

more or less empirical lines, is really more efficient as political machinery than was the philosophic scheme of Indo-Aryan policy, in which the common law of the land, formulated by the chosen representatives of the people, had a religious as well as a legal sanction, and represented the highest power of the State."

This paragraph is commended to Professor Ramsay Muir of Manchester who thinks that the conception of law and justice was not known to the ancient Hindus, and who makes some very chauvinistic statements in the *New Europe*.

(4) "Indo-Aryan statesmen did not find that the illiteracy of the Indian masses prevented them from taking a considerable part in the management of their own affairs, for before the days of the printing press and modern journalism there were in India other means of instructing the people and a highly organized educational system which, judged by results, was far more efficient than the present one. Until British statesmen divest themselves of judging Indian things by Western standards they will never see them in the right perspective. Indo-Aryan statesmen were not afraid of allowing the masses, *including women*, to vote, on account of their illiteracy—for the most learned and representative Indians were often illiterate in the European sense."

Mr. Vincent Smith's history of the Hindu period is excellent but not entirely free from racial bias. It is gratifying to note that the labors of Indian scholars have led him to change some of his former opinions. We hope he will live to change much more.

His narrative of the Mohammedan period is badly disfigured by the anxiety he displays on almost every page of his book to emphasize and exaggerate the demerits and brutalities of the Moslem rule. He gives quite a disproportionate space to the character sketches of the Moslem sovereigns enlarging on their defects freely and praising their virtues and merits only very reluctantly. But it is in his narrative of British rule that he betrays his partisan spirit fully. This part of his book is very meagre, obscure, incomplete, unconvincing and superficial. An admirer of Lord Curzon, he cannot lay aside his Anglo-Indian bias of the service in which he spent his lifetime, by giving an almost misleading picture of the achievements and failures of British rule in India. The reader may well imagine the character of his effort to picture modern India without even once mentioning the Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Samaj, the Indian National Congress, the Moslem League and their respective founders. A history of modern India, however brief and sketchy, which omits to mention Gokhale, Ranade, Tilak and others who have contributed to its making can only be called the play of Hamlet without Hamlet. Mr. Vincent Smith's frame of mind can be best judged from a letter of commendation he has written to a Hindu defender of the Caste system. He says "all my sympathies are with conservative Indian institutions purified from the grossest abuses which disfigure them."

Mr. Cunningham's *History of the Sikhs* is a reprint (revised and somewhat abridged) of a famous work, one of the best of its kind, written by a military officer in the employ of the East India Company to whom truth and honesty mattered more than racial pride or the approval of his countrymen. Captain Cunningham belonged to that galaxy of early Anglo-Indian military officers who combined the prowess of the sword with elegance of pen and noble-mindedness of heart. Colonel Todd and Major Evans Bell were two others of that class whose names we can recall readily. Captain Cunningham's honest state-

ment of the dealings of the East India Company was rewarded by his degradation in the service. The nature of the revision done by the present editor may be gathered from the following sentence which we take from the introductory remarks relating to Chap. VIII.

"From this point of the story the partiality of the author causes many of his statements to be viewed with suspicion. In his eyes the war represents a national tide of self-preservation rising against the ever encroaching power of England. Such was far from being the case, and very different motives actuated the corrupt administration of Lahore . . .

"The author gives a somewhat turgid description of the battles of the war—indeed, the language in the account of the battle of Sobraon reminds one of the story of the battle in the poems of Mr. Robert Montgomery—and he concludes his narrative by some general remarks upon English policy in India. From the latter I have removed some passages which are not only injudicious, but which have been stultified by the march of events."

The spirit of revising Indian history with the underlying motive of whitewashing the British policy of the East India Company regime is rather common in these days. The statements made by James Mill, Torrens, Cunningham, Tad Evans Bell, Grant Duff and others are all undergoing a process of analytic examination always ending in the conclusion that the aspersions cast by the writers on the early British administrators were exaggerated. Professor Muir has in a recent book lauded Warren Hastings to the skies, and Lord Curzon tried to erect a statue to Clive. History is thus losing much of its value as a record of true facts. It is more or less propaganda, sometimes imperialistic, sometimes materialistic. The reader of Indian histories written by Englishmen, or on the authority of the latter, may well remember this fact when trying to understand the nature of British conquest of India and of British rule in India.

LALPAT RAI.

The Origin of Consciousness

The Origin of Consciousness, by Charles Augustus Strong. London: The Macmillan Co.

SOME fifteen years ago, Professor Charles Augustus Strong rippled the calm surface of the philosophic world by a book with the fascinating title, *Why the Mind has a Body*. Had he been minded to give to his new book a parallel title, he would have called it, not *The Origin of Consciousness*, but *Why the Mind has Consciousness*. As a matter of fact, both the title and the sub-title of this new book give a very misleading description of its contents. True, Dr. Strong opens his argument with the solemn questions, "Whence comes this which we call consciousness?" "Whence comes the soul of the babe when he begins to have one?" True, he reminds himself at intervals of his purpose to give an "evolutionary" answer to these questions, and to show "that the mind is a natural product, as much as the brain or as a plant in the soil." But, in fact, all that he says in this book on these points could be compressed on the proverbial half-sheet of note paper. It amounts to this: the origin of consciousness, by which term Dr. Strong means knowing or the cognitive function, is to be explained biologically. Consciousness has evolved as a means of adjusting organisms to their environment, of securing differential behavior in a highly differentiated world. The origin of mind, on the other hand, i. e. of the "psyche," or "ego which knows," is to be explained metaphysically,

in a context of "panpsychism." This is the theory that the substance of the universe is "mind-stuff"; that what to perception appears as body is really, on its "inner" side, soul. The physical is in last analysis psychical. It is because matter is really mind, that minds can appear to have evolved out of it: "A psychic ego can come by evolution only out of a psychic world."

The reader may judge for himself whether this theory really answers the question concerning the beginning of the soul in the babe. At any rate, it is clear that Dr. Strong uses "evolution" in a highly Pickwickian sense. To say that everything in the world is made of mind-stuff is the reverse of a theory of the evolution of mind. For mind-stuff, on this view, is ultimate and exists as long as anything exists at all. There can be no question of its origin. Instead we are led to ask, and ask in vain, such questions as these: Why, and how, did the undifferentiated cosmic mind-stuff split up into individual psyches and egos? Why did it differentiate itself into different kinds or levels of psyche, such as human and animal souls? Why do psyches appear to each other as bodies? Why, if bodies are really psychical, do most of them—the whole "inorganic" and "inanimate" world—appear to us as if they were soulless and purely material? To all these questions Dr. Strong gives no answer at all. As for consciousness, is mind-stuff everywhere conscious? Apparently not, for consciousness is said to have evolved because organisms need it. Presumably, then, inorganic things do not need it. Yet does not the very distinction between what is living and what is non-living disappear if the latter, like the former, is psychical? Dr. Strong's theory depends upon a kind of philosophical double bookkeeping. One account is kept in biological terms of organism and environment for the benefit of scientific customers. The other, to suit the taste of philosophers, is kept in metaphysical terms of mind-stuff as the universal substance. It is easy to say that we have here "one existence apprehended from two different points of view," and Dr. Strong can quote some eminent philosophers who have said the same thing. But, in fact, the identification is nothing but a bold dictum, nor is it in any way made intelligible why what is really psychical should masquerade for its own perception as physical. If Dr. Strong does not boggle at this, why does he boggle at the evolution of mind from matter?

The truth is that Dr. Strong is much more concerned with the nature of consciousness than with its origin. Not how it has evolved, but what it is, is the real burden of his argument. The vigorous polemics of which his book is full are almost all directed against rival theories of consciousness. And what a fighter he is, to be sure! On idealists and objectivists (alias neo-realists) his impartial flail descends with resounding blows. He does not fear even the redoubtable Bertrand Russell who is bidden to remember that logicians are not depositories of truth, but only guardians of the instruments of truth-seeking—menders of nets, rather than themselves fishermen. Our American realists are demolished by the charge that they "hypostatize essences," and thereby "convert logical into ontological entities." As for the poor idealists, pre-Kantian and post-Kantian—why, Darwinism and physiological psychology have made an end of them, or, rather, would have made an end of them, if only they were not too much behind the times to take notice. In fact, all metaphysical systems are vitiated by initial fallacies, except one, and this one is—need we say it?—Dr. Strong's own. It alone makes a tidy pattern of all the pieces of the philosophical puzzle. Like Father Christmas, Dr. Strong has a gift in

his bag for every one in the philosophical nursery. To good little realists he offers the desire of their hearts: independent yet knowable objects; to physicists, material things; to psychologists, sensations and images, feelings and volitions; to logicians, universals; to idealists, the "givenness of essences"; to metaphysicians, mind-stuff. Do you have a fancy for instincts? Here you are: "We are led to affirm the existence of objects by a powerful instinct." This, incidentally, demolishes the skeptic—the one naughty boy in the nursery for whom Dr. Strong's bag contains nothing. The one thing needful, if you would qualify for grace, is to forswear forever, in emphatic italics, "*the great fundamental illusion, the fallacy of fallacies, [which] consists in overlooking the vehicular nature of knowledge and mistaking the essence for the object.*"

This brings us back to Dr. Strong's theory of consciousness. The behavior of consciousness, on the philosophical dissecting-table, is notoriously scandalous. Nothing, you would think, could be more fundamental or more familiar. Yet nothing is more illusive and harder to pin down for inspection. When you see a color, do you see also your seeing? Are you aware of seeing as distinct from what you see? When you are conscious, are you also conscious of being conscious? If so, what exactly is it that you are conscious of, when you are conscious of being conscious? Distinguish, in short, consciousness from its objects and try to inspect it by itself: is there, or is there not, anything to inspect? A pretty problem, which has led some to say that consciousness is there, but is diaphanous, and can be only enjoyed not contemplated, whilst others say that there is nothing there and that consciousness is only a name for that cross-section of the object-world to which a given creature's central nervous system selectively responds. Here is Dr. Strong's opportunity. The first thing to do, he holds, is to distinguish mind-stuff, of which introspection furnishes a veracious sample in the psyche, i. e., in the stream of each one's sensations, images, and feelings, from consciousness. The next is to recognize consciousness, not as a uniform characteristic of the psychical, but as an aspect of the function of cognition, i. e., as the use made of certain psychical elements in knowing. The third step is to recognize cognition as vehicular: in knowing we use psychic states as symbols for objects, and "what we really mean by 'consciousness' is this relation of symbolism as exercised by a psychic state." This use of psychic states as symbols is identical with the affirmation of objects as existing, which in turn is identical with the instinctive responses of the organism to the environment. Sensations act as cues for behavior, and behavior takes the existence of objects for granted. The organism "intends" the object. At the same time, fourthly, a psychic state, e. g., a sensation of color, can thus function as a vehicle for the perception of an object only because it can be analyzed into the "givenness" of an "essence." Let it be a sensation of green: then the greenness is an essence or universal—not an existing object but only its "logical shadow." In dreams, we have nothing but given-essences, for no real objects then exist or are perceived. It is only by affirmation, by the symbolic use of the sensation, that we refer the given-essence to an existence and thus perceive and know a real thing. Hocus-pocus, do you say? Softly—it is the privilege of philosophers to make familiar things look unfamiliar by the witchery of their technical terms. And Dr. Strong is a master of the art.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Strong has written a most stimulating and exhilarating book. It will occasion fresh ripples on the surface of the philosophical pond.

R. F. A. H.

The Morass East of the Rhine

Across the Blockade, by Henry Noel Brailsford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

WHAT is going to come out of Europe east of the Rhine nobody knows. You may talk, if you like, of the immense recuperative power exhibited in the past by peoples apparently utterly crushed; you may hope that within the boundaries laid down by the Peace Treaty the same kind of stable national economic states will arise as served before the war among the premises of political thinking. You must confess, however, that progress in that direction is not encouraging. There is so little that is cheerful to say about the internal condition of the new states created or enlarged by the war, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, that our press says practically nothing about it at all. We know well enough that none of those governments makes ends meet, we know that they are trying to do business with a currency as degraded as our own at the time when "not worth a Continental" expressed the final term of worthlessness without expense of profanity. That is about all we know, or shall know, until we have accounted to ourselves for the time that has elapsed since the great breakdown of national purposes registered in the armistice.

Brailsford's book helps to fill just this need. It is a record of what he saw in four months of travel through Austria, Hungary, Poland and Germany in the early part of last year. He was in Hungary during the Bela Kun regime; he was in Vienna during the abortive Communistic rising of April; in Poland, while there was a lull in pogrom making, he saw enough to illuminate the sufferings of the Jews already endured or yet to come. He was in Germany when the peace terms became known. Few men have had better opportunities to observe what was going on deep in the souls of peoples shaken out of all habits of concealment by great crises, and there is no keener observer living than Brailsford. What he has to say is worth thinking over.

At the time of which Brailsford writes the peoples of Central Europe, friends and foes alike, were suffering terribly under the continuance of the Allied blockade. Germany and Austria were being subjected to a regimen more drastic than that of the war blockade, since relations with Scandinavia were cut off. The disarmed Magyars were being set upon by Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs and Rumanians, not without the approval of the Allied architects of continental alliances. Germany was sunk in an abyss of despair; Polish nationalism was winning for itself a little evanescent warmth from the fires of anti-Semitism, deliberately kindled by the Dmowski faction which the western democracies delighted most to honor. Nowhere was there any really generous faith animating the masses of the people, except for a brief moment in Hungary, before the Allies crushed Bela Kun and turned the hapless Magyars over to the counter-revolution. How ghastly the impression left upon a sensitive observer like Brailsford may be inferred from the following:

"Another decade of wars and blockades and revolutions, and every relic of learning and humanity may be swept away from the Rhine to the Volga. There must have been, when the barbarians surged over the Roman provinces in the twilight centuries lonely villas, left standing amid the ruins of the Empire, in which old men survived, conning Greek manuscripts in pillaged rooms, while the Goths enjoyed their wealth. . . . As the months of desolation

lengthened into years, these old men hoped for the return of civilization, and dying prayed that their sons would live to see it. Their sons lived like barbarians, dimly remembering the interrupted studies of their youth. Their sons' sons were barbarians born."

But must we have a decade of war and blockade and revolution, to usher in a new series of Dark Ages? Brailsford does not affirm this, but neither has he the least confidence in the present settlement. What war and the blockade did to Germany was to break, not only the militaristic spirit, the criminal lust for imperial power of the ruling caste, but the spirit by which scientist and artist, mechanic and laborer are sustained in their creative efforts. The Peace Treaty perpetuated the evil. After its terms became known, apathy and disbelief became fixed upon the people, distrust of themselves, distrust of all other peoples. Their new constitution seemed a pedant's exercise. There was revolutionary desire enough, but not revolutionary will, and the play of forces in Germany resolved itself into an unstable equilibrium between Noske's machine guns and the power of the strike and sabotage. Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, enriched by German, Magyar and Bulgarian spoils to which they were not entitled, found themselves committed to a dependence on France. "A small state ceases to be independent when it has wronged a neighbor; it must thereafter subordinate itself to a protector." And when the wrong consists in the appropriation of territory, there is a perverse natural law that compels it to thrust the wrong continually deeper. For there is a border population to be harried. But is not that population protected by the League of Nations? The League, as Brailsford sees it, is nothing but a Grand Alliance to insure the fruits of victory; and when did an alliance ever control the internal policy of an ally? "From an ally one wants an army, not virtue. While the League remains a militant alliance against the Germans and Bolsheviks, it will achieve nothing for the Polish Jews, or for any other minority." There has been abundant confirmation, since, of this pessimistic formula.

Central Europe has gone through hell. It has many more miseries to go through before it can arrive at a state where civilized living is possible. For that the war lusts of Central Europe were primarily responsible. They have been mostly burnt out. A year ago there were intelligent men who were confident that the German and Magyar militarists would soon be back in the saddle, to lead their eager peoples in a war of revenge. But the peoples east of the Rhine are disillusioned of militarism. They can not be led eagerly to any war, whatever its cause. That is a gain which Brailsford seems not to take sufficiently into account.

For the prolongation of the miseries of Central Europe through the interminable armistice period, for the purpose of making the vanquished accept not a good peace but a bad one, the Allied diplomats at Paris were to blame. But the consequence of that is that the peoples west of the Rhine also are disillusioned. Our cause of war was white, our enemies' cause was black, but the peace the diplomats made was at best gray. And the general recognition of this fact has terribly discredited the leadership that forges plans of military alliance and imperial aggrandizement. Is that not also a gain that Brailsford has overlooked? The civilization of the pre-war period has been shaken and fissured by the war and the peace. But politically just the most important fact of that civilization was the blind faith in which the peoples surrendered to their leaders the power to play with