ERMANY FEARS NAVY OF BRITAIN

eeks to Sow Discord With France, Says Prof. Zimmern.

ESSONS OF WAR

urope's Economic Dis-ress is After-effect of Blockade.

April 1922

he luncheon of the Canadian b at the King Edward Hotel yes-lay was addressed by Prof. Alf. Zimmern, a noted British econo-t lecturer at Oxford and an as-ate editor of the Round Table rterly, on "The International look." He is closely in touch with ropean politics, a translator of gnized authority and was in the ish Government Political Intelli-ce Department of the Foreign ce during 1918-19.

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NATIONALITY & GOVERNMENT

WITH OTHER WAR-TIME ESSAYS

By

ALFRED E. ZIMMERN

AUTHOR OF "THE GREEK COMMONWEALTH"

NEW EDITION

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1919

ὁ πόλεμος βίαιος διδάσκαλος

"War is a forcible teacher."—THUCYDIDES.

TO

MY MOTHER

PRINTED IN ENGLAND BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

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PREFACE

THE present volume is not a book in the true sense of the word, but a collection of articles and lectures written at different times during the past few years. In preparing these for publication I have made no attempt to bring them up to date or to remove the inevitable element of repetition and minor inconsistency.

It was after a good deal of hesitation that I yielded to the suggestion that the volume should be compiled. Under ordinary circumstances I should have preferred to wait until I had the opportunity of working out the material in a more close-knit and satisfactory form. But that opportunity is not likely to occur till some time after the end of the war, when irrevocable action may already have been taken on several of the issues discussed in these pages. It seemed to me, therefore, that if I had anything to say which might be of use at the present time it would be pedantic to stand on ceremony as to the mode of saying it. So the book must be judged, not as a finished product or as embodying mature conclusions arising out of the experience of the last four years, but as a contribution to the general stocktaking and re-valuation of ideas and opinions to which the war has given rise in every thinking mind. Such unity as it can claim arises from the fact that the problems treated in it, whether international, imperial or domestic, political, industrial or educational, have been thought out in close relation to one another rather than considered, each for itself, in a water-tight compartment. Some readers may

perhaps find it helpful to have nationality discussed as a problem in education, democracy as a problem in University organisation, the future of British industry as a problem in constitutionalism, and the closer union of the British Commonwealth as a problem in practical internationalism.

All the essays have been written since the outbreak of the war with one exception, that on "Education, Social and National." I have included this partly because it seemed of sufficient intrinsic interest, and partly in order to indicate that my general attitude has not been arrived at under the stress of passing events, but that the war has on the whole confirmed rather than reversed opinions previously formed. On the other hand, I have deliberately refrained from reprinting an essay on "Seven Months in America," written in 1912, because, although in some important respects events have borne it out, it did far less than justice to the fundamental unity and idealism of the American Commonwealth.

I have also omitted, as unsuited to a book covering so wide a scope, several essays containing a more detailed treatment of some of the issues discussed here. One of them, a study of the problem of women in industry, has already been in part reprinted. Others may perhaps see the light in another form. In reprinting, as from my own pen, articles which have appeared in the *Round Table*, I take the opportunity of thanking the friends in collaboration with whom they were written.

Now that the book as a whole is before me, I may add a few words of prefatory comment.

Some readers may complain that it is pitched throughout in too intellectual and detached a tone. To that I can only answer that the detachment, if such there is, springs not from defect of feeling, but from anxiety to make as sincere and reasonable a contribution as is humanly possible to the great intellectual debate which

is being carried on side by side with the military conflict. It is one of the minor ironies of the war that those who have the most acute personal sense of the internecine character of the struggle are by that very fact the better able to take a relatively detached view of the issues at stake, not for this or that country, but for the world. I hope that there is nothing in this book, however vehemently felt or phrased, which could not be read without offence by a sincere and reasonable mind on the other side. Our differences go deep—how deep none know better than those who have sought most earnestly to plumb them. But unless the secession of Germany from the intellectual life of the West is to be permanent, plumbed they must some time be from both sides.

Another criticism that may occur to the reader is that some of the comments and judgments made in the book are already out of date. Here I would reply that if circumstances may, and indeed must, affect estimates formed on matters of practical policy, the philosophy underlying such statements of opinion may remain unchanged. Thus American readers in particular may feel that I have taken up an unduly critical attitude in the earlier essays towards proposals for a league of nations. But at the time when those essays were written, the United States was still a neutral and autocratic Russia a member of the Alliance. It seemed to me, therefore, wiser, as well as franker, to lay stress on the necessity of consolidating the constitutional fabric of the greatest existing system of international government and to interpret its underlying ideals rather than to follow the easier course of pointing out the desirability of building up a still more comprehensive system out of seemingly unpromising materials. To-day, thanks to the policy of President Wilson, the whole outlook is changed. The great schism between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, which future historians will rank with the schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, has been

bridged over once and for all. Now that all the leading progressive states have recognised by their actions that in the modern world a man's duty to his neighbour carries with it world-wide obligations, it is possible to look forward with confidence, not merely to the final extinction of the idea of world domination by a single military Power, but to the inauguration of a new international order. Problems which were academic, and even ensnaring, two years ago, have now passed into the region of practical politics. The constitutional difficulties, of course, still remain to be surmounted; and to the statements of principle made in the two earlier essays I unreservedly adhere; but if I were rewriting them to-day I should throw the greater emphasis on the constructive side of the argument. We cannot aim at more, it is true, even under the present conditions, than at substituting co-ordination for anarchy, co-operation for competition, in interstate relations, and it remains as important as ever to remember that co-operation between independent authorities is a poor and ineffective makeshift for federal institutions. But co-operation has its uses, the most important of which are educational; and in the new era that will open after the war it is vital to the future of the world that the fullest possible scope and encouragement should be given to projects and experiments in this field.

A similar change has taken place in the outlook as regards another problem incidentally discussed in these pages—the future of the oppressed nationalities of Eastern Europe. The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy has finally, as was inevitable under the system of 1867, linked its fate with that of its German masters; but the alternative to the Dual Monarchy is no longer, as it long appeared to be, the formation of a number of independent and self-regarding National States. The Conference of representatives of oppressed nationalities, held in Rome in April, 1918, is one of the most epoch-making events of

the war. It marks the solemn and definite recognition of common ideals and a common policy by the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, the Jugo-Slavs, and the Roumanians; and it is the herald of a new and happier era in which, however much greater the difficulties confronting them, the dwellers in the region between the Baltic and the Mediterranean will evolve for themselves institutions comparable to those enjoyed in North America by the equally mixed races dwelling between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The English-speaking peoples are vitally concerned with the reconstruction of Eastern Europe, if only because upon its stability and upon the happiness of its peoples the peace of the world in the future depends, and there is much that both Britain and the United States can do to promote their welfare. Nothing in these pages, I hope, will be taken as indicating any want of sympathy with their aspirations or of understanding for the peculiar difficulties which they have inherited from an evil past.

No English-speaking liberal can fail to cherish the same hope of free institutions and federal reconstruction, and to feel an even more compelling spur to active effort and sympathy for the great family of peoples between the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Pacific, which, in spite of recent events, is still for us United Russia. In this connection, something must be added in explanation of the tone and temper of the concluding essay.

Since that essay was written, in January of this year, the international intellectual outlook, if I may be permitted the expression, has been profoundly modified. The winter of 1917–18 was, for the democracies of Western Europe, the intellectual crisis of the war, just as the spring of 1918 has brought the military crisis, and the moral crisis came, for the peoples of the British Commonwealth in August, 1914, and for the people of the United States between February and April, 1917. The issue at stake last winter was whether the intellectual

forces opposed to Prussian militarism should operate in one army or two, whether the war of ideas should be a simple conflict between Law and Violence, between moral idealism and corporate selfishness, or a triangular struggle between two rival conceptions of violence and a wider and more generous doctrine. Had that threatened alignment been maintained, there would have been no new order ; for even if militarism, in its Prussian form, had been overthrown (and its fall would necessarily have been postponed if not averted) the struggle would have been continued over its corpse between the two surviving combatants. Upon its issue, probably long delayed, would have depended whether the life of Europe should be rebuilt on a basis of revolutionary despotism or along the lines of the great liberal tradition. To those for whom liberalism is a political religion, the enthusiasm aroused, among certain sections of the Allied peoples, by the high-sounding proclamations of the Bolshevist leaders came as one of the most unwelcome surprises of the war. As so often, in this country at any rate, it was an enthusiasm based on illusions and attributing to its object the generous emotions of those who professed it. But for the moment the army of freedom was in real peril from its worst enemy, Ignorance.

The crisis ended abruptly with the humiliating collapse of the Bolshevist champion at the Brest negotiations, and their still more humiliating sequel. Those who had been taking Trotsky's words at their face value awoke with a shock to the realisation that the man who had deliberately cast away the arms of the flesh was equally lacking, when the test came, in the arms of the spirit. From that time forward, Bolshevism, that pale shadow of Prussianism, has been out of the reckoning, at least so far as the English-speaking countries are concerned, and the flighty group of intellectuals whose emotions were stirred by its glittering generalities have either sought

new and more sequestered shrines to worship at or silently rejoined the main body of steadfast Allied opinion.

But the interlude of Bolshevist propaganda, if it has passed as suddenly as it came, has left its lesson behind it. In its brief and meteoric course it illuminated the whole intellectual scene, throwing a glaring light on our prevailing amateurishness and confusion of mind, and revealing how unready we are to face the practical tasks of reconstruction. Unless we can clear our minds of the jungle of catchwords which still obsess them and make sure of the foundations of our liberal faith, we cannot hope, when the moment comes, to embody our ideals into concrete proposals and our cherished opinions into acts of domestic or international policy. After four years, and perhaps longer, in which to prepare for the day of reckoning, we shall be found as helpless and embarrassed, and as well-meaning, as the foolish virgins of the parable.

Let us then attempt to draw firm and clear the inexorable frontier which divides liberalism from the territories of its two opponents. I use the word "liberalism" (without a capital letter) in default of a better term[1] to describe the philosophy or attitude of mind which, if not always avowed, does in fact constitute the foundation on which the political opinions and

[1] I prefer "liberalism" to "democracy" because "democracy," although often used in a wider sense, is essentially a constitutional term, whereas "liberalism" denotes a philosophy and habit of mind. Peoples enjoying responsible self-government may, and sometimes have been, illiberal: conversely, liberalism may flourish among peoples which do not enjoy self-government, although not indeed unless they are reaching out towards it. Liberalism, for instance, is dominant in the British Dominions, which, as is frequently pointed out in these pages, are not fully self-governing communities. The British Commonwealth itself, the greatest bulwark of liberalism in the world at the present time, is not a Democracy but only the Project of a Democracy. German writers in their criticisms of liberal doctrine often use the term "Christian idealism," with a shadow of contempt resting on both words. But many liberals are not Christians, and if idealism involves refusing to face facts, this may indeed be a besetting sin of liberalism, but it is not essential or peculiar to it.

traditions of the English-speaking peoples and of the French and Italian democracies are built up.

Liberalism is more than a creed : it is a state of mind, a political religion. It has its saints and martyrs as well as its philosophers and teachers, and their numbers increase day by day. It is impossible therefore to exhaust its meaning and essence in a few cold phrases. But, viewed simply as a creed, liberalism has two fundamental articles of faith. The first is that right and wrong apply to public affairs. The second is that Justice and Liberty are the chief political goods, and Injustice and Servitude the chief political evils.

Liberalism thus interpreted covers many minds, many temperaments and many prejudices. It is a doctrine traditional among the allied peoples and common to nearly all their public men. In ordinary times to profess adherence to its tenets might be accounted a commonplace. To-day, when the future of the world is at stake, and the ranks are being closed up in despite of minor differences, it is not simply an opinion or an attitude common to the allied peoples ; it is the cement of their alliance and the hope for the future of the world. The enemies of liberalism, whether within or without the allied countries, are the enemies of the human race.

Both France and Italy are traditional homes of liberalism. In Italy the stream of political doctrine has never ceased to flow in the channel dug for it by Mazzini, himself the lineal successor, in so much of his teaching, of the great mediæval Christian exponents of political morality and obligation. Italy, like the rest of us, has her Prussians and her Bolshevists, as the sowers of tares make it their business to let us know, but never in her recent history has the liberal tradition been more firmly grounded, or proved a source of more inspiration, than at the present moment.

Of the liberalism of France it is almost presumptuous to speak. In the French intellectual tradition, the

greatest and most uninterrupted in Europe, politics and morality have never been disjoined, and, unless Prussianism dominates the Continent, they never will be. It is mere British wilfulness and insularity on the part of a certain clique of opinion to raise a heresy-hunt whenever a French estimate of the task before us, usually so much more clear-sighted than our own, does not accord with what we should like to believe. Advocacy of a League of Nations comes ill from such parochial and intolerant minds.

Among the English-speaking peoples liberalism is, and has been throughout their recent history, the prevailing and almost universally accepted political creed. The love of Freedom and the respect for Justice, the sense of the close relationship between ethics and politics, between "the dispositions that are lovely in private life," and the policy and conduct of the commonwealth, are so ingrained and traditional with us that we tend to exaggerate the differences of opinion, outlook and temperament which must inevitably arise between parties and public men who are agreed on fundamentals. Thus the most far-reaching occasion of difference in the last two centuries, that which led to the Great Schism of 1776, arose, not out of a conflict between liberalism and its opposite, but out of the clash of two rival conceptions of freedom and corporate responsibility. Thus, again, to return to our own day, men like the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Elihu Root appear to some, on their political record, as Conservatives and even Reactionaries; while, in the eyes of others, the names of Keir Hardie and George Lansbury spell Socialism and even Revolution. In reality, however, seen, as it were, from above, the two former are merely Liberals of the Right, and the two latter Liberals of the Left. Such differences of outlook and judgment form the normal and healthy play of our political system, which could not, indeed, function at all unless both sides were prepared to accept, not simply the

constitutional framework inside which their activities are carried on, but the moral ideals and principles which created and sustain it.

There are, indeed, two small groups in the public life of this island which are avowedly and defiantly anti-liberal—which contumeliously reject one or other or both of the cardinal tenets of liberalism. There is a small group of intellectual Prussians on the extreme Right, and a small group of intellectual Bolshevists on the extreme Left. From the intellectual point of view their influence is, and always will be, negligible; for the British people will never consciously and with open eyes embrace either the Prussian tenets proclaimed by certain politicians and journalists, or the Bolshevist tenets in fashion among a certain coterie of intellectuals. They will never be argued into seeing the world as a blood-stained panorama of nations red in tooth and claw, or as a cosmopolitan society of individuals engaged in liberating their creative impulses. They have too much humanity for the one and too much humour for the other. But the danger to which liberalism is exposed in this country is not that of direct intellectual assault: it is that of permeation, of the weakening of morale, of the gradual degradation of opinion and sapping of moral fibre by the admittance of alien and treacherous elements into the house of its faith. The two chief weaknesses of British liberalism are ignorance and amiability.

To this process of permeation many factors have contributed. Two, and two only, can be mentioned here. The first is the influence of the Press. Few civilised nations are so undiscriminating as the British in their mental appetite; and to the fastidious observer, who knows what is good of its kind, there is something at once pathetic and unnatural in the seeming indifference of the British public as to what it will buy or borrow at a bookshop, or devour in a first- or third-class carriage. Carlyle described the Press as the pulpit of the modern

age; but within the last generation the cheapjack has climbed the pulpit stairs and used that exalted position purely as a post of commercial vantage. No one can estimate the injury inflicted on the moral and political life of this country by conscienceless vendors of printed matter. It is no palliation of their offence that, when they sold it, most of them knew no better; and it is a just punishment to some of them for their misdeeds that when, in time of national crisis, they desire to use their influence to better purpose, they are unable to undo the effects of their past either upon the public or upon themselves.

But the most conspicuous instance of British ignorance and amiability is provided by the history of the relations between British liberalism of the Left and the Continental Socialist movement. As this raises issues which may be of practical consequence in the near future it may merit a brief explanation.

Socialism, in this land of mist, is a name for something indistinctly progressive which by its very vagueness has contrived to excite a sense of romance among ardent spirits and of nervous apprehension among persons of more timorous temper. To the great middle body of British opinion it holds out the piquant attraction of the unexplored. At one moment it is the public enemy; at another, something which all sensible people are without knowing it.

Not so on the Continent, and more especially in Germany. There Socialism is not a vague opinion but an aggressive force; not an aspiration but a body of doctrine. This doctrine originated, in its essentials, with Karl Marx and has been mainly worked out by his German and Austrian followers.

This Socialism has two cardinal tenets. The first is "the materialistic conception of history"—in other words, that human history is not a record of moral effort but of a blind conflict of economic forces. The second is "the

doctrine of the Class Struggle"—in other words, that this economic conflict has always, of necessity, taken the form of a struggle between rich and poor, between those who hold the keys of economic power and those who are deprived of the control of the instruments of production.

This is the true Socialist creed, as judged by its literature and history. It is diametrically opposed to liberalism. Liberalism does not deny the importance of economic forces; but it does deny that they have not been and cannot be directed and controlled by moral action. It does not deny the inequalities of wealth or the advantages enjoyed by the holders of economic power; but it does deny that the class-struggle is the most important fact in human history, and that there is no higher principle at stake than the ascendancy of the under-dog. To Socialism, economics is the centre of life, and the conquest of wealth and power by the oppressed class the supreme aim. To liberalism spiritual forces are the centre of life; and the supreme aim is the application of moral and spiritual principles both to politics and to industry. Between these two outlooks there is no compromise. The differences go down to the depths. They can be ignored or evaded for a time by ingenious combinations of words; but sooner or later they must come to a head in questions of policy which raise fundamental issues of principle.

The Socialist gospel is a false gospel. Nevertheless, Marx, who proclaimed it, was a prophet, and, as is the case with most false prophets, much of what he said was true. The strength of his appeal lay, and lies, not in his gospel, which is sounding brass, but in his genius for propaganda and in the facts to which it can point in its support. As a working faith liberalism is to Socialism as the Sermon on the Mount to the Athanasian Creed or the mysteries of Isis; but the Socialist analysis of the existing social and economic system has armed its exponents with arguments which are all the more effective

because of the seeming insincerity and moral bankruptcy of their opponents in the more orthodox political camp.

It will rank as one of the greatest misfortunes which have befallen modern Europe, and as an important contributory cause of the war, that Socialism has displaced liberalism during the last two generations as the chief or at least the most vocal progressive influence on the Continent. It is perhaps not surprising, considering the religious history of Western Europe, that, faced with the devil of Prussian reaction, men should have turned to the Beelzebub of Socialism to cast it out. Beelzebub can always offer to his followers a full measure of blood-lust and the prospect of quick and catastrophic triumphs. But the harm done to the political and moral life of Europe by the concentration of public interest upon the struggle between two such combatants is incalculable; only those can essay to measure it who have tried honestly to assimilate the ideas of the rival partisans and have thought their way into the secret chambers of the Socialist mind, marking at every turn of the passage how close and intricate are the pathways which connect the iron fatalism of Marx with the iron militarism of Bismarck.

The North Sea, rightly called by the Germans an ocean, has ever since the seventeenth century been a more effective intellectual frontier than the Atlantic; and in Britain and the English-speaking countries overseas, where, thanks mainly to the Puritan tradition, political opinions are firmly rooted in moral ideals, the spirit and tenets of Socialism have never found secure lodgment. Germany has of late been the home of what the theologians called "reduced Christianities," which resemble the original as a stoned cherry the fruit on the tree. Similarly, England might be called the home of "reduced Socialisms," in which Nonconformist elders proclaim the doctrine of the class-struggle between a prayer and a hymn and Trade Union leaders, who know their New

Testament far better than their Marx, vainly strive to adjust their minds to the materialistic conception of history; in which, finally, the Socialist Republic, to which the orthodox continental believer looks forward on the morrow of the barricades, is replaced, in a country where Socialist parsons preach at court, by the far more solid and satisfying prospect of a "Co-operative Commonwealth."

The object of these remarks is not to poke fun at the Labour Party or to discredit the diplomacy by which Mr. Arthur Henderson and others have maintained the precarious intellectual connection between the Continental Socialist movement and what passes in this country by the same name. It is natural and right that the British working-class movement should be in contact with the parallel movement on the Continent, and, things being as they are, the Socialist bodies are the natural point of connection. We are concerned, in these pages, not with policies, but with principles, and no shadow of criticism is intended of the recent Inter-ally Conference or of the concrete recommendations there adopted. But the spectator is entitled to point out that the meeting of minds at that Conference was necessarily in many respects, as the laboured preamble proves, a meeting of opposites; nor can he repress his natural curiosity to know which side, in the event, will yield to the other when, at the moment of decision, the principles of the preamble come home to roost.

It is our British habit to sacrifice a great deal for unity: and in choosing what we shall sacrifice, we mostly begin with the generalities. But we stand at a moment in history in which a policy of intellectual opportunism will no longer avail. Already trouble has befallen us—and more is in store—owing to our thoughtless and amiable acceptance of principles drawn from the armoury of an opposing philosophy. Self-determination, for instance, to which homage is being paid by shallow

minds, is not a principle of liberalism but of Bolshevism ; and one branch of the English-speaking race waged the greatest war in its history to resist it. It is impossible to believe, at one and the same time, in the teachings of Trotsky and in the political religion of Abraham Lincoln, in Soviet manifestoes and in the Gettysburg speech. "Self-determination" may be a confused attempt to express the desire for freedom and its responsibilities ; or it may be a convenient cover for narrow-heartedness or caprice. But, in the last analysis, it is a doctrine equally alien to the liberal and to the Catholic tradition. It is a poor and unhelpful substitute for the Christian doctrine of human brotherhood and for Lincoln's great formula of dedication. "No annexations," again, which has won its way into favour, is a cynical Socialist catchword invented by those who can conceive of no relation between the strong and weak but one of rapine and exploitation. It is a formula for the priest and the Levite but not for the good Samaritan. The liberal alternative, as it is also the Christian alternative, to "no annexations" is the principle of trusteeship. Unless liberals are to be false to their deepest ideals they must have the sincerity to recognise, and the courage to proclaim, their principles in the face of the world, even at the cost of the familiar charges of hypocrisy and cant.

But if liberalism of the Left is in danger of compromising with its principles, liberals of the Right are in equal danger of forgetting their significance. Liberalism is a far deeper and more revolutionary creed than Socialism : but it has been a plant of slow growth, and we are only just beginning to descry its social applications. The war has brought them suddenly to the front of the scene. "Events are slowly making clear to us that the chief significance of the war is not political but social. . . . It will lead, by way of a new economic order, to a new order of society altogether." These words are not quoted from a Socialist politician or a Utopian pamphleteer,

but from a recent book by one of the shrewdest and most successful of German industrial magnates.[1] They are as true of Britain as of Germany. The war is bringing in its train unimagined social and economic changes. It is proving our French Revolution—but a revolution not waged for class-ascendancy or achieved as a result of civil strife, but carried through, so far, by consent in the service of a greater cause. The old Britain of social privilege and economic inequality is being consumed in the furnace of war; and new ideas and institutions are arising in its stead. It is a world in which liberals both of the older and newer school have not yet found their bearings; nor will serious differences be avoidable when the new social adjustments come to be made. But if the immediate task of liberalism is to make the world safe for political democracy, its next and equally necessary task is to apply its principles to the system by which the world's work is carried on. If stress has been laid in these pages on that aspect of liberalism which has been defined as "the principle of the Commonwealth," it is because, both in politics and economics, it is not only the best antidote to the peculiar temptations of our time but enshrines the most fruitful lessons for the tasks, imperial, domestic, and international which lie immediately before us.

A. E. Z.

April 30, 1918.

[1] Walther Rathenau, *Die neue Wirtschaft*, Berlin, 1917, p. 6.

NATIONALITY AND GOVERNMENT

GERMAN CULTURE AND THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.[1]

"Peace cannot become a law of human society, except by passing through the struggle which will ground life and association on foundations of justice and liberty, on the wreck of every power which exists not for a principle but for a dynastic interest."—MAZZINI in 1867.

"The greatest triumph of our time, a triumph in a region loftier than that of electricity or steam, will be the enthronement of this idea of Public Right as the governing idea of European policy; as the common and precious inheritance of all lands, but superior to the passing opinion of any. The foremost among the nations will be that one which, by its conduct, shall gradually engender in the minds of the others a fixed belief that it is just."—GLADSTONE.

THE war of 1914 is not simply a war between the Dual Alliance and the Triple Entente: it is, for Great Britain and Germany especially, a war of ideas—a conflict between two different and irreconcilable conceptions of government, society, and progress. An attempt will be made in this essay to make clear what these conceptions are, and to discuss the issue between them as impartially as possible, from the point of view, not of either of the combatant Powers, but of human civilisation as a whole.

There are really two great controversies being fought out between Great Britain and Germany: one about the ends of national policy, and another about the means to be adopted towards those or any other ends. The latter is the issue raised by the German Chancellor's plea—not so unfamiliar on the lips of our own countrymen as we are now tempted to believe—that "Necessity knows no

[1] From "The War and Democracy," published December, 1914.

law." It is the issue of Law and "scraps of paper" against Force, against what some apologists have called "the Philosophy of Violence," but which, in its latest form, the French Ambassador has more aptly christened "the Pedantry of Barbarism." That issue has lately been brought home, in its full reality, to the British public from the course of events in Belgium and elsewhere, and need not here be elaborated. Further words would be wasted. A Power which recognises no obligation but force, and no law but the sword, which marks the path of its advance by organised terrorism and devastation, is the public enemy of the civilised world.

But it is a remarkable and significant fact that the policy in which this ruthless theory is embodied commands the enthusiastic and united support of the German nation. How can this be explained?

It must be remembered in the first place that the German public does not see the facts of the situation as we do. On the question of Belgian neutrality and the events which precipitated the British ultimatum, what we know to be a false version of the facts is current in Germany, as is evident from the published statements of the leaders of German thought and opinion, and it may be many years before its currency is displaced.

This difficulty should serve to remind us how defective the machinery of civilisation still is. One of the chief functions of law is, not merely to settle disputes and to enforce its decisions, but to ascertain the true facts on which alone a settlement can be based. The fact that no tribunal exists for ascertaining the true facts in disputes between sovereign governments shows how far mankind still is from an established "rule of law" in international affairs. Not only is the Hague powerless to give and, still more, to enforce its decision on the questions at issue between the European Powers. It has not even the machinery for ascertaining the facts of the case and bringing them to the notice of neutral

governments and peoples in the name of civilisation as a whole.

But apart from divergent beliefs as to the facts, it is remarkable that thinking Germany should be in sympathy with the spirit and tone of German policy, which led, as it appears to us, by an inexorable logic to the violation of Belgian neutrality and the collision with Great Britain.

But the fact, we are told, admits of easy explanation. Thinking Germany has fallen a victim to the teachings of Treitschke and Nietzsche—Treitschke with his Macchiavellian doctrine that "Power is the end-all and be-all of a State," Nietzsche with his contempt for pity and the gentler virtues, his admiration for "valour," and his disdain for Christianity.

This explanation is too simple to fit the facts. It may satisfy those who know no more of Treitschke's brilliant and careful work than the extracts culled from his occasional writings by General von Bernhardi and the late Professor Cramb. It may gratify those who, with so many young German students, forget that Nietzsche, like many other prophets, wrote in allegory, and that when he spoke of valour he was thinking, not of "shining armour," but of spiritual conflicts. But careful enquirers, who would disdain to condemn Macaulay on passages selected by undiscriminating admirers from his "Essays," or Carlyle for his frank admiration of Thor and Odin and the virtues of Valhalla, will ask for a more satisfying explanation. Even if all that were said about Treitschke and Nietzsche were true, it would still remain an unsolved question why they and their ideas should have taken intellectual Germany by storm. But it is not true. What is true, and what is far more serious, both for Great Britain and for Europe, is that men like Harnack, Eucken, and Wilamowitz, who would repudiate all intellectual kinship with Macchiavelli and Nietzsche—men who are leaders of European thought, and with whom and whose ideas we shall have to go on living in

Europe—publicly support and encourage the policy and standpoint of a Government which, according to British ideas, has acted with criminal wickedness and folly, and so totally misunderstands the conduct and attitude of Great Britain as honestly to regard us as hypocritically treacherous to the highest interests of civilisation.

That is the real problem; and it is a far more complex and difficult one than if we had to do with a people which had consciously abandoned the Christian virtues or consciously embarked on a conspiracy against Belgium or Great Britain. The utter failure of even the most eminent Germans to grasp British politics, British institutions, and the British point of view points to a fundamental misunderstanding, a fundamental divergence of outlook, between the political ideals of the two countries. It is the conflict between these ideals which forms the second great issue between Germany and Great Britain; and on its outcome depends the future of human civilisation.

What is the German ideal? What do German thinkers regard as Germany's contribution to human progress? The answer comes back with a monotonous reiteration which has already sickened us of the word. It is *Kultur*, or, as we translate it, culture. Germany's contribution to progress consists in the spread of her culture.

Kultur is a difficult word to interpret. It means "culture" and a great deal more besides. Its primary meaning, like that of "culture," is intellectual and aesthetic: when a German speaks of "Kultur" he is thinking of such things as language, literature, philosophy, education, art, science, and the like. Children in German schools are taught a subject called *Kulturgeschichte* (culture-history), and under that heading they are told about German literature, German philosophy and religion, German painting, German music, and so on.

So far, the English and the German uses of the word

roughly correspond. We should probably be surprised if we heard it said that Shakespeare had made a contribution to English "culture": but, on consideration, we should admit that he had, though we should not have chosen that way of speaking about him. But there is a further meaning in the word *Kultur*, which explains why it is so often on German lips. It means, not only the product of the intellect or imagination, but the product of the disciplined intellect and the disciplined imagination. *Kultur* has in it an element of order, of organisation, of civilisation. That is why the Germans regard the study of the "culture" of a country as part of the study of its history. English school-children are beginning to be taught social and industrial history in addition to the kings and queens and battles and constitutions which used to form the staple of history lessons. They are being taught, that is, to see the history of their country, and of its civilisation, in the light of the life and livelihood of its common people. The German outlook is different. They look at their history in the light of the achievements of its great minds, which are regarded as being at once the proof and the justification of its civilisation. To the question, "What right have you to call yourselves a civilised country?" an Englishman would reply, "Look at the sort of people we are, and at the things we have done," and would point perhaps to the extracts from the letters of private soldiers printed in the newspapers, or to the story of the growth of the British Commonwealth; a German would reply (as Germans are indeed replying now), "Look at our achievements in scholarship and science, at our universities, at our systems of education, at our literature, our music, and our painting; at our great men of thought and imagination: at Luther, Dürer, Goethe, Beethoven, Kant."

Kultur then means more than "culture": it means *culture considered as the most important element in civilisation.* It implies the disciplined education which alone, in the

German view, makes the difference between the savage and the civilised man. It implies the heritage of intellectual possessions which, thanks to ordered institutions, a nation is able to hand down from generation to generation.

We are now beginning to see where the British and German attitudes towards society and civilisation diverge. Broadly, we may say that the first difference is that Germany thinks of civilisation in terms of intellect while we think of it in terms of character. Germany asks, "What do you know?" "What have you learnt?" and regards our prisoners as uncivilised because they cannot speak German, and Great Britain as a traitor to civilisation because she is allied with Russia, a people of ignorant peasants. We ask, "What have you done?" "What can you do?" and tend to undervalue the importance of systematic knowledge and intellectual application.

But we have found no reason as yet for a conflict of ideals. Many English writers, such as Matthew Arnold, have emphasised the importance of culture as against character; yet Matthew Arnold's views were widely different from those of the German professors of to-day. If their sense of the importance of culture stopped short at this point, we should have much to learn from Germany, as indeed we have, and no reason to oppose her. What is there then in the German admiration for culture which involves her in a conflict with British ideals?

The conflict arises out of the alliance between German culture and the German Government. What British public opinion resents, in the German attitude, is not culture in itself, about which it is little concerned, but what we feel to be its unnatural alliance with military power. It seems to us wicked and hypocritical for a government which proclaims the doctrine of the "mailed fist" and, like the ancient Spartans, glories in the perfecting of the machinery of war, to be at the same

time protesting its devotion to culture, and posing as a patron of the peaceful arts. It is the Kaiser's speeches and the behaviour of the German Government which have put all of us out of heart with German talk about culture.

Here we come to a fundamental point of difference between the two peoples. The close association between culture and militarism, between the best minds of the nation and the mind of the Government, does not seem unnatural to a modern German at all. On the contrary, it seems the most natural thing in the world. It is the bedrock of the German system of national education. Culture to a German is not only a national possession ; it is also, to a degree difficult for us to appreciate, a State product. It is a national possession deliberately handed on by the State from generation to generation, hall-marked and guaranteed, as it were, for the use of its citizens. When we use the word "culture" we speak of it as an attribute of individual men and women. Germans, on the other hand, think of it as belonging to nations as a whole, in virtue of their system of national education. That is why they are so sure that all Germans possess culture. They have all had it at school. And it is all the same brand of culture, because no other is taught. It is the culture with which the Government wishes its citizens to be equipped. That is why all Germans tend, not only to know the same facts (and a great many facts too), but to have a similar outlook on life and similar opinions about Goethe, Shakespeare and the German Navy. Culture, like military service, is a part of the State machinery.

Here we come upon the connecting link between culture and militarism. Both are parts of the great German system of State education.

"Side by side with the influences of German education," wrote Dr. Sadler in 1901,[1] "are to be traced the influences of

[1] "Board of Education Special Reports," vol. ix. p. 43.

German military service. The two sets of influence interact on one another and intermingle. German education impregnates the German army with science. The German army predisposes German education to ideas of organisation and discipline. Military and educational discipline go hand in hand. . . . Both are preserved and fortified by law and custom, and by administrative arrangements skilfully devised to attain that end. But behind all the forms of organisation (which would quickly crumble away unless upheld by and expressing some spiritual force), behind both military and educational discipline, lies the fundamental principle adopted by Scharnhorst's Committee on Military organisation in Prussia in 1807: 'All the inhabitants of the State are its defenders by birth.'"

Here at last we have come to the root of the matter. It is not German culture which is the source and centre of the ideas to which Great Britain is opposed: nor yet is it German militarism. Our real opponent is the system of training and education, out of which both German culture and German militarism spring. It is the organisation of German public life, and the "spiritual force" of which that organisation is the outward and visible expression.

Let us look at the German ideal more closely, for it is worthy of careful study. It is perhaps best expressed in words written in 1830 by Coleridge, who, like other well-known Englishmen of his day (and our own) was much under the influence of German ideas. Coleridge, in words quoted by Dr. Sadler, defines the purpose of national education as "to form and train up the people of the country to obedient, free, useful, and organisable subjects, citizens and patriots, living to the benefit of the State and prepared to die in its defence." In accordance with this conception Prussia was the first Power in Europe to adopt a universal compulsory system of State education, and the first also to establish a universal system of military service for its young men. The rest of Europe perforce followed suit. Nearly every state in Europe has or professes to have a universal

system of education, and every State except Great Britain has a system of universal military service. The Europe of schools and camps which we have known during the last half-century is the most striking of all the victories of German "culture."

Discipline, efficiency, duty, obedience, public service: these are qualities that excite admiration everywhere—in the classroom, in the camp, and in the wider field of life. There is something almost monumentally impressive to the outsider in the German alliance of School and Army in the service of the State. Since the days of Sparta and Rome, there has been no such wonderful governmental disciplinary machine. It is not surprising that "German organisation" and "German methods" should have stimulated interest and emulation throughout the civilised world. Discipline seems to many to be just the one quality of which our drifting world is in need.

"If this war had been postponed a hundred or even fifty years," writes a philosophic English observer in a private letter, "Prussia would have become our Rome, worshipping Shakespeare and Byron as Pompey or Tiberius worshipped Greek literature, and disciplining us. Hasn't it ever struck you what a close parallel there is between Germany and Rome?" (Here follows a list of bad qualities which is better omitted.) . . . "The good side of it is the discipline; and the modern world, not having any power external to itself which it acknowledges, and no men (in masses) having yet succeeded in being a law to themselves, needs discipline above everything. I don't see where you will get it under these conditions unless you find some one with an abstract love of discipline for itself. And where will you find him except in Prussia? After all, it is a testimony to her that, unlovely as she is, she gives the law to Germany, and that the South German, though he dislikes her, accepts the law as good for him." And to show that he appreciates the full consequences of his words he adds: "If I had to live under Ramsay MacDonald (provided that he acted as he talks), or under Lieutenant von Förstner" (the hero of Zabern), "odious as the latter is, for my soul's good I would choose him: for I think that in the end, I should be less likely to be irretrievably ruined."

Here is the Prussian point of view, expressed by a thoughtful Englishman with a wide experience of education, and a deep concern for the moral welfare of the nation. What have we, on the British side, to set up against his arguments ?

In the first place, we must draw attention to the writer's candour in admitting that a nation cannot adopt Prussianism piecemeal. It must take it as a whole, its lieutenants included, or not at all. Lieutenant von Förstner is as typical a product of the Prussian system as the London policeman is of our own ; and if we adopt Prussian or Spartan methods, we must run the risk of being ruled by him.

"No other nation," says Dr. Sadler, "by imitating a little bit of German organisation can hope thus to achieve a true reproduction of the spirit of German institutions. The fabric of its organisation practically forms one whole. That is its merit and its danger. It must be taken all in all or else left unimitated. And it is not a mere matter of external organisation. . . . National institutions must grow out of the needs and character (and not least out of the weakness) of the nation which possesses them."

But, taking the system as a whole, there are, it seems to me, three great flaws in it—flaws so serious and vital as to make the word "education" as applied to it almost a misnomer. The Prussian system is unsatisfactory, firstly, because it confuses external discipline with self-control ; secondly, because it confuses regimentation with corporate spirit ; thirdly, because it conceives the nation's duty in terms of "culture" rather than of character.

Let us take these three points in detail.

The first object of national education is—not anything national at all, but simply education. It is the training of individual young people. It is the gradual leading-out (e-ducation), unfolding, expanding, of their mental and bodily powers, the helping of them to become, not soldiers, or missionaries of culture, or pioneers of

Empire, or even British citizens, but simply human personalities. "The purpose of the Public Elementary School," say the opening words of our English code, "is to form and strengthen the character and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it." In the performance of this task external discipline is no doubt necessary. Obedience and consideration for others are not learnt in a day. But the object of external discipline is to form habits of self-control which will enable their possessor to become an independent and self-respecting human being—and incidentally, a good citizen. "If I had to *live under* Ramsay MacDonald, or the Prussian Lieutenant," says our writer, "I would choose the latter, for my soul's good." But our British system of education does not proceed on the assumption that its pupils are destined to "live under" any one. Our ideal is that of the free man, trained in the exercise of his powers and in the command and control of his faculties, who, like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" (a poem which embodies the best British educational tradition):

> ". . . Through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw."

Neglect for the claims of human personality both amongst pupils and teachers is the chief danger of a State system of education. The State is always tempted to put its own claims first and those of its citizens second—to regard the citizen as existing for the State, instead of the State for its citizens. It is one of the ironies of history that no man was more alive to this danger than Wilhelm von Humboldt, the gifted creator of the Prussian system of education. As the motto of one of his writings he adopted the words, "*Against the governmental mania, the most fatal disease of modern governments*," and when, contrary to his own early principles, he undertook the organisation of Prussian education he insisted that "headmasters should be left as free a hand as

possible in all matters of teaching and organisation." But the Prussian system was too strong for him and his successors, and his excellent principles now survive as no more than pious opinions. The fact is that in an undemocratic and feudal State such as Germany then was, and still largely is, respect for the personality of the individual is confined to the upper ranks of society.

"I do not know how it is in foreign countries," says one of Goethe's heroes,[1] "but in Germany it is only the nobleman who can secure a certain amount of universal or, if I may say so, *personal* education. An ordinary citizen can learn to earn his living and, at the most, train his intellect; but, do what he will, he loses his personality. . . . He is not asked, 'What are you?' but only, 'What have you? what attainments, what knowledge, what capacities, what fortune?' . . . The nobleman is to act and to achieve. The common citizen is to carry out orders. He is to develop individual faculties, in order to become useful, and it is a fundamental assumption that there is no harmony in his being, nor indeed is any permissible, because, in order to make himself serviceable in one way, he is forced to neglect everything else. The blame for this distinction is not to be attributed to the adaptability of the nobleman or the weakness of the common citizen. It is due to the constitution of society itself."

Much has changed in Germany since Goethe wrote these words, but they still ring true. And they have not been entirely without their echo in Great Britain itself.[2]

But man cannot live for himself alone. He is a

[1] Wilhelm Meister's "Lehrjahre," Book v. chapter iii.

[2] The contrast which has been drawn in the preceding pages, as working-class readers in particular will understand, is between the *aims*, not the achievements, of German and British education. The German aims are far more perfectly achieved in practice than the British. Neither the law nor the administration of British education can be acquitted of "neglect for the claims of human personality." The opening words of the English code, quoted on p. 11 above, are, alas! not a statement of fact but an aspiration. We have hardly yet begun in England to realise the possibilities of educational development along the lines of the British ideal, both as regards young people and adults. If we learn the lesson of the present crisis aright, the war, so far from being a set-back to educational progress, should provide a new stimulus for effort and development.

corporate being; and, personality or no personality, he has to fit into a world of fellow-men with similar human claims. The second charge against the German system is that it ignores the value of human fellowship. It regards the citizens of a country as "useful and organisable subjects" rather than as fellow-members of a democracy, bound together by all the various social ties of comradeship and intercourse.

The Prussian system, with its elaborate control and direction from above, dislikes the free play of human groupings, and discourages all spontaneous or unauthorised associations. Schoolboy "societies," for instance, are in Germany an evil to be deplored and extirpated, not, as with us, a symptom of health and vigour, to be sympathetically watched and encouraged. Instead, there is a direct inculcation of patriotism, a strenuous and methodical training of each unit for his place in the great State machine. We do not so read human nature. Our British tendency is to develop habits of service and responsibility through a devotion to smaller and more intimate associations, to build on a foundation of lesser loyalties and duties. We do not conceive it to be the function of the school to *teach* patriotism or to *teach* fellowship. Rather we hold that good education *is* fellowship, *is* citizenship, in the deepest meaning of those words; that to discover and to exercise the responsibilities of membership in a smaller body is the best training for a larger citizenship. A school, a ship, a club, a Trade Union, any free association of Englishmen, is all England in miniature.

"To be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to in society," said Burke long ago, "is the first principle, the germ, as it were, of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love to our country and mankind. . . . We begin our public affections in our families. No cold relation is a zealous citizen. We pass on to our neighbourhoods, to our habitual provincial connections. These are

inns and resting-places . . . so many images of the great country, in which the heart found something which it could fill."[1]

There is one fairly safe test for a system of education: What do its victims think of it? "In Prussia," says Dr. Sadler, "a schoolboy seems to regard his school as he might regard a railway station—a convenient and necessary establishment, generally ugly to look at, but also, for its purpose efficient." The illustration is an apt one: for a Prussian school is too often, like a railway station, simply a point of departure, something to be got away from as soon as possible. "In England a boy who is at a good secondary school cares for it as an officer cares for his regiment or as a sailor cares for his ship," or, we may add, as a Boy Scout cares for his Troop.[2]

Democracy and discipline, fellowship and freedom, are in fact not incompatible at all. They are complementary: and each can only be at its best when it is sustained by the other. Only a disciplined and self-controlled people can be free to rule itself, and only a free people can know the full meaning and happiness of fellowship.

Lastly, the German system regards national "culture" rather than national character as the chief element in civilisation and the justification of its claim to a dominant place in the world. This view is so strange to those who are used to present-day British institutions that it is hard to make clear what it means. Civilisation is a word which, with us, is often misused and often misunderstood. Sometimes we lightly identify it with motor cars and gramophones and other Western contrivances with which individual traders and travellers dazzle and bewilder the untutored savage. Yet we are seldom tempted to

[1] "Reflections on the French Revolution," pp. 292, 494 (of vol. iii. of "Collected Works," ed. 1899).

[2] "Special Reports," ix. p. 113. Dr. Sadler's article deals with secondary schools only. Unfortunately, no one can claim that the idea of fellowship is as prominent in English elementary schools, or even in all secondary schools, as the quotation might suggest.

identify it, like the Germans, with anything narrowly national; and in our serious moments we recognise that it is too universal a force to be the appanage of either nations or individuals. For to us, when we ask ourselves its real meaning, civilisation stands for neither language nor culture nor anything intellectual at all. It stands for something moral and social and political. It means, in the first place, the establishment and enforcement of the Rule of Law, as against anarchy on the one hand and tyranny on the other; and, secondly, on the basis of order and justice, the task of making men fit for free institutions, the work of guiding and training them to recognise the obligations of citizenship, to subordinate their own personal interests or inclinations to the common welfare, the "commonwealth." That is what is meant when it is claimed that Great Britain has done a "civilising" work both in India and in backward Africa. The Germans reproach and despise us, we are told,[1] for our failure to spread "English culture" in India. That has not been the purpose of British rule, and Englishmen have been foolish in so far as they have presumed to attempt it: England has to learn from Indian culture as India from ours. But to have laid for India the foundations on which alone a stable society could rest, to have given her peace from foes without and security within, to have taught her, by example, the kinship of Power and Responsibility, to have awakened the social conscience and claimed the public services of Indians in the village, the district, the province, the nation, towards the community of which they feel themselves to be members, to have found India a continent, a chaos of tribes and castes, and to have helped her to become a nation—that is not a task of English culture: it is a task of civilisation.

Law, Justice, Responsibility, Liberty, Citizenship—the words are abstractions, philosophers' phrases, destitute

[1] For evidence of this see Cramb's "Germany and England," p. 25.

it might seem, of living meaning and reality. There is no such thing as English Justice, English Liberty, English Responsibility. The qualities that go to the making of free and ordered institutions are not national but universal. They are no monopoly of Great Britain. They are free to be the attributes of any race or any nation. They belong to civilised humanity as a whole. They are part of the higher life of the human race.

As such the Germans, if they recognised them at all, probably regarded them. They could not see in them the binding power to keep a great community of nations together. They could not realise that Justice and Responsibility, if they rightly typify the character of British rule, must also typify the character of British rulers; and that community of character expressed in their institutions and worked into the fibre of their life may be a stronger bond between nations than any mere considerations of interest. Educated Indians would find it hard to explain exactly why, on the outbreak of the war they found themselves eager to help to defend British rule. But it seems clear that what stirred them most was not any consideration of English as against German culture, or any merely material calculations, but a sudden realisation of the character of that new India which the union between Great Britain and India, between Western civilisation and Eastern culture, is bringing into being, and a sense of the indispensable need for the continuance of that partnership.[1]

[1] The reader will again understand that it is British aims rather than British achievements which are spoken of. That British rule is indispensable to Indian civilisation is indeed a literal fact to which Indian opinion bears testimony; and it is the conduct and character of generations of British administrators which have helped to bring this sense of partnership about. But individual Englishmen in India are often far from understanding, or realising in practice, the purpose of British rule. Similarly, the growth of a sense of Indian nationality, particularly in the last few years, is a striking and important fact. But it would be unwise to underestimate the gigantic difficulties with which this growing national consciousness has to contend. The greatest of these is the prevalence of caste-divisions, rendering impossible the

It is just this intimate union between different nations for the furtherance of the tasks of civilisation which it seems so difficult for the German mind to understand. "Culture," with all its intimate associations, its appeal to language, to national history and traditions, and to instinctive patriotism, is so much simpler and warmer a conception : it seems so much easier to fight for Germany than to fight for Justice in the abstract, or for Justice embodied in the British Commonwealth. That is why even serious German thinkers, blinded by the idea of culture, expected the break-up of the British Empire. They could imagine Indians giving their lives for India, Boers for a Dutch South Africa, Irishmen for Ireland, or Ulstermen for Ulster ; but the deeper moral appeal which has thrilled through the whole Empire, down to its remotest island dependency, lay beyond their ken.

Let us look a little more closely at the German idea of national culture rather than national character as the chief element in civilisation. We shall see that it is directly contrary to the ideals which inspire and sustain the British Commonwealth, and practically prohibits that association of races and peoples at varying levels of social progress which is its peculiar task.

"Culture," in the German idea, is the justification of a nation's existence. Nationality has no other claim. Goethe, Luther, Kant, and Beethoven are Germany's title-deeds. A nation without a culture has no right to a "place in the sun."

"History," says Wilamowitz in a lecture delivered in 1898, "knows nothing of any right to exist on the part of a people or a language without a culture. If a people becomes dependent on a foreign culture" (*i.e.* in the German idea, on a foreign civilisation) "it matters little if its lower classes speak a different language : they, too . . . must eventually go over to the dominant

free fellowship and social intercourse which alone can be the foundation of a sense of common citizenship. Apart from this there are, according to the census, forty-three races in India, and twenty three languages in ordinary use.

language. . . . Wisely to further this necessary organic process is a blessing to all parties; violent haste will only curb it and cause reactions. Importunate insistence on Nationality has never anywhere brought true vitality into being, and often destroyed vitality; but the superior Culture which, sure of its inner strength, throws her doors wide open, can win men's hearts."[1]

In the light of a passage like this, from the most distinguished representative of German humanism, it is easier to grasp the failure of educated Germany to understand the sequel of the South African War, or the aspirations of the Slav peoples, or to stigmatise the folly of their statesmen in Poland, Denmark, Alsace-Lorraine, and Belgium.

With such a philosophy of human progress as this, German thinkers and statesmen look out into the future and behold nothing but conflict—eternal conflict between rival national "cultures," each seeking to impose its domination. "In the struggle between Nationalities," writes Prince Bülow,[2] in defence of his Polish policy, putting into a cruder form the philosophy of Wilamowitz, "one nation is the hammer and the other the anvil; one is the victor and the other the vanquished. It is a law of life and development in history that when two national civilisations meet they fight for supremacy."

Here we have the necessary and logical result of the philosophy of culture. In the struggle between cultures no collaboration, no compromise even, is possible. German is German: Flemish is Flemish: Polish is Polish: French is French. Who is to decide which is the "more civilised," which is the fitter to survive? Force alone can settle the issue. A Luther and Goethe may be the puppets pitted in a contest of culture against Maeterlinck and Victor Hugo. But it is Krupp and Zeppelin and the War-Lord that pull the strings. As Wilamowitz reminds us, it was the Roman legions, not

[1] "Speeches and Lectures," pp. 147–148 (1913 edition).
[2] "Imperial Germany," p. 245 (1st edition).

Virgil and Horace, that stamped out the Celtic languages and romanised Western Europe. It is the German army, two thousand years later, that is to germanise it. It is an old, old theory ; Prussia did not invent it, nor even Rome. "You know as well as we do," said the Athenians in 416 B.C. to the representatives of a small people of that day.[1] "that right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power, while the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must" ; and they went on, like the Kaiser, to claim the favour of the gods, "neither our pretensions nor our conduct being in any way contrary to what men believe of the gods, or practise among themselves." There is, in fact, to be no Law between Nations but the Rule of the Stronger.

Such seems to many the meaning of the present European situation—a stern conflict between nations and cultures, to be decided by force of arms. The bridges between the nations seem broken down, and no one can tell when they will be repaired. The hopes that had gathered round international movements, the cosmopolitan dreams of common action between the peoples across the barriers of States and Governments, seem to have vanished into limbo ; and the enthusiastic dreamers of yesterday are the disillusioned soldiers and spectators of to-day. Nationality, that strange, inarticulate, unanalysable force that can summon all men to her tents in the hour of crisis and danger, seems to have overthrown the international forces of to-day, the Socialists, the Pacifists, and, strongest of all, the Capitalists, as it overthrew Napoleon and his dreams of Empire a hundred years ago. What Law is there but force that can decide the issue between nation and nation ? And, in the absence of a Law, what becomes of all our hopes for international action, for the future of civilisation and the higher life of the human race ?

But in truth the disillusionment is as premature as

[1] Thucydides, Book v. 89 and 105.

the hopes that preceded it. We are still far off from the World-State and the World-Law which formed the misty ideal of cosmopolitan thinkers. But only those who are blind to the true course of human progress can fail to see that the day of the Nation-State is even now drawing to a close. There is in fact at present working in the world a higher Law and a better patriotism than that of single nations and cultures, a Law and a patriotism that override and transcend the claims of Nationality in a greater, a more compelling, and a more universal appeal. The great States or Powers of to-day, Great Britain, the United States, France, and (if they had eyes to see it) Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, are not Nation-States but composite States—States compacted of many nationalities united together by a common citizenship and a common law. Great Britain, the United States, the German Empire, and Austria-Hungary bear in their very names the reminder of the diverse elements of which they are composed ; but France with her great African Empire, and Russia with her multitudinous populations, from Poland to the Pacific, from Finland to the Caucasus, are equally composite. In each of these great States nations have been united under a common law ; and where the wisdom of the central government has not "broken the bruised reed or quenched the smoking flax" of national life, the nations have been not only willing but anxious to join in the work of their State. Nations, like men, were made not to compete but to work together ; and it is so easy, so simple, to win their good-hearted devotion. It takes all sorts of men, says the old proverb, to make a world. It takes all sorts of nations to make a modern State.

"The combination of different nations in one State is as necessary a condition of civilised life as the combination of men in society. . . . It is in the cauldron of the State that the fusion takes place by which the vigour, the knowledge, and the capacity of one portion of mankind may be communicated to another. . . .

If we take the establishment of liberty for the realisation of moral duties to be the end of civil society, we must conclude that those States are substantially the most perfect which, like the British and Austrian Empires, include various distinct nationalities without oppressing them."

So wrote Lord Acton, the great Catholic historian, fifty years ago, when the watchwords of Nationality were on all men's lips, adding, in words that were prophetic of the failure of the Austrian and the progress of the British Commonwealth of Nations :

"The co-existence of several nations under the same State *is a test* as well as the best security *of its freedom*. It is also one of the chief instruments of civilisation ; and, as such, it is in the natural and providential order, and indicates a state of greater advancement than the national unity which is the ideal of modern liberalism." [1]

Of the Great Powers which between them control the destinies of civilisation Great Britain is at once the freest, the largest, and the most various. If the State is a "cauldron" for mingling "the vigour, the knowledge, and the capacity" of the portions of mankind—or if, to use an apter metaphor, it is a body whose perfection consists in the very variety of the functions of its several members—there has never been on the earth a political organism like the British Empire. Its 433 million inhabitants, from Great Britain to Polynesia, from India and Egypt to Central Africa, are drawn from every division of the human race. Cut a section through mankind, and in every layer there will be British citizens, living under the jurisdiction of British law. Here is something to hearten those who have looked in vain to the Hague. While international law has been brought to a standstill through the absence of a common will and a common executive, Great Britain has thrown a girdle of law around the globe.

[1] Essay on Nationality, in "The History of Freedom and other Essays," pp. 290, 298.

What hopes dare we cherish, in this hour of conflict, for the future of civilisation ?

The great, the supreme task of human politics and statesmanship is to extend the sphere of Law. Let others labour to make men cultured or virtuous or happy. These are the tasks of the teacher, the priest, and the common man. The statesman's task is simpler. It is to enfold them in a jurisdiction which will enable them to live the life of their souls' choice. The State, said the Greek philosophers, is the foundation of the good life ; but its crown rises far above mere citizenship. "There where the State ends," cries Nietzsche,[1] echoing Aristotle and the great tradition of civilised political thought, "there *men begin*. There, where the State ends, look thither, my brothers ! Do you not see the rainbow and the bridge to the Overman ?" Ever since organised society began, the standards of the individual, the ideals of priest and teacher, the doctrines of religion and morality, have outstripped the practice of statesmanship. For the polestar of the statesman has not been love, but law. His not the task of exhorting men to love one another, but the simpler duty of enforcing the law, "Thou shalt not kill." And in that simple, strenuous, necessary task statesmen and political thinkers have watched the slow extension of the power of Law, from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the city, from the city to the nation, from the nation to the Commonwealth of nations. When will Law take its next extension ? When will warfare, which is murder between individuals and "rebellion" between groups of citizens be equally preventable between nations by the common law of the world ?

The answer is simple. When the world has a common will, and has created a common government to express and enforce that will.

In the sphere of science and invention, of industry

[1] "Also sprach Zarathustra," Speech xi. (end).

and economics, as Norman Angell and others have taught us, the world is already one Great Society. For the merchant, the banker, and the stockbroker political frontiers have been broken down. Trade and industry respond to the reactions of a single, world-wide, nervous system. Shocks and panics pass as freely as airmen over borders and custom-houses. And not "big business" only, but the humblest citizen, in his search for a livelihood, finds himself caught in the meshes of the same world-wide network.

"The widow who takes in washing," says Graham Wallas,[1] in his deep and searching analysis of our contemporary life, "fails or succeeds according to her skill in choosing starch or soda or a wringing machine under the influence of half a dozen competing world-schemes of advertisement. . . . The English factory girl who is urged to join her Union, the tired old Scotch gatekeeper with a few pounds to invest, the Galician peasant when the emigration agent calls, the artisan in a French provincial town whose industry is threatened by a new invention, all know that unless they find their way among world-wide facts, which only reach them through misleading words, they will be crushed."

The Industrial Revolution of the past century, steam-power and electricity, the railway and the telegraph, have knit mankind together, and made the world one place.

But this new Great Society is as yet formless and inarticulate. It is not only devoid of common leadership and a common government; it lacks even the beginnings of a common will, a common emotion, and a common consciousness. Of the Great Society, consciously or unconsciously, we must all perforce be members; but of the Great State, the great World-Commonwealth, we do not yet discern the rudiments. The economic organisation of the world has outstripped the development of its citizenship and government: the economic man, with his far-sighted vision and scientific control of the resources of the world, must sit by and see the work of his hands

[1] "The Great Society" (1914), p. 4.

laid in ashes by contending governments and peoples. No man can say how many generations must pass before the platitudes of the market and the exchange pass into the current language of politics.

In the great work which lies before the statesmen and peoples of the world for the extension of law and common citizenship and the prevention of war there are two parallel lines of advance.

One road lies through the development of what is known as International, but should more properly be called *Inter-State Law*, through the revival on a firmer and broader foundation of the Concert of Europe conceived by the Congress of Vienna just a hundred years ago—itself a revival, on a secular basis, of the great mediaeval ideal of an international Christendom, held together by Christian Law and Christian ideals. That ideal faded away for ever at the Reformation, which grouped Europe into independent sovereign States ruled by men responsible to no one outside their own borders. It will never be revived on an ecclesiastical basis. Can we hope for its revival on a basis of modern democracy, modern nationality, and modern educated public opinion? Can Inter-State Law, hitherto a mere shadow of the majestic name it bears, almost a matter of convention and etiquette, with no permanent tribunal to interpret it, and no government to enforce it, be enthroned with the necessary powers to maintain justice between the peoples and governments of the world?

Such a Law the statesmen of Great Britain and Russia sought to impose on Europe in 1815, to maintain a state of affairs which history has shown to have been intolerable to the European peoples. There are those who hope that the task can be resumed, on a better basis, at the next Congress.

"Shall we try again," writes Professor Gilbert Murray,[1] "to achieve Castlereagh's and Alexander's ideal of a permanent

[1] *Hibbert Journal*, October, 1914, p. 77.

Concert, pledged to make collective war upon the peace-breaker? Surely we must. We must, at all costs and in spite of all difficulties, because the alternative means such unspeakable failure. We must learn to agree, we civilised nations of Europe, or else we must perish. I believe that the chief council of wisdom here is to be sure to go far enough. We need a permanent Concert, perhaps a permanent Common Council, in which every awkward problem can be dealt with before it has time to grow dangerous, and in which outvoted minorities must accustom themselves to giving way."

Other utterances by public men, such as Mr. Roosevelt and our own Prime Minister, might be cited in the same sense; but Professor Murray's has been chosen because he has had the courage to grasp the nettle. In his words the true position is quite clearly set forth. If Inter-State Law is to become a reality we must "be sure to go far enough." There is no halfway house between Law and no Law, between Government and no Government, between Responsibility and no Responsibility. If the new Concert is to be effective it must be able to compel the submission of all "awkward problems" and causes of quarrel to its permanent Tribunal at the Hague or elsewhere; and it must be able to enforce the decision of its tribunal, employing for the purpose, if necessary, the armed forces of the signatory Powers as an international police. "Outvoted minorities must accustom themselves to giving way." It is a bland and easy phrase; but it involves the whole question of world-government. "Men must accustom themselves not to demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," the earliest law-givers might have said, when the State first intervened between individuals to make itself responsible for public order. Peace between the Powers, as between individuals, is, no doubt, a habit to which cantankerous Powers "must accustom themselves." But they will be sure to do so if there is a Law, armed with the force to be their schoolmaster towards peaceable habits. In other words, they will do so because they have surrendered one of the most

vital elements in the independent life of a State—the right of conducting its own policy—to the jurisdiction of a higher power. An Inter-State Concert, with a Judiciary of its own and an Army and Navy under its own orders, is, in fact, not an Inter-State Concert at all; it is a new State: it is, in fact, the World-State. There is no middle course between Law and no Law: and the essence of Statehood, as we have seen, is a Common Law.

Will this new State have the other attributes of Government—a Common Legislature and a Common Executive—as well as a Common Judiciary? Let us go back to Professor Murray's words. He speaks of "outvoted minorities." Let us suppose the refractory country to be Great Britain, outvoted on some question relating to sea-power. Of whom will the outvoted minority consist? Of the British members on the "Common Council" of the Concert. But the question at once arises, what are the credentials of these British members? Whom do they represent? To whom are they responsible? If they are the representatives of the British people and responsible to the democracy which sent them, how can they be expected to "accustom themselves to giving way"—perhaps to a majority composed of the representatives of undemocratic governments? Their responsibility is, not to the Concert, but to their own Government and people. They are not the minority members of a democratically-elected Council of their own fellow-citizens. They are the minority members of a heterogeneous Council towards which they own no allegiance and recognise no binding responsibility. There is no halfway house between Citizenship and no Citizenship, between Responsibility and no Responsibility. No man and no community can serve two masters. When the point of conflict arises men and nations have to make the choice where their duty lies. Not the representatives of Great Britain on the International Concert, but the people of Great Britain themselves would have to decide whether

their real allegiance, as citizens, was due to the World-State or to their own Commonwealth : they would find themselves at the same awful parting of the ways which confronted the people of the Southern States in 1861. When at the outbreak of the Civil War General Lee was offered by Lincoln the Commandership of the Northern armies and refused it, to become the Commander-in-Chief on the side of the South, he did so because " he believed," as he told Congress after the war, " that the act of Virginia in withdrawing herself from the United States carried him along with it as a citizen of Virginia, and that *her* laws and acts were binding on him." In other words, unless the proposed Common Council is to be made something more than a Council of the delegates of sovereign States (as the Southern States believed themselves to be till 1861), a deadlock sooner or later is almost inevitable, and the terrible and difficult question—so familiar to Americans and recently to ourselves on the smaller stage of Ulster—of the right of secession and the coercion or minorities will arise. But if the Common Council is framed in accordance with a Constitution which binds its representatives to accept its decisions and obey its government, then the World-State, with a World-Executive, will already have come into being. There will be no more war, but only Rebellion and Treason.

Such is the real meaning of proposals to give a binding sanction to the decisions of an Inter-State Concert. Anything short of this—treaties and arbitration-agreements based upon inter-State arrangements without any executive to enforce them—may give relief for a time and pave the way for further progress, but can in itself provide no permanent security, no satisfactory justification for the neglect of defensive measures by the various sovereign governments on behalf of their peoples. Mr. Bryan, for the United States, has within the last eighteen months concluded twenty-six general arbitration treaties with different Governments, and may yet succeed

in his ambition of signing treaties with all the remainder. Yet no one imagines that, when the immunity of the United States from attack is guaranteed by the promise of every Government in the world, America will rely for her defence upon those promises alone.

In discussing proposals for a European Council, then, we must be quite sure to face all that it means. But let us not reject Professor Murray's suggestion off-hand because of its inherent difficulties : for that men should be discussing such schemes at all marks a significant advance in our political thought. Only let us be quite clear as to what they presuppose. They presuppose the supremacy, in the collective mind of civilised mankind, of Law over Force, a definite supremacy of what may be called the civilian as against the military ideal, not in a majority of States, but in every State powerful enough to defy coercion. They presuppose a world map definitely settled on lines satisfactory to the national aspirations of the peoples. They presuppose a *status quo* which is not simply maintained, like that after 1815, because it is a legal fact and its disturbance would be inconvenient to the existing rulers, but because it is inherently equitable.[1] They presuppose a similar democratic basis of citizenship and representation among the component States. They presuppose, lastly, an educated public opinion incomparably less selfish, less ignorant, less unsteady, less materialistic, and less narrowly national than has been prevalent hitherto. Let us work and hope for these things : let us use our best efforts to remove misunderstandings and promote a sense of common responsibilities and common trusteeship for civilisation between the peoples of all the various sovereign States ; but meanwhile let us work also, with better hopes of immediate if less ambitious successes, along the other parallel road of advance.

[1] The same applies to proposals for ensuring permanent peace in the industrial sphere. Neither capital nor labour will abide by "scraps of paper" if they do not feel the *status quo* (*i.e.* the conditions under which wage-contracts are made) to be equitable and inherently just.

The other road may seem, in this hour of dreams and disaster, of extremes of hope and disillusionment, a long and tedious track : it is the old slow high-road of civilisation, not the short cut across the fields. It looks forward to abiding results, not through the mechanical co-operation of governments, but through the growth of an organic citizenship, through the education of the nations themselves to a sense of common duty and a common life. It looks forward, not to the definite establishment, in our day, of the World-State, but only to the definite refutation of the wicked theory of the mutual incompatibility of nations. It looks forward to the expression in the outward order of the world's government of the idea of the Commonwealth of Nations, of Lord Acton's great principle of the State composed of free nations, of the State as a living body which lives through the organic union and free activity of its several national members. And it finds its immediate field of action in the deepening and extension of the obligation of citizenship among the peoples of the great, free, just, peace-loving, supra-national Commonwealths whose patriotism has been built up, not by precept and doctrine, but on a firm foundation of older loyalties.

The idea of the Commonwealth of Nations is not a European principle : it is a world-principle. It does not proceed upon the expectation of a United States of Europe ; for all the Great Powers of Europe except Austria-Hungary (and some of the smaller, such as Holland, Belgium, and Portugal) are extra-European Powers also. Indeed, if we contract our view, with Gladstone and Bismarck and the statesmen of the last generation, to European issues alone, we shall be ignoring the chief political problem of our age—the contact of races and nations with wide varieties of social experience and at different levels of civilisation. It is this great and insistent problem (call it the problem of East and West, or the problem of the colour-line) in all its difficult

ramifications, political, social, and, above all, economic, which makes the development of the principle of the supernational Commonwealth the most pressing political need of our age. For the problems arising out of the contact of races and nations can never be adjusted either by the wise action of individuals or by conflict and warfare ; they can only be solved by fair and deliberate statesmanship within the bosom of a single State, through the recognition by both parties of a higher claim than their own sectional interest—the claim of a common citizenship and the interest of civilisation.[1] It is here, in the union and collaboration of diverse races and peoples, that the principle of the Commonwealth of Nations finds its peculiar field of operation. Without this principle, and without its expression, however imperfect, in the British Empire, the world would be in chaos to-day.

We cannot predict the political development of the various Great Powers who between them control the destinies of civilisation. We cannot estimate the degree or the manner in which France, freed at last from nearer preoccupations, will seek to embody in her vast dominion the great civilising principles for which her republic stands. We cannot foretell the issue of the great conflict of ideas which has swayed to and fro in Russia between the British and the Prussian method of dealing with the problem of nationality. Germany, Italy, Japan—here, too, we are faced by enigmas. One other great Commonwealth remains besides the British. Upon the United States already lies the responsibility, voluntarily assumed and, except during a time of internal crisis,[2] successfully discharged, of securing peace from external foes for scores of millions of inhabitants of the American continent. Yet with the progress of events her responsibilities must yearly enlarge : for both the immigrant nationalities

[1] The most recent example of this is the settlement of the very difficult dispute between India and South Africa.

[2] French occupation of Mexico, 1862, during the American Civil War, when the Monroe Doctrine was temporarily in abeyance.

within and the world-problems without her borders seem to summon her to a deeper education and to wider obligations.

But upon the vast, ramifying, and inchoate Commonwealth of the British peoples lies the heaviest responsibility. It is a task unequally shared between those of her citizens who are capable of discharging it. Her task within the Commonwealth is to maintain the common character and ideals and to adjust the mutual relations of one quarter of the human race. Her task without is to throw her weight into the scales of peace, and to uphold and develop the standard and validity of inter-State agreements. It is a task which requires, even at this time of crisis, when, by the common sentiment of her citizens, the real nature and purpose of the Commonwealth have become clear to us, the active thoughts of all political students. For to bring home to all within her borders who bear rule and responsibility, from the village headman in India and Nigeria, the Basutu chief and the South Sea potentate, to the public opinion of Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions, the nature of the British Commonwealth, and the character of its citizenship and ideals, and to study how those ideals may be better expressed in its working institutions and executive government—that is a task to which the present crisis beckons the minds of British citizens, a task which Britain owes not only to herself but to mankind.

NATIONALITY AND GOVERNMENT[1]

The following paper was originally written to be read aloud, without thought of publication. In committing it to the printer it should be stated, to guard against any possible misunderstanding, that it is, purely and simply, a critical examination of ideas, not a condemnation of projects. Criticism of "the principle of Nationality" does not imply any want of sympathy with those who proclaim it as their watchword: nor does criticism of the "international" solutions proposed in some quarters imply any hostility towards the aims of their framers. The sole object has been to pierce below the surface to the real meaning of the ideas and phrases in question in the belief that, as confused thinking must always lead to mistakes and disillusionment, so right thinking is the necessary prelude to a wise and consistent idealism.

THERE is no more important duty at the present moment for those who can spare the time and the thought from more practical tasks than the close and searching analysis of political ideas. The war is being waged about ideas, and the settlement at its close will be determined by ideas. Yet those ideas, and the words in which they are embodied for current discussion, are often vague, confused and even contradictory: so that different words are used to express the same meaning, and the same word used to express several different meanings. My aim in the present paper is to interpret as clearly and definitely as I can what I conceive to be the meaning and importance of two such ideas, in the name of which thousands have laid down their lives in the last sixteen months—the idea of nationality and the idea of citizenship.

My object is not to persuade or convert, but simply

[1] A paper read before the Sociological Society, November 30, 1915, Professor Graham Wallas in the chair. It was republished in the *Sociological Review* for January, 1916, with the introductory note here reproduced.

to elucidate and to clarify. To many people my views on the subject, put on half a sheet of notepaper, would seem pure platitude: others may think them utterly paradoxical. I shall be satisfied if I really make them plain, and if I succeed in provoking a discussion which ends in everybody feeling clearer in their own minds as to the views they respectively hold.

Argument on abstract subjects is much more inspiriting and much easier to follow if it is enlivened by criticism. I propose therefore, not baldly and blankly to state my own views first, but to lead up to them by examining certain prevalent phrases or catch-words which have lately passed into common currency among the public, without perhaps receiving their due share of criticism and cross-examination.

The first word which I will put in the witness-box is the word "international." I am constantly meeting people who profess what they call international sympathies, who belong to international clubs or promote international causes or study international relations. Being international myself, in a precise sense of the word, I am anxious to know exactly what they mean. So far as I am able to make out, the word "international" has about seven different meanings. For the moment I only want to distinguish two of them—or rather, to divide the seven into two groups. Half the people who use the word "international" are thinking of something which concerns one or more nations: the other half are thinking of something which concerns one or more Sovereign States. When we speak of an English international footballer we mean a man who has represented England against Wales or Scotland or Ireland. We are not concerned with the purely political question whether Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are Sovereign States independent of England. Similarly, if we speak of a writer as having an international reputation we mean that his books are read by people of many different nations and have possibly

been translated into many different languages—into German, Italian, Bohemian, Polish, Finnish, Serbo-Croat, and so on. Similarly, when we speak of an international movement we mean that it has taken root in many different countries—in Germany, Italy, Canada, Finland, Syria, and so on—irrespective of the question whether these countries form part of one or more Sovereign States. But when we talk of "international law" or "an International Concert of the Powers" on the other hand, we are using the word in quite a different sense. We are dealing with a different method of classification: we are thinking of the world as consisting, not of nations, but of States. For the international football player Canada, South Africa, and Australia would all be separate units, while the various Central American States, if they wanted to produce a team, would probably have to club together to do so. But for the international lawyer Canada, South Africa, and Australia are merged in the British Commonwealth, Bohemia merged in Austria-Hungary, Syria in the Ottoman Empire and Finland in the Russian, while Nicaragua, Bolivia, Montenegro, and Liberia are classified separately, as Sovereign States, ostensibly on a level with the Great Powers. Just as Rhode Island and Texas are both equally component members of the American Union, so the representatives of Montenegro and Russia, Ecuador and Great Britain would sit side by side in a world congress of Sovereign States, from which the representatives of great civilised communities like Canada and Australia would be excluded.

This distinction between Nationality and Statehood, thus revealed in the double use of the word "international," is so simple that it seems strange that it should be necessary to call attention to it at all. Looked at in the light of concrete instances it is as clear as daylight. Scotland is a nation and not a State. So is Poland. So is Finland. So is Australia. Austria-Hungary is a

State and not a nation. So is the Ottoman Empire. So is the British Commonwealth. So is the United States. It may not be easy to define exactly what a State is. It is certainly not easy to define exactly what a nation is. But at least it ought to be easy to perceive that there is a difference between the two.

Yet how many current catchwords there are which have acquired their vogue simply by slurring that difference over! If matters which affected two or more States were always called "inter-State" instead of "international," and the word "international" confined to its strict sense, some of those who have the word most often on their lips would discover, perhaps with a shock, that much of what they are pleading for is already embodied in contemporary life. We are in fact living in what is, in the strictest sense, an international society. For good or for evil, the modern world is a large-scale world, and, as Mr. Norman Angell truly pointed out, its most characteristic institutions, those connected with finance, industry and commerce, are largely international in character. And not only business, but other departments of life have become international also. Science and art, philanthropy and even sport have followed the financiers. Toynbee Hall, the mother of settlements, has scores of children in the United States. The hats that are worn in Paris one season are worn at Athens and Bucharest the next: and if the climate forbids young Italians and Greeks from indulging in English athletic pursuits, they can at least pay tribute to the internationalism of sport by appearing in English sporting costumes. The ideas which are in vogue in London and Berlin to-day are the talk of New York and Chicago to-morrow, and long after they have been exploded in the Old World continue to form the staple of leader writers in the New. Good books, and even bad books, if sufficiently striking and well advertised, are read and quoted all over the world. Mr. Norman Angell and General Bernhardi have done

the Grand Tour together: and each is now engaged in the Herculean task of correcting what have become international interpretations or misinterpretations of their views. The modern world is in fact international to the core. Its internationalism lies in the nature of things. It is neither to its credit nor to its discredit. Internationalism is neither good nor bad in the abstract: it depends on the nature of its manifestations. The German Wolff Bureau is international; so is the White Slave traffic; so is the Anti-Slavery Society. It rests with men and women of goodwill to see that the good manifestations prevail over the evil; but, judging from past history, the devil generally has the first innings. International institutions and international philanthropic efforts have followed international abuses, as the policeman follows the malefactor or as the agents of civilised governments follow, in "undeveloped" countries, the roving emissaries of private capitalist enterprise.

Nor has this internationalism, this inter-communication between the families of mankind, been abruptly cut short by the war. On the contrary it has been immensely extended. Never before have the communities and races of men met and mingled as they are meeting and mingling to-day. The war, which has touched all five continents of the world, has turned the earth into a vast mixing-bowl where men, and to no inconsiderable extent women also, are coming together and exchanging experiences. The rival combatants and their prisoners can perhaps learn little from one another: but think of the Allied armies and their encampments on either side! For the illiterate millions of Russia, with its wonderful assortment of nationalities, war, with its camp-fire talk, has always been a great educator. The Russian army might be described as a great national and international school. But with the Western allies it is almost more so. Was there ever a more international expedition than the army at the Dardanelles? It comprised English-

men, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Frenchmen, Senegalese, Sikhs, Gurkhas, Australians, New Zealanders, Maoris, and a contingent of Hebrew-speaking Jews from Palestine. Compare the catalogue of Sir Ian Hamilton's troops with the catalogue of the Greek and Trojan forces conveniently provided for us in the second book of the "Iliad," and you will get some measure of the increased power of man over nature since Homer's day, and of the internationalism which has inevitably resulted from it.

What then do a certain school of idealists really mean when they consider themselves a small group of internationalists in a world that will not listen to their doctrine? What they really mean, of course, is not that the modern world is not international in many of its habits and ways of thought, but that, in spite of its internationalism, it is still a tragically mismanaged place. It may be a single society, but that society has so little control over its life, or the members of it have such low ideals, that it is from time to time rent by such conflicts as we see to-day. Why, they complain, cannot the different communities of the world sit down together and cultivate the arts of Peace?

The criticism contained in remarks such as these is really a twofold one. It is one thing to say that the world is wicked. It is quite another to say that it is badly organised. The school of thought to which I am referring really combines two quite separate lines of policy. There is the policy directed towards making the world better, and the policy directed towards making the world better organised, irrespective of the fact whether or not that organisation is based on moral principles. Let us take the former policy first. The policy which seeks to make the world better aims at promoting internationalism in its better, and at counteracting it in its worse, manifestations. It seeks to promote Anti-Slavery Societies and to counteract the White Slave

traffic. It seeks to promote happier and friendlier relations between nations and to counteract the international phenomenon that has become known as "Prussianism" in whatever quarter it originates and over however many countries it may spread. It seeks in fact to serve humanity by raising its moral level. One may criticise the phraseology or note the omissions in the programme of this group of thinkers: but for their outlook and their ideals one can have nothing but admiration. Men like M. Romain Rolland and women like Miss Jane Addams are the salt of the earth; if everybody were like Miss Addams the evil manifestations of internationalism would disappear for want of a public, and world-government itself—the inter-State problem—would be greatly simplified. It is easy to pick holes in the views expressed by this school of thinkers on the questions at issue in the inter-State sphere, but it is a thankless task to do so, since those problems are not really what they are concerned about. They are not interested in the purely political side of inter-State relations. Their object is not to establish a reasonable minimum of Justice and Liberty in a world of imperfect human beings. Their object is to make those imperfect people better, to combat malice, hatred and uncharitableness among all the belligerent peoples from their rulers and foreign ministers downwards. All power to their elbow! Only let us whisper one caution in their ear as they go on their errand of mercy—the famous caution of George Washington: "Influence is not government." However good and reasonable you may make people, there still remains over, for all of us who are not theoretical anarchists, the technical political question of the adjustment of the relations between the different Sovereign States.

I pass to the second line of policy—that which is directed not towards making men better (that, it is recognised, is too lengthy a process to meet the immediate emergency), but rather to averting war by making the

world better organised—by improving the efficiency of the world's political machinery. This line of policy aims at the setting up of what is called an international or supernational organisation to ensure the peace of the world. Mr. Sidney Webb, for instance, is giving a lecture this very evening on "The Supernational Authority which will Prevent War," and Mr. J. A. Hobson has written a book on the same theme under the title "Towards International Government." A pedant might criticise Mr. Hobson's title by saying that international government is a thing we have with us already—in Russia, in Turkey, in Austria-Hungary, in the British Commonwealth. Some of these governments are good and others bad, but they are all international, or, more strictly speaking, multi-national. If he had called his book "Towards Inter-State Government" his theme would have been made clear beyond all confusion; but he would have been convicted of working for a contradiction, for there is no such thing as inter-State government. If a government cannot give orders and secure obedience to them, it is not a government: but the essence of a State is that it is sovereign and takes orders from no one above it. Inter-State government therefore involves a contradiction. What Mr. Hobson really desires is a World-Government, and I wish he had said so. Probably he did not do so because he thought the title sounded too chimerical. But in reality there is nothing inconceivable or intrinsically impossible in the establishment of a world-government. The real difficulty is to establish free world-government—to ensure universal peace without the universal sacrifice of liberty. If it is better organisation that civilised mankind desires they can have it in almost any age for the asking. The Romans were ready to give it them; so were the great Popes; so was Napoleon; so are the Germans. There is no technical objection that I can see to the practicability of schemes like Mr. Hobson's. They involve the

surrender of British, French, American, and other sovereignties into the hands of a body in which the nominees of Russian, German, Hungarian, and Turkish autocracy would have a proportionate voice. If the citizens of free States wish to surrender their heritage of freedom and to merge their allegiance with that of subjects accustomed to arbitrary rule, there is no more to be said. Peace and order and prosperity they may for a time receive in exchange. These may be goods more valuable than liberty. Many persons think they are, especially for other people. Our existing industrial order, for instance, is based upon the idea that efficiency is more important than liberty. But few Englishmen would hesitate to include liberty as an indispensable element in that "good life" which it is the sole object of politics to promote. Judged by that ultimate test and in the light of the political ideals and constitutions of the existing States of the world, Mr. Hobson's and all other similar schemes fall to the ground.

So far we have been engaged in cross-examining the word "international," and it has helped to bring out certain important distinctions. I now propose to put into the box a more combative witness, whom I think it will be useful to examine on our way to positive conclusions. I propose to take the third of the four points put forward as the programme of the Union of Democratic Control. It is not very different on the constructive side from suggestions by other writers who hold widely different views on the war. I select it because it crystallises a mass of current thought in a conveniently compact and definite form. The "plank" in question is as follows:—

"The foreign policy of Great Britain shall not be aimed at creating Alliances for the purpose of maintaining the 'Balance of Power'; but shall be directed to concerted action between the Powers and the setting up of an International Council whose deliberations and

decisions shall be public, with such machinery for securing international agreement as shall be the guarantee of an abiding peace."

This sentence contains a negative half and a positive half. I will not dwell on the negative half, as it is not relevant to our subject, except to say that it does not seem to be quite fair in its implied statement as to the object of British foreign policy in the past. I pass, therefore, to the second or constructive part of the programme, in which the Foreign Office, and the British democracy whose servant it is, is advised as to what it ought to do. The formula then runs as follows :—

"The foreign policy of Great Britain shall be directed to concerted action between the Powers and the setting up of an International Council whose deliberations and decisions shall be made public, with such machinery for securing international agreement as shall be the guarantee of an abiding peace."

There is nothing much to be said about the proposal for concerted action between the Powers. There is nothing new about it. The Great Powers of Europe have constantly throughout the last hundred years acted together in matters of common concern, especially in Near Eastern questions, and no State has a better record for loyalty and persistence in this direction than Great Britain. But the Concert has never created any organisation for itself beyond temporary conferences and congresses of ambassadors and plenipotentiaries, and it has never shown itself amenable to democratic control. The important part of the suggestion lies in the proposed International Council.

If this suggestion is intended to be practicable it presumably means an *inter-State* Council—that is to say, a council composed of nominees from all the States or all the leading States of the world. A real *International* Council in which Poles sat next to Russians and Armenians next to Turks can hardly have been intended.

Presumably also the council is to consist of persons nominated by their governments or according to arrangements made by each separate government, and not directly or on a uniform plan by the citizens of the States concerned. It will be a conference of governments with governments, or of superior persons with superior persons, like the British Imperial Conference which meets every four years. Again, there is nothing particularly novel in the suggestion. The two Hague Conferences have been gatherings of this nature, and their deliberations, like those of our Imperial Conference, have been made public. If our foreign policy is to be directed to getting together a deliberate body consisting of representatives from the leading States of the world, that aim can be quickly attained.

But the real crux of the formula lies in the word "decisions." In what sense is this council going to *decide* things? Are they going merely to make up their own minds and embody the results in a series of resolutions? Or are they going to legislate? In other words, are they going to be an assembly of envoys or an assembly of representatives, in other words a Parliament? If the former, I welcome the suggestion. The more discussion and interchange and sifting of views we can have between public men in different States the better. But I see in such a suggestion no "guarantee of an abiding peace." The reason why many well-meaning people grow enthusiastic over the idea of such a council is that they look to it as the machinery which will prevent conflicts between States. A body of this character may help to make war less likely; or, by revealing a deep gulf of principle between two sets of members, it may (like the second Hague Congress) make it more likely; but it cannot make war impossible. So far as machinery is concerned, it could only do so if it had an executive responsible to it and obliged to obey its orders; and if it had armed forces to carry out those

orders, backed up by a federal treasury and a federal system of taxation; if it could quench a smouldering war in Germany or the Balkans as the Home Secretary can quench a riot at Tonypandy. In other words, an International Council can only be effective as *an organ of government* if it is part of a World-Government acting according to a regular written constitution: and such a constitution could only be set going after it had been adopted by a convention representative of all peoples or governments concerned. Before the suggested council could have authority to *decide* things, in the sense in which the formula suggests, Frenchmen, Germans, Turks, Russians and citizens of other existing States must have declared their willingness to merge their statehood in a larger whole and to hand over their armed forces, or the greater part of them, to the new central government. This may be what the formula means. It may be intended to allow a government of Germans, Magyars, Russians, Turks or any other chance majority to use the British and French navies to carry out its purposes. If this is meant it should be said. If it is not meant it should be explained that the council proposed is not an organ of government but an organ of influence or advice, and it should be made quite clear, to forestall inevitable disillusionments, that, to quote Washington again, "Influence is not government." Such a body might be of very great service to mankind, both as a clearing-house of ideas and as a means for embodying agreed solutions in a practical shape. It might become at once a drafting body and an organ for giving expression to the growing unity of civilised public opinion. If it met regularly, and the world became accustomed to look to it for guidance, it might achieve more in both these directions than has been attained along this road hitherto. But it will not be a government. In matters of law and government there is no room for middle paths or soothing formulae. Two

States are either Sovereign or they are United or Federated : they cannot be half and half. A man must know of what State he is a citizen and to what authority his duty is due. We all have our duty to render to Cæsar : but we cannot serve two Cæsars at once. Not all the Parliamentary ingenuity in the world can overcome that dilemma, as Virginians found out to their cost when the inexorable question was put to them at the outbreak of the Civil War. To ask British electors to surrender their power of determining the policy of this country to a body over which they have no control is to plunge into a jungle of difficulties and incidentally to set back, perhaps for ever, the cause of free and responsible government for which the Western Powers are trustees.

The practical programme of the Union of Democratic Control and of other advocates of similar solutions thus turns out to be something of an illusion. What is practical of the suggested machinery is not new, though it is susceptible of fuller and more systematic use than in the past : and what is new is neither practical nor wholesome—or, at least, would not be regarded as such by most Englishmen if its real meaning were made clear. War cannot be abolished by inventing foolproof political machinery, for no political machinery can overcome ultimate irreconcilable differences of political principle. Political intercourse, like trade relations, may strengthen existing ties and deepen the attachment to common ideals, but it cannot create agreement where a common basis of agreement is not forthcoming. It is well for us to face the fact that there is no short cut to universal peace. War will only become obsolete after far-reaching changes have taken place in the mind and heart of the civilised peoples : and the first and perhaps most important step in that direction is that the civilised peoples should feel called upon to exercise a responsible control over their own governments and armed forces. It is useless to dream of making Europe a federated Commonwealth

till the separate units of the potential Federation are themselves Commonwealths. Interpreted as a call to the fuller exercise of responsible citizenship, every believer in free government will respond to the watchword of Democratic Control.

Let us say farewell then, once and for all, to this idea of an "International Council" as providing machinery which shall be an absolute guarantee against war. But before passing on it is worth while spending a parting shot on a phrase with which it is often associated, because it illustrates a typical confusion of thought—I mean the phrase—the United States of Europe. The constant use of this phrase shows how easily such confusions gain vogue. One can see how it originated. America is a continent. Europe is a continent. America has its United States. Why should not the States of Europe unite and so put an end to European wars? It is not an unnatural train of reasoning for a Western American who knows nothing of Europe or of the causes which tend to produce wars. It escapes his notice that he is using the word "State" in two different senses. State in the word United States means province. The separate States are provinces, or component members of a Federation. The word "State" was put into the American Constitution as a deliberate misnomer, in order to gratify the thirteen original Sovereign States when they abandoned their sovereignty in entering into the Federation. Similarly the Orange Free State retains its old name in the South African Union. The survival of the word cost the American Commonwealth dear, for the word enshrined, and rightly enshrined, a conception of citizenship and indefeasible loyalty: and it cost the Americans four years of war and a million lives before the confusion inherent in the word "United States" was cleared up and men knew for certain whether the American Commonwealth was one State or several. That is the price men pay for halting

confusedly between two opinions and trying to serve two Cæsars at once. They not only failed to avert war, but actually promoted it.

I pass now to deal with an objection which must have been in some people's minds when I drew the distinction between Statehood and Nationality. It is quite true, they will say, that Statehood and Nationality are in fact, in the present condition of the world, distinguishable and often distinct—that Finland is a nation but part of the Russian State, and so on—but this is an unsatisfactory condition of things which it should be our hope to abolish. States and nations ought, they will say, to be coterminous. All states, or at any rate most States, ought to be Nation-States: at the very least, all self-governing States ought to be Nation-States. And they will invoke the authority of John Stuart Mill, whose words on the subject in his book on "Representative Government," have passed almost unchallenged for two generations as the pure milk of Liberal doctrine. "It is," says Mill, "in general a necessary condition of free institutions that the boundaries of governments should coincide in the main with those of nationalities."

This theory that the Nation-State is the normal and proper area of government at which believers in free institutions should aim, is sometimes known as "the principle of Nationality": and many loose-thinking people believe that it is one of the causes for which we are fighting in the present war. My own view is exactly the contrary. I believe it is one of the most formidable and sinister forces on the side of our enemies and one of the chief obstacles to human progress at the present time.

Let us look into it more closely. What exactly does this belief in the coincidence of Nationality and Statehood mean? What is the principle underlying the theory of the National State, or of political nationalism, as it is sometimes called? The theory says that because the

Poles feel themselves to be a nation, there ought to be an independent Poland. In other words, the independent Polish kingdom will rest upon the fact that its citizens are Poles. The Polish kingdom will be a kingdom of Poles. Polishness would be its distinguishing mark: the criterion of its citizenship. Districts of the territory or sections of the population which were not Polish, or had ceased to be Polish, would therefore cease to be "national": and by ceasing to be national would lose their right to membership in the State. In other words, the State is not based on any universal principle, such as justice, or democracy, or collective consent, or on anything moral or universally human at all, but on something partial, arbitrary and accidental.

"By making the State and the nation commensurate with each other in theory, this principle reduces practically to a subject condition all other nationalities that may be within the State's boundary. It cannot admit them to an equality with the ruling nation which constitutes the State, because the State would then cease to be national, which would be a contradiction of the principle of its existence. According, therefore, to the degree of humanity and civilisation in that dominant body which claims all the rights of the community, the inferior races are exterminated, or reduced to servitude, or outlawed, or put in a condition of dependence."

These last three sentences are not my own. They were not written to point the moral of the exterminations promoted by Turkish nationalism in Armenia, or of the various degrees of servitude, oppression and propaganda enforced by German, Magyar, Russian and other dominant forms of political nationalism. They were written by Lord Acton fifty years ago, when the Nationalist doctrines which overshadow Eastern Europe and Western Asia to-day were a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. In his essay on "Nationality," published in 1862,[1] Acton remorselessly analysed its political claims and predicted,

[1] Republished in "The History of Freedom and other Essays," 1909.

with the insight of moral genius, the disastrous consequences of basing government on so arbitrary and insecure a foundation. "The theory of Nationality," he said, using the strongest language at his command, "is more absurd and more criminal than the theory of Socialism." Time softens the edge of strong language, but in this case without blunting the force of the prediction.

"Its course," he says, "will be marked with material as well as moral ruin, in order that a new invention may prevail over the works of God and the interests of mankind. There is no principle of change, no phase of political speculation conceivable, more comprehensive, more subversive, or more arbitrary than this. It is a confutation of democracy, because it sets limits to the exercise of the popular will, and substitutes for it a higher principle. . . . Thus, after surrendering the individual to the collective will, the revolutionary system (Acton has been speaking of the theory of Nationality as a phase of revolutionary doctrine) makes the collective will subject to the conditions which are independent of it, only to be controlled by an accident."

Lord Acton's words were not listened to, for more fashionable doctrines held the field. In England both Liberalism and Conservatism had their own special reasons for espousing the cause of political Nationalism. To the Liberals it seemed to spell liberty, and to the Conservatives it seemed to embody the force of instinct or tradition, as against doctrines which based government on more universal considerations of Reason and Humanity. But Acton, with his eye ranging over the whole course of human history, cared more for liberty than for any of the temporary formulae in which it was sought to dress her up. He foresaw that to base government on anything less than a quality common to all the governed, in virtue of their common humanity, was for the State to surrender its moral pretensions and its rôle as a factor in the moral progress of the world. Time has borne him out: and what was in its inception little more than a pardonable aberration, a natural result

of strong feeling combined with loose thinking, has become in more than one contemporary State the mainspring of a Realpolitik which avowedly bases policy upon considerations of national selfishness and seeks to propagate a dominant nationalism through the power of the government with which it is so unhappily associated.

Am I out of sympathy then, I shall be asked, with political nationalist movements? Do I look coldly on the record of Mazzini and Garibaldi, or regret the liberation of Italy? Far from it. But I wish to make perfectly clear—what was too easily obscured by the circumstances of the time—that the reason why the people of Sicily, Venetia, Tuscany, and the rest became incorporated with Piedmont in one Italian State was not because they were Italian in speech and culture, but because they deliberately desired thus to dispose of their destiny. Italian national sentiment might, and in fact did, contribute to promote that desire; but it was not the principle underlying the union of Italy. If it had been the movement would have extended to the Italian cantons of Switzerland, which have remained firm in their allegiance to that free and supra-national Commonwealth. The sentiment of Nationality may, and often does, as in the Trentino, contribute to what is called irredentism, but it is not a justifiable basis of the irredentists' claim to a change of government. One can see that at a glance by considering what would happen if the sentiment of Nationality *were* admitted as a sole and sufficient claim for a change of government. French Canada would have to pass to France, Wisconsin to Germany, and part of Minnesota to Norway, while the New York police would become the servants of the new Home Rule government in Ireland. I have taken progressively impossible instances in order to show how easily the theory which makes national feeling the criterion of Statehood can be reduced to an absurdity. But the fact that the theory is absurd does not prevent its being put into

practice, and instances as absurd as those last drawn from the New World can be drawn in actual fact from the Old. To what State ought Macedonia to belong? It depends, according to the political nationalist's theory, on the nationality of the people of Macedonia. Magicians are brought upon the scene, in the shape of ethnologists and historians, to determine the question of nationality, and the unfortunate people, instead of being asked what they do desire, are told what they ought to desire, and schools are founded to enforce the lesson. Some friends of mine stayed some years ago in a village which changed its nationality more than once in a season under the persuasion of the bayonets of rival bands of wandering propagandists. Nationality has in fact become a matter of propaganda, like religion, and the wars that it leads to partake of the aimless and blundering brutality of religious wars in which men try to save other men's souls by offering them the alternatives of conversion or the stake.

It is not the principle of nationality, as so many English people think, which will bring peace and good government to Macedonia and Eastern Europe generally, but the principle of toleration. It took Western Europe several generations after the Thirty Years' War to realise that religion, being subjective, was no satisfactory criterion of Statehood, and that a wise ruler must allow his subjects to go to heaven by their own road. It may take Eastern Europe as long to reach the same conclusion about Nationality. But in the long run the theory of a National State will go the way of Henry VIII.'s and Luther's theory of a National Church.

In reality, of course, English people when they invoke the principle of Nationality mean the principle of Democracy—the principle that a people, however constituted, whether homogeneous like the Italians, or closely related like the Southern Slavs, or not homogeneous at all, like the Belgians and the Swiss, has a

right to dispose of its own destiny according to its corporate will. If we mean Democracy, let us boldly say so. It is not indeed a magic formula. It is open to limitations obvious enough to the student of non-adult races. But it is no cause to be ashamed of.

Having thus cleared the ground, I will proceed to indicate my own view of Nationality and Statehood. I must be very brief; but, if I give little more than definitions, I hope my criticism of other views will have enabled the definitions to explain themselves.

It is clear that there is a fundamental difference between the two conceptions. Nationality, like religion, is subjective; Statehood is objective. Nationality is psychological; Statehood is political. Nationality is a condition of mind; Statehood is a condition in law. Nationality is a spiritual possession; Statehood is an enforceable obligation. Nationality is a way of feeling, thinking and living; Statehood is a condition inseparable from all civilised ways of living.

What is subjective cannot be defined in strict scientific terms: it can only be interpreted; and the interpretation will only have a meaning for those who can appreciate the peculiar quality of the object interpreted. It is impossible to define the quality of a Beethoven symphony so as to make it intelligible to non-musicians. Similarly it is impossible to define the quality which makes Shakespeare's work characteristically English, or to explain to a German ignorant of England what exactly it is which has evaporated in Schlegel's translation. Jews and Gentiles both rock equally with laughter at "Potash and Perlmutter"; but the Jews know that they are laughing at the real Jewish humour of the play, while the Gentiles are only laughing at the jokes. Internationalism, in its finest and truest sense, involves an insight into the inner spiritual life of many nationalities and a sensitive palate to many various forms of national quality. A man who has no understanding of Jewish

humour may have the highest liberal principles and the best and most enlightened intentions; but he will have an incomplete understanding of Jewish nationality.

How then shall we define Nationality? Nationality, I would suggest, is a form of corporate sentiment. I would define a nation as *a body of people united by a corporate sentiment of peculiar intensity, intimacy and dignity, related to a definite home-country.* Every nation has a home, though some nations, such as the Jews, the Irish, the Norwegians and the Poles, live for the greater part in exile. If the Jews ceased to feel a peculiar affection for Palestine or the Irish for Ireland they would both cease to be nations, as the gipsies have ceased to be a nation; and when an individual Jew ceases to feel affection for Palestine, or an individual Irishman ceases to feel affection for Ireland, he ceases to be a Jew or an Irishman.[1] Once an American citizen, a man is always an American citizen until either the State is destroyed or his status is altered by process of law; but Nationality, being subjective, is often mutable and intermittent. History is full of the deaths and resurrections of nations, and amid the commercialism and cosmopolitanism of to-day many diverse forms of national consciousness are struggling to maintain their hold on the minds and spirits of the scattered races of mankind. Only those who have seen at close quarters what a moral degra-

[1] It may be argued that such men still remained members of their race even though they no longer acknowledged their nationality. This is true. Race is an objective test, and no man can change his race any more than a leopard can change his spots. But this is not the same as to admit that there is such a thing as a Jewish or an Irish race. Race is an ethnological and anthropological term, and much confusion would be avoided if it were kept severely out of political discussions. The current scientific classification of race (homo Alpinus, homo Mediterraneus, etc.) has no bearing on questions of national or political consciousness, except to make it clear that political theories (like that of Houston Stewart Chamberlain) which base themselves on race differences are unscientific and worthless. The world is, of course, full of the descendants of "assimilated" Jews and Irishmen; but it is equally full of "assimilated" Assyrians, Hittites, Goths, Picts, Angles, and other forgotten nationalities. To lay stress on facts such as these is no more helpful than to recall that we are all children of Adam.

dation the loss of nationality involves, or sampled the drab cosmopolitanism of Levantine seaports or American industrial centres, can realise what a vast reservoir of spiritual power is lying ready, in the form of national feeling, to the hands of teachers and statesmen, if only they can learn to direct it to wise and liberal ends. To seek to ignore this force or to humiliate it or to stamp it out in the name of progress or western ideas is unwittingly to reproduce Prussian methods and to promote, not progress or enlightenment, but spiritual impoverishment and moral weakness. Driven from the throne and the altar, national sentiment is at last finding its proper resting-place in the mission school and the settlement and in the homes of the common people. In the world as it is to-day, as educated India is discovering, consciousness of nationality is essential to individual self-respect, as self-respect is essential to right living.

Nationality, in fact, rightly regarded, is not a political but an educational conception. It is a safeguard of self-respect against the insidious onslaughts of a materialistic cosmopolitanism. It is the sling in the hands of weak undeveloped peoples against the Goliath of material progress. The political Prussianism of a militarist government is far less dangerous to the spiritual welfare of its subjects in the long run than the ruthless and pervading pressure of commercial and cosmopolitan standards. What is imposed on them by overt tyranny men resist, and win self-respect by resisting; but the corruption that creeps in as an "improvement" men imitate and succumb to. The vice of nationalism is Jingoism, and there are always good Liberals amongst us ready to point a warning finger against its manifestations. The vice of internationalism is decadence and the complete eclipse of personality, ending in a type of character and social life which good Conservatives instinctively detest, but have seldom sufficient patience to describe. Fortunately we possess in Sir Mark Sykes

a political writer who has the gift of clothing his aversions in picturesque descriptive writing, and in his books on the Near East English readers can find some of the best examples (which might be paralleled from other continents, not least from America) of the spiritual degradation which befalls men who have pursued "Progress" and cosmopolitanism and lost contact with their own national spiritual heritage. Here is his account of one such mis-educated mind, encountered in Kurdistan :

"He said he was studying to be an ethnologist, psychologist, hypnotist and poet : he admired Renan, Kant, Herbert Spencer, Gladstone, Spurgeon, Nietzsche, and Shakespeare. It afterwards appeared that his library consisted of an advertisement of Eno's Fruit Salt, from which he quoted freely. He wept over what he called the 'punishment of our great nation,' and desired to be informed how, in existing circumstances, he could elevate himself to greatness and power."[1]

Those of us who have been teachers have known the *genus* "prig" in our time and have discovered how to handle him ; but it is not so easy to discover how to handle a whole society of prigs from which the health-giving winds of nationality and tradition have been withdrawn. No task is more urgent among the backward and weaker peoples than the wise fostering of nationality and the maintenance of national traditions and corporate life as a school of character and self-respect.

But to return to the definition. National sentiment is *intense ;* it makes a great deal of difference to a man whether or not he is a Scot or a Jew or a Pole. It is not a thing which he could deny or betray without a feeling of shame. It is *intimate :* it goes very deep down to the roots of a man's being : it is linked up with his past : it embodies the momentum of an ancient tradition. The older a nation is, and the more it has achieved and suffered, the more national it is. Nationality means more to a Jew and an Armenian (probably

[1] "The Caliph's Last Heritage," 1915, p. 429.

the two oldest surviving forms of national consciousness) than to a Canadian; and, to quote a famous phrase, "it means more to be a Canadian to-day" than it did before the second Battle of Ypres. Thirdly, it is *dignified*. The corporate sentiment of a nation is of a more dignified order than the corporate sentiment of a village. It is as hard to say at what stage of size or dignity nationality begins as to say how many grains are needed to form a heap. One could go through the islands of the world, from a coral-reef to Australia, and find it impossible to say at what point one reached an island large enough for the common sentiment of its inhabitants to be described as national. Broadly speaking, one can only say that if a people feels itself to be a nation, it is a nation.

Let us follow out what follows from this definition. If a group of people have a corporate sentiment, they will seek to embody it in a common or similar mode of life. They will have their own national institutions. Englishmen will make toast and play open-air games and smoke short pipes and speak English wherever they go. Similarly Greeks will speak Greek and eat olives (if they can get them) and make a living by their wits. There is nothing in all this to prevent Englishmen and Greeks from being good citizens under any government to whose territory they migrate. The difficulty only arises when governments are foolish or intolerant enough to prohibit toast or olives or football or national schools and societies, or to close the avenues of professional life and social progress to new classes of citizens. Arbitrary government, by repressing the spontaneous manifestations of nationality, lures it into political channels: for it is only through political activity that oppressed nationalities can gain the right to pursue their distinctive ways of life. Between free government and nationality there is no need, and indeed hardly a possibility, of conflict. This is clear from the fact that, whereas in reactionary States the social manifestations of nationality

invariably tend to become political, so that literary societies and gymnastic clubs are suspect to the police and constantly liable to dissolution, in Great Britain and America manifestations of nationality tend to become more and more non-political and social in character. Languages banned and prohibited in Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia as dangerous to the State are freely spoken in the United States; and, though there are more Poles in Chicago than in Warsaw, and more Norwegians in the North Western States than in Norway, nobody apprehends any danger therefrom to the unity and security of the American Commonwealth. The American Commonwealth may, and indeed must, change its distinctive character and quality with the lapse of time and the change in the composition of its population; it may even become multi-lingual. But its governmental institutions will remain untroubled, so long as it remains a free democracy, by political nationalist movements. America will have to wait long for its Kossuths and Garibaldis.

Much more could be said about Nationality; but it is time to pass to Statehood.

What is a State? A State can be defined, in legal language, as a territory or territories over which there is a government claiming unlimited authority. This definition says nothing about the vexed question of the relation between the State and the individual, and the rights of conscientious objectors. It only makes clear the indisputable fact that, whatever the response of individuals, the claim to exercise unlimited authority is inherent in Statehood. It is involved in State sovereignty. The State, as Aristotle said long ago, is a sovereign association, embracing and superseding, for the purposes of human life in society, all other associations. The justification of the State's claim to peculiar authority is that experience shows it is mankind's only safeguard against anarchy, and that anarchy involves the

eclipse of freedom. Haiti and Mexico to-day are the best commentaries on that well-thumbed text, of which priests and barons in earlier ages, like Quakers and plutocrats and syndicalists in our own, have needed, and still need to be reminded. Freedom and the good life cannot exist without government. They can only come into existence *through* government.

But Statehood in itself does not carry us beyond ancient Egypt and Assyria, or beyond Petrograd and Potsdam. Such States have subjects, and these subjects have obligations, both legal and moral : but they are not, strictly speaking, citizens. Citizenship is the obligation incumbent on members of Commonwealths or free States.

What is a free State ? Here again one can give no exact definition ; for freedom, like nationality, is not something tangible, like a ballot-box, but a state of mind in individual men and women. A free State is a State so governed as to promote freedom. What is freedom ? Perhaps the best brief definition of freedom is that lately given by that bold psychologist, our chairman, when he spoke of that "continuous possibility of initiative which we vaguely mean by 'freedom.'" [1] A man is not free unless he feels free, and in order to feel free he must feel that there is a full range of thought and at least some range of action left open for the determination of his own will. How strong that desire for personal freedom, that sense of the importance of the possibility of initiative, is among Englishmen we have lately seen by their marked preference for being "asked" to enlist as against being "ordered" to enlist. For Englishmen, in fact, and for all men who set store by human values, the sense of personal freedom is an important factor in promoting happiness or a sense of well-being. Freedom may be hard to define in set terms ; but the man who can be perfectly happy without it enjoys the passive

[1] Article by Mr. Graham Wallas in *The New Statesman*, September 25, 1915.

contentment of an animal rather than the positive well-being proper to a man. The neglect of this obvious truth in the working of our industrial government is the simplest and most potent element in the inarticulate labour unrest which has so much hampered British trade and industry of recent years. Harmony can only be restored by frankly basing our industrial life, as our political life is already based, on the principle of responsible self-government.

Freedom and self-government, as this illustration shows, are closely associated: but it is important to recognise that they are not identical. Haiti is more self-governing than its neighbour Jamaica or Nigeria, but Jamaica and Nigeria are the freer countries. If British rule and its accompanying expert knowledge were withdrawn from Nigeria and the country were in consequence ravaged by sleeping sickness, the individual Nigerian would obviously not thereby have increased his freedom of initiative or his personal well-being. At certain stages of knowledge and education free government and responsible self-government are incompatible; but it is the root principle of democracy that the right, or rather the moral duty, of self-government is an essential element in full personal freedom. No State can be described as free unless it is either self-governing or so organised as to promote self-government in the future.

If the exercise of self-government is a duty and a privilege without which man cannot grow to his full moral stature or enjoy the full sense of freedom and self-respect, it follows that the object to which it is directed is a moral object. Citizenship is more than a mere matter of political gymnastics, designed to train the moral faculties of the individual; it is civilised man's appointed means for the service of mankind. It is through the State, and by means of civic service, that man in the modern world can best do his duty to his neighbour. An ordinary old-fashioned State may be no more than a Sovereign Authority, but a free State or

Commonwealth is and must be invested with what may best be described as a moral personality. It could not claim the free service of its citizens unless it stood for moral ends. In so far as it ceases to stand for moral ends, its citizens cease to be moral agents, and, as we have seen in the case of Germany, this inevitable atrophy of moral action in its citizens means a corresponding decline in their moral freedom. Their sense of civic obligation comes into conflict with their sense of what is right and just, and the conflict ends in a degradation of personal self-respect and in the open acceptance of a two-fold standard of morality for States and for private individuals, resulting in the approbation of what is known as Realpolitik. If the unashamed Italian ministerial phrase, "Sacro egoismo nazionale" (sacred national egoism), which could be paralleled nearer home, really characterised the guiding motive of the Italian State, as it does that of some others, then the people of Italy would not only be less moral but also less free and self-respecting to-day than they were when they responded to the very different watchwords of Mazzini.

To maintain and to live up to this high conception of citizenship is no easy task. A great political tradition embodies the work of generations of effort and service. Those who lightly ask us to transcend it and become citizens of Europe or of a World-State have often not made clear to themselves what civic obligation involves, or how necessary it is that, before we ask Europe to accept us as citizens, we must have been faithful in small things, so as to bring her a gift of service worthy of her acceptance. Membership of a free State, such as the British Commonwealth, means more than mere obedience to its laws or a mere emotion of pride and patriotism, more even than an intelligent exercise of political duties: it involves a personal dedication to great tasks and great ideals: it links a man to great causes striven for in the past, and sets him a standard and a tradition to work for

in the future. The functions of government may conceivably be divided ; but dedication, like marriage, must of its nature be undivided. It can only be relinquished when it can be merged in all solemnity and in the fullness of time in a great free federation where the same causes and ideals can be brought to larger and happier fulfilment.

There is no time, at the end of this long paper, to work out a philosophy of government in detail, but this at least may be said to make clear my attitude to the inter-State problem which in my earlier remarks I have laid bare rather than attempted to solve. That problem is incapable of solution till men have come to regard States as moral personalities with duties as well as rights : till all the leading States, through the public opinion of their free citizens, have come to regard their duty to humanity as prior to the safe-guarding of their selfish purposes : and until there is a far closer agreement among the civilised peoples than seems possible to-day as to the principles which should underlie the ultimate organisation of the world on the basis of morality and justice. Government exists to promote the conditions of a good life : and the anarchy and wickedness of the present conflict are a revelation at once of the absence and of the need of a world-government which shall promote those conditions for all mankind. But until mankind are agreed as to those conditions, until they know what kind of a world they desire to live in, and have achieved freedom of action to give effect to their wishes, it is idle to look to statesmen to give us more than a temporary and precarious peace. Peace is not the birthright of the sons of men : it is the prize of right living. Let us first be clear in our minds and hearts as to what is the cause for which we stand, and where our service is due, and let us be faithful in performing it : then haply, at the latter end, when the reign of Justice and Liberty has been assured, Peace too may be added unto us.

TRUE AND FALSE NATIONALISM[1]

You have asked me to speak to you on True and False Nationalism—that is to say, on the sentiment of Nationality in its good and its evil manifestations—as the opening lecture in this week's course on International Relationships. I am very glad that you have arranged for the treatment of this subject: for the road to Internationalism lies through Nationalism; and no theory or ideal of Internationalism can be helpful in our thinking or effective in practice unless it is based on a right understanding of the place which national sentiment occupies and must always occupy in the life of mankind. If we believe, as we all of us here do, in the brotherhood of man: if we feel, more than ever at a time like this, that we are all children of one Father, and that men, women, and children, to whatever race they belong and whatever the colour of their faces, are loveable simply in virtue of their mere humanity, yet we must all also admit that "it takes all sorts to make a world." We must admit the uniqueness and individuality of every human soul, and the difficulty which most of us experience in getting behind the barriers of reserve and mutual misunderstanding which shut men and women up in little cages impenetrable to all but those who have the genius of friendship and sympathy. And we must admit, even more poignantly, the unique corporate individuality of social groups and distinctive nationalities, and the terrible difficulty of penetrating unaided through the wire entanglements behind which those whom we know and

[1] Address to the Inter-denominational Conference of Social Service Unions at Swanwick, June 28, 1915, the Bishop of Lichfield in the chair.

acknowledge to be our brothers sit in tragic and sometimes in sullen resignation. Many kind-hearted English people who talked lightly of international brotherhood a year ago have had their theories rudely challenged, not so much by the war as by the constant daily difficulty of trying to understand and to feel sympathetic towards their Belgian guests, whose modes of thought and corporate idiosyncrasies have seemed so hard to comprehend. Similarly many an enthusiastic young Englishman has gone out to India full of plans for bridging the age-long gulf between East and West and has given up the task disheartened and disillusioned. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you" sounds such a simple and easy text in theory. You only begin to realise how difficult it is when you discover your total ignorance as to how your alien brother wishes to be treated. It is no good treating him as *you* would like to be treated. It is no good, for instance, inviting a Belgian to a cricket-match or a high-caste Indian to a dinner-party. You have to penetrate below the surface manners and customs which divide the members of different nationalities and social groups from one another to the eternal things which unite, to the rock-bottom level of our common humanity. But to do that is not easy: it cannot be learnt in a day: it conflicts with our insular habit of mind. Only a genius can do it without knowledge. Most of us can only learn it through careful study of the nations or groups with whom we are dealing and a patient training of our sympathies and insight.

A right understanding of the meaning and value of Nationality is an indispensable preliminary then to any international programme. That being so, I felt that I could not refuse your invitation to speak on it, as it is a subject which has been much in my mind for some years past. Yet I was conscious in accepting it—and the feeling increased as the date crept nearer—of the great responsibility you have thrown on me by asking me to

occupy this opening morning. I want to try to discharge it by speaking to you, quite frankly, out of my own personal experience, which is necessarily different from that of any one else present, trusting to the discussion that follows to correct what you may feel to be my one-sidedness or perhaps my excessive detachment.

Most Englishmen have picked up their ideas about Nationality from the great Liberal and Nationalist thinkers of their generation, and from those who in our own day are applying the nineteenth-century ideas to the problems of Central and South-Eastern Europe. They look upon it, that is to say, as a *political* question, and as bound up with the assertion of a political ideal. We know the Irish Nationalists as a political party, and we are now familiar with similar political parties in the oppressed or, as the Italians call them, the unredeemed lands of Central and Eastern Europe, in Poland, in Bohemia, in Croatia, and in parts of the Balkans and nearer Asia. Our statesmen have told us that our policy is one of liberation for these races, and our prophets, in the newspapers and elsewhere, have already redrawn the map of Europe so as to group the States so far as possible into national units. English people as a whole have gladly subscribed to these ideas. They may not all be equally sanguine: they may differ in their views as to their practicability, and in their attitude towards Russia; but there is no difference of opinion as regards the doctrine of Nationality itself. The bitterest opponents of Sir Edward Grey see eye to eye with him on this point. The day is irrevocably past when Bernard Shaw could raise a laugh against the upholders of the Nationalist traditions of Liberalism by declaring: "A Liberal is a man who has three duties: a duty to Ireland, a duty to Finland, and a duty to Macedonia." The whirligig of time and of events has made us all Nationalists now—at any rate as regards the Continent; while even in the vexed question of Ireland many of those who were bitter

enemies of Irish Nationalism in the past are now heard arguing that Ireland really consists of two nations, not one, and that Ulster ought, therefore, to be under a separate government from the rest of Ireland. The slow-moving English mind has thoroughly grasped the fact that the desire of national groups to live their own life and manage their own affairs is—to say the least—deserving of respectful consideration: and the behaviour of the Germans in Belgium has driven this conclusion relentlessly home. We are not now likely to ignore the political claims of Nationality either in our thinking or in the European settlement. The mistakes we are likely to make lie rather in the opposite direction. The danger of our thought at the moment, as it seems to me, is not that we should ignore the political side of Nationality, but that we should exaggerate its importance and mistake a temporary expedient and necessary stage in political progress for a permanent political solution and a satisfactory political ideal.

The danger is a very real one, and I want to join issue on it at once. The current political theory about Nationality is, I think, fairly expressed in the following sentence of Mill's "Representative Government": "It is in general a necessary condition of free institutions that the boundaries of governments should coincide in the main with those of nationalities." Mill believes, in other words, that citizenship and nationality should be co-extensive: that we should look forward to a world neatly parcelled out into National States, each under its own independent Government, and that all States, or (as we sometimes call them) empires which include different races and nations are thereby rendered imperfect and ought ultimately to break up. I believe from the bottom of my heart that Mill's idea is fundamentally wrong—wrong in fact, and wrong as an ideal, and that all forward-looking men who desire better international relations and a better political organisation of the world

must set their hope, not in the Nation-State, which is only a stage, and in the West an outworn stage, in the political evolution of mankind, but in States which, like the great governing religious systems of the past, like mediaeval Christendom and Islam, find room for all sorts and conditions of communities and nations.

Having thus thrown down the gauntlet to Mill and the theory of the National State, let me briefly indicate my own personal position towards the problem, and how I came to hold it. I approach the problem, not as a statesman or a student of politics, but simply *as a teacher:* as one, that is, whose business it is to try and draw out the hidden good and the buried truth that is in every man's soul—to try and get on the right side of people, to appeal to their higher and deeper nature in such a way that they can understand the appeal and respond to it. That is to me what Education means—not pouring in, but drawing out; and it is as one interested in education, in this true sense of the word, that I would like to interest you in the question of Nationality.

Nationality to me is not a political question at all—not a question of Sovereign Governments, armies, frontiers and foreign policy. Or perhaps, I should say it is only *accidentally* a political question, owing to the operation of certain forces which are really anachronisms in the twentieth century. It is primarily and essentially a spiritual question, and, in particular, an educational question. It is a question for the parent, the teacher, the educational administrator, the missionary, the social worker, for all who are concerned with the life and ideals of the young and with the spiritual welfare of the community. Nationality to me is bound up with the question of corporate life, corporate growth, and corporate self-respect. I learnt to value Nationality, not from reading Mazzini's essays (though I read them enthusiastically as a boy) nor from sympathising with European Nationalist movements (though no one wishes them success more

fervently or loathes oppression more whole-heartedly than I do), but from realising, as I grew to manhood, that I was not an Englishman, and from my sense of the debt I owe to the heritage with which I am connected by blood and tradition. My own particular national connexions are of no concern. But to have discovered that I was not an Englishman in the deeper side of my nature and that yet my opinions on public affairs corresponded with those of my fellow-citizens, and that my working life would be spent in England—this carried me beyond the facile philosophy held by the ordinary Englishman, that citizenship and nationality are co-extensive terms. Later experience all tended to confirm this impression. In the Workers' Educational Association I learnt that the way to give a university education to workpeople is not to impose a standardised culture or knowledge upon them from above, but to seek to understand their distinctive corporate modes of life and thought, and so, by accepting and even welcoming their differences of experience and outlook, to penetrate through to the eternal things that unite. I learnt, as the nation has learnt in these last few weeks, that the way to enlist working-class devotion is by using the corporate modes of action and organisation which they have evolved as a social group to express their own needs and ideals. Later, I spent a year in the Near East; there I saw the other side of the picture. I saw the crude and narrow side of political Nationalism, a propaganda in which all the social and ethical values, religion, morality, citizenship, were used for the promotion of one single all-absorbing political end. I heard of Macedonian bishops whose chief function was to distribute rifles to guerilla bands, and talked to peasants whom, I am sure, not even our chairman himself could have persuaded that a Turk was a human being like themselves. But I saw also another process: the gradual sapping of Nationality and all the traditional customs and restraints associated with

it by the insidious influences of commercialism. I met Levantines who were proud to belong to no nationality, who took greasy American passports out of their pockets and boasted of the immunity from ordinary legal processes which they thereby enjoyed: and I began to wonder whether the fanatical peasant, for all his Old Testament ferocity, was not preferable to the Levantine lounger along the quayside with his purely economic standards. Then I left the Balkans and spent seven months in the United States, and there, thanks to Jane Addams and some other fine spirits who have had the courage and insight to grapple with the problems of immigration, my conversion to non-political Nationalism was completed. I watched the workings of that ruthless economic process sometimes described as "the miracle of assimilation." I watched the steam-roller of American industrialism—so much more terrible to me in its consequences than Prussian or Magyar tyranny—grinding out the spiritual life of the immigrant proletariat, turning honest, primitive peasants into the helpless and degraded tools of the Trust magnate and the Tammany boss: and I realised that only by a conscious attempt to keep alive their links with the past, by an educational movement on the lines and in the spirit of the Workers' Educational Association movement at home, could America be saved from the anarchy with which she is threatened. In other words, I have come to believe in Nationality, not as a political creed for oppressed peoples, but rather as an educational creed for the diverse national groups of which the industrialised and largely migratory democracies in our large modern States must be increasingly composed. I believe in Nationality because I believe that the alternative to Nationality in the modern world is not governmental oppression but spiritual atrophy. And I think spiritual atrophy is equally disastrous whether it comes about through the action of a repressive Government or through the disintegrating influences

which are variously described by such names as Progress, Civilisation, Culture, Assimilation, and even, I fear, sometimes in old-fashioned mission schools as Conversion.

Let me now try to apply this conception of Nationality to the facts of the world as we see it to-day.

The problem of Nationality confronts us to-day in two distinct forms. There is the problem in Central and South-Eastern Europe, which, owing to the war and the long chain of events which preceded it, is primarily a *political* problem ; and there is the spiritual and educational problem which I have just described—a problem which confronts us in all parts of the world, wherever economic activity or what is called Progress is breaking up old forms of life, whether it be in South Wales or in India, in Nigeria or the United States, among the Irish in Liverpool and Glasgow or among the Jews of the East End of London.

I do not mean to dwell at length on the political problem in Central and South-Eastern Europe. The facts are familiar to you. You know how the Polish nation was divided into three parts at the end of the eighteenth century, and how both the Prussian and the Russian Governments have done their best to stamp out the Polish language and the sentiment of Polish nationality, with the result that the Poles are to-day more alive and more self-conscious than ever. You know how the German Government has behaved towards the Alsatians and Lorrainers, and towards the Danes of Schleswig, crushing out their institutions, and trying to submerge their language and traditions beneath a flood of immigrants. You know, probably, the still more intolerable behaviour of the dominant Magyars in Hungary towards the Roumanians and the various Slav races who are subject to the Hungarian State : and you know how the Austrian half of the monarchy, heir of a wiser tradition of government, has been forced into line with the

Germans and the Hungarians, to the irreparable injury of Europe. It has been difficult for English people to realise that any modern government could be so wicked or so insane as to adopt the policy which has been pursued by the politicians of Berlin and Buda-Pesth and Petrograd for many years past—a policy involving the prohibition of rights, like the use of one's own language, which we hardly realise that we enjoy: we have grown so used to taking them for granted, like the air we breathe.

This policy of forcible assimilation of Germanisation, of Russification, of Magyarisation, of Turkification is insane. It is like trying by Act of Parliament to whiten the Ethiopian or to change the leopard's spots. It is insane: and it is doomed to failure. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church. The Poles, the Ruthenes, the Serbo-Croats and the rest are to-day more conscious of their nationality than ever. It is insane: but we must remember that it is actually going on: and that it has for years been bearing fruit—not the fruit which the German, the Magyar, the Turkish, and the Russian Governments desire, yet not the fruit which we in the West desire either.

What is the result which the attempt at the forcible suppression of Nationality has produced in Eastern Europe?

It has produced, among the suffering Nationalists, what I fear one can only describe as an abnormal and almost diseased frame of mind. Oppression and suppression have weighed so heavily upon them that they can think of nothing else, talk of nothing else, work for nothing else. There is a certain melancholy and tiresome monotony about the representatives of oppressed nationalities: their national wrongs and their national hopes are for ever on their lips. One feels as though they were reaching out after something which was indispensable to the completion of their manhood. Till

Poland is free, a Pole cannot enter into the full heritage of the modern world, cannot work in modern movements, or take his stand side by side with the members of happier nations. He must remain an outsider, a pariah, a wandering agitator working for that for want of which ordinary life has lost its sweetness for him. When I was in Crete, before its annexation to Greece, even the shepherds on the topmost slopes of Mount Ida were discussing the secrets of the European Chancelleries and the prospects of a European war, and seeing in every stray traveller a possible wirepuller on their behalf in that diplomatic world where, as political Nationalists so fondly believe, national destinies are made or marred.

But nations cannot achieve true freedom through diplomacy or even through war. They must win it for themselves in the region of the spirit. All that statesmen and soldiers can do is to remove from their shoulders the weight of an intolerable oppression and leave them free to work out their own destiny. That oppression, we hope, will be ended, for some at least of the oppressed nationalities of Europe, by the settlement at the close of this war. But we must not fall into the error of imagining that when we have broken up the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and set up a number of little National States instead the national problem will be solved. On the contrary, it will be more in evidence than ever. All that will have happened is that a great obstacle to the healthy working of national sentiment will have been removed. But the aftermath of oppression will still remain—the bitter memories and the inbred intolerance which are so often the fruit of persecution, and the habits of servility and wire-pulling, of intrigue and agitation which inevitably grow upon individuals or groups who have been living for long years amid the excitements of propaganda, instead of leading a normal healthy social existence. We must not expect too much from the liberated nationalities, or we shall be bitterly disillusioned. They have

been brought up in a bad school: and their English and French sympathisers will need to exert all their influence and use all their sympathy to exorcise the malign results of long years of oppression and agitation. The emancipated slave and the parvenu magnate do not always shine in positions of responsibility and command. History records the same of nations suddenly released from the prison-house. The evil that tyrants do lives after them, whereas, only too often, the good their persecution provoked, the heroism, the self-sacrifice, and the devotion, is "interred with their bones." It took Italy more than a generation to recover from the reaction which set in after the triumphs of Garibaldi.

So much for the peculiar national problem created by misgovernment and oppression in parts of Europe. It is, as I have tried to show, only by accident a political problem. It has become political because wicked and autocratic governments have interfered with the social and traditional life and offended the deepest instincts of the nations concerned. Misgovernment has in its turn provoked a reaction: and this reaction has transformed nationality into a revolutionary political force, which sets before itself the purely political ideal of Nationality, in the form of a national State. Unfortunately, owing to the tragic failure and blindness first of Turkish and then of Austro-Hungarian statesmanship, South-Eastern Europe seems destined to be for some time longer the home of a number of small independent national States, roughly co-extensive with nationalities. This may or may not be the least bad of the possible solutions at the present time. But do not let us imagine, like Mill, that these small national States are an advantage to the world as a whole, or that they are anything but a hindrance to the growth of that internationalism—that mutual tolerance, understanding and co-operation between nationalities—which we here have at heart. Sympathy with small nationalities has led many unthinking people to a

wholly unjustified admiration for small States, regardless of the fact that, for all practical purposes, they are as great an anachronism in the large-scale world of to-day as the stage-coach and the sailing-ship, and other relics of a vanished past. I cannot labour this point at length : nor is it really germane to our subject ; I can only refer you to the searching analysis of the political side of nationalist claims made by Lord Acton in his wonderfully prophetic essay on Nationality written in 1862, in the heyday of Mill and Mazzini.

"The greatest adversary of the rights of Nationality," says Acton, "is the modern theory of nationality. By making the State and the nation commensurate with each other in theory it reduces practically to a subject condition all other nationalities that may be within the boundary. It cannot admit them to an equality with the ruling nation which constitutes the State, because the State would then cease to be national, which would be a contradiction of the principle of its existence. According, therefore, to the degree of humanity and civilisation in that dominant body which claims all the rights of the community, the inferior races are exterminated or reduced to servitude, or outlawed, or put in a position of dependence."

I quote this passage, not only as a forecast of Prussian and Magyar, and I fear I must add Roumanian methods, but because it points to dangers from which we are not wholly free even in this country. There are many good people who believe, with Mr. Bottomley and Lord Northcliffe, that British citizenship is in some peculiar way the monopoly of Englishmen, and that naturalised British subjects, or persons of foreign extraction, are only, so to speak, admitted into the household on sufferance and ought to apologise for their existence.

What Acton says about small States is perhaps even more prophetic in view of the sufferings of Belgium and of the smaller neutrals—

"The progress of civilisation," he says, "deals hardly with small States. In order to maintain their integrity they must

attach themselves by confederations or family alliances to greater Powers and thus lose something of their independence. Their tendency is to isolate and shut off their inhabitants, to narrow the horizon of their view, and to dwarf in some degree the proportions of their ideas. Public opinion cannot maintain its liberty and purity in such small dimensions. In a small and homogeneous population there is hardly room for a natural classification of society or for those inner groups of interests that set bounds to sovereign power. The government and the subjects contend with borrowed weapons. The resources of the one and the aspirations of the other are derived from some external source, and the consequence is that the country becomes the instrument and the scene of contests in which it is not interested."

Belgium has indeed been tragically fated for centuries; but perhaps the worst calamity that has befallen her was the failure, through Dutch misgovernment, of the short-lived Confederation of the United Netherlands which broke down in 1839 and left her independent in name, but in fact dependent upon the good faith of her powerful neighbours. We shall none of us, I fear, live to see the sentiment of Belgian nationality delivered from the burden of hatred against Germany which the events of this war have fastened upon it.

But Europe, as the Americans rightly tell us, is in its political arrangements the most backward of the continents. Let us now turn from this stuffy little world with its medley of States and dynasties, its entrenched mediæval jealousies and antagonisms, its complicated State frontiers, bristling with fortresses and studded with custom-houses, its dog-in-the-manger economic arrangements by which three of its greatest rivers, the Rhine, the Danube and the Vistula, each run through three customs-areas that thwart the designs of nature, and its largest State is so placed as to be cut off from all free outlet for the products of its boundless plains. Let us turn from all this aftermath of the political inexperience, stupidity, and wickedness of past centuries to study the problem of nationality in those larger, wider, and, as I

think, more modern-minded States which are happily unfettered by the legacy of a bad past. In what follows I shall speak principally of the United States, because I have seen the conditions there; but perhaps the discussion will make clear how far the line of thought I put forward applies to the problems of India, of British and French Africa, and of the larger and more stable South American Republics.

In these transatlantic communities we confront a situation which is, as regards nationality, the exact opposite of that in Europe. In Europe Nationality is an instinct which has been stung into acute and morbid self-consciousness by political oppression. In the large-scale rapidly developing States of the outer world Nationality is an instinct which, if left to itself, would slowly die of inanition, smothered beneath the pressure of the material forces which are the dominating feature in modern transatlantic life. In Europe the worst enemy of Nationality is a bad idealism: in the Americas its worst enemy is materialism pure and simple. In Europe Nationalism, whether swollen with too much feeding, as in Germany, or suppressed and embittered by persecution, as in Poland, becomes hypertrophied, and is perverted into a disease: in the non-national States of the outer world it is in imminent danger of atrophy: there it is not Nationalism but Cosmopolitanism which is the disease. In one of the wisest and wittiest books of travel that I know, "Dar-ul-Islam," by Sir Mark Sykes, the author gives a diagnosis of this disease, in a description which any one who has travelled on the confines of civilisation or mixed with an immigrant population will understand and appreciate. He has invented a name of his own for it—Gosmabaleet—and here is his diagnosis.

"*Gosmabaleet:* This word is descriptive of that peculiar and horrible sickness which attacks a certain percentage of inhabitants of interesting and delightful lands. The outward symptoms in

the East are usually American spring-side boots and ugly European clothes. Internally it is productive of many evil vapours which issue from the lips in the form of catchwords such as 'the Rights of Man,' 'Leebarty,' 'Civilisations,' 'Baleetical Offences.' The origin of this disease is to be traced to an ill-assimilated education of American or European type; the final stage is that in which the victim, hating his teachers and ashamed of his parentage and nationality, is intensely miserable."

It is a disease with which we are all familiar, whether we have followed Sir Mark Sykes in his travels along the coast-towns of Syria and met the former students of Syrian mission schools, or whether we have only had to face the problems arising from the contact of class with class at home. It is the problem arising from the contact of races and nations and social groups at different levels of civilisation and social influence and with different standards of life and conduct. Here at home, where, thanks to the essential unity of English life, we have the disease only in its milder forms, we see it in the parvenu, in the snob, in the pushing promoted workman, in the ennobled shopkeeper and his wife, or, most tragic of all, sometimes in the scholarship boy from a working-class home painfully mounting the rungs of the educational ladder. These are the types in our English life of what the French call the man without roots, the *déraciné*. Matter for comedy as they often are, in the hands of a Thackeray or an Arnold Bennett, there is tragedy enough about them to remind us that no man is sufficient unto himself alone, that man is by nature a social being, and that he can only find his full development as a personality, and his truest happiness and most useful activity, in a society where he can be truly himself, his best self. What is wrong about the snob, or the cosmopolitan, or the degenerate type of native Christian is not his ideals but his personality. The snob may rightly admire the English aristocracy: the cosmopolitan may wholeheartedly re-echo the ideals which we in this gathering

hope to promote : the mission-house Christian may have sincerely adopted the creed of which he is so poor an advertisement. Their failure is due, not to wrong ideals, but to wrong methods of pursuing them : it is a failure of education. In reaching out after something which they feel to be higher they have *lost themselves ;* they have severed their links with their past : and with that past has gone a portion of their own soul and strength. They are like shorn Samsons, full of noble purposes, but devoid of the strength to carry them out. Feeling weak and helpless and foolish, cast suddenly into a new world, of which they know nothing in detail, they have no resource but to imitate those great ones whose ideals they share. So they become parasites, pale ghosts of their former selves, reflections, more or less successful, of those whom they have selected for their exemplars. As the scout-boys of Oxford and Cambridge dress up to imitate the young bloods and even bet on the same horses if they can discover their names, so does the ambitious young Boston Jew from a Russian ghetto ape the manners and customs of New England, or the nimble-witted Bengali student adopt the facile phrases and opinions of Macaulay and Mill.

But, after all, we admire men, and God perhaps judges men, not for their ideals but for their characters, not for what they profess, but for what they are. And if this process of unregulated contact and ill-assimilated education produces poor invertebrate and unamiable characters, if it takes the soul and spirit out of its victims and leaves them miserable specimens of civilisation, enervated exponents of enlightenment, in place of the young robust barbarians or heathens which they were before the Goddess of Progress laid her seductive hand upon them, the process of their education stands self-condemned. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What shall it profit him if he gain wealth or social estimation, or even

serve the altar of the true faith, if he lose the strength to keep his own soul alive?

What exactly is wrong about this education which, as Sir Mark Sykes says, causes the victim to hate his teachers, to feel ashamed of his parents, and to end by becoming intensely miserable himself? Can we lay our finger on the spot where the defect lies? I think we can. The defect is that it is an individual education and not a social education. It takes each man as an individual and flings him alone and unaided into a new environment. It fails to use, for the purpose of fitting him for his new life, that corporate spirit which, in some form or other, was his mainstay in the old. We all owe far more to society than we shall ever know till we are cast ashore on a desert island. The types that I am speaking of, the de-classed, de-localised, uprooted individuals who form a large and increasing proportion of modern communities, *are* cast ashore on a desert island. If you had been, as I have, to the examining station for immigrants on Ellis Island in New York Harbour, you would appreciate the full force of the metaphor. These poor souls pour out of the steerage of the great liner, and file past the officers singly or in small family groups, sad, bewildered, and hopelessly ignorant. America to them is an unknown land. It is an earthly Paradise, an El Dorado. It is a vision and an ideal. It is Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood. But it is only an abstract ideal. They have no knowledge and no power to weave it into the texture of their lives. And before they have time to look round or think over their new situation, they find themselves with luggage-labels pinned on to their breasts herded into a West-bound train, speeding towards an industrial centre as the raw material of labour for some remorseless business enterprise.

It is for this problem of the man without roots that Nationality provides a solution. Nationality is the one social force capable of maintaining, for these people, their

links with the past and keeping alive in them that spark of the higher life and that irreplaceable sentiment of self-respect without which all professions of fine ideals are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. It is the one force capable of doing so, because it is the one force whose appeal is instinctive and universal. As a teacher I know that if you really want to influence anybody you must find something in him to work on. It is no use telling people to be virtuous in the abstract. Curates who preach vague sermons which may be summed up in two words—Be Good—generally empty their churches. What people want is to be shown how to apply general principles to the facts of their daily life, and to feel that their adviser understands their particular needs and difficulties and desires. Now the only way to teach immigrants how to become good Americans, that is to say, how to be good in America, is by appealing to that in them which made them good in Croatia, or Bohemia, or Poland, or wherever they came from. And by far the best and the most useful leverage for this purpose is the appeal to Nationality: because Nationality is more than a creed or a doctrine or a code of conduct, it is an instinctive attachment; it recalls an atmosphere of precious memories, of vanished parents and friends, of old custom, of reverence, of home, and a sense of the brief span of human life as a link between immemorial generations, spreading backwards and forwards. "Men may change their clothes, their politics, their wives, their religions, their philosophies," says a Jewish-American writer, "they cannot change their grandfathers. Jews or Poles, or Anglo-Saxons, in order to cease being Jews or Poles or Anglo-Saxons, would have to cease to be.

"At his core no human being . . . is a mere mathematical unit like the economic man. Behind him in time and tremendously in him in quality are his ancestors; around him in space are his relations and kin, looking back to a remoter common ancestry. In all these he lives and moves and has his being.

They constitute, literally, his *natio*, and in Europe every inch of his non-human environment means the effects of their action upon it and breathes their spirit. The America he comes to, beside Europe, is nature virgin and inviolate: it does not guide him with ancestral blazings: externally he is cut off from the past. Not so internally: whatever else he changes, he cannot change his grandfather." [1]

The deep truth contained in these words may be unfamiliar to English people: for to them the whole problem is unfamiliar: there is no conflict of sentiment between citizenship and nationality. Their home, their country, their nation, their State are all alike English: if here and there the Roman or the ancient Briton has left his mark on what the writer just quoted calls the "non-human environment," in the form of a place-name or an ancient road or camp, they have been English so long and fit so naturally into the scheme of things that men have forgotten that they were alien in origin. But in America it is not so. The contrast between citizenship and nationality is glaring and constant. Every large city is well-nigh all Europe in miniature, with its streets and quarters set apart, by the mysterious process of social selection, for the different races and social groups: while in some of the most important States and districts some one nationality, the German, the Norwegian, the Italian, the Polish, or the Negro, is clearly predominant. It therefore seems strange that there should be Americans who still hold firmly to the old-fashioned view of what I can only call instantaneous conversion, of the desirability and possibility of the immigrant shedding his whole ancestral inheritance and flinging himself into the melting-pot of transatlantic life to emerge into a clean white American soul of the brand approved by the Pilgrim Fathers. Yet such is the idea still widely entertained: just as a very similar idea dominated our own educational policy in India

[1] From an essay on "Democracy *versus* the Melting Pot," by Horace Meyer Kallen, published in the New York *Nation* for February 18 and 25, 1915.

until recently. I believe that in both cases the mistake is due to pure ignorance of human nature—to want of sympathy and insight into the human side of the problem.

Women are generally wiser in dealing with a human problem than men : and I do not think that I should venture to dogmatise so confidently on this problem unless I could bring up Jane Addams in support. In her book on "Newer Ideals of Peace" she gives some telling instances of the practical difficulties of turning the immigrant into an American by the old-fashioned methods. She describes how on the night of one Thanksgiving Day she

"spent some time and zeal in a description of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the motives which had driven them over the sea, while the experiences of the Plymouth colony were illustrated by stereopticon slides and little dramatic scenes. The audience of Greeks," she writes, "listened respectfully, although I was uneasily conscious of the somewhat feeble attempt to boast of Anglo-Saxon achievement in hardihood and privation to men whose powers of admiration were absorbed in their Greek background of philosophy and beauty. At any rate after the lecture was over, one of the Greeks said to me, quite simply : 'I wish I could describe my ancestors to you ; they were very different from yours.' His further remarks were translated by a little Irish boy of eleven, who speaks modern Greek with facility and turns many an honest penny by translating, into the somewhat pert statement : 'He says if *that* is what your ancestors are like, that his could beat them out.'"

Miss Addams gives one or two other similar instances, and then adds in the spirit of the true educator :

"All the members of the community are equally stupid in throwing away the immigrant revelation of social customs and inherited energy. We continually allow this valuable human experience to go to waste, although we have reached the stage of humanitarianism when no infant may be wantonly allowed to die, no man be permitted to freeze or starve, if the State can prevent it. We may truthfully boast that the primitive wasteful

struggle of physical existence is practically over, but no such statement can be made in regard to spiritual life. . . . In this country it seems to be only the politician at the bottom, the man nearest the people, who understands that there is a growing disinterestedness taking hold of men's hopes and imaginations in every direction. He often plays upon it and betrays it: but he at least knows it is there."

What an irony it is that the kindest people so often will not see what is under their noses, and that it is left for the baser journalist and the political self-seeker to discover the broken reed and the smoking flax and to use them for his own selfish purposes!

But, you will say, I am speaking to you of a specific American problem which has no reference to us here as British citizens or workers in religious movements. I believe that the American problem is very relevant indeed to our own British problems; and for that reason I would like to dwell for a few moments on the application of this conception of Nationality to the thorniest of all the many thorny problems of American life—the problem created by the presence amid the American citizen body of some twelve million negroes and descendants of slaves. If Nationality can help America there, it can help us British citizens also in the many difficult tasks that lie before us in dealing with native races in our Empire.

Here again I will not venture to dogmatise on my own authority. I will only read to you a passage from the wisest and most philosophic book that has yet been written on this problem, and indeed on the whole problem—so important to all of us as British citizens—of the relation between the black and white races. The writer is a clergyman who has spent his life in Alabama, in the very heart of the problem. He has arrived, out of his own experience, at the same philosophy of Nationality, of the value of corporate life and corporate self-respect, which I have been trying to set before you.[1]

[1] "The Basis of Ascendancy," by Edgar Gardner Murphy (Longmans, 1909), pp. 78, 79, 80.

"The deepest thing about any man—next to his humanity itself—is his race. The negro is no exception. The force and distinction of his racial heritage, even where there is much admixture of alien blood, is peculiarly, conspicuously strong. This persisting and pervasive individuality of race is the ground and basis of his essential culture—by which I mean not the formal product of a literature, a religion or a science, but that more intimate possession which a race draws into its veins and blends within the very stuff and genius of its being from the age-long school of its forests, its rivers, its hungers, its battles with beast and fever and storm and desert, that subconscious, ineradicable life which stirs beneath its deliberate will and is articulate through all the syllables of its every stated purpose. In the deeper sense, no negro can escape, or ought to desire to escape, the Africa of his past.

"In the cosmopolitan sense he has drawn much from us—and will draw still more as the years go by; just as he will also draw, through an enlarging mind from every rich or liberalising force, whether English or German or French or Japanese. It is altogether likely that he will learn in every school, and in every school gain something from and for humanity. But also in the interest of humanity, as well as in his own interest, the basis of his more fundamental culture will be naturally his own. It will take its more intimate force and quality from the depths in him which are deeper than the depths of his life here, which reach back to the store of those fathomless years in comparison with which the period of his existence on this soil is but a single hour. It is a culture which may offer him as yet no established heritage, no accomplished treasury of letters or art or science or commerce—as these are known within the Western world—but like the vast fecundities of the mysterious continent from which he comes, it holds within itself strange, unmeasured possibilities of character and achievement. No one can believe, whether he be Theist or Fatalist or Materialist, that a racial type so old, so persistent, so numerous in its representation, so fundamentally distinctive and yet with so varied a territorial basis, is likely to pass out of human history without a far larger contribution than it has thus far made to the store of our common life and happiness.

"What other human families can do; what, in their social ends, they will do, we largely know. What the negro race, as a race, can do or will do, our own race does not know. Viewing the social achievement of human groups not as a commercial or mechanical condition of affinity, but as a symbol of social self-

revelation, our race does not and cannot know what that race is. Its unforgetful mystery is itself. The white man fears and shrinks—and sometimes strikes—not primarily because he hates, but because he does not understand. The thing in the ignorant negro from which he withdraws is not the ignorance, but the negro. The subtle tendencies of social approximation, of amalgamation, of intermarriage, overcome last of all the obstacles of mystery—the barriers of the unintelligible. If there be ignorance, it can be informed; if there be poverty, it can be enriched; if there be merely a strange tongue or a new wisdom, these can be put to school, or we can be put to school to them; but if the deeper genius of all relationship—the self-revealing self—be absent, we have not the clues of understanding: that which life seeks through all its seeking is shrouded and hid away. We do not blame Africa for not having created a common art, a collective culture, an efficient state. We have instinctively demanded them not because they are indispensable in themselves, but because they are the media of self-revelation. The ultimate basis of intimate social affiliation is not individual (as is so frequently asserted) but social. It is not the inadequacy of exploration which has left Africa in its isolation, so much as the confusions, the ambiguity, the inadequacy of its self-expression. Africa itself, in any of the intelligible terms of social experience or institutional achievement, has never spoken. The race is undiscovered, and its soul unfound. No language, therefore, of other races, no acceptance—however brilliant or faithful or effective—of the formulas and the institutions of other human groups, will quite avail. For that which race would ask of race—as it contemplates the issues of racial and domestic fusion—is not the culture of another, even though that other be itself; but a culture of its own, its own as the instrument of its self-revealing. Especially is this true when the stronger race is one which, like our own, conceives its very destiny in the terms of social and institutional development."

Here, far better than I could state it, is an educational programme for our imperial administrators, our Colonial bishops and missionaries, and for all those who, in their social relations, are brought into contact with the problem.

I would leave the question here: only I feel that there is one natural objection which I must answer. Am

I not straining the meaning of the word Nationality? Am I not taking just any or every social group or large corporate body and calling it a nation? When does a social group or a community become a nation? The objection is a real one, and I admit the difficulty of framing a clean-cut definition. No one can say why it is that Wales is a nation and Yorkshire, which is more populous and about as large, is not, although it has plenty of corporate feeling. It is difficult to say whether one should describe the Manxman or the Maltese as belonging to a nationality or to a sub-nationality. Every definition involves such border-line cases. But, in general, I think the distinction between nationality and other forms of grouping is quite clear. Nationality implies two things: it implies a particular kind of corporate self-consciousness, peculiarly intimate, yet invested at the same time with a peculiar dignity, a corporate consciousness in which the element of common race is perhaps the most important factor: and it implies, secondly, a country, an actual strip of land associated with the nationality, a territorial centre where the flame of nationality is kept alight at the hearth-fire of home. "When I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." So long as there is a real Ireland for the Irish-American whither he can return and feel himself once more among his kind, a real Poland for the Pole exiled in the mean streets of Chicago, a real Palestine, open and accessible to Jewish colonists as a home for the scattered denizens of Jewry, so long will the Irishman, the Pole, and the Jew, even when no longer persecuted, be able to retain their hold on their own past and resist the dangers of complete assimilation. It is for that reason—not because I want to get rid of the Jews from the West, but because I want to deepen and dignify their corporate life—that I am interested in the question of Zionism and in the project now being discussed for making Palestine a real homeland for the Jews.

I have talked long enough, and I have come to the end of my subject—Nationalism. I have tried to make clear to you my view that the road to Internationalism lies through Nationalism, not through levelling men down to a grey indistinctive Cosmopolitanism but by appealing to the best elements in the corporate inheritance of each nation. A good world means a world of good men and women. A good international world means a world of nations living at their best. The tragedy of international intercourse to-day is that the contact between nations too often takes place on the lower levels and from material motives. There is too little interchange of the highest ; partly because each nation has not yet enough of its best to give. The British Commonwealth and the United States will be happier places when all the latent promise and budding cultures of their component nations have blossomed out into self-expression and the brotherhood which is often so difficult a duty to-day becomes a fascinating voyage of discovery through new areas of originality and achievement.

But I should not like to close without reminding you that there is a whole political side to this subject which I have ignored. If I distinguish between Nationality and Citizenship, it is not because I decry citizenship or undervalue the task which lies before States and their governments to create and maintain the conditions without which no free social or national life is possible. If there are intimate social forces, like Nationality, which we tend to ignore or to undervalue, there are also great common interests, interests which affect all humanity alike, which it is our duty as citizens, to whatever nationality we belong, to promote and to defend. It is not because I decry political life or the democratic doctrine of the individual's civic responsibility to his State that I am interested in Nationality. It is because I think good Nationalists will be better men and better citizens. The question of the relation of the citizen to the State, and

of the growth, outside the framework of the State, of forms of Inter-State organisation, will be discussed by later speakers. All that I have tried to do is to show you that, whatever the form of political or religious organisation at which you are aiming, whether you set your hope for the future of mankind in Churches or in States, or in Leagues of Peace or Concerts of the Powers, the way to better things lies through a social education for the individual, through the patient and resolute attempt to draw out all those instinctive and subconscious powers, which we may ignore, but can never abolish, powers which we too often leave untended for the Devil to use as he likes, and to employ them to enrich, to diversify, to deepen and to spiritualise the common heritage of humanity.

THE PASSING OF NATIONALITY

A lecture delivered at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, on November 23, 1917, on the invitation of Mr. Sidney Webb, in the absence, through illness, of Mr. Graham Wallas, for whom the lecturer had previously been invited to act as chairman. The title of the lecture had been chosen by Mr. Wallas.

I MUST begin by saying how deeply sorry I am at the absence of Mr. Graham Wallas and at the cause which keeps him away. I first sat at the feet of Mr. Wallas at the age of eleven, when he taught me Greek grammar and Thucydides at a private school, and I have been learning steadily from him ever since. I venture to say that when, in after generations, the inner history of this age comes to be written, the name of Graham Wallas will stand out as that of one of the most profound, original, and influential thinkers of our time. Historians will always link it with the name of Sidney and Beatrice Webb; not because Wallas, like the Webbs, was among the early Fabians, but because together they have helped to revolutionise political thought in this country by patiently and fearlessly applying to the problems of politics and society the spirit and methods of the student of natural science.

I hope it will not be thought impertinent in me, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, if I pursue this reflection further, and draw attention to an essential difference between Wallas' work and that of the Webbs. I do so because it is relevant to our subject this evening. I remember Mr. Wallas once saying to me, "The difference between the Webbs and me is that they are interested

in Town Councils, while I am interested in Town Councillors." Compare the titles and contents of their respective books and you will see what is meant. The Webbs have written on Trade Unionism and industrial democracy, on the Poor Law, on Central and Local Government; Wallas has written on Human Nature in Politics and on the Great Society, that is, on man's place in the great impersonal world of to-day. The Webbs are interested in administration; and Mr. Webb is Professor of Public Administration in the University of London. Mr. Wallas is interested in human nature. I can never remember what he is supposed to be Professor of, but if it is not Social Psychology it ought to be.

Both methods of study are useful and necessary; indeed, they naturally supplement one another. But, standing in Mr. Wallas' place, I intend to deal with the subject assigned to me according to his method of treatment. In other words, I shall not attempt to give any account of the outward and visible forms of nationality as manifested in institutions or otherwise, but to deal rather with its inward spirit. My subject, then, is "the sentiment of nationality," or, to put it in more concrete language, "the Nationalist."

I am the more anxious thus to follow Mr. Wallas' method, because unfortunately I disagree with what he was going to say to you, as expressed in his syllabus. Most of all do I disagree with his title. Shall I speak to you on "the Passing of Nationality" on the eve of the redemption of Jerusalem? The sentiment of Nationality, indeed, is not "passing"; it is awakening. It is stronger at this moment than it has ever been. It is one of the strongest forces in our modern life. Few other forms of corporate feeling have a firmer or deeper hold on men's minds. Socialism has not; nor has internationalism: I doubt even if it can be claimed for religion.

There has indeed, as regards nationality, been a remarkable turn of the tide. Five or six generations ago,

towards the end of the eighteenth century, the cause of nationality was discredited. Nationalism was regarded by philosophers as a mere passing foible. Cosmopolitanism was the fashionable creed. One need only recall the serenely indifferent attitude of Goethe towards the young national movements of his time. To-day the whole atmosphere is changed. Everywhere, from Ireland to India and China, from Finland and Poland to South Africa and Australia, the spirit of nationality is abroad. Its power is perhaps best exemplified by the revival of old forms of national speech. Irish, Albanian, Slovak, Bulgar, and many others have been rescued from rusticity and have assumed literary shape within living memory. It is interesting to recollect that when Kinglake rode through the Balkans in the fifties he still thought of them as Greek lands.

To what is this revival due? We shall find no answer to this question by studying the political programmes of nationalism, by looking for the sources of its strength in constitutions and Parliaments and party agitations. If we would understand the hold of nationalism over men's minds we must look beyond these to something deeper. Perhaps the best way of making clear what I mean by this is by examining an analogous and more familiar case, that of religion.

No one who wanted to know what religion was, and why it is so deep and abiding an influence in modern life, would sit down to study the Thirty-nine Articles, or the proceedings of the Free Church Council, or the list of sects in a work of reference. However little we may know about religion, we all know that it is something different from churchmanship, that membership of a Church does not *ipso facto* make a man or woman religious. Serious writers on religion to-day, whatever their own views, whether devout Roman Catholics like Baron von Hügel or detached philosophers like William James, do not concern themselves with Church organisation.

Their subject of study is the human soul and its religious needs and aspirations.

But go back three centuries, to the time of the religious wars. You will find that people then were very "religious," as intensely so as they are nationalist to-day, yet somehow they could not see that religion, which meant so much to them, was something deeper in its nature and appeal than the ecclesiastical organisation in which it was enshrined. The issue at stake in the struggle of that time seemed to them simply to be which religious body was to be in the ascendant in any given area—whether their country would be coloured Protestant or Catholic on the map. Thus it came about that at the end of the religious wars at the Peace of Westphalia there was drawn up, what we hear so much about to-day, *a new map of Europe.* It was delimited on the principle of *cujus regio ejus religio.* Sects were sorted out according to the religious opinions of the ruling prince. In the reformed communities Protestant State Churches replaced the old Catholic supremacy.

Now did this "settle" the religious question? Did it, in other words, satisfy the needs and aspirations of the human soul which constitute religion? Of course it did not. In many countries, of which Prussia is the most striking example, the institution of a State religion has proved a death-blow to religious faith. Religion fell into a decline and died of inanition. The real settlement of the problem which led to the religious wars came a century later with the spread of the idea of Toleration. Lessing's story of the three rings in his "Nathan des Weise," and the spirit it promulgated, did more for religion than all the State Establishments in Europe.

Why? Because the tale of the rings (I cannot stop to tell it to those who do not know it) taught men to see religion as something spiritual, something to be expressed in men's lives rather than in institutions, and

so set the religious spirit free to run its own course in its own sphere.

Exactly the same is true of nationality. The first step towards the settlement of the problem behind the nationality wars of the present day, towards the true understanding of nationality, is to realise that it is something deeper than political organisation, something which should command not only our toleration but our respect. Just as the basis of religious unity in the world must be a spirit of toleration tinged with reverence (the man who knowingly keeps his boots on in a mosque, or takes off his hat in a synagogue, is not worthy to belong to any religious body), so the basis of internationalism must be toleration tinged, if not with reverence, at least with heartfelt respect. The man whose heart is not uplifted on such a spot as the hill of Tara or the plain of Kossovo or the Rütli meadow, by the lake of the Four Cantons, is dead to some of the best of human feelings. Such places are the shrines of nationality. Whether consecrated or not in the conventional sense, they are sacred ground.

Tolerance, then, is the first milestone on the road towards internationalism. Historians will probably say that England is the country of all others in the modern world where this tolerant respect for other people and nations was earliest and most fully developed. There is a traditional decency in the race which causes an Englishman to respect the feelings and practices of others, even when (as is often the case) he does not in the least understand them. Yet it is humiliating to reflect how recent, even in this country, the growth of this feeling has been. We took the first step along the road towards internationalism when in 1756, at a time when we were still cheerfully persecuting Roman Catholics in Ireland, we pledged ourselves to respect the French language and customs and the Catholic faith of the people of Canada. Yet three generations later even Lord Durham, the far-sighted

statesman to whom the development of the great experiment of Dominion self-government is due, failed to grasp the significance of the policy to which we had unconsciously committed ourselves in 1756. Lord Durham, like so many people to-day, was a political nationalist. He wanted to see a united self-governing Canada; and in order to secure Canadian unity he was prepared to let French-Canadian nationality be abolished, if not by a stroke of the pen, at any rate by the slow operation of political and social forces.

Lord Durham's attitude on this point was always a puzzle to me till I received a letter the other day from Western Louisiana, from a friend who is himself of French extraction, and lives close to the district where the Acadians (the French-Canadian refugees from Nova Scotia) settled after the events narrated in Longfellow's "Evangeline." He had been paying a flying visit to Canada in his summer holiday, and this is his naïve comment on the situation in Quebec. "I was much interested in the problem of the French Canadian; possibly I was affected by my own French blood and the fact of my being a Catholic, but it is clear to me that the matter must have been muddled at some stage, for here we have no trouble at all. *We took their language away without a ripple:* it is no longer required (even in New Orleans, where it survived many years after being abolished outside the city) to publish sheriff's sales in French."

That is the short and simple way, the Prussian way, the "melting-pot" way of dealing with Nationality. When the victim acquiesces it does indeed "settle" the question. "Stone dead hath no fellow," as Cromwell said of the execution of King Charles. But the victim does not always acquiesce. So far from submitting to this euthanasia, nationality is apt to become intensified under persecution, and, like religion, to take on morbid and unhealthy forms. Hence arise the political

nationalist movements which have made so much noise in the world.

The trouble about such movements—just as in the parallel case of political and religious movements—is that those who flock to their banner have no clear aim before their eyes. The political nationalist feels himself driven by an overpowering impulse, which he knows is genuine and springs from the depths of his nature, but he does not know whither it is leading him. It may, indeed, be said of him, as has been said of a kindred agitation, that "he does not know what he wants, and won't be happy till he gets it."

Meanwhile, the rest of the world, or at least those of us who are sympathetic to the cause of the oppressed, are equally bewildered. We all want to do our duty by him. But what *is* our duty? What is the right remedy for the wrongs which the Pole, the Ukrainian, the Slovak, the Sinn Feiner, the Herzogite, and the rest of the political nationalists proclaim?

The right remedy, I shall be told, is quite simple. It is to give them what they say they want. They claim to know exactly what they want. They want to set up independent republics. They want to turn Russia, the United Kingdom, South Africa, and the rest into a number of national states. They want to reproduce the mosaic of the religious map of the seventeenth century, only it will be a map coloured according to nationality, not according to religious allegiance.

This was the view of "national aspirations" on which most of us were brought up. You will find it in John Stuart Mill; and it still dominates the thinking of most of our political writers and public men. Thus, to quote but one example, Professor Ramsay Muir, who is a fairly faithful exponent of contemporary British political thought, speaking of the settlement which is to follow the present war, remarks: "If the whole of Europe could once be completely and satisfactorily divided on

national lines there might be a good hope of cessation of strife." [1]

Now it does not need many words to demonstrate that this mid-Victorian programme is both impossible to carry out and would be undesirable, even if it were possible.

First, it is impossible. How many nationalities are there in Europe? Professor Masaryk, a distinguished authority, in his pamphlet on "Small Nations in the European Crisis," reckons them at sixty-eight. How many states are there? Twenty-eight, of which only seven are homogeneous—that is, contain no substantial admixture of populations of other nationality. Thus it will be seen what a gigantic piece of tidying up Professor Muir's programme would require.

But his programme is not even ideally desirable; for it would not achieve its object; it would not satisfy the nationalist aspirations to which it is intended to minister. We can realise this best by considering the history of the last fifty years. Have the "national states," Professor Muir's "satisfied" states, been in fact elements making for international tranquillity? Compare the record of the typical national states, Germany, Italy, France under Napoleon III., the Balkan States, with that of the two great international states, the British and American Commonwealths. Comment is superfluous. Political nationalism does not make for tranquillity. It is too self-centred. It has too little sense of the community of nations. Whether in a family or in a larger community *sacro egoismo* is a watchword which is bound to lead to disturbance. Need I translate the Italian words into English? Or into Irish?

What, then, is the solution of the national problem? Before venturing to prescribe a remedy, let us diagnose the case more carefully. Let us examine the sentiment of nationality in the spirit of Graham Wallas or of William

[1] "Nationalism and Internationalism," p. 56.

James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience." Let me give you some "varieties of nationalist experience." First, let us take a case of what I may call morbid or exaggerated nationalist feeling. The most extreme instance I can recall is in a tale I once heard of a mythical Balkan potentate to whom the Almighty appeared in a dream and offered to bestow upon his people any gift which the Prince cared to name. One condition only was attached to the offer—that a double portion of the same boon would be bestowed upon the neighbouring nation. The Prince asked for a day to reflect. On the following night he was ready with his answer. "O God," he replied, "strike all my people blind of one eye"!

Such is nationalism *in excelsis*—a raging, tearing hatred of the alien, which would be laughable for its childishness did we not still see it manifested in the world around us. Turn now to the other end of the scale—to nationalism undeveloped and dying of inanition. I remember a conversation I once had in the market place at Argos—Agamemnon's Argos—with a Greek emigrant who was home on a holiday from the United States. He was a greengrocer by trade, like so many of his compatriots. In the course of the conversation I ventured to ask him, since he had told me he was a bachelor, whether he thought of marrying in the old country. "Not on your life," was his reply. "I mean to marry an American girl. Think of the custom I shall get from my wife's relations." Here is the working of the melting-pot. The nationalist is swallowed up in "the economic man."

If I were writing a treatise I could give you a score more instances intermediate between the two extremes. But I must not weary you. I hurry on, therefore, to ask: what is that of which the Balkan Prince had too much and the Argive greengrocer too little? For that, if we can define it, is the object of our search.

Let me give you a definition to pick to pieces at your leisure. Nationality is *a form of corporate consciousness of peculiar intensity, intimacy and dignity, related to a definite home-country.* A nation is a body of people united by such a common consciousness.

If this is nationality, how can it be "satisfied"? What conditions are needed for the harmonious expression of this corporate consciousness? Two positive conditions, and two only, I believe, are needed.

The first condition is what I would call, in the largest sense of the words, *freedom of worship.* By this I mean freedom to do the things which your corporate freedom leads you to desire to do, whether it is to talk dialect, or to wear a kilt, or to keep Saturday instead of Sunday or to educate your children in a traditional way. The states of the modern world, if they are to live up to their professions as guardians of freedom, ought to allow the largest possible freedom of conduct and worship to their citizens in these and similar directions. National idiosyncrasies are, of course, troublesome things to the administrative mind. The Prussian way is an easy way. It is inconvenient to have two official languages, as in Belgium and South Africa, or even three, as in Switzerland; but such inconvenience is the price of toleration. It is a price the world must pay, and pay gladly and with understanding, for the richness and variety of a real international civilisation.

The second condition is a national home. A nation, like an individual, cannot lead a normal and happy life unless it has a home of its own, unless there is some place where there is an intimate national atmosphere, where the fire, which is its soul, is kept burning at a central shrine. The modern world is a world of superstates, of constant movement and migration. It is as impossible for all true Irishmen to live in Ireland as it is for all good Etonians to spend their lives at Eton. But so long as the members in exile know that the tradition

is being maintained, that somewhere Irish life is being lived under true Irish conditions, and that they can always refresh their spirit at the fountain-head, the soul of the true nationalist is satisfied.

Such is my interpretation of the sentiment of nationality. Let me now turn to face two objections which may spring to your minds from two opposite quarters.

The political nationalist will complain that I have made nationality a poor and colourless thing ; that I have stripped it of its flags and its fighting banners, of all its romance, so that he can hardly recognise the object of his devotion. I tell him, in reply, that the two nations who do understand nationalism in the purely non-political sense in which I have tried to set it forth are the two most romantic and least colourless nations in the world——the English and the Jews. You never hear speak of English Nationalism ; and England, as we all know, is not a self-governing country (how many Englishmen are there in the present War Cabinet of seven ?) ; yet is there any nationalism so intense, so intimate, so moving, so pure from all taint of politics or ascendancy, as that which breathes through English literature from Chaucer and Shakespeare to Rupert Brooke ?

Rupert Brooke's work in this vein is too familiar for quotation. Let me read you, therefore, a few lines from a yet younger poet which embody the true spirit and central tradition of English nationalism :—

"Now that I am ta'en away
And may not see another day,
What is it to my eyes appears ?
What sound rings in my stricken ears ?
Not even the voice of any friend,
Or eyes beloved world without end,
But scenes and sounds of the countryside
In far England across the tide. . . .

"The gorse upon the twilit down,
The English loam, so sunset-brown,
The bowed pines and the sheepbell's clamour,
The wet-lit lane and the yellow-hammer,

The orchard and the chaffinch song
Only to the brave belong.
And he shall lose their joy for aye,
If their price he cannot pay,
Who shall find them dearer far
Enriched by blood after long war."

Here, not on the platform or in the House of Commons, you have nationalism in achievement, nationalism satisfied.

The English are the great exponents of practical nationalism ; but just because it is always with them, a traditional possession, they have reflected little upon its nature and meaning. The best exponents of nationalist theory in modern times have been the Jews, who have, I believe, made in this region a contribution, if not comparable, at least worthy to be mentioned side by side with their contribution to the world's advance in the field of religion. I cannot speak of the work of the great Jewish philosopher of nationalism, Asher Ginzberg, known to his fellow-countrymen as Achad Ha'am, who is living here in our midst in London practically unknown to English readers and thinkers. I can only read you a document in which is enshrined the result of the sustained thought and devoted work of the Jewish nationalist movement.

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

Here we have, in one historic sentence, the complete association of Nationalism and Toleration. I believe this document will be epoch-making, not only for the Jews but for the world. It is the pioneer of a new era—an era which will see the world divided, for political purposes,

into supernational States or Commonwealths, and ultimately unified, but cherishing a large number of national individualities, centres of national tradition and inspiration, which will save the soul of mankind from the deadening influences of materialism and uniformity.

So much for the political nationalist. I turn now to a second criticism raised from the opposite quarter, by the cosmopolitan or, as I would prefer to call him, the agnostic. "Is not your whole idea," he says, "attractive though it may sound, a dream, a delusion, a romantic fiction? Are not Jews, as a matter of bare fact, a great deal more at home in Monte Carlo than in Jerusalem, and Irishmen in Tammany Hall than on the Hill of Tara? Is not this nationalism a foolish childlike phase which we are happily beginning to outlive?"

Certainly, I reply, this is true of some Jews and some Irishmen. But is it true of the best Jews and the best Irishmen? Look closely into the various types and I think you will conclude that nationalism is not a mere fashion and foible; not, as Mr. Wallas calls it in his syllabus, "a fact alterable by human will," but springs from deep roots in man's inherited nature. You may cut these if you will, but you cut them at your peril. Whether for individuals or for nations, the Fifth Commandment holds. Those who break it, whether individuals or social groups, cannot do so with impunity.

If you doubt this, just look around you. Compare the nationalists and the cosmopolitans or Bolsheviks of your own acquaintance; and ask yourself why it is that the latter are so often so arid, so cantankerous, so thin-blooded, so mean-spirited, so unworthy of their cause (which, after all, includes many noble elements, little as one might conclude so from most of its exponents). Such people are like cut flowers: they draw no nourishment from their native soil. Or compare the achievement of communities which foster the national tradition with that of those who reject it. Why do Palestine,

which is the size of Wales, and Attica, which is smaller than Yorkshire, mean more to mankind than the whole of the New World? Why do the fruits of the human spirit, as a great Welshman has said, grow best on the little trees—not only Greece and Judea, but Tuscany, Holland, Flanders, Norway, England?

The answer is simple. Because it is contact with the past which equips men and communities for the tasks of the present; and the more bewildering the present, the greater the accumulation of material goods and material cares, the greater the need for inspiration and refreshment from the past. It is not the young nations which can best overcome these dragons. It is the old nations, who have learned to cherish internationalism without cutting their own roots and to purify their ambitions and purposes without surrendering their individuality.

Nationalism, thwarted, perverted, and unsatisfied, is one of the festering sores of our time. But nationalism rightly understood and cherished is a great uplifting and life-giving force, a bulwark alike against chauvinism and against materialism—against all the decivilising impersonal forces which harass and degrade the minds and souls of modern men.

Wise men have known and preached this in all ages, loving their home land as they loved their parents; and it was one of the wisest teachers among that oldest of the nations whose long exile is just ending who summed up his sense of what he owed to his country in the performance of the everyday work of the world, in words with which it is fitting that this long argument should conclude—

When I forget thee, O Jerusalem, then let my right hand forget its cunning.

EDUCATION, SOCIAL AND NATIONAL[1]

AGAIN and again in discussing social or national or Imperial problems, when the question at issue has been plumbed to the depths, rival disputants find themselves driven back on to the inevitable conclusion: "It is all a matter of better education." Yet there, as a rule, the issue is allowed to rest; for the discussion of education opens up dangerous ground which few feel competent to tread. In the eyes of the plain man education, as a subject of public controversy, bears an unfortunate reputation. "Education Bills" and "Education Questions" have too often presented him with an ill-assorted combination of high-sounding generalities and complicated technical details which have effectually conspired together to destroy his interest in the subject.

Yet, in spite of the maulings which it has received at the hands of unworthy sponsors, the subject remains all-important for the English-speaking peoples. What can be more vital to a State than the education of its citizens? And what more necessary to it, in the performance of this task of civic training, than a clear conception, founded on the underlying facts of human nature and of the national character, of what education really means and is capable of achieving?

During the last ten years, undeterred by political controversies and almost unnoticed by the general public, an attempt has been made to approach the subject from a new angle, in a spirit worthy of its importance. The Workers' Educational Association, founded by a group of trade unionists and co-operators in 1903, has from the

[1] *The Round Table*, March, 1914.

very beginning aimed at nothing less than the restoration of education to its rightful place among the great spiritual forces of the community. If its experiments have been tried, and its successes achieved, among students of the working class, this is not because there is anything narrow or sectional in its message; but rather because, in the modern world, it is the working class which is in closest touch with the great realities which education seeks to interpret; and because the working people of this country, in particular, have a long and honourable tradition of true educational endeavour.[1]

This movement has now been at work for over ten years, and the principles which inspired it have been thoroughly tested in action. Within the last year it has set foot in Canada and Australia (where it has branches in every State of the Commonwealth) and has attracted widespread attention in Germany, France, and other continental countries. The time seems ripe, therefore, for an endeavour, both to describe the work that it is doing and to interpret its significance; for we seem to be face to face with nothing less than a new philosophy of education, full of potentialities unsuspected even by its English originators. In the following article, then, an attempt will be made, first, following out this line of thought, to suggest what education should be in a modern community; secondly, to describe what has been achieved by the Workers' Educational Association movement; and, lastly, to inquire what is the national and Imperial significance of the experiments which have been undertaken.

I

When people speak of education they are generally thinking of the instruction given to children by profes-

[1] On this point see Chapter I. of "Oxford and Working-Class Education;" the Report of a Joint Committee of University and working-class representatives on the education of workpeople (Oxford, 1908, 1*s.*); also Sadler's "Continuation Schools in England and Elsewhere."

sional teachers in schoolhouses provided for the purpose. This is, of course, the most obvious aspect of education, and the manner in which a modern community carries out its responsibilities in this respect is one of the best tests of its intrinsic health and prosperity. But for our present purpose the subject is best not approached direct. Those who have it in their keeping, politicians and officials, teachers and psychologists and the rest of the tribe of "educationists," have invested it with such an atmosphere of mystery and technicality as to obscure its broader relations. We propose, therefore, for the moment to leave the children and adolescents entirely aside, and to concentrate the reader's attention on a problem with which—if he is not frightened by the name—he is certain to be familiar: the education of the grown-up citizen.

Any one who has ever sat at the feet of a great teacher, either at school or in the wider life for which school is a preparation, knows what education *feels like*. But that does not make it easy to define. It is not the storing of the mind with information: it is not the love of knowledge and the search for truth: it is not the training of the judgment or the acquirement of a mental discipline: it is not the strengthening of the will or the building up of character: it is not even the forming of friendships based on that deepest of bonds, a common ideal and a common purpose in life. Education is something compounded of all these, but greater and deeper and more life-giving. One of the most striking definitions is perhaps that quoted by Dr. Parkin in his "Life of Thring," the famous headmaster of Uppingham School: "Education is the transmission of life." Yet even this is not quite satisfying. Education is, indeed, as high and broad and deep as life itself. Yet it is not life itself, but life with a difference. It is not simply experience, but experience *interpreted*. Wordsworth, in a wonderful phrase, defined poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity." Poetry, as he knew, is not

born amid the pomp and circumstance of experience, in crowded hours of glorious life; she is the still small voice of the soul, speaking in the quiet after the storm has passed. So it is with education. It is not experience itself, but the effort of the soul to find a true expression or interpretation of experience, and to find it, not alone, but with the help of others, fellow-students; for without common study—such as in a school or a University—there may, indeed, be reflection; there can be no true education. But where there is life and honest thinking and the free contact of mind with mind, where thought leaps out to answer thought and there is the sense of the presence of a common spirit, there, even if but two or three are gathered together, whether in a well-appointed building paid for out of rates and taxes, or in a squalid upper room, or in a primitive club house, or in a railway carriage going to work, or on the veldt under the stars, or at a street corner in an industrial town—there is a gathering of students and the nucleus of a university.

To those who complain that such a definition is too vague to be practically helpful one reminder must be sufficient. The Athenians of the fifth century before Christ are generally regarded as the most cultivated and the best educated community of whom history bears record. They originated or developed many of the most important activities of civilised life. They were, in fact, the great inventors and organisers of the things of the mind. Art and philosophy, democracy and the drama, we owe, not merely to their unwearying curiosity, their craving for vivid and many-sided experience, but to their supreme power of sifting, verifying, harmonising, in a word *interpreting*, the problems of the world in which they lived. It was no vain boast of Pericles that Athens was "the school of Greece," and not of Greece only but of all subsequent generations; the Athenian mind, as we find it in contemporary writings, seems to have been

carefully trained to live in the light of eternal realities, to be constantly testing theories by experience, and illuminating experience by study and discussion. Thus, for instance, Athens gives us not merely the spectacle of the first organised democracy, but also the first and perhaps still the most interesting series of speculations on the theory of democracy. As the Athenian went about his daily civic duties, as a judge or a councillor, a committeeman or a parliamentarian, or on training or active service in the army or navy, he would bring the experience of political life to bear, in discussions with his fellows, on the problems of government.

Yet, supremely educated as they were, the Athenians had no organised system of national education. During their period of active greatness, primary education was not a State concern, secondary education practically non-existent. In other words, they received their education, not in schools and academies or from professional teachers, but from the daily practice of civic duties in a democratic state and in the university of the camp, the galley, the gymnasium, the workshop and the market-place. This illustration may help, not merely to fill in the vague outline of the definition of education given above, but to explain how it is natural for a new educational philosophy to spring, not from the leisured class, but from the working class.

It is clear, then, from the example of Athens, as well as from the biographies of great men, that education can and should be continued all through men's active lives, right up to the decay of their physical powers. Education is, in fact, a sort of elixir against the ossifying disease called middle age; it is the necessary antidote against the routine of the modern world. By bringing in theory to illuminate practice, it corrects the deficiencies of both, and preserves the balance and proportion of mental life.

Every one engaged in active life is apt to think about his work, and every traveller who has armed himself with

introductions knows how interesting busy men are when they can be induced to talk. It is a natural and obvious step to give men opportunities to systematise this thinking for the common benefit. Education simply means drawing-out, and the first task of adult education is simply to afford the active citizen the opportunity of being "drawn out." Socrates used to go to men in their workshops or button-hole them in the market-place, and ask them leading questions. But modern experience has devised a more helpful method—that of the group or college.

For if there is one thing more than another that the history of schools and universities has taught us, it is that education is not an individual but a corporate matter. The individual by himself is powerless. That he is powerless for action has long been obvious; the history of all human institutions—of churches, of nations, of colonies, of trade unions—is merely a commentary on this text. But we are now beginning to realise that he is to a large extent powerless for effective thinking also. Solitude may breed the mystic, the philosopher, and even the scientist; but in all those great departments of knowledge which concern the thoughts and actions of mankind the thinker needs the stimulus and experience of his fellow-men. The cloister was a better educator than the cave. The university superseded the cloister; and the modern world, with its immense growth of knowledge and of the facilities for communication, is learning to supersede, or rather, to re-create the university. What a man needs, if he is to keep his mind alert, to be applying knowledge to experience and to contribute his quota of thinking to his country, is the stimulus of a group of like-minded students. When men study together in this spirit, they not merely help one another by the interchange of ideas; if their association is based on a common purpose, they become merged into something akin to a new personality. The psychologists are now beginning

to make clear to us, what is evident enough to the attentive reader of history, that a homogeneous group is greater and more powerful than the sum of the individuals composing it. A mediæval guild was more than a mere collection of craftsmen, as the early Church was more than a mere collection of disciples. Man is by nature a social animal, a member of a larger whole. It is one of the main problems of statesmanship to find the groupings in which the national qualities will be displayed to the best effect. It is one of the main problems of education to find similar groupings for students, whether young or old.

This is what is meant by the common assertion that education is a school of character. A school or a university is a place where the student *becomes something*, takes on a new personality. Sometimes he does so without "learning" anything at all—that is, without amassing any information from books. That is a pity. But it is a mistake to pit the two processes one against the other, or to assume, with some of the advocates of Latin and Greek, that the value of the schools which teach the dead languages, and send out into the world men of fine character who know and care nothing about them, is in any way bound up with the subjects supposed to be studied there. True education consists, neither in amassing knowledge, nor yet in rejecting it when it seems irrelevant at first sight, but in assimilating it until, by an effort not only of the mind but of the whole spirit, it becomes a part of one's very nature. Thus it is that some of the great educators of the past have had an almost morbid fear of book-learning. Plato in a famous outburst harangued against books because they could not answer an honest reader's questions; and St. Francis, in a beautiful story, rebuked a too-learned disciple who wished to add to his scanty belongings a copy of the Psalter. "You will be wanting a breviary next," was the Saint's argument. Religion, he felt, was too intimate

and living a thing to be learned from books. If he felt this about the Bible what would he have said to text-books or newspapers or magazines ?

Thus, education is evidently necessary for the mental and spiritual health of the individual grown-up person. It has always been necessary ; but never more than to-day, when the haste and hardness of life rub the bloom off men's thoughts and allow them all too little time for quiet and meditation and the deeper needs of the spirit. We have all of us nowadays more thoughts in our heads and more aspirations in our hearts than the rush of life allows us to be conscious of. Education and holidays are safety-valves of the sub-conscious mind. Take them away, and modern man can never be his best self. They are, in fact, as necessary to the true health and freedom of an industrialised population as the recognised necessaries of which modern governments provide it with a minimum standard. If any one doubts this, let him look into the faces of the workaday inhabitant of London ; or let him reflect on the appalling mental and emotional starvation revealed by the character of the popular entertainments and amusements of our large cities. The audience at a music hall or a picture show do not enjoy themselves ; they are far too indolent and superficial for that. They simply sit back and allow paid hypnotists to titivate the repressed instincts and emotions which they have not the vitality to bring into action themselves.

"All this is very true," the reader may say, "but such is twentieth-century life. We are living in an industrial age, not in ancient Athens or in mediæval Italy. Show me a body of modern working men who will abjure the public house, the picture theatre, and the political club in order to go to school, after their day's work, with a modern Socrates, and I will begin to take your abstractions seriously."

The sign demanded can be shown.

II

Few parts of industrial England can appear more depressing at first sight to the casual visitor than the string of overlapping villages now comprised in the new County Borough of Stoke-on-Trent and known as The Five Towns. Smoke and slag-heaps have done their best to mar the appearance of a once beautiful countryside; nor have the towns themselves yet been able to do much to remedy the confusion and ugliness inseparable from nineteenth-century industrialism.

Yet, a few weeks ago, addressing an audience of miners in a village schoolroom on one of the ridges overlooking this vale of smoke, a distinguished student of Sixteenth Century England spoke of what he termed the revival of humanism in the England of to-day. "Early in the sixteenth century," he said, "a great educational movement arose in Europe and penetrated to England. Men felt that new worlds were opening up before their eyes, that there were great kingdoms of the mind to be overrun and possessed. In those days there was a great Dutch scholar named Erasmus. He came to England to meet his fellow-scholars. He went to the seats of knowledge, to Oxford and to Cambridge, where the new learning was at home. If Erasmus were to come to England on such a mission to-day, do you know," he asked the miners, "where he would be directed to come? *He would be taken to the Potteries.*" The miners looked surprised. Some of them had been in the pit all day; others were going down on the night shift; but that so much importance should be attached to their natural human desire to meet at regular intervals for an evening's tussle at economics seemed strange to them. Their tutor, for whom the regular five miles missionary journey up the hill at the end of his own day's work was more of a strain than he let them know, was, however, glad to

feel that his work linked him with the great scholars of the past.

Let us follow Erasmus for a day or two as he takes stock of this new educational movement.

In one of the Five Towns there is a block of school buildings occupying a vacant plot by the side of a factory. Four great ovens, like giant champagne bottles, overlook the premises, and seem to leer wickedly into the playground. When Erasmus visits it at night, one of the rooms is still lighted. Some twenty-five men and women are gathered there, of various ages and trades, but predominantly of the working class. They have come together, he is told, for a university tutorial class in philosophy, which meets from 8 to 10. But they have come early : for it is not merely a class, but a club and a college ; several of them are anxious, too, to have a private word with the tutor. The tutor, he learns, is an Oxford graduate with a good honours degree in his subject, but, if he talks to him, he will find that he has learnt most of his philosophy in discussions with working people. For of the two hours of a tutorial class, the first only is used for exposition ; the second is sacred to discussion. So that a class consists, as has been said, not of twenty-five students and a tutor, but of twenty-six students who learn together. There is also a library in the room of some fifty or sixty volumes bearing on the subject: at least, the box is there, but the books are almost all in use, so that only the list of volumes is available for Erasmus's inspection. But the class, which is a democratic organism, has its own elected librarian and secretary, and from them he can learn all that he wishes to know. He will find that the books are not only diligently read, but form a basis for essays which are a regular part of the class work. He will discover how various and vexatious are the obstacles that industrial life sets in the way of this new type of university student —the ravages of overtime, the anxieties of unemploy-

ment, the suspicions of foremen and managers, the difficulties of obtaining quiet for reading and writing. He will hear of one student, nearly blind, who came regularly to class and made pathetic attempts to do his paperwork in large letters on a sheet of wallpaper ; of another who found it quietest to go early to bed and rise again after midnight for an hour or two of study ; of another who, joining a class at sixty-nine, attended regularly for six years until the very week of his death. And in the discussion, if he stays for it, he will hear the old problems of philosophy first raised in Plato (who is still used as a text-book) thrashed out anew from the living experience of grown men and women.

But he cannot stay, for he will be carried off to the parent class of the district, which is holding its 144th continuous winter meeting. Here he will find a new method. The tutor is standing aside : for the class has been turned for once into what university professors call a seminar. Two students are reading papers on special aspects of the year's subject, which is the French Revolution. Erasmus is in time for some of the second, a character study of Turgot contributed by a potter's engineer, who, as he afterwards confessed, had got up at 4 a.m. for a week to have it finished in time. The matter and the style are fully worthy of a university seminar ; the delivery would do credit to a teacher of elocution. For here is a student who has been in public life and knows the value of a spoken word. He has put his heart into the subject, and is not ashamed to show it.

Here Erasmus can learn about the inner life and organisation of this educational movement of which the Potteries form but a single centre.[1] The Workers' Educational Association was founded by a group of workpeople in 1903, with the object of stimulating the demand

[1] See "University Tutorial Classes : a Study in the Development of Higher Education among Working Men and Women," by Albert Mansbridge (General Secretary of the Workers' Educational Association). Longmans, 1913 (*2s. 6d.*).

for higher education among their fellows. Its astonishingly rapid growth has been due mainly to the fact that it provided an outlet for forces that had long been gathering underground, but also, in part, to the method of organisation adopted. The Association is not, like most societies, a collection of individual members ; it has several thousand individual members in its ranks, for it welcomes all without distinction of place, but it is in the main a collection of affiliated societies. Unlike the middle-class, the working-class is habituated to corporate modes of life. The trade union, the club, the chapel, the co-operative society have kept alive for working people the instinct and habit of association ; even the factory is sometimes a kind of college. Hence to approach workpeople for any purpose is very different from approaching the scattered denizens of villadom. They can be approached through their societies, which are represented on the Workers' Educational Association by delegates who act as links between the Association and a vast potential public of students. There are also numbers of educational bodies affiliated, representing an educational supply corresponding to the working-class demand. The Association, which is, for working purposes, divided into eight districts covering England and Wales, is democratically governed and, of course, holds itself aloof from all political parties or religious ties.

It was in 1907, after some four years' work in organising the demand among workpeople, that the Association first approached the universities for help. In the summer of that year a National Conference was held at Oxford at which a resolution was passed inviting the co-operation of the University ; and shortly afterwards a Joint Committee of seven University representatives, appointed by the Vice-Chancellor, and seven labour men, appointed by the Association, met to work out a definite scheme. The result of their deliberations was the issue

of the Report mentioned above (p. 102) and the establishment, on the lines laid down in it, of the University Tutorial Class system.

The first University tutorial classes were established in Rochdale and the Potteries in 1908. There are now 145 in England and Wales, all of the same character as that described : and only difficulties of finance have prevented a far more rapid spread. They are the outward and visible sign of an alliance, which by now seems as permanent as it has proved happy and natural, between the universities and the great organisations of the working class. Every university in England has its "Joint Committee" for tutorial class work, consisting of an equal number of university and working-class representatives. The Joint Committee, aided by grants from the State, is the controlling authority of the tutorial class ; but the strength of each class is in its local management. Each class is pledged to at least a three years' course, and every student is in honour bound to abide by the conditions of the class. The class is, in fact, a little college or entity of its own, and it is the class meeting which chooses the subject of study and approves the tutor sent down by the Joint Committee.

But the working-class students in the Potteries have done more than abide by the conditions which they pledged themselves to observe. They have set on foot an educational movement of their own.

The North Staffordshire coalfield not only embraces the Five Towns but also a number of villages which are scattered around it on every side, at distances of from two to ten or twelve miles. Here coal has been found, and here in rural surroundings an industrial population of miners has settled. These villages are for the most part difficult to reach, and are thus removed from all contact with the ordinary opportunities of civilisation. The university tutorial class students three years ago discerned in these semi-industrial villages a great field for missionary

work, and as this coincided in point of time with a demand for higher education which came from the miners themselves, the two parties were quickly brought together and a new educational movement set on foot. By personal effort, pit-head meetings, social evenings and every other means of tactful persuasion they communicated their enthusiasm to the villagers, till in the present session (1913–1914) there are not less than twenty-five class centres at work in connexion with what has been christened "The North Staffordshire Miners' Higher Education Movement." The tutors, who give their services unpaid, are in nearly every instance working men and women, members of tutorial classes in the Potteries, and the subjects studied are in most cases connected with the work in the tutorial class.

Let us return to Erasmus on the second day of his visit.

There are no classes during working hours, but his time will not be unoccupied. He may drop into the Labour Exchange to hear about the labour conditions of the district from a student who has work there : or into the Free Library to hear from the librarian about the new demand for serious books : or into the Local Education Office, where a wise official, who knows how not to interfere, is keeping friendly watch over developments. But most likely he will have time for none of these : for the miners and the potters among the students will be contending for every spare hour of his time in order that he may see at close quarters how their working day is spent. If he has not time for both, let him visit a pottery, Wedgwood's for preference. And if he has a student with him, he will discover how in one industry at least, philosophy can still animate craftsmanship. "The day I first read Bergson," said the potter who showed him round, "was an epoch in my life. *Creative Evolution*—the words were a revelation. *Every touch of the clay a new creation.* There is the whole philosophy of our work." Thus in friendly talk Erasmus and his new friend

wander through the rooms where the wheel is spinning, talking now of philosophy and now of Flaxman, who once worked here, until Erasmus, who has been in Lancashire, suddenly pauses to think why, in spite of the forbidding exterior, he has come to feel at home in this smoky and clannish world. Partly, he reflects, because life runs quietly here, because, even in the factories, there is no noise or sense of hurry or rushing, and the mind is free to follow her path undisturbed.

In the late afternoon, when the factories close down, Erasmus is fetched by another workman student, and carried out first by train and then in an antediluvian carriage (specially provided for this occasion) to an inaccessible village on the top of a hill. There in the schoolroom he finds an eager audience gathered together from this and the neighbouring villages. They have come to hear about the French Revolution, to be thrilled with the story of a great national drama. Erasmus, inured to lucubrations about scientific methods and documentary authorities, had almost forgotten that history is first and foremost a story. This evening reminded him. He saw the Bastille fall under his eyes, and felt the news of its capture reverberating through France. He lived for an hour in 1789, as the story rolled out from the lips of a trained public speaker. The miners and the field labourers and the village shopkeepers and the old village schoolmaster in the chair were in France too; question after question poured in till the primitive conveyance stood once more at the door. And so back to the wayside station and in the slow train to Stoke, with high converse on the way, of which Erasmus will bear an undying memory back to Holland.

III

The remarkable educational movement of which the Potteries form but one among many centres, suggests a

train of ideas which this is not the place to follow out at length. Time and experience are needed before their full significance can be revealed. But it is clear that the time has come for thinking out afresh, in the light of the changed conditions of modern life, the place and function of universities in the twentieth-century community. For the last four centuries universities have been regarded by English-speaking people mainly as training-grounds for public service, for the professions and for the life of a gentleman. They have, in a word, been finishing schools. The German graduate may be a man of learning, and the French the master of a polite and lucid literary style: but the "Oxford man" has been honoured primarily for what he is, not for anything he knows or does. Alma Mater has taken him to her bosom at an impressionable age and left an imperishable mark on his mind and his manners. But a new field of work is opening out before the English university of the future; to be the temporary home, not merely of the young who need to be prepared for life, but of students of riper years, who need the spirit of college and cloister in order to reflect on what life has taught them.

England has never stood in greater need of houses of quiet than to-day, places where men and women can repair for a few weeks or months to reduce their ideas to order, or to refresh their minds and spirits at the deepest springs of inspiration. Already that need is being in some degree satisfied. Oxford is filled summer by summer with tutorial class students, who come for a week or a fortnight or a month for common study and individual tuition. An old mediæval teacher, who gathered his wandering students from far and wide, would feel more at home in the Long Vacation Oxford of to-day than at any time since the foundation of the Colleges. And though the subjects studied are different, though history, literature and economics predominate over theology, medicine and law, he would be conscious

of the new vitality breathed into these human studies by contact with the living experience of thinking and feeling men and women. Oxford and Cambridge have it, in fact, in their power to become in a wholly new sense the intellectual and spiritual centres of England—and not of England only but of all the lands where their influence extends. Ideals can be better formed and policies thought out in the courts and gardens of a university than in the dusty purlieus of Whitehall or the crowded council rooms of industrial towns. If the great outstanding problems of the twentieth century are to be calmly and fearlessly met —if the old principles of British Government are to stand the test of new conditions, if justice and liberty are to prevail among the mingled races of mankind, if industrialism is to be made compatible with a civilised life for the working population, the university must arm the actors in these great causes with the knowledge and the power which come from the honest and fearless discussion of differences in an atmosphere of common study, and from the comradeship which is built up in the hours of insight and decision. *Idem sentire de republica*, to feel, not necessarily to think, alike about public affairs should be the privilege of university students, and their bond of union in the turmoil of life. In this, as in so many other of his great thoughts, Mr. Rhodes was both a prophet and a pioneer.

IV

It remains to pass on to another aspect of this new movement in education. The spirit and methods of the Workers' Educational Association will doubtless prove capable of adaptation to many fields of thought and activity. One such application, in particular, must be treated here, for it is closely relevant to the preceding discussion.

We have watched the new movement as it affects

associations of students inside the English community. We have seen its working on groups of individuals. We must now consider its power to draw out the secret powers, not of individuals, but of nations; for nations, too, like individuals, need the reinvigoration which comes from an attempt to understand and to interpret the manifold experience of their life and history.

If education may be defined as the transmission and interpretation of life, what shall we say of National Education? The answer is easy. National Education is the transmission and interpretation of national life: its constant reinterpretation as the experience of the nation becomes richer and more manifold in its onward career.

A glance at the history of nations will illustrate what is meant by this rather abstract statement.

The path of history is strewn with the débris of nations. Some, like Assyria and Babylon, Macedonia and Carthage, have written their names large on some pages of history; others have passed away without leaving so much as a memorial behind them. Others again have survived, maintaining unimpaired not merely a racial but a national existence. How is this to be explained? How is it, for instance, that the Jewish nationality is still a living factor in the world of to-day, whilst of the language and culture of the Carthaginians, a Semitic nation of kindred stock, not a trace remains? Why has Babylon been taken and Armenia left? Why have Burgundy and Lorraine perished except as provincial names, while Bohemia and Poland still preserve the living seed of nationality?

There is no simple answer to these questions; but one thing is clear. Somehow or other the surviving nations have succeeded in the face of conquest, loss of territory, dispersion, persecution and the temptations of assimilation, in transmitting the essence of nationality from generation to generation.

What is nationality?

It is not the tie of blood: for that bond is sacred to smaller units, to the family and the tribe. It is not the broader basis of race: for many great nations, such as England herself, have grown out of an amalgamation of races. It is not language, for a nation, such as Switzerland, may have as many as four languages, none of them peculiar to itself. It is not the possession of territory or of national independence: for nationality is sometimes most tenacious when these are absent. It is not religion in the ordinary sense: for many nations, such as Germany and Canada, have more than one Church which is a force in national life; whereas in the Middle Ages, when Christianity was a reality in the life of Europe, there was a single Church but many nations. It is not mere habit and the lapse of time: for the Jews have been in Europe for nearly two thousand years, yet their separate nationality has not been worn down. It is not merely common action and common suffering and a certain store of common memories: for the Irish have fought side by side with the English on a hundred fields and still remain Irishmen; and the Greeks and Serbs and Bulgars of Macedonia groaned and struggled for centuries under the Turks without being merged into a common nationhood. It is not the mere passionate attachment to scenes known and loved for centuries: else out of Lombardy and Tuscany and Sicily and the other fair provinces of the peninsula Italy could never have been born. All these are elements in nationality, but they are not its essence. No statesman or philosopher, speaking from outside knowledge or calculation, can lay his hand on the map and say, "Here is a nation." For nationality is not of the things which can be manufactured and set on a shelf. It needs to be made afresh every year and month and day by the life and thoughts and institutions of the people. In the life of nations there is no age nor youth as in the life of the individual. Nationality is immortal, like the fire in

Vesta's shrine, so long as men choose to tend it. Some nations, old in years, scarred with the wounds of centuries, are eager and buoyant, looking forward to a limitless future. Others, born but a generation since, are falling into visible decay because those that live within their borders have no care for deeper things. For nationality, like the more intimate affection between individuals, is a thing to be felt rather than to be defined; and in the last analysis, if we ask, "Is Servia or Bohemia or South Africa or Australia a nation?" the only true answer is through another question, "Will men die for her?"

"The man who has no nation," said the Greek philosopher long ago, "is either a god or a beast." Despite the forces of commercialism, which break men up into competing units, despite the tendencies of cosmopolitanism, fostered by the facilities for travel and for the easy interchange of ideas and standards, nationality remains an essential factor in the life of civilised peoples.

Yet it is slowly changing its character and becoming educated into self-consciousness; for in face of the denationalising influences of the day its whole existence is at stake, and it must either become explicit, responsible for its own continuance and the interpreter of its own experience, or, like so much that is "old-fashioned," it must pine and wither into a picturesque survival. In the days before railways and steamships and newspapers, before the spread of a few dominant languages over the greater part of the world, before the masterful irruption of Western Europeans into the quiet places of the planet, men needed no education in nationality, for it grew up in their hearts by habit and instinct out of the spirit of the community of which they formed a part. To-day all this is altered. All over the world, those who care for nationality may observe how nations, caught unguarded by the onrush of new ideas and influences, or by the temptation of new

opportunities, are being robbed of half their manhood in the names of progress and education.

You cannot, by teaching or by environment give a man a new nationality, any more than by watering you can give a cut flower new roots. Yet teachers and missionaries, statesmen and propagandists, idealists and philosophers are constantly attempting to do so—sinning at once against humanity and against the dictates of human science. Nationality is an element that springs from the deepest side of men's nature ; you can destroy it by severing men from their past and from the immemorial traditions, affections and restraints which bind them to their kin and country. But you cannot replace it ; for in the isolated shrunken individual, the cut flower of humanity with whom you have now to deal, *you have nothing left to work on.* Such education as you can give him will be the education of a slave : a training not of the whole man, but of certain aptitudes which may render him a useful workman, a pushing tout, or even a prosperous merchant, but never a good citizen. And he will revenge himself on you, in the subtlest and most exasperating of ways, by triumphantly developing into a bad imitation of yourself.

Herein lies the central difficulty of education in what is called a "new country." New countries there may be, but there is no such thing as a new man. For man, in the deepest side of his nature, is immemorially old ; and those make the best citizens of a new country who, like the French in Canada and Louisiana, or the Dutch in South Africa (to mention no specifically English examples), bear with them on their pilgrimage, and religiously treasure in their new homes, the best of the spiritual heritage bequeathed them by their fathers. New countries filled with new men are not new at all, but hoary with antiquity, older even than mankind, for the instinct of imitation, with its insatiable craving for the sensation of novelty (which is so often the

master-motive of their life) is as old as any of our inherited instincts.

But nationality strikes its roots deep, and is happily hard to kill. A single illustration may show its power. In the autumn of 1912 the English-speaking people of the United States, basking complacently in the thought that they were annexing new citizens from Southern Europe at the rate of a million a year, were startled to learn that thousands of newly made "Americans" were taking ship to the Balkan peninsula to offer their lives to the old countries. Tens of thousands more, who could not go themselves, sent money. The people of the United States awoke to the strange reality that, in spite of all the visible and invisible agencies of "assimilation," their country was not one nation but a congeries of nations such as the world has never seen before within the limits of a self-governing State. America had, in fact, become almost a school of nationality. Men who, in the scattered valleys of the Balkans or the isolated townships of Sicily and Syria, had never known what nationality meant, felt their sentiments expanding in the freer atmosphere of America. "We never knew we were Roumanians till we met our brothers over here," the writer was told by a Koutzo-Vlach from a remote village in the Pindus mountains, as he sat sipping Turkish coffee in an upper room in New York. It was no doubt disappointing to the older school of Americans to discover that the qualities and standards of George Washington cannot easily be grafted on to the descendants of Themistocles and the compatriots of General Savoff. But, even viewed from the standpoint of the American Republic, this outburst of nationality is reason for hope, not for despondency. For there is room in a great Republic or Commonwealth for many diverse nationalities, and here is evidence to show that the primary condition of successful government—civic devotion—is abundantly present. On a foundation of competing

individuals no political edifice can be built; but self-respecting groups, bodies of men who have merged their personality in a larger whole, are the stuff of which durable Commonwealths can be made. Just as England learnt to see Scotsmen, not as Dr. Johnson saw them, but as Sir Walter Scott saw them, so Americans need to open their eyes to all the human wealth which they have gathered in.

The problems of nationality which face the British Commonwealth are very different from those which face the United States, for nowhere in the world as in that great Republic have false theories of liberty and education persuaded statesmen on so large a scale (varying an old Roman phrase) to make a Babel and call it a nation. But just because the difficulties of the United States, spiritual, moral, intellectual, political, social and economic, are so acute, they are worth recalling: for the United States with its negroes, its Asiatics, its Slavs, its Italians, its Jews, its Dutch, Irish, and Scandinavians, its Huguenots, Cavaliers, and Puritans, inextricably intermixed and knit together by the bonds, not of nationality but of Statehood, forms, as it were, an epitome of the scattered problems of Britain.

What, then, is the moral to be drawn? What should be aimed at in the education of the different nations of the British Commonwealth.

The most essential element in the education of nations, as of individuals, is self-respect. You cannot educate a man until he *is* a man. Neither can a nation be fitted for the arts of progress and the lessons of civilization till it feels itself to be a nation. Education without self-respect is not the drawing-out of gifts and virtues. It is the smearing of a polish or the practice of a hideous mimicry. There is a clear and definite line, familiar to all who have travelled in "newly-developed" countries, between communities which are undergoing the process of education, enriching their national life

with what they are able to assimilate of the gifts of the age, and communities which are studying the arts and ingenuities of imitation, attempting feverishly to keep pace with the newest devices of industrialism or the latest fashions of the great world. That way lies decadence. It was trodden of old by the Roman provincials when, in the third and fourth centuries after Christ, at the height of apparent prosperity, a slow torpor crept over the vast bulk of the Roman Empire. It has been trodden since by many races whom it would be invidious to mention. Yet the path can be retraced; and the history of Italy, from the end of the eighteenth century onward, affords an example of how a nation can win back its soul by drawing inspiration from the true springs of national life.

There is another point to be noted. National Education is too often regarded as a mere training of each generation for the tasks of its own day. We are exhorted to turn out well-equipped workmen and commercial travellers—"economic men," in fact—in order successfully to compete with our rivals in prosperity. But true National Education is not so ephemeral in its aims. Its gaze is also on the past and future. Looking backward and forwards, it sees in each generation a group of torch-bearers who will hand on their light to the next. Thus, it will look far beyond the mere formal requirements of a modern school curriculum. It will seek aids for the work of national education wherever the genius of the nation has set its peculiar mark—in folklore, in songs, in the drama, in history, local and national, in poetry, in sport, in a knowledge of the countryside, and in every form of study or activity which tends to draw men together in a common purpose for the enrichment of the national life. National education is, in fact, as wide and various as the nation itself. *Nihil humani alienum a se putat.* A wise system of education, whether among the child-races of Africa or among the dominant nations who

control them, will seek to follow the national bent in all things wholesome and of good report, relying always, in its sympathetic direction, upon that sense of responsibility which is innate in all men who have not been robbed of their manhood.

And so the argument comes back, on a deeper level, to the idea of democracy ; for national education should always be, in the truest sense, democratic. Those who are learning must feel, not that something is being done to them, but that they are achieving it for themselves. The miners and potters of North Staffordshire make sacrifices in the cause of education, because they themselves bear the responsibility of management ; and the movement with which they are connected is democratic in the further sense that it is for the benefit of the group as a whole, not of isolated individuals. The miner who studies the French Revolution, the potter who reads Bergson, have no ulterior ambitions : they are proud of North Staffordshire, proud of the working class, and envy no man his birthright. What is true of groups and classes within a nation is true also of nations. Education affords a nation a means of working out its own destiny, of making clear to itself what is the nature of its mission—its distinctive contribution to the common stock of civilisation.

No nation can presume to prescribe its destiny to another. Imperialism, as we have learned to understand it of late, chastened and deepened by contact with other great forces of our time, has indeed a high and inspiring mission. There is a solemn responsibility on the part of the great organised States of the world, and especially of the British Commonwealth, towards communities which are still struggling with the elementary difficulties of political life. But those who believe most passionately that Britain, like Rome, has much to teach, must never forget, as Rome forgot, that she has much also to learn. If the British peoples are strong by virtue of their

national character and history, they can only hope to impart strength to those other peoples towards whom their duty lies, not merely by training them in the common lessons of Statehood, but by joining with them in a voyage of discovery, as a wise tutor with his students, towards the secret springs of their national life. For in Empire, as in education, giving and receiving go hand in hand; and freedom, of which we often speak so lightly as though it were a boon to be bestowed, can never be *given* at all: it can only be *shared*.

There are many problems yet awaiting the united wisdom of the British nations; yet the real hope that they will be nobly met lies in the generous and manly freedom of which England is the traditional repository. Not by rule or measure, not by any State-made enactments nor by imperial or international tribunals, but through the frank comradeship of free peoples, ever drawing fresh strength from the living experience of nationality, and enlightened and confirmed by education in their distinctive powers and destiny, can the problem of the world's government find an ultimate solution.

This essay has been left as it was written, early in 1914. It seemed fairer not to attempt to bring its practical details up to date or to force its statements of theory into verbal conformity on every point with later essays. During the war the work of the Workers' Educational Association has been extended and developed both at home and overseas. Moreover, its methods have been widely recognised and adopted by other agencies, not only by voluntary bodies like the Y.M.C.A., but even, with the necessary adaptations, by the military authorities. The offices of the Association are at 16, Harpur Street, W.C. 1.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND PUBLIC OPINION[1]

WHAT is the place and function of Universities in a modern democratic community? What can a democracy reasonably expect from its great seats of learning, which, whatever their mode of government, are in effect, and are rightly regarded by the public, as national institutions? How can Universities best make their own special contribution to the life of a democratic Commonwealth?

The extension of the franchise lends point to such inquiries, for it confronts British Universities with new problems and opportunities which will at once test the wisdom and public spirit of their rulers and inmates and determine the nature and extent of their influence in the post-war generation.

Fifty years ago, when the franchise was first extended to the working class, Robert Lowe, in a memorable sentence, declared that "we must educate our masters." The words were spoken half in jest, but they bear a deeper meaning than their author realised. When he spoke of "our masters" he was thinking of the newly enfranchised working class. But the real masters of Britain, as of every community, are those who control the sources of knowledge. It was at least as important in 1867, if Robert Lowe had only known it, to educate the Universities in their civic and national responsibilities as to set up schools in every parish, for if the great storehouses of the nation's knowledge are divorced from the general life of the community the very foundations of

[1] From the "Educational Year Book," issued by the Workers' Educational Association, 1918.

popular government are undermined. Power, whether political or of any other kind, is simply applied knowledge. It can only be wielded effectively by men and women who *know*, instead of merely "thinking" or "believing" or "understanding" or "guessing" or taking on trust because they have heard it on a platform or "seen it in print." If the opinions in accordance with which the country is governed are based on ignorance and prejudice, and the knowledge upon which they should be based is stored up and jealously withheld in exclusive corporations, the last state of democracy will be worse than the first.

The power of the people must be based, in a word, not on opinion, but on knowledge, and on a recognition of the large and important mass of "hard facts" which it is beyond the power of organised opinion to alter. The tendency to forget this, the temptation to believe that parliamentary majorities and conference resolutions are trumpet-blasts at which the walls of Jericho will fall down, is the besetting sin of modern popular movements, and its wide prevalence is perhaps the main reason why, in spite of several generations of skilful and sustained agitation, democracy in Europe and overseas is not yet master in its own house. It must win the keys of knowledge before it can wield the sceptre of power.

Happily, in England at any rate, some of the "masters" took the hint in a way unintended by Robert Lowe. The last two generations bear witness to a gradual awakening of a sense of national responsibility on the part of the British Universities, and to their increasing desire to emerge from academic seclusion, and to extend the range of their activities and influence. The success of the W.E.A. in recent years has, perhaps, tended to throw somewhat unduly into the shadow the achievements of the pioneers of the various forms of "University Extension"—a work which was due, unlike the W.E.A., to the initiative of University men, and has

done, and is doing, much to sow seed which has borne fruit in numerous ways throughout the community.

Relatively small in bulk as such work has been, we may, nevertheless, regard it as having established the broad principle that the University in a modern community cannot remain a self-centred and exclusive corporation living for itself alone. Its knowledge, its opportunities, its equipment, its "atmosphere" are national possessions, held in trust by each passing generation of students and teachers for the benefit of the community as a whole. But the wider possibilities inherent in this recognition are still imperfectly realised. It is worth while trying to see whither it leads us.

The work of a modern University is, in the broadest sense, of two kinds—teaching and thinking. It is at once a school and an intelligence department; or, to put it in army language, it is both an officers' training corps and the General Staff of the community. It exists both to prepare young people in body, mind, and character for the active work of life, and to help people of all ages to gain an understanding of the meaning of life in all its different phases. It is faced with a twofold task of *training* and of *interpretation*.

Of the work of the University as a training school little need be said here. Mr. Sidney Webb, with his love for enshrining romantic themes in committee-room phraseology, has described this side of University work as that of a "technical school for the brain-working classes." However much such a definition may grate upon all to whom college life calls up indelible memories of friendship and happiness in grey quadrangles and spacious gardens, it stresses the undeniable fact that for entry into certain kinds of employment a University education, that is, an education prolonged for three or four or even more years beyond the secondary school stage, will always remain, if not indispensable (as in Germany) at any rate extremely useful. Happily, it is

becoming increasingly recognised, both by psychologists and by practical men, that a prolonged general education is the best preparation for most occupations which require a high level of brain power and concentration; so that British Universities are not likely to fall into the German error of turning what should be a seat of education and of the liberal arts, of training for skilled service, into a battleground of competing and unrelated specialisms. The danger, however, does exist, and no one who has watched the reaction of British academic opinion to the war can be quite easy in his mind as to the future of the broader traditions of the British University course. Yet the response of the Universities to the call of the war should be sufficient to show that, with all their undeniable intellectual shortcomings, the Universities have not failed to give their inmates a sense of the paramount duty of national and social service, which is, or should be, the first element in a technical or professional equipment.

On this side of University work, apart from the maintenance of the liberal tradition, and its perpetual enrichment by contact with life and experience, the main problem is that of securing access for all those young people who are capable and desirous of receiving such a training. This is an immense task, but the main burden of it, in England at any rate, must fall for the next few years on the secondary schools. There is, unhappily, little ground for thinking that the University provision of the country, meagre though it is compared with what it might be, is not adequate to meet the needs of the young people who are capable of profiting by it. A University is not a glorified high school. It is not meant for boys and girls who are still in the text-book stage and unable to study without spoon feeding and direction. It is intended for students who, however scanty their knowledge, however vague and chaotic their ideas as to their future occupation, have some independent intellectual life of their own, who value ideas

and the contact of mind with mind, and who come to a seat of learning, not simply to scramble through some bread-winning test, but, whether consciously or not, to satisfy the needs of their growing spirit. It is not easy to devise tests which shall attract all those, however "wild," for whom the University has something to offer, and exclude all those, however bookish, for whom, at this stage, direct contact with life would be a better education; existing scholarship and matriculation arrangements, still more, existing scales of fees, are plainly not contrived for this end; but to suggest their amendment in detail goes beyond the scope of this paper. It is sufficient to say that, in exercising their function of selecting students for admission to their ordinary courses, Universities are performing a national service, and that if they do not, or cannot, exercise it in the best interests of the nation, it is the duty of the nation to interfere.

The other side of University work, what has been called the work of thinking or of interpretation, is too broad and various to be described in detail, but perhaps it can be summarised under three heads:—

First, it is the duty of a University to maintain a high standard in all studies and subjects which come within its range. Perhaps it would be simpler to say that its duty is to foster a love of truth; but truth in the ordinary sense of the word is too narrow and intellectual a term. A University should be a centre of taste, of the love of beauty, as well as of truth; its concern is with all the large and enduring interests of life, and those who are following the quest of the spirit in any field of endeavour, whether the world calls them artists or architects or musicians, philosophers or historians, biologists or chemists, social workers or statesmen in politics or industry, should feel equally at home within its walls. Modern life with its sick hurry and divided aims, its ruthless and mechanical "drive," is in ceaseless conflict with the healthy creative instincts of the artist, and with

the scholar's sensitive love of accuracy and balance and intellectual justice. It is the function of the University to maintain and diffuse respect for all sincere and fundamental achievement, to proclaim the cause of quality against quantity, of simplicity against showiness, of honesty against flattery, of precision against phrase-making; to cause men to feel shame at the hasty production and shallow judgment which pass muster in the crowded metropolis; to be a haven of refuge where men acquire or renew kinship with the spirit of truth which must preside over every fruitful undertaking or activity of mankind. If the Universities do no more for us in the next generation than reform the headlines of our newspapers and banish shop-window methods from our public life, they will have served democracy well.

Secondly, it is the duty of a University to undertake what is called "research," that is, to increase human knowledge, or, by interpreting existing knowledge, to increase our understanding of it. That is a task which has always been associated with Universities, but in recent times, when the teaching function of Universities has come more to the front, it has been apt to be neglected or relegated to the interstices of a busy teacher's time. It is often forgotten that teaching and research are different kinds of work, and often best undertaken by different persons. The "researcher" is primarily interested in his subject: the teacher is primarily interested in his students. The two interests, happily, are often combined; but all modern Universities should find room for a certain number of those rare and difficult minds who find their highest satisfaction in simply adding to the accumulated store of human knowledge.

Thirdly, the University exists to perform what can be called a function of *mediation;* to bring its knowledge and outlook to bear, as a helpful and reconciling influence, on the problems of the day. The true University spirit is not dry, thin, vacuous, pedantic, superior, or, as the

phrase goes, academic ; it is understanding, and sympathetic, health-giving and vitalising. A democracy in which the University played its proper part in public life would be equally free from pedantry in its professors, and from vulgarity and rant in its politicians. There would be constant action and inter-action between theory and practice, between book-learning and experience, between students of all ages and occupations. Political science would no longer be reserved for University lectures and remain conspicuous by its absence on party platforms or in election literature ; and our elder statesmen, men who had acquired ripe wisdom in the service of the State, would be chosen naturally, and as of right, to positions of influence and authority over young minds, which are too often reserved at present for teachers who have long since ceased to learn. Elections would still preserve the old-time fighting flavour so dear to the heart of the pugnacious Briton, but the issues to be decided in them would be thrashed out in fair-tempered, if vivacious, discussion between speakers and voters who had acquired intellectual seriousness and a due sense of civic responsibility. Candidates would learn to revise their traditional methods and would find it fatal to be convicted of ignorance of the tasks which they are asking authority to undertake. Men would learn to look constantly to the Universities for guidance and inspiration. Constitutional problems would be discussed at leisure, as in Ireland at this moment, within the four walls of a University, with a library within call. Nor would experiments be made upon the long-suffering body politic by practitioners imperfectly acquainted with social anatomy.

It is one of the ironies of the modern age that Democracy has become the dominant political creed at a time when the problems of society and government are more difficult and complex, less easy of understanding by the plain man, than ever before in human history. Simple solutions are preached on every hand, but every

fresh attempt to apply them breeds fresh disillusionment, till "the revolutionary tradition" has been worn threadbare and men are tempted to relapse into a cynical and contemptuous despair. For the problems of the modern time defy simple solutions, as Russia is learning to her cost; and it is Plato's philosopher-king rather than a many-headed multitude of tired toilers who is really required to solve them. If Democracy is to survive as an effective force, if government by the people is not to perish from the earth, the people itself must strive to acquire the spirit and temper of the philosopher; it must learn to recognise wisdom and sincerity when it sees them; it must fortify itself against the attempted tyranny of the expert and the assaults of reaction by making the University aware of its needs, and securing that its knowledge and equipment are made freely and constantly available for the service of Democracy.

What does such a policy involve in practice? Nothing less than a new system of education for adult citizens superimposed upon the system already provided for young people. Perhaps "system" is the wrong word for something that must of necessity be voluntary, elastic, spontaneous, and largely self-governing, as the experiments made by the W.E.A. in that direction have shown. But our statesmen and Universities have still to realise, in full measure, that it is farcical to call a community "democratic" unless its citizens have adequate leisure for attention to public affairs, and unless those who hold the keys of knowledge provide the opportunities for the wise and profitable use of such leisure. Democracy has still to win its spurs. It is living to-day upon the failures of alternative systems of government. Only through the fruits of adult education can it secure an intrinsic and lasting justification. When every town and village in Britain is a home of University study, in the widest sense of the word, then we can say with assurance that our country is made "safe for Democracy."

Have the British Universities realised the work that lies ready to their hands in this task of interpretation and mediation? Can they do so until their personnel has been largely humanised and enriched, and their range of interest and study extended and broadened? Is it likely that the necessary changes in University policy and government will be effected in time to meet the urgent needs of the enlarged democracy? Will war, the greatest of educators for a nation like ours, which has always learnt best in the school of experience, send a freshening breeze through the cloisters and council rooms of our academies? The optimist will not offer a direct answer to these questions. He will prefer to leave them with a question mark.

PROGRESS IN GOVERNMENT[1]

When I was asked to speak to you on the subject of Progress in Government I gladly accepted, for it is a subject on which I have reflected a good deal. But when I came to think over what I should say, I saw that you had asked me for the impossible. For what is Government? I do not know whether there are any here for whom Government means no more than a policeman, or a ballot-box, or a list of office-holders. The days of such shallow views are surely over. Government is the work of ordering the external affairs and relationships of men. It covers all the activities of men as members of a community—social, industrial, and religious as well as political in the narrower sense. It is concerned, as the ancients had it, with "that which is public or common," what the Greeks called *τὸ κοινόν* and the Romans *res publica*. The Old English translation of these classical terms is "The Commonwealth" or Common Weal; and I do not see that we can do better than adopt that word, with its richness of traditional meaning and its happy association of the two conceptions, too often separated in modern minds, of Wealth and Welfare.

Our subject, then, is the Progress of the Commonwealth, or, in other words, the record of the course of the common life of mankind in the world. It is a theme which really underlies all the other subjects of discussion at this week's meetings: for it is only the existence of the Commonwealth and its organised efforts to preserve

[1] This and the following lecture were delivered at the Woodbrooke Summer School, near Birmingham, in August, 1916, and reprinted in "Progress and History," Oxford, 1916.

and sustain the life of the individuals composing it, which have made possible the achievements of mankind in the various separate fields of effort which are claiming your attention. Lord Acton spent a lifetime collecting material for a History of Liberty. He never wrote it; but, if he had, it would have been a History of Mankind. A History of Government or of the Commonwealth would be nothing less. Such is the nature of the invitation so kindly given to me and so cheerfully accepted. If you could wait a lifetime for the proper treatment of the subject I would gladly give the time; for, in truth, it is worth it.

What is the nature of this common life of mankind and with what is it concerned? The subjects of its concern are as wide as human nature itself. We cannot define them in a formula: for human nature overleaps all formulas. Whenever men have tried to rule regions of human activity and aspiration out of the common life of mankind, and to hedge them round as private or separate or sacred or by any other kind of taboo, human nature has always ended by breaking through the hedges and invading the retreat. Man is a social animal. If he retires to a monastery he finds he has carried problems of organisation with him, as the promoters of this gathering would confess you have brought with you here. If he shuts himself up in his home as a castle, or in a workshop or factory as the domain of his own private power, social problems go with him thither, and the long arm of the law will follow after. If he crosses the seas like the Pilgrim Fathers, to worship God unmolested in a new country, or, like the merchant-venturers, to fetch home treasure from the Indies, he will find himself unwittingly the pioneer of civilisation and the founder of an Empire or a Republic. In the life of our fellows, in the Common Weal, we live and move and have our being. Let us recall some wise words on this subject from the Master of Balliol's book on the Middle Ages.

"The words 'Church' and 'State,'" he writes, "represent what ought to be an alliance, but is, in modern times, at best a dualism and often an open warfare. . . . The opposition of Church and State expresses an opposition between two sides of human nature which we must not too easily label as good and evil, the heavenly and the earthly, the sacred and the profane. For the State, too, is divine as well as the Church, and may have its own ideals and sacramental duties and its own prophets, even its own martyrs. The opposition of Church and State is to be regarded rather as the pursuit of one great aim, pursued by contrasted means. The ultimate aim of all true human activity must be in the noble words of Francis Bacon 'the glory of God and the relief of man's estate.'"[1]

Bacon's words form a fitting starting-point for our reflections: for they bring vividly before us both the idealism which should inspire all who labour at the task of government and the vastness and variety of the field with which they are concerned. Looked at in this broad light, the history of man's common life in the world will, I think, show two great streams of progress—the progress of man over Nature, or, as we say to-day, in the control of his environment, and the progress of man in what is essentially a moral task, the art of living together with his fellows. These two aspects of human activity and effort are in constant contact and interaction. Studied together, they reveal an advance which, in spite of man's ever-present moral weakness, may be described as an advance from Chaos to Cosmos in the organisation of the world's common life, yet they are so distinct in method and spirit that they can best be described separately.

Let us first, then, consider the history of Government, as a record of the progress of man's power over Nature.

Human history, in this sphere, is the story of man making himself at home in the world. When human history begins we find men helpless, superstitious, ignorant, the plaything of blind powers in the natural and animal

[1] A. L. Smith, "Church and State in the Middle Ages," pp. 207–208.

world. Superstitious because he was helpless, helpless because he was ignorant, he eked out a bare existence rather by avoiding than by controlling the forces in the little world by which he found himself surrounded. Human life in its earliest stages is, as Hobbes described it, nasty, brutish, and short. Man was the slave of his environment. He has risen to become its master. The world, as the prophetic eye of Francis Bacon foretold, has become "The Kingdom of Man."

How complete this conquest is, can best be realised perhaps by considering man's relation to the lower animals. When history opens, the animals are in their element; it is man who is the interloper. Two thousand years ago it was not the Society of Friends but wolves and wild boars who felt themselves at home on the site of Bournville Garden Village. To-day we are surprised when we read that in remote East Africa lions and giraffes venture occasionally to interfere in the murderous warfare between man and man. Man has imposed himself on the animals, by dint of his gradual accumulation of knowledge and his consequent power of organisation and government. He has destroyed the conditions under which the animals prospered. He has, as we might say, destroyed their home life, exposing them to dangers of his own making against which they are now as powerless as he was once against them.

"It is a remarkable thing," writes Sir E. Ray Lankester, "which possibly may be less generally true than our present knowledge seems to suggest—that the adjustment of organisms to their surroundings is so severely complete in Nature apart from Man, that diseases are unknown as constant and normal phenomena under those conditions. It is no doubt difficult to investigate this matter, since the presence of Man as an observer itself implies human intervention. But it seems to be a legitimate view that every disease to which animals (and probably plants also) are liable, excepting as a transient and very exceptional occurrence, is due to Man's interference. The diseases of cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses are not known except in domesticated

herds and those wild creatures to which Man's domesticated productions have communicated them. The trypanosome lives in the blood of wild game and of rats without producing mischief. The hosts have become tolerant of the parasite. It is only when man brings his unselected, humanly-nurtured races of cattle and horses into contact with the parasite, that it is found to have deadly properties. The various cattle-diseases which in Africa have done so much harm to native cattle, and have in some regions exterminated big game, have *per contra* been introduced by man through his importation of diseased animals of his own breeding from Europe. Most, if not all, animals in extra-human conditions, including the minuter things such as insects, shellfish, and invisible aquatic organisms, have been brought into a condition of 'adjustment' to their parasites as well as to the other conditions in which they live: it is this most difficult and efficient balance of Nature which Man everywhere upsets.[1]

And Sir E. Ray Lankester goes on to point out the moral to be drawn from this development. He points out that

"civilised man has proceeded so far in his interference with extra-human nature, has produced for himself and the living organisms associated with him such a special state of things by his rebellion against natural selection and his defiance of Nature's pre-human dispositions, that he must either go on and acquire firmer control of the conditions, or perish miserably by the vengeance certain to fall on the half-hearted meddler in great affairs. We may indeed compare civilised man to a successful rebel against Nature, who, by every step forward, renders himself liable to greater and greater penalties, and so cannot afford to pause or fail in one single step. Or again we may think of him as the heir to a vast and magnificent kingdom, who has been finally educated so as to take possession of his property, and is at length left alone to do his best; he has wilfully abrogated, in many important respects, the laws of his mother Nature by which the kingdom was hitherto governed; he has gained some power and advantage by so doing, but is threatened on every hand by dangers and disasters hitherto restrained: no retreat is possible—his only hope is to control, as he knows that he can, the sources of these dangers and disasters."

[1] Lankester, "Nature and Man," Romanes Lecture, 1905, pp. 27–29.

The time will come, not too long hence, as I believe, when men have realised, with the scientists, that the world is one kingdom, not many, and these problems of man's relation to his non-human environment will be the first concern of statesmen and governors. In some of our tropical colonies they have, perforce, become so already. If you live on the Gold Coast, the war against malaria cannot help seeming more important to you than the war against German trade: and in parts of Central Africa the whole possibility of continued existence centres round the presence or absence of the tsetse fly which is the carrier of sleeping sickness. Some day, when means have been adopted for abating our fiercer international controversies, we shall discover that in these and kindred matters lies the real province of world-politics. When that day comes the chosen representatives of the human race will see their constituents, as only philosophers see them now, as the inheritors of a great tradition of service and achievement, and as trustees for their successors of the manifold sources of human happiness which the advance of knowledge has laid open to us.

If the first and most important of these sources is the discovery of the conditions of physical well-being, the second is the discovery of means of communication between the widely separate portions of man's kingdom. The record of the process of bringing the world under the control of the organised government of man is largely the record of the improvement of communications. Side by side with the unending struggle of human reason against cold and hunger and disease we can watch the contest against distance, against ocean and mountain and desert, against storms and seasons. There can be few subjects more fascinating for a historian to study than the record of the migrations of the tribes of men. He might begin, if he wished, with the migrations of animals and describe the westward progress of the many species whose course can be traced by experts along the natural highways of

Western Europe. Some of them, so the books tell us, reached the end of their journey while Britain was still joined to the continent. Others arrived too late and were cut off by the straits of Dover. I like to form an imaginary picture, which the austerity of the scientific conscience will, I know, repudiate with horror, of the unhappy congregation, mournfully assembled bag and baggage on the edge of the straits and gazing wistfully across at the white cliffs of England, which they were not privileged to reach—*tendentesque manus ripae ulterioris amore*, "stretching out their paws in longing for the further bank."

Our historian would then go on to describe the early "wanderings of peoples" (*Völkerwanderungen*), how whole tribes would move off in the spring-time in the search for fresh hunting-grounds or pasture. He would trace the course of that westward push which, starting from somewhere in Asia, brought its impact to bear on the northern provinces of the Roman Empire and eventually loosened its whole fabric. He would show how Europe, as we know it, was welded into unity by the attacks of migratory warriors on three flanks—the Huns and the Tartars, a host of horsemen riding light over the steppes of Russia and Hungary: the Arabs, bearing Islam with them on their camels as they moved westward along North Africa and then pushing across into Spain: and the Northmen of Scandinavia, those carvers of kingdoms and earliest conquerors of the open sea, who left their mark on England and northern France, on Sicily and southern Italy, on the Balkan Peninsula, on Russia, on Greenland, and as far as North America. Then passing to Africa and Asia, he would describe the life of the pack-saddle and the caravan, the long and mysterious inland routes from the Mediterranean to Nubia and Nigeria, or from Damascus with the pilgrims to Medina, and the still longer and more mysterious passage through the ancient oases of Turkestan, now

buried in sand, along which, as recent discoveries have shown us, Greece and China, Christianity and Buddhism, exchanged their arts and ideas and products. Then he would tell of the great age or maritime discovery, of the merchant-adventurers and buccaneers, of their gradual transformation into trading companies, in the East and in the West, from companies to settlements, from settlements to colonies. Then perhaps he would close by casting a glimpse at the latest human migration of all, that which takes place or took place up to 1914, at the rate of a million a year from the Old World into the United States. He would take the reader to Ellis Island in New York harbour, where the immigrants emerge from the steerage to face the ordeal of the Immigration Officer. He would show how the same causes, hunger, fear, persecution, restlessness, ambition, love of liberty, which set the great westward procession in motion in the early days of tribal migration, are still alive and at work to-day among the populations of Eastern Europe. He would look into their minds and read the story of the generations of their nameless forerunners; and he would ask himself whether rulers and statesmen have done all that they might to make the world a home for all its children, for the poor as for the rich, for the Jew as for the Gentile, for the yellow and dark skinned as for the white.

Let us dwell for a moment more closely on one phase of this record of the conquest of distance. The crucial feature in that struggle was the conquest of the sea. The sea-surface of the world is far greater than its land-surface, and the sea, once subdued, is a far easier and more natural means of transport and communication. For the sea, the uncultivable sea, as Homer calls it, is itself a road, whereas on earth, whether it be mountain or desert or field, roads have first painfully to be made. Man's definitive conquest of the sea dates from the middle of the fifteenth century when, by improvements in the art

of sailing and by the extended use of the mariner's compass, it first became possible to undertake long voyages with assurance. These discoveries are associated with the name of Prince Henry of Portugal, whose life-long ambition it was, to quote the words engraved on his monument at the southern extremity of Portugal, "to lay open the regions of West Africa across the sea, hitherto not traversed by man, that thence a passage might be made round Africa to the most distant parts of the East."

The opening of the high seas which resulted from Prince Henry's activities is one of the most momentous events in human history. Its effect was, sooner or later, to unite the scattered families of mankind, to make the problems of all the concern of all: to make the world one place. Prince Henry and his sailors were, in fact, the pioneers of internationalism, with all the many and varied problems that internationalism brings with it.

"In 1486," says the most recent history of this development, "Bartholomew Dias was carried by storm beyond the sight of land, round the southern point of Africa, and reached the Great Fish River, north of Algoa Bay. On his return journey he saw the promontory which divides the oceans, as the narrow waters of the Bosphorus divide the continents, of the East and West. As in the crowded streets of Constantinople, so here, if anywhere, at this awful and solitary headland the elements of two hemispheres meet and contend. As Dias saw it, so he named it, 'The Cape of Storms.' But his master, John II., seeing in the discovery a promise that India, the goal of the national ambition, would be reached, named it with happier augury, 'The Cape of Good Hope.' No fitter name could have been given to that turning-point in the history of mankind. Europe, in truth, was on the brink of achievements destined to breach barriers, which had enclosed and diversified the nations since the making of the World, and commit them to an intercourse never to be broken again so long as the World endures. That good rather than evil may spring therefrom is the greatest of all human responsibilities." [1]

[1] "The Commonwealth of Nations," edited by L. Curtis, Part I. p. 130.

The contrast between Constantinople and the Cape, so finely drawn in these lines, marks the end of the age when land-communications and land power were predominant over sea-power. The Roman Empire was, and could only be, a land-power. It is no accident that the British Commonwealth is, as the American Commonwealth is fast becoming, predominantly a sea-power.

How was "the greatest of all human responsibilities," arising from this new intercourse of races, met? Knowledge, alas! is as much the devil's heritage as the angels': it may be used for ill, as easily as for good. The first explorers, and the traders who followed them, were not idealists but rough adventurers. Breaking in, with the full tide of Western knowledge and adaptability, to the quiet backwaters of primitive conservatism, they brought with them the worse rather than the better elements of the civilisation, the control of environment, of which they were pioneers. To them Africa and the East represented storehouses of treasure, not societies of men; and they treated the helpless natives accordingly.

"England and Holland as well as the Latin monarchies treated the natives of Africa as chattels without rights and as instruments for their own ends, and revived slavery in a form and upon a scale more cruel than any practised by the ancients. The employment of slaves on her own soil has worked the permanent ruin of Portugal. The slave trade with America was an important source of English wealth, and the philosopher John Locke did not scruple to invest in it. There is no European race which can afford to remember its first contact with the subject peoples otherwise than with shame, and attempts to assess their relative degrees of guilt are as fruitless as they are invidious. The question of real importance is how far these various states were able to purge themselves of the poison, and rise to a higher realisation of their duty towards their races whom they were called by the claims of their own superior civilisation to protect. The fate of that civilisation itself hung upon the issue."[1]

The process by which the Western peoples have risen

[1] Ibid., p. 166.

to a sense of their duty towards their weaker and more ignorant fellow-citizens is indeed one of the chief stages in that progress of the common life of mankind with which we are concerned.

How is that duty to be exercised? The best way in which the strong can help the weak is by making them strong enough to help themselves. The white races are not strong because they are white, or virtuous because they are strong. They are strong because they have acquired, through a long course of thought and work, a mastery over Nature and hence over their weaker fellow-men. It is not virtue but knowledge to which they owe their strength. No doubt much virtue has gone to the making of that knowledge—virtues of patience, concentration, perseverance, unselfishness, without which the great body of knowledge of which we are the inheritors could never have been built up. But we late-born heirs of the ages have it in our power to take the knowledge of our fathers and cast away any goodness that went to its making. We have come into our fortune: it is ours to use it as we think best. We cannot pass it on wholesale, and at one step, to the more ignorant races, for they have not the institutions, the traditions, the habits of mind and character, to enable them to use it. Those too we must transmit or develop together with the treasure of our knowledge. For the moment we stand in the relation of trustees, teachers, guides, governors, but always in their own interest and not ours, or rather, in the interest of the commonwealth of which we and they, since the opening of the high seas, form an inseparable part.

It has often been thought that the relation of the advanced and backward races should be one purely of philanthropy and missionary enterprise rather than of law and government. It is easy to criticise this by pointing to the facts of the world as we know it—to the existing colonial empires of the Great Powers and to

the vast extension of the powers of civilised governments which they represent. But it may still be argued that the question is, not Have the civilised powers annexed large empires? but Ought they to have done so? Was such an extension of governmental authority justifiable or inevitable? Englishmen in the nineteenth century, like Americans in the twentieth, were slow to admit that it was; just as the exponents of *laissez-faire* were slow to admit the necessity for State interference with private industry at home. But in both cases they have been driven to accept it by the inexorable logic of facts. What other solution of the problem, indeed, is possible?

"Every alternative solution," as a recent writer remarks,[1] "breaks down in practice. To stand aside and do nothing under the plea that every people must be left free to manage its own affairs, and that intervention is wicked, is to repeat the tragic mistake of the Manchester School in the economic world which protested against any interference by the State to protect workmen . . . from the oppression and rapacity of employers, on the ground that it was an unwarranted interference with the liberty of the subject and the freedom of trade and competition. To prevent adventurers from entering the territory is impossible, unless there is some civilised authority within it to stop them through its police. To shut off a backward people from all contact with the outside world by a kind of blockade is not only unpracticable, but is artificially to deny them the chances of education and progress. The establishment of a genuine government by a people strong enough and liberal enough to ensure freedom under the law and justice for all is the only solution. . . . They must undertake this duty, not from any pride of dominion, or because they wish to exploit their resources, but in order to protect them alike from oppression and corruption, by strict laws and strict administration, which shall bind the foreigner as well as the native, and then they must gradually develop, by education and example, the capacity in the natives to manage their own affairs."

Thus we see that the progress in knowledge and in

[1] P. H. Kerr in "An Introduction to the Study of International Relations," 1915, p. 149.

the control of their environment made by the civilised peoples has, in fact and inevitably, led to their leadership in government also, and given them the predominant voice in laying down the lines along which the common life of mankind is to develop. If we are to look for the mainspring of the world's activities, for the place where its new ideas are thought out, its policies framed, its aspirations cast into practical shape, we must not seek it in the forests of Africa or in the interior of China, but in those busy regions of the earth's surface where the knowledge, the industries, and all the various organisations of government and control find their home. Because organisation is embodied knowledge, and because knowledge is power, it is the Great Powers, as we truly name them,[1] who are predominantly responsible for the government of the world and for the future of the common life of mankind.

In the exercise of this control the world has already, in many respects, become a single organism. The conquest of distance in the fifteenth century was the beginning of a process which led, slowly but inevitably, to the widening of the boundaries of government. Two discoveries made about the same time accentuated the same tendency. By the invention of gunpowder the people of Europe were given an overwhelming military superiority over the dwellers in other continents. By the invention of printing, knowledge was internationalised for all who had the training to use it. Books are the tools of the brain-worker all the world over; but, unlike the file and the chisel, the needle and the hammer, books not only create, but suggest. A new idea is like an electric current set running throughout the world, and no man can say into what channels of activity it may not be directed.

But neither travel nor conquest nor books and the spread of ideas caused so immense a transformation in the

[1] A still better name would be the Great Responsibilities.

common life of mankind as the process beginning at the end of the eighteenth century which is known to historians as the Industrial Revolution. As we have spoken of the conquest of distance perhaps a better name for the Industrial Revolution would be the Conquest of Organisation. For it was not the discovery of the steam-engine or the spinning-jenny which constituted the revolution : it was the fact that men were now in a position to apply these discoveries to the organisation of industry. The ancient Greeks played with the idea of the steam-engine : it was reserved for eighteenth-century England to produce a generation of pioneers endowed with the knowledge, the power, the foresight, and the imagination to make use of the world-transforming potentialities of the idea. The Industrial Revolution, with its railways and steamships, telegraphs and telephones, and now its airships and submarines and wireless communication, completed the conquest of distance. Production became increasingly organised on international lines. Men became familiar with the idea of an international market. Prices and prospects, booms and depressions, banking and borrowing, became international phenomena. The organisation of production led to an immensely rapid increase of wealth in Western Europe. The application of that wealth to the development of the world's resources in and outside Europe led to a correspondingly huge advance in trade and intercourse. The breakfast-table in an ordinary English home to-day is a monument to the achievements of the Industrial Revolution and to the solid reality of the economic internationalism which resulted from it. There is still poverty in Western Europe, but it is preventible poverty. Before the Industrial Revolution, judged by a modern standard, there was nothing but poverty. The satisfying physical and economic condition which we describe by the name of comfort did not exist. The Italian historian Ferrero, in one of his essays, recommends those who have romantic yearnings after the