LATENT IMPULSE IN HISTORY AND POLITICS

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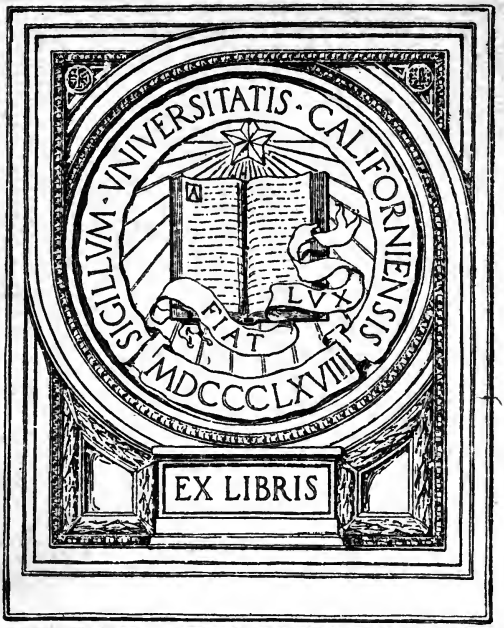

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To My Mother

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By

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PREFACE.

In reading over this work before sending it to press, I am affected by some small misgivings. I feel that if I wrote it over again I might write it somewhat differently, for I have not yet arrived at the age when ideas begin to permanently crystallise. Any faults of style and exaggerations of opinion I beg the reader to ascribe to immaturity; any errors in fact to the defect of circumstances, for the book was written in the heart of South Africa. In spite of all, however, I put forward my general theories of latent impulse with good heart, for every subsequent experience I have met with has tended to confirm them.

R. N. B.

Jan., 1911.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A FITTING exordium to my undertaking should be a tribute to him who first directed my ideas upon it, and first taught me to take broad views of history, as of many other things—a tribute which can now, alas! only be paid to his memory. Before I heard him, history was, to me, but a dry catalogue from which one might, by monastic studiousness, load up one's mind with a fairly complete concatenation of facts, or, at best, an interesting tale, in which event followed upon event without any definite causation. The change which Dr. Emil Reich's lectures brought to pass in me was comparable to a similar one which occurred to a friend of mine, when certain administrative changes moved him from a Government office in London to an out-station. In the former he tells me he was sunk in an atmosphere of unreality, and although he could see that

everything was settled there—whatever the newspapers had to say—on the lines of common sense, or on the balance of probabilities, yet you could not get away from the fact that it was all pure abstraction, the letter without the reality. After the move he was plunged into a world of actuality, and the words became things and persons, solid matter, flesh and blood. It was very much the same with Dr. Reich's lectures, and yet not quite the same. I had always read J. R. Green, and surely if anyone can give flesh to the dry bones of history, it is he. But the influence of the new method was rather to give one a feeling of "throughth," or, even, without going so far as the fourth dimension, of thickness, where one had formerly only dealt with length and breadth. "Concentrate, gentlemen, concentrate," the Doctor would say, having, in characteristic fashion, set his class a problem to solve by discussion, in place of the orthodox lecture. That, I think, is what we learnt more than anything else—concentration; the hasty collection of all the relevant things we knew in history, literature, science, and bringing them to bear on the point at issue. And then, again, when the answer was long in coming, "Focûs, gentlemen, focûs!" It was as if his main idea was to wean us from the monastic methods instilled at the Universities, and to make us hammer out something for ourselves, our own handiwork; or to let the broad light of philo-

sophy dwell upon a spot until it germinated and blossomed. In "Mr. Isaacs" Mr. Marion Crawford draws a comparison between the Eastern and the Western methods of learning, the European toiling laboriously up each ladder of learning in turn, the Asiatic refining his mind by prayer and fasting until, as he sits on his mountain peak, he gradually perceives the little patches of known country below widen beneath his view, until by intuition the whole field has revealed itself to him in a continuous area. How this latter system would commend itself to the doctor, with his cosmopolitan ideas, his world-wide experience, his varied knowledge, and his rooted distrust of "authorities." Many of his views cannot be accepted; he may err too greatly on the side of originality; often one feels that he says things out of sheer perverseness; but it remains that he brings into being ideas which none of the older methods could have engendered, lays his finger on facts that had otherwise passed unnoticed, and shows that some forgotten event was the prime factor in an earth-shaking movement. "Nullum est jam dictum, quod non sit dictum prius," said the Latin poet, when he wished to tell us that there was nothing new under the sun; and the Doctor was always the first to admit that his startling theories were no new thing. But his merit was by "concentration," by "focussing," to show that that dry-as-dust sentence, glossed over in the old history

book was the ruling consideration, and should have been printed in capital letters. Some watchword may have hounded on a people to a great and successful revolution; but the watchword was not new by any means; no more than the discovery of the power of steam was new when Watt and Stephenson applied it. The important fact was that the time was ripe for the use of the discovery, and in the same way it was ripe for the watchword. But it is doubtful whether the time was quite ripe for some of the Reichian views. I am inclined to think he was a little too far ahead of us, for our immediate advantage.

Some of his more original ideas on a few of the great events in English and general history set me thinking, and when, later on, I took up in a rather dilettante fashion, the study of psychology—I suppose owing to the fact that this was the only subject upon which I could find any wealth of books in the up-country library in South Africa, where I happened to be placed—I began to see a connection between the ideas of latent impulse and collective psychology, which I have adumbrated in this book. Had I not gone further than the original ideas in trying to investigate them psychologically, and, moreover, had I not taken a wider field than the original examples afforded, I might lay myself open to a plea of unwarrantable plagiarism. Yet even if I were so placed, I might attempt to

justify myself with the "nullum est jam dictum," and meet critics with the reply that it is simply impossible to say anything original. I will, however, attempt to "focus," to "concentrate," to cut a new cross-section in the well-exploited mass of historical matter.

To show how true the Latin quotation is, I might point out that even in classic antiquity it had been stated that great disturbances arose out of small things, indeed, but on account of great ones; in other words, that the proximate facts out of which great events arose were very different from the real underlying causes. And so, when Dr. Reich affirmed that the American War of Independence arose neither out of Stamp Acts nor Tea Duties, nor even an innate feeling of disloyalty to British régime, he merely gave further instances of an old truth. These were but the sparks, the pretexts, and if these had not come to hand, doubtless others would have been forthcoming. That the real underlying cause was the great Hinterland question, will be a subject for consideration later on.

It may seem at times that I am endeavouring to upset the old notions and traditions, which have stood their ground for centuries in history, and to substitute something cheap and startling, something in the nature of a nostrum. Such is not my intention, and if the reasons which I offer are not the true ones, I stand open to correction. But science is playing havoc with tradi-

tion, and much as we cherished the ideas in which we were brought up, we cannot place ourselves in a false position by holding to them when they appear to be no longer true. There is a tendency nowadays to bring back every effect, however psychological or spiritual, to some simple material cause, and there is much truth in the assertion that the state of the digestion is answerable for many far-reaching developments. Recent psychological research has tended to corroborate this manner of thought. In following it, one must take the risk of incurring a charge of materialism, even of scurrilous levity. For instance, in dealing with the American Civil War, although I have, what seems to me, excellent authority for my contentions, it may be thought that I am somewhat iconoclastic with regard to President Lincoln and the general anti-slavery sentiments of his day. I shall strive to make it clear, however, that my respect for this great man's reputation is unabated, and that the noble sentiments that actuated many of his countrymen at the time have my honour and esteem. My idea is that they were not the tide, but rather the billows borne upon its surface. Their aims were accepted because they were in a line with the hidden impulse of the masses behind them. The aims were the same, but the grounds of them differed.

In the earlier part of this book I propose to treat of certain striking historical events, with a

view to showing that there was some strong motive force behind them, a force which was not obvious at the time, but could only be discovered afterwards. Later, I propose to deal with the psychological grounds for supposing that latent impulse exists. In the concluding chapters I shall attempt to elucidate the historical problems in the light of the psychological arguments.

CHAPTER II.

Latent Impulse.

With many events in history it is all plain sailing, and if we read our books without thinking, it is plain sailing with all of them—that is, if we read history as a mere chronology of events. Fortunately the old system of learning the subject by means of a string of dates, and a list of kings is gradually dying out, and a broader and more logical method, especially since J. R. Green set a bright example in his "History of the English People," is coming into vogue. Not that I think that a foundation of dates is not useful, as a kind of array of milestones upon the road. But we do not want to neglect the road for the milestones, and readers of Dr. Reid's "Principles of Heredity" will acknowledge the importance of warding off a deleterious influence from a child in its earliest and most plastic years. The child who has first learnt its history from a string of dates will probably continue to study it as a bead-roll of events merely concatenated by the necessities of chronology. It is too much to expect every body to be born again, and to suddenly begin to look upon this wilderness of

words as something of flesh and blood and spirit. Better far start with the general and, as necessity demands, narrow down to the particular and the details.

But even if we read history in the broader light, many of the events will seem to drop harmoniously into the system of cause and effect. A people are oppressed, and they rebel; a new country is discovered, and the discoverers reap the benefit in wealth and prosperity. All this is quite clear, and brilliant and sympathetic descriptions will paint us a vivid picture, enabling us to grasp the situation, and live with the heroes and the sufferers. Then we may go casually on and read how the leader of the down-trodden becomes their general, their dictator, their Emperor—after all this bloodshed in the cause of freedom! Blinded by the glamour of description, and the romance of the story, we may fail to pause here and ask "Why?" There must surely have been some subtle reason, unknown at the time to the French people themselves, which induced them to give their life blood to Napoleon, when they had rebelled at the taxes of the Bourbons.

There are many places like this where the thoughtful will halt and take stock of the situation. They occur both in Ancient and Modern History, and as wars have usually entailed the greatest sacrifices, and aroused the greatest enthusiasm, it is chiefly in respect of them that

such considerations arise. In a broad-minded analytical age like our own, it is difficult for the student in his arm-chair to appreciate the attitude of mind of those who offer for some ideal, which is surely part of life, the life in which alone the ideal could be realised. To the philosopher the game is not worth the candle. But the world has never been made up of philosophers, and so these great events have taken place, and history has been written by the heart, not by the hand. It is this heart that I wish to study in these pages, not the logical parts of history, but her illogicalities, and I will endeavour to show that, judged by the heart, the heart is justified.

I have used the expression "Latent Impulse," a term which from a scientific point of view may be considered open to criticism. Psychologically an impulse means rather a sudden reaction to a stimulus, and can scarcely be applied to those stable and persistent feelings which I am about to describe. But I am not writing psychology, and the ordinary parlance used when one says he did a thing by impulse rather than by consideration may be well applied to such generalities as are here treated of. If the term "collective emotion" had not been appropriated for a specific kind of emotion, perhaps it would be more suitable here. But as it has already been ear-marked, it cannot be used. Besides, the term "emotion," used outside the sphere of pure

psychology might be misunderstood. The term "latent," too, may be open to question, inasmuch as the "latency" is only existent for a time, and then perhaps only relatively. Still, for a general treatise I think the phrase may stand, since the associations called up by the words express my meaning better perhaps than more truly scientific terms could.

Yet perhaps this "latency" is not of so ephemeral duration as one might at first be led to suppose. If it were, the ground would be cut away from my feet and there would be no reason for this book. Many are the results of great popular movements, and it is only on deliberate scrutiny that the real intent can be ascertained. A profound politician or philosopher may be able, even during the upheaval, to see what the purpose is that lies beneath a people's actions, but for this he must stand very much aloof from popular feelings. A patriot would be debarred by his patriotism, a zealot by his zeal. The diviner of these things must be aloof either in outlook or in point of time, and, on the whole, I think, it may be stated that no true history can be written until a century or so have elapsed after the events. Otherwise you cannot see the wood for trees, and your perspective and sense of proportion are out.

At any rate, if we desire to discover that blind purpose which urged a people on to a certain end in an overwhelming and unaccountable

manner, we must be able to look back over a series of years, so as to judge of events and their results as a whole. The key to the problem is then afforded us, if we search diligently and circumspectly, for usually the thing that the people wanted was what, in the main, they got. So our arguments will be *ex post facto*, and we shall be prophets after the event. But the problems are not so easy as they may appear at first sight. What did the Americans get by the War of Independence? Their Independence? Why then their admiration of the old institutions, the feudal associations, belonging to the Old Country? If we say "The Hinterland across the Alleghanies in unfettered possession," we shall probably be nearer the mark.

"Hinterland" and "Enclave" are magic words in this connection, and the territorial feeling connected with them will be investigated in due course. They bring us close to the primal instincts of the human race, and of life itself, the instinct of food and nourishment. We shall also have instances of this instinct in its bare unvarnished state, when some of the great trade disputes are dealt with. Then we have "collective feeling," a remnant of the old "clan" and "pack" days, and it will often appear in the guise of "Nationalism." Times of stress and international entanglement will show a sinking of individuality and a resignation to the will of a single despot, recalling the trustful emotion of

the child. And, outside the sphere of events, we shall have to touch on great religious movements and investigate their underlying spirit; also strange unreasoning antipathies. This is a wide field, and until the science of psychology has emerged from its infancy, and we know more about the principles of heredity, many of the questions can have no answer. If, however, I am able merely to arouse an interest in the subject I have undertaken, and to show the advantage of the application of psychology to historical problems, as Dr. Archdall Reid has shown the intimate connection of Pathology with Evolution, and of both with Sociology, I shall feel that my labour has been by no means vain.

CHAPTER III.

The Peloponnesian and Punic Wars.

Modern history is so much richer in personality, so much nearer to our sympathies, that far greater attention has been given to its reasons and motives than has been the case with events prior to the Christian Era. This is doubtless in part owing to modern specialisation, which keeps the Classic to his classics, and the Modern to his modernities. Later history has a necessary bearing even on the politics of our own day, and a freer field has been open in them to historians, political scientists, economists, and general philosophers. On the other hand, the beginning of the Christian Era seems to divide history as a Rubicon between two utterly different methods of thought and research. Even when the more cosmopolitan genius of Germany has been turned upon the earlier period, it has been chiefly expended in the elucidation of ancient manuscripts and the clearing up of knotty points in paleography or grammar. The interest evoked by great discoveries has only encouraged the cult of classic atmosphere, without encouraging a study of underlying principles

and broad movements. The atmosphere, in fact, is that of the scholiasts and of the monastics. The philosophy of history is little known in it.

But light begins to break upon the old dark mass, thanks to the efforts of Schrader, Sergi and others who have brought modern science to bear upon the problems of antiquity. When we learn that the Greeks and the Romans could but have been a small dominant community imposing their civilisation upon alien masses; when we discover that a wide civilisation overspread the Mediterranean before the coming of the conquerors, that it extended through France to our own islands, that it made its way, possibly from the Sahara, by various channels, and that it remains to a large extent in Egypt to this day, how much broader is our outlook upon the history of Greece and Rome, how much greater is our interest in those old Pelasgians, Ligurians, and Illyrians, who are all lumped together as Barbarians by classic writers.

There were two events which seem to stand out particularly in the history of Greece and Rome, inviting an application of the latent impulse theory, the two named in the title of this chapter, although many others may suggest themselves to the reader. The Trojan War is too much shrouded by age and mystery to be of interest from this point of view, and most of the earlier wars, both Greek and Roman bear their meaning

on the surface, namely, the instinct of expansion, of nationality, of greed. It is the old story of the stronger devouring the weaker, one of the oldest and most necessary principles of life; similarly when a people becomes rich, luxurious and careless, a race of hard living shepherds or hunters sweeps down upon them, and sets up a new state which shall in time succeed to the fortunes of the older one. The motives of such events require no elucidation. But the two cases I have mentioned are more mysterious, and one of them amply repays investigation, although the other finds a much simpler explanation. It may seem a little strange, at first sight, that the Carthaginians, a people who lived by trade, and cared so little about fighting that they hired mercenaries to do it for them, already wearied by an exhaustive trade war with the Grecian states, should seize an opportunity to inaugurate an immense territorial war with the rising power in Italy, and, on the other hand that an unimaginative, home-keeping, professedly law-abiding people like the Romans should suddenly give their aid to a community of outlaws and robbers and thus involve themselves in a struggle outside the mainland. Whether the Romans, flushed with their victories nearer home, suspected that their aid to Rhegium, and, in consequence, to Messana would involve them in such far reaching consequences, it is difficult to decide, but it seems clear that for the moment they were

actuated by the ideas of a forward policy. It seems easier to view the situation from the Carthaginian standpoint. The Carthaginians were a commercial nation, and their geographical position marked them out for the pursuit of their career both in the East and the West of the Mediterranean, and in the seas beyond the Pillars of Hercules. But the key to this position was obviously Sicily, placed over against them either as a ready market, halting place, and haven of rest, or, on the other hand, as a guard to threaten their city, to over-awe their navies and to cut their sphere into two halves, and two very important halves, the area of rough products and raw material, and that of finished articles and wealthy consumers. The long and weary wars with the Greeks had ended in compromise merely, and the main power of Greece was too far away to threaten the very existence of Carthage. But when the Romans began to consolidate their power, especially in the country whence Carthage had long been used to draw the flower of her mercenaries, it was a time for uneasiness. When they crossed the strait and threatened the very key of the Mediterranean position, it was a time for action, and the prompt seizure of Messana by Carthage was the result.

The Second War was but a development of the first. The brain of Hamilcar conceived, and the arm of Hannibal carried out, the scheme of crushing the interloping state in the jaws of a

nut-cracker, taking her from the side of Sicily and by the Riviera at once.

The third phase is that of the proud imperious conqueror crushing out the last remnants of her victim's life, summed up in the words "Delenda est Carthago."

The whole case is therefore quite simple, the only outstanding feature being the realisation by Carthage that the unification of the Italian Peninsula and the combination of Sicily with this meant her ruin. In the absence of any history written from the Carthaginian point of view, the incident between Hamilcar and the boy Hannibal stands out almost alone. Whether or not the old man made the boy swear eternal hatred to the Romans, the incident at any rate symbolises the Carthaginian attitude in the matter, and in this tale of personal animus is veiled the secret impulse of the whole people, their only condition of existence was the annihilation of Rome.

An examination into the causes of the Peloponnesian War proved to be more interesting. Much of the ground has already been covered by Mr. F. M. Cornforth's "Thucydides Mythistoricus." The problem of the war is there solved, and to those who would pursue the subject further I recommend a study of this interesting book at first hand; but I will nevertheless give here the headings of the arguments and my own comments.

Thucydides is the more interesting in this

connection as he forms a crucial instance of one of the propositions of this book, namely, that the real cause of events can only be safely judged long after the event has taken place. As a historian he had many advantages. He was an eye-witness of many of the scenes which he describes, and a personal friend of many of the actors. He was a man of great culture and education, not marred by narrowness of view, and without overpowering prejudices, although he inclines naturally towards the Aristocratic party. His philosophic breadth is shown in the theories which he lays down with regard to history, yet his practice is at times strongly at variance with them. In the light of after experience we often find that the things which are really great and essential he calls small, and the small and casual, the pretexts and subterfuges he calls great. One of the small pretexts according to him, was the decrees against Megara. These, however, were the very essentials of the struggle. The deep causes he gives as several, but none of them can be maintained in that category. That the struggle was one of democrats against oligarchs can be shown to be inconsistent with the rest of Athenian policy. That it was a conflict between Ionians and Dorians is open to a similar objection. Finally, the argument that the policy was due to Pericles personally can be met in several ways: Pericles' tastes lay another way, the manner in which the campaign

was conducted shows clearly enough that he was not the moving spirit; finally we may adduce the greatest objection of all, that broad popular movements of this kind are not those of a man, but of a people.

The fact is that the war between Athens and Sparta was a people's policy, and the people who urged it were the Athenians. The Spartans were too home-loving, too unimaginative, too self-sufficient both in character and economically, too unstable in their equilibrium to initiate a struggle of such a far-reaching kind. The initiative was that of the Athenians, and the war was due to a change in the constitution of their society. Since the building of the long walls, and the growth of the Peiraeus, a large merchant population had grown up in the city, a population with views naturally resembling those of Carthage at the time of the First Punic war; and, curiously enough, we shall see that the secret objective of both peoples was the same.

This merchant population was a new thing, despicable in the eyes of the Aristocratic party and the country landholders, as we see from the tone of Thucydides in dealing with Cleon and Cleophon, or the caricatures of Aristophanes. But we might as well go to Hudibras for the truth about the Puritans, or to the modern Music Halls for a sound opinion on Liberal Policy. What made these upstarts more hated was their power. Instead of employing slaves as did the

landed aristocracy, they necessarily commanded to a large extent the votes of a great wage earning community. It is by the study of the instincts of these people, so difficult to ascertain in the garbled speeches of an unsympathetic history, that we shall arrive at the true inwardness of the war. One of the most salient features of the struggle is the hatred of Athens for the seceded Megara. All her pent-up venom seemed to be hurled upon the unfortunate city. Such hatred in such a time of stress must have had a deep inner cause, for hatred and cruelty are necessary expressions of deep-seated primal emotions of humanity. These are what appear to us when all veneer, civilisation, intelligence and education have been rubbed off or forgotten, and such impulses should lay before us better than anything the latent intent, the emotional causes of action.

Megara, situated on the Isthmus of Corinth, was the key to the Athenian position, as the Athenian objective was Sicily. Thucydides may omit all mention of the founding of the colony of Thurii, and may gloze over the alliance with Leontini; he may give no point to the Corcyrean argument that Corcyra was conveniently situated for expeditions to Italy and Sicily; but these facts were deep down in the minds of the Athenian trading population. They knew that it was only by the possession of Megara that the well-known dangers of the passage by Cape Malea could be

avoided, or the correspondingly heavy tolls levied by those who held the Isthmus of Corinth. The Megarid was the gate of the Western Seas.

Thucydides does not appear to have grasped the connection between the Sicilian policy and the attacks on Megara. The Sicilian expedition he considered an irrelevant interlude, and could only ascribe the policy which actuated it to motives of personal ambition or private gain, so far was he from looking for causes in the primal instincts of a people.

Of Pericles' part it is difficult to judge. As an art patron of the Golden Age he could have little sympathy with a devastating war, and his speeches corroborate this estimate. But he was determined to hold the powers which his talents had given him, and his measures, most of them of a half-hearted description, can only be accounted for by the fact that he knew that he could only lead by following. Like Queen Elizabeth of England, he had ideas of his own, but he knew when to yield; and those cries of the market-place, so darkly hinted at by our historian, must have had their meaning for the astute politician.

So much for Thucydides. But let us not attach too light a value to him on account of this failing. Let us rather say that if Thucydides could not judge the causes of contemporary events, how dangerous is it for any man to attempt to do so!

It is curious to note that Diodorus, writing at a later date, lays emphasis on the fact that the *demos* of Athens courted the alliance with Corcyra, because the latter was conveniently situated for Sicily.

CHAPTER IV.

The American War of Independence.

As has been stated before, the struggle for American Independence was one of the chief instances adduced by Dr. Reich to illustrate the working of latent impulse. No one who has read English History in a liberal spirit, and studied the works of modern historians, or who has gone to the fountain-head in Burke's speeches and the utterances of other politicians of the day, can without difficulty bring himself to believe that the motives which actuated the Americans were other than the highest and noblest which can inspire a social community. "No taxation without representation" has developed from a party cry to be one of the principles of our constitution. We look back to the days when our fathers and grandfathers struggled for the passing of the Reform Bill, through the era of "Wilkes and Liberty," to the staunch John Hampden who dared to refuse his king the money which Parliament had not granted. It was on this vantage ground we had always learnt that the Americans stood in those dark days that heralded the dawn. The facts seem so clear,

After an expensive war waged in all quarters of the globe, it is suggested that the colonists who have shared in the advantage of the British Army should contribute towards its expense. Although the Americans are loyal and not averse to doing their share of fighting, they demur to paying for the upkeep of a standing army of foreign troops, while they are debarred from having any say in the matter either of the grant or the expenditure. But the King is obdurate and the Ministers are short-sighted. A Stamp Act is passed, levying the hated taxes. The Americans are furious, and the act is in practice reduced to a dead letter. A wiser minister repeals the act, and the bells are rung in America. Another swing of the pendulum at home, and the Declaratory Act is passed, demonstrating that the king has the right to do these things by Royal Prerogative, even though he refrains from putting them into practice. This was murdering without robbing, a crime which brought no gain to its perpetrator. Then come the Tea duties and other taxes, opening up the old sore inflicted by the Stamp Act, while the narrow and fettering trade laws make the existence of the new community intolerable.

That these were the causes of the war we always learnt; these were the measures Burke thundered against; the principles of the Americans were his principles. Why take away from this people the glory of having fought and won

on the high grounds of constitutionalism?

Because a people seldom, if ever, fights for a principle, constitutional or otherwise. Let philosophers do this in their Battles of the Books! The Battles of blood are fought by men's hearts, not by their understandings. Men will fight on the wildest pretexts; they may deceive themselves into thinking their cause has some motive of superfine and ethereal texture, whereas, in fact, it is based upon some hidden want in their natural being—just as that great need which is planted in the breast of every healthy human being to propagate his kind causes him to weave the most fantastic garland of love, adoration, poetry, devotion, idealism around his mistress. Is science killing all phantasy with these hard notions? No; science cherishes the phantasy as dearly as its cause, and comes, moreover, a step nearer the truth.

No one has so well described the Americans of this period as the novelist, Mr. Winston Churchill, no one seems to have so saturated himself with the prevailing spirit of the age. Few authors have seized on the meaning of latent impulse better than he. What were the moving principles in the American colonists, as revealed in "The Crossing?" Abstract principles as to taxation and representation? No, we are shown pictures of Cumberland Gap, of bloody conflicts with the Redskins as the settlers push on to the dark and bloody ground, gorges with

leafy woods, wide prairies beyond covered with buffalo, and waiting but to be tilled, new land where men may start again, where they can get away from Conservatism and conventions, where they will be free from the law's entangling mesh, where they can shoot their man instead of suing him; and then that majestic river sweeping down to the Gulf of Mexico, large and generous, ready to bear the wealth of the land to the ports and the open seas.

Bancroft's description of the matter is like an epic poem, showing the final triumph of freedom and justice both in the whole American populace and her individual citizens. Every American is pure, upright, a man of perfect integrity, and usually, by the way, a fairly keen man of business. According to him the issue was fought out on the general principles above referred to. But between the lines we read something which tallies more with Mr. Churchill's view of the subject.

By a proclamation of 1763, the date of the Peace of Paris, the boundary of the American colony was fixed at the Alleghanies. A little further on we gather that Franklin and others formed a small syndicate to exploit the new lands of the West. As the plot thickens, Choisul, the far-seeing French Statesman, makes a significant utterance. He says that if France still possessed Louisiana (which had just been made over to

Spain), her wisest policy would be to throw it open to the Americans, and take away all the restrictions which the English placed upon them with regard to it. Much annoyance is caused by the annexation by England of some of the Hinterland to New York State, at the expense of the more democratic Massachusetts. Finally, in 1774, a series of Penal Acts are passed, one of them definitely annexing the country West of the Alleghanies to the colony of Quebec. Herein appear to lie the causes of the war. We have before us a people of the hardiest stock, who had fled from tyranny to found a country of their own far from the rule of kings and priests. After untold toil and suffering in their combat with the hardness of Nature, and the treachery of the Redskins, they were now well on towards prosperity and happiness. By the help of the old country they had proved that the Anglo-Saxon was to be the dominating race in the Continent, and the dangers of a Hinterland in the possession of a hostile civilised nation was averted. But now that the struggle was over, by a stroke of the pen, all their hopes of a national existence were blighted. Their pioneers had already pressed through those mountains and brought home glowing stories of the rich lands beyond. Speculative minds were already preparing to invest wealth thither, a bright and happy future for their race, with boundless territory for the needs of their offspring, seemed

offered to them; all to be snatched away in a moment. The enthusiasm for the new land whose dangers made it all the more worth fighting for have been graphically described by Mr. Churchill; no less than the undying hatred for the king who plotted with their enemies, sold their rights, and tried to restrain them from the new territory. In short, the needs of the new nation were no less than America from sea to sea. She might couch her demands in the subtlest language of the lawyers, or the most high flown rhetoric of the patriot; her grievances, she might assert, lay in the breach of this constitution, or that popular right. Her real grievance, whether she knew it or not, lay in the check placed upon that primeval instinct, possession.

Not that the Americans purposely gave high moral and political reasons in justification of an act that had for its basis mere greed. Far be it from me as an Englishman to impute this, for our nation is as ready as any to find a noble pretext for its most questionable actions—a point which I hope to deal with later. No, the Americans in setting forth those reasons most probably believed them, just as we believe the arguments we put forward to justify our own actions. I merely say this: that these actions are psychological, they are emotions, impulses, in which the reason has no share. Nay, they even go so far as to deceive and blind the reason, as they blind the forward lover, leaving him to a

late repentance. But I hope to deal with the psychological side of the question at greater length at a later stage, when I have adduced more examples of the working of these phenomena.

Let me, however, bring to bear the all-important question to this case. Instead of the old *cui bono*, "Who advantaged?" I will ask "quid bonum," "What was the gain?" Was the result of the War of Independence an affirmation of the rights of man, an establishment of the principle "No taxes without representation," an era of lofty statesmanship and high, political principles? Or was it the establishment of America from sea to sea?

CHAPTER V.

The American Civil War.

The study of the American War of Independdence should lead us to severely discount lofty and idealistic motives when they are advanced as causes of great disturbances of this kind. I do not wish to go so far as to say that such motives do not sometimes find their way into action, but it will be usually found that individuals or small bodies of men are responsible for such phenomena. In fact, the more general and popular a movement is, the simpler and more primitive is the impulse likely to be which forms the common ground for the combined action. Thus there are many individual saints and martyrs, but sacrifices on the part of a whole nation are rare. A Byron might give his life for Greek Independence, but one cannot fail to have been struck with the supineness of Christian States in late years with regard to persecution in the Near East, when there was nothing to be gained by interference.

We are not surprised, then, that the two great American Wars should have had deep material motives underlying the high moral and political

issues which have been put forward as their causes. But it is curious to find that the real question in both cases was the same—the Hinterland. As in the earlier war it was a question of whether the land beyond the Alleghanies should be at the absolute disposal of the English King, so in the later the issue was whether the North or the South should have possession of that Hinterland. To say that the Slavery Question had nothing to do with the struggle would be false, but how little the whole matter regarded the slave himself is shown by several circumstances. The slaves seem to have been, on the whole, happy under their old masters, and did not for a long time benefit by the change; when they got their freedom, many of them took it with reluctance, or tried not to take it. So far were they from any rebellion against the system that when John Brown made his hare-brained attempt, not a slave joined him. Lastly, the modern Northerner is no friend of the Negro, and is as jealous of any advance in his social and political position, as any other white man who is brought into close touch with coloured races.

In fact, the war was waged on the Slavery Question; not in its humanitarian, but in its economic phase. To quote Professor Cairnes: "Perhaps the most striking example which the world has ever seen of a foreign trade by the peculiar personal qualities of those engaged in

ministering to it is that which was furnished by the Southern States of the American Union previous to the abolition of Slavery. The effect of that institution was to give a very distinct industrial character to the labouring population of those states, which unfitted them for all but a very limited number of occupations, but gave them a certain special fitness for them. Almost the entire industry of the country was consequently turned to the production of two or three commodities, in raising which the industry of slaves was found to be effective; and these were used, through an exchange with foreign countries as the means of supplying the inhabitants with all their requisites." From the earliest days of colonisation, the North had borne the brunt of the labour. Nature was rugged, and when a bare subsistence was wrested from her, there was still the treacherous native to encounter. Hardy pioneers risked their lives in the back-woods for skins and other treasure, but returned with palpitating hearts lest they should find their homesteads burnt down and all that they loved in this world murdered by a ruthless foe. There a man was a man, and could be no less. There was no room for a weakling or anyone who could not take a man's share in a fight. But in the South it was different, and the more genial climate and greater security fostered that system under which the Southern aristocracy grew up, luxurious and arbitrary, living on the

labours of an imported and subject race.

The War of Independence combined the two races in its common issue, but it was no sooner over than those causes which led to the ultimate struggle began to manifest themselves. An ordinance of 1787 prohibited slavery in the new territory north of the Ohio, but, soon after, the purchase of the immense stretch of country under the name of Louisiana caused some uneasiness from the point of view of the slave question. It was at first admitted as a slave state, but when, in 1812, Missouri asked to come into the Union, a compromise had to be made, and the arrangement took its name from the last state. Under the Missouri Compromise, the state was to be a slave state, but the remainder of the Lousiana purchase north of the southern boundary of Missouri was to be for ever free. Accordingly, in 1850, when California, in the flush of her wealth and prosperity, was admitted, it was as a free state. This was a great blow to the South, and was by no means the first intimation she had received of the dangers threatening her interests. The North had already attempted to pass a tariff law, which, while protecting Northern industries, would cause the South to pay more for all the numerous goods she had to import: this was met with little short of a revolution. This question, however, by means of decisive action on the one hand, and some concession on the other, fell into abeyance, but the danger must none the

less have been felt. The issue was now practically the one which England had to face at the time of the abolition of the Corn Laws. Was she to retain her corn duties for the benefit of the agricultural interest, or abolish protection for the benefit of her increasing industrial population? In short, was she to be industrial or agricultural? In America the question was: Should the South be allowed to flood that vast Hinterland with her slave labour and thus gain for ever an economic advantage over the North by agricultural pursuits, or should the North prevail by her industry and manufactures and white labour? Each had a weapon whereby it could make itself feared, the one section its slaves, the other its growing wealth and the power to impose tariffs, and it is difficult to see which had the most to dread. At all events the South took the initiative, so we must suspect that she felt in the more dangerous position. In 1854 the Missouri Compromise was broken, and slavery admitted to the new states of Nebraska and Kansas, and further events marked the way of the wind. The Judiciary, at the instance of the party in power, gave away the Northern position by the famous Dred Scott decision, which denied to a slave or his descendant the status of citizenship. From these events to the first active operations at Charlestown is but a step.

The victory of the North meant the prevalence of the hardy race which traced its descent from

the Puritan stock, finding in the Mayflower days a refuge from tyranny of Church and State in a land where no difficulties were too great to be overcome by a strong arm and steadfast heart. For that the United States has to be thankful, and to it she owes the self-reliance, courage, elasticity, and resourcefulness of her citizens. It might have been very different if the South had won her case either wholly or in part, and either implanted her system in the whole of the South and West, or crippled the North by seceding and taking from the Union the fair territories luxuriating in the genial sub-tropical warmth. But whatever advantages the country may have gained as regards the stamina and physique of her manhood, the economic result is more doubtful, and this quite apart from any considerations of that abnormal and fictitious advantage which the slave system conferred.

The South felt herself at the mercy of the North on account of the two weapons which the latter could bring to bear—her growing wealth, and her tariffs; and she struck her blow to obviate her impending fate. But the more artificial weapon of the Northerners to a certain extent recoiled upon the heads of its wielders. I say this quite apart from the Free Trade controversy, and on excellent authority, that of the eminent American economist, Professor Walker, to whose pages I refer those who wish to pursue the subject at greater length. The protection

of infant industries has found favour with some of the most orthodox economists, and America may have felt that if she were doing wrong, she did so with excellent authority. And her early politicians, seeing the vast resources of their land, may have well imagined that their country, could she only learn to manufacture her raw material, might some day reach that state of self-sufficiency, the boast of Pericles of old, which forms an overwhelming advantage in time of war. If there could have been an idea of this kind, it is well in keeping with the rest of the history of the United States—witness the first colonisation as a refuge from European tyranny, the rebellion against England and the Munroe doctrine. But the growth of foreign trade of late years has shown such an idea to be absurd, and any country which seriously adopted it would gradually sink from her standard of living, through having to do without certain luxuries, lose her efficiency in production, by dint of the absence of competition, and finally shut herself up in priggish isolation, like ancient Sparta, laying herself open to all the dangers which threatened that state. Take the case of cotton alone; there is in the climate of Lancashire just that combination of moisture and warmth which is necessary for the proper working up of the fibre, and the consequence is that if any country denies itself the advantage of making use of the Lancashire mills, she does it at her own cost.

But whatever be the reasons which actuated the first framers of the tariffs, these have become a permanent institution, and in the manner of tariffs they have grown with the years, as a monument to the whole world of the great principle that if you want a weak thing to grow strong, it is of no use to protect it. The protection becomes a necessary part of its being, and the more it grows the greater protection it will require. If you want it to become strong and hardy, give it the chance to buffet with the winds and the weather. If there is any good in it, it will learn to stand alone. If it falls, you have at least the satisfaction of knowing that an unsuitable thing is out of the way, and has left room for something which can stand by itself.

The principles of Foreign Trade are based on the fact that every country has some comparative advantage in production. Let trade take its free course, and it will find its own level; the commodity in which the advantage lies will find itself automatically. Protect here and there, and you will never find where your advantage lies. So it has been with America, whose advantage lay in that rich virgin soil of the West, which could have made her the granary of the world. Labour expended upon this field is worth many times the same amount spent in factories, for the latter do not require any particular natural advantages, save means of communication, fuel, and a population, all of which are found to per-

fection in the crowded districts of the United Kingdom, Germany, and Belgium. But as wages in America are necesarily ruled by those which can be earned in the area of greatest efficiency, namely, the wheat fields, it comes about that the wages paid in the factories are far higher than those which prevail in the countries mentioned, and the tariff makes it worth while for these to be paid, with the obvious result of the waste of the difference between wages in America and in Belgium, diminished by the trifling expense of transport. Meanwhile the cornlands lie largely undeveloped and the workman finds his high wage of no avail owing to the high price of commodities. And thus does the North rob the South, and herself as well; all are robbed but the few individuals, the millionaires in whose favour the whole scheme works under the very eyes of the dupes.

Again let me put in a word to prevent the high ideals which actuated many in this question from being lightly thought on. No one can doubt that the motives of President Lincoln and of many of the abolitionists were pure as the day, and instigated by the highest principles of Christianity and altruism. But such are useless unless engrafted upon a stock of the baser sort, whose baseness is an indication of its virility. Such ideals are like those fine fruits which cannot be propagated from seed, but are dependent for their existence upon the wild and vigorous tree.

Lincoln's ideals fell in with the spirit actuating the North, and so he led the North on to victory. Had they run counter to the trend of feeling, they would have been abortive, and their possessor might have suffered an earlier martyrdom through their possession alone. Lincoln's position recalls that of a very different type of ruler, Henry VIII of England, whose evil and not his good motives happened to fit in with the impulses of his people, and who therefore bequeathed to his descendants honour and prosperity, which were as suddenly changed into hate and disaster, when later rulers of the same imperious spirit followed in his footsteps, after the trend of the nation's feelings had changed. And thus we see how little the individual makes history. History is the current on which he swims; he is but a bubble borne upon the surface, to be borne triumphantly forward or engulfed in the abyss.

CHAPTER VI.

Phases of National Feeling.

History has been written so largely from the individual point of view that there is always a tendency to ascribe great events to the genius or personal qualities, good or bad, of a particular person. We have seen, on the other hand, that far from being the causative element in national movements, the individual is seized upon by the imperious Zeitgeist and made to do its will. Thus George III and Washington and Lincoln were puppets in the hands of this great wire-puller. The case of Henry VIII has also been referred to, and we will pursue it in greater detail here. Under the Tudors the English dynasty became thoroughly consolidated. The throne, now for the first time loosed from the fetters of those jealous guardians, the barons and aristocracy, practically all destroyed in the Civil wars, stood out alone and majestic above the meanness of the commonalty and the new nobility which owed its whole existence to the supreme power. It is no wonder that under the moderate and astute rule of Henry VII no murmurings against the growing absolutism should

arise; but what can we say of his son, who starting like a young Apollo, gradually gave way to every evil passion, disappointed all hopes, and broke the laws of God and man? Yet, in face of all his vagaries, his deeds of tyranny actuated by whim or passion, there was no note of disloyalty uttered against him, while towards his daughter, Elizabeth, perhaps, more whimsical still, loyalty became a passion and a cult. On the other hand, this tyrannical conduct in the Stuarts was combated from the very outset, insomuch as it has been said that if James I had lived long enough he would have lost his head instead of his less fortunate son meeting with that fate. Yet James I's tyranny cannot be compared with Henry VIII's, and at least this much could be said for the Stuart policy, that it was usually consistent. The reason can only be ascribed to luck; the Stuarts were ill-starred. Like the poet Gray, they were born out of due time, and their end was mortification and disappointment. Well might they have said with Laertes—

"I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze
But that this folly doubts it."

Henry VIII's luck, however, was in. Not only did the English people of his day happen to want a despot, but his policy, dependent solely on a personal whim, happened to fit in with that of the nation. With the discovery of America the world's centre of gravity had changed, and

now from the position of *ultima Thule*, England bade fair to be the very heart and centre of the world, the more so as her insular position and large seaboard had marked her out as a centre of navigation. The position was therefore critical, and at such times national feeling often shows a fitting and unexpected modesty. In this case England, as Professor Prothero has shown, threw the reins upon the neck of the horse. It is astonishing with what simplicity and good faith this is sometimes done, and therein mankind taken collectively shows itself to be often superior in intuition to the individual. But in times of danger or of critical importance the need of unity is felt to outweigh any other considerations. What is wanted is one leader and one policy, be it good or bad, so long as it leads somewhere in the right direction. One indifferent policy, consistently pursued, is worth several excellent ones making in contrary directions, or displacing one another as this or that counsellor holds the place of pre-eminence.

And as it was necessary for England to be ruled by a despot, so was it also necessary that the despot should free her from all ties, bonds, alliances and restrictions which might fetter her free action in the new sphere, or make her a catspaw to pull the chestnuts from the fire for the benefit of one of the older powers. Henry was tired of his wife, and to divorce her he must needs break with Rome and with the Emperor

and Spain and all the Catholic powers. Whatever may have been the religious feelings of the nation, they recognised that the real question at issue was not a religious but a political one, and they tolerated the king's actions accordingly.

The position of Elizabeth was more difficult. In the first place she was a woman, and therefore less suited to lead a nation's destinies in troublous times. Again, she would probably marry, in fact she ought to, and if she took this step injudiciously she might spoil all the progress that had so far been made. But if she was lacking in determination and consistency, she made up for it in tact, and a sympathetic regard for the feelings of her subjects. In spite of her petty tyrannies no one knew better how to yield gracefully when it was manifest that her actions were unpopular. In keeping free from a Spanish alliance, and by helping, although in her meagre and parsimonious manner, the Protestant causes in Europe, she yet kept the stem of the vessel in the straight track, for which she earned the everlasting gratitude of her people.

This voluntary resignation of a powerful and freedom-loving people to the will of an absolute monarch is still better exemplified by France under Napoleon. The psychological side of the motives in such cases I propose to deal with at greater length at a later stage, and here they are more complicated than those we have dealt

with in the earlier part of the chapter. There is the Revolution itself to be considered, then the rise of Napoleon, and finally the great campaigns. The attitude of the people in the two latter stages have been ascribed by a French historian to the ruling passion of the Frenchman, *l'honneur*. In the light of psychology this seems highly probable, and the love of honour like patriotism and *esprit de corps*, we may take to be manifestations of the national feeling pure and simple. All the destinies of France seemed to be wrapped up in the personality of "the little corporal," and the enthusiasm which he kindled in song and poetry, not only in France but throughout Europe, is the clearest indication of the hold which he possessed over the minds of the people. And with a high-spirited and chivalric people it is not difficult to comprehend that the sentiment was maintained even after its national utility was lost, and that the people gave their sons to the armies of their great leader long after his schemes had any national value. The psychological counterpart of this phenomenon is to be sought in the pathological form of an emotion, and there are few emotions without such forms.

But the strangest part of the relations between Napoleon and the French is their first adoption of him as their leader, almost their tyrant, just at the close of a furious outbreak against absolutism. If, however, the state of France

under Napoleon is compared with that of England under Henry VIII, the explanation seems clear. The cruelties which were perpetrated upon the Royal House and the nobility were, in the main, due to the plots made by them for bringing foreign armies into France. The discovery of these made the people mad with rage, and in the blindness of their fury they were indiscriminating in their revenge. Probably if it had not been for the imminence of foreign invasion, the campaign which followed the Revolution would not have been entered upon. But it is clear that the position of France was critical, and that her very existence was threatened. The need of absolutism followed as a matter of course.

So much for the National Feeling in its active and positive form. But it is often met with as an undercurrent of obstinacy, hostility and rebellion, when rulers or governments run counter to the intent of the people. For an example of this we need not go far from our own shores. It is a platitude in the circles of shallow thinkers that Ireland has all that can be reasonably given her, if any account be taken of proportion of population and like considerations, and that in spite of that, "sops" are being constantly administered by her more powerful sister in order to quiet the discontent which nevertheless increases. She is fairly, more than fairly, represented in our Parliament, possesses religious freedom, has a special administration, and her

own judiciary. Laws have been constantly passed to better the condition of the peasant, and to enable him to become a proprietor. The old landlords are being bought out, and every facility and encouragement is given to trade and industry. What more can a people want?

It is sufficient to reply that if a people wants one thing, it is of no use to lavish profusely another thing upon it. By doing so, you only add fuel to the flames and weapons to the armoury. The Irish are a proud and imaginative people, and they suffer under the galling misfortune of never having had a chance. Compare their union with England with that between England and Scotland. The two latter countries had persisted side by side for years; two separate communities, with separate institutions, under a single king. The fact that the reigning house had long been Scotch gave the Northern country a prestige in the days when she might have suffered in point of wealth and power. In the back centuries England had struggled for the mastery and lost. Ever since Scotland had been a thorn in her side, and an enemy in the rear of any king who wished to embark on enterprises abroad without conciliating his neighbours. In 1707 she came, a single united people, used to a single ruler and constitutional government, of her own free will, into partnership with the sister country, but retaining her law, her church, everything she wished to keep. The union has

proved since that day a blessing to both countries. The growing wealth, the colonial possessions, the wider field of the Southern country gave the new partner a sphere in which to display her talents of thrift, hard-headedness, and practical common-sense. Whereas England was not only stimulated by the example of the northern sons, but soon became deeply in their debt for services in every branch of administration and industry. She had a Scotchman to thank for the Bank of England, and Scotch downrightness and plodding hard work has been an excellent antidote to the Englishman's love of sport and over-shyness of healthy manual labour. If to-day we playfully grumble that we are governed by Scotchmen, that they rule our Colonies, manage our Banks, our Insurance Companies, and most of our industries, we have nevertheless the consolation, in addition to knowing that all these things are in the best possible hands, of feeling that all is for the good of both countries, and the same kingdom and nation.

But with Ireland it was sadly different. If Nature had only placed her on the Eastern side of England, there is a possibility that William the Conqueror would have set himself to use his iron fist upon her first, and weld her into a single nation. That would have been her salvation, as it has been ours. But, owing to that lack of unity, she was always a trouble to herself, and consequently to her neighbours. Eng-

lish influence, in the Middle Ages, could go no further than to set up a colony within the pale, outside which there was nothing but lawlessness and disorder. When this state of things came to an end, a foreign and hated element was superposed in the North, adding bitterness and strife to former disorders. Ireland's internal weakness and lack of cohesion made her, in commerce, a spoil in the hands of the English who, in the Eighteenth Century, crushed out one industry after another; in politics, a slave to one or two wealthy and unscrupulous landlords, carrying the whole representation in their pockets. After hopes had been given, and were suddenly snatched out of reach, an opportunist *coup* was made to put an end temporarily to the reign of tumult, corruption and rebellion; and the worthless Parliament was abolished and its functions taken over by our own. But this *coup* was not looked upon by its perpetrators as anything but an ephemeral relief from the tension, a temporary harbour in the storm. Pitt was too busy with foreign complications to set himself to deal with the refractory people in his rear. And the temporary arrangement has become permanent, and a proud people has had to submit to the taunt that when she had a Parliament and a Government of her own, it was corrupt and unworkable. But Ireland never had in any true sense a Parliament of her own. She was governed by a handful of place-holders. And that is why

the English people may lavish what wealth and advantages they like upon Ireland, Ireland will never be satisfied until her craving for sovereignty had been satisfied. And by this I do not mean that separation is necessary—far from it. It is the wounded self-feeling that rankles in the breasts of Irishmen. The land whose orators stir all hearers by their passion and imagination has not, and has never had, the opportunity of utilising them for her own betterment. This land of politics and discussion has never had an assembly in which her leaders could freely speak their minds to the end of a constructive policy. "Give us a chance of showing that we can govern ourselves—a chance we have never had!" That, to my mind, is the foundation of the Irish position. Given but that, all the lawlessness, the disloyalty, the discontent, I verily believe, would have place with her no more, and the paid agitators could take up their bags and retire into obscurity. And a loyal and warm-hearted people would fittingly show how they appreciated the coveted gift of their benefactress.

To see how futile it is to attempt to palliate a wounded national feeling with gifts which do not meet the particular need, it is only necessary to turn to Hungary under Joseph II. This ruler is acknowledged even by Hungarian writers to have been one of the most beneficent and enlightened of rulers. But his enlightenment was

his doom. An eager disciple of that great rationalistic movement whose best exponents were the Encyclopædists of France, he strove to rule under its guidance, and to thrust out of his dominions all that mass of tradition and the consequent abuses handed down from the Middle Ages. Rationally speaking he conferred on Hungary untold benefits, in closing up many of the useless Monasteries, ameliorating the condition of the serfs, and improving education. But his intellectualist enthusiasm, in bringing everything to the touchstones of pure reason, underrated the emotional forces lying dormant in the breasts of the Hungarians, and he unwittingly offended them by actions of trivial import, but which to them seemed an absolute outrage against their national feelings. He refused to be crowned with the sacred crown of Hungary, and he tried to abolish their language. To a philosopher trifles like these seem inconsiderable, but the popular mind, finding a refuge from abstraction in symbolism, regards such trifles as its most holy possessions. To try to crush out a people's language is one of the greatest mistakes a ruler can be guilty of. Encourage it and it will probably die. Proscribe it, and even though it be forgotten, every one will suddenly remember that he has or has had a language of his own. The Hungarians wanted above all things independence from Austria, and freedom from Germanising influence, and although Joseph's reforms, if pro-

perly introduced, could have worked untold good, and were, in fact, eagerly clamoured for when feeling had abated, yet the German tinge about them all, and the obnoxious provisions which went along with them, neutralised their whole advantage, and Joseph learnt on his death-bed that reason is not the only quality required for the government of a people.

CHAPTER VII.

Nationality and Literature.

The feeling for literature is one of the latest developed in the individual, and we shall expect the case to be the same in the life of a nation. And as it is of late growth, so it is more ephemeral, and of less power than other sentiments. In the decay of human life the feelings depart in the order of their acquisition, and consequently those of the higher order go first, so that the last phase of human decay is characterised by the few simplest and most animal impulses. We have seen how these lower impulses have been at the root of many of the great movements of history, and we shall consequently not be surprised if the higher motives have to account for but few of them. And as intellectual enthusiasm is rather the province of the individual and moreover, of the rarer individual, it is only natural to find that the seeds of wisdom often fall on barren soil. This explains, in part, why no great truth has wakened the masses to action, but it has been uttered before times out of number. Nothing is new under the sun in the way of wise saws and brilliant conceptions, but they only take root when the ground happens to

be prepared to receive them. The Lutherian Revolution was foreshadowed by Huss and Wycliffe, but the times were not ripe for it, just as the French Revolution was preceded by the Jacqueries. In fact, we come back to our old principle that history is written by the heart and not by the head, and if the head wants to play its part, it must wait until the heart has climbed to its level.

But whereas it will be almost impossible to find cases in which great national movements have been caused by intellectual activity, yet it is quite a usual occurrence for a popular movement to have an intellectual counterpart, and this has been amply demonstrated by Taine, who writes, however, from the literary, and not the national standpoint. Nevertheless his remarks on this head have considerable bearing on our subject. Literary genius he holds to be no other than power at the highest pitch of its development, and he goes on to show that the great writers have appeared at culminating epochs of their nations' careers. The defeat of the Armada, the discovery of America, loyalty to the Queen were all factors which determined the existence of Shakespeare, and but for them he could not have been what he was. In the same way it required all the doubt, the mysticism, the novelty of the Nineteenth Century to bring forth a Goethe in Germany. And so, he sums up, the greater the poet is, the more national he must be.

There have been choice spirits who were withered by the chilling blast of an unfriendly world, and although such will always be honoured in the Temple of Literature, as leaders and protagonists they find no place. We must not forget that the position of the poet is due to the novel system of specialisation, thrust upon us by the exigencies of our complicated civilisation. Our ancestors all joined in the dance and song and mystic representation which have since parted company and are now represented by three sister arts. And so, just as we employ a professional butcher, barber, priest, instead of performing the functions of each within the family circle, so we look to the professional Seer, or better, Feeler, to sum up our emotions, and give expression to them in fitting language. These, on the evidence of Goethe, one of the greatest of the tribe, are the chief functions of the poet.

"Wodurch bewegt er alle Herzen?
Wodurch besiegt er jedes Element?
Ist es der Einklang nicht, der aus dem Busen dringt,
Und in sein Herz die Welt zurücke schlingt?"

Not only our functions of feeling has he specialised, but he has also become a professor in the art of play, so characteristic of animals, children and savages. Organised play with the last, irresponsible play with the two first, is the school in which the limbs and the functions are trained for the battle of life, the muscles gain their

strength, the eye its keenness, the brain its intelligence, and the mind its control. And as we find that the greater the intelligence and the elasticity of the animal, the greater its fondness for play, so in man we find the play attitude prevailing in all kinds of occupations and disporting itself under manifold disguises. In national poetry and literature a people finds its most congenial playground.

Taine's saying that poetic genius is *une puissance développée*, expresses a truth only from a literary point of view. As far as the critic is concerned, it is pretty near the truth that great poetic outbursts are contemporaneous with a culmination in the political development of a nation. Augustus has his Vergil, Elizabeth her Shakespeare, Napoleon his Hugo, Frederick II his Walther. Yet with a wider scope than literature before our eyes, we have to take into consideration the relation of letters to the active life of a people. Poetic genius may, in a way, be the mark of developed power, but it is not the principal criterion. Great political achievements are more important in this sense; but the two phenomena are not unrelated. Some philosophers have explained laughter as being due to the sudden relaxation of a former tension. Our perceptions led us to expect something great, and our feelings were keyed up accordingly, probably for action, but the event turned out to be something extremely small—the *exiguus mus*.

Our feeling, our readiness for action, works itself off in the act of laughter, as, conversely, a dog's emotion finds a vent in the act of wagging his tail. Whether this be a full and sufficient explanation of laughter or not, it may serve, I think, as an illustration of the possible relations subsisting between national activity and æsthetic expression. We could not expect a poet to enjoy sufficient *'στσρσξίσ* at the time of the invasion of the Armada to pen King Lear. But when once the danger is past, and while the feeling of power which helped to keep the Armada at bay is still in full vigour, it is then that we may expect the desire for action to work itself off in the æsthetic channel. Such a view appears to be confirmed by the conditions of almost every literary outburst, and is further in accordance with the views of poets themselves upon their art. They agree that there must be power—imagination or passion they call it—but there must also be control, the passion must be "recollected in hours of tranquility." Poetic outburst may, therefore, be in a sense regarded as a backwash to political activity.

The study of poetic genius shows us that there must be the right atmosphere also. The poet must be in tune with his age, and he must also neither play too loud or too soft for it. Musical comedy would not suit the Greeks fresh from the fields of Marathon, nor would the Orestean Trilogy find favour with our busy devotees of

the market and the exchange, who bring tired minds for light diversion.

It is fortunate for a people when specialisation has not deprived its individuals altogether of its æsthetic and intellectual functions. Blest are the days when every household has its bard and its musician! And fortunately, even to-day we have instances of a thorough participation of the people in æsthetic pursuits which have become elsewhere under the ban of professionalism. The Welsh and the Germans are perhaps the best examples, the former evincing their musical and poetical interest in their homes, their village gatherings, and their *eisteddfods*; the latter by their great love—a love which is demonstrated even in the lowliest cottages—for their national composers, and above all their extraordinary appreciation of their greatest and most metaphysical poet. But a people is in a bad way indeed when it can no longer play, and when its members crowd in thousands to witness the performance of specialists and professionals. We cannot all expect to be poets, but we still exercise our minds and hearts in reading them; but in merely watching sports, without any ulterior object of self-improvement, we not only waste our time and national energies but are actually ruining our characters. This form of amusement, exemplified in its most advanced stage in the watching of gladiatorial combats in the days of Rome's decadence, is none other than the pathological

form of the æsthetic sentiment, and not only works to the detriment of that sentiment, but also unfits a nation for play, which has been shown before to be the great school for the battle of life; to say nothing of its deadening the feelings and sapping the energy.

After what has been said of poetry, it will be only natural to expect its appearance at the close of eras of national importance. But there is an important exception. Literary exuberance is far more the property of the individual than of the mass, and of small classes of individuals than larger ones. For, as the æsthetic and intellectual sentiments are the latest developed, they are only found in their fullness among the few, and are only possessed collectively to any important degree at certain epochs. Germany, until her unification, was split up into hundreds of small states, incapable of marked political action on account of their weakness and isolation. During the Eighteenth Century the German States were especially subjected to the influence of their powerful neighbour across the Rhine, and their literature bears the impress of this influence. But, as in the small Grecian communities, constant friction with one's neighbours brought about a sharpening of the wits, and most states possessed their University, round which the brighter intelligencies clustered, and the spirit of learning was fostered, as in the Italian Republics, by the *Maecenatum caritas* liberally bestowed by the

courts of the petty princes. Every student of German literature knows what Schiller owed to Jena, and Goethe to Weimar, and these examples are paralleled in the lives of almost every German author of the pre-Union days.

And so German activity, "cribbed, cabined and confined," owing to disunion and the proximity of powerful neighbours, found an outlet in literary production, and a sphere of industry and a general meeting-ground in the world of spirit and intelligence which hovers above the actualities of life. Thus when a surfeit of French fashion supervened and slavish imitation became nauseous, the first steps towards unity and nationality and abolition of French influence were made in literature, and are associated for ever with the name of Lessing, the literary counterpart of the political figure, Frederick the Great. The sublety of the working of secret impulse is the more remarkable in this case as Lessing had no reason to be grateful in any way to this sovereign. He could not say, like Goethe of Karl August, that his prince had given him, "Neigung, Musze, Vertraun, Felder und Garten und Haus." On the contrary Schiller sings of the German Muse,

> "Von den grössten Deutschlands Söhne,
> Von dem grossen Friedrichs Throne,
> Ging sie schutzlos ungeehrt."

Frederick knew perhaps as little as Lessing

that the latter was working for German unity and emancipation from French influences, and he preferred Voltaire to his own compatriot. Yet when Lessing in his critical essays tried to wean the people's feelings from Boileau and pseudo-Aristotelian dramatic theories, when he showed that the Germans would do better to follow Shakespeare than narrow themselves down to the false unities of French tradition, he was sowing the seeds of a harvest which Frederick reaped, and the apotheosis of the Prussian king is found in the pages of one of the most charming of German plays, and her first great one, Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm."

In these periods of literary outburst, *Blütezeiten*, as the Germans call them, all is power, creation, imagination. These represent the flood-tides. The ebbs correspond with the falling in political vitality. The most characteristic example of this parallelism is displayed in that very marked phase of literature, the Eighteenth Century Period, governed by the canons of Boileau and Pope, when all that appeared to be necessary to poetic art was "to polish and refine," to say "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed," and when, if we are to put a simple interpretation upon some of the utterances of Cowper and his contemporaries, the whole business of mankind was to put their house in order for the approaching end of the world. What is more dead, more uninspiring than the

teaching of this school? How heartily did Gray and Wordsworth and Coleridge on this side the sea, and Lessing, and the Romantics on the other rebel against it! How confined were the bounds within which the Tragic Muse was to exercise her art, the canons of dramatic art being based on the narrowest of narrow mis-representations of the Grecian critic! And when the French, the leaders in literary taste at the time as at most others, broadened out into something more general, more broadly human and humanitarian, it was still the literature of the *salon*, into which no child and no animal could enter. So Taine complains, and the grounds of his complaint are the deeper when we see what the exclusion of these creatures means to literature. It amounts to the abolition of the *naïve*, the simple, above all, the playful, in which the soul of true æstheticism lies. Perhaps this phase in French literature summed up in the terms Encyclopædist and Salon, has not the significance for France that it would have, were not that country so peculiarly situated. Taine says her literature, like her religion and her other institutions, is super-posed, not deep-rooted in nationality like German poetry or English customs. But it must be remembered that France was at the time the leader of Europe, and her *salons* had correspondents in every civilised country. Voltaire, says Diderot wrote not only for the *élite* in France, but for the whole of Europe. But, one may

object, does this not merely show the supremacy of France in things literary over the rest of the European nations? Has it any general or national bearing? It has. No nation accepts literary or intellectual principles of any kind until it is ripe to receive them, and in a condition to adopt them as its own. France dominated the whole of Europe because all Europe was passing through this Eighteenth Century Phase.

And this spirit, widened and warmed, enlightened and humanised by its international bearing, its association with kings and princes, by the sympathetic influence of women of talent and culture, the exalted views of the *philosophes*, what was it? Wherein lay its leading characteristics? Internationalism, sympathy, *perfectibilité*, lucidity of expression, the testing of all things by pure reason, an apotheosis of the intellect. Schemes of economic improvement were propounded by Turgot, the lurking vestiges of tradition and superstition were routed by the cynicism of Voltaire, the whole movement was summed up in all its bearings by Diderot.

This was a great, a broad-minded movement. We try in vain to emulate its breadth at the present day. But in its breadth lay its weakness. When sympathy and cosmopolitanism are rife, it is a sign that nationality is sleeping. And it awoke rudely in every direction—in France, with Rousseau and the Revolution; in Germany, with Lessing and Frederick the Great, with

Wordsworth, and the tardy Reform Bill in England; in Hungary, with the rise of the Magyars against Joseph II. Everywhere, and on every hand, doubt, custom, antiquity, prejudice, authority, tradition, cruelty, bloodthirstiness; but above and below and embracing all, Nationality.

In the Eighteenth Century Europe was sleeping after the Thirty Years' War and the great strifes and commotions of the Seventeenth. Great men had died out and the newer generations were lying in silence, waiting for the rude birth which a new age should hasten. And so politics fell from the hands of Gustavus and Wallenstein and Richelieu into those of women rulers, and infant sons, and the destinies of nations were guided by tutors and regents, place-hunters and favourites. These were the days of Law and Alberoni and Pompadour and Catherine—mistresses and opportunists. No great blow was struck save in the direction of petty robbery and common intrigue, and the highest aim of politicians was the balance of power, the *status quo*, rudely shaken indeed by the great awakening in France and the invasions of her national leader.

To sum up, a nation's development is not necessarily guaged by the state of her literature, but, on the other hand, her literature may be one of the signs of her political position. Literary outbursts are often in the nature of an afterglow

from the flame of political crisis. In one case however, that of Germany, we have seen how the rule was reversed, and the political birth of Germany was, characteristically enough, prepared in the æsthetic and intellectual sphere, the only ground, in fact, where freedom for such a movement existed. And, curiously enough, the great consummation reached, German literature has again subsided, save for a few sporadic outbursts, into the commonplace and everyday.

CHAPTER VIII.

Popular Sovereignty.

Descending from the nation to the aggregates and corporations which compose it, we have to deal with something akin to the national feeling, but less wide and more particular in its scope. The terms Popular or Collective Sovereignty are intended to sum up that attempt at self-realisation on the part of a section of the people which is so noticeable in the individual, already treated of in respect of the nation as a whole. In fact, it is difficult to draw the line and say what phenomena should be treated under the head of nationality, and what under the present title. The case of the Irish people I have already dealt with, as it deserves, from the national standpoint. Where a section of a community is marked off by race, language, territory, its movements must necessarily partake of the nature of national phenomena, however political considerations may disguise the outward seeming of the case. But in the area of Civil Wars, where in spite of pre-historic national distinctions the disturbances are entirely internal to the circumference of the homogeneous state, in her disputes be-

tween men of the hill and the plain, the plain and the shore, between aristocrat and democrat, merchant and farmer, the workings of this desire for sovereignty may be studied. If I have been over-brief in the historical examples hitherto set forth, it is only because they are examples, and subordinate, for my purpose, to the ruling psychological laws which I propose to investigate later. This chapter will be on a par with its predecessors in this respect, and I will confine myself to a few instances which shall serve to illustrate my meaning and intention, rather than aim at anything approaching historical exhaustiveness or completeness of scheme or detail.

During the recent negotiations over the question of South African Union, much has been thought and much written about the coloured vote. Whatever may be the feelings obtaining in civilised Europe towards the coloured races, the broadest-minded of Europeans coming to Africa feel that same strange antipathy to the native as is prevalent among the oldest inhabitants. Or if a broad sympathetic nature is able to overcome this unreasoned sentiment, yet there is always a feeling of superiority. Give but the native equal rights with the white man, set both on a political equality, and the kindly feeling will receive a rude shock. I cannot say that I have seen any instances of brutality to the natives during my stay in South Africa, the general tendency being to treat them well and liberally, so

long as they are kept in their sphere. The native question is one which I hope to go into more fully in a subsequent chapter, so I will keep my remarks within very narrow bounds at the present juncture. The harm that may be done to the native, the harm that Olive Schreiner has recently raised her long-silent voice against, is that which would arise from carelessness rather than cruelty. One often hears it said in South Africa that the Dutch knew best how to treat the natives, and I think that this statement owes a great deal of its cogency to the fact that the English are too inclined to be easy-going and good-natured. The fault lies in the Englishman's laziness and his adoption of the character of the generous magnate who does not bother about details. So long as his native servant is obedient and respectful, does his work without causing worry and annoyance, the English master is not inclined to trouble himself further. If the native steals or cheats a little, it only means a little to the master, and it is not worth worrying about. But what does it mean to the "boy?" If the boy is disobedient in some small thing, it is often passed over, and he soons learns to take advantage of this, and his character is soon ruined. Above all, there does not seem to be enough care as to what the native does in his spare time, and when out of employment. What of the evils which he has had a glimpse of in the towns may he not practice in a degraded kind

of imitation, herded as he is with many others of his kind in a sordid "location!"

All this may seen gratuitously generous to many European critics. We seize on a people's country and in the height of our generosity try to improve their position as our servants and stipulate that the locations in which we confine them shall be properly regulated. But into the rights or wrongs of conquest and usurpation I do not propose to enter. I start with the fact that we are there, rightly or wrongly, and this is how justice and humanity demand that we shall act if we are going to remain there.

It was a rude shock to the majority of the whites in South Africa when, under the administration of Mr. Rhodes, the coloured population of the Cape obtained the right to the franchise. It is maintained by some that this was a party move, and a mere bid for votes. Yet it is difficult to ascribe a motive of this kind to Cecil Rhodes, whose views on the native question were much more enlightened than those of the general politician. In his breadth of sympathy, his world-embracing ideals, he stood far above the crowd who are influenced by the lower emotions, and from what one can glean as to his personal tastes and habits, his claim for equal rights for every civilised man, irrespective of colour, seems to have been formulated in all honesty and sincerity of purpose.

Yet United South Africa has condemned the

enfranchisement of the native, and the whole country breathes against the provisions which the draft constitution makes for its curtailment. And few who have to live the South African life can disagree with this sentiment. Nothing is more revolting to the feelings of the visitor from up country than to be pushed off a Cape Town pavement by coloured people of every nationality and mixture; or to find every first-class carriage in the local railway train filled by questionable-looking individuals in a horrid and uncouth mixture of indigenous and European dress, leaving to the respectable white citizen the alternative of the second or third class (something much worse in South Africa than Englishmen might think), or of making their journey by other means of locomotion. Natives are like children, and when they have a veneer of civilisation, they possess too often the faults of growing youths, with all the rudeness, boastfulness, priggishness, and general uncouthness of youth. And I cannot help thinking that their bearing is largely due to their having been made at least the potential equals of the white man, and this position they are not slow to make the most of. It would be difficult to persuade the very muddiest of them that they are not whiter than the Englishman. Let it be understood that I am now speaking of the Cape coloured people, who are more mixed, more heterogeneous than the Kaffirs, and are to a very large extent of Eastern origin. The up-country

Kaffir is to them what the honest uncouth peasant is to the smart and repulsive barber's assistant.

I think that from what I have said it may be safely inferred that the granting of the franchise to a coloured population under such conditions is one of the gravest errors of statesmanship. And it illustrates what I propose to bring forward as my main argument, that it is a huge mistake to make a gratuitous gift of that greatest of all social possessions, political sovereignty. This is a thing to be obtained by prayer and fasting, by fire and water, by battle and by blood.

When Mephistophiles made his compact with Faust, he asked for his signature in blood, just for formality's sake. And, although we learn from sociologists that the tendency of advancing civilisation is to conventionalise the barbarous practices of the past, and "to count heads instead of breaking them," reflection brings out the fact that few lasting popular compacts have been made without some spilling of blood, or its equivalent. Perhaps it is better to say, in deference to modern conditions, that a people obtains nothing until it arrives at the blood-pitch, for it is only by willingness to shed its blood that its earnestness is proved. Intellectual aspirations, dialectic speeches are of no account in this matter; it is only the willingness to make the ultimate sacrifice which evinces that unreasoning determination, all-powerful in the degree that it defies all intellectual scrutiny. The power of

a movement may often be judged by its seeming unreasonableness. What can be more alien to the tenets of reason and decorum than the clanging din and ranting doctrines of a Salvationist meeting? Yet in the lack of reason and decorum lies the secret of the power of this body, both socially and in the sphere of religion.

The doctrine of physical force has been well appreciated by those last aspirants to sovereign power, the Suffragists. You may argue with them till your breath fails you about the proper sphere of woman, and the righteousness of those laws of nature which have given the superiority to man. Woman is showing that she is also part of the law of nature, and she is moulding nature to her will. If woman is determined to share in the sovereign power, no force on earth will hold it from her, least of all the force of logic and dialectic. You may point out to her that she is making herself ridiculous, that she is bringing shame and disgrace on her sex. She will only retort by being more ridiculous and more shameless until she has created a new tribunal by which her actions shall be judged. You may as well tell her that it is unwomanly and unladylike to descend to physical violence, as try to enforce the terms of the Geneva Convention upon an army of hostile savages. While you are haranguing them, they will "assegai" you. Let but a suffragist be killed in a scuffle with the police, and their case is won for ever.

What did the surging mobs of the French Revolution care about decorum or gratitude or justice? What discrimination did they make between a beneficent aristocrat and a cruel one? What did loyalty, allegiance, mean to them? They were fierce, wild, indiscriminate—and they were powerful in proportion as they were unreasoning. But why should this sea of passion have burst forth at that particular time? Were the corvées heavier, the taxes more burdensome, the nobles more unthinking, the court more selfish than at other times? If we follow Arthur Young we may be disposed to think so, but the soundness of his conclusions has been called in question of late years. Not that every detail he gives may not be true—but his is the wrong way to set about things. If you want to collect grievances you will find a crop of them in the best managed institutions, just as in the richest and most powerful states you will find the greatest number of instances of poverty. A commission collected statistics of our declining trades a few years ago, and were really able to make such a show as to make the newspapers howl with excitement. And yet in the year that so many of these cases were discovered our total trade was booming to such an extent as had never been experienced before. Such a state of things is only to be expected under a Free Trade *regimé* which permits the stronger industry to come in and push the weaker one to the wall. Under this

system things find their own level, and there must be a constant flow in consequence, and while the most efficient trade is naturally selected, the howls of the inefficient will make themselves heard. Those who are steadily coining money say nothing about it. In the same way Arthur Young may have been deceived. He was not let too freely into the secret of the hoard stowed away in the bed; but every one has a grievance, real and imaginary, and Young found it. On the whole it is better to trust an indigenous genius to the curiosity-hunter from a foreign land, and de Tocqueville should be a safer guide on the state of France before the Revolution than Arthur Young. The former, after making a most careful study of the evidence, has come to the conclusion that the evils pressing upon the peasantry were not more grievous than in former times; in fact, in his opinion they were less so. Further the influence of the Encyclopædists, the Physiocrats, and especially Turgot, rather made for the betterment of the peasant, in that his importance was better appreciated than ever before. As has been said in the last chapter, this was an age of sympathy, not callousness, of enlightenment, not cruelty. Moreover, it was an age of rest, and rest to the French peasant, whose horror for war lay in the fact that his lands were laid open to desolation, meant a steady increase in wealth. That poor people do not make revolutions we have seen in our own day, when

an Imperial Monarch granted a constitution to a clamouring people, and snatched it away again in all but the merest shadow. But the people were too poor, too down-trodden, too utterly miserable and broken-hearted to revolt. Our historical experience tells us the same thing. What could have been worse than the lot of the French people in the days of the Jacqueries? But there was then no wide-spread, unanimous rebellion. De Tocqueville's conclusion is, then, that the French rose in revolution at the time they did because they had become rich and powerful enough to do so. He does not quite say why they should want to revolt at all, being so well off, but I think this is explained by that impulse of popular sovereignty, the collective counterpart of the personal "self-feeling," which compels us all, in a greater or less degree, to assert our personality. This particular event is the better understood when we remember Taine's observation that French literature, government, and civilisation were superposed. France has had a magnificent and romantic history, but it all savoured of the chivalric days, even the Homeric. The glory was of the leader, not of the people, and belonged to the days when the well-bred, well-fed noble, who rode into battle clad in mail, and slaughtered hundreds of the rabble armed with scythes and bill-hooks. Until the Revolution the French peasantry could have had no more weight, no more self-feeling than

an unthinking rabble led out to the battle-field to fight for the glory of their lord, or "le grand monarque." But in the Revolution days the mob learnt to know itself, to realise its power; it became self-conscious. Since then France has been one body, one unified whole, and whether she be a Republic or a Monarchical State, the fact will remain that every man in France will count, and will share in the sovereignty. That is what France got from the Revolution, and it is pretty safe to assume that that was what the people revolted for. They had a Dictator, and an Emperor, great campaigns, military glory, the foundations of an empire. But none of these things lasted, and none were required to last. But the codification of the laws, the social system, this France kept and keeps to the present day, for they are all part and parcel of the thing she strove for.

A country situated like France, with a small dominating class and a large subject population, was bound sooner or later to have her Revolution. In England we have had revolutions, too, as the lower strata of society gradually thrust themselves to the top with the usual accompaniments of earth-quakes and volcanic eruptions. They have been minor adjustments rather than great upheavals, but, for all that, no section of the community has attained to sovereign power without being determined to go to the extremest lengths in order to obtain it. Just prior to 1832

Birmingham householders put up notices in their windows to the effect that no taxes would be paid until the Reform Bill was passed. The townspeople began to drill, that they might fittingly receive the Duke of Wellington, who proposed to lay the town in ashes. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the blood-pitch was reached if there was no actual blood shed. But so differently were we constituted from France that no great upheaval was possible. In politics, as in our law, a broadening down from precedent to precedent has been the rule. The reason is that with us there was no superposition of a ruling class and of a strange government. The Conqueror did his work well and conquered both the nobles and the people. But he had good reason to fear his own nobles, his own counsellors, his own body-guard, and therefore he made every Englishman swear to be his man as well as being his lord's man; and, following this precedent, his successors were able to maintain their power by pitting the people against the nobles, being quite confident that the latter were always but too willing to turn on the people. But, most important of all, in order that the nobles might not wield too much power by virtue of their offices, courts and jurisdiction, the local customs of the Anglo-Saxons were fostered by the Normans and the Plantagenets, so that the chain of these institutions is unbroken from the days of Alfred to our own.

As there has always been a new class thrusting itself into power on becoming qualified by wealth and influence, so in the governing assembly there has been a tendency towards a well-defined division between the old wielders of power, jealously guarding their traditional rights, and the new men, alert and pushful, and ever ready to shear some of the plumes of their opposites. At times, owing to corruption, a faulty system of representation, abeyance of internal considerations during foreign complications, Parliament has not voiced the feelings of the people, and the line of division has been slurred over. But potentially, at least, the division has existed, and it is to a large extent the basis of our party system, which, in spite of its faults when decisive and prompt action is required, is yet something of which all Englishmen may be justly proud and to which they may accord all honour, since it is a natural growth from our conditions and circumstances. At all events foreigners are wont to lavish on our Constitution and Party System the warmest of praise and admiration, and even to attempt to adopt it as their own. But, transplanted, our Constitution has not the advantage of the natural growth, and therefore fails in one or other particular—usually with regard to the Parties. Our system is based on that of a fight, and for a fight you want two combatant parties, neither more or less. In some countries we find but one party; in another,

several; in a third, none at all. And can you expect them to organise themselves on definite lines, when a clear demarcation of interest does not exist? Such can only come into being in circumstances similar to our own where there has been the steady conflict, first bloody, later conventionalised, through the ages. The French people obtained all they wanted at one fell swoop, they were united in their aim, and they have remained so since. How can such homogeneity resolve itself into opposing parts? If it splits up at all, it must be into minor interests, shades of feelings, predilections, antipathies, and a *mêlée*, not a fair fight, is the result. In America, since the North triumphed over the South, these two being the nearest approach to real parties, there has been almost complete homogeneity, and the party system fails. And wherever it fails, be it noticed, corruption of some sort or other is likely to creep in. It is only the constant friction and competition of the party machine which can keep the wheels of state going bright and smooth, without clog of rust or dirt.

Such are the difficulties arising when a constitution is bodily transplanted from one country to another. In the former it has grown up in accordance with the laws of evolution, and it fits there like a glove. But transport it to a land whose history has not prepared it for the change and the result cannot fail, at any rate at first, to

be without success. Our own party system is the most characteristic factor of our constitution, and it is this that has been most freely imitated. But it is in the imitation of this particular feature that failure has been most general. You cannot create two opposing parties. They must grow.

CHAPTER IX.

Corporate Spirit.

We have now passed in review the Nation feeling, and the impulse of Popular Sovereignty, psychologically the same, differing only as regards the sociological status of the bodies they actuate. It is now proposed to take one step lower in the scale, the lowest degree of which is formed by the individual himself; to deal with him we should have to enter the domain of pure psychology, and study him under the heading of the self feeling. But the scale is not yet complete, for we have still to consider this same seeking after self-expression exhibited by smaller bodies within the state, instances of which we are all familiar with under the name of *esprit de corps*. Jurists and writers on Political Science have dwelt at length upon the existence of corporations within a state, and have noted the jealousy with which the state regards them. It cannot be otherwise, for there can exist but one soverign in the state, and the ultimate realisation of the aims of corporate bodies must result in something akin to sovereignty. The law, perhaps, most of all, has found these institutions very trying to deal with, for you cannot imprison

a corporation if it does wrong, nor, when all are jointly responsible, can you fix the blame on any particular individual. An attempt has been made of late years to get over these difficulties by systems of registration, and articles of incorporation drawn up in legal form, whereby the exact aims and liabilities of corporate bodies, as regards commercial matters, at least, are clearly laid down and responsibility to a certain extent fixed. Yet there remain many social corporations with general and undefined aims which cannot be brought within the four corners of regulations without unjustifiable tyranny towards the freedom of the person. In England we should be especially familiar with these, for by the tacit assent of the sovereign people, we are spiritually and temporarily ruled by them.

It is curious to contrast France, whose Revolution made a clean sweep of the old estates and placed everything on the footing of reason, lucidity and uniformity. Such things as a recognition of the right of the Church to sit in the Sovereign Assembly as one of the Estates of the Realm, or a tacit concurrence in rule by lawyers, belong to the past, and are no longer tolerated there. That France has had her difficulties in this respect, even in recent times, is evidenced by the recent conflict with the Church. But in that country mediævalism is at an end, and the Roman Catholic Church, aiming, like most ecclesiastical bodies when time and opportunity allow, at

temporal power, was forced to acknowledge defeat. The Churches are viewed in the same light in most of the more advanced states, and in all our colonies. They must confine themselves to their proper sphere, the spiritual world, or come into deadly conflict with the sovereign people. Yet in England it is the same with our customs as with our hotels, which all colonials fight shy of on account of their antediluvian arrangements. Ours is the country of natural selection, and Nature is so slow about it. Should not the rule of the survival of the fittest reach its period with the advent of the intellectual state, which is able to judge of what is most fit? We will relegate this question for later consideration. Yet freedom from revolution is dearly bought at the cost of petty tyranny suffered at the hands of bodies who owe their prestige to crusted antiquity. It is all very well for our country to be a Museum to which Americans can flock to see a belted earl, a mitred bishop, and a bewigged barrister, and our national vanity is flattered in the possession of such things, especially as we can descant upon our national freedom at the same time! But we are not quite where we were in the days of Pitt, when England could thank her insular position for her monopoly of the world's trade. Other nations, now that the demon of war is slumbering, are placed more on a par with ourselves, and enjoying the full advantage of our experi-

ments, copying our successes, avoiding our mistakes, are running us very close in the world's competition. Let the Englishman drop his talk of tariffs, the weapon of the ignorant and inefficient, and determine, once and for all, to cut away his gaudy impediments. How can commerce thrive when there are so few openings for those who have left the Board School to obtain technical instruction, when the pith and marrow of our intellectual youth are seized by those monastic institutions, the Universities, and taught to calculate in Asses and Sesterces? What political freedom can there be, so long as by consent of the people the lawyer element predominates in Parliament, framing legislation incomprehensible to the many, which can only be brought into operation by the employment of the profession in their business capacity? How long will we tolerate this law which "broadens down from precedent to precedent," having its foundations in the musty darkness of the Middle Ages? How long will the King's and the People's law be in the hands of a private corporation, admission to which is largely dependent on the performance of mediæval rights? How long shall a share of the sovereignty be in the hands of that special corporation, the Church, whose tenets and beliefs are disproved by the laws of science, by which its members are fed and clothed and ministered to in sickness!

A friend of mine, a Civil servant, was refused

the rite of marriage by a Bishop, on the ground that he had not been baptised. This rite was refused by the State's Bishop to the State's servant. Ecclesiastically, the Bishop was quite within his rights, and my friend had other means to resort to. If he did not conform to the Church of England, he had no right to demand of the Bishop, as a member of an ecclesiastical body, to have the ceremony performed under his auspices. But why is he the State's Bishop?

Such an anomaly would not be tolerated in any of our colonies, nor would any single one of the anomalies above mentioned. Yet, strange to say, the political feelings of the Colonies are all on the side of the Bishops, the Lawyers, the Lords —at home. A fact, which shows how little reason and logic enter into history and politics, and which will be reserved for later consideration. But let me pause; I see that my rational feelings have won the upper hand, and that I have become a partisan instead of an enquirer. My theme is that history and politics are irrational.

For brilliant study of the various corporations fermenting in the France of to-day—the Church, the Nobility, the Army and the Jews—I will refer the reader to M. Anatole France's series of works clustering round the figure of the amiable M. Bergeret. In England we have our own army problem, but on its social and constitutional side it cannot have the importance which it has

in the "conscription" states. With us the Army is one of the closest of Corporations, and its members look askance at the civilian as an uncouth bird with no pedigree and ragged plumage. But the uncouth fowl are in the majority, and as most of them are unaware of the manner in which they are regarded, and, if they knew, would not be sensitive on the point, the matter is of little consequence. The great bearing which this state of things has upon society is in the direction of efficiency. Setting aside the growing class of professional soldiers, one still meets with a few officers of the old school, who are inclined to take up the standpoint that the State owes them a living, irrespective of their merits. But the average citizen is beginning to look for full value for his money. Perhaps that is why the old rates of pay, fixed in the days when a soldier was considered to be a roving bachelor, without ties and liabilities, and a man of family and means to boot, tend to be continued in the older arms, although the officer has developed into a Church-going married man, who has to pass examinations, and is supposed to be equipped with a certain amount of technical knowledge. The officer very naturally complains; the State, like Brer Rabbit, says nothing. Perhaps the two are at cross purposes, and each waits for the other to make a move. The officer wants better pay for his increasing duties; the State, on the other hand,

may have a sub-conscious uneasiness about the changed conditions. The Army, like the Church, must necessarily fall short of efficiency in so far as it is a social function on the one hand, and handicapped by tradition on the other. In these days of competition, as much keenness and knowledge are required from the soldier as from the architect or civil engineer. The days of the dashing, mustachio'd, amorous, reckless and brainless cavalryman, are gone by, and if the nation is tolerant of the old institutions in this branch of her service, it is because of her latent intuition that the Army is not her only line of defence.

There is another corporation of a rather unique kind which has at one time or other been the cause of trouble in almost every European State. It may be wondered why I do not treat this question under the head of Nationality, for it is a nation whose position I am about to discuss, a nation which, strange to say, has given up its nationality, that treasure which most people defend with their life-blood. There has been much said and written of a repatriation of the Jews, but a sudden change in the character and impulses which have persisted for eighteen centuries is scarcely to be expected. The "Wandering Jew" is too used to wandering to give it up at once. Besides, as I propose to show later on, such a change of policy would be contrary to the principles of evolution and development of all nations.

Why are Jews so hated by all the peoples among whom they settle? Are they physically repulsive? On the whole they are a handsome race. Is their presence detrimental to the State? As unofficial bankers they have always been most useful. Do they possess a low intellectual and moral standard? In the realms of knowledge and the arts they have always been supreme, and recent investigations show the morality of their poorer classes to be above the average. Is it then simply as a corporation that they are hated? Is there a secret political reason for the feeling? It is hard to think so, for far from making a parade of solidarity, there appears to be a tendency to conceal their difference from the rest of the population. And yet for the constant endurance of persecution probably no race which has ever peopled the earth can equal their record. Why should this be?

It was once suggested to me that the constancy of this antipathy was due to the Jews never having fought their persecutors, that the great blood-seal had never been given to make a lasting compact. There may be something in this reason, for, if we consider the humble ass, the reason for the contempt with which he is regarded can only be due to the submissive manner in which he bears the harshest treatment. We are most of us, too, familiar with the cruelty so conspicuous in herds of animals, as it is among savage races of mankind, and even among the civilised when

the passions have been so roused as to burst through the thin veneer of culture, when a weak member has fallen into a position of disadvantage. The persecution thus finds several parallels in Nature. But to me the reason suggested seems to be only a partial one. We must go back a step further and ask "Why have the Jews been reluctant to shed blood in their defence?" The answer seems to be "Because they are a socially unemotional people." Have we not seen that they have sacrificed, of their own accord, that greatest of all social emotions—nationality? Yet, what, if we examine it, is this vaunted nationality? Why should the same feeling, when applied to one's village be sneered at as parochialism? And may we not look forward to a day when even nationality and patriotism will be regarded as things of man's infancy? The world took from the Jews their Jehovah. and adopted their monotheism; they also took from the Jewish people the εἰκὼν whereby the Essence might be comprehended. In exchange it gave persecution and hatred. But this great originative race has still a gift which may not be wrested from her, the intellectual εὖ ζην, the freedom from unreasoning collective impulse. The Jews, like philosophers, have stood aloof from the silly conflicts of nations, and have let the fools struggle for folly and fame, language, empty titles. But when the fight was over and half the combatants on each side slain, they have

always been on the spot to reap the benefit. Thus wise men reap the benefit of folly.

Is there a necessary antipathy between the emotional and the intellectual nature? Not essentially, I think. But if the intellectual nature is to increase at the expense of the emotional, there is every reason for antipathy. This is just the ground on which latent impulse would grow. If some day the nations of the world are to sink all their national individualities in a broad, intellectual cosmopolitanism, there is every chance for those who have been first in the field taking a long lead, especially as many throats must first be cut under the old *régime*. But whether our secret impulses carry us as far as this, it would be difficult to say, and perhaps the real reason, after all, may be but instinctive cruelty where there is no retaliation, coupled perhaps with a sentiment of aversion for those who are unlike both in nationality and character.

CHAPTER X.

The Psychological View of Emotion.

The exact science of to-day is playing havoc with the ideals of our grandfathers. Ruskin railed against modern competition, modern invention as though they were evil spirits grinning with delight as they removed the last vestiges of poverty and tradition from the world. But let the *laudator temporis acti* pour forth his sarcasm, backed with all the learning of the ancients, as much as he will, he is fighting no artificial thing, but the great natural movement of events. The electric dynamo does its work by virtue of that same evolution and natural force by which woodland nooks

"Send violets up and paint them blue."

After all our ancient philosophers are not altogether consistent. These natural, perfectly naïve developments they look askance at, yet wish artificially to keep up those old superstitions and customs which, though perfectly natural in their own age, would be the height of artificiality in our own. But it is a phychological fact that as men grow older, their sympathy with the new decreases, and finally leaves them. Enterprise

and love of invention, only found when mankind has reached a certain stage of development, have the same history in the individual as in the race, and fall off in the inverse order of their acquirement. Now invention and progress advance in geometrical progression, or, following the rule "To him that hath shall be given," at an even greater rate, and, with our recent freedom from general wars and disturbing influences, the advance has been phenomenal since our fathers were boys. No wonder then that their fathers are more out of touch with extreme modernity than grandfathers have ever been before during the whole world's history. Let us not forget that the old myths, beautiful as they are, are out of place as soon as they no longer apply to modern life, and, although they will always have great antiquarian interest, we could not retain them as the guiding principles of our lives without incurring social suicide. Even the greatest protagonist among the clergy of the claims of religion against science, for instance, does not deprive himself of the benefit of electric baths, or the X-Rays, if they will benefit his health; nor when his earthly battles are about to close, does he fail to call in the most expert exponents of that science which he has vigorously opposed in the exercise of his calling. One gets tired of the oft repeated question, "What do you give us in place of the doctrines taught us in our youth?" It is like the complaint of the man

waked from those ineffable dreams which the fatal snow-sleep gives. We cannot presume to offer the truth in place of the old teachings, but we can at least point out the futility of relying upon that which is proved to be false.

The refined mind finds a great pleasure in dwelling upon the myths with which natural phenomena were enveloped by an infant race, and his love of these things is apt to incite a kind of proselytism. He is happy in this world of thought and association. How beautiful it would be, he thinks, if the mechanic and the ploughman and the child on its way to school, could be filled with the same beautiful thoughts. This cult of the past he begins to regard as something naïve, because the ideas originated with simple peoples. In reality his mind is steeped in artificiality, a character which he desires to confer on his straight-thinking contemporaries. No, the desire for truth and for knowledge is as much an emotion as love or anger, and is as much part of our evolution as they. But it is of later development and appearance; in our present state of civilisation, it is the latest, and, accordingly, the first to disappear on the approach of senility. Here is a further cause of estrangement between the new and the old. And, if we look at the question impartially, is there no romance in knowledge and research and striving after truth? Was there no pathos in the words of the declining Lessing, when he said:

"If God held in his right hand truth, and in his left the eternal desire for truth, coupled with the certainty of always erring, and said 'Choose,' I would in all humility choose the left hand, and say 'Father, the truth is for Thee alone.'" Can science boast of no martyrdoms, and those suffered in no frenzy which would abate the fury of the flames, but in pure desire for truth, or Promethean sympathy for mankind? Are not the pleasures of pure knowledge comparable to those more æsthetic and artificial delights of the fancy?

But, however these questions be answered, we have to live this life as it is, according to the best of our lights, and true happiness can only come through doing well that which our hand is set to. Happiness is the result of the full and proper use of all our functions. A dream may confer unspeakable pleasure, but it is ephemeral and unreal, and therefore we must take as our leaders those poets and apostles of duty and real life rather than the faddists and men of taste. Plato would have abolished poets from his Republic because truth was not the commodity they dealt in, and in our own day the difficulties which exact science has to cope with in gaining a foothold are as great as ever.

The poet and the novelist have found an ample field for their labours in the emotions of mankind, and their treatment of the subject has been largely accountable for an error in emotional

psychology which largely persists to-day even among the exponents of the science. What is more natural to our way of thinking than to imagine some untoward circumstance affecting an individual, and the latter, on comprehending it, falling into a passion, or, perhaps a tremor of fear? The newer school of psychologists, however, reverse the order of the process, and say that the circumstance causes the passion or the trembling, and thereafter we become aware of our feeling. That is, we do not tremble because we are angry, but we are angry because we tremble, and are merry because we laugh. The emotion takes place and our intellect may or may not be concerned. Usually it is concerned, and if so, it is only concerned in a secondary manner. In the lower regions of life we perceive that there are sensations and consciousness without there being any possibility of awareness, as with plants and lower forms of animal life. What the nature of emotion is can hardly be definitely stated in the present condition of psychological research, no more than we can say exactly what electricity is. We can only point to its effects, and make guesses at the nature of the phenomenon. Definite symptoms have been established for the various kinds of emotion, namely, derangements and changes in the functions and organs of the body. These are the visible manifestations of the emotion, not the emotion itself. Still, it is maintained that

these are more closely allied with it than the mental concomitants are, the intellectual states of fear, love, and anger. From an examination of the symptoms, enlargement or contraction of certain organs, differences in the flow of blood, abnormal action of the heart, changes of colour and temperature, feelings of nausea, sickness and the rest, it would appear that some chemical change is effected in the body through the sense impression, and that this is the emotion.

If this view is correct—and it is that maintained by Professor Ribot, one of the most important figures in the phsychological world—an explanation would be afforded of those strange spontaneous emotions which we sometimes feel without any support from the intellect, often in its despite. We may feel an unaccountable *malaise* in a certain person's company, or be affected with positive aversion for him, while nevertheless, our mind can assign no reason for the affection. At other times we are affected with grave depression and mysterious forebodings without apparent cause or reason. If it be admitted that the intellect is not necessarily affected by emotion, and only then in a secondary sense, the reason of such phenomena becomes perfectly clear. We can then understand Antonio's state of mind as described by himself in the opening lines of the "Merchant of Venice":

"In sooth I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I found it, caught it, came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn."

But there are degrees in people's susceptibility of these unconscious impressions. Those who have studied Dr. Reid's book, "The Principles of Heredity," will remember his luminous account of the way in which man's intellect has developed at the expense of his instincts. The dragonfly comes into the world fully equipped for the battle of life, replete with an unconscious instinct to meet every likely emergency. It is so with all the lower animals. They are the productions of a natural selection which has eliminated all limbs and members and all instincts which would be detrimental to existence; at the same time encouraging all those which are useful and beneficial. Just how intelligence arose we are unable to say, but with it came a great change, and the change is greater, the more highly the creature is placed in the intellectual scale. When a thing can understand, it can be taught, and the knowledge it acquires by teaching is more elastic, and a far deeper and more trenchant weapon than the old equipment. There is no longer any need to bend to Nature; by reason, Nature can be bent. But there is always a retribution, and honest instinct which came a volunteer, and was a fairly reliable machine in its own narrow sphere, was lost, as

the new acquirement was gained. But this may not be so much owing to a kind of natural justice and compensation as to a much more important fact, namely, that there would have been an eternal conflict between reason and instinct, such as is even now experienced in exceptional cases, and this could only have resulted in disaster. And so the child, the culmination of this process, comes into the world helpless and unequipped, but, on the other hand, a perfectly plastic being, docile to the teacher, full of latent capabilities which will be brought out by education, a ready instrument in the hands of the all-powerful Environment. I say, all-powerful, but this is perhaps going too far. Dr. Reid, as an exponent of Weissmann, is anxious to prove that acquired characters are not inherited, and so he lays great stress on the negative side of the infant's position. But as Dr. Reid points out at the same time, heredity in its broader sense is still in play, and the child tends to reproduce an average character of its ancestors; and beyond this he maintains that there is the spontaneous generation of new and unexpected characters. Much of this teaching has to be revised in the light of modern experiment and research, and prominence which has recently been given to the views of de Vries and Mendel. But in the main the position seems sound, and no one can doubt that this intellectual plasticity has been gained, and the old instincts have become

atrophied in the human being; and these are the main points I wish to insist on for the purposes of my discussion. The comparative method of research has thrown new light upon these subjects, and in the uncivilised and less advanced races of mankind we are able to study ourselves in an earlier stage of development. Further, the study of embryology and investigations into the growth and development of the human being, have clearly demonstrated that the civilised man tends to pass through all the stages, not only of the physical evolution of the race, but also of its social and intellectual development. Thus we find close parallelism between the ways of savages and children, a fact which should be well remembered in dealing with uncivilised and partly civilised peoples. The comparative method also teaches us to recognise partial and arrested development in members of our own societies, and, as few members come up to the highest pitch of development in all their faculties or on every occasion, it also points out to us examples of the same phenomena in the normal individual. In times of weakness or excitement we may feel in ourselves the dominant culture giving way to the latent impulses of a lower stage of development or the more primitive instincts of the animal. And, as intellect stands above emotion, so, in the emotions, there are grades in the order of development. At the top are the love and passion for

knowledge, the intellectual emotion; a little lower, the æsthetic; and at the bottom, the primitive instincts of self-preservation. In pathology the peeling off in order of the latest acquirments can be perceived in the decaying individual, until finally only the animal feelings are left, the desire to eat and drink and live; a state recalling the verse of Juvenal:—

"Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas."

There art often met with in society poor creatures possessing but half the wit of a normal man, yet gifted to a strange degree on the instinctive and emotional side. Readers of fiction will remember many instances, especially in the novels of the Romantic period of literature, when the eerie and mysterious and the irrational were in favour. The wise woman and the half-witted fiddler figure largely in Sir Walter Scott's works, and very beautifully do they play their parts, stepping in to save by their superhuman, or, had we not better say, infra-human knowledge, where intellect had been unable to cope with adverse fortunes. Modern German romance has a parallel figure in Wieten Penn, the good genius of Jörn Uhl; she is known among her people as Wieten Klook, that is, Klug, Wise Wieten. She can tell when good or evil fortune is approaching and reads the omens like the seers of old. In the Middle Ages these half-wits were

regarded with little favour, chiefly owing to the influence of the Church; but they were greatly feared for their supposed supernatural powers, and if ducking did not quench the evil spirit, the fire was usually resorted to as a safe and certain method. But before the Church held sway these abnormal beings enjoyed better days, and were honoured among the classic nations as prophets, seers, and holy beings, the "insanavates" being a recognised social and religious institution; and among the Celts and Teutons the bards and alrunas were similarly honoured. Poets, too, were supposed to be possessed of a similar divine madness, and this view of poetical genius is strongly corroborated by modern research. Professor Lombroso seems to have clearly demonstrated that genius normally goes hand in hand with some form of degeneration, and is almost a symptom of atrophy in one or other of the functions; and poetic expression is one of the most characteristic phases of the genius. The normal man, by whom the state of our development can alone be fairly judged, is punctual, methodical, a good paterfamilias, endowed with prudence and benevolence in due proportion, so that neither out-tops the other. But as he is no genius, so the man of genius has not usually these attributes, or has very few of them. Most great poets have been the reverse of punctual, with no method in their daily life, anti-social creatures, with a code of morals of their own,

without prudence or forethought. So common are these faults with this class that their possession becomes almost typical, and a figure like Goethe, possessing astonishing powers of intuition and "natural magic," together with the very highest social and beneficient qualities, stands out as one of the great anomalies, an exception to the invective and empirical rule, for there is apparently no hard and fast *a priori* necessity for the divorce of the great and the good. Shakespeare, in the few lines in which he sketches the character of Horatio, the antithesis of that great example of degeneration coupled with negative genius, Hamlet, has shown how well he appreciated these principles, since elucidated by science.

> "Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
> As e'er my conversation coped withal.
> . . . . .
> For thou has been
> (As one, in suffering all, that suffer nothing);
> A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she pleases. Give me that man.
> That is not passion's slave, and I shall wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
> As I do thee."

"Edel sei der Mensch, hilfreich und gut," writes Goethe, and the honest, unimaginative, useful man has been a favourable theme in litera-

ture. Meredith's "old dog," who, in his blundering, faithful way, proves the soundest man in the end, Dobbin in "Vanity Fair," and, most recent of all, Jörn Uhl, are a few examples among the many. But your genius is at once above and below this standard. You cannot live with him; he has objectionable habits; he is uncouth in his manners, or he drinks, or deserts his family; often he has an immoral kink. But on the other hand he has flights of fancy or imagination or intellectuality which carry him beyond our ken. There is something uncanny about him. Things come to him in dreams; your poet often writes as if at the dictation of a superior being; he is "rapt," his functions are not his own for the time. His astonishing bouts of sensuousness, when he seems to be holding communion with the essesence of things around him, his intermittent feeling of kinship with Nature and her spirit, his interpretation of her moods, his seeming acquaintance with the language of birds and the habits of animals, are unattainable by the normal man, but however great and admirable they may be, however helpful and inspiring to the best, they must, in a way, be considered to be but lapses into the lower world of emotion and instinct. The uncanny cleverness, and the certainty of effect remind us of the qualities displayed by the Red Indian and, still more, by the dog. Such perfections are part of the lower world, of that nature which equipped the young dragonfly with

all her armour for the battle of life, or the pigeon with its instinct for home; they are not the normal part of the race which has given up certainty on a low level for the privilege of erring on the heights.

Closely akin to the poet in respect of emotional capacity is the child. The child is a poet in his way; and the poet, to be good, must always be something of a child; to carry the imagination of childhood into the power of manhood is, according to the magician Coleridge, his great function. And as "the child is father of the man," so is he, in a way, man's ancestor, for he is passing through a stage through which mankind once passed. The child has wide sympathies with all in Nature; he knows objects by secret names, and is acquainted with their inner virtues. Things animate and inanimate are his playmates, and he is not widely differentiated from them. It takes a clever hypocrite to deceive a child. So here again we see emotionalism ascendant over intellectuality, and it is associated with immaturity. And while we are dealing with the subject, it may be suggested here that many of those telepathic phenomena which excite the curious at the present day may be caused by a reversion, temporary or otherwise, to a state of emotionalism and instinct to which the intellectually sound are usually strangers. When the pigeon flies direct to its home over miles of unknown country, when the swallows fly to the South,

when the dog scents out the hare, we do not bring in any supernatural interpretation to the facts. Yet many less wonderful incidents in human life are so explained. Of course, some of them are of a very different character from anything which could be experienced in the lives of animals, yet others, which we are so apt to regard as supernatural, might they not be sub-intellectual? At any rate, strange affections and antipathies, hopes and forebodings might be so explained, for they have all the symptoms of emotions.

CHAPTER XI.

Woman and Emotion.

Asmus Semper, in Otto Ernst's charming romance, used to worry himself when he could only grasp mathematical problems intellectually. This was not enough for him; he wanted to feel them, just as he could feel that an equilateral triangle was equilateral. Thus, in the perpetual wave-motion of evolution, after deserting instinct for intellect, we come back to a sort of shorthand of the brain which is practically a new instinct. Reflex action belongs to the realm of instinct, but after a time custom teaches us to answer without the necessity of reflection, and to add up figures mechanically, and thus confers a reflex of use. In this way the mathematician comes to "feel" the solution of a problem.

But we are far from having exhausted the category of beings in our own society who are preeminently emotional in the primitive sense. It is well known that, with the increasingly intellectual, competitive and nervous life of woman, her maternal capacity is much lower than under the old conditions. We may go further and say that the motherly side of a woman and her intel-

lectual side are in constant rivalry, and each is intolerant of the other. There appears to be the same compensation here as in the case of intellectual development of the race, the intellect increasing at the expense of the emotional and instinctive side. Normally the limited vital force goes to feed one kind of machinery or the other, the mechanical-instinctive, or the elastic-intellectual. But, in the light of the Mendelian theory, we need not suppose that the instinctive altogether decays in whole or part, but would rather imagine that it is recressive beneath the intellectual dominant. That is, it is always there, and may crop out undisguised in a future generation, or in the individual himself, given the necessary conditions. And although in woman the sex qualities and the instinctive nature that accompanies them may exist in a most astonishing way side by side, this must be looked on as rather an exceptional, although always possible, instance, and comparable to the co-existence of naïve poetic genius and moral, practical method in a Goethe. An astonishing case of this kind once came to my notice; a lady of exceptional brain-power and intellectual attainments was also possessed of emotional and instinctive qualities quite strange to the sphere of civilisation and culture. Her sense of smell would tell her infallibly by which member of her family an overcoat had last been worn, to take a simple instance, and rooms and houses conveyed mean-

ings to her connected with past history and associations to her senses. In a woman who was less intellectual this would only be a case of the exceptional development of the instinctive and emotional qualities which are necessarily connected with the sexual functions. The latter occupy so much more space in a woman's life than in a man's, and they are much less easily got away from. A man may lose his sex, and the tendency of his development has been for him to do so, or to let it slip into the background. But the instinct of motherhood is not so easily got away from, and thus, though a man may become a philosopher, a woman nearly always remains a woman. So, as man has become more civilised the nature of woman has become more and more a mystery to him, and he recognises that there is a gulf fixed between them, a gulf which his powers are unable to fathom. He looks and wonders at the ease with which she comprehends things which took him hours of patient study to discover, at her decision in times of crisis, her certainty in times of doubt. A man works out the probabilities as to which is the best course to take; a woman often feels which is best. When I meet a man, I think him a good fellow, and afterwards regret the day I met him; or I am at first repelled by his manners and afterwards find him a sterling friend. Had I asked a certain lady friend of my acquaintance, she would have told me straight, not perhaps the character

of each, but whether he was "nice," as she would call it, or the reverse. Her feeling in that case would not be analytical, but she would have an instinct of attraction or repulsion, she would sense danger or the reverse, as a dog would. This quality of detecting friends, to be observed in animals and children, savages, and women, is one of those old instincts which the intellectual man has lost.

Woman's animal nature, by which I mean simply the physical side of her existence, has been perpetually with her in the past, and as it is her strength, so it has been the source of her weakness. Always subject to times of weakness, she has been abused by the stronger half of the community and enslaved. She soon found that happiness could only be secured by pleasing her victor, and the kind who pleased most have tended to increase most. Thus selection has developed the sexual side of woman and its concomitants, and even the champions of her advancement admit that she is over-sexed. Now that individuals have shown sporadically what woman can do, that she is not necessarily debarred from the higher walks of life by her sex, a new era may set in with woman the intellectual rival or companion of man, and sex may fall more into abeyance to the advantage of the whole community. But it is often risky to dabble with Nature's method's and to attempt to supplant a natural by an artificial selection. Nature as a

rule prevails, and in this case the sexually inclined would have a natural advantage as regards increase over the opposite kind. But that is really no argument at all if we are bent on doing things thoroughly. We have interfered with natural selection ever since the state came into existence for the sake of the εὖ ζῆν, and if critics carp at the failures of state socialism one can retaliate that it is only because the present measures are not thorough—for the state spells socialism, and necessarily entails it.

But however woman's position may be improved by the endeavours of her protagonists, the fact of motherhood cannot be got over, and so long as it exists, which will probably be as long as our race, woman will possess instincts directed towards the preservation of her offspring, and kindred feelings. Her emotions will always be stronger than man's for that she can not be dissociated from the physical functions which entail them.

CHAPTER XII.

Collective Psychology.

It may be wondered what my object was in devoting a chapter in a book of this character to female psychology. My reason is that the latter furnishes me with a most useful parallel for phenomena in the sociological sphere. There have been many theories as to the nature of the civil state, from the ancient Greeks downwards, and in politics as in many other sciences the cry of "Back to Aristotle" is often raised after long meanderings in mazes and by-paths. But if we are unable to say much more to-day about the reason, laws and nature of the state than the Greek philosopher, the study of natural science has at least been of some assistance in furnishing illustrations and analogies which may in time help to further elucidate the theory and reasoning of the subject. It is obvious that there are two concurrent existences in the state, the individual and the collective, and there has been much theorising as to the relations which subsist or which should subsist between the two. The vague impulsive reasoning of the *Contrat Social* set men thinking, if it gave them little light, and later the Utilitarians strove to lay down rules

which should strike the balance between the two claimants. Those who hold that the individual should regulate his actions for the public good is met by the objection that all the individual's actions and impulses are and must be selfish or self-regarding; then the exponent of the Historical method attempts to smooth over the difficulty by showing that self-regarding actions which were deleterious to the community would tend to decrease with the necessary elimination of their perpetrators, and thus self-regarding actions which were also useful to the community would gradually predominate. When the state begins, at least, the self-conscious state, the old natural selection ends, and a new biology, a new evolution comes into being, and a sociological must take the place of a physical science. But this, I think, is within limits. For inasmuch as biology has, by the examples it has furnished, afforded great assistance in the elucidation of sociological problems, I am inclined to think that the cleavage between social and natural science has been too premature, and that the state, or any collection of individuals may yet be studied biologically.

The state has by some been compared to certain forms of marine life, for instance, the Hydroid Polypes, whose nature is colonial. The group possesses a number of components, each of which is an entity, with its own organs, and functions. Yet the nourishment, and well-

being of the whole depends on that of the parts, and as the part cannot live without the whole, neither can the whole without the parts. The one implies the other, and the two existences go on together, each wrapped up in the other. We may study an individual of the colony, as we may study an individual in the state, or we may regard, in each case, the whole collectively, according to our point of view. There are some things of which a definition cannot be given, and we are obliged to fall back upon description or analogy. In the present case if it were impossible to define the state, this natural analogy would afford a very tolerable indication of its nature and composition.

When we get beyond the region of analogy and strive to explain sociological phenomena biologically it is a more serious matter, and a bountiful equipment of scientific knowledge is requisite for absolute proof. I therefore confine myself to suggestions which I hope may in time be scientifically corroborated. But it is on them, nevertheless, that I base the whole intention of this work. In the earlier chapters I think it has been conclusively shown that there is evidence of popular impulse and feeling outside or beneath the region of intelligence. We are familiar with kindred psychological phenomena in individuals. If now it can be proved that the state or the group, considered apart from its components, has a psychology of its own, a satis-

factory explanation is obtained of the historical facts discussed in the earlier half of this book.

Anyone who has observed the evolutions of those huge flocks of starlings which are to be seen in England in the Autumn, the extraordinary oneness of their motion, especially if they be gyrating about a hawk or other enemy, cannot fail to have wondered whether the uniformity was not due to some single impulse shared by all animals accustomed to live, act and find their nourishment in groups. To say that the unison is merely caused by successive imitation is to ignore the simultaneousness of the movements. And if such an objection be raised or a similar one—that all followed the lead of a single individual—it would be somewhat begging the question, for you do not get away from the fact that, even then, there is unity of purpose in choosing the leader, or in the formation of a group. I admit that the original grouping might be considered to have arisen through a similarity of individual desires and impulses and to be a mere totalising of units, but such a view is not in accordance with our own experiences nor the teachings of evolution and history. We, ourselves, as part of a crowd met together for some special purpose, are different from ourselves as individual beings. In such circumstances we are suddenly brought under the sway of a wave of enthusiasm, emotion and anger, which in subsequent solitude we have reviewed

with astonishment. We can imagine the Magyars in their collective enthusiasm shouting *Moriamur pro reje nostro*, when stirred by the misfortunes of Maria Teresa, while her appeals might have made no impression on them individually. Thus we cannot fail to recognise that the crowd, even casually collected, has a psychology. It seems only reasonable to suppose that the unity of action in a group of animals whose community of interests has drawn them together is of the same nature, and the same argument would apply to that most important of all groups—the State. The reasoning of Rousseau might lead one to think that the compact to hang together was a matter of the intelligence. Later study has shown it to be a feature of natural evolution. The consideration of the Folk and the Hundred, the Gens and the Tribe, shows these to be spontaneous and not conscious developments; and whether the many drops on the surface be collected into one, or whether the one be divided into the many, we may be certain that definite intention had little to do with the occurrence. The wild dog is a "pack" animal because the living in a pack is, owing to natural selection, a condition of his existence. It is the same with man, whom even Aristotle recognised to be a "naturally" social animal. To be social and political has here again been a condition of existence, and since man did not become social intentionally, it does

not seem unreasonable to assume that the state was formed by virtue of the possession of a common and collective instinct by its members. And since it is hard to suppose that the State could have remained a permanent institution without some dynamic foundation of this sort, I think we may take it that the very formation of the State manifests the existence of this collective instinct.

Men did not meet together and say "It will be to the advantage of us all to have a State," but before they knew it they were one, and began to wonder afterwards how it came about. Nor is it sufficient to suppose that all the wills were individual, but happened to be the same. How could there be any prospect of permanency and unity for the future, since each will is subject to variation? The State in its young and vigorous days is remarkable for its singleness of aim and purpose. Further—a most important consideration—the general purpose is often at variance with individual advantage, and can only be carried out by the sacrifice, perhaps the death, of the individual. This seems a most convincing argument that the State as a collective body has an instinct, a will, a purpose of its own, and that like the individual and the species, it develops in its own way and conforms to the necessities of life in accordance with the all-controlling law of the survival of the fittest, until the realisation of itself opens a new era when

artificial gives way to natural selection under the ægis of socialism. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in the "Principles of Western Civilisation," has maintained that the underlying groundwork of this civilisation was sacrifice, and sacrifice on the part of present generations for the benefit of future ones. To a certain extent this view harmonises with my theories, but I would join issue on the nature of the sacrifice. He has the highest opinion of the Anglo-Saxon race and its future development, and in his "Social Evolution," expressed the opinion that advance, by means of the competition produced by altruism, which in practice can only mean socialistic legislation, was the main characteristic of this people, an advance which would ultimately secure their predominance over the whole of the globe. With regard to Mr. Kidd's theories, always worthy of deep thought and attention, I shall have something to say later on; but at the present stage it may be sufficient to point out that there are two kinds of sacrifices in this connection, the one, the blind emotional sacrifice which induces a man to lose his life for his country; the other would be a deliberate sacrifice with a view to the production of some form of *Uebermensch* in later generations. Now it would seem that the Anglo-Saxon race with its constant avidity for territory and elbow-room, its continual finding of difficulties and muddling through them, and its instinct for colonisation, is

possessed of that emotional temperament which leads it to make its sacrifices blindly, without regard to any ethical idea in the future. Any such deliberate attempt would be more reasonably expected in a nation which has learnt to limit its population, and thus has no need to be blindly rushing into movements destined to provide for its overflow; as, for example, the French, who have much more inclination and much better opportunity for bringing political proposals to the touch-stone of reason. And I am not so sure that this kind of sacrifice may not be the most fruitful in results for the future.

But such considerations scarcely belong to the state as conceived of hitherto, and before we deal with the Ideal Republic we must give further attention to the State as history has known it. Most writers on Politics, Ethics and Jurisprudence have recognised the difference which exists between the ideas of the people corporately expressed, as in religion, politics, and law, and those of the most cultured individuals in the society. In fact, the moral feelings as mirrored in these three ways are usually found to lag behind the times, for, as religion and law tend to become stereotyped in the hands of a conservative and exclusive class, so they usually remain in the rear of the general ideas of the community as to what is right and fitting, and, *a fortiori*, still further behind the notions of the most advanced spirits of the age. In politics,

this feeling has been expressed as early as Grotius' time, who considered nations to be to one another *in statu naturali*, that is, between nation and nation the law was the law of wild beasts and savages, where might is right, and the strong can not be gainsaid. Now it is mainly in her external dealings that the State manifests herself, for in her internal politics she resolves herself into various units and entities, and there is room for the individual to exercise his functions. Here humane and intellectual considerations may to some extent prevail, and there is a sanctioning power to restrain and to punish. But in her external relations she knows no law, and can only act as advantage appears to lie. Here she resembles an animal, and possesses all the emotions and instincts of such, a condition of things doubtless strengthened and perpetuated through the absence of any law or sanction. So we see that, as the origin of the state was instinctive and unintelligent, so its being and essence have been of the same nature; and though man has developed and individuals have attained to the heights of morality and intelligence, yet man, corporately expressed, has remained an animal still. The State, when she represents the sovereign people, may to some extent be regarded as the rude mother of us all, who is to provide room and draw materials for our existence, and who has retained all the instincts of maternity, so that her sons sometimes wonder at

her inscrutable ways and supernatural powers. Sometimes she seems to scent danger from afar, to know by instinct who are her enemies. She leads her children into strange lands, but her instinct often has a strange infallibility. She appears to sense what is best for her children, though the wisest look askance at her works, But the wisest are not those who make history. As man wonders at the strange ways of woman, admires the certainty of her instincts, ponders on the inscrutability of her ways, so may philosophers ponder on the vagaries of the community; for, to me, the State is a woman.

We have seen how she knew her business in the days of Rome and Carthage, in the Independence War of America, in the French Revolution. We have observed similar workings in sections of the community, the North against the South in America, both so distinct as to be practically separate States; in the gradual or sudden acquisitions of power by lower strata of society in England and France, a new state superposing itself upon the old; in the policy of the Athenians in the Peloponnesian War, the expression of feeling of a body which made itself supreme and practically became the State. This collective emotion is met with in any body of people united by community of feeling and purpose. It may be the State, or a union of States; it may be merely a corporation or an aggregate of ephemeral duration.

CHAPTER XIII.

Varieties of Social Instinct and Emotion.

There exists with regard to the human being a whole gamut of instinctive and emotional responses to stimuli, the former expressing themselves in internal action, the latter in internal feeling, and modification of the functions of the body, stretching from the primal instinct of conservation, expressing itself in mere greed, to the highest feelings connected with man's religions, æsthetic and intellectual nature. As, however, we do not expect social feeling to reach as high as the ideals of the most advanced individuals of a community, in whom the higher feelings dominate to a more or less complete extinction of the lower, we shall not be surprised to find that social emotions are usually of the lower order, seldom attaining to any ethical elevation. Mere devouring greed, the characteristic of the lowest forms of life, and generally concealed with care when existing in man, is, on the other hand, the order of the day in the life of most virile states. It was with the ancient Eastern empires, it was with Rome, to a more modified extent with Greece; Spain experienced it, and since the coming into being of the com-

mercial, colonial empire, it has become the normal characteristic. Let it not be thought that this is written in a carping spirit, or that I wish to detract from the credit of my own nation, who are, perhaps, foremost in the game as it is played. Greed in a man is repulsive, because such a one falls short of our ethical standards. But who shall set up an ethical standard for a nation, any more than he shall set up a sanction which shall put an end to international quarrels? While there is no court and code of ethics, so long will there be war and nations be in the "state of nature." But on the other hand it is useless to deny that such are our principles, or that such are the principles of most nations to whom opportunity comes to put them into practice.

Of all the men who have summed up in themselves in the loftiest and yet the most honest, guileless manner, the modern English Imperial principles, the foremost is, perhaps, the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. He was the man who set himself in the forefront of empire, bearing the burdens on his own broad shoulders, leaving his country only the benefits; the man who kindled enthusiasm and was followed because he summed up the wishes of the majority of the nation. His views are characteristically expressed in the following words of his: "Having read the histories of other countries, I saw that expansion was everything, and that the world's surface being

everything, the great object of present humanity should be to take as much of the world as it possibly could." And to Rhodes it seemed best for the world that England should take as much as she could. If it be held that Rhodes is too characteristic an "emotionalist" to quote, it must be pointed out that philosophers have held the same view or something akin to it. Mr. Benjamin Kidd thought that the great principles of altruism and advance thereby would be best secured by the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race. Recent events, however, seem to have put the question beyond doubt, that the main object of the modern State is to expand, to found colonies as homes for her superfluous population, and at the same time to open up markets.

There are besides the acquisitive, other phases connected with the instinct of conservation, namely, the emotions of anger and fear, respectively the aggressive and the recessive forms. The former often expresses itself in deeds of violence, harmful to the individual affected and others, external to him; harmful to the individual, too, are the transports of fear. The workings of both seem to be well illustrated in the undiscerning suicidal frenzy of the French Revolution, resembling that of a maniac tearing himself in pieces. The cruelties of the Revolution have furnished a fair field for the writer of romance, and he has been able to draw the most startling and vivid pictures without incurring the charge

of exaggeration, being fully justified by the old proverb that truth is stranger than fiction. To the historian, however, who should regard events in the daylight of reason, these frenzied outbursts seem well nigh inexpressible, so out of keeping are they with the normal course of events. That a people's passions should so suddenly be aroused, and as suddenly subside, seems to challenge an explanation which history of herself is unable to afford. The reason can, I think, only be found in the application of psychology to the problem. It is to be observed that the floods of passion reach their highest level just at the times when France was in the throes of political danger, that of external oppression. With the booming of the guns at Valny in the distance, fear and panic are unbounded, and frightful vengeance is wreaked upon those who are supposed to be in treasonable correspondence with their allies. When external danger is over, the atrocities also cease, and when her position is established, France can endure that a Bourbon should again ascend the throne of his ancestors. This is all in line with the phenomena to be observed in the individual under the influence of anger and fear, or both combined. He becomes like a maniac, and harms not only others, but himself. In the same way France did untold harm, not only to her nobility, but to herself as well.

Personal emotions seem to be somewhat in the

nature of chemical actions; the quickening of the pulse, the enlargement or contraction of certain organs, feelings of nausea, changes in external appearance and the like, can be best explained on such a supposition. If the same explanation can be given to corporate emotion of this kind, the effects are certainly comparable, for the internal events of the Revolution resemble nothing so much as violent chemical action, and even explosion.

It is interesting to note, from the point of view of any general argument, how singularly the emotions expressed during the Revolution partake of the corporate nature. If the explanation of the atrocities is correct, one cannot fail to be struck by the fact that the dangers which threatened were not for the individual, but for France—the new France, which was emerging from the melting pot under the eye of the revolutionaries. It was a case of a new state superposing itself upon the old. The corporate feeling which had already expressed itself in the desire for the new state, still persists in its anxiety for the product which is in the making.

That natural characteristic of cruelty to the weak and helpless, so noticeable in herds of animals, and still to be observed in savage races as well as in our own impulses on certain occasions—I remember reading a Professor's account of how he perceived that he was affected with real pleasure and satisfaction in thrashing his

dog—must also be connected with the instinct of conservation, and has been fortified by the process of natural selection; for the weak and suffering are of no avail in hunting and in warfare, but they still have mouths to feed. The tribe or pack, therefore, which got rid of these natural encumberances, would stand a better chance of survival, other things being equal. Examples of this kind in social history would be common enough to find, but that already quoted of the persecution of the Jews would appear to be most characteristic.

Another form of anger is displayed in the bolder and more justifiable hatred shown by a nation for its enemies for the time being. We have seen striking instances in our times—the hatred of the French and the Germans at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. The hatred of the Americans for the Spaniards in similar circumstances, and the passions aroused in the Boer War. The strange thing is the suddenness with which these feelings die out. Anyone even suspected of pro-Boer leanings during the war ran the risk of having his windows smashed; yet immediately after the declaration of peace, people could hardly find flattering enough expressions to characterise the virtues and qualities of their late foes. All of which tends to corroborate the view that the hatred is due to the emotion of fear—a kind of poison in the blood, unreasonable, untrue, but absolutely natural.

The emotion was due to danger, and when this is past, the passion dies out, and reason takes its place, unless the pendulum swings too much in the other direction, and feelings of a too sanguine and generous nature are generated.

The " conservation " instinct on its defensive side, fear, is also abundantly exemplified, and has to some extent been dealt with. In common, perhaps with another feeling, it may be held to explain that phenomenon already treated of, that confiding surrender on the part of a people of its power and individuality to a despot in times of crisis. The times of Henry VIII and Napoleon have already been mentioned in this connection. So destructive and unbeneficial an emotion as fear can hardly, one would think, be alone responsible for courses so useful and advantageous. It would appear that the self-feeling, egotism, plays some part in such processes, but in its negative form. The temporary suppression of the " ego " seems here to be attended with most beneficial results.

We have touched on a feeling—it is scarcely an emotion—which is, perhaps, most paramount of all in national life. Pure greed of possession is not the sole motive for national expansion, and is far from being the exclusive spirit of modern imperialism. When Rhodes, a characteristic English Imperialist, desired to paint as much of the world red as possible, it was not so much with the intent that his country should gain so much

more wealth, although he did consider that to a certain extent, but rather with the conviction that it was the best that could happen to a territory to come under the British flag. That unreasonable, sentimental notion of patriotism is at the bottom of it, the feeling that we have for our school, our county, or country. It must be unreasonable, for all countries, all towns, all schools cannot be the best, yet each man thinks his own the best and the rest nowhere. The Germans are probably just as much of opinion that it would be best for Africa to come under the German Eagle, and it is only natural that they should do so. But the opinion is not necessarily reasonable, and who is to judge which is right. It is a case of "devil take the hindmost." This *esprit de corps*, parochialism, patriotism, call it what you will, has persisted from the earliest times to our own—St. Paul felt it when he said, "I am a citizen of no mean city," the Roman gave expression to it in the words *sum civis Romanus*, and so on without end—and it is the most characteristic form of social emotion, so characteristic, because so illogical. It is the ground of most of the great conflicts of the world, and the secret of the advance of most of the great powers. The Roman, solid, unimaginative, with a genius for law and organisation, never avoiding any mission, yet, it would seem, ever conscious of one, summed up in his sense of duty, duty to himself, and duty to his country. So Nature works,

and under the veil of a pretext, pride in one's own nation, duty to one's fatherland, perfects her great schemes for the world's advance. Civilisation succeeds civilisation, each endowed with a spirit which shall enlighten the world, yet the movers work by the dim light of patriotism, the self-feeling of the State. Who knows what lesson future inhabitants of this globe may not glean from Britain's history, while we blindly work out our principles with the proximate object of painting the world red!

But besides the territorial issues there are others connected with this unconquerable feeling, chief among them being that of "honour." Professor Gardiner, in discussing the question of arbitration as affecting the gradual extermination of war, held that this method of settlement might be effective in many cases, but never in the event of a people's honour being concerned. Honour is a foolish thing, but that is why it has such power. It may be unreasonable, but men have died for it—and so will peoples. They will run the risk of extermination for its sake, and no considerations of ultimate gain, nor will any moral, ethical, or political bar restrain them; for the submission to certain circumstances would put an end to their "ego" altogether; though they might continue to exist, they would be no longer "they," and as for morals and politics, these, like English law, are made as we go along, and no people will be content to be judged by a stan-

dard the subversion of which is the very object of their struggles, in that they desire to change the *status quo*. Any kind of detriment will be suffered by a state rather than a blow at its "ego," for without that it is no longer a state, but merely a conglomeration of individuals. The self-feeling, unconscious as it may be, is yet the absolute essential to the existence of a state; we can, therefore, understand how it is chiefly instrumental in the growth and paramount in the international affairs of the commonweal.

Every emotion has its pathological form, and the self-feeling is by no means an exception. An exaggerated idea of one's own importance, excessive pride and sensitiveness are common enough faults in individuals, as also diffidence, humility, and self-abasement, the negative forms of the feeling. Among the historical instances already taken, one at least may possibly be explained by this morbid form of emotion, I refer to the great campaigns of the French under the victorious Napoleon. If, as one of their writers suggests, the feeling of "honneur" was at the bottom of their extraordinary enthusiasm displayed in these years of conquest, the self-feeling must necessarily be regarded as the cause, and since its working was abnormal and led beyond the limits of utility and common-sense, it is hardly an exaggeration to regard the motive as pathological.

CHAPTER XIV.

Aesthetic and Religious Feelings.

We have hitherto been engaged on emotions usually considered to be the concern of the individual, and I have attempted to demonstrate that collections of individuals may also possess such emotions or something so similar as to be practically the same. The others which I have to touch on are different in that they are recognised as being of a social character. The æsthetic feeling has already been dealt with in connection with national literature, but its psychological side has but been glanced at. The tendency of peoples and individuals to busy themselves with arts, plays, games, and music is a strange thing in a world of utility, and much labour has been spent in its explanation. The survival of a tendency, at first sight purely ornamental, in a struggle for existence which would appear to preclude the carrying of useless impedimenta, only shows that this activity is by no means useless. The importance of play as a school for the struggles of life has been recognised since Schiller's time, and much has been written about it since. I have already alluded to the new light shed upon the

subject by Dr. Reid's book, and little more need be said here. Play, and art, the child of play, are the result of a superabundance of energy and motive power, which is utilised in some form of activity whose object is internal to itself. On this all good critics agree, that the beauty and completeness of an object of art lies within itself, and should neither borrow external aid, nor purpose to lend aid externally. Otherwise it is incomplete, or becomes utilitarian. But the play attitude itself must, nevertheless, be regarded as a great asset in a people. Yet, since the old social forms of æsthetic activity have been dissolved and become individualised, the Greek play, for instance, having been torn limb from limb and divided amongst the three sisters—the Drama, Music and Dancing—may we not ask whether the feeling has not lost its utility, since that utility was in the main social? On the other hand, it would appear that a close connection exists between the æsthetic and the intellectual sentiments, and the latter and intelligence itself must be reckoned as the best equipment for modern social life.

> "Nur durch das Morgenthor des Schönen
> Draugst du in der Erkenntnisz Land."

says Schiller of mankind in his relation to knowledge, and if it cannot be admitted that intelligence is the child of the æsthetic sentiment, yet

I think it cannot be denied that it has much to do with the Intellectual Feeling, that desire for knowledge and enthusiasm of wisdom which marks the highwater-level of the emotional life. We know that poetry was chanted before it was written, and that men adorned their persons before they applied themselves to pictorial art, and signs, and eventually writing and pictures could only have been the outcome of this superabundant energy expended in play. And those who first wondered at the signs were at last struck with their possible utility, and so grew the house equipped for the use and preservation of the spirit of intelligence.

The religious feeling is also an emotion, and hence the difficulty of treating of it. If it were a matter of intelligence or scholarship, or anything of the kind, people could discuss it without heat. As it is, however, when one comes to discuss it, one party always takes refuge behind a book, dogma, or watchword, which for him is ultimate truth; you cannot get beyond that, so you may as well take your scaling ladders away and retire to your camp. Yet it seems so curious that you can talk socialism, evolution, criticism with your friend, and he will probe everything and bring to it the best of intelligence, yet in the thing upon which you think he would want to be sure of his ground, he stops you at the first trench. You cannot get within that, and neither dare he. He does not know what skeletons and

emptiness may lie in the interior of his religious camp, and he would rather not enlighten himself. How many critics of Homer regard the Higher Criticism as blasphemous? How astonishing it seems to behold, as we sometimes do, a man of great political or worldly wisdom, or a broad-minded scholar, carry out to the last jot and tittle the ritual and outward formalities of a creed in unquestioning and childlike faith and simplicity? Is this weakness and cowardice, or is it owing to the blind spot on the retina? At first sight this conduct seems inconsistent. Yet really it is not so, although the last case I have put is an instance a trifle abnormal, more so on the Continent than with us. The intellectual nature is one thing, the emotional quite another, and religion belongs to the emotion. And just as one has aversions and dreads which have no reasonable foundation, things which the better judgment laughs at, yet one has them just the same, and they are undeniable facts. So it may happen that a man knows that he is not applying his critical powers to his religious beliefs, knows that he is taking many of them on trust, knows that much of his ritual is formal and out of date; yet in spite of his intelligence he has these beliefs and carries out the observances. It is an affair of the heart, not of the head—like history.

I said that this inconsistency was more common in our own country than on the Continent, and foreigners laugh at us for it, as they laugh

at many of our hypocrisies, as they term them. But it is not hypocrisy. We are certainly outwardly inconsistent, and the reason is partly our insular position, and partly—a result of this insularity—the permanency of our traditions. These traditions have not only been fostered by our kings, but, owing to our freedom from invasion, and our inapproachableness generally, they have been fostered; and as "corporations" have had free play with us, so have the traditions, rites and ceremonies appertaining to them. Strange that we should talk of the emotional nature of the French, when we ourselves are a standing monument of emotion. But, it may be asked, are we not the gainers by this characteristic, and do we not remain a religious people, when other nations appear to be given up to "Godlessness"? Religion, viewed from a psychological standpoint, is a great force, and, moreover, it is a natural growth, and is therefore not to be lightly treated. On the other hand, as an expression of the emotion, it belongs to the past, rather than to the future. Professor Ribot, in his "Psychology of the Emotions," a book to which I am deeply indebted for many of the psychological views herein set forth, has clearly shown how religion, probably personal in its origin, but social in its development, is most virile in the earlier stages of society, in the days of mystic rites, social ceremonies, the frensies of crowds and enthusiasm of multitudes. It is in essence

non-moral, as we see from examples of its early history, from Druidical and Indian sacrifices of a murderous character, and only with the advance of society does it become associated with the moral feeling. To-day we are inclined to judge of religious actions by examining how closely they conform to the moral standard, and the more enlightened look with some superiority upon the drum-beatings of the Salvation Army, and even upon such an emotional phenomenon as a Welsh Revival. Ritual indeed survives with us, but it is mainly a survival, a symbolism of things which were at one time actual and social facts—and it is something else as well, of which more hereafter.

It is only with the more enlightened part of the community that the wedding of religion and morality takes place. There are instances enough to be seen every day to prove that the two have a different origin, and a different nature, however beautifully they may work together in compact. We are often struck with the absolute devotion of a people whose daily lives seem quite at variance with their religion, and we are inclined to put the anomaly down to hypocrisy. But this is often incorrect. It is a well-known fact, based on the evidence of doctors, prison officials, and others who have every opportunity of knowing, that thieves, murderers, and prostitutes are sometimes the most passionate devotees. When one comes to think it out, this is only natural. These people are throw-backs from modern social life;

their intelligence and their higher emotions are atrophied. Their lower and animal emotions—and the lower they are, the stronger we must expect to find them—have full and uncontrolled sway at the expense of the intelligence and the higher and moral feelings which, weak at first, have gradually lost all their inhibitory power. And coupled with these instincts one finds the religion of the lower, more emotional and more objective type.

I have striven as far as possible to treat my subject scientifically and analytically, inquiring into things as they were, without troubling as to how they should be. I have broken away from this rule once, however, and here I think I must do so again. In a way I am forced to adopt this course, for so hedged in is the subject of religion in our country that one is unable to treat the subject, even analytically, without causing offence. How different is it in Germany, where the broadest and most advanced critical views are treated of in ordinary novels without shyness or concealment! Or in France—if such an atheistical country is not ruled out of court! But surely the time has come to brush aside these traditional ways of thinking. It is impossible not to appreciate the force of Dr. Reid's argument in "The Principles of Heredity," that since the formation of a child's character, and, therefore, that of the race, depends upon environment, and principally upon teaching, we must look to it that such teach-

ing is sound, and really educational. A child in its early and most plastic days blindly accepts what we teach him, and his whole future character is moulded by this early training. And when he comes to teach himself, his way of taking things in will depend on how he has been taught. The day will come when he will have to decide for himself between the true and the false. If he is to go into business, we would be very careful to prepare his mind so that he would not accept everybody's word on trust, or be taken in by mere appearances. And yet, in the most important things of all, he is told to accept certain statements absolutely without proof and without examination. No question is allowed on these points—it is blasphemy to question them! This is fine training indeed for our future race, training which cannot fail to have deleterious effect upon the whole manner of thinking of a future generation. It is impossible to impose this method upon a child without warping his intelligence and deranging the machinery of his thought. Either he will become inconsistent and unbalanced, one of the "hypocritical" Englishmen whom foreigners laugh at, or a day will come when he finds a flaw in the system, and finding part untrue, he will place the whole in the same category and lose all feelings of religion and reverence.

But, one may say, is not this simple faith, this childlike submission a beautiful thing—have you

not admitted it to be part of man's emotional nature? Yes, but let us distinguish. There is a difference between letting an emotion develop naturally and fostering it unnaturally to the inevitable detriment of other qualities. Man has—rightly or wrongly— thrown over the life of instinct and impulse, and adopted that of intellect. That is the line of our advance, and those who would subject the intelligence to emotion are enemies of the progress of mankind. Man is what he is by virtue of his intelligence, not of his emotions.

How few men do we meet in England who could, like Lessing the German, stand up and say, "Give me the everlasting striving after truth, rather than truth itself." This is the only honest position for a mortal to take up, for the absolute truth is beyond the reach of mortals. But most of us prefer to stand behind the cardboard fortifications of our fathers and mothers and great aunts, saying "If you take these, what have we left? Give us something we may call truth at any price, even though we may suspect some of it to be false. It is not right even to suspect. It is unorthodox and contrary to the principles on which our society is based." Cowards! These are the people who groan about the increasing power of Germany. But not only Germany, Japan, nay, China, will wipe us off the face of the globe if this is to be the school in which the youthful intelligence of our

country is to be nurtured. And do not let us be afraid that by looking life firmly in the face by the light of God's choicest gift that His throne will be shaken. What blasphemy to think that it can be based on a lie! At least, if the truth is for God alone, let us be as much like Him as possible, by getting rid of all that our intelligence shows us to be false, even though we may never attain the truth. Religion is part of our emotional nature, it is natural. Well, let Nature do her work. If we interfere, the product is exotic, not natural. If our religion is stripped of certain forms and outward semblances, let it find others of itself. We shall doubtless continue to be thrilled by the narration of a noble action, be prompted to good by generous impulses, succumb to a wave of devotion in moments of solitude, stretch out our hands for help in times of loneliness and sorrow, be overwhelmed by the consciousness of the Great Presence in gazing on the mighty mountains. Let Nature do her work, and let the "Complicated Capsticks" take their goods elsewhere! In these days of national competition they are too expensive a luxury.

CHAPTER XV.

The Religious Sentiment (*Continued*).

It is interesting in our present connection to deal with an emotion which is in itself of a social character. We have not, in such a case, to show how it, as a personal emotion, displays itself socially, but merely to examine phases of its nature and history. Its origins are buried in doubt and uncertainty, and this owing to the wealth rather than the scarcity of ideas upon the subject. But whatever they be, we may expect them to be of a manifold nature, and many and various may be the causes of the growth. Setting aside many of the current explanations as somewhat fanciful, and savouring too much of the *a priori* method, we should be safer in pinning our faith to ancestor-worship with its anthropomorphic tendencies, since its growth into a system of religion can be traced under our very eyes among savage and uncivilised nations. But you will do well not to question the savage overmuch on the subject, for as Mr. Dudley Kidd points out with regard to the Kaffirs, any tinge of suggestion in your questions will sterilize

their ideas in a most fertile and contradictory manner. The fact is they feel their religion, if such it may be called, without reasoning about it. But an ancestor, near or remote, forms the centre of all they feel about the spirit-world, and since he is a common ancestor to a larger or smaller group, the feeling becomes social at once, and a link is formed with the Bacchic orgies of the ancients and their local and national religious functions.

The more personal side of the religious feeling is probably due to the savage's child-like inclination to regard everything as alive, and so he forms associations with a community around him; and as objects become more and more real to him, and this reality is manifested beyond a doubt, yet he cannot get over his first ideas, and he talks of the spirit of the object, just as he sees a counterpart of himself in his shadow. But such considerations have not much bearing on the social side of the question, except this: it will be interesting to note how a people's religion is moulded by early surroundings and environment generally.

The early gods are very personal things; there is not much spirituality about them. In Ancient Greece they are numerous and varying as the phases of nature and the moods of the versatile inhabitants. The country is divided by nature into numerous fertile valleys separated from each other by lofty mountain chains. The way was,

therefore, prepared for early development, and for that sensuous point of view which is the outcome of easy and pleasurable surroundings. So Greece was divided into many small states, each rejoicing in a constitution and a highly developed culture of its own. But as this people never attained to political unity, so, on the other hand, they were incapable of monotheism. This was the creation of a very different type of race, whose manner of existence forms a striking contrast to that of the Greeks. The Hebrew has always been characterised by his depth of thought; the Greeks, on the other hand, were rather polished thinkers than deep. The Greek's ideas were concrete and clear cut, the Hebrew's deep, mysterious, rather of the "Romantic" character. The Greeks lived on familiar terms with their gods, who were gay spirits like themselves; the Hebrew God was regarded with fear and trembling. How can these differences be accounted for? Brushing aside superficial reasons we must ultimately arrive at the crucial distinction—the geographical one. Perhaps, as immediate surroundings are chiefly concerned, it would be better to say that the difference was topographical. The Hebrew had no smiling valleys protected by a sheltering wall of mountains and watered by delightful streams. Such surroundings invited a people to stay and enjoy them, to reap the fruits of the land in peace, to found cities, to establish government and cultivate the arts. But

the Hebrew's lot was to drive his flocks and herds about the country, sojourning on one spot only so long as food and water lasted. His mode of life was therefore necessarily nomadic, and as a consequence there could be no particular attachment to one locality, no guarding it with jealousy against covetous neighbours, no cultivating of petty local gods or household deities. The eye could not dwell on local objects long enough, even had there been characteristic objects at hand for the imagination to exercise free play upon, and for child to learn from father all the local associations therewith and hand them down in a more concrete, a more definite form, embellished with wealth of detail. Nature was all on a dead level for the Hebrew, and there were few prominencies round which associations might cluster. Thus, deprived of objects whereon to feast the eye, his nature was bent back upon itself, and in deep and brooding meditation he spent those long days and nights of watching over his flocks. Endless expanse around him, endless expanse overhead, the stars shining in countless millions, as the sand beneath his feet was unnumbered, the sense of the infinite was impressed upon him every moment of his existence; yet in this infinity there existed no individuality on which his mind could dwell. There was no distraction to interrupt the penetrating course of his thought, and, as many paths lead to one town, so meditation from all points of

view leads if far enough pursued to unity. Thus the great Unity was evolved in the far back ages, and the greatness of the feat may be judged from the fact that the world to-day, broadly speaking, is unable to realise it, while professing and even striving to do so.

To arrive at unity and simplicity is a work of many years, for the life of early man is full of complications. The simplest and easiest course is not that which suggests itself to the savage, and civilised man finds his time fully occupied in trying to sweep away the complicated growths of custom and tradition. But there is a still deeper reason underlying the tardiness of mankind in arriving at monotheism. As the savage idea of a personal god, with human passions, desires and a human figure dies out, the deity gradually comes to be regarded as all powerful and all mighty, and finally He is regarded as the origin and cause of everything. Man becomes philosophical and enquiring, and begins to look for the causes of the phenomena which his eyes behold. Some of these he divines, rightly or wrongly, but by others he is baffled; as also when he looks for the cause of the cause and the cause of that. These unknown causes he comes to regard as wrapped up in the idea of the Divinity, who ultimately becomes an Original Cause. When the deity was merely a person, an idealised man, he was easy of conception, as far as primitive

mankind strove to conceive. But as soon as they began to reason about these things, the deity became more and more metaphysical. When His personality was given up He became a conception. The philosopher who can give reasons for natural events, is also capable of an abstract conception. This is one of the greatest feats of the mind, and the generality of people are not capable of it, being children in this respect, and like children, preferring things to be personal and objective. It is because this Unity involves abstraction that its acceptance is so difficult. The Jews were capable of this, for they have always been one of the most philosophical and theorising of nations. And so they are ahead of us in this, as it has been suggested that they may be in politics.

Monotheism had to be adopted generally by means of a compromise. There is no doubt from the spirit of Jesus' teaching that he inculcated the worship of One God, but the teaching only became universal by the introduction of a dyad or a triad, an obvious step in the right direction. No criticism of the New Testament or scientific research can detract from the beauty and merit of Christ's teaching, by virtue of which Christian peoples are what they are. But as regards the personality of Christ himself there is more question, and we have reason to doubt the assertions of those whose interest debars them from applying impartial judgment. In France

and Germany, where opinions are freer on these matters, owing to the lesser sway of the Religious Corporations and other historical and social reasons, this question is treated with much greater freedom than with ourselves. But the general position of more advanced thought is illustrated by a sermon I heard as a boy from a Presbyterian divine of great learning and position. He said that as God, being a conception, could not easily be grasped by mankind, He adopted the device of sending an *eikōn*, or image, of Himself, who could be realised, in order that He Himself could by this means be known and loved. It did not require much thought to arrive at the conclusion that if a religious party desired the God they worshipped to be generally accepted, but experienced some difficulty owing to this nature being too abstract, they could not do better than to find such an *eikōn*. Readers who are acquainted with the works of Germany's greatest living novelist, Gustav Frenssen, himself a pastor who has been obliged to throw off the yoke of orthodoxy, will remember that a view very like this is advanced in Hilligenlei. Here Jesus is represented as one of the old prophets, arriving in his country's most critical need, and striving by the inculcation of the virtues of truth and love to revive the spirit of a people crushed politically, morally and socially by the power, the extortion, the decaying rottenness of Rome. It is suggested that the brief

and bright episode of Jesus' life might have passed into oblivion had it not been for a religious fanatic and enthusiast who spent most of his time in persecuting the Christians. Suddenly it flashed upon this persecutor that this life, this personality was just what was required for filling a people with religious enthusiasm, and Paul became the protagonist of Christianity. He saw the value of the *eikōn*. The general trend of the Gospels is simple, but with the Epistles of St. Paul, the New Testament develops a new character, the dogmatic, dialectic, and hierarchic. Instead of a beautiful story of an inspiring life, we have a whole religious system laid down with all the attendant mysterious, symbolic, and metaphysical concomitants. These views also coincide to some extent with those expressed by Mr. Anatole France in "Sur la Pierre Blanche."

We read in the history of early German poetry how, when the tale of the Gospels was done into this language, the atmosphere and surroundings of Jesus' life had to be translated into the barbarian warrior environment which the hearers were used to. If Christ were not a Chief, and a man of war, fighting as they did for something tangible, he was no object of veneration for them. This is by no means an isolated instance, and it is more than probable that Christianity generally was propagated by these means. Such a view is confirmed by recent discoveries in the Mediterranean. which tend to show that certain

objects of veneration were age-encrusted before Christianity was heard of, just as much of the ritual of our churches finds a counterpart in legends of the primitive Mediterranean and Eastern races.

It would appear, therefore, that the legends in which people are nursed are hard of dying and that new doctrines, if they are to gain acceptance, must not cut adrift too much from tradition. This is, perhaps, clearer from a consideration of the great part which the Virgin Mary has played and plays still in the Christian religion. So great has been her exaltation as compared with the position the Gospels assign to her, that some especial cause must have been at work. Her position may be compared with that of Demeter of old, and Isis of the Egyptians, who stand out in strange contrast to Hera and the more tangible goddesses of later Greece. In view of the research which has busied itself with the History of the ancient Mediterranean race, I cannot but associate this Mother-worship with the fortunes of this people. It is generally held that the chief basis of ancient religion is ancestor-worship, and it has been pretty clearly demonstrated that this people was matriarchal. Where the father was uncertain or unknown, descendants would look back to, and eventually venerate a woman-ancestor rather than a man. For inscriptions, chiefly Welsh and Irish corroborating this view, I would refer the reader to that in-

teresting work, "The Welsh People," by Professors Rys and Brynmor Jones. The work of Sergi and others seems to have placed it beyond a doubt that the long-headed men who peopled the Mediterranean in pre-classic times and pushed their way to Germany, France and Britain before the coming of the Aryans, were cradled in Northern Africa, probably the region of the Sahara, where the Berbers now represent them. Egypt was one of their outlets to the lands of the North, and Egypt the land of ancient wonders, preserves more of their associations than any other land. It is a far cry from Egypt to Wales, but, strange to say, the Welsh language, an Aryan tongue, yet preserves the most characteristic traits of Egyptian speech. A relationship between the two peoples can be traced beyond a doubt.

The superposition of Aryan language and civilisation has considerably obfuscated the position of this early race, and philologists have gone beyond just limits in attempting to classify peoples merely on the ground of language relationship. It would seem that in these days of ancient conquests a small minority could impose its laws and language upon a whole nation, and as far as records go, the subject people would appear to be wiped out. But careful scrutiny and scientific method has shown that this is not so, and the persistence of dolicephazic skulls of particular shapes in our

own days shows how little the Mediterranean race has died out.

The great problem of the races of Europe is too far yet from definite conclusion for me to base anything more than suggestion upon it, but in the light of recent discoveries I feel myself almost justified in advancing the theory that Roman Catholicism, with its insistence on the position of the Virgin Mary, has found its surest and most abiding foothold in the countries most closely associated with the Mediterranean race, Spain, Italy, France, and Ireland. In the two Southern peninsulas it would seem that when the power of the conquerors had exhausted itself, the nature of the vanquished was at last manifested; and religion, being a thing of the emotions, always finds a sure resting place in the heart of a woman, and women survive all conquests and the ancient tendency would thus be kept alive. Again we have subsidiary reasons for the worship of the Virgin, not only in that this worship would be more congenial to the weaker sex, but also because in states whose manhood is exhausted, woman's position is usually enhanced, as we saw in the case of Eighteenth Century politics.

But what shall we say of Wales? Does not her religious history, so strongly evangelical, refute this theory? I think not, although she possesses many monuments of the pre-Aryans. A large influx of pure Celts seems to have pressed

right into her centre, and to have driven the ancient inhabitants to the extremities, and into Ireland. Brittany, on the other hand, has always shown a decided hankering after the female element in religion, and I have myself passed through a wood there where stands a statue of Isis, probably brought over by the Egyptian contingent in the Roman army, which is still, I was told, an object of veneration, and throughout the ages has been worshipped, sometimes as the Virgin Mary, at others under more heathen titles, to the great disgust of the priests.

On the other hand, the Puritanical and Evangelical phase of religious thought, no less emotional than the other, if less sensuous, I would be inclined to associate with the descendants of the Aryans, especially as the Protestant strongholds are precisely those countries in which these people made their most permanent settlements—the countries of Northern Europe, England, Scotland, and particularly Germany, the home of Luther. He, more than most theologians has insisted upon the direct personal relationship between man and his God, and has deprecated the go-betweens which are the most characteristic features of priesthood and hierarchy. It may be only fancy on my part that the absence of the female element in this type of religion has any connection with the patriarchal form of society appertaining to the Aryan people, but I throw it out, like the preceding

idea, as a suggestion, for what it is worth.

But apart from historical associations of this kind, there appears to be a broad difference in the emotional bases of these two types of religion, analogous to that subsisting between anger and fear, respectvely the aggressive and defensive expressions of the same instinct of conservation. Thus the Evangelical is full of burning zeal, and his religion is an impulse filling his whole life and informing its actions. The Catholic pursues his religious course apart from the world, and he is more inclined to draw a line between the things of the soul and those of the material world. The ordinary events of life are not so wont to inspire him with holy thoughts, but he often needs the aid of some material object to bring him into the atmosphere of reverence. This phase is more sensuous, more æsthetic, more indirect and dependent than the other, and has many characteristics of the female nature, while the other partakes of the male.

I have already suggested, however, that woman, necessarily more bound by men by the exigencies of physical life, preserves in her emotional nature phases which have been lost by her less restricted partner. So in the case of these religious forms it would appear that the more Catholic is the recessive form. By Catholic, I do not wish to signalise the adherents

of the Roman Church alone, since there is an obvious movement in favour of symbolism and mysticism to be observed among some of the Protestant sects. The principle of receiving guidance and inspiration through intermediaries, however, can only be a survival of the days when mankind was unable to compass an abstract conception, and needed some material object or palpable illustration to guide him to higher things. In days of semi-barbarism this method had always to be resorted to, and proved exceedingly beneficial to the moral condition of peoples, but it was in the nature of spoon-feeding. Unfortunately the spoon has too often remained an object of veneration—I mean in the excessive devotion to ritual, images, and the like.

I do not wish to exalt one kind of religion above another, and, in practice, as many sins of intolerance and the like nature, can be ascribed, in the aggressive days of religious controversy, to the one side as the other. But for scientific and analytical purposes a religion, as expounded by Luther, inspiring a man's conduct, and spurring him to activity, at the same time endeavouring to cut away from tradition and subsidiary aids and interventions and bringing problems to the touchstone of one's own conscience, must take a higher place in the category as being of a more dynamic character and also giving more play to individual intelligence, which is something above the feeling of the masses on such

matters, usually characterised by timidity, ignorance, and superstition, just as it is above the instinctive life of the animals. The individual can rise to greater heights than the generality, and an individual religion can rise higher than a catholic and universal one.

The growing tendency to orthodoxy, reliance on authority, and the partiality for symbolism, can only be characterised as a reversion to a lower condition, and its dangers socially have already been touched on. If religion went no further than the individual immediately concerned, no great harm would necessarily result, for we might look upon such a tendency as a parallel to the lull in æsthetic taste as expressed in the present day drama, and to the lack of creative fire generally in a generation so given up to business that it has no surplus energy for deep thought. But when it is remembered that religious teaching imparted to the young has the widest bearing upon their thinking generally and their future intellectual development, this reversion to the yoke of authority must be regarded in a serious light. But this question has already been sufficiently dealt with.

Simple orthodoxy is especially remarkable when it appears in conjunction with an active and intelligent mind, used to sift evidence and to detect the shams of the world. I have already pointed out that the non-intellectual character of

religion is usually responsible for this. But often, I think, it will be found to be the case that a busy and intellectual man, using his wits to the utmost throughout the week, likes to feel that there is a safe corner somewhere, and axioms which he need not question, theories which he may accept without probing; and so he can face the problems of his daily life in the assurance that all is safe in the rear of his position. There is less inconsistency in the case of the soldier, always carrying his life in his hands, and liable to meet death at any moment in the most terrible circumstances. It is essential to such a one to possess a sure and simple faith which may be of real assistance in the hour of need. As regards the world of intelligence the soldier is somewhat of an anachronism. If peoples were intelligent they would not go to war, and a philosopher could never make a professional soldier. Too much thought here, as with Hamlet, would

> "Sickly o'er the native hue of resolution
> With the pale cast of fear,"

and resolution is required in this sphere and unthinking courage. Moreover, the absolute submission to authority, the very essence of a soldier's being, although one of the greatest forces in the world, is still out of keeping with the principles of intellectual advance.

If the particular cases of reversion to the older

and more established creeds are examined, it is often found that they go hand in hand with a change in political opinion, and both are contemporaneous with a betterment of social status. Particularly are such cases to be noted in our manufacturing cities, once the strongholds of Liberal principles and free thought. But many of the citizens having acquired wealth and position, a political bridge leading by an easy route to the ranks of Conservatism and constitutionalism, so called, was found to be a great boon, and at the same time the ranks of traditional orthodoxy were swelled more out of respect to form and decorum than to conviction. Such a movement can but fill a thinking man with pity, for it points to a weakness which may in time invalidate a nation's existence. If intelligence be the index of man's advancement, backsliding of this character must point to national decline.

CHAPTER XVI.

Christianity and Sociology.

After glancing at some of the phases of religion in its social relation, I turn to the particular faith which comes nearest to our business and bosoms. Setting aside from our discussion the miraculous side of the subject and the claims of revelation and taking the strictly scientific view, the growth of Christianity and its association with the highest developments of civilisation seem to invite special study. Mr. Benjamin Kidd in "Social Evolution" expressed the opinion that Christianity was itself the cause of the advance of European nations in that it, more than any other religion, inculcated those principles on which social evolution was based. For him Christianity marks off a new era in the world's history. Prior to its birth the power and the rule was in the hands of the one or the few, and these made use of their advantages selfishly for their own ends, so that the civilisation of the ancients, confined to the few, was based upon the suffering and the subservience of the many. Christianity, Mr. Kidd considers, changed all this, not at once, of course, but gradually, and,

by the inculcation of "altruism," induced the few to bring the many into the arena, so that, as the circle became wider and wider, the competition within the circle became ever keener, and social advance was proportionate to the keenness of the competition. Such a view is full of interest, and strikes the imagination by its boldness. It is only on careful reflection that doubts begin to assert themselves, and, when these arise, they begin to assail the theory from all points of view.

We know that our modern socialism keeps alive many who would be crushed out of existence if left to their own efforts. But does such a system increase the keenness of competition? Since the chances of the fit and the unfit tend to be equalised, I am unable to agree that the system tends to raise the standard of efficiency. In fact, in these piping times of peace we find the world getting so full of mediocre people that men of brilliance, disgusted with the type of competitors who stand in their way, are inclined to retire from the conflict and to fall back on the methods pursued by the masses. As we are situated at present, to distinguish merit is almost as impossible as to find the proverbial needle, and one has only to advertise sufficiently to be received into the ranks of the famous, or, without advertisement, make cunning use of the numerous aids to advancement that exist under a beneficent *régime*. No, so far is such a system from

encouraging brilliance, that we feel that only a war or some serious national danger, by suspending the operation of these vaunted principles, could bring out true merit. In the Army, many reputations are lost in a great war, and as the peril increases the ordinary rules of promotion by seniority tend to be more and more relaxed, and finally a Wolfe is made a Major-General at an age which usually qualifies only for a Captain's rank. It is only then that the old place-holders and figure-heads appear at their true valuation, and are set aside—to be replaced when the danger is over. History is so full of examples of brilliant men being brought to the front by stress of circumstances that it is needless to labour the point. In the same way she shows us that most great political reforms have been carried out by small bodies of competent persons.

Such statements would perhaps lead to the supposition that I share the popular antipathy to Socialism, a thing much talked about and little understood. Far from it. I am a convinced socialist, but not so bigoted as not to admit many of the condemnations of the present state of things; for instance, that of Dr. Archdale Reid, who considers that our present method of dealing with lunatics and the mentally afflicted only causes an aggravation of the evil, in that we tend and care for the demented and allow them, in their lucid intervals to go out and propagate

their kind, whereas in the Middle Ages popular ignorance and superstition made short work of these poor creatures. But this, and a host of similar charges are no condemnation of Socialism, but only of one particular system of Socialism, and that a bad and incomplete one. If we shut up lunatics and incorrigible vagrants for ever, we should at least be consistent, and thoroughly socialistic, but hardly altruistic, and still less Christian. It would appear, therefore, that, far from altruism, as it is generally understood, leading to progress, advance is only made on its being suspended.

At present our social system seems to have landed in a deadlock. Our Poor Law is a pauper-making machine, and our grandmotherly system fosters the unfit, generally. It is only too true that the State is becoming a great hospital, and it is time we looked round with a view to amendment. Two alternatives appear to be open, namely, to return to the *laissez faire* system, or to amend our socialistic measures so that they are thorough and effective with a view to future generations. Both are essentially un-Christian for the former is cruel and has been condemned by experience, while the latter runs counter to the sympathetic spirit which regards a man as a man, however, unfit he be as a member of the community. Socialism, however, is a natural development, and it has come to stay, and it seems unquestionable that reform will be made

in revising its methods in the direction of efficiency, discrimination and foresight. All of which goes to show the futility of the idea of a revealed and static religious system, the first principles of which are buried in the obscurity of the dark ages. Evolution is a system embracing all nature; and religion, an essential factor of man and not external to him, is subject to its unbending laws. The religious fiction is like the legal one; the judge does not expound the law, and yet we know that every judge adds a little to it. Even so in the interpretation of the Scriptures the sense is continually added to, and a moral system is evolved approaching the necessities of modern life yet always based on the primal authority. Yet, with all due reverence to the foundations of our belief, are not our religious systems rather too much out of touch with our surroundings owing to a lack of criticism of these same foundations? Can a system be free from reproach which demands the acceptance of certain beliefs which no reasoning person can honestly profess? If only it could be conceded that we should take of the old all that is useful, and all that is on a sure foundation—and this would not be little—and leave the rest in abeyance, our religious life might receive a great impetus in the forward direction, and become a surer guide in the paths of morality.

I have already referred to views of Christ's nature expressed by Frenssen and Anatole

France. According to theories advanced in a work of the latter author, the acceptance of Jehovah and the Christian teaching was strictly in accordance with the principles of natural development, and there was no marked step between the old and the new. He points out how the ideas of the neo-Platonists and the Stoics had prepared the way for Christian doctrines, for most of which some sort of parallel can be found among the most enlightened of the ancient philosophers. The teachings of Christ, it is advanced, in their moral aspect, were but a summing up of the opinions of the *illuminati* of the time of the Herods. However this be, if the miraculous and revelationary elements are rejected, we may feel secure that such doctrines must have had some source, and that they would not have been accepted unless the world was ready to receive them.

The view that the teaching of Christ was not far removed in spirit from neo-Platonic philosophy receives support in an indirect manner from the writings of a staunch Churchman. When Charles Kingsley makes Raphael aben Ezra attempt the conversion of Hypatia by pointing out that the precepts of his new Master were little at variance with her own philosophy, he probably merely meant to show how near neo-Platonism was to Christianity. But, looked at in another way, Christianity was just as near to neo-Platonism. Which reminds me of a

regret expressed by a Bishop of Lichfield with reference to the great Nonconformist divine, Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, "that is was so far from Lichfield to Carr's Lane Chapel." Dr. Dale replied that, as far as he could see, Carr's Lane was no further from Lichfield, than Lichfield was from Carr's Lane.

Still a further reference from the writings of Kingsley may be given here as illustrating my point of view. Raphael aben Ezra, the cynic, had turned in disgust both from the religion of his fathers and the unsatisfying philosophy of Hypatia. The noble self-sacrifice of Victoria, and the stern sense of duty of her father, however, strongly impress his mind, and he begins to see that in this despised Christianity there is at any rate little sham, and finally he finds a rest from his wanderings in embracing its tenets. He gives his reasons in these words: "Yes, sir, this tent; within which I have seen you and your children lead a life of deeds as new to me the Jew, as they would be to Hypatia, the Gentile. I have watched you for many a day, and not in vain. When I saw you, an experienced officer, encumber your flight with wounded men, I was only surprised. But since I have seen you and your daughter, and, strangest of all, your gay young Alcibiades of a son, starving yourselves to feed these poor ruffians—performing for them, day and night, the offices of menial slaves; comforting them, as

no man ever comforted me—blaming no one but yourselves, sacrificing nothing but yourselves; and all this without hope of fame or reward, or dream of appeasing the wrath of any god or goddess, but simply because you thought it right. When I saw that, sir, and more which I have seen, and when reading in this book here, I found unexpectedly those grand moral rules which you were practising, seeming to spring unconsciously, as natural results from the great thoughts, true and false, which had preceded them, then, sir, I began to suspect that the creed, which could produce such deeds as I have watched within the last few days, might have on its side not merely a slight preponderance of probabilities, but what we Jews used once to call, when we believed in it—or in anything—the mighty power of God." This passage seems to me to sum up in a most beautiful manner the meaning of Christianity in so far as it emanates directly from the life and words of Christ. And in this view the orthodox Churchman and the heterodox author of Hilligenlei would appear to be at one. The old religion and morality had worked themselves out, the whole social state was rotten. The happiness of the few was based upon the suffering of the many, and the few had become accordingly brutalised. The old philosophy was as worn out as the old religions, in spite of the efforts of devotees of Hypatia's type to resuscitate them, and the consequence

was that there was no light or leading in the world, and no ideals. Nothing but callousness and debauchery remained among the rich, and hopelessness among the poor. It was time indeed for a prophet to appear, and the prophet who did come, filled to the brim with the Spirit of God, had just the remedies which were needed for the moral and social diseases of the day. Mr. Richard Whiteing who, in "Number 5, John Street," after painting a very strong picture of the inequalities of fortune obtaining to-day, vigorously contrasting the two currents running side by side, but never meeting, the lives of the rich and poor in London, recommends "shaking" as a remedy. Now, whether Christ was divine or not, a question to be fought out between religion and science, at all events He seems to have been the greatest "shaker" of all time; witness in particular the Sermon on the Mount. In striving to break down the barriers between the rich and the poor, the clergy and the laity, the respectable and the out-cast; above all, in His attempt to bring religion into line with morality and reason, in His opposition to tradition and conventionality, He showed himself one of the greatest radicals and revolutionaries the world has ever known. So thoroughly did He go to the root of social evils, that to-day, since Church and State soon settled down to the old routine and perpetrated their enormities in greater security under the ægis of His name, His

teachings are as necessary as ever. But, nevertheless, those who follow the historical method must make a reservation. Just as they cannot admit that the Christians alone have the truth, and that God has left the rest of the world in outer darkness for the benefit of example to the elect, so too they are unable to concede that in point of time the true faith comes into existence at a certain period and that all who have the luck to live after that date can obtain salvation, and devil take the rest! All religions are the expressions of a people's life, the turning of the heart towards God, as the flower turns towards the sun. In the same way as we recognise this difference in expression as regards race and locality, so, to be consistent, must it be acknowledged upon the plane of time. The Bible, itself, evidences the growth and development of God as He appears to the human mind—from the fickle and relentless to the all powerful and loving. Has not the idea of God grown and evolved since; grown, in fact, as man has grown, and evolved with him? Religion, as an expression of a people's life, must develop with mankind, for creeds become outworn like a garment.

So far are we to-day from the standards Christ set before us, very largely on account of the misuse of His name, that we could ill afford to lose sight of His teaching. It is, however, in dealing with foreign and subject races that the

catholicity of Christianity become open to question. Our religious leaders will not admit for many years to come that Jesus was a prophet for His time, and therefore it is fruitless to attempt to obtain a pause in the proselytising campaign that takes place among "the Heathen," Christianity may be helpful or it may not, but if the historical and evolutionary principle be admitted, it ought to be administered discriminately and with caution, for it is out of all keeping with the traditions of savage peoples. Just as the translation of the party system into a country not historically prepared for it leads to jobbery and corruption, so this sudden letting loose of new and strange doctrines often leads to hypocrisy, impertinence and roguery. I have nothing against those brave and self-sacrificing men who spend their lives in ministering to the subject races, and it is open to them to point out the practical good that is done; if my premises be admitted, however, the system is not altogether flawless according to the principles of deduction. I remember walking down Adderly Street, Cape Town, and seeing an old white-bearded gentleman in black, holding forth to two Kaffirs, whose grins and gesticulations at first drew my attention. I thought at first he must be telling them some huge joke, for they laughed and slapped their sides, and became more and more uncontrolled, crying ecstatically, "Oah, yaas" and "Yaas, baas," whenever they could get a word

in. But as I drew nearer, I heard some of the words of the speaker, mere fragments: "As the wind rushes down from the mountains—cleaving the sea—destroying all before it—all powerful—nothing can stand before it—Such is the love of God." And the boys chuckled loudly at this climax and slapped their sides, and repeated their nods and their grins and their "Yaas, baas!" Afterwards I found them delivering the old gentleman's tracts along the jetty. It all seemed very incongruous.

It reminds me of another incident, the moral of which I must leave to the reader to divine. In an up country church a native had performed the duty of removing the heavy cross for cleaning. This small office he had carried out with such reverence, such deep bowings and obeisances, that the ladies who had charge of the cleaning were immensely moved by the spiritual manifestations in a savage and were incited to high resolutions. Unfortunately it came to light one day that the boy was not a Christian! The shock was too terrible to be described in words. Needless to say he was not allowed to touch the emblem again, but some retrospective action seemed to be required. I am unable to say what course was finally adopted.

Setting trifles aside, I hope I have set down with all reverence the position of one who regards all human manifestations as part of

humanity and sharing in the evolution of the race. The views of the more advanced writers in France and Germany have been touched on, and a few necessary conclusions have been drawn as regards our own times and concerns. If sentiments such as these cause any shock to pious minds, I would recommend a study of "Nathan the Wise," the great work of a noble-minded German, always with the regret that no such plant of free religious thought has sprung up in our soil—our climate is unpropitious to such growths.

CHAPTER XVII.

Antipathy to Lower Races.

While I am in the anecdotal vein I may as well be rid of my pack as soon as possible, if the reader is good enough to excuse personal incident. Once more the scene is Cape Town, and we were dining at our hotel. At our table sat a Rhodesian gold-digger who had met with great success, and had come to show the frugal Capetonians how it was possible to get through a thousand a month. Before his insistence upon his wealth had come into evidence, I rather sought his acquaintance in order to gather something of the state of the country and the prospects of the gold-miner. Afterwards, however, his manner became unbearable, and we had to resort to very pointed snubbing in order to attempt to repress him. One evening "Rhodesia" was enlarging upon his personal characteristics, but one particular experience he imparted to us was so extraordinary as to be really amusing. He said that on a previous visit to the hotel, he found that evening that the Japanese Ambassador (he probably meant the Consul) was being entertained to dinner in the dining saloon. "Rhodesia"

insisted on having his dinner served in a separate room, declaring he would never sit down to meals in the same room as a "nigger." A friend of mine was also sitting at table with us, a man of great refinement, belonging, to use his own comparison, to the Eighteenth Century type. Of course, he simply boiled over with disgust when he heard this tale, and immediately proposed to ask the Chinese Consul to dinner at the same table with "Rhodesia." This proposition was unhappily not carried out.

People living in England could hardly believe such an occurrence to be possible, but those who have had experience with Colonial life would probably see nothing extraordinary in it. Such antipathies are not felt at home, where people are away from the hard facts of the case, but the mildest and most philosophical of men, when brought into actual contact with coloured races, soon become imbued with an aversion, fight against it as they will. One of the few I have met who have lived among the Kaffirs, and not been touched by this feeling, is, curiously enough, my Eighteenth Century friend. It was he who ascribed himself to this period, not I; but on studying his character, in which culture, refinement, and sympathy played conspicuous parts, I was more and more struck with the rectitude of his view. The incident above mentioned I think corroborated it, for sympathy with subject races was a characteristic of that age. But

with the ordinary man these feelings towards the native are not greatly in evidence. Although brutality and actual cruelty may not take place there is always that deep-down feeling, unreasoning and unintelligent, which Mr. Bryce observed and remarked upon. The reason that those at home cannot fathom this sentiment is simply because it is illogical and unreasonable; it is, in fact, one of the best examples of those unconscious impulses which we have been discussing, being a thing in which the higher nature and the intellect have no part, pertaining to the lower emotional side of man, and only arising on actual contact with the object itself. It has no abstract value, and from the armchair point of view is ridiculous and childish. It is so with many of our emotions, which arise *in re*, and are difficult to recall, and still harder, often, to justify.

From "Rhodesia's" views it will be observed that this feeling is by no means confined to the area of the black man, and still more convincing proof is afforded by the unpleasantness which arose some little time ago in regard to the Japanese in the Western States of America. To the normal white man anyone who differs in colour, features, manners or dress, is to some extent a "nigger"; to some of our old-fashioned squires the Frenchman has something of the same taint. They are not English, and that is enough.

National hostility will account for much of this, but in the case of subject races I think there

must be subtler reasons underlying the phenomenon, and these I propose to discuss, although I do not venture to offer a solution. The race feeling, as I have observed it in South Africa, is stronger in the uncultured than the refined, and, I think, more pronounced in women than in men. This might simply mean that it partakes of the emotional nature, which I have maintained to be largely shared in by women, and also by the less cultured among men. A fear or hatred of anything strange and unknown is one of the characteristics of more primitive minds, and this aversion may but be the vestige of those old emotions. Or again, the feeling may be of a more specialised kind, being directed against a people who have in the past been enemies. This, however, seems hardly likely, for such a theory would imply too much of the conscious element. Yet, if we can bring ourselves to ascribe so much discriminination to unconscious impulses, it might be wondered whether there is not here some kind of scenting danger in the future. The Black Problem is causing great uneasiness in the States, and may soon loom much larger than at present in South Africa. There are some races which tend to disappear on the advance of the white man; the Negro and the Kaffir, on the other hand, rather tend to increase. Herein may lie the danger which is sub-consciously felt. And if I am right in saying that animosity is not so conspicuous in the deal-

ings of white men with repressive races, such as the Maoris and Red Indians, some conviction would be added to the suggestion.

In such case, the sub-conscious feeling is of the "we or you" character, and is comparable to the undying hatred between Rome and Carthage, or those waves of popular passion which arise when peoples are at war with each other. But we may not even yet have got to the root of the matter. The lady whom I have above referred to as having unconsciously given me useful hints on the working of the emotions has often amused me by her antipathy to the Kaffirs. I was at first rather surprised at this, as she is kindly and sympathetic, and extremely broad-minded. I observed this feeling grow upon her, and wanted to see what explanation she would give, for she herself was surprised at the power it had upon her. Finally she volunteered a verdict. "I know why I hate them—they are so ugly." This may seem somewhat childish at first sight, but if further thought is given I do not think it is so. If it is any reason at all, it appears to be open to two interpretations. In the first place it might point to the sex feeling, in its defensive or negative sense, as being the cause; for most feelings and emotions have these two senses, the positive or aggressive, and the negative or defensive. The root of the repulsion with which an ugly man usually inspires a woman is probably sex horror, and this, together with sex attraction, we know

to have been one of the greatest factors in evolution. The persistency of these feelings is still wrapped up with the welfare of the human race, and in a case like the present, in the contact of one of the most advanced with a decidedly backward people, we should naturally expect a marked manifestation of repulsion. And if it be advanced that such an explanation could only apply to white women and not men, I must reply in a decided negative; for just as biology and embryology have shown that the male possesses in his earlier stages of growth certain of the female organs, but that with his development these are suppressed, so psychology can show that a man may have the instincts of a woman, or vice versa. It is quite common to meet with a man whose nature is distinctly feminine, and it is quite possible that there might be some subtle physical cause for this, as there is for most psychological phenomena. At any rate enough has been said, I think, to show that the feeling under discussion would not necessarily be confined to one sex alone.

I have heard the view expressed by inhabitants of South Africa that the cause of the feeling is a sexual one in a more limited sense, namely, that it is a dread on account of the native's very strong sexual proclivities. The latter cannot be denied, but I would hesitate in accepting such a limitation, for a sentiment of aversion is known to exist where there can be no question of par-

ticular sexual fear, as when men alone are concerned in the period of pioneering, and also where races are concerned who have not the Kaffir's proclivities in any marked degree. I must admit that there always exists, unfortunately, a fear of this kind among the white community in South Africa, but I am inclined to think it is nevertheless something quite apart from the race antipathy in its broader sense with which I am dealing.

There is yet another reason why a people should be hated on account of their ugliness. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Reid's book already referred to, "The Principles of Heredity," will recollect how he demonstrates the enormous effect that environment has upon the child, as opposed to heredity. Of course the physical qualities inherited, especially the size of the skull, must needs be limiting factors as regards intelligence and capabilities. But given the physical requirement there would seem to be little to debar a savage child from attaining to a high pitch of civilisation, provided the necessary environment were furnished. Dr. Reid gives a cogent negative example of this in the complete cessation of the culture of Rome on the invasion of the barbarians. The Romans remained, but the environment being swept away, civilisation went too. As a positive example, I may mention that negroes, the blackest of the black, may be seen in London competing at Law examinations

with our own students, to say nothing of innumerable instances which might be taken from America. A very short span of years has shown the advance of Japan from an unknown barbarian country, laughed at in the "Mikado," to one of the first-class Powers, owing to her determination to secure the all-important "environment." She must surely be regarded as a crucial instance of Dr. Reid's theory. And yet there appears to exist the same racial aversion with regard to the Japanese, at least in America. Can it be that the acquirement of civilisation does not set a limit to the continuation of this sentiment? Very probably it does not, and for the following reasons. Although Weismann's theory of the non-transmissibility of acquired characteristics holds the ground, yet it must probably be subjected to certain limitations. If a man acquires a great proficiency in Classics or Music, or if by a vigorous course of "Sandow" he enormously develops his biceps, there is no reason to suppose that his son will inherit these qualities. But if we go beyond this we reach debatable ground, and until the doctors are in agreement it would be unwise to be too dogmatic on one side or the other. Experiment has shown that the generation of living organisms is subject to sudden, fortuitous, and strange variation, that is to the production of "sports," and from these new species have been developed. In view of the objections raised on all hands that mere natural

selection is insufficient to account for evolutionary development without some positive and dynamic factor moving in a forward direction, it seems almost impossible not to admit that the phenomenon of "sporting" must have played an important rôle in the matter. This, however, is rather beside my point, except in so far as it points to the insufficiency of Weismann's position. But to come nearer to the case in hand, Professor Lloyd Morgan has thrown some doubt upon the theory, and suggested that, in spite of the fact that developments in the cells which compose the body cannot actually and materially affect the germ-cells, yet there may be a "spin," as he terms it, (borrowing a very apt simile from a mechanical experiment) of the whole body in a certain direction which might affect the germ cells. This would be a kind of "environment" in respect of the ovum, and, although such a thing cannot be proved, it would seem highly probable, and the theory would be abundantly justified by results. For instance, I think I am right in saying that it would not be improbable for a child of drunken parents to have a taste for drink even though it were removed from the tainted environment, and although the habits of the parents were of an acquired nature. I might even make an alternative suggestion to Professor Morgan's, a chemical instead of a physical one. For, as it seems not unreasonable that the physical counterpart of emotion is a chemical

disturbance of the particles of the body, so also it may be possible that certain habits have chemical effects which might affect the germ cells.

The drift of the discussion is to show that though the Japanese may assume the culture, the learning, and the manners of the European, yet he, for all that, falls short in certain very important respects. Though he has found a short cut to the goal, yet he is a loser in certain respects in not having taken the more circuitous route. We have evolved our civilisation, and I believe that in so doing we have been impressed with the stamp of our experience. The white races have attained to a certain pitch in intellect, morality, and all those qualities which go to make up what is termed "civilisation." Some of these can be obtained through environment without all the weariness of past history. But others, I think, can not, and one quality which in especial is incapable of acquisition is character, that particular possession which only history and experience can give. Character, individuality, are things belonging to a person or a people absolutely and essentially, and cannot be put on as a garment. Here, then, is a decided limitation of the "environment" theory.

The windows of the soul are the eyes, and the outward expression of character is the face—broadly speaking, of course, and neglecting the trivial intra-racial anomalies and exceptions. When we have races to deal with, the type of

face is usually a clear index of character, and I have only to suggest a comparison of the faces of Greek statuary with the low foreheads and thick lips of many of the black races to show the drift of my contention. Small differences of character may be impossible of detection in this manner, but broad racial differences are clear enough. And that is why perhaps the ugliness of the savage should be the cause of hatred. His ugliness implies something retrograde, and, therefore, to be avoided. We are used to a certain standard of beauty because that is the index of our culture and character, qualities which have been perpetuated by inheritance and the more special kind of environment suggested above.

I have now finished my suggestions on the subject, and the reader may take any or which he will. I feel too uncertain myself to pin my faith to any one in particular, although I am inclined to think that the sexual reason in its broad sense is fairly probable, implying as it does to a very large extent the question of racial advance. I hope with longer experience to crystallise my views on the subject, or perhaps that others of greater skill may find my suggestions of use for further investigation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

England and South Africa.

It may perhaps be wondered why I should have deferred the subject which forms this chapter to so late a place in my book, when it might have been discussed with similar questions at the beginning. The main reason is that the South African question is not one of history but of politics, and is too close to the eye to be properly focussed for the purpose of drawing any inferences. It is only after the lapse of time that events take their place in history, and that causes and motives can be discussed. I have, therefore, delayed reference to this subject until after the psychological arguments, since as an illustration of the latter it may possibly afford some interest, although as a basis on which to found any theories it would have been unsatisfactory by reason of uncertainty.

Is the time yet ripe for inquiring what were the real causes of the South African War? According to general experience it should not be, the air being still too obfuscated by political feeling, personal interests, animus, and partisanship, to say nothing of lack of information. Yet

since we have already passed in review several cases in which a latent purpose lurked, and have attempted to divine what that purpose was, we may be in some position to hazard a guess upon the subject.

We have heard it said in many quarters and with much heat that the war was a capitalists' war, a made war, in the interests of the Rand proprietors and those who held interests in the country. I will not deny that our Empire is taking on more and more the characteristics of a trading concern, that many of our enterprises are of a distinctly commercial character, and that there is usually lurking at the back of the Englishman's mind the feeling that trade follows the flag. But granted all this, I still have strong doubts as to whether the commercial feeling is the true one actuating such a policy as that pursued in South Africa, or any other external movement of national importance. M. Anatole France considers the modern empire to be a distinctly commercial concern, and to be maintained to that end, but I would rather be inclined to the view that the commercial phase of empire is altogether a new and modern one, the stability of which is not altogether assured. I know that at the time of the war there was a considerable expectation among manufacturers of Birmingham and other cities that much commercial advantage might accrue from it. The policy was to a certain extent a "Birmingham" one,

but I am extremely doubtful as to whether the "Birmingham" kind of feeling would have carried it through, for when it was sought to impose this phase of policy upon the country in the guise of Fiscal Reform the country would have nothing to do with it. Yet the country was pretty solid for the war, which leads me to surmise that the commercial spirit was not the prime mover. The Englishman is not an economist, yet, without too overwhelming a knowledge of Ricardo and Marshall and the theory of rent, he feels sub-consciously that if the demand for goods increases, not he, but the capitalist, gets nearly all the advantage, and he is at bottom too astute to risk his all for the benefit of the few, just as he is too astute, or we hope he is, to pay more for all his commodities to the same end. Interests of so narrow a kind could hardly cause such widespread and earnest sentiments as those we are discussing, and it is unreasonable to advance such an argument when there is always the more important and general interest at hand, that, namely, the craving for room and space, the need the Americans felt when it was proposed to confine them to this side of the Alleghanies. This is a consideration which comes home to every man's bosom.

But I suggested in an earlier chapter that a rough test was applicable when we desired to discover the latent intent. "What was actually obtained in the end?" Well, it may be answered

that we got the mines and the Rand free of disturbance, tyranny, and heavy taxation. If anyone thinks this answer a good one, he should have seen Johannesburg when I did, some years after the war. Many mines were closed down, some were just paying dividends, a few were doing well. Those who had invested in land were mostly bankrupt and ruined. Many of the former capitalists were working as miners. Hotels were run at a loss. Land that bought at a fabulous price was worth next to nothing. We got the mines if you like, but, if so, we got nothing—or just enough was obtained to keep South Africa from bankruptcy. If this is the sum total of our gain, we are but fools for our pains.

But in reality something more than this was obtained, something which is best expressed in the words of the wise Pro-consul who has felt the pulses of the country during those years of doubt and uncertainty which succeeded the fever of war. I quote from a speech of Lord Selborne, made at Johannesburg in March, 1909. soon after the delegates had published to the world that practical and masterly document, the draft constitution for a United South Africa. "South Africa is one, always has been one, and always will be one. That is a simple, naked, natural fact, and what the fathers of your constitution have done will have been for the first time to acknowledge that fact and bring South Afri-

can politics into conformity with fact. I think it is Bishop Butler who says somewhere, 'Facts are facts, and the consequences of facts will be what they will be.' Now the whole history of South Africa up to the present time has been the history of a set of statesmen, British and Boer, who had refused to admit the logic of facts. If a politician chooses to ignore facts he will invariably find facts too strong for him, and his policy and he will be shattered by the stubborn wall of facts against which he insisted upon running his head. Gentlemen, that is the history of South Africa in a nutshell. South Africa was one, nature made it one, but politicians have tried to make it half a dozen."

If in after years people look back and ask the question what was obtained by the South African War, I think that will be the answer which will hold good then. That is the grand consummation of the struggle and the strife which have occupied so many bitter years. Politicians have tried to make South Africa half a dozen, or more correctly, the result of their efforts has been to make it half a dozen, since we know that a united South Africa was an idea which was germinating in the brains of two leaders of men at the same time. President Kruger wanted a united Dutch South Africa, and his allies at the Cape would have been only too willing to join him, so bitter over the whole land was the feeling against the British, who by lack of sympathy and under-

standing had managed to alienate almost all the old inhabitants. It is the old story in Africa, as in India, want of knowledge, want of sympathy, want of firm and continuous policy on the part of the Government, and on the other hand the salvation of the situation by the brains, courage, pertinacity, self-sacrifice of the individual. If there was ever a man who summed up in himself all the elements of popular emotion and instinct as regards colonial policy, it was Cecil Rhodes, and he was the man who pointed and made the way to a united South Africa; but a South Africa for the British. Instances of this kind are not uncommon where the individual embodies in himself the desires and aspirations of the community and becomes their leader. The masses are too ponderous to carve a way for themselves, and if all were left to them there would be no progress. Fortunately, individual geniuses are striking out in all possible directions; those who are accepted through happening to fall in with the current of feeling become great, while the others are treated as cranks and lunatics. Judged from a high ethical and intellectual standpoint, these leaders of men usually show something to be lacking, and history, in after years when the enthusiasm has cooled, writes them down, and writes others up, and tells of others whom the current has swept aside upon the rocks. Then we are inclined to lose heart and say that only

advertisement pays. But, although there has been much window-dressing in the cause of history, we may be sure that many of the world's champions have been accepted, not on their own valuation, but on the world's. A people's aims, being instinctive and emotional, are not very high. Compared with the better sort of individual's they are primitive and animal. How can we expect then that the individual who sums up these aims, shall be the pink of ethical perfection? It is rather a wonder that many of them are so good as they are. It must be understood in all this talk about the emotion of a people, that I am postulating that the people has arrived at such a pitch as to have an emotion and a will and a way of expressing it. There are days, of course, in which the people do not count, when their slumbering all-mightiness has not been wakened. Then champion wages war with champion and aristocracy with aristocracy, and the will of the masses counts for naught.

About Cecil Rhodes there is something rough and ready, he is the man for an emergency, full of energy, full of facts, full of sympathy, but he is an idealist, too. He sketched out in his mind the paths on which advance of the British Empire should run. But we must not expect that his ideals will bear the test of logic or high philosophy. I have already quoted one of his utterances to the effect that it was the great object

of humanity to obtain as much of the earth's space as it possibly could. The corollary he draws from this is that it is Britain's duty to conquer as much as she can. But every other country might draw the same deduction with quite as much reason. His ideal appears therefore to be based on the assumption that might is right, and that one's own country is better than anybody elses, ideas which are essentially true from the primitive emotional standpoint, but essentially wrong from the logical and ethical. Rhodes was a genius from the practical and popular point of view, and our Empire has to be thankful for him. The instinct for land, so evident in the American War of Independence, is one of the strongest which can possess a people. The Union Jack gives us a thrill, and we are flattered when we see so much of the map coloured red. There is the self-feeling behind this, but still more strong there is the instinct of conservation. Our country is overflowing its bounds, we want land, space, sustenance for the superfluous. It is a mother's feeling for her children. Rhodes' great idea was to paint the map red, and herein he proved a great leader. But he was not an indiscriminate land-grabber, and therein lies his chief merit. He was one of the most astute and far-seeing of politicians. "Rhodes, you are putting a ring-fence round me," said Paul Kruger, watching with alarm as the Englishman occupied first that neck of

Bechuanaland to the West of the Transvaal, and finally acquired almost unlimited rights to the North. The idea of the Englishman was the thin red line, a line joining North and South, capable of extension on either side. It would not do to have hostile *enclaves* threatening his base, and one of the first necessities was to weaken them or to wipe them out. It was hoped that the better prospects and freer government of Rhodesia might have drawn off most of the Boers and made them loyal British subjects; hence, in part, that great move Northward. Meanwhile the railway and the telegraph, those two great instruments of civilisation, were pushed on with Khartoum always ahead as the goal. "Khartoum," says Rhodes, "has been taken and the valley of the Nile, and we are coming up from the South, and I wish Cape Colony to share in the whole development." How important to his purpose this thin unbroken line was we see from his alarm when the French threatened to cut across it. Fortunately the pioneer was supported by the home Government, and the scheme was saved—saved, strange to say, by a Liberal; but an Imperialist.

Imperialism sums up the phase of popular feeling aroused during the war, and persisting since, persisting in such a way as to change the face of our politics. We obtained our Empire by private enterprise, by hazard, because we could not help it. It is only of late that we have

become definitely and determinedly imperialistic. The key-note of the sentiment is summed up in the following words of Mr. Rhodes, uttered in 1899: "The people of England are finding out that trade follows the flag, and that they have all become Imperialists. . . . The English people intend to retain every inch of land that they have got, and perhaps, sir, they intend to secure a few more inches. . . . I feel convinced that we should all be united on the proposition that Africa is not, after all, big enough for us." Cheap, you may say, playing to the gallery, all this. Perhaps so, but its strength lies in that it does play to the gallery. There is a quip for the stalls, too, that "Trade follows the flag," a phrase for millionaires and manufacturers, who were well represented in the Cabinet at the time. But although Rhodes was keen about England, keen about her trade, he was no market-rigger or commercial mountebank. Land, room, space, were his leading ideas; trade afterwards. And it is well to note that in a stirring speech he condemned the imposition of tariffs on infant industries in the new colonies, pointing out that in so doing these communities would hamper themselves as Australia had done.

I had the privilege a short time back of going over Mr. Rhodes' old residence near Cape Town, Groot Schuur. Characteristically enough, the very house was dedicated to the future, for it

was to be the official home of the President of the United South Africa. Thus the Master combined with his prophecy that union would take place a promise which might turn the scale in the favour of the city which had been the scene of his activities, when the question of the capital should come to be considered. For Cape Town was the base of his operations, and he wished the Cape to share in all the benefits which should accrue from his undertakings.

As the coloured servant, Mr. Rhodes' personal attendant, through many years of storm and stress, showed us the wonders of the lovely mansion, he dwelt with fervour upon the little Union Jack which still hangs in the library, and which is to be borne on the engine of the first train which runs from the Cape to Cairo. Another emblem, and another phophecy, both characteristic of the Empire Builder.

CHAPTER XIX.

On Colonies Generally.

I HAVE been struck by nothing more forcibly during my stay in South Africa than the antipathy which is generally harboured towards the Liberal policy at home. The local newspapers scoff at economies, laugh at Social Reform, are up in arms against any measure detrimental to the Church and the Lords, and seem to regard the Liberals as a kind of interlopers and their measures as quaint antics. Above all it took me by surprise to find that John Burns was considered to be not at all a fit man to be in the Cabinet —this in a land where everybody who is anybody is a John Burns, only too often without his genius. I had just arrived from a very conservative old county town in England where one evening, as I sat down to dinner with some dear old ladies, one of them, to start the conversation, asked what I thought of John Burns' recent appointment. I replied, without guile, that I thought it a very good one. The speaker made an attempt to rise from her place, saying that she could not sit at the same table with one who held such views. But that was in conservative England, and an old Cathedral town. One expects something different in the Colonies.

This antipathy is very strange when it is considered that in South Africa there exist few of those encumbrances which the Liberals aim at removing, nor would the bulk of them be tolerated for a moment. The colonists are quite of the same opinion as an Australian I met on a Channel steamer, who asked me what I thought had made the Colonies, and promptly over-ruled my guesses by his answer, "The Church and the landlords." A State Church is out of the question in the Colonies, so are our land laws. There is no House of Lords, and generally one is struck by the absence of encumbrances to well-living and better-living. It might be thought that the feeling against the more advanced party prevails on account of there being no work for such a party to do in South Africa, or possibly as a result of a swing of the pendulum after an elimination of the old institutions. A better reason, however, is probably to be found in the external policy of the Liberals. It has been already pointed out that the whole Colonial spirit is an instinctive and emotional one, and is the work of the heart rather than the head. Moreover, in that it partakes less of the intellect than of the emotion, it is not to be ranked in the forefront of advance. Be this as it may, we live in a practical world, and it is of no use to play one game when all our rivals play another. If we are to hold up our heads, in the old sense, as a great Empire, it is of no use to play the in-

tellectual and moral game until we find ourselves in a hole, and then attempt too late to play the other. There is the one policy or the other, and no half measures are possible. Even Mr. Stead raised his voice to reprove those of his party who were in favour of fewer Dreadnoughts, waiving his principles in view of the practical necessities of the case. It is very well to have a policy fitted for a millennium, but such a policy is useless until the millennium is at hand. And it is because of their adoption in the past of this millennium policy, the policy of absolute right and wrong that the Liberals are distrusted in external politics both at home and in the colonies, and no country more than South Africa has borne the penalty of their mistakes, through their application of pure Christian principles to cases which will not bear them. Colonisation is not Christian, and in it you must either serve God or Mammon. Nations are to one another *in statu naturali*; it is of no use to expect them to comply with the codes of ethics.

Moreover, the Colonial has reason to fear home interference of all kinds and from both parties. In the realms of civilisation, the life of logic, of intellect, of morality, can to some extent be led; but at the outposts of Empire, the pioneer lives face to face with Nature, with hard facts, with hostile foes. He needs to become something of an animal again, and to revive the old habits. It is a life of instinct, and the colonist feels, if

he does not know, what to do in certain emergencies. He is immediately brought to a standstill by a telegram from the grandmotherly government at home, which for these purposes has not the knowledge, the sympathy, nor above all, the instinct requisite for dealing with the case. The result is the addition of another blunder to the large score. If you want an empire, you must really "think imperially," and leave Christianity and reason out of the question. And if you have local governors and High Commissioners, the best thing you can do is to trust the man on the spot.

Cecil Rhodes, the Empire builder, hated the Little Englanders, and with reason, for they were his antipodes. Fortunately for his schemes, a Big Englander and an Imperialist, although a Liberal, was in power at the time the French threatened to cut the line in their Fashoda march, and Lord Rosebery was determined even at the expense of war, to stop them. But Liberal Imperialist sounds almost a contradiction in terms. Yet why? Why should the Conservatives and Unionists lay claim to be the only people who care for Empire, and have their claim accepted? Has the Little Englander any claim to existence at all? Yes, on the very highest grounds he has, but perhaps not as yet on any practical grounds. Perhaps the most characteristic politician of this class was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a man whose

lot it was to bear as much hatred as most. But he had his ideal and he stuck to it, and being found faithful to the end, was rewarded accordingly. His views on foreign policy can only have appeared mischievous to the many, yet only because the many were not advanced enough to share them. Sir Henry was a friend of France and a great sympathiser with her; France, who has always been a leader of European thought, and who is not, perhaps, so very much behindhand in politics and sociology. We know that her policy is different from our own, from that generally followed in Europe. Can it be that it is in advance of us? Let us hear what one of her most advanced thinkers has to say on the subject, M. Anatole France, in "Sur La Pierre Blanche." I will take the liberty of rendering the sense of some of his remarks into English.

The French are not a colonising people, and we sometimes say in a superior manner that it is because they are unable to colonise. I think the following quotations will tend to show that the true reason is that they do not want to do so. One speaker in the work referred to states in no measured terms: "Colonies are the scourge of peoples." This naturally meets with some surprise and some objection, and another speaker instances the wealth and position of England, largely due to her colonies. The first speaker continues: "England is less a people than a race. The Anglo-Saxons have no fatherland

but the sea. And this England, believed to be rich by virtue of her vast domains, owes her fortune and her power to her commerce. It is not her colonies one should envy her, but rather her merchants, the authors of her wealth." Then the question of France is broached. "But we! Our people, thrifty, careful in having no more children than their Motherland can easily support, producing in moderation and, chary of distant adventure! France, who scarcely ventures outside her garden, what need has she of colonies? Great Heaven, why should she want them? What advantage do they bring her? She has spent a wealth of men and money so that the Congo, Cochin China, Annam, Tonquin, Guiana and Madagascar may buy their cotton goods at Manchester, arms at Birmingham and Liége, brandy at Dantzic, and cases of Bordeaux wine at Hamburg. For seventy years she has despoiled, hunted, persecuted the Arabs in order to people Algeria with Italians and Spaniards."

The speaker goes on to show that colonisation attaches to the Government the army, navy, jobbers, clergy, all the interests and corporations, and thus keeps the unruly element at peace. Colonisation is much easier than social reform.

After this he expresses a hope for the future, that commercial civilisation shall take the place of commercial barbarism. "La grande valeur humaine, c'est l'homme lui-meme," it is the man alone who counts, and on the human value

should the acquisition of wealth be based. The world's work, he continues, needs the white, the black, and the yellow man. In colonisation we work against ourselves in neglecting these factors. These people should be allowed to acquire wealth themselves, and our own wealth would follow.

But as for France, her true power lies in her intellectual force.

Thus the chief speaker in "Sur La Pierre Blanche." It will be seen that a sort of exception is made as regards the British Empire in this condemnation of commercial colonisation. It is admitted that the Britons are born to empire because they are born to the sea. The Empire is like the Bank of England—it grew. Hence its abnormalities, and its lack of system. And thus when a union on a fiscal basis was first proposed some years ago, some of the sayings of our old statesmen were quoted by objectors, to the effect that our Empire was *sui generis*, and that it was based upon sentiment. Fears were expressed that any chaffering and bargaining would spoil the grand old arrangement of voluntary obligation; and the critics were probably right. In the proposed fiscal union the cloven hoof may be perceived by those who look closely—the policy, which may be termed "Birmingham." The idea that trade follows the flag has only crystallised out of recent years, and this appears to have been the underlying motive of

the Birmingham policy. It was, however, a conscious motive and aimed at the good of the few, rather than the many, and so it met the same fate as the corresponding internal policy, that of protection at home. Argue as they could, the Tariff Reformers could not overcome the feelings of the country on the subject. Emotion still ruled and the age of logic had not set in. The latter may have its way later, and when it comes, let us hope that it will be good logic.

So far we have dealt with our colonies as with the rest of our difficulties, made no plans, but blundered into action as occasion arose. When they were in danger, we protected them, though we had to distribute our forces over the whole globe, when they lent us a helping hand we accepted it as a grateful surprise, when they had internal troubles, we did our best in a wrong-minded way to right them. But it was all on the spur of the moment. There was no plan and policy beforehand. The colonies and colonial policy grew like our law; there was no code, but ingenuity never failed to alter the old government to fit new contingencies. So far our colonial policy has been unconscious, and as a true policy can hardly be said to have existed.

It is only when other people begin to have empires that we become conscious of having one ourselves, just as when we begin to lose the monopoly of the world's trade we begin to think of protection. And as soon as we realise this

empire, we wish to systematise it. Other people's empires have not grown precisely like ours as the result of sea-power. Others have profited by our experience and acquired their colonies with definite ends in view, those of trade and commercial advantage. They do not desire to have a country like India on their hands, a responsibility and a duty rather than a possession. Foundlings have been thrown into the street or sold for hard cash, and only profitable heirlings retained. These are the kinds of colonies that M. France is thinking of. But the fiscal reformers, not grasping as that clear-thinking writer has done, that our wealth lies in our maritime commerce and not in our colonies which are a dependency upon it, would systemise our colonies on the lines of the new commercial empires, binding them to us by commercial ties, and making them a market for our manufactures. At any rate such a proposal means a system, and it may be argued that any system is better than none. On the other hand it may be objected that a bad system is worse than none at all. To discuss these proposals is scarcely within the scope of this work, but the weak points may just be pointed out here. It is needless to labour them, as they have been discussed over and over again in connection with the fiscal proposals. England, with a large proportion of the unfit left on her hands, would have to penalise herself for the benefit of the colonies, where most people are

fit. Preferential arrangements usually lead to jobbery, and in making these with the various colonies, disputes would be sure to arise, and the cable might at any time be cut. From a defence point of view the scheme seems absurd when the scattered nature of our empire is considered.

The main argument, however, seems to be the point which M. France has hit on. We are a maritime people, and our wealth lies in our marine. We trade with our colonies indeed, but by far the larger proportion of our trade is entirely independent of them, being with foreign countries and, as far as our wealth is concerned, we should not be much, if any, poorer by the loss of them. The idea, then, to convert them into a commercial appendage is absurd on the face of it. The colonial and imperial sentiment of our people, however, is not based on any such consideration, but rather, as has been pointed out, on the "land" consideration, and also—for any sentiment of this kind must be of the most complex character—to some extent on the personal feeling, the egotism which is flattered by having dependents and dependencies.

But, if some day sentiment in politics dies down before intellectualism, what shall we think about the colonies then? It will depend to a certain extent on what the Colonies think about us. At present they acknowledge our supremacy, and help us at a pinch, but the ties which bind them to us are as webs of gossamer.

When we come, in the golden future, to understand the French and the Germans and the Russians better, in the general friendliness colonial ties may tend to dissolve and all will be friends on the same footing, and citizens of a world-state. But at the same time as the colonies begin to recognise that they are practically self-sufficient states, we, too, may begin to wonder where the advantage of our sovereignty lies. It does not lie in trade; like France, we conquer as much for the benefit of the Germans and Americans as for ourselves. As regards land, we may some day be indifferent whether we emigrate to a country coloured red, or one coloured yellow. There will only remain sentiment and relationship, both things of the emotion and sentiment, and both, perhaps, moribund in the intellectual *cosmos* of the future. If reason shall one day rule, we may expect empire and patriotism to go the same way as parochialism.

Such I think may be considered the arguments of the Little Englanders, not so "little" after all, since they aspire rather to be citizens of the world than of the British Empire. But we have to live in our age, and it is of no use to have a morality or a policy too much ahead of it, and as yet such ideas are not practical politics. Like Mr. Stead we must vote for the Dreadnoughts, although they be against reason and our private principles. For nations are still in a state of nature, and the reign of emotion is not yet over.

CHAPTER XX.

Collective Emotion in the Future.

In the first part of this book I have treated my subject analytically and attempted to look into the causes of things as they were. In advancing from history into politics I have occassionally departed from this method, and the discussion of things as they are has sometimes led me from the path of dispassionate enquiry to that of dogmatism. Politics are moving quantities, and it is difficult not to adopt the dynamic method when dealing with them, and adumbrating a possible ideal. In the present and concluding chapter it will be fitting to depart from the former method altogether, and attempt to pierce into the future.

The State, as Aristotle would say, by nature is. It is an unconscious, a spontaneous development. Most of our gifts are in our possession before we become conscious of them. When consciousness supervenes, we strive to mould them to our wishes. Just as primitive man was preserved and protected by instinct, so was the early State. With man instinct gave way before a more powerful, perhaps a more uncertain ac-

quirement; the intelligence, and instinct gradually became atrophied. I have suggested in these pages that the State, too, has its instincts and emotions and that these persist, at strange variance with the intelligence of the community. Old jurists have observed how the state in its external dealings was at best a savage. Some are inclined to think this must be an essential part of the nature of the State. I am inclined to differ, and to suppose that she will undergo the same evolution as the individual. Experience leads us to think so. Hague Conventions have not proved of much use, but they are at least taken seriously. If a world-State can only be thought of, it is an indication of the direction in which things are moving. So long as there exists no sovereign and supreme power, might is right. So long as there is no sanction to punish wrong-doing, wrong-doing will continue. Within the State the sovereign power brings offenders to justice, but there is no sovereign among States. Arbitration, say our historians, may settle many disputes, but, they add, when a State's honour is concerned, never. My view would be that honour is part of the emotional side of the State, and may one day give place to reason. In such a case arbitration might settle everything. States may be wise enough some day to cease this bitter competition in armaments, or be driven to such a course by bankruptcy, and an international court, with supreme

power, may become an actuality, each State being willing to make a sacrifice in the interests of reason. A *Contrat Social* of a new kind may be entered into; a real, not a hypothetical one. Each State may find wisdom in the way France has, and discover that her true power lies within herself. No newspapers will then venture to say that our politicians are sleeping over the discussion of social reform, the welfare of our children, our manhood, our womanhood and other trifles, while the writing on the wall tells us the Germans are going to build so many Dreadnoughts. The welfare of the individual will then be the great care of the aggregate of individuals—that is, reason will prevail. Do men exist for armaments, or armaments for men? The answer will be according as the State is intellectual or emotional.

As soon as the State becomes conscious of itself, a great change takes place. The old rule of natural selection, the survival of the fittest, tends to cease its operation. The State asks, "Fittest for what?" Nature replied, "Their existence"; but for the conscious State this was answer was not sufficient. The State in some mysterious way got hold of an idea of its own, and said, again with Aristotle, "Life is not sufficient, it must be the good life." The State does not die with the individual; it is a perpetual corporation. It exists after the individual is dead and buried.

So, just as it can afford to undertake tree-planting and other things which it would not pay the individual to inaugurate, so it can afford to busy itself with the child as with future generations. In fact, the State found that it could work more practically with the child than with its parents and grandparents. You cannot pauperise and patronise a child—it is intended for these things—but you can spoil the elder generation. So the modern State works for the future, for the *Uebermensch*. That is the aim of Socialism.

The reason of society's moral attitude, in demanding "the good life," was that it wanted a kind of life that was fitting to itself; a social life. Morality is a relative term; what is moral in one age is not so in another. That is because society develops, and with her development requires a changing code. The State, as part of society, also has her special code, a particular form of the greater social one. If a man has anti-social qualities he is of no use to the State, and he is found to be immoral. This is the sum total of τὸ εἶ ζῆν. There is much sin and immorality to-day because we have been born quite casually, many of us on anti-social lines. The morality prevailing is that of the State or society, and many necessarily fall short of that owing to their antecedents. When the State's machinery for producing *Uebermenschen* has got into working order there will be less sin, because the antecedents will have been well looked to. The sin,

if any, will be on the part of the State.

Many will be the changes which will take place in the household, the family, marriage. Our love of home life will die hard, but as a thing of the sentiment, and necessarily in some degree antipathetic to the aims of the State, it will have to be modified, perhaps gradually to disappear. In some of the more rational countries we find a tendency in this direction already; in France and America the home is far less an institution than with us, fortunately and unfortunately. But the abuses in those countries may be largely due to a State of transition, the new not having yet displaced the old.

The family tie is also destined to be weakened, as being a thing of unreason. Far be it from me to say aught to the detriment of filial piety. But in the future many good things must be wiped out in the decay of the old order:—

> "God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

In reason there is no justification for thinking one's father better than any other man, and reason is to prevail. Family affection has persisted and is held to be moral because it is part of our social system. Families which have hung together have survived. When protection is no longer left to private venture, these private affections will be less essential, and a new moral-

ity will judge of them differently. Furthermore, modifications in the system of marriage may do much to weaken family affection. The child may become the property of the State, the State's child. But these peeps into the arrangement of the future are scarcely in place in such a work; the subject has been exhaustively treated by Mr. Wells, and to a less degree by M. Anatole France.

Of one thing we may be certain, a thing whose beginnings are already sufficiently in evidence at the present time—the present inequality of the sexes will not exist as it does to-day. It has already been pointed out how woman's inferiority is due, originally, to physical reasons, and to the hypertrophy of sexuality. In the world of intelligence these reasons will have less validity and mere sex will constitute no bar. France and America have pointed one way to woman's enfranchisement in her greater freedom from the drudgery of household duties. Until she is free of these she has no time and no energy to improve her position. I do not say that she should not be mistress in her house, but between that and being tied down to the position of a slave there is a world of difference. No woman can be a true wife who occupies this position; no man a true husband who permits of it. InFrance one hears of husband and wife pursuing scientific research together and both together sharing the honour of success, the martrydom of

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