here in question, whether it is merely conceived, or is observed, will be definable as "a series of transformations, beginning in A, ending (so far) in B, and leaving invariant the characters I."

Now all that we mean by the laws governing a system of facts is that within this system certain series of observed or of validly conceived "transformations" can be defined, such that throughout the whole series of transformations some definable characters of the objects that are undergoing the transformation do not vary. Wherever I can say that, in passing from A to B, through a series of stages which I have a right to view as real facts in the world, I observe, or validly conceive, that all the stages have certain uniform

or “invariant” characters, I then have discovered a law which, in this way of interpreting the world, I conceive as expressing the nature and structure of the facts that I acknowledge as real.

Thus, moving a body from one part of space to another leaves, of itself, the shape of the body unchanged. Whoever discovers that, discovers the property of space defined by the so-called “axiom” or law of “free mobility.” All physical and chemical changes, so far as known, leave the mass of matter unaltered. This is another example of law. All the transformations which a gravitating system of bodies undergoes are such as to leave invariant the precise system of relationships which that law defines. And so one could continue indefinitely. *What* laws our discriminating intelligence and our discovery of the serial linkages shall lead us to define, this view of our world leaves us unable to predict. But that *some* laws will come to be acknowledged, this is as certain as that the serial method of interpreting the structure of our world has, within its own limits, validity.¹¹

VI

But what are the limits of this way of viewing things? What is the precise nature and range of its validity?

We have followed the logical genesis of the categories of what we may now call The World of Description, from their simplest forms to the point where we must abandon the attempt to develop here more fully their detail.¹²

The most fundamental of these categories is that of Likeness and

¹¹ The first systematic attempt to *classify* the laws present in a system by regarding these laws as the “invariants” of “systems of transformations” was, so far as I know, stated in Klein’s *Erlanger Programm* of 1872: *Vergleichende Betrachtungen über Neuere Geometrische Forschungen*. Klein regarded the types of laws demonstrable in the various different sorts of geometry (Projective Geometry, Analysis Situs, etc.) as so many species, each definable in terms of the invariants of a Group of Transformations. The conception has since been extended to other fields of science. Owing to the irreversible character of many of the serial processes present in our experience, the “Group” character, in the narrower sense of that term, will be absent from many of the systems of transformations with which science has to deal. But a law will still be the expression of the “invariants” of a system of transformations.

¹² We shall return, in our Fourth Lecture, to the consideration of these categories as they appear when applied to our actual study of nature.

Difference. Upon the basis of a consideration of the nature of this primal conception, we come to view the Objective World as, in one aspect of its Being, a realm of Objects of Possible Attention. The Categories of Relation, which have to do with the connections existing amongst these Objects, we could not exhaustively study. Only the fundamental relation *Between*, in the generalized sense, attracted our closer attention, and has represented for us, in this discussion, all the Categories of Relation, although, of course, the very nature of serial order implies also the existence of countless other relations. On the basis of this conception we reached the Category of Ordered Series, although not in its only form. For the Category of Number, and of the Self-Representative System, or Well-Ordered Series, was fully discussed in our Supplementary Essay, and is here presupposed. Nor have we attempted to discuss the Category of Continuity, which would find a place in a full treatment of the Ordered Series. On the basis, however, of the Concept of Series, we indicated the nature of the more complex Category of the Ordered System, in which many series are interwoven. And thus we were led to an indication of the scope of the Category of Law as it appears in the World of Description.

So much for the mere list of concepts. Plainly these are indeed fundamental notions regarding the realm of the facts that we ought to acknowledge. But are they exhaustive? Has our world of fact no other aspect than this?

I answer at once, the world of the objects of my present possible Attention, where attention means simply the discrimination of what is already assumed to be there, is by no means the final or determinate world that the Will seeks. For, first, it is on its face a world of abstract aspects, and not of finality. It is a world of Validity, and not explicitly a world of Individuals such as our Fourth Conception demands. It is, moreover, defined in terms of a fundamental postulate that always has an alternative over against it, the alternative expressed by saying that were the world concretely viewed as a Self-Representative System, then, for one who grasped the facts in the order of that system, the recurrent process of the interpolation of intermediate terms in series already recognized would no longer express the final truth. And finally, this conception of the World of Description, although it is constantly suggested by certain aspects of experience, meets constantly its empirical limitations. We frequently make discriminations that we have to accept

as final, without being able to comprehend them any further through discovering, in our experience, new intermediate terms. So it is when we find a limit to our power to observe finer distinctions of shades lying between two shades of gray. So it is, still more markedly, when we fail to find definite signs that between two individuals whom we believe to be real (as, for example, between two men), there are all the possible intermediate grades of individual men. Our empirical world appears to us often discrete. The problem of the "missing link" is not confined to the well-known instances that the theory of evolution brings to our notice. And it is, above all, individuality, wherever experience suggests it to us, that seems associated with a certain discreteness.

Now it is perfectly sure that, so long as we view the world merely as the field of possible discriminations, of consequent series, and of intended abstract descriptions, we deal with all these empirical failures by noting that to discriminate two objects and yet to be unable to find an intermediary, is, so far, to be baffled as to the relation of the One and the Many. Hence, so long as we are trying merely to describe what we find, and possess no other clew, we postulate, where we do not observe, the intermediaries. Our thinking, under the influence of such postulates, moves in the direction of conceiving every discrete series as a mere fragment of a continuum. And to "understand" the world, in terms of ideal continuity, is often our provisional goal. But the deepest principle of our procedure, even in this case, is the assurance that the One and the Many *can* be reconciled, and that the real world is the expression of our Purpose. In conceiving the World of Description, we view the facts, however, as if the only purpose that they could fulfil was the purpose of being discriminable. But perhaps even this purpose can be reached better in some other way. Perhaps the real world forms in its wholeness a Well-Ordered Series of a discrete type. For such, as we saw in the Supplementary Essay, is the characteristic form in which Selfhood is expressed.

Let us look, however, a little more closely at the sense in which this World of Description is also a world of abstraction. Here our attention is at once attracted by a consideration that I have so far kept in the background. Our principle has so far been this, "The real world is even now virtually present to my thought at every moment, as that whole which I acknowledge. My task in trying to come to clearer consciousness about the world is to discriminate

what it is that I acknowledge." It is indifferent, from this point of view, where I begin. *Any a and b will do to start my investigation.* Observe facts, and then look for their linkages. That is the one maxim of my procedure,—the maxim of descriptive science stated in its most abstract form. The choice of a specialty is indeed a personal matter; and because of human narrowness any one man has to confine himself to his own specialty. But all specialties have, from this point of view, their place in the endless task of describing the world. *Was haben Sie neues gefunden?*—this is the question which they ask of the laboratory specialist in Germany. *Anything* will do, if only it belongs to the range of one's specialty. The great world is there in the background all the time, awaiting the discriminating attention, now of this and now of that specialist. What you find must indeed be *new*, and, nevertheless, capable of being linked to the old. For, after all, even mere discrimination is an expression of the will, which seeks novelty. But the plan of one's discriminating procedure is indeed a self-surrendering plan. There is a heroism of sacrifice about it. I will give myself up to the facts so far as in me lies. I will find myself, only by losing myself in attentive observation of what is already there. My construction shall always be merely an acknowledgment of what I find.

But now, for such a method of work, not only any fact will do to begin with; but *any* point of view from which I set out will lead me to the *same* ideal result if only I continue this process of description. This world of facts, arranged in these abstractly conceived series, is *anybody's* world. All of us start from different points of view. We all, if we find this sort of truth, shall come in the end to define our results in terms of corresponding series. And this variety of possible points of view is not merely a chance accompaniment of description, but a necessary consequence of the way in which this series-forming-process of looking for what lies between any two objects proceeds. For from this point of view *there is nothing about the objects, as thus discriminated, which makes it necessary to take them up in your investigation in one order rather than in another.* Projective geometry deals with the facts of space in one way. Metrical geometry deals with them in another way. A higher development of mathematical thought shows how, by the addition of certain conceptions, one can pass from the series of conceived objects and relations of objects that projective geometry finds in space, to the series of the metrical

geometer, and *vice versa*. And now there seem to be *two equally justified* ways of portraying the metrical properties of space. Or, in another field, in preparing the way for the description of the process of evolution, the historians and the geologists, the botanists, the zoologists, the astronomers,—all contribute their various series of facts to be linked together in the larger generalization; and it is a mere historical accident in what order, or by what specialty, the particular series are brought to light. Hence, in general, since the discriminations upon which the formation of series depends might be made in any order, beginning with any *a* and *b*, the World of Description is, even apart from our human social conceptions, a world where the *same* results are valid for *various* methods of approaching and so of expressing these results. It is a world, therefore, where truth is never discovered in its complete and final individual form. For the various possible ways of defining series of facts are all equally justified. But to say this is to admit that they are all equally abstract and inadequate.

When you count eggs, it “makes no difference” in what order you count them. But when you are to enjoy a Symphony, a great deal depends on the precise order in which the notes are played. When the astronomer makes a catalogue of stars, the stars appear indifferent to the order in which their positions are set down. But when you undertake to perform any rational task, such as getting through your day’s duties, or serving your country, or growing in a sense of your relations to God, everything turns upon the order in which you do your work. Whatever expresses a single purpose has, as the expression of that purpose, an irreversible succession. One deed comes first, another next, and so on forever.

And now this holds true as to precisely the personal, the truly volitional aspect, of even those very processes of a descriptive sort (counting eggs, cataloguing stars, discriminating facts in their series),—such as I have here used to exemplify the apparent indifference of the serial systems of the world of description to the order in which you, or other observers, take note of their presence. The eggs and the stars appear unconcerned about the order in which you chance to take up your task of describing their serial variety. But *in your life*, that is, or ought to be, as orderly as the symphony or as serving God and your country, it makes a great difference *to you*, when you count the eggs, whether or no you count “six” after having counted “five,” or skip in counting one or more of

your well-ordered number-names. And in the life of the astronomer, considered as a man coöperating in a social task with other astronomers, the order in which the catalogue is made may be as sacred as any other moral task. Now the Reality is not the world apart from the activity of knowing beings,—it is the world of the fact *and* the knowledge in one organic whole.

It follows that we simply do not tell the whole story of our live relations to the world when we report the results of our formation, through successive discriminations, of series of facts. The world is unquestionably there to be known. Its facts are objects of possible attention. They can be discriminated. They do form series. But that is not the whole truth about them. The world is *also* there to express a perfectly determinate and absolute purpose. Its facts are incidents in a life,—yes, in a life of many lives,—*a rationally connected social system of beings that embody purposes in deeds*. The facts can therefore not only be discriminated, but, in so far as we ever come to be conscious of their true sense, they are linked in a teleological unity. And this unity determines not merely what is *the same for many points of view*, but what is uniquely present, once for all, from the divine point of view, as the one true Order of things. And the true Series is that of the Self, and of its expression in life. The true variety is that of various individual Selves, who together constitute, in their unity, the Individual of Individuals, the absolute. Beyond our own circle of concretely known facts, there are not merely series of data to be discriminated, but volitional processes to be estimated, appreciated, and conceived in their true serial order, as the stages of the world's life.

Now this conclusion is suggested, apart from our own special Theory of Being, by any fair reflection upon what happens when discriminations are made, when series of facts are found and described, when various observers, proceeding from different starting-points, reach, like the projective and the metrical geometer, or like two students of an experimental science, the *same* abstract results. For, as a fact, one has only to reflect in order to see, as we just saw in the case of counting the eggs, or of cataloguing the stars, that the process of discrimination, or of forming series, is itself an incident in a life whose Internal Meaning lies not merely in the acknowledgment of facts, but also in the creation of novelties. Our interest in discriminating is expressed in the joyous “I see” of the discoverer. But this is the joy of living, of creating, as well

as finding, a world. For in merely acknowledging facts one may indeed be said to *find* (in the sense that I here have in mind) something that, as one conceives, *another* might have found as well. But one is conscious of creating, only in so far as one believes that the expression of one's purpose is an unique and individual fact, that has nowhere else in the world of Being its likeness.¹³ In consequence, the whole truth is that one discriminates, indeed, at every step, and in doing so acknowledges what one does not regard as one's present creation. But this very act of discrimination is, in the life of one who sees, a present, an individual, and in so far a creative expression of purpose. And the world, *in permitting this expression*, reveals its true essence better than the mere description of the serially arranged data reveals the final truth of things. Whoever observes merely the series of linked and discriminated facts, has therefore but to reflect in order further to observe that *one's discrimination and linking of facts is itself also a fact*, yet not a fact in the series discriminated,—but rather one stage in a life of self-expression. Thinking, also, is living. Science is justified as a type of action. And this is why we never can be content with discovering that the world is describable, but must note that all description is valuable as a process occurring in a life. That is why, moreover, we must always hold that the very facts themselves which we can at present interpret only in terms of Description, are the incidents of an orderly life of divine Self-Expression.

VII

All then that we said at the outset about the presence of the world in the background, as the acknowledged reality *in* which we are to discover all the facts that ever we are to come to acknowledge in the concrete, was, as far as it went, valid. And the conclusion that we drew as to the way in which we, from our point of view, must undertake to solve the problem of the One and the Many by the serial discrimination and linkage of facts, expresses a significant, although partial, aspect of our search for truth. But the other aspect of the truth returns of itself whenever we reflect. The world is indeed there in the background. But it is there as embodiment of

¹³ See the discussion of the relations between freedom, activity, and individuality in the First Series of these lectures.

Life, and not merely as the object of discrimination. It is a world with which we stand in Social Relations. Its life coöperates with ours.

And now, as to the true serial order of this world of Life, we have, from the outset of our exposition of our Fourth Concept, recognized that, whatever the world contains, it contains in the form of a Self-Conscious Being. In our Supplementary Essay we showed at length that a Self, as a real being, has a certain form of expression, which inevitably involves a serial structure, but that *this* serial structure, in its main outline, is most truly represented by the form of the series of whole numbers, rather than by the form of a series between any two of whose terms, further terms without end are interpolated. A series of the latter type is indeed describable. Nor is it in the least objectionable by reason of the infinite complexity of its conceived structure. For, as the Supplementary Essay showed us, the real world is certainly infinitely complex in structure, and there is no contradiction in conceiving an infinitely complex object as real. But, from our point of view, the world of a Self, whatever continuity of internal structure it may in some aspects possess, is *in its principal form of expression embodied in a discrete series of acts, of individual expressions, of stages of self-representation and of self-revelation*. We cannot here repeat the argument by which this result was reached in the Essay in question. But experience at any moment shows how I am conscious of my own deeds, of my progress, of my acts of attention, and of my approaches to selfhood in any way, in the form of a *discrete series*, *in which one stage or act of life is followed by the next*. The principle of *my* life, as I come to myself, and, knowing what I want, proceed to do it, is a principle *winning novelty through Recurrence*. *Again and again*, I proceed, *from one act to the next*, and so always to new acts. But neither an interpolation of deeds *between* my own deeds, nor yet a consciousness of unbroken continuity in my own acts, would help me to understand myself. *My* order, then, so far as I grasp it at all, is like the order of the number-series, discrete. That is shown in my very process of discriminating something *between* any two accepted facts, so far as it is *my own process*. For that process, as we saw, is a recurrent one. I find that *a* is not next to *b*, but has *m* between. Then I conceive *m¹*, inserted, then *m²*, and so on. But as I do this, my act of conceiving the new intermediaries comes next after a former act; and another act of

conceiving intermediaries between *a* and *b* comes, in *my* life, next after this one.

Now if, with this fact in mind, I look back on the world which I attempted thus to describe, I find that the limitation which experience often seems to set to my postulates about the discrimination of facts, may well be founded in the deepest nature of things. The true world, the World of Values or of Appreciation, as rightly viewed by an absolute insight, would be a world of Selves, forming in the unity of their systems One Self. This world would appear to such an insight as a Social Order. For the categories of the World of Appreciation, as we shall later more fully see, when we come to the study of our human Social consciousness, are the categories of the Self in Social form and expression. But as I discriminate the world, taking account now of *a* and now of *b*, my discrimination, determined as it is by the interest of my individual development, does not seize upon the facts in the order in which they are actually determined by the Will whose expression is the world. As I take the facts, they come to me as incidents in my individual life. Since I fail to grasp the One in the Many in these cases, I postulate the intermediaries, and have a right to do so in so far as that can further my own purpose of comprehension, which itself is a part of the world-purpose, and which is accordingly sure, within its limits, of representing one aspect of the truth. The true world, however, is not the world of description, but the world of socially interrelated Selves. And the world as we describe it, is the world viewed in the order of our own processes of description, which as incident in our human life, have their value, but are expressions of the true world order, only in so far as they reveal to us the life of things. Our conclusion is that the true series of facts in the world must be a Well-Ordered Series, in which every fact has its next-following fact. The series discoverable by us in the World of Description are characterized by the prevalence, for our view, of the relation *Between*. Hence they do not appear to us as Well-Ordered Series. But just in so far they are inadequate expressions of the truth.

We are now prepared to consider the more special form which these general categories will take when we come to study our human experience of Nature and of our fellows. But before we make that transition, there is still something to be said regarding one further fundamental conception,—that of Time.

The Temporal and the Eternal

The world of the facts that we ought to acknowledge is, in one of its aspects, present (so we have maintained) as the Object of Possible Attention, in every act of finite insight. Finitude means inattention to the wealth and organization of the world's detail.

An obvious objection to this thesis is furnished by the nature of Time. How can Past and Future, which "do not exist," be in any sense "present," in the undistinguished unity of the facts which any finite thinker at any instant acknowledges?

In the Ninth Lecture of the First Series, we briefly considered the topic of temporal Being. We have to return to it here with more detail. There is an ancient distinction of the philosophers between the Temporal and the Eternal. It must be plain at this point, that we ascribe to the true world a certain eternal type of Being. Yet how shall we reconcile this with our equally obvious treatment of the world as existing in time? Plainly we have here a question that is of great importance for any understanding of the categories of experience. It belongs, then, in the context of these earlier discussions of our present series of lectures. Moreover, it is one that will constantly meet us later. The relation of Time to Nature will be of central concern to us. When we come to deal with the individual Self, we shall again have to face the question: In what sense has the Self of the individual a purely Temporal, and in what sense an Eternal type of reality? And before we can answer this

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question we must be more precise than we have yet been in defining the terms Time and Eternity. The issue here involved has a significance not only theoretical, but also intensely practical. It will need therefore a close and deliberate scrutiny. Time, as we shall soon see, is a concept of fundamentally practical meaning. The definition of the Eternal, on the other hand, has very close relations to the question as to the ultimate significance of all that is practical. Any rational decision as between a pessimistic and an optimistic view of the world, any account of the relations between God and Man, any view of the sense in which the evils and imperfections of the Universe can be comprehended or justified, any account of our ethical consciousness in terms reconcilable with our Idealism,—in brief, any philosophical reconciliation with religion and life, must turn in part upon a distinction between the Temporal and the Eternal, and upon an insight into their unity in the midst of their contrast. The problem at issue is one of the most delicate and, at the same time, one of the simplest of the great issues of philosophy. I shall here have to deal with it at first in a purely theoretical fashion, and shall then proceed to its practical applications. For both aspects of the question we are now fully prepared.

I

Time is known to us, both perceptually, as the psychologists would say, and conceptually. That is, we have a relatively direct experience of time at any moment, and we acknowledge the truth of a relatively indirect conception that we possess of the temporal order of the world. But our conception of time far outstrips in its development and in its organization anything that we are able directly to find in the time that is known to our perceptions. Much of the difficulty that appears in our metaphysical views about time is, however, due to lack of naïveté and directness in viewing the temporal aspects of reality. We first emphasize highly artificial aspects of our conception of time. Then we wonder how these various aspects can be brought into relation with the rest of the real world. Our efforts to solve our problem lead very easily to contradictions. We fail to observe how, in case of our more direct experience of time and of its meaning, various elements are woven into a certain wholeness,—the very elements which, when

our artificial conception of time has sundered them, we are prone to view as irreconcilable with one another and with reality.

Our more direct perceptions of time form a complex sort of consciousness, wherein it is not difficult to distinguish several aspects. For the first, some Change is always occurring in our experience. This change may belong to the facts of any sense, or to our emotions, or to our ideas; but for us to be conscious is to be aware of change. Now this changing character of our experience is never the whole story of any of our clearer and more definite kinds of consciousness. The next aspect of the matter lies in the fact that our consciousness of change, wherever it is definite and wherever it accompanies definite successive acts of attention, goes along with the consciousness that for us something comes first, and something next, or that there is what we call a Succession of events. Of such successions, melodies, rhythms, and series of words or of other simple acts form familiar and typical examples. An elementary consciousness of change without such definite successions we can indeed have; but where we observe clearly what a particular change is, it is a change wherein one fact succeeds another.

A succession, as thus more directly experienced by us, involves a certain well-known relation amongst the events that make up the succession. Together these events form a temporal sequence or order. Each one of them is over and past when the next one comes. And this order of the experienced time-series has a determinate direction. The succession passes *from* each event *to* its successor, and not in the reverse direction; so that herein the observed time relations notoriously differ from what we view as space relations. For if in space *b* is next to *a*, we can read the relation equally well as a coexistence of *a* with *b*, and as a coexistence of *b* with *a*. But in case *b* succeeds *a*, as one word succeeds another in a spoken sentence, then the relation is experienced as a passing from *a* to *b*, or as a passing over of *a* into *b*, in such wise that *a* is past, as an event, before *b* comes. This direction of the stream of time forms one of its most notable empirical characters. It is obviously related to that direction of the acts of the will whose logical aspect interested us in connection with the consideration of our discriminating consciousness.

But side by side with this aspect of the temporal order, as we experience this order, stands still another aspect, whose relation to the former has been persistently pointed out by many psycholog-

ical writers, and as persistently ignored by many of the metaphysical interpreters of the temporal aspect of the universe. When we more directly experience succession,—as, for instance, when we listen to a musical phrase or to a rhythmic series of drumbeats,—we not only observe that any antecedent member of the series is over and past before the next number comes, but also, and without the least contradiction between these two aspects of our total experience, we observe that this whole succession, with both its former and later members, so far as with relative directness we apprehend the series of drum-beats or of other simple events, is present *at once* to our consciousness, in precisely the sense in which the unity of our knowing mental life always finds present at once many facts. It is, as I must insist, true that for my consciousness *b* is experienced as following *a*, and also that both *a* and *b* are *together* experienced as in this relation of sequence. To say this is no more contradictory than to say that while I experience two parts of a surface as, by virtue of their spatial position, mutually exclusive each of the other, I also may experience the fact that both these mutually exclusive parts go together to form one whole surface. The sense in which they form one surface is, of course, not the sense in which, as parts, they exclude each other, and form different surfaces. Well, just so, the sense in which *b*, as successor of *a*, is such, in the series of events in question, that *a* is over and gone when *b* comes, is not the sense in which *a* and *b* are together elements in the whole experienced succession. But that, in *both* of these senses, the relation of *b* to its predecessor *a* is an experienced fact, is a truth that any one can observe for himself.

If I utter a line of verse, such as

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

the sound of the word *day* succeeds the sound of the word *parting*, and I unquestionably experience the fact that, for me, every earlier word of the line is over and past before the succeeding word or the last word, *day*, comes to be uttered or to be heard. Yet this is unquestionably not my whole consciousness about the succession. For I am certainly *also* aware that the *whole* line of poetry, as a succession of uttered sounds (or, at all events, a considerable portion of the line), is present to me at once, and as this one succession, when I speak the line. For only by virtue of experiencing this wholeness do I observe the rhythm, the music, and the meaning of the line.

The sense in which the word *parting* is over before the word *day* comes, is like the sense in which one object in space is *where* any other object is *not*, so that the spatial *presence* of one object excludes the presence of another at that same part of space. Precisely so the presence of the word *day* excludes the presence of the word *parting* from its own place in the temporal succession. And, in our experience of succession, each element is *present* in a particular point of the series, in so far as, with reference to that point, other events of the series are either *past*, that is, over and done with, or are *future*, that is, are later in the series, or are *not yet* when this one point of the series is in *this* sense present. Every word of the uttered line of poetry, viewed in its reference to the other words, or to previous and later experiences, is *present* in its own place in the series, is *over and done with* before later events can come, or when they are present, and is *not yet* when the former events of the succession are present. And that all this is true, certainly is a matter of our experience of succession.

But the sense in which, nevertheless, the whole series of the uttered words of the line, or of some considerable portion of the line, is presented to our consciousness *at once*, is precisely the sense in which we apprehend this line as one line, and this succession as one succession. The whole series of words has for us its rhythmic unity, and forms an instance of conscious experience, whose unity we overlook at one glance. And unless we could thus overlook a succession and view at once its serially related and mutually exclusive events, we should never know anything whatever about the existence of succession, and should have no problem about time upon our hands.

This extremely simple and familiar character of our consciousness of succession,—this essentially double aspect of every experience of a present series of events,—this inevitably twofold sense in which the term *present* can be used in regard to our perception of temporal happenings,—this is a matter of the most fundamental importance for our whole conception of Time, and, as I may at once add, for our conception of Eternity. Yet this is also a matter very frequently obscured, in discussion, by various devices often used to express the nature of the facts here in question. Sometimes, for the sake of a laudable attempt to define the term *present* in a wholly unambiguous way, those who are giving an account of our experience of time are led to assert that, since every part or element of

any series of temporal events can be *present* only when all the other elements of the series are temporally non-existent, *i.e.* are either past or future, it must therefore be quite impossible for us to be conscious, *at once*, of a present succession involving a series of such elements. For how, they say, can I be conscious of the presence of all the successive words of the verse of poetry, when only one word is actually and temporally present at any one time? To comprehend how I can become in any sense aware of the series of successive words that constitutes the line of verse, such students of our problem are accustomed to say that when any one word as *passing*, or *day*, is present to my mind, the other words, even of the same line, can be present to consciousness *only* as coexistent memories or images of the former words, or as images of the expected coming words. From this point of view, I never really observe any sequence of conscious events as a sequence at all. I merely apprehend each element by itself; and I directly conclude from the images which in my experience are coexistent with this element, that there have been antecedent, and will be subsequent events in the series.

This interpretation of our consciousness of time is, however, directly counter to our time-experience, as any one may observe it for himself. For we do experience succession, and *at once* we do take note of facts that are in different times. For, I ask you, What word of mine is it that, as this single present word, you just *now* hear me speaking? If I pause a little, you perhaps dwell upon the last word that I utter before pausing, and call that the one present word. Otherwise, however, as I speak to you, you are conscious of series of successive words, of whole phrases, of word groups, of clauses. Within each one of these groups of words, you are indeed more or less clearly aware that every element has its own temporal place; and that, *in so far as* each element is taken by itself as present, the other elements either precede or succeed it, and in *this* sense are not in one time with it. But this very fact itself you know merely in so far as you actually experience series, each of which contains several successive words. These series come to you not merely by virtue of remembered facts, but also as experienced facts.

And in truth, were this not so, you could indeed have no experience of succession at all. You would then experience, at any one moment, merely the single word, or something less than any single word, together with the supposed coexistent and contemporaneous images of actually past or of coming words. But how, in that case,

would your experience of time-sequences come to seem to you different from any experience whatever of coexistence? Nor is even this the only difficulty about the doctrine which supposes you to be unable to view a series of successive events as all at once presented to your consciousness. A still deeper difficulty results from such an effort to evade the double sense in which the facts of succession are known in your experience. If you can have present to you only *one* event at a time in a series of successive events, how long, or rather how short, must an event be to contain within itself no succession at all, or no difference between former and latter contents? In vain do you suppose that, at any time, you have directly present to your consciousness only one of the successive words that you hear me speak. Not thus do you escape our difficulty. For a spoken word is itself a series of temporally successive sounds. Can you hear at once the whole spoken word, or can you grasp at once this whole series? If so, my own foregoing account is in principle admitted. For then, in this presence of the facts of succession to your consciousness, there are our two former aspects, both of them, involved. *Each* element of the succession (namely, in this case, the elementary sounds that to your consciousness make up the word) is temporally present just when it occurs, but *not* before or afterwards, in so far as it follows previous elements and succeeds later elements; and also *all* the elements are, in the other sense of the term, *present at once* to consciousness, as constituting this whole succession which you call the word. If, however, you deny that you actually hear, apart from memory or from imagery, any single whole word at once, I shall only the more continue to ask you, What is the least or the simplest element of succession that is such as to constitute a merely present experience, with *no* former or latter contents within it? What apart from any memory or any imagery, and wholly apart from ideas of the past or the future of your experience, is present to you, in an indivisible time instant, just *Now*? The question is obviously unanswerable, just because an absolutely indivisible instant of mathematical time, with no former and latter contained within it, neither constitutes nor contains any temporal event, nor presents to you any fact of temporal experience whatever, just as an indivisible point in space could contain no matter, nor itself ever become, in isolation, an object of spatial experience. On the other hand, an event such that in it you were unable to perceive any succession, would help you in

no whit to get the idea of time until you experienced it along with other events. What is now before you is a succession, within which are parts; and of these parts each, when and in so far as once your attention fixes it, and takes it in its time relations, is found as a present that in time both precedes and succeeds other facts, while these other facts are also just as truly before you as the observed element called the temporally present one is itself before you. And thus you cannot escape from our twofold interpretation of the experience of temporal succession. You are conscious of a series of successive states presented to you as a whole. You are also aware that each element of the succession excludes the others from its own place in time.

There is, to be sure, another frequent way of describing our consciousness of succession,—and a way that on the whole I find unsatisfactory. According to this view, events come to us in succession in our experience,—let us say the words of a spoken verse,—and *then* something often called the synthetic activity of the mind supervenes, and later binds together into unity, these successive facts, so that when this binding has taken place we *then* recognize the whole fagot of experience as a single succession. This account of the temporal facts, in terms of an activity called a synthesis, helps me, I must confess, no whit. What I find in consciousness is that a succession, such as a rhythm of drum-beats, a musical phrase, a verse of poetry, comes to me as one present whole, present in the sense that I know it all at once. And I also find that this succession is such that it has *within* it a temporal distinction, or order, of earlier and later elements. While these elements are at once known, they are *also* known as such that at the briefer instant *within* the succession when any one of them is to be temporally viewed as a present fact, none of the others are contemporaneous with that fact, but all are either *no longer* or *not yet* when, and in so far as, that element is taken as the present one. And I cannot make this datum of experience any more definite by calling it a synthesis, or the mere result of a synthesis.

I have now characterized the more directly given features in our consciousness of succession. You see, as a result, that we men experience what Professor James, and others, have called our “specious present,” as a serial whole, *within* which there are observed temporal differences of former and latter. And this our “specious present” has, when measured by a reference to time-keepers, a

length which varies with circumstances, but which appears to be never any very small fraction of a second, and never more than a very few seconds in length. I have earlier referred to this length of our present moments as our characteristic "time-span" of consciousness, and have pointed out how arbitrary a feature and limitation of our consciousness it is. We shall return soon to the question regarding the possible metaphysical significance of this time-span of our own special kind of consciousness.

But it remains here to call closer attention to certain other equally important features of our more direct experience of time-succession. So far, we have spoken, in the main, as if succession were to us a mere matter of given facts, as colors and sounds are given. But all our experience also has relation to the interests whose play and whose success or defeat constitute the life of our will. Every serial succession of which we are conscious therefore has for us some sort of meaning. In it we find our success or our failure. In it our internal meanings are expressed, or hindered, thwarted or furthered. We are interested in life, even if it be, in idle moments, only the dreary interest of wondering what will happen next, or, in distressed moments, the interest in flying from our present fortune, or, in despairing moments, of wishing for the end; still more then if, in strenuous moments, our interest is in pursuing our ideal. And our interest in life means our conscious concern in passing on from any temporal present towards its richer fulfilment, or away from its relative insignificance. Now that Direction of temporal succession of which I before made mention, has the most intimate relations to this our interest in our experience. What is earlier in a given succession is related to what is later as being that *from* which we pass *towards* a desired fulfilment, or in search of a more complete expression of our purpose. We are never content in the temporal present in so far as we view it as temporal, that is, as an event in a series. For such a present has its meaning as a transition from its predecessors towards its successors.

Our temporal form of experience is thus peculiarly the form of the Will as such. Space often seems to spread out before us what we take to be the mere contents of our world; but time gives the form for the expression of all our meanings. Facts, in so far as, with an abstractly false Realism, we sunder them from their meanings, therefore tend to be viewed as merely in relations of coexistence; and the space-world is the favorite region of Realism. But ideas, when con-

scious, assume the consciously temporal form of inner existence, and appear to us as constructive processes. The visible world, when viewed as at rest, therefore interests us little in comparison with the same world when we take note of its movements, changes, successions. As the kitten ignores the dead leaves until the wind stirs them, but then chases them—so facts in general tend to appear to us all dead and indifferent when we disregard their processes. But in the movements of things lies for us, just as truly as in her small way for the kitten, all the glory and the tragedy, all the life and the meaning of our observed universe. This concern, this interest in the changing, binds us then to the lower animals, as it doubtless also binds us to beings of far higher than human grade. We watch the moving and tend to neglect the apparently changeless objects about us. And that is why narrative is so much more easily effective than description in the poetic arts; and why, if you want to win the attention of the child or of the general public, you must tell the story rather than portray coexistent truths, and must fill time with series of events, rather than merely crowd the space of experience or of imagination with manifold but undramatic details. For space furnishes indeed the stage and the scenery of the universe, but the world's play occurs in time.

Now all these familiar considerations remind us of certain of the most essential characters of our experience of time. Time, whatever else it is, is given to us as that within whose successions, in so far as for us they have a direct interest and meaning, every event, springing from, yet forsaking, its predecessors, aims on, towards its own fulfilment and extinction in the coming of its successors. Our experience of time is thus for us essentially an experience of longing, of pursuit, of restlessness. And this is the aspect which Schopenhauer and the Buddhists have found so intolerable about the very nature of our finite experience. Upon this dissatisfied aspect of finite consciousness we ourselves dwelt when, in the former series of lectures, we were first learning to view the world, for the moment, from the mystic's point of view. As for the higher justification of this aspect of our experience, that indeed belongs elsewhere. But as to the facts, every part of a succession is present in so far as when it is, that which is *no longer* and that which is *not yet* both of them stand in essentially significant, or, if you will, in essentially practical relations to this present. It is true, of course, that when we view relatively indifferent time-series, such as the ticking of a watch or the dropping

of rain upon the roof, we can disregard this more significant aspect of succession; and speak of the endless flight of time as an incomprehensible brute fact of experience, and as in so far seemingly meaningless. But no series of experiences upon which attention is fixed is wholly indifferent to us; and the temporal aspect of such series always involves some element of expectancy and some sense of something that no longer is; and both these conscious attitudes color our interest in the presented succession, and give the whole the meaning of life. Time is thus indeed the form of practical activity; and its whole character, and especially that direction of its succession of which we have spoken, are determined accordingly.

II

I have dwelt long upon the time consciousness of our relatively direct experience, because here lies the basis for every deeper comprehension of the metaphysics both of time and of eternity. Our ordinary conception of time as an universal form of existence in the external world, is altogether founded upon a generalization, whose origin is in us men largely and obviously social, but whose materials are derived from our inner experience of the succession of significant events. The conceived relations of Past, Present, and Future in the real world of common-sense metaphysics, appear indeed, at first sight, vastly to transcend anything that we ourselves have ever observed in our inner experience. The infinite and irrevocable past that no longer is, the expected infinite future that has as yet no existence, how remote these ideal constructions, supposed to be valid for all gods and men and things, seem at first sight from the brief and significant series of successive events that occur within the brief span of our actual human consciousness. Yet, as we saw in the ninth lecture of our former Series, common sense, as soon as questioned about special cases, actually conceives the Being of both the past and the future as so intimately related to the Being of the present that every definite conception of the real processes of the world, whether these processes are viewed as physical or as historical or explicitly as ethical, depends upon taking the past, the present, and the future as constituting a single whole, whose parts have no true Being except in their linkage. As a fact, moreover, the term *present*, when applied to characterize a moment or an event in the time-stream of the real world, never means, in any significant application,

the indivisible present of an ideal mathematical time. The present time, in case of the world at large, has an unity altogether similar to that of the present moment of our inner consciousness. We may speak of the present minute, hour, day, year, century. If we use the term *present* regarding any one of these divisions of time, but regard this time not as the experienced form of the inner succession of our own mental events, but as the time of the real world in which we ourselves form a part, then we indeed conceive that this present is world-embracing, and that suns move, light radiates between stars, the deeds of all men occur, and the minds of all men are conscious, in this same present time of which we thus make mention. Moreover, we usually view the world-time in question in terms of the conceptions of the World of Description, and so we conceive it as infinitely divisible, as measurable by various mathematical and physical devices, and as a continuous stream of occurrence. Yet in whatever sense we speak of the real present time of the world, this present, whether it is the present second, or the present century, or the present geological period, it is, for our conception, as truly a divisible and connected whole region of time, within which a succession of events takes place, as it is a world-embracing and connected time, within whose span the whole universe of present events is comprised. A mathematically indivisible present time, possessing no length, is simply no time at all. Whoever says, "In the universe at large only the present state of things is real, only the present movement of the stars, the present streamings of radiant light, the present deeds and thoughts of men are real; the whole past is dead; the whole future is not yet,"—any such reporter of the temporal existence of the universe may be invited to state how long his real present of the time-world is. If he replies, "The present moment is the absolutely indivisible and ideal boundary between present and future,"—then one may rejoin at once that in a mathematically indivisible instant, having no length, no event happens, nothing endures, no thought or deed takes place,—in brief, nothing whatever temporally exists,—and that, too, whatever conception you may have of Being. But if the real present is a divisible portion of time, then it contains within itself succession, precisely as the "specious present" of psychological time contains such internal succession. But in that case, within the real present of the time-world, there are already contained the distinctions that, in case of the time of experience, we have heretofore observed. If, in what you choose to call the present moment of the

world's history, deeds are accomplished, suns actually move from place to place, light waves traverse the ether, and men's lives pass from stage to stage, then *within* what you thus call the present there are distinguishable and more elementary events, arranged in series, such that when any conceived element, or mere elementary portion of any series is taken in relation to its predecessors and successors, it is *not yet* when its antecedents are taken as temporally present, and is *past and gone* when its successors are viewed as present. The world's time is thus in all respects a generalized and extended image and correspondent of the observed time of our inner experience. In the time of our more direct experience, we find a twofold way in which we can significantly call a portion of time a present moment. The present, in our inner experience, means a whole series of events grasped by somebody as having some unity for his consciousness, and as having its own single internal meaning. This was what we meant by the present experience of this musical phrase, this spoken line of verse, this series of rhythmic beats. But, in the other sense of the word, an element within any such whole is present in so far as this element has antecedents and successors, so that they are *no longer* or *not yet* when it is temporally viewed as present, while in turn, in so far as any one of them is viewed as the present element, this element itself is either *not yet* or *no longer*. But precisely so, in the conceptual time of our real world, the Present means any section of the time-stream in so far as, with reference to anybody's consciousness, it is viewed as having relation to this unity of consciousness, and as in a single whole of meaning with this unity. Usually by "our time," or "the real time in which we now live," we mean no very long period of the conceived time-stream of the real world. But we never mean the indivisible *now* of an ideal mathematical time, because, in such an indivisible time-instant, nothing could happen, or endure, or genuinely exist. But within the present, if conceived as a section of the time-stream, there are internal differences of present, past, and future.

For, in a similar fashion, as the actual or supposed length of the "specious present" of our perceptual time is something arbitrary, determined by our peculiar human type of consciousness, so the length of the portion of conceptual time which we call the *present*, in the first sense of that term, namely, in the sense in which we speak of the "present age," is an arbitrary length, determined in this case, however, by our more freely chosen interest in some unity

which gives relative wholeness and meaning to this present. If usually the "present age" is no very long time, still, at our pleasure, or in the service of some such unity of meaning as the history of civilization, or the study of geology, may suggest, we may conceive the present as extending over many centuries, or over a hundred thousand years. On the other hand, within the unity of this first present, any distinguishable event or element of an event is *present*, in the second, and more strictly temporal sense in so far as it has predecessors and successors, whereof the first are *no longer*, and the latter *not yet*, when this more elementary event is viewed as happening.

Nor does the parallelism between the perceptual and the conceptual time cease here. The perceptual time was the form in which meaning, and the practically significant aspects of consciousness, get their expression. The same is true of the conceptual time, when viewed in its relations to the real world. Not only is the time of human history, or of any explicitly teleological series of events, obviously the form in which the facts win their particular type of conceived meaning; but even the time of physical science gets its essential characters, as a conception, through considerations that can only be interpreted in terms of the Will, or of our interest in the meaning of the world's happenings.

For the conceived time-series, even when viewed in relation to the World of Description, still differs in constitution from the constitution of a line in space, or from the characters belonging to a mathematically describable physical movement of a body, in ways which can only be expressed in terms of significance. Notoriously, conceptual time has often been described as correspondent in structure to the structure of a line, or as correspondent again, in character, to the character of an uniformly flowing stream, or of some other uniform movement. But a line can be traversed in either direction, while conceptual time is supposed to permit but one way of passing from one instant to another in its course. An uniform flow, or other motion, has, like time, a fixed direction, but might be conceived as returning into itself without detriment to its uniformity. Thus an ideally regular watch "keeps time," as we say, by virtue of the uniformity of its motion; but its hands return ever again to the same places on the face; while the years of conceptual time return not again. And finally, if one supposed an ideally uniform physical flow or streaming

in one rectilinear direction only, and in an infinite Euclidean space, the character of this movement might so far be supposed to correspond to that of an ideally conceived mathematical time; except for one thing. The uniformity and unchangeableness of the conceived physical flow would be a merely given character, dependent, perhaps, upon the fact that the physical movement in question was conceived as meeting with no obstacle or external hindrance; but the direction of the flow of time is a character essential to the very conception of time. And this direction of the flow of time can only be expressed in its true necessity by saying that in case of the world's time, as in the case of the time of our inner experience, we conceive the past as leading towards, as aiming in the direction of the future, in such wise that the future depends for its meaning upon the past, and the past in its turn has its meaning as a process expectant of the future. In brief, only in terms of Will, and only by virtue of the significant relations of the stages of a teleological process, has time, whether in our inner experience, or in the conceived world order as a whole, any meaning. Time is the form of the Will; and the real world is a temporal world in so far as, in various regions of that world, seeking differs from attainment, pursuit is external to its own goal, the imperfect tends towards its own perfection, or in brief, the internal meanings of finite life gradually win, in successive stages, their union with their own External Meaning. The general justification for this whole view of the time of the real world is furnished by our idealistic interpretation of Being. The special grounds for regarding the particular Being of time itself as in this special way teleological, are furnished by the foregoing analysis of our own experience of time, and by the fact that the conceptual time in terms of which we interpret the order of the world at large, is fashioned, so to speak, after the model of the time of our own experience.

III

Having thus defined the way in which the conceptual time of the real world of common sense corresponds in its structure to the structure of the time known to our inner perception, we are prepared to sketch our theory both of the sense in which the world of our idealistic doctrine appears to be capable of interpretation as a Temporal order, and of the sense in which, for this same theory,

this world is to be viewed as an Eternal order. For, as a fact, in defining time we have already, and inevitably, defined eternity; and a temporal world must needs be, when viewed in its wholeness, an eternal world. We have only to review the structure of Reality in the light of the foregoing analysis in order to bring to our consciousness this result.

And so, first, the real world of our Idealism has to be viewed by us men as a temporal order. For it is a world where purposes are fulfilled, or where finite internal meanings reach their final expression, and attain unity with external meanings. Now in so far as any idea, as a finite Internal Meaning, still seeks its own Other, and consciously pursues that Other, in the way in which, as we have all along seen, every finite idea does pursue its Other, this Other is in part viewed as something beyond, *towards* which the striving is directed. But our human experience of temporal succession is, as we have seen, just such an experience of a pursuit directed towards a goal. And such pursuit demands, as an essential part or aspect of the striving in question, a consciousness that agrees in its most essential respect with our own experience of time. Hence, our only way of expressing the general structure of our idealistic realm of Being is to say that wherever an idea exists as a finite idea, still in pursuit of its goal, there appears to be some essentially temporal aspect belonging to the consciousness in question. To my mind, therefore, time, as the form of the will, is (in so far as we can undertake to define at all the detailed structure of finite reality) to be viewed as the most pervasive form of all finite experience, whether human or extra-human. In pursuing its goals, the Self lives in time. And, to our view, every real being in the universe, in so far as it has not won union with the ideal, is pursuing that ideal; and, accordingly, so far as we can see, is living in time. Whoever, then, is finite, says, "not yet," and in part seeks his Other as involving what, to the seeker, is still future. For the finite world in general, then, as for us human beings, the distinction of past and future appears to be coextensive with life and meaning.

I have advisedly used, however, the phrase that the time-consciousness is a "part" or "aspect" of the striving. For from our point of view, the Other, the completion that our finite being seeks, is not *merely* something beyond the present, and is not merely a future experience, but is also inclusive of the very process of the striving itself. For the goal of every finite life is simply the totality whereof

this life, in its finitude, is a fragment. When I seek my own goal, I am looking for the whole of myself. In so far as my aim is the absolute completion of my Selfhood, my goal is identical with the whole life of God. But, in so far as, by my whole individual Self, I mean my whole Self in contrast with the Selves of my fellows,—then the completion of my individual expression, in so far as I am this individual and no other,—*i.e.* my goal, as this Self, is still not any one point or experience in my life, nor any one stage of my life, but the totality of my individual life viewed as in contrast with the lives of other individuals. Consequently, while it is quite true that every incomplete being, every finite striving, regards itself as aiming towards a future, because its own goal is not yet attained; we have, nevertheless, to remember that the attainment of the goal involves more than any future moment, taken by itself, could ever furnish. For the Self in its entirety is the whole of a self-representative or recurrent process, and not the mere last moment or stage of that process. As we shall see, there is in fact no last moment. A life seeking its goal is, therefore, indeed, essentially temporal,—but is so just as music is temporal,—except indeed that music is not only temporal, but temporally finite. For every work of musical art involves significant temporal series, wherein there is progression, and passage from chord to chord, from phrase to phrase, and from movement to movement. But just as any one musical composition has its value not only by virtue of its attainment of its final chord, but also at every stage of the process that leads towards this conclusion; and just as the whole musical composition is, as a whole, an end in itself; so every finite Internal Meaning wins final expression, not merely through the last stage of its life (if it has a last stage), but through its whole embodiment. And, nevertheless, as the music attains wholeness only through succession; so every idea that is to win its complete expression, does so through temporal sequences.

Since, at all events, no other than such a temporal expression of meaning in life is in any wise definable for our consciousness, our Idealism can only express its view of the relation of finite and absolute life by viewing the whole world, and in particular the whole existence of any individual Self, as such a temporal process, wherein there is expressed, by means of a Well-Ordered Series of stages, a meaning that finally belongs to the whole life, but that at every temporal stage of the process in question appears to involve, in part, a beyond,—a something not yet won,—and so a distinction both of

the past and the future of this Self from the content of any one stage of the process when that stage is viewed as the present one.

In this sense, therefore, our doctrine is obliged to conceive the entire world-life as including a temporal series of events. When considered with reference to any one of these events, the rest of the events that belong to the series of which any one finite Self takes account, are past and future, that is, they are *no longer* and *not yet*; just as, when viewed with reference to any one chord or phrase in the musical composition, all the other successive elements of the composition are either past or future.

The infinite divisibility of the time of our ordinary scientific conceptions is indeed due to that tendency of our own discriminating attention to an endless interpolation of intermediary stages,—a tendency which we studied in connection with our general account of the World of Description. We have, however, seen reasons, which, applied to time, would lead us to declare that an absolute insight would view the temporal order as a discrete series of facts ordered as any succession of facts expressing one purpose would be ordered, viz. like the whole numbers. On the other hand, we have no reason to suppose that our human consciousness distinctly observes intervals of time that in brevity anywhere nearly approach to the final truth about the temporal order. Within what is for us the least observable happening, a larger insight may indeed discriminate multitudes of events. In dealing with the concept of Nature, we shall see what significant use may be made of the hypothesis that there exists or may exist, finite consciousness for which the series of events that we regard as no longer distinguishable from merely elementary and indivisible happenings, are distinguished so minutely as to furnish content as rich as those which, from our point of view, occupy æons of the world's history. Our right to such hypotheses is incontestable, provided only that they help us to conceive the true unity of experience. Nevertheless, in the last analysis, the Absolute Will must be viewed as expressed in a well-ordered and discrete series of facts, which from our point of view may indeed appear, as we shall still further see, capable of discrimination *ad infinitum*.

But now secondly, and without the least conflict with the foregoing theses, I declare that this same temporal world is, when regarded in its wholeness, an Eternal order. And I mean by this assertion nothing whatever but that the whole real content of this temporal order, whether it is viewed from any one temporal instant

as past or as present or as future, is *at once* known, *i.e.* is consciously experienced as a whole, by the Absolute. And I use this expression *at once* in the very sense in which we before used it when we pointed out that to your own consciousness, the whole musical phrase may be and often is known *at once*, *despite* the fact that each element of the musical succession, when taken as the temporally present one, excludes from its own temporal instant the other members of the sequence, so that they are either *no longer* or *not yet*, at the instant *when* this element is temporally the present one. As we saw before, it is true that, in one sense, each one of the elements or partial events of a sequence excludes the former and the latter elements from being at the time *when* this particular element exists. But that, in another and equally obvious and empirical sense, *all* the members of an actually experienced succession are *at once* to any consciousness which observes the whole succession as a whole, is equally true. The term *present*, as we saw, is naturally used both to name the temporally present when it is opposed to whatever precedes or succeeds this present, and also to name the observed facts of a succession in so far as they are experienced as constituting one whole succession. In so far the term is indeed ambiguous. But even this ambiguity itself is due to the before-mentioned fact that, if you try to find an absolutely simple present temporal fact of consciousness, and still to view it as an event in time, you are still always led, in the World of Description, to observe or to conceive that this temporal fact is a complex event, having a true succession *within* itself. So that the *now* of temporal expression is never a *mere* now, unless indeed it be viewed either as the ideal mathematical instant within which *nothing* takes place, or else as one of the finally simple stages of the discrete series of facts which the absolute insight views as the expression of its Will.

As to the one hypothesis, an absolute instant in the mathematical sense is like a point, an ideal limit, and never appears as any isolated fact of temporal experience. Every *now* within which something happens is therefore *also* a succession; so that every temporal fact, every event, so far as we men can observe it, has to be viewed as present to experience in *both* the senses of the term present; since this fact *when* present may be contrasted with predecessors that are *no longer* and with successors that are *not yet*, while this same fact, when taken as an event occupying time, is viewed as a presented succession with former and latter members contained within it.

As to the other hypothesis, it seems clear that we human beings observe no such ultimate and indivisible facts of experience just because, so far as we observe and discriminate facts, we are more or less under the bondage of the categories of the World of Description.

But, in view of the correspondence between the universal time of the world-order, as we conceive it, and the time of our internal experience, as we observe it, the temporal sequences must be viewed as having in the real world, and for the Absolute, the same twofold character that our temporal experiences have for ourselves. *Present*, in what we may call the inclusive sense of the term, is any portion of real time with all its included events, in so far as there is any reason to view it as a whole, and as known in this wholeness by a single experience. *Present*, in what we may by contrast call the exclusive sense, is any one temporal event, in so far as it is contrasted with antecedent and subsequent events, and in so far as it excludes them from coexistence with itself in the same portion of any succession. These two senses of the term *present* do not contradict each other in case of the world-order any more than they do in case of our own inner experience. Both senses express inevitably distinct and yet inseparable connected aspects of the significant life of the conscious will, whether in us, or in the universe at large. Our view declares that all the life of the world, and therefore all temporal sequences, are present at once to the Absolute. Our view also maintains that, without the least conflict with this sense in which the whole temporal order is known at once to the Absolute, there is another sense in which any portion of the temporal sequence of the world may be taken as present, when viewed with reference to the experience of any finite Self whose present it is, and when contrasted with what for this same point of view is the past and the future of the world. Now the events of the temporal order, when viewed in this latter way, are divided, with reference to the point of view of any finite Self, into what *now* is, and what *no longer* is, and what *is to be*, but is *not yet*. These same events, however, in so far as they are viewed at once by the Absolute, are for such view, all equally present. And this their presence is the presence of all time, as a *totum simul*, to the Absolute. And the presence in this sense, of all time at once to the Absolute, constitutes the Eternal order of the world,—eternal, since it is inclusive of all distinctions of temporal past and temporal future,—eternal, since, for this very reason, the totality of

temporal events thus present at once to the Absolute has no events that precede, or that follow it, but contains all sequences within it,—eternal, finally, because this view of the world does not, like our partial glimpses of this or of that relative whole of sequence, pass away and give place to some other view, but includes an observation of every passing away, of every sequence, of every event and of whatever in time succeeds and follows that event, and includes all the views that are taken by the various finite Selves.

In order to conceive what, in general, such an eternal view of the temporal order involves, or to conceive in what sense the temporal order of the real world is also an eternal order, we have, therefore, but to remember the sense in which the melody, or other sequence, is known at once to our own consciousness, despite the fact that its elements when viewed merely in their temporal succession are, in so far, *not* at once. As we saw before, the brief span of our consciousness, the small range of succession, that we can grasp at once, constitutes a perfectly arbitrary limitation of our own special type of consciousness. But in principle a time-sequence, however brief, is already viewed in a way that is not *merely* temporal, when, despite its sequence, it is grasped at once, and is thus grasped not through mere memory, but by virtue of actual experience. A consciousness related to the whole of the world's events, and to the whole of time, precisely as our human consciousness is related to a single melody or rhythm, and to the brief but still extended interval of time which this melody or rhythm occupies,—such a consciousness, I say, is an Eternal Consciousness. In principle we already possess and are acquainted with the nature of such a consciousness, whenever we do experience any succession as one whole. The only thing needed to complete our idea of what an actually eternal consciousness is, is the conceived removal of that arbitrary limitation which permits us men to observe indeed at once a succession, but forbids us to observe a succession at once in case it occupies more than a very few seconds.

IV

This definition of the relations of the Temporal and the Eternal accomplishes all the purposes that are usually in mind when we speak of the divine knowledge as eternal. That eternity is a *totum simul*, the scholastics were well aware; and St. Thomas develops our

present concept with a clearness that is only limited by the consequences of his dualistic view of the relation of God and the world. For after he has indeed well defined and beautifully illustrated the inclusive eternity of the divine knowledge, he afterwards conceives the temporal existence of the created world as sundered from the eternal life which belongs to God. And hereby the advantages of an accurate definition of the eternal are sacrificed for the sake of a special dogmatic interest.

Less subtle forms of speculation have led to uses of the word *eternal*, whose meaning is often felt to be far deeper than such usages can render explicit. But as these subtle usages are often stated, they are indeed open to the most obvious objections. An eternal knowledge is often spoken of as if it were one for which there is *no* distinction whatever between past, and present, and future. But such a definition is as absurd as if one should speak of our knowledge of a whole musical phrase or rhythm, when we grasped such a whole at once, as if the *at once* implied that there were for us no temporal distinction between the first and the last beat or note of the succession in question. To observe the succession *at once* is to have present with perfect clearness *all* the time-elements of the rhythm or of the phrase just as they are,—the succession, the tempo, the intervals, the pauses,—and yet, without losing any of their variety, to view them at once as one present musical idea. Now for our theory, that is precisely the way in which the eternal consciousness views the temporal order,—not ignoring one jot or tittle of its sharp distinctions of past or of future, of succession or of duration,—but still viewing the whole time-process as the expression of a single Internal Meaning. What we now call past and future are not merely the *same* for God; and, nevertheless, they are viewed *at once*, precisely as the beginning and the end of the rhythm are not the same for our experience, but are yet at once seen as belonging to one and the same whole succession.

Or again, an eternal knowledge is often supposed to be one that abstracts from time, or that takes no account of time; so that, for an eternal point of view it is as if time were not at all. But to say this is as if one were to speak of observing at once the meaning or character of the whole phrase or rhythm by simply failing to take any note at all of the succession as such. The meaning is the meaning of the succession; and is grasped only by observing this succession

as something that involves former and latter elements, while these elements in time exclude one another, and therefore follow, each one *after* its predecessor has temporally ceased, and *before* its successor temporally appears. Just so, we assert that the eternal insight observes the whole of time, and all that happens therein, and is eternal only by virtue of the fact that it does know the whole of time.

Or again, some doctrines often speak of an eternal insight as something wholly and inexplicably *different* from any temporal type of consciousness, so that *how* God views His truth as eternal truth, no man can say. But our theory regards the essential relation of an eternal to a temporal type of consciousness as one of the simplest of the relations that are of primal importance for the definition of the Absolute. Listen to any musical phrase or rhythm, and grasp it as a whole, and you thereupon have present in you the image, so to speak, of the divine knowledge of the temporal order. To view all the course of time just as you then and there view the whole of that sequence,—this is to be possessed of an eternal type of insight.

“But,” so many hereupon object,—“it appears impossible to see how this sort of eternal insight is possible, since just now, in time, the infinite past,—including, say, the geological periods and the Persian invasion of Greece, is *no longer*, while the future is *not yet*. How then for God shall this difference of past and future be transcended, and all be seen at once?” I reply, In precisely the same sense all the notes of the melody except this note are not *when* this note sounds, but are either *no longer* or *not yet*. Yet you may know a series of these notes at once. Now precisely so God knows the whole time-sequence of the world at once. The difference is merely one of span. You now exemplify the eternal type of knowledge, even as you listen to any briefest sequence of my words. For you, too, know time even by sharing the image of the Eternal.

Or again, a common wonder appears regarding how the divine knowledge can be in such wise eternal as to suffer no change to occur in it. How God should be unchangeable, yet express His will in a changing world, is an ancient problem. Our doctrine answers the question at a stroke. The knowledge of all change is itself indeed unchangeable, just because any change that occurs or that can occur to any being is already included amongst the objects known to the eternal point of view. The knowledge of this melody as one whole

does not itself consist in an adding of other notes to the melody. The knowledge of all sequences does not itself follow as another sequence. Hence it is indeed not subject to the fate of sequence.

And finally, a mystery is very generally made of the fact that since time appears to us as inevitably infinite, and as therefore not, like the melody or the rhythm, capable of completion, an eternal knowledge, if it involves a knowledge of the whole of time, must be something that has to appear to us self-contradictory and impossible. Any complete answer to this objection involves, of course, a theory of the infinite. Such a theory I have set forth in the Supplementary Essay, published with the First Series of these lectures. The issue involved, that of the positive concept of an infinite whole, is indeed no simple one, and is not capable of any brief presentation. I can here only report that the considerations set forth in that Supplementary Essay have led me to the thesis that a Well-Ordered Infinite Series, under the sole condition that it embodies a single plan, may be rightly viewed as forming a totality, and as an individual whole, precisely as a musical theme or a rhythm is viewed by our experience as such a whole. That the universe itself is such an infinite series, I have endeavored, in that paper, to show in great detail. If you view the temporal order of the world as also forming such an endless whole, expressing a single plan and Will (as I think you have a right to do), then the argument of the Supplementary Essay in question will apply to our present problem. The whole of time will contain a single expression of the divine Will, and therefore, despite its endlessness, the time-world will be present as such a single whole to the Absolute whose Will this is, and whose life all this sequence embodies.

V

In order to refer, as I close, to the practical interest which has guided me through all the abstract considerations even of this present lecture, I may be permitted to anticipate some of our later results about the Self, and, for the sake of illustration, to point out that from our point of view, as we shall later explain it more fully, your life, your Self, your will, your individuality, your deeds, can be and are present at once to the eternal insight of God; while, nevertheless, it is equally true that not only for you, but for God, your life is a genuine temporal sequence of deeds and strivings, whereof, when

you view this life at the present temporal instant, the past is just now *no longer*, while the future is *not yet*. This twofold view of your nature, as a temporal process and as an eternal system of fact, is precisely as valid and as obvious as the twofold view of the melody or of the rhythm. Your temporal present looks back, as Will, upon your now irrevocable past. That past is irrevocable because it is the basis of your seeking for the future, and is the so far finished expression of your unique individual Will. Your future is the *not yet* temporally expressed region wherein you, as finite being, seek your own further expression. That future is still, in one aspect, as we shall see, causally undetermined, precisely in so far as therein something unique, that is yours and yours only, is to appear in the form of various individually designed expressions of your life-purpose,—various individual deeds. Therefore, as we shall be able to maintain, despite all your unquestionable causal and moral determinations, there will be an aspect of your future life that will be free, and yours, and such as no causation can predetermine, and such as even God possesses only in so far as your unique individuality furnishes it as a fact in His world.

And nevertheless, your future and your past, your aspect of individuality, and of freedom, and the various aspects wherein you are dependent upon the rest of the world, your whole life of deeds, and your attainment of your individual goal through your deeds,—all these manifold facts that are yours and that constitute you, are present at once to the Absolute,—as facts in the world, as temporal contents eternally viewed,—as a process eternally finished,—but eternally finished precisely by virtue of the temporal sequence of your deeds. And when you wonder how these aspects can be at once the aspects of your one life,—remember what is implied in the consciousness *at once* of the melody or the rhythm as a sequence,—and you will be in possession of the essential principle whereby the whole mystery is explained.

It is this view, once grasped in its various aspects, that will enable us to define in what sense man is one with God, and in what sense he is to be viewed as at present out of harmony with his own relation to God, and in that sense alienated from his true place in the eternal world. And so, in discussing this most elementary category, we are preparing the way for a most significant result as to the whole life of any man.

The temporal man, viewed just now in time, appears, at first, to be

sundered even from his own past and future, and still more from God. He is a seeker even for to-morrow's bread,—still more for his salvation. He knows not just at this instant even his own individuality; still less should he immediately observe his relation to the Absolute in his present deed and in his fleeting experience. Only when he laboriously reflects upon his inmost meaning, or by faith anticipates the result of such reflection, does he become aware of how intimately his life is bound up with an Absolute life. This our finite isolation is, however, especially and characteristically a *temporal* isolation. That inattention of which we spoke in the last lecture, is especially an inattention to all but this act, as it now appears to me. I am not one with my own eternal individuality, especially and peculiarly because this passing temporal instant is not the whole of time, and because the rest of time is *no longer* or else *not yet* when this instant passes. Herein lies my peculiarly insurmountable human limitation. This is my present form of consciousness. To be sure, I am not wholly thus bound in the chains of my finitude. Within my present form and span of consciousness there is already exemplified an eternal type of insight, whereby the *totum simul* is in many cases and in brief span won. But beyond this my span of presentation, time escapes me as a past and future that is at once real and still either no longer or else not yet. From the eternal point of view, however, just this my life is *at once* present, in its Individuality and its wholeness. And because of this fact, just in so far as I am the eternal or true Individual, I stand in the presence of God, with all my life open before Him, and its meaning revealed to Him and to me. Yet this my whole meaning, while one with His meaning, remains, in the eternal world, still this unique and individual meaning, which the life of no other individual Self possesses. So that in my eternal expression I lose not my individuality, but rather win my only genuine individual expression, even while I find my oneness with God.

Now, in time, I seek, as if it were far beyond me, that goal of my Selfhood, that complete expression of my will, which in God, and for God, my whole life at once possesses. I seek this goal as a far-off divine event,—as my future and success. I do well to seek. Seek and ye shall find. Yet the finding,—it does not occur merely as an event in time. It occurs as an eternal experience of this my whole striving. Every struggle, every tear, every misery, every failure, and repentance, and every rising again, every strenuous pursuit, every glimpse of God's truth,—all these are not mere incidents of

the search for that which is beyond. They are all events in the life; they too are part of the fulfilment. In eternity all this is seen, and hereby,—even in and through these temporal failures, I win, in God's presence and by virtue of His fulfilment, the goal of life, which is the whole of life. What no temporal instant ever brings,—what all temporal efforts fail to win, that my true Self in its eternity, and in its oneness with the divine, possesses.

So much it has seemed that I might here venture to anticipate of later results, in order that the true significance of our elementary categories might be, however imperfectly, defined for us from the outset. For all the questions as to our deeper relations to the universe are bound up with this problem of Time and Eternity.

