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CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURE

PEACE AND WAR IN
THE BALANCE

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PEACE AND WAR IN THE
BALANCE

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TASK OF RATIONALISM, by Mr. John Russell, M.A.,
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CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURE

PEACE AND WAR
IN THE
BALANCE

DELIVERED AT SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE ON
DR. CONWAY'S BIRTHDAY, MARCH 17, 1911

BY
HENRY W. NEVINSON

(John A. Hobson, M.A., in the chair)

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CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

WE are met to-night to do honour to the memory of one who was a great teacher in this place, and who was a friend and philosopher to many of those present. Dr. Conway, as we know, touched life at many points; and we shall be able, year by year, to approach the work of his life—the work he did for humanity—on many different planes. Last year we had special attention called to the work which he did for freedom of thought, in the broad sense of the term; to-night we are concerned, and with special fitness, as it will appeal to all of us who have helped with it, to the great work, extending through his long life, which he did for the cause of peace and international goodwill. We are happy, I say,

in this opportunity, for no moment could be more appropriate to call attention to the great work which has been done—in which Dr. Conway played so conspicuous a part—for the lifting-up of nations from the mire of militarism, and placing them on a higher level of civilisation.

A new lift has been given to the cause of peace during the last few days, and that movement has been initiated from the country which gave birth to Dr. Conway ; and the approach has been made to that country in which he found a home and harbourage for many years—for himself and for the thought which he gave out to the nations. I do not know precisely what was the position of Dr. Conway with regard to the relations between England and America during the later years of his life ; but I think I am right in saying that he himself was not favourable to the formation of any rigorous alliance between the Governments of two countries, which, in his later years, had departed so far from the high

standard of national honesty and national honour. He was afraid lest the tide of Imperialism, which was carrying his country away, as it carried ours, should unite those two nations possibly in a dangerous alliance—an alliance which might be more injurious to the rest of the world than it would be beneficial to themselves. That, I believe, I am right in saying was at all events the later aspect of Dr. Conway's thought on the broad issue of an alliance between this country and America. But I am quite certain that he, were he living, would be the first to welcome that tentative, careful, and wise approach which has been made by the President of the United States to this country—an approach which most of us, at any rate, hope will take the form later on of a definite proposal. Such a proposal would assuredly be received with welcome by all civilised citizens on this side of the Atlantic, and would, I think, even pass the severe test which the United States Senate applies to such proposals. Dr. Conway,

I say, was not clearly favourable to a close offensive and defensive alliance—possibly not to any form of close alliance—between this country and America. He feared an alliance between this country and America, lest the smaller and weaker nationalities of the world should suffer by it, as he feared that larger proposal of a United States of Europe, which might be able to abuse its strength in dealing with the more backward peoples of the earth.

Most of those who are in the habit of frequenting this place are instructed in the main idea that our modern civilisation implies, and in large measure consists in, an advance from an age of militarism to an age of commercialism or industrialism, and that that industrialism affords a permanent and necessary security, if allowed free play, against armed conflict between nations. But the very idea of evolution bids us pause before we form any definite conclusion even on this matter. We say now, "Trade is good ; war is bad"; but we cannot say that this has been so under all

circumstances in the process of history. There has been a time, certainly, if we take early history, when trade was a disintegrator—in the formative period of national life when nations were struggling to win that cohesiveness which was necessary to them if they were to survive in the struggle. And war, on the other hand, served as an integrator in certain early periods of development. No one can read history steadfastly without recognising that it is impossible to support a broad proposition such as this—that war, in all times and in all cases, is bad. No one can lay that down as a necessary and eternal principle of actual history. There was a time when the word “virtue” meant manliness, and that meant primarily the capacity to defend your own, and even to assail another’s. In those periods were formed our emotional evaluations—evaluations of things and conduct which have come down to us through tradition and inheritance. Those emotional evaluations were founded on a fighting past, and they

have impressed themselves very powerfully on our present conceptions of national life. Especially is this true of the political and commercial relations which exist to-day between nations. It is very difficult for an ordinary, well-disposed Englishman or American to get rid of the idea that nations are primarily hostile and antagonistic to one another, and that as one nation gains, another must lose. It is very difficult to secure in the mind of modern citizens a primary acceptance of the notion that civilisation consists in the growing co-operation of national communities, and that we are labouring—slowly and unsuccessfully perhaps, but still labouring—towards a society of nations. We know from sad experience how the obsolete idea of the essential antagonism of nations has operated on the commercial plane ; how it has be-fogged and be-mazed the minds of large masses of educated people in this country, and led them to suppose that commerce was based on an opposition of national interests.

Turning to the immediate work of this evening, we have to address us a man who is known to most of you as a close student of actual current history in many climes, and who has had wide experience not only in the arts of peace, but in the art of war ; for Mr. Nevinson has been present, I think I am right in saying, even as a combatant, in one of the struggles for liberty which have taken place in modern times. I say this because he will not desire to pose before us to-night as a friend of peace at any price. Some of us are for peace almost at any price ; though few of us, I think, put to the test, would assert absolutely and positively that there was no occasion on which it might not be legitimate, honourable, and necessary to draw the sword, even though it should involve the temporary descent to a lower level of civilisation. Whether that be so or not, we shall look to hearing from Mr. Nevinson to-night some matter which will throw light on those grave questions which continually stir in the minds of all of us, even those who

desire eagerly to work towards the substitution of arbitral methods for the methods of war—the question whether there are occasions when it may be necessary for a nation in charge of its own destiny and honour to take up arms, either in defence of itself or of some weaker neighbour. For Mr. Nevinson has not only had large experience in fields of battle; he has also seen many instances of oppression, with misery, brutality, and degradation, which may even have impressed themselves upon his mind as worse than war itself. It is in that light that he may invite us to consider whether we may not approve wars for liberty against the oppression of the stronger—whether the stronger be a race, a class, a sex, or a nation—whether there may not be occasions when human nature must revert, shall we say, to the original condition of struggle. For we can never escape entirely from the lower animal life, though all that progress consists in is a reduction in the proportion which force bears to reason in the affairs of life.

I will not stand any longer between you and Mr. Nevinson, but will ask him now to deliver his lecture.



SUMMARY OF LECTURE

FREEDOM in following the subject—Moncure Conway's position—His lifelong advocacy of peace—Quotations to prove this—Yet he maintained self-defence was not war—Extreme principle of peace thus abandoned.

Peace principle not entertained by the Hague Conference—Character of the Conference—What it has gained—Mr. Hobson's and Norman Angell's analyses of war—"The Great Illusion"—Its appeal to the pocket—Consequent high hopes perhaps obscured by two considerations—(1) War, though disastrous to States, may be lucrative to certain of the ruling classes—(2) Most modern wars are attacks on small or unprotected peoples, and may be lucrative even to States—Great wars may take the cheaper and bloodless form of comparison of armaments.

Lord Rosebery's hope in the working classes—Absurdity of allowing present rulers to control peace and war—How working people are slowly realising this—Instance of Barcelona—Civil or class war may succeed international war as communication grows.

Is peace desired?—The thirst of peaceful and religious people for war—Useless appeal to reason or honour—Argument for war from its supposed effect on character—The advocacy of conscription—Evils of vicarious

warfare—Objection to military training that it promotes obedience.

Is war worth preserving?—The advantages of war—Many of these are lost in modern warfare—William James's proposal for a conscription of work.

Summary—The personal factor—Hopes for the decline of capitalist and Imperialist wars—The best happiness demands an element of difficulty, danger, and suffering—In past history most of us would choose moments of violent and perilous resistance to powerful evil as the finest—And we try to hold ourselves ready for such moments now.

PEACE AND WAR IN THE BALANCE



WHEN your Committee invited me to deliver the Moncure Conway address this year, I was even more surprised at their choice of subject than at their choice of person. For the chosen subject was Peace, and my chief study, interest, and means of livelihood for some twenty years past has been War. It seemed to me like inviting a butcher to lecture on vegetarianism. So I wrote, with regret, to refuse. But your Committee very generously repeated the invitation, giving me free permission to take my own line upon the subject; and I then perceived that you did not ask for the mere celebration of an established doctrine, but were still prepared to join in pursuit, following the track of reason wherever it might lead,

as became the traditions of this classic building, which I sometimes think of as reason's last lair. I perceived that what you demanded was not panegyric, or immutable commonplace, but, above all things, sincerity. And sincerity is a dog with nose to the ground, uncertain of the trail, often losing the scent, often harking back, but possessed by an honest determination to hunt down the truth, if by any means it can be caught.

MONCURE CONWAY AND PEACE.

It is one of my many regrets for wasted opportunity that I never heard Moncure Conway; but, with a view to this address, I have lately read a good deal of his writings. Especially I have read the *Autobiography*, an attractive record and commentary on the intellectual history of rapidly-changing years, most of which I remember. On the question of peace Moncure Conway was

uncompromising—very nearly uncompromising. Most Americans feel taller when they think of Bunker's Hill and the shot that echoed round the world. Moncure Conway only saw lynchers in the champions of freedom who flung the tea-chests into the sea; and in the War of Independence he saw nothing but St. George Washington spearing a George the Third dragon.¹ He quotes with approval the saying of Quaker Mifflin to Washington: "General, the worst peace is better than the best war."² Most Americans regard the Civil War between North and South with admiration as a stupendous contest either for freedom and unity, or for self-government and good manners. Moncure Conway was strongly and consistently opposed to it. The question of slavery did not affect his opposition. He thought few men had wrought so much evil

¹ Address on William Penn at Dickinson College, April, 1907. (*Addresses and Reprints*, p. 415.)

² *Ibid.*, p. 414.

as John Brown of Harper's Ferry, whose soul marched with the Northern Armies.¹ "I hated violence more than slavery," he wrote, "and much as I disliked President Buchanan, I thought him right in declining to coerce the seceding States."² Just before the war began, he wrote in a famous pamphlet: "War is always wrong; it is because the victories of Peace require so much more courage than those of war that they are rarely won."³ "I see in the Union War," he wrote, "a great catastrophe." "Alas! the promises of the sword are always broken—always." And in the concluding pages of his *Autobiography*, as though uttering his final message to the world, he wrote:—

There can arise no important literature, nor art, nor real freedom and happiness, among any people until they feel their uniform a livery, and see in every battlefield an inglorious arena of human degradation.....

¹ *Autobiography*, Vol. I., p. 239. ² *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 320.

³ *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 341 (from "The Rejected Stone").

The only cause that can uplift the genius of a people as the anti-slavery cause did in America is the war against war.

For the very last words of his *Autobiography* he wrote :—

And now, at the end of my work, I offer yet a new plan for ending war—namely, that the friends of peace and justice shall insist on a demand that every declaration of war shall be regarded as a sentence of death by one people on another ; and shall be made only after a full and formal judicial inquiry and trial, at which the accused people shall be fairly represented.....The meanest prisoner cannot be executed without a trial. A declaration of war is the most terrible of sentences : it sentences a people to be slain and mutilated, their women to be widowed, their children orphaned, their cities burned, their commerce destroyed. The real motives of every declaration of war are unavowed and unavowable. Let them be dragged into the light ! No war would ever occur after a fair judicial trial by a tribunal in any country open to its citizens.

Implore peace, O my reader, from whom I now part. Implore peace, not of deified thunderclouds, but of every man, woman, or child thou shalt meet. Do not merely offer the prayer, " Give peace in our time," but do thy part to answer it ! Then, at least, though the world be at strife, there shall be peace in thee.¹

¹ *Ibid.*, Vol. II., pp. 453, 454.

WHERE HE COMPROMISED.

That sounds uncompromising. We cannot doubt that one of the main motives of Conway's life was "War against War." He suffered for peace; he lost friends and influence for peace; we may almost say he was exiled for peace. Those are the marks of sincerity. He, if anyone, we might suppose, was a "Peace-at-any-price man." But let us remember one passage in an address delivered only a few months before his death. In that address, on William Penn, given in April, 1907 (he died in the following November), speaking of Mr. Carnegie's proposal for a compulsory Court of International Arbitration, he said:—

In order to prevent swift attacks of one nation on another without notice, or outrages on weak and helpless tribes, there shall be selected from the armaments of the world a combination armament to act as the international police.....Even if in the last resort there were needed such united force of mankind to prevent

any one nation from breaking the peace in which the interests of all nations are involved, that would not be an act of war, but civilisation's self-defence. Self-defence is not war, although the phrase is often used to disguise aggression.¹

Speaking with all respect for a distinguished man's memory, I disagree with every word of those sentences. An international police, directed by the combined Powers, would almost certainly develop into a tremendous engine of injustice and oppression. The Holy Alliance after Napoleon's overthrow aimed at an international police, and we want no more Holy Alliances. I would not trust a single government in the world to enter into such a combination. I would rather trust Satan to combine with sin. Think of the fate of Egypt from Arabi's time up to the present, or of Turkey six or seven years ago, or of Persia and Morocco to-day! But the point to notice is that you cannot alter things

¹ *Addresses and Reprints*, p. 432.

by altering names. The united force of civilisation brought to bear upon any nation, however guilty, would be an act of war, however much you called it international police. Civilisation's self-defence would be war. Every form of self-defence by violence, whether it disguises aggression or not, is war. For many generations every war has been excused as self-defence of one kind or another. I can hardly imagine a modern war that would not be excused by both sides as defensive. By making these admissions—by maintaining that self-defence is not war—Moncure Conway gives away the whole case of the "peace-at-any-price man." He comes down from the ideal positions of the early Quakers, the modern Tolstoyans, and the Salvation Army. They preach non-resistance to evil consistently. Like all extremists who have no reservations, but will trust to their principle though it slay them, they have gained a certain glow, a

fervour of life, which shrivels up our ordinary compromises and political considerations. But by advocating civilisation's self-defence in the form of a combined international armament, Moncure Conway abandoned that vantage ground. He became sensible, arguable, uncertain, submitting himself to the balances of reason and expediency like the rest of us.

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

A certain glow, a fervour of life—those are signs that always distinguish extremists—men and women who are willing literally to die for their cause. I did not find those signs at the Hague Peace Conference, when I was sent there in 1907 as being a war correspondent. Such an assembly ought to have marked an immense advance in human history. It was the sort of thing that last-century poets dreamed of as the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. It

surpassed Prince Albert's vision of an eternity of International Exhibitions. One would have expected such an occasion to be heralded by Schiller's *Ode to Joy* sounding through the triumph of the Choral Symphony. Long and dubious has been the music's struggle with pain, but at last, in great simplicity, the voices of the men give out the immortal theme, and the whole universe joins in harmony with a thunder of exultation :—

Seid umschlungen, Millionen,
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt.

Surely at the Hague Conference, in the fulfilment of time, peace had come on earth and goodwill among men. Here once more would sound the song that the morning stars sang together, when all the sons of God shouted for joy.

As leaders in that celestial chorus, I found about 400 frock-coated, top-hatted gentlemen from various parts of the world—elderly

diplomatists, ambassadors inured to the stifling atmosphere of courts, Foreign Ministers who had served their time of intrigue, professors who worshipped law, worthy officials primed with a stock of phrases about "the noble sentiments of justice and humanity," but reared in the deadening circle of uniforms, decorations, and insincere courtesy, having no more knowledge of the people's desires than of the people's bacon, and instructed to maintain the cause of peace chiefly by safeguarding their country's military interests. An atmosphere of suspicion and secrecy surrounded them, more dense than the fog of war. For their president they elected an ambassador who had grown old in the service of three Tsars, and now represented a tyrant who refused the first principles of peace to his own people, and repressed the struggle for freedom by methods of barbarism such as no general could use against a belligerent in

the stress of war without incurring the execration of mankind.

With commendable industry, those delegates at this Second Peace Conference devoted themselves to careful preparations for the next war, especially for the next naval war. They appeared to me like two farmers making arrangements to abstain from burning each other's hay-ricks. "Look here," says one, "this rick-burning's a dangerous and expensive job. Let us give up wax vestas, and stick to safety matches." "Done!" says the other. "Now mind! Only safety matches in future!" and they part with mutual satisfaction, conscious of thrift and Christian forbearance. Or, again, I thought the situation might be expressed in the form of a fable, how the Fox of the Conference said to the Rabbit of Peace, "With what sauce, Brer Rabbit, would you like to be eaten?" "Please, Mr. Fox, I don't want to be eaten at all,"

said the Rabbit. "Now," answered the Fox, "you are gettin' away from the pint."

WHAT IS GAINED?

Something has been gained. Even the jealous diplomatists and cautious lawyers at The Hague have secured something. Mankind had gradually learnt that certain forms of horror were too horrible for average civilisation, and The Hague confirmed man's veto, in some particulars. Laying mines at sea and the destruction of private property at sea were not forbidden, nor were the rights of belligerents extended to subject races or rebels. Men and women are still exposed to every kind of torture and brutality, provided the brutalities are practised by their own superior government. It is something, certainly, to have gained a permanent Court of Arbitration for the trial of disputed points between nations. The points are at present minor, it is true.

Questions affecting honour, vital interests, and independence are expressly excluded. But the habit of referring any question at all to arbitration is a gain, if only we could trust the members of the Court. As long as those members are appointed by the present governments of Europe, there is danger of the Court becoming merely another engine in the hands of despotism, as was proved by the conduct of the Savarkar case at the Hague last month (Feb., 1911). But the field of reference will grow imperceptibly, and already we have President Taft protesting that he desires an Arbitration Treaty with England from which even questions of honour, vital interests, and independence shall not be excluded.¹ Out of the eater cometh forth meat. Even a blood-stained Tsar's proposals for peace have not been entirely without effect. But in the

¹ Speech before the American International Arbitration Society, January, 1911.

midst of the warring diplomatists at The Hague one could discover none of that glow, that fervour of devotion to peace, which distinguished the early Quakers and is still felt among a few fine enthusiasts. The first duty imposed upon every representative at The Hague was to get everyone to do as much as possible for peace, except himself. It is not so that the world is moved.

“THE GREAT ILLUSION.”

Neither in the representatives nor in their Governments can we find any principle or passionate desire for peace. The emperors, kings, and men of wealth, birth, and leisure who impudently claim the right of deciding questions of peace and war in all nations, display no objection to war, provided it looks profitable. Provided it looks profitable—what a vista of devilry those words call up! What a theme for satire! But also, to some

extent, and in the present day, what ground for hope !

They bring us suddenly face to face with a little book which will leave its mark, not only on the mind, but, I think, on the actual and external history of man. In my opinion, the next Nobel prize should be shared equally between Mr. J. A. Hobson and Mr. Lane, the younger writer who calls himself Norman Angell. Between them they have completely analysed the motives, the pretexts, the hypocrisies, the deceptions, the corruptions, and the fallacies of modern war.¹ When we say that the men who impudently claim the control of foreign politics among the nations display no objection to war, provided it looks profitable, we enter at once the sphere of that "Great Illusion" which is the distinguishing theme of Norman Angell's pamphlet.

¹ See Mr. Hobson's *Imperialism and The Psychology of Jingoism* ; Norman Angell's *The Great Illusion*.

His main contention is that in modern times, owing to the interdependence of nations, especially in trade, the readiness of communication, the conduct of commerce and finance almost entirely by the exchange of bills and cheques, the complicated banking relations, and the solidarity of credit in all great capitals, so that if London credit is shaken the finance of Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, and New York feels the shock almost equally—for all these reasons modern war cannot be profitable even to the victorious Power.

To advocates of peace, here comes a gleam of hope at last—perhaps the strongest gleam that has reached us yet. Upon the kings of the earth, sitting, as Milton said, with awful eye; upon diplomatists, ambassadors, Foreign Office officials, courtiers, clergy, and the governing class in general, appeals to pity, mercy, humanity, religion, or reason have had

no effect whatever. If you think I speak too strongly, look around you. Name within the last century any ruler or minister who has been guided by humanity or religion in the question of peace or war. Name any ruler who has abstained from war because force is no argument. With the possible exception of Mr. Gladstone in the cases of the *Alabama* and Majuba Hill, I can think of none. Against that one possible exception place all the wars of a century past, including three that were among the most terrible in human history—the Napoleonic war, the Franco-German, and the Russo-Japanese. And as to the sweet influences of Christianity, remember the Russian Archbishops, how they blessed the sacred Icons that were to lead the Russian peasants to the slaughter of Japanese peasants. Remember our Archbishop of Canterbury last month deeply regretting that a previous engagement prevented him from passing on

the blessing of the Apostles to the battleship *Thunderer*. Remember how he sent his wife as a substitute to occupy the Apostolic position in the hope that the hand which rocks the cradle might prove equally efficacious.

Against the pugnacity and courage which urge our rulers to send other people to die for them, the claims of humanity, reason, and religion have no effect. The new hope is that self-interest may succeed where the motives that act upon most decent people almost invariably fail. Norman Angell's appeal goes straight to the pocket, and his choice of that objective inspires hope. If rulers can no longer plead that by war they are advancing the material interests of their State, if it is recognised that even a victorious war involves as great disaster as defeat, or even greater (and it is remarkable that, in one of his latest speeches, Moltke maintained that, next to defeat, the greatest disaster which

could befall any State was victory)—if it can be shown that, in a war between great nations, trade does not follow the flag, but moves rapidly in the other direction, then one of the pretexts of our rulers will be removed, one veil of hypocrisy will be stripped off. To that extent the hope of peace will have grown brighter, and that extent is large.

BUT WAR MAY BE LUCRATIVE TO SOME.

On the whole, it is the brightest hope that has lately risen—or the brightest but one which we will speak of later on. I would only hint at two considerations which may obscure it. Granted that in modern times war-power or victory does not give prosperity; that the invader cannot destroy or capture the enemy's trade; that his own finance is equally disturbed; and that the most enormous indemnity can add nothing to the victorious nation's actual wealth — granted all this,

nevertheless, the warlike heroism of our rulers might not on this account be restrained. In many, if not most, recent wars the object has not been national aggrandisement, or even national commerce, but private gain. We have but to think of the South African War, so cleverly engineered in the gold-mining interest, or of the Russo-Japanese war, where so many thousands died for the Russian aristocracy's timber concessions on the Yalu. Or, as permanent incitements to warfare, we may think of all the manufacturers of armaments, the enormous companies that fatten on blood and iron, the contractors, purveyors, horse-breeders, tailors, advertisers, army-coaches, landowners, and well-to-do families whose wealth, livelihood, or position depends mainly upon the continuance of warlike preparations, and whose personal interests are enormously increased by actual war. When a nation is pouring out its wealth at the rate

of £2,000,000 or even £10,000,000 a week, as in the future it may well do, much of it will run away to waste, but most of it will stick to one finger or another; and the dirtier the finger the more will stick. It seems silly, it seems almost incredible, that, only a few generations ago, the peoples of Europe were engaged in killing each other as fast as possible over a question of dynasty—whether this or that poor forked radish of a mortal should be called King of Spain or King of France. But in our own days men kill each other for dynasties of cash—for wealthy firms and intermarried families. Nations fight that private companies may show a higher percentage on dividends. It is silly; it is almost incredible. But to shareholders and speculators instigated by these motives Norman Angell's appeal is futile. Even a victorious war may spell disaster to the nation; but even defeat spells cash for them.

Holland has just (February, 1911) been compelled to buy twenty-four inferior big guns from Krupp, without contract or competition, for the defence of her Javanese possessions, which no one thinks of attacking. Do you suppose that Krupp's Company regards war as disadvantageous, or circulates Norman Angell's book for a new gospel? "What plunder!" cried Blücher, looking over London from St. Paul's. Nowadays he would not wait to plunder a foreign nation; he would invest in a Dreadnought company, and plunder his own. Our naval estimates this year amount to nearly £45,000,000; our army estimates to nearly £28,000,000—a total of £72,000,000 for what is called defence! Ten years ago we were in the midst of a most expensive war. Nevertheless, in ten years the annual expenditure upon armaments has increased by £14,000,000—far more than enough to double our Old Age Pensions. Within thirty years

the naval estimates have more than quadrupled. Are we to suppose that no one grows fat on the people's money? *Quidquid delirant reges.* The kings of the earth stood up and violently raged together; their subjects died. But now the kings of the earth are raging financiers with a shrewd eye to business, and their subjects starve to pay them. We used to be told that the man who paid the piper called the tune. Do the people call the tune of peace or war? Not at all. The ruling classes both call the tune and pocket the pay.

**MOST MODERN WARS ARE ATTACKS ON
SMALL STATES.**

There is one other point that may obscure the hope arising from Norman Angell's book. His main contention concerns wars between great Powers, nearly equally matched—Powers of high civilisation, with elaborate systems of credit and complicated inter-

dependence of trade. But nearly all modern wars are attacks—defensive attacks, of course—upon small, powerless, and semi-civilised nations by the great Powers. Under the pretext of extending law and order, justice, peace, good government, and the blessings of the Christian faith, a great Power attacks a small and half-organised people with the object of taking up the White Man's Burden, capturing markets, contracting for railways, and extending territory. To wars of this kind, I think, Norman Angell's comforting theory does not apply—the great illusion does not come in. A strong Power may conquer Morocco, or Persia, or seize Bosnia, or enslave Finland, or penetrate Tibet, or maintain its hold on India, or occupy Egypt, or even destroy the Dutch Republics of South Africa, without disorganising its own commerce or raising a panic on its own credit. Most actual fighting is now of this character.

It aims at the suppression of freedom in small or unarmed nationalities, the absorption of independent countries into great empires. It is the modern counterpart of the slave-trade. It is supported by similar arguments, and may be quite lucrative, as the slave-trade was.

WAR BY CALCULATION OF ARMAMENTS.

Actual warfare generally takes this form now, but behind it one may always feel the latent or diplomatic warfare that consists in the calculation of armaments. A great Power says: "How much of Persia, Turkey, China, or Morocco do I dare to swallow? Germany, Russia, France, Japan, England, or Spain (as the case may be) will not like it if I swallow much. But what force could she bring against me, if it came to extremities, and what force could I set against hers?" Then the Powers set to counting up army corps and Dreadnoughts. In Dreadnoughts

they never get their addition-sums right, but they do their poor best, strike a balance, and declare that a satisfactory agreement has been come to. This latent war is expensive, but cheaper than real war—and it is not bloody ; it does not shock credit, though it weakens it ; it does not ruin commerce, though it hampers it. The drain upon the nations is exhausting, but it does not kill men so horribly, and our rulers do not feel it ; for the people pay, and the concession-hunters, the contractors, the company directors, and suchlike people with whom our rulers chiefly associate, grow very fat.

THE GREATER HOPE.

If, then, Norman Angell's hopeful theory applies only partially to these common wars of Imperial aggrandisement and the perpetual diplomatic war by comparison of armaments, to what may we look for hope? Lord Rosebery would be the last person to whom one

would look for hope in general. His hope is too like despair for prudence to smother. Yet, in his speech at the Press banquet during the Imperial Conference of 1909, when he spoke of our modern civilisation "rattling into barbarism," he gave a hint of the movement to which alone I am inclined to trust. "I can only foresee," he exclaimed, "the working-classes of Europe uniting in a great federation to cry: 'We will have no more of this madness and foolery, which is grinding us to powder!'" The words may not have been entirely sincere—something had to be said for the Liberal Press tables, which cheered while the Imperialists sat glum; but there, I believe, lies the ultimate and only possible chance of hope. We must revolutionise our Governments; we must recognise the abject folly of allowing these vital questions of peace, war, and armaments to be decided according to the caprice or advantage of a single man, a clique

of courtiers, a gang of adventurers, or the Cabal of a Cabinet formed from the very classes which have most to gain and least to lose, whether from actual war or the competition in armaments. Over this Executive, whether it is called Emperor, King, Court, or Cabinet, the people of the nation has no control—or nothing like adequate control—in foreign affairs and questions of war. In England last year we were not allowed a single hour for Foreign Office debate in the Commons. In no country of Europe have the men and women of the State a real voice in a matter which touches every man and every woman so closely as war touches them—even distant war, but far more the kind of war that devastates the larder, sweeps out the drawing-room, encamps in the back garden, and at any moment may reduce the family by half.¹ One remembers

¹ "It is especially in the domain of war that we, the bearers of men's bodies, who supply its most valuable

that picture in Carlyle, how thirty souls from the British village of Dumdrudge are brought face to face with thirty souls from a French Dumdrudge, after infinite effort. The word "Fire!" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another:—

"Had these men any quarrel?" asks the Sartor. "Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart—were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

BARCELONA.

Slowly and dimly the Dumdrudges of the world—the peasants and artisans, the working

munition, who, not amid the clamour and ardour of battle, but singly and alone, with a three-in-the-morning courage, shed our blood and face death that the battlefield may have its food—a food more precious to us than our heart's blood; it is we especially who, in the domain of war, have our word to say—a word no man can say for us. It is our intention to enter into the domain of war, and to labour there till, in the course of generations, we have extinguished it."—Olive Schreiner's *Woman and Labour*, p. 178.

people, the people who have most right to count—are beginning to recognise the absurdity of paying and dying for wars of which they know nothing, and in the quarrels of kings and ministers for whom they have neither reverence nor love. “What is the British Empire to me,” I heard a White-chapel man say, “when I have to open the window before I get room to put on my trousers?” A section of the country was opposed to the Crimean War; a far larger section was opposed to the Boer War. Both were ridiculed, persecuted, and maltreated; but nearly everyone now admits that both were right. In the next unjust or unreasonable war the peace party will be stronger still. Something has thus been gained; but the greatest gain ever yet won for the cause of peace was the refusal of the Catalonian reservists to serve in the war against the Riff mountaineers of Morocco in July, 1909.

“Risk our lives and the subsistence of our little families to secure dividends for shareholders in mining concessions illegally inveigled from a semi-savage chieftain? Never! We will raise hell rather, and die in revolution upon our native streets.” So Barcelona flared to heaven, and for nearly a week the people held the vast city. I have seen many noble, as well as many terrible, events, but none more noble or of finer promise for mankind than the sudden uprising of the Catalan working people against a dastardly and inglorious war, waged for the benefit of a few speculators in Paris and Madrid. Ferrer had no direct part in that rising; his only part lay in sowing the seed of freedom by his writings. It was a pity he had no other part. He lost an opportunity such as comes in few men’s lives—and he was executed just the same.¹

¹ Of course, other causes combined for the Barcelona

The event was small and brief, but it was one of the most significant in modern times. If the working-classes refuse to fight, what will the kings, ministers, speculators, and contractors do? Will they go out to fight each other? Then, indeed, warfare would become a blessing undisguised, and we could freely join the poet in calling carnage God's daughter. When I was a child I drew up a scheme for a vast British army recruited from our lunatic asylums. With lunatic soldiers, as I explained to my mother, the heavier our losses, the greater would be our gain. It seems to me still a promising idea. But an army recruited from kings, lords, Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, speculators, contractors, and officials—the people who are the primary originators of our wars—

outbreak—hatred of the religious orders, chiefly economic, and the Catalonian hatred of Castile; but the refusal of reservists to embark for Melilla was the occasion and the main cause.

would have even greater advantages, and the losses in battle would be balanced by still greater compensations.

INTERNATIONAL HOSTILITY DECLINES.

The Barcelona rising was, indeed, full of promise. It marked the gradual approach of a time when the working-people, who always supply most of the men to be killed in war, will refuse to fight for the ruling classes, as they would now refuse to fight for dynasties. If they refuse to fight in the ordinary Government wars, either war will cease, or it will rise to the higher stage of war between class and class. It will become either civil war—the most terrible and difficult, but the finest kind of war, because some principle of the highest value must be at stake before civil war can arise. Or it will become a combined war of the classes in various countries between whom there is a feeling of sympathy and

common interest. That would take the form of a civil war extended throughout Europe, and perhaps America and the highly-developed parts of Asia. The allied forces in the various countries would then strike where the need was greatest, the French or English army corps of working-men going to the assistance of Russian or German working-men against the forces of despotism or capital. But a social war on that scale, however desirable, is like the Spanish fleet in the *Critic*—it is not yet in sight. The growing perfection of modern arms gives too enormous an advantage to established forces. The movement is much more likely to take the Barcelona form of refusal to fight; and if the peoples of Europe could combine in that determination, the effect would be irresistible. This international movement is, in fact, very slowly, growing. The telegraph, the railway, cheap tickets, Cook's tours, the power of

reading, and even the peculiar language taught as French in our schools, combine to wear away the hostility of peoples. The "beastly foreigner" is almost extinct. The man who has been for a week in Germany, or for a trip to lovely Lucerne, feels a reflected glory in saying those foreigners are not so bad. There was a fine old song with a refrain, "He's a good 'un when you know him, but you've got to know him first." Well, we are getting to know the beastly foreigner.

IS PEACE DESIRED?

Ultimately the best, the only hope for peace lies in the determination of the peoples not to do anything so silly as to settle the quarrels of their rulers by killing each other. But then come the deeper questions: Do people love peace? Do they hate war? Would the total abolition of war be a good thing for the world? After a longish period

of peace there usually arises a craving for battle. Nearly fifty years of peace followed the defeat of the Persians in Greece, and at the end of that time, just before the Peloponnesian War, which was to bring ruin on the country, Thucydides tells us that all Greece, being ignorant of the realities of war, stood a-tiptoe with excitement. It was the same in England just before our disastrous South African War, when readers of Kipling glutted themselves with imaginary slaughter, and Henley cried to our country that her whelps wanted blood. In England this martial spirit was more violent than in Greece, because, when war actually came, the Greeks were themselves exposed to all its horrors and sufferings, but in England the blood-thirsty mind could enjoy the conflict in a suburban train with a halfpenny paper. As in bull-fights or gladiatorial shows, the spectators watched the expensive but entertaining scene

of blood and death from a safe and comfortable distance. They gave the cash and let the credit go; they thoroughly appreciated the rumble of a distant drum. "Blood! blood!" they cried. "Give us more blood to make our own blood circulate more agreeably under our unbroken skins!" Christianity joined in the cry through the mouths of its best accredited representatives. As at the Crucifixion it is written, "On that day Herod and Pilate were friends," so on the outbreak of a singularly unjust, avaricious, and cruel war, the Christian Churches of England displayed for the first and last time some signs of unity. Canterbury and Armagh kissed each other, and the City Temple applauded the embraces of unrighteousness and war. Dean Farrar of Canterbury, concluding his glorification of the hell which I then saw enacted in South Africa, quoted with heartfelt approval the Archbishop of Armagh's poem:—

And, as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
Perhaps makes battles too.

Thus as the heaven's many-coloured flames
At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake-dust of battle frames
God's picture in the skies.¹

We are no longer compelled to regard the dogmas of Christianity or the opinions of eminent Christians as authoritative. The appeal to Christianity, which used to be regarded as decisive in favour of peace, is no longer decisive one way or other. Christ's own teaching is submitted to critical examination like any other teacher's, and we should be the last to decry the representatives of the Prince of Peace for acclaiming the virtues of war, if they think their Master was mistaken. When bishops and deans and leading Non-conformists thirst for war's red rain, we must

¹ Quoted in J. A. Hobson's *Psychology of Jingoism*, p. 52.

take account of their craving as part of man's nature. We must remember also that war has popular elements sometimes overlooked in its general horror. It is believed that in the American Civil War nearly a million men lost their lives ; but against this loss we must set the peculiar longevity with which the survivors have been endowed, and the increasing number of heroes who enjoy the State's reward for their services of fifty years ago. Even during the South African War certain compensations were found. A charitable lady went on a visit of condolence to a poor woman whose husband's name had just appeared in the list of the killed at Spion Kop. "Ah, Mum," exclaimed the widow with feeling ; "you don't know how many happy homes this war has made !"

**REASON AND HORRORS DO NOT DETER
FROM WAR.**

Before we absolutely condemn war we must

take account of these religious, medicinal, and domestic considerations. On the side of peace I think it is of little avail to plead the horrors and unreason of war. We all know how horrible and silly it is for two countries to pretend to settle a dispute by ordering large numbers of innocent men to kill each other. If horrors would stop it, anyone who has known war could a tale unfold surpassing all that the ghost of Hamlet's father had seen in hell. There are sights on a battlefield under shell-fire, and in a country devastated by troops, so horrible that even war correspondents have silently agreed to leave them undescribed. But the truth is that people who are not present in war enjoy the horror. That is what they like reading about in their back-gardens, clubs, and city offices. The more you talk of the horrors of war the more warlike they become, and I have met no one quite so bloodthirsty as the warrior of peace.

Nor is it any good pleading for reason when about ninety-nine per cent. of every man's motives are not reasonable, but spring from passion, taste, or interest. The appeal even to expense falls flat in a country like ours, where about 200,000 horses, valued at £12,000,000, and maintained at a charge of £8,000,000 a year, are kept entirely for the pursuit of foxes, which are preserved alive at great cost in order that they may be pursued to death.¹ Protests against the horrors, the unreason, and even the expense of war have hitherto had very small effect.

ARGUMENT FOR WAR FROM CHARACTER.

The real argument in favour of war welcomes horror, confronts reason, and disregards expense. There are certain military qualities and aspects of life, it says, that are worth

¹ Figures from an article by Mr. Leonard Willoughby in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for November, 1910.

preserving at the cost of all the horror, unreason, and waste of war. The stern military character, brave but tender, is a type of human nature for which we cannot pay too much. Consider physical courage alone, how valuable it is, and how rare. With what speed the citizen runs at the first glimpse of danger! With what pleasure or shamefaced cowardice citizens look on while women are being violently and indecently assaulted when attempting to vindicate their political rights! How gladly everyone shouts with the largest crowd! Consider how many noble actions men leave undone through fear of being hurt or killed. "Dogs! would you live for ever?" cried Frederick the Great to his soldiers, in defeat; and most of us would certainly answer: "Yes, we would, if you please!" Only through war, or the training for war, says the argument, can this loathly cowardice be kept in check. Only by war can the spirit

be maintained that redeems the world from sinking into a Pigs' Paradise. Only in the expectation or reality of war can life be kept sweet, strong, and at its height. War is life in extremes; it is worth preserving even for its discipline and training.

Manhood training [said Mr. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, in the issue of January 22, 1911]—manhood training has become the basis of public life, not only in every great European State, but in young democratic countries, like Australia and South Africa. "One vote, one rifle," says ex-President Steyn.....As a means of developing the physical efficiency of whole nations, of increasing their patriotic cohesion, of implanting in individuals the sense of political reality and responsibility, no substitute for manhood training has yet been discovered.

ADVOCACY OF MILITARY TRAINING.

This kind of argument implies despair of perpetual, or even of long-continued, peace. It is true that those who advocate a national training of all our manhood for war generally urge upon us that it is the best security for

peace. In the same way, peaceful Anarchists might plead that they maintained several enormous bomb-factories in order to impress upon rulers the advantages of freedom. But if peace were the real and only object of Conscription, and if Conscription precluded the probability of war, military training, after some years, would almost certainly decline, and its supposed advantages would be lost. When you breed game-cocks, they will fight; but if you forbid cock-fighting, the breed will decline. You cannot have training for war without the expectation of war. For many years I was a strong advocate of national service, even though I knew it would never be adopted in this country until we had seen the realities of war in our very midst, and had sat in morning trains to the City stopped by the enemy's batteries outside Liverpool Street and London Bridge. I also foresaw the extreme difficulty of enforcing military training

upon Quakers, the Salvation Army, the Peace Society, and many Nonconformists and Rationalists. Nevertheless, twenty-five years ago I advocated Conscription in a carefully-reasoned article that appeared in Mr. Stead's *Pall Mall Gazette*. It was received with a howl of rage and derision by both parties in the State, and by all newspapers that noticed it at all. It is significant—perhaps terribly significant—that it would not be received with derision now, but that nearly the whole of one party and the great majority of newspapers would welcome it only too gladly.

EVILS OF VICARIOUS WARFARE.

It seemed to me at that time—and it seems to me still—one of the most horrible things in modern British life that we bribe the unemployed, that we compel them by fear of starvation, to do our killing and dying for us. I

have passed more men into the army, probably, than any recruiting sergeant, and I have never known a man who wished to recruit unless he was unemployed. The latest Recruiting Report issued by the War Office shows ninety per cent. of the recruits "out of work." I should have put the percentage still higher. But when you next see a full company of a hundred soldiers, and reflect that ninety of them have been persuaded to kill and die for you simply through fear of starvation under our country's social system—I say, whether you seek peace or admire war, the thought is horrible ; and to myself it is hardly to be endured.

To wipe out this hideous shame, to put ourselves all in one boat, and, if war is licensed murder, at all events to share the murder that we license, and not to starve the poor into criminals for our own relief, perhaps Conscription would not be too high a price to

pay. Other advantages are more obvious—the physical advantage of two years' regular food and healthy air and exercise for rich and poor alike, the social advantage of the mixture of all classes in the ranks, the moral advantage of giving the effeminate sons of luxury a stern and bitter time. For all this we would willingly pay a very heavy price. I would pay almost any price.

THE ROOT OBJECTION.

But should we pay the price of compulsion? That is the only price that makes me hesitate. I used to cherish a frail belief in discipline and obedience to authority and the State. My belief in discipline is still alive—discipline in the sense of entire mutual confidence between comrades fighting for the same cause; but I have come to regard obedience to external authority as the most dangerous of virtues. I doubt if any possible advantage could

balance an increase of that danger ; and every form of military life is almost certain to increase it. To me the chief peril of our time is the growing power of the State, its growing interference in personal opinion and personal life, the intrusion of an inhuman being called an expert or official into the most intimate, inexplicable, and changing affairs of our lives and souls, and the arrogant social legislation of a secret and self-appointed Cabal or Cabinet, which refuses even to consult the wishes of that half of the population which social restrictions touch most nearly. If general military service would tend to increase respect and obedience to external authority of this kind, it might be too big a price to pay for all its other advantages. I think it would tend to increase that abhorrent virtue of indiscriminate obedience. Put a man in uniform, and ten to one he will shoot his mother, if you order him. Under authority, officers will

stoop to lying or meanness, as was seen in the Dreyfus and Edmondson cases. Yet the shame of our present enlistment by hunger is so overwhelming that I confess I still hesitate between the two systems, if we must assume that the continuance of war is inevitable, or to be desired.

IS WAR WORTH PRESERVING ?

Is it inevitable? Is it to be desired? If it were dying out in the world, should we make efforts to preserve war artificially, as we preserve sport, which would die out unless we maintained it at great expense? The sportsman is an amateur butcher—a butcher for love. Ought we to maintain soldiers for love—for fear of losing the advantages of war? Those advantages are thought considerable. War has inspired much art and much literature. It is the background or foreground in nearly all history ; it sheds a gleam of uniforms

and romance upon a drab world ; it delivers us from the horrors of peace—the softness, the monotony, the sensual corruption, the enfeebling relaxation. No one desires a population slack of nerve, soft of body, cruel through fear of pain, and incapable of endurance or high endeavour.

It is a calumny on men [said Carlyle] to say they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense in this world or the next. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man.¹

At times war appears as a kind of Last Judgment, sentencing folly and sensuality to hell. The shame of France was consumed by the fire of 1870, and her true genius was restored. Abominable as the Boer War was, the mind of England was less pestilential after it than before. Passion purifies, and surely there can be no passion stronger than one which drives you to kill or die.

¹ *The Hero as Prophet*, p. 65.

MANY OF WAR'S SERVICES LOST IN
MODERN WAR.

The trouble is that, in modern wars, passion does not drive *you*, but you drive someone else, who probably feels no passion at all. It is thought a reproach against an unwarlike soldier that "he has never seen a shot fired in anger." But in these days he might have been through many battles and still not have seen a shot fired in anger. Hardly anyone fires in anger now. What passion can an unemployed workman feel when he is firing at an invisible unemployed workman or semi-savage in the interest of a mining concession? Nor is it true that war in these days encourages eugenics by promoting the survival of the fittest. On the contrary, the fittest, the bravest, and the biggest are the most likely to be killed. The smallest, the cowards, the men who get behind stones and stick there,

will probably survive. And as to the dangers of effeminate peace, it is only the very small circle of the rich, the overfed, the over-educated, and the over-sensitive who are exposed to them. There is no present fear of the working classes becoming too soft. The molten iron, the flaming mine, the whirling machine, the engulfing sea, and hunger always at the door take care of that. Every working man lives in perpetual danger. Compared to him, and compared to any woman in childbirth, a soldier is secure, even under fire. The daily peril, the daily toil, the fear for the daily bread harden most working men and women enough, and for that very reason we should welcome the fine suggestion of Professor William James—his last great service—that the rich and highly educated should pass through a conscription of labour side by side with the working classes, who would heartily enjoy the sight of young dukes, capitalists,

barristers, and curates toiling in the stoke-holes, coalmines, factories, and fishing-fleets, to the incalculable advantage of their souls and bodies.

SUMMARY.

So the balance swings this way and that, and neither scale will definitely settle down. It is very likely that the bias of temperament makes us incapable of decision. What is called the personal equation holds the two scales of our minds painfully equal, and while we meditate perpetual peace we suddenly hear the trumpet blowing. In many of us a primitive instinct survives which blinds and warps the reason, and calls us like a bugle to the silly and atrocious field. For the immediate future, I can only hope, as I confidently believe, that the present age of capitalist war will pass, as the age of dynastic war has passed, for ever into the inferno where slavery

and religious persecution now lie burning, though they seemed so natural and strong. I think it will not much longer be possible to fool the working classes into wars for concessions or the extension of empires. I believe that already the peoples of the greatest countries are awakening to the folly of entrusting their foreign politics, involving questions of peace and war, to the guidance of rulers, Ministers, and diplomatists who serve the interests of their own class, and have no knowledge or care for the desires or interests of the vast populations beneath them. I look forward to the time when the extreme arbitrament of war will be resorted to mainly in the form of civil or class contentions, involving one or other of the noblest and most profound principles of human existence. Or if war is to be international, we may hope that the finest peoples of the world will resolve only to declare it in defence of the threatened

independence of some small but gallant race, or for the assistance of rebel peoples in revolt for freedom against an intolerable tyranny.

I suppose a man's truest happiness lies in the keenest energy, the conquest of difficulties, the highest fulfilment of his own nature ; and I think it possible that, under the conditions of our existence as men, the finest happiness—the happiness of ecstasy—can only exist against a very dark background, or in quick succession to extreme toil and danger. It can only blaze like lightning against the thunder-cloud, or like the sun's radiance after storm. For most of us other perils or disasters or calls for energy supply that terrific background to joy ; but it is none the less significant that most people who have shared in perilous and violent contests would, in retrospect, choose to omit any part of active and happy lives rather than the wars and revolutions in which they have been present, no

matter how terrible the misery, the sickness, the hunger and thirst, the fear and danger, the loss of friends, the overwhelming horror, and even the defeat.

We must not take as argument a personal note that may sound only from a primitive and unregenerate mind. But when I look back upon the long travail of our race, it appears to me still impossible to adopt the peace position of non-resistance. As a matter of bare fact, in reviewing history should we not all most desire to have chased the enslaving Persian host into the sea at Marathon, to have driven the Austrians back from the Swiss mountains, to have charged with Joan of Arc at Orleans, to have gone with Garibaldi and his Thousand to the wild redemption of Sicily's freedom, to have severed the invader's sinews with De Wet, to have shaken an ancient tyranny with the Russian revolutionists, or to have cleaned up the Sultan's shambles with

the Young Turks? Probably there is no man or woman who would not choose scenes and actions like those, if the choice were offered. To very few do such opportunities come ; but we must hold ourselves in daily readiness. We do well to extol peace, to confront the dangers, labour, and temptations of peace, and to hope for the general happiness of man in her continuance. But from time to time there come awful moments to which Heaven has joined great issues, when the fire kindles, the savage indignation tears the heart, and the soul, arising against some incarnate symbol of iniquity, exclaims, "By God, you shall not do that. I will kill you rather. I will rather die!"

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

PRESIDENT TAFT'S ARBITRATION TREATY

SINCE this pamphlet was set up in type, Sir Edward Grey, speaking in the House of Commons on March 13, extended a hearty welcome to President Taft's suggestion, mentioned on page 30, in regard to a Permanent Arbitration Treaty on all possible points of contention between this country and America. Sir Edward Grey spoke of the proposal as "bold and courageous," and said that "a statement of this kind, put forward by a man in the position of the President of the United States, ought not to go without response." On March 16 Mr. Balfour, on behalf of the Opposition, expressed entire concurrence with this view; and the proposal was received with general satisfaction throughout the country, on the understanding that no defensive alliance against a third Power, as Sir Edward Grey appeared at first to propose, was involved.

APPENDIX B

BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
NOTES CONCERNING MONCURE
DANIEL CONWAY

1832. Born in Virginia.
1850. *Free Schools in Virginia.*
1851. Enters Methodist Ministry.
1854. Enters Unitarian Ministry.
1858. Marries.
1863. Comes to England.
1864. Preaches at South Place Chapel.
1865. Appointed permanent Minister.
1869. Abandonment of prayer, followed by gradual abandonment of Theism.
1870. *The Earthward Pilgrimage.*
1874. *The Sacred Anthology.*
1877. *Idols and Ideals.*
1883. *Lessons for the Day* (2 vols.). (Revised edition, 1907.)
1884. Temporarily retires from South Place.
1892. Returns to South Place.
Life of Thomas Paine.
1897. Death of Mrs. Conway.
Final retirement from South Place.
1904. *Autobiography* (2 vols.).
1906. *My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East.*

-
1907. Dies in Paris.
1909. *Moncure D. Conway: Addresses and Reprints.* (A Memorial Volume containing a complete Bibliography.)
1910. First Memorial Lecture.
-

APPENDIX C

THE CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURESHIP

At a general meeting of the South Place Ethical Society, held on October 22, 1908, it was resolved, after full discussion, that an effort should be made to establish a series of lectures, to be printed and widely circulated, as a permanent Memorial to Dr. Conway.

Moncure Conway's untiring zeal for the emancipation of the human mind from the thralldom of obsolete or waning beliefs, his pleadings for sympathy with the oppressed and for a wider and profounder conception of human fraternity than the world has yet reached, claim, it is urged, an offering of gratitude more permanent than the eloquent obituary or reverential service of mourning.

The range of the lectures (of which the second is published herewith) must be regulated by the financial support accorded to the

scheme ; but it is hoped that sufficient funds will be forthcoming for the endowment of periodical lectures by distinguished public men, to further the cause of social, political, and religious freedom, with which Dr. Conway's name must ever be associated.

The Committee, although not yet in possession of the necessary capital for the permanent endowment of the Lectureship, thought it better to inaugurate the work rather than to wait for further contributions. The funds in hand, together with those which may reasonably be expected in the immediate future, will insure the delivery of an annual lecture for some years at least.

The Committee earnestly appeal either for donations or subscriptions from year to year until the Memorial is permanently established. Contributions may be forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer.

On behalf of the Executive Committee :—

W. C. COUPLAND, M.A., *Chairman*.

C. FLETCHER SMITH and ALFRED DELVE,
Hon. Secretaries.

F. M. COCKBURN, *Hon. Treasurer*, "Pera-
deniya," Ashburton Road, Croydon.

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