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THE PRINCIPLE
OF
NATIONALITIES

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ISRAEL ZANGWILL



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NATIONALITIES

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CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURE

THE PRINCIPLE
OF
NATIONALITIES

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BY
ISRAEL ZANGWILL

(Percy Alden, M.P., in the Chair)

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CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

I AM very glad that Mr. Zangwill has chosen for the subject of this lecture "The Principle of Nationalities," because there is no one question about which there is so much loose speech and careless political thinking as about the subject of nationality. It is chiefly due to the confusion between a nation and a State. They are not synonymous. All that is necessary is to quote one or two concrete instances to show that such a conception is utterly false. Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are nations, but not States. Finland and Poland are in the same position; whereas Austria-Hungary is a State, but not a nation. Again; a nation is not necessarily the same thing as a race, because there are ties of affinity which con-

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stitute a nation which nevertheless include various racial characteristics, and even languages. A certain defined geographical area does not necessarily constitute a nation. Both the Greeks and the Jews have at certain periods of their history been scattered over wide portions of the earth's surface, and yet retained a strong sense of unity and nationality.

I have mentioned Poland, and the Poles serve as a good illustration of what I mean. I suppose there is no nationality quite so persistent, so passionately devoted to race and language, as the Polish. This very fact has afforded an almost insoluble problem to both Germany and Russia, and in so far as Austria-Hungary has found a solution it has been by allowing the Poles to develop upon their own lines with a large amount of self-government. Poland is no clearly defined geographical unit on any side, and that is one reason why the European statesmen who have to settle the future of Poland will find

it a difficult task. Nevertheless, while geographical unity and a clearly defined geographical area may help and does help to make a nation, it is not by any means the chief source and spring of nationhood.

Mr. W. L. George has said, "The price of nationality is war." I should be inclined to substitute the word "racialism" for "nationality." It is "racialism" that is responsible for many of the wars that this world has witnessed. There is a sort of fundamental and inherent antipathy of one race to another, which we do our best to encourage—a belief that one race is superior to another, and therefore more deserving either of territory or of opportunities of development. That the source of war is not so much the national idea as the racial idea is clearly seen when we study Germany in this connection. What is called the "National Movement" in Germany has become a profound danger and menace to the whole world because it is based on racialism, on an idolatry of race which exalts the Teutonic peoples at the expense of

all others. It is this racialism that has led to the many and inevitable demands of the Pan-Germans, who desire to bring under their sway by force (if peaceful means are unavailing) all those countries which were at any time possessed or conquered by the Teutonic race, and in which any element whatever of the Teutonic language still remains. That is why Holland, Belgium, and Denmark are all three in danger of being absorbed by Germany.

Another important factor in nationality, of course, is unity of language, for a common language means a common literature, and literature counts for so much in the shaping of any nation. Unity of religion also plays a part, for the basic and fundamental moral conceptions of a people must have a great effect in binding them together in communities. It would seem, however, that perhaps the most striking of all the forces that mould men into nations is the possession of common traditions of suffering and of joy. These common traditions may be expressed in a

variety of ways by songs and by legends, often by stories that are attached to great personalities until they become legendary. Every man of conquest who tries to destroy a nation adds fuel to the flames of the national spirit, the spirit of patriotism. Of the many nationalities that one meets with in the United States—and I have sometimes lectured when there were fifteen or twenty different nationalities present—there is no one about which you can say that harsh treatment on the part of other nations or other races has eliminated the spirit of patriotism. In the United States, under the influence of the Public School, which gives a common literature and therefore a common source of high ideals and sentiment, all European nationalities seem to surrender their racialism ; and sooner or later Bohemian and Greek, Italian and German, Hungarian and Swede, become linked together by the common tradition of America's greatness and America's freedom.

Our lecturer to-day is one of the most dis-

tinguished Jews we have in our midst. No man has written with such insight and such sympathy about his own people; and perhaps no man has seen more clearly the danger of the racial tendencies of modern Europe. Mr. Zangwill is a man who hates war, and would try to remove the causes of war. He does not believe that wars ever ingeminate peace. He sees that many wars are created by this spirit of racialism, or by the ambition of leaders who in the aggrandisement of their own States see aggrandisement for themselves. One of Mr. Zangwill's novels, "The Mantle of Elijah," will disillusion anyone who is inclined to believe that war serves some great and holy but undefined purpose. Speaking for myself, my view is that militarism must ever be the sworn foe of all modern social developments, and that every advance from the community standpoint makes militarism a greater evil. The more splendid the social structure we build up, the more appalling the chaos and ruin entailed by war, which pulls down the

sustaining pillars and breaks up the fabric of our social life to its very foundations. If we cannot overcome militarism, and if we cannot destroy war, then social reformers and social workers are only preparing a still more elaborate burnt-offering for this insatiable Moloch, a more terrible holocaust of human life and human effort. Mr. Zangwill will, of course, speak for himself, and he may not altogether agree with me. This much is certain, however: whether he agrees with me or you agree with him, his subject is profoundly interesting to us all, and is sure to be illuminated by that terse, epigrammatic wisdom for which he is famous. Jews have played a brilliant part in the history of our country in recent years; some have made money, some have made history, and others have made literature. Of these three classes I prefer the latter. It is to that class that our distinguished lecturer belongs as of right.



THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITIES

I.

IN that resonant Declaration of Rights or new European Charter constituted by the reply of the ten Allied Nations to President Wilson, among the conditions laid down as an indispensable preliminary to Peace was the "recognition of the principle of nationalities." When States and Kingdoms talk of truth and justice, "Earth," said Wordsworth, "is sick and Heaven is weary." But this time it is not only States and Kingdoms. In the memorandum on "the basis of a just Peace" signed by distinguished democrats, writers and Quakers, female as well as male, this same principle appears. Lord Courtney is at one

with Edward Carpenter, Sir Edwin Pears with Robert Smillie and George Lansbury. Three Congresses of Nationalities have been held in Switzerland. A swarm of books and articles with "nationality" in their title swells the chorus of agreement. A new and able organ, pullulating with Professors, parcels out "The New Europe."

What is this "principle of nationalities" for which millions of men have died and are yet to die? In the great Peace-Congresses of the past—at Vienna in 1815, at Paris in 1856, at Berlin in 1878—it was ignored or flouted, frontiers being cut right through nationalities. It is now to be the master-principle of the coming settlement of Europe. Does it deserve this dominance? Is it a master-principle in the evolution of humanity?

The eighteenth century would have had no doubt as to the answer. "The whole world being only one city," said Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," "I do not much care in which of the streets I happen to reside." "The world

is my country," said Thomas Paine, "mankind are my brothers." Nor were the great German thinkers less catholic. Kant meditated on Perpetual Peace and a World-Republic. "Love of country," said Lessing—and both Goethe and the young Schiller would have endorsed the sentiment—"is at best an heroic vice, which I am quite content to be without." But very soon the tune was changed. Napoleon's dash for Empire woke up the sleeping dogs of nationality, and the nineteenth century resounded and reverberated with it. Wordsworth, who in his youth had hailed the oneness of mankind, and heard "prophetic harps" ringing in every grove that "war shall cease," lived to chant the struggling Spaniard and Tyrolese and to ask indignantly what availed human progress,

"If sapient Germany must lie depressed
Beneath the brutal sword!"

Byron bewailed Poland and died for Greece. Swinburne wrote odes to insurgent Italy and dedicated his "Songs Before Sunrise" to

Mazzini. Tennyson saluted Montenegro's "rock-bound throne of freedom," and George Eliot marvellously interpreted in "Daniel Deronda" a Zionist movement that had not yet come into existence. But even at the height of the Garibaldi legend, and when even Cobden paid tribute to Kossuth, other voices made themselves heard. Thinkers whose thought or believers whose faith embraces mankind must needs grow restive under this apotheosis of family feeling. The Jesuits have always been prohibited even to speak of nations. And thus Lord Acton, the Roman Catholic historian, a man of singularly elevated judgment, rebuked the theory as absurd and criminal, holding even that the power to annex alien territory might be an indispensable guarantee of future peace. And to-day Romain Rolland, the French novelist, and Rabin-dranath Tagore, the Hindoo poet, are at one with Santayana, the Spanish-American philosopher, and Brandes, the Danish-Jewish critic, in ridiculing or denouncing its noisome narrow-

ness. "The wars of nationality," cries Brandes, "are more barbarous even than the wars of religion. What matters the rectification of a boundary, compared with the killing of a potential Goethe or Newton?"

A question more burning, a principle more essentially in need of scrutiny, could scarcely be propounded. And there could surely be no finer way of perpetuating the memory of a moral teacher than by examining such questions in his spirit. Whether the conclusions reached would have accorded with his own view or not, whether they are flawless or faulty, is irrelevant. For Moncure D. Conway was a Free Thinker, not in one word but in two. I know indeed few more regrettable liaisons than that by which these two words became agglutinated, or few more suggestive changes of meaning than that the pliancy and openness of mind initiated for the modern world by Descartes should have come to connote a negation of religion. The religious, if they had any sense of humour, must surely have seen

how grave a reflection upon themselves was their use of the epithet "Freethinker" as synonymous with unbeliever. These ancient enemies of Thought have indeed been curiously reinforced of late by a ragged regiment of Pragmatists, proclaiming that the end verifies the means; Freudian psychologists urging that the suppressed wish is father to the thought; Durkheimesque sociologists defining truth as the common illusion; Bergsonian philosophers vaunting the superiority of intuition, and physiologists asserting with Mach that the brain was meant for an organ of adaptive action, not of cogitation. But inasmuch as all their systematic depreciations of thought necessarily depend upon thinking, these new-fangled efforts to push Thought from its pride of place may be dismissed as an unusually elaborate Irish bull. There still remains for the tragic fog of life only the torch of Reason in the hand of Love—the torch that Moncure D. Conway upbore here so long and so fearlessly.

II.

How comes a principle flouted in 1815 to be the master-principle of 1917? The answer of the Professors is that precisely because it was left out of the reckoning in 1815, we have to meet the bill—and with compound interest—to-day: not to mention various little intervening instalments of wars and uprisings. For ever since the invasion of the Barbarians in the fifth century began to break up the Roman Empire which unified civilisation, nationalities have been forming and emerging from the débris. Since England rose to national consciousness in the thirteenth century, the same volcanic force of nationality has been re-shaping the map of Europe, throwing up France, and Spain, and Portugal, and in the nineteenth century—the era of nationality—rending Greece from Turkey and Italy from Austria and Belgium from Holland, fusing Germany, freeing Hungary and sundering

Scandinavia, till at last only the Turkish and Austrian area rumbles un-nationalised. This war to nationalise it and so end the European earthquake is thus—says Professor Ramsay Muir—“the culmination of modern history.”

If this be a true reading of history, what is to be said of the wisdom of Governments that not only neglected this explosive force but even compressed it? It was not, as we have seen, for lack of hearing about it. But the British Government, exclusively bent on “the balance of power,” paid no heed to the poets, and, like the spirally moving Frederick the Great in Carlyle’s description, faced right or faced left in apparent inconstancy, but with the goal all the while “sun-clear.”

The “principle of nationalities” was actually brought up at the Congress of 1815—but by Russia, and England baffled it. For to weaken Russia and strengthen Turkey was then the policy—a policy whose complete reversal has disequibrated the Balkans, every member of which hung between Turkey and

Russia, the Slav nationalities fostered and protected by whom had thus to be till recently repressed. 1848—the great year of nationalities in revolt—was marked in England by the crushing of young Ireland. In the Crimean War our troops with those of France occupied Greece to prevent Greece joining Russia. In the Congress of 1856 “the principle of nationalities” was brought up by France, but thwarted again by England, assisted this time by Austria, against whose will, however, Russia created Roumania. In the Italian Risorgimento such outside aid as was given came from France. In 1863 Napoleon III. also proposed to settle Poland by a European Congress. England abruptly declined. In 1864 she saw Schleswig-Holstein annexed, and in 1870 Alsace-Lorraine, nor did she protest against the Prussianisation of Posen. When triumphant Russia by the Treaty of San Stefano had made Roumania independent of Turkey and was threatening to land at Gallipoli, we were on the verge of a new war with Russia. But Beaconsfield man-

aged to bring back from the Berlin Congress "peace with honour," and I remember as a boy seeing him land with it at Dover, and adding my hurrahs to the crowd's. To pretend, therefore, that England has been the champion of nationality would be a perversion of history that could occur only to a professor of it. It is true Germany has been the enemy of nationality, but this does not make England its friend. Professor Ramsay Muir points, indeed, to her fostering of Greek and Belgian freedom. But the pro-Hellenic policy of Canning was abandoned as soon as he died, while his notorious seizure of the friendly Danish fleet and his bombardment of Copenhagen hardly stamp him as a warden of small nationalities. As for Belgium, she stood indebted to France, not us, for her separation from Holland, and our acquiescence was the mere result of Talleyrand's diplomacy. If anything characterises the last half-century of history, it is the rise everywhere of Imperialism, and navies, and the partition of Africa ; and the true turning-point

of modern history was our alliance with Japan, the destroyer of the nationality of Korea. *Tendenz*-historians should be exported to Potsdam.

The document embodying "the principle of nationalities" was drawn up in French and bears the traces of the French logical mind. But as the British Empire was an historic growth, corresponding to *no* principle, the application of any principle whatever to it would at once torpedo it. But when the Germans retorted "India" and the Turks "Egypt," they forgot that the principle has not yet passed the colour-line. Germany's crime is to encroach even on white territory. She is in fact some centuries behind us and still too athrill with the newness of her own nationality to regard the principle—or any other. Ethically she keeps Central-European time, which is somewhat earlier than Greenwich time. And we, we live after Christ, but not in the Christian era.

III.

To listen to the Professors one would think that nationality was a modern novelty, and indeed Dr. Holland Rose declares plumply that in the ancient world there was no really national State, by which he means a State of a single race. He is, however, compelled to except the Jews, "the first example of a nation in the modern sense," and possibly Babylonia and China. For my own ignorant part I dare aver that a specific nationality had grown up in Babylon long before Hammurabi drew up his code, and that the "heathen Chinees" was peculiar still earlier, even if his State did not begin in the 37th century B.C., as the Chinese professors maintain. But "Assyria, Persia, and Greece," says Dr. Rose, "held sway over several peoples alien to the ruling race." Held sway? Then there must have been a time when both rulers and ruled were separate—and thus nationalities! "The Kings of

Assyria," prayed Hezekiah, "have destroyed the nations and their lands, and have cast their gods into the fire." Nations, gods, lands—what more do the Professors want? "Nations" are mentioned some five hundred times in the Bible. True, some of these "nations" (Hebrew, *goyim*) were but tribes, like the "nations" Cæsar and Tacitus describe in Gaul and Germany. But if modern nations emerged from the ruins of the Roman Empire, did not ancient nations go to its building? Does not Herodotus, indeed, swarm with nations, constituted by common blood, customs, and religion? The Gauls, says Cæsar, once surpassed the Germans in bravery; they sent out colonies beyond the Rhine. Had they no nationality? Or the Belgians, whose fierce spirit gave trouble for generations after Cæsar's conquest? And what of the Germans themselves—the blue-eyed, ruddy-haired race whose purity Tacitus emphasizes—the Germans, with their priests, kings, generals, and councils of both sexes? If Nationality was in eclipse while Rome or

her Church overshadowed it, or in embryo while the City outweighed the State, or while the People was but the royal tenantry, it was always latent. It may have become a "principle" in the nineteenth century, but we may be sure that, as Mordecai remarks in "Daniel Deronda," "Community was felt before it was called good." Nay—and here at least we may agree with Bergson—is not unworded feeling the deepest? Packs of wolves are not unaware of their unity because they do not howl about lupinity. Oxen are said to sweat in pathetic misery when parted from the herd: is it necessary for some gifted ox-tongue to proclaim their bovi-nationality? History shows us States established as soon as the nomad stage was passed, each built, like Judæa or Japan, on a compromise between religious and secular power, each assuredly developing a nationality and bristling at its neighbours. The Egyptians had a civilisation before the world—by Hebrew reckoning—was created. *Alles ist schon da gewesen.* Even modern

Imperialism was an old Spanish-Portuguese-Dutch phenomenon before sea-power shifted. "The European anarchy" which Mr. Lowes Dickinson traces to the rise of the modern Sovereign State was an Asiatic anarchy three thousand years before, and Nationality whose novelty Dr. Rose gapes at is as old as the pyramids. Liberty was won and lost again eras before Kosciuszko died for Poland or Petöfi for Hungary. Flux and reflux—systole and diastole—such is the pulse of the world. In the words of the Earth-Spirit in Faust, which Carlyle was so fond of quoting :

"'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by."

IV.

Our little difference with the Professor over the novelty of Nationality will have revealed that the concept has never yet been defined or clarified, and that this famous principle on which "The New Europe" is to be founded is shrouded in fog. But then the study of man,

which Pope told us was mankind's proper study, has always lagged behind the study of his parasites. Dr. Holland Rose rhapsodically informs us that Nationality is at its highest "a union of hearts, once made, never unmade—a spiritual conception, unconquerable, indestructible." At the same time "it is an instinct, and cannot exactly be defined." Professor Ramsay Muir equally admits his inability to define it, though it is "the culmination of modern history." "There is not," he says, "a single infallible test of what constitutes a nation." Nevertheless, oddly enough, people claiming to be nations may be doing so "on insufficient grounds." You are thus left free to refuse or apply the sacred principle as policy directs. "The principle of nationalities" supplies, in short, one of those tropical jungles of thought in which politics and journalism flourish. Even Mr. Arnold Toynbee, most scientific of Nationalists, says "precisely the same group of factors may produce Nationality here, and there have no effect." Nationality

in its political sense adds to the tangle, being based in some countries on the theory that whatever is born in a stable is a horse. "Me English" a negro in Smyrna once startled me by saying. It transpired that he was born in St. Helena and was at least British. And to make confusion worse confounded, there is a number of related concepts with the same rank profusion of meaning—State, People, Race, as well as Nation and Nationalism, through all of which we shall have to hew our way.

The late Joseph Chamberlain said once that writers complained they had less influence than politicians. But the remedy, he urged, was obvious. Let them learn public speaking, so as to propound their ideas from the platform. The Brummagem orator overlooked that it is only politicians who can make the complex simple, and that, though thinkers spoke with the tongue of angels, the ideas they would have to express could not compete with sounding brass. Even in Greece the public that

enjoyed demagogues went to sleep—so Isocrates tells us—in the intellectual contests at the Panhellenic assemblies. “Tongue with the garnish of brains”—Goldsmith’s description of Burke—“went on refining” while the M.P.’s thought of dining. But without refining how is one to dissipate the nebulosities of Nationalism? To Mazzini, for example, its high-priest, as to Lord Acton its arch-antagonist, Nationalism implied Republicanism; and Swinburne’s fervour for Italy was also a hope that, through her, England and France might “awake from the tomb” of monarchy. It is thus not without irony that Russia and eight other monarchies should now be proclaiming Nationalism. Not that the conceptions are really synonymous, though Italy’s rejection of Republicanism broke Mazzini’s heart. When the Elders of Israel insisted on having a King, despite the warnings of Samuel and the jealousy of Jehovah, it was—said they—“that we may be like all the nations.” The real purpose was to rally round a king the septs

and tribes that in this new agricultural life in Palestine were becoming assimilated to the heathen peasantry. And this function of a King as a national flag has been emphasized of late in our far-flung and many-coloured Empire. Thus Nationality is seen to be other than the State which is the medium of its political expression—or the instrument of its oppression. “L’Etat c’est moi,” says the People in Mazzini’s vision. But Democracy has not yet developed the necessary nervous system, and the People still remains as differentiated from the State as is the Nationality which embraces both the People and the ruling class. Nor must Nationality be confused with Nation, which may embrace several Nationalities, or with Race, of which it may include several varieties.

V.

Here we are already in the heart of the jungle. If you look at the maps dividing Europe by races or by religions, you will find that

with the exception of Jews and Judaism, who never exist for map-makers, the peoples and the creeds have been poured over the map without regard to national boundaries. Indeed, if the early races had been scattered by Miltonic or Teutonic archangels, with or without Zeppelins, they could scarcely have been more mixed to-day.

On what physiological basis, then, reposes the theory that Nationality is "family feeling"? Take that nationality which to most people now looms as the typical nationality—the Belgian. Well, the French Walloons differ both in race and language from the Flemings with their Low-German speech.

Russia has some forty-eight races, America still more and of every shade and colour. The fiercest fighting-zone of Nationality is Macedonia, and here the races so shade into one another that it was possible for the Bulgarian Professors to find 1,181,336 Bulgarians and 700 Serbians, where the Serbian statisticians found 2,048,320 Serbians and 57,600 Bulgarians,

and the Greek enumerators no Serbians at all; while the Greek population, which both Serbians and Bulgarians unanimously placed at 200,000, amounted in its own calculations to 650,000. And so it is all over the Balkans, where the bold bad Bulgarians, we now learn, are not Slavs at all, but Turks with a Slav veneer.

Our own little island embraces, besides Scotch and Welsh, persistent Manx and Jewish elements, not to mention naturalised aliens of every blood. And, of course, looking backwards, "Normans and Saxons and Danes are we"—not to mention Flemings and Huguenots: indeed, the French, English, and Spanish are the same races differently mixed. "The Roumanian people," says Professor Muir, "includes a sediment of nearly every race that has passed from Asia into Europe." The statement is supposed to disprove the Latinism of Roumania. He forgets that the Italians themselves are a medley of all the races whose slaves poured into Rome between B.C. 100 and

A.D. 300. Turn Time's cinematograph back far enough, and the Germans are found to be French and the French Germans—indeed, Bismarck, looking at their bodies on a battlefield, confessed there was little difference even to-day.

Who could look more alien from Europeans than the Red Indians, yet they are probably a mixture of yellow Mongols with long-headed blonde Europeans of the Stone Age. No race is supposed to be purer than my own, yet a Jewish anthropologist declares none is more mixed, varying as it does from negroid to blonde. My German authority will not even allow me Teutons, Celts, or Slavs, only *Melanochroen* and *Xanthochroen*, the blondes of the North and the dark races of the Mediterranean basin. And even the great colour varieties go back to a common pleistocene ancestor, himself descended from the common progenitor of apes and men.

Shall we seek the criterion of Nationality in language? But the Canadians of Quebec speak French, and the Basques and Bretons

of France do not. Switzerland has three official languages, and in odd corners you come across Rumansch and Ladino. The Baltic Provinces of Russia speak German, and the Masurians of Germany Polish. Even Great Britain has still thousands who speak only Gaelic or Welsh.

Is it religion that makes the community? Voltaire's sneer at England with her swarming sects and her one sauce is sufficient answer. We hear much nowadays of "Holy Russia"—that pure Parsifal-like Christian State. Yet Russia harbours nearly twenty million Mohammedans. France is torn between the Church and Free-thought. Persia, divided between sects of Islam, disturbed by Babiism, and sprinkled with Jews, Nestorians, etc., etc., is uniformly Nationalist.

But perhaps geography supplies the clue. Nationality is perhaps inseparable from a common soil, whose seas and mountains shape it, whose climate—as Bernard Shaw, belatedly following Buckle, claims for the Irish rain—

modifies it. But two of the oldest nationalities from the ancient world—the Jews and the Armenians, not to mention the Gypsies—persist without a territory at all or outside one.

Nor can it be political unity that characterizes a nationality, for even the Armenians are distracted and Israel has more parties than Jews. Of course it is none of all these things, explains M. Henri Lambert, it is common interests that make a nationality. And yet he is a Socialist.

Perhaps, however, it is common *Kultur*, not common interests. But think of Italy and the gulf between the North and the South. Think of Russia with its range from Turgeniev to Rasputin; with its *intelligentsia* and its moujiks.

Only one thing seems left—the notorious “soul of a people.” Unfortunately even here we find no foothold. The Bulgarians anciently had a word *pravit*, meaning “to say.” It now means “to do.” They had a word *dumat*, “to think.” It now means “to speak.”

Similar changes, as of Hamlets into Othellos, occur in the souls of every people. The Mongols turned from agriculture to militarism and back again. The Magyars were Oriental shepherds before they came prancing westwards as mounted archers. The Germans were once meek and musical: a native editor of Schiller's "Robbers" opined that "even the Germans" could produce great passions and characters. Now Germany's future is under the water. The people of Magna Charta clamours daily for more bureaucracy. The heirs of Mazzini demand court-martialling of free-spoken Deputies. The oldest monarchy in the world has just turned into a Republic, and Bushido-bound Japan has acquired a National Debt.

National Debt! Eureka! Perhaps this is the missing definition—a Nationality is a group with a Debt.

But no! Mere companies have debts.

Thus, then, it appears, neither identity of race, nor of language, nor of religion, nor of

territory, nor of interests, nor of culture, nor of soul, is indispensable to a Nationality. No wonder that the Professors boggle at its definition, that Professor Santayana despises it as an accident, and Mr. J. M. Robertson dismisses it as an illusion. And if Mr. Toynbee is right, that with "precisely the same group of factors" it can appear or not appear at its own sweet will, either it *is* an illusion or science is. Confronted and confounded by this chaos of nationalities, may we not after all hail it as a stroke of simplification as well as of moral genius that St. Paul cried out "There is neither Jew nor Greek!"?

And yet Nationality is no illusion, no accident. In a recent Balkan War, the quays of New York seethed with jostling Balkanians fighting to board the ships for Europe, to abandon their American prosperity and offer their lives for their fatherlands. Here, then, is a force of the first magnitude. But it is neither unpredictable nor eternal, as Dr. Rose supposes. It is a psychological phenome-

non, having its regular laws of origin, development, and decay.

VI.

Nationality, we now see, is a state of mind corresponding to a political fact. These two aspects—the subjective and objective—will not confuse us if we think of the outer political fact as the convex and the inner feeling as the concave of the same phenomenon. We must, of course, remember that the intensity of the feeling varies with the individual and with the circumstances. But no one is quite unconscious of his nationality at all times.

Before dealing with the psychological aspect and genesis of nationality, let us classify the varieties of its political aspect.

- A. Simple Nationalities.
- B. Complex Nationalities.
- C. Compound Nationalities.
- D. Hybrid Nationalities.

A is the perfect logical type. The same language, race, religion, culture, and territory

are common to all the group. A rare example is Iceland, founded over a thousand years ago by Norse migrations from the mainland, and preserved by isolation. This is the type of Mazzini's dream and Lord Acton's detestation, and Italy at least approximates to it.

In B, the Complex type, of which examples are England and Hungary, all races and religions mingle towards political unity; in C, the Compound (Austria, Switzerland, or Canada), they are isolated spatially and united federally; in D, the Hybrid (old Ottoman type), they are neither isolated nor united, Islam monopolising all secular power, though dignifying nine other religions with ecclesiastical autonomy. Human rights are of five kinds—civil, religious, cultural (including linguistic), political, and national: they are all necessarily enjoyed by a free race in the Simple type A, and more or less by the varying races in the Federal type C, which is thus the broadest type of political organism. But cultural and national rights are obviously restricted in Class D, the despotic

if tolerant; and necessarily in Class B, the centralizing type, since cultural and national rights would upset the scheme. Thus in Hungary Magyar is the only official language, and in England Welsh may not be spoken in Parliament, even by the Prime Minister. But in some types of B, as in Russia, cultural rights are not merely unrecognized, they are suppressed, as in the case of the Ruthenians and Poles, while even civil rights are curtailed, as with the Jews. Russia thus combines the characteristics of B and D.* So does America, which, while the most gigantic and magnanimous example in history of type B, yet retains as regards its coloured population the political boycotting which has lately disappeared even from Turkey, where the old policy of politically ignoring the non-Mohammedans has been exchanged by the Paris-trained Young Turks for a logical B scheme of centralized and Turkified equality. But the Turks are handicapped like the Magyars by the fact that their

* The Revolution will destroy D and may produce C.

minority nationalities are majorities, and even independent majorities, outside their borders : a tug against Turkification or Magyarisation from which Anglicisation was fortunately free, but which operates equally against Russia in the case of the Ruthenians and Poles, whose unrest is accentuated by the cultural rights enjoyed by their brethren across the Austrian border.

Even regarded as a B type, America must be classed with the despotic varieties, since it forced the South to remain with the North, despite President Wilson's theory of States resting on the consent of the governed. But these B and C types would have the approval of Lord Acton, who, almost verbally anticipating my doctrine of "The Melting Pot," conceives the ideal State as a "cauldron" in which various stocks should fuse their vigour and capacity. So that, when the Professors cite Lord Acton as the arch-enemy of Nationality, they are mistaken : what he regards as "criminal and absurd" is only type A, and if "the principle of Nationalities" means the

production everywhere of type A it will be a "New Europe" indeed.

Nevertheless the production of type A everywhere is precisely the process history is engaged upon. For all these Classes obviously shade and fuse into one another. That is because they are alive. And the chaos of races and languages in which we have hitherto weltered springs entirely from our having sought to imprison life in a dead definition. As well find a common formula for egg, chicken, and hen. Viewed as living, changing, all these Nationalities fall into order, like the worlds of which the astronomers tell us some are in the nebulous stage, some supporting life, and others growing cold. *All Nationalities not Simple are combinations of Simple Nationality, and into a Secondary Simple Nationality fused from all the primary they all tend to pass.* Such is the law and the life-process of Nationalities, and when I have shown how the Simple Nationalities originate, how they turn into complex Nationalities of all kinds, and finally back again

into Secondary Simple Nationalities, the scientific portion of my task will be complete.

VII.

Nationality, in its inner or concave aspect, being a form of feeling, can be explained only by psychology. It is—or should be—a section of “the psychology of crowds.” It springs from the operation of what I propose to call

The Law of Contiguous Co-operation.

This is the law under which casual atoms are unified by mutual magnetism into a congregation, a corps, a team, a party, each with its peculiar group-spirit. Co-operation even at a distance brings fellow-feeling: contiguity even without co-operation draws together. United, these magnetisms multiply into each other. Even a long journey in a railway carriage brings camaraderie, provided there is no disagreement over windows: should there be co-operation over a stuck window, a positive brotherhood begins. But the spark that electrifies is Danger. One touch of Danger

makes the whole world kin. A torpedoed boat-party ends as a family. Aeroplanists through fighting the common foe—gravitation—develop a fraternity that transcends even national hostility. So do the men in the opposite trenches, fighting the common foe—death. As for those taken prisoners, “they often,” Mr. Shaw tells us, “show an eager interest in the safety and success of their new comrades.” There are lifelong loyalties to old schools, old colleges, old neighbourhoods, each with its special slang, customs, and colour, all propagated by the mutual mimicry of contiguity. Nationality is the full group-spirit of which these are rudimentary indications. The American twang is only the Oxford accent writ large. Great is the Power of Place, and Nationality is its product. But only at the temperature evoked by common Danger, and sacrificial co-operation against it. Without this blood-heat clans might live contiguously for ever without fusing, and with it, strangers fuse into families. At blood-heat there is more

than Nationality, there is Nationalism. Just as there was a subconscious communion engendered by mere co-operation which we may call sub-Nationality, so there is now a tingling over-consciousness ; which fades, however, as the Nationality grows normal, into mere healthy consciousness, and only flames up if Nationality is again endangered.

The clans or large related families, which were the germs. of the first Nationalities, started with the advantage of unity of blood, creed, and custom. But the combination was mechanical, not chemical, till Danger electrified it. These dangers arose at first from two directions — Nature and Man — and it was mutual self-sacrifice against both that sent the spark round the circuit of the group, and created within and yet outside of each and all, a larger and higher, if narrower, life. Death was the seal of Nationality that stamped it as sacred. If men would henceforth die for it, it was because men had died to give it birth. More binding than common blood in

the veins is the blood that is shed in common.

Once this holy communion is established, and its political boundaries drawn in blood, tradition does the rest. The new generation, born into this compelling atmosphere of mutual imitation, hands it on, enriched and revitalized by new experiences of common work and common Danger, and every century enhances its sanctity and its momentum. There is action and reaction: the Nationality ever reshaping the tradition that shapes it. And a third fight—the fight with itself—comes to shape its spiritual boundaries. As in the fight with Nature it establishes its economic boundaries, as in the fight with Man it establishes its geographical boundaries, so in the fight with itself, with the oligarchs who would grind it, or the prophets who would raise it—beating the former and beaten by the latter—it establishes the true realm of its being: a realm for which, if it be narrowed, no geographical magnitude can compensate.

VIII.

But this—as we have already remarked with Heraclitus—is a world of flux. And so no sooner is the Simple Nationality established by the Law of Contiguous Co-operation at blood-heat than what Ibsen calls “The Law of Change” begins to operate. The Nationality—harmoniously at one in religion, race, and culture—is invaded by immigrants or by missionaries. But the chief factor of change is force. Either it is weak and is swallowed up by a stronger, or it is strong and swallows up a weaker. Either alternative adulterates the Nationality, and if it seeks protection from conquest in allies it is but inviting adulteration. Thus arise types A, B, C, D, and all their intermediary stages and combinations. Plagues and crusades and royal marriages, drums and tramplings of Cæsars, new worlds and goldfields, earth-hungers and bread-hungers, inter-racial loves and lusts,

overgrowths and dwindlings of population, cables and steamships and railways—these are the bombs of the Archangels which have scattered and confused Nationality till great ports are become giant Babels of every folk on earth torn from their earth-sanctities and simplicities. Even the Nationalities we now call Simple are but the débris of races, and their psychology a palimpsest of cultures and religions. “That maze,” observes a writer in *The Times*, “of cross-bred Celts, Sumarians, Hellenes, Iranians, Semites, and Caucasians, shot through with Turanian, which we call the Turkish people.”

In these manifold spiritual and racial adulterations of Simple Nationality, Conquest has been the main factor. Nationality degenerates into Nationalism. Fire is a good servant but a bad master, and the same flame that vivified sub-Nationality turns Nationality into a belligerent fire-ship. Aggression supervenes on Nationality like a twisted moustache on puberty. The exalted egoistic life-energy be-

gins to encroach beyond its own province. This aggression is often said to be mere self-defence, to stave off rival encroachment, and it may sometimes be true. But the spider always fights a defensive war. Anyhow the Nationality proceeds to menace other Nationalities—by invasion if without, by oppression if within. Thus new-made Germany bites pieces out of Denmark and France. Redeemed Italy invades Tripoli and demands Dalmatia. Emancipated Hungary oppresses its Slavs. Resurrected Serbia forbids its Bulgarians their Church and tongue. Young Turkey cries out in Parliament, "Speak not of the Arabs, nor mention here their language and books." Even the Poles—only half liberated—already repress their Jews, like chickens that snap at flies before they are quite out of the egg. The Tarascans of Mexico have no abstract verbs. They cannot "wash." It must be "wash-my-hand" or "wash-my-face." It is misleading that we have abstract nouns—"Freedom," for instance. History never shows anything

but "my-Freedom," which instantly assails "your-Freedom." Indeed, a triumphant Nationality tends from its initial momentum to expand further, and even to feel that it is a privilege for other Nationalities to be incorporated with the chosen people. Thus arises in every successful people the sense of a Mission. Rome's mission was proclaimed by Virgil, and Isocrates idealised Athens.

"After the fall of Constantinople in 1453," says Professor J. W. Mackail, "Russia regarded herself as the inheritor of the Roman Empire. Moscow was the 'third Rome.'" Later Russia saw herself as the heir of Greece, whose World-Mission had passed to her via Byzantium. To-day Bulgaria's mission looks equally to re-Christianizing St. Sophia. In the yearning for Constantinople Christianity and commerce meet.

In the Middle Ages Dante still assigned the World-Mission to Rome, and was followed in our own day by Gioberti and Mazzini. "God," says Milton, "reveals Himself first to His

Englishmen." "Rule, Britannia" is a vulgar or Northcliffe version of the Mission, though even the author of "Ecce Homo" sees in the very unconsciousness of Britain's expansion a "manifest destiny." "The United States," says the American, "is God's own country." Oscar Wilde asked whether the fogs produced the stupid people or the stupid people the fogs. One wonders equally whether the sense of mission produces the success or the success the sense of mission. But it would be unscientific to deny the self-consecration of Nationalities to great ends, or to see in the Kaiser's persuasion of a divine mission for himself and his country any departure from the normal law of Nationalities. Fichte's high call was not to militarism, and even Treitschke sincerely lamented England's commercialism. There are few more touching national lyrics than Arndt's "*Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?*" with its apotheosis of German "love and faith and loyalty." In putting their fatherland "*ueber Alles*" the

Germans have outdone even the Japanese, and the sacrificial egoism of Nationalism has in them reached its apogee. But their notion of *Weltmacht oder Untergang* is a tragic and tumid illusion: History sets Nationalities no such fearsome alternative. Some centuries ago it was Spain that had the World-Mission—Moors and Jews were expelled from the Holy Nation, and her conquistadors and her missionaries overran the New World which her Columbus had discovered. When her Armada was fitting out to destroy England, the future author of “Don Quixote” was a naval store-keeper at Seville busily engaged in provisioning the ships. His loving satire on high-flown romanticism that followed hard on their collapse may have been designed to restore Spain to sanity. Perhaps when Germany’s future is under the water, a Teutonic Cervantes may arise to prick the tumidities of her military mediævalism.

IX.

But if a Simple Nationality thus, the moment it is born, starts changing into a Complex Nationality, so the Complex or Compound Nationality, the moment it is born, starts changing into a Simple Nationality. For the Law of Contiguous Co-operation—an Alexander always seeking new worlds to conquer—at once begins to operate on the new elements, weaving them with the old, in a synthesis of both. This happens most quickly under type B. Compound Nationalities fuse but slowly; and Hybrid Nationalities still more slowly, but the Complex Nationality is—as I have called America, which is mainly of this class—the “Melting Pot.” And though both tyranny and tolerance may provide the heat of solution, love is a swifter factor than force, since political suppression, endangering as it does the nationality, recharges its battery, and retards the very process it would precipitate. The beggar

in Æsop, who only hugged his cloak the closer when the wind raged its wildest, threw it off when the sun came out. It is characteristic of Machiavelli's profundity that he recognizes this factor of love as well as the factor of force. In either event the second and subsequent generations are far more fusible. Great is the Power of Place. The notion that Nationalities are immortal is obscurantist. If a people may be electrified it may also be electrocuted. Of the Samaritans, though one will always remain in literature immortally good, only a score remain in life. Where are the fierce Avars, the conquered Cumans, the Varingian rovers? Where are the Lost Ten Tribes? Where are the snows of yester-year? Of the Wends who once held Prussia, only a few communities remain, mostly German-speaking, and already half-digested, and their uncouth God Triglath has vanished generations ago. But the dominant factor in the new Nationality is not always, as in this instance, the conquering one. The Normans conquered

England, and it still reverences descent from the Conqueror; but they did not conquer the English or their language. Norman nationality would thus seem to be in Mendelian language a "recessive" type, and English a "dominant." And this mighty English idiom is driving out Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish. In 1881, 70 per cent. of Welshmen could speak Welsh, in 1901 only 46 per cent. In 1881, 6.2 per cent. of Scotchmen could speak Gaelic, in 1901 only 5.16 per cent. In 1881, 18.2 per cent. of Irishmen could speak Irish, in 1901 only 13.91 per cent. And those who speak only these languages are still fewer. Thus only about one Scotchman in 200 speaks Gaelic exclusively. One thing alone can now avert the death of these languages—and that is their prohibition. Suppression preserves languages in Hungary and Russia, but when emigration takes them to America, the fact that their inferior status is assented to in advance weakens the struggle for them. When a country is loved before it is seen, the fusion begins even before the foot has trod the sacred soil. As the

steerage passengers from oppressed and impoverished European lands draw nigh to New York, the psychical influences of the new environment radiate out to them, re-moulding and enfranchising. Though Danger at the old home may re-nationalise some and draw back their sympathies and even their bodies, that is only with those whose emigration is economic. But emigration for Liberty, with patriotism as the child of free choice, seems at once worthier of human dignity and more reliable than that which is the accident of birth. I am convinced that the last thing a German Englishman would do is to help Germany. All the German spies are in Germany, spying for England. But even the merely economic emigrant gradually acquires a new patriotism. The fact is that what is born or even stalled in a stable does tend to be a horse. Witness the authenticated stories of babies nurtured by wolves who grow up as beasts.

Of the two factors of our being, Heredity and Environment, the latter is at least as important

as the former. Man is now a creature so largely artificial, keeping his eyes in his spectacles, his memory on his bookshelf, and his claws in his scabbard, that Environment, including, of course, education and equipment, is more than half the creature. And if the Weismann theory that acquired characteristics are not inherited be even partially true, still more obviously can Nationality be clapped on the child, like a cap in London and a fez in Constantinople. Change the two children at nurse, and one will grow up a Cockney and the other a Young Turk. Russo-Jewish children, orphaned by the war and swept into Christian villages, already begin to throw stones, like the other children, at passing Jews. The leopard cannot change his spots, but man can change his places. With those who were not in at the birth, and flourish in times minus Danger, Nationality is merely habit, which, as the proverb profoundly says, is second nature. And if Nationality is so easily transferable, within the colour radius at least (and

within the same culture-area without spiritual loss), it is simply that the somatic germ of all these variations is practically identical. If America can make Americans out of Serbians and Bulgarians and Greeks and any old nationality, it is because Bulgarians *are* Serbians and both of them Greeks: at any rate the traits of their common humanity exceed their differences. These quarrelsome races vanish in three generations, content that at least they are not dominated by each other. Hostility even between critics and authors rarely survives acquaintance. Humanity, like the child's toy bricks or Mecanno-strips, can be built into any structure. The alien internment camps are the living proof of the perpetual flow of raw material to the national Melting Pots. Prussia was reconstructed by Stein the Rhineland and Scharnhorst the Hanoverian. Bismarck and Treitschke were by origin Slav. Napoleon was no Frenchman, nor even Joan of Arc a Frenchwoman. Sonnino, the Italian Premier, was the son of an English mother

and a Jewish father. Disraeli was wholly Jewish. Lord Cromer had German blood. Our War Cabinet contains only one Englishman, and he is cosmopolitan matrimonially. The Armenian, Ephrem Khan, was the Garibaldi of Persia. The people who do not exist on the map have lived with every other, from Babylonians to New Zealanders, from Abyssinians to Mormons—a Jew is now Governor of Utah—and I draw the Euclidean conclusion that those to whom the Jews can be brothers are brothers to one another, and that it is not any racial obstacle that impedes the Nationality of Man.

X.

But this Nationality of Man—already once almost achieved in the Roman Empire and broken up by the Goths and Huns—seems to be again imperilled by the Teutonic tribes just as the Hague Congresses seemed announcing its

return in a more ethical incarnation. And oddly enough it was Napoleon's attempt to restore it in its old grosser form that is behind the present cataclysm. The Napoleonic Danger built up the German Empire out of over 350 States, and so well aware of the synthetic value of Danger was Bismarck that he actually fostered wars to build up Imperial Germany. True, Imperial Germany in its turn is building up Imperial Britain, but our Imperial Nationality lacks the continuity of the German States, and thus, owing to the impossibility of Contiguous Co-operation and to the differing types built up under that law in the radically different colonies, the British Empire may yet be defeated by geography. It is only in the trenches that Contiguous Co-operation has been able to work, and there it has been building a sort of Anzac Nationality, out of two Nationalities, one of which was originally evolved out of casual convicts, and the other out of High Church Peelites. Armageddon, by providing Danger over a larger area than ever before in

history, has re-galvanized all the national batteries. It has even finally created the Belgian Nationality out of the discrepant races who as late as 1912 were speaking—in their different tongues—of separation; though Germany with characteristic astuteness is now fomenting a Flemish autonomy. Had Sir Roger Casement really landed Germans in Ireland, he would similarly have solved the Irish Question. And if Danger, besides re-quickening nations, has also welded them in larger units, such as *Mittleuropa* and the Allied Powers, the durability of these is as uncertain as is that of the new Scandinavian unity against the torpedo policy. In any case they are created for disruption of the planet, not integration, and with the overthrow of the Hague Conventions disappear the last relics of the comity of nations engendered by the Roman Empire, its afterglow the Holy Roman Empire, and its ghostly counterpart the Roman Church. Even Napoleon did not succeed in putting the finishing touch to the Holy Roman

Empire as the Professors allege—it is still with us in the shadowy shape of classical education. But that, too, is disappearing before a nationalism of which Science is only the outward guise. Science, also, had its Holy Empire, and that has broken down equally with Art, Socialism, Commerce, Catholicism, and all the other internationalities. Germany proposes to boycott Latin letters, and an Italian publicist to boycott German Science. With the Russian protests against German architecture, the French protests against German art, and the English protests against German music, we are wearisomely familiar. “Down tools” was to be the magic incantation to kill war. It failed at the first touch of national Danger. Great is the Power of Place. Alike in Russia, France, Germany, and even England, Nationalism spurs up Anti-Semitism. Britain meditates replacing the *jus soli*, the psychologically truer law of nationality, by the *jus sanguinis*. America, still further restricting immigration, even over the President’s veto, arrogantly nationalises against

the Old World the land of a half-empty continent ; in a century the new American Nationality will be shaped to a European rigidity. The European nations, crippled by national debts and anxious about man-power, tend to become gaols and their censuses an enumeration of prisoners and cannon-fodder. " The Coming Slavery " foretold by Herbert Spencer is almost come. Napoleon created Bismarck, who created first Prussia and then " The New Europe." For national thought is not a cerebation but a contagion, not an activity but an epidemic. Nationality, deep as life, but narrow as the grave, is closing in on us. The time may come when we shall look back longingly to the days when all the local gods and citizenships fused themselves eagerly—even to the Greek—in the great Roman Empire, and Roman citizenship ran solid from the Ebro to the Euphrates. And we may even spare a sigh for that other Holy Empire—that Caliphate that once harboured so many races and colours, but which now, with Islam divided against itself in the

wars of Christendom, totters, too, to its fall, while, alone amid the wreck of Empires and the clash of creeds, reigns for sole universal concept, "the principle of nationalities."

XI.

And in this new era the reduction of Complex Nationality to simplicity will reach its last phase—the unification of the State's religions and the oneness of Church and State. The dominant religion has always regarded the others as interlopers and done its best to crush them; sometimes burning the heretics, sometimes expelling them, and sometimes only socially despising them. Logical and pious minds like Torquemada in Spain, Pobiedonostzev in Russia, Drumont in France, and Mr. Belloc in England, have always felt that a nation should have oneness of religion—and, I must concede to Mazzini, without it Nationality yields no clear note—but it was left for Germany to perceive through Treitschke that

Anti-Semitism was a racial not a religious war. But neither the pious nor the philosophic logicians have seen that life has its own logic and works in its own clumsy way to produce this racial and religious unity. Were it not in fact that religious minorities are kept alive by persecution or sustained—like the Balkan racial minorities—by the consciousness of powerful majorities in other lands, they would soon succumb to the national Melting-Pots. For each Melting-Pot is not merely fusing religions into the State Church, it is always fusing the Church itself into the mould of the State. The State has always been restive against the rival power, and has undermined it even when it appeared to establish it. What Constantine did when he established Christianity was to disestablish Christ. Dr. Stanton Coit reminds us that even Catholicism was not originally international—for was it not *Roman* Catholicism, the Religion of the Roman Empire? Thus its break-up into national Protestantisms—and neither Luther nor Zwinglius pretended not to want

political freedom from the Pope, while English Protestantism carefully kept itself independent of all the Continental varieties—was a mere parallel process to its break-up into nations; while the Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Abyssinian, and Coptic Churches carry on the story of its national disintegration.

Even those nations that affect an international religion wear their rue with a difference. The dancing dervishes of Anatolian Islam are—Mr. Toynbee points out—merely the frenzied Attis-worshippers of ancient Anatolian Hellenism. Not otherwise is religion racialised everywhere. The Albanian peasant, who, when his language was excommunicated, was told by the Greek priest that Christ would not understand it, must have been bemused indeed. Rasputin maintained that Christ was a Russian and a member of the Greek Church, and Dostoievsky's doctrine of "The Russian God" is not essentially different. All along, it was Nationality that was the real God, and though minor deities might reign in peace-time, the Lord God *Patrie*

was a jealous god, brooking in war-time no rivals near the throne. Not that the folk-soul which had turned Alexander the Great into a Christian Saint had any difficulty in turning Christ into an Alexander. The blood-sacrifice for the nation—not indeed without its exalted side—is affinity enough to enable cathedrals to swarm with military memorials, pulpits to turn into recruiting stands, hymns to be sung at War Loan Demonstrations, and heretics to be turned over to the military Inquisition.

All this, however, became inevitable when Christ was rendered unto Cæsar, for in war-time least of all can a nation dispense with its deity. The new feature in the situation is that with the decay of Christianity, the religion of Nationality is for the first time becoming conscious. If wars of religion ceased in 1646, it was because religion was receding : tolerance is the index of wavering conviction. And the more religion proper disappears, the more will the God *Patrie* become important, supplying

as it does channels for both devotion and sacrifice, and even an after-life in the life of the nation. Thus already we see Professor Loisy, in his new book *Mors et Vita*, reacting from his thwarted hope of a reformed Christendom, to a religion of France, and this though he himself exposes the nationalist spuriousness of French neo-Catholicism. It cannot be long before the exiles from Christianity will find themselves fused with other, if even still nominal Christians, in this new-old religion, now first grown conscious.

It will, of course, be centuries before national religions can oust the present vested interests, but ultimately we may look to see our rudimentary State-religion of birth and marriage registrars and death certificates expressing itself with the same exalted symbolism as baptism, church-marriage, and burial: thus devulgarising the masses now abandoned to the picture palace. Republicanism, which now rears its head even in England, and which is solid in the New World, will probably

complete the trinity of Church, State, and People; the three-in-one of the new Mazzini religion, and the very model of Simple Nationality.

America, where only 30 per cent. attend the Church, will doubtless be the first to fuse its 186 Denominations and its countless crank creeds into a single American religion. That religion will be neither Mormonism—which is a weakness of the head as well as of the flesh—nor Christian Science—which combines Science without its severity with Christianity without its cross—it will be “America.”

“America, ’tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.”

The hymnology is already begun. And the World-Mission was graven upon the Statue of Liberty, and re-formulated only the other day by President Wilson. “Italy a religion,” cries Mazzini. “ROME OF THE CÆSARS gave the Unity of Civilisation that force imposed on Europe. ROME OF THE POPES

gave a Unity of Civilisation that Authority imposed on a great part of the human race. ROME OF THE PEOPLE will give, when you Italians are nobler than you are now, a Unity of Civilisation accepted by the free consent of the nations for Humanity."

"Eternal France!" exclaims Gaston Riou, returning from the trenches. "Champion of the rights of man! Knight of Liberty!" "Holy Nation!" comes the chorus of German preachers: "Peculiar people! God's seed-corn for the future!"

But all this is, of course, nothing else than the long-standing mission of Judaism, proclaimed as early as Genesis: "and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Or, as the prophets put it, "The Law shall go forth from Zion"—that Zion which Israel is, after two thousand years, re-demanding. Thus the wheel has come full-circle. There *shall* be Jew and Greek, it appears, and more quintessentially than ever. St. Paul is defeated, and the

World-Mission in terms of race or people, which we have seen to be a normal feature of Nationalism, and which was so emphatically the doctrine of the original "chosen people," is seen to be an ineradicable instrument of the human spirit, or of the spirit which pours through the human. Provided only this instrument turn not into a sword! For Israel it was to be a sword in her own breast—the World-Mission by a people of sorrows and sacrifices; and the alleged Old Testament prophesyings of the coming Christ are but earlier expressions of the Jewish spirit which Jesus was to incarnate for the world, and which St. Paul expounded under the illusion he was refuting it. For at bottom St. Paul's quarrel with Nationality was a quarrel with Sociology: of that sanctified sociology of which Dr. Saleeby lauds the Eugenics and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald the Socialism. "The community of Israel," says Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in his book "The Socialist Movement," "with its adjustments of social and individual right and its moral

restraints imposed upon economic processes, went down before a capitalist civilisation. . . . But its spiritual and moral characteristics have always remained as enticing ideals in the minds of men." "Socialism," he winds up, "reads history in the historical spirit."

It is more than history does—as written by the Professors—for even Treitschke was unaware that his ideal of a world-illuminating Germany, purged of Jews, was only a plagiarism from Judaism, and a caricature at that. Blake was more historical than the Professors when he wrote his famous quatrain :

" I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

Thus even tribalism may be universalised, and the nation, like the individual in Kant's maxim, may act so that its method may become a canon for all nations. And it must be remembered, in favour of nations, that national

feeling is far intenser than world-feeling can be. The really vivid group-feeling is family love : outside the family, only strangers perish in catastrophes, as outside the nation only foreigners. The intensity and reality of group-feeling varies inversely with its extension. County pride is at the moment a vital asset in our regiments, and the free cities of Italy and Germany produced greater men and arts than their mighty modern Nationalities. Regionalism has thus a sounder basis than even Nationalism. Villages inspire poets more than Empires or Milky Ways. We are not at home in the infinities : it is the infinities that are at home in us. If only, therefore, the nations would find their Missions not in making other peoples miserable, but in making their own people happy !

Hegel thought each nation had its World-Mission, one rising as the other sank. But with the Mission turned inwards—with Intensive Imperialism, as I have called it—there is no reason why they should not all flower simul-

taneously. Alas ! Intensive Imperialism still awaits its Alexander, and so far the judgment to be written upon the individual nations must be in the words which St. Paul applied to the individuals who compose them :

“ There is none righteous, no, not one : There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable ; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre ; with their tongues have they used deceit ; the poison of asps is under their lips : Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness : Their feet are swift to shed blood : Destruction and misery are in their ways : And the way of peace have they not known.”

Wherefore, despite the noble and valuably experimental potentialities of competing Nationalities which should adopt the eleventh article of Mazzini's Credo, that declares Nationality to be the conscience of the peoples, each of which has its part in the progress of mankind ; beholding as we do how this conscience of Mazzini's own people has already slaughtered Senussi “ in the parts of Libya about Cyrene,” we shall perhaps take comfort

to discover on a closer scrutiny that St. Paul's defeat by the Power of Place is not so smashing as it seemed. For even if America—humanity's last hope—is narrowing into Americanism, America is, after all, a very large place—a Roman Empire in itself, in fact; and “the culmination of modern history,” so far from lying in every petty swashbuckling race setting up for itself, is seen to consist in their fusion. A few such leviathans and we may easily fasten them with a hook. The coming Indian Nationality will also be the synthesis of a sub-Continent. Nor can the wave of rabid racialism long submerge the real “New Europe,” which even in war two groupings suffice almost to cover. For our friend the Law of Contiguous Co-operation is still at its Alexandrine quest. And if the ultimate bounds of Nationality are fixed—as they obviously are—by the limits of Contiguous Co-operation, where are those limits to-day? Immensely enlarged by the same factors that have shrunk the planet—Steam and Electricity. Without Steam and

Electricity to link America, it would have been by now a Europe, the separate States turned into Nations; with Steam and Electricity no racial rancour can ultimately prevent an America arising in Europe, with our Nations for States. The very disorder of the world to-day is a proof of the world-order that has been broken. With a world-post, Esperanto, and some two hundred international associations, civilisation was fast developing a nervous system. When I go to Barcelona and ride in a penny tram and to Venice and ride in a penny steam-boat, I feel that the pre-national period has returned, if by an ugly route, and with lower links than cathedrals and universities. The demands for a Peace-League of the Powers are less a desire for an ovine or bovine tranquillity than a recognition that war between any of them is civil war. The very Manifesto of the Allies proclaiming "the principle of Nationalities" proclaims equally the contradictory principle of a World-League—contradictory because with the removal of

Danger the essential nerve of Nationality must be dulled and its bristles moulted. For full-flavoured Nationality the price is War.

World-Nationality would arrive to-morrow if only the Martians would invade us. It is a pity that Mr. Wells, who has so vividly pictured such an invasion, limited it to England. He should have made the Martian menace ubiquitous and falling in the middle of Armageddon. The world would have united as—in that old cartoon of the Kaiser's—Europe united against “The Yellow Peril.”

XII.

We have now finished our exposition of the Laws of Nationalities. It only remains for us to consider as briefly as possible how to exploit them in the interests of Reason and Love. For these physiological and psychological laws are no more sacred than gravitation, and humanity can aeroplane over its earthly

instincts. Ought we to give in to the Power of Place, even though we have seen it defeat St. Paul, as airmen are overcome? Must we surrender to the Law of Contiguous Co-operation?

In so far as it is a Law of Co-operation it assuredly demands respect. If Nationalism is bad, Individualism is worse. Not that even a Nietzsche can live to himself alone: the very superman needs readers. "The life of man without the State," said Hobbes, "is brutish and short." The pangs of exile show the pleasures of Nationality. To Dante it was damnation to be banned merely from Florence. But there are men to whom any definite form is narrowing. Amiel shrank not only from Nationality but from Individuality. "To feel living within me," he cries, "all the categories in which humanity scatters itself is a joy." In truth he felt none of them. You cannot be anything if you want to be everything. But if you are content to be something, you may by analogy be many things. To feel like the French

patriot you must love not France but England. The brotherhood of the peoples is not barred by the plurality of patriotisms. It takes two men to make one brother. Internationalism, so far, then, from being the antithesis of Nationalism, actually requires nations to inter-relate.

True, it may be retorted, but why inter-relate *nations*? Co-operation? Yes. But why Contiguity? The group-life with its specific ideals and self-devotions forms itself more finely out of international elements. Christianity, art, science, philosophy—these, too, are brotherhoods, and nobler brotherhoods than your Sovereign States with their truculent dignity and their dripping jaws. Why sink oneself in what is ethically lower, in something whose morality is merely might? Why follow a multitude to do evil? Moreover, membership of these national brotherhoods conveys no guarantee of happiness. At bottom the world is divided into first-class and third-class passengers, not into Nationalities. Why not

group oneself with one's peers, be they in London or Budapest? This is Cosmopolitanism—it is the real, the Pauline antithesis to Nationalism. It is, perhaps, not so odd that the people of Paul is cursed or blessed as the exemplar *in excelsis* of either ideal. As a matter of fact most Jews are local chauvinists, and the Professors who glorify Jewish Nationalism are as mistaken as the poets are unreasonable who bewail the backsliding to Zionism. Tagore and Rolland forget that if Zionists are not in Palestine they must live somewhere, and that there is always political nationality with its conscription and taxation. Many so-called Cosmopolitans are merely people who formally or informally have adopted a more romantic Nationality. Thus, Lafcadio Hearn became a Japanese, and there is nothing more pathetic and significant than his subsequent anxiety for his son to grow up an Aryan. Moreover, that talk of Nietzsche about "the good European" was not Cosmopolitanism at all, but recognition that Europe was become

one nation. There is, indeed, a class of real Cosmopolitans — pleasure-pilgrims — in whom Mr. H. G. Wells once descried a new Nationality — the civilised nomad — but this parasitic type with no roots in any soil is not admirable, unless it pays, in the honey of art, the sweets it sips from every flower. But the bulk of humanity is fixed of place, and even if it were uniformly civilised the world is too big to be conscious or to be governed as a whole. Even a parish breaks up into groups: much less a world. The Power of Place had in short better be worked with than against, especially as it produces altruisms otherwise unevocable from the mass of mankind.

Even if Contiguous Co-operation did not produce groups, World-Government would have to create them; and since you *must* have organizable quanta, why not organize on lines already organic rather than by mechanical partition? To divide a united Europe into governable sections two plans have been

propounded: one in the seventeenth century by Sully—to cut Europe into six groups of contiguous States—and the other in the eighteenth century by St. Pierre—to make a League of Sovereign States. The first was unfair to the past—it was hardly nationalist enough to please the new-born nations: the second was unfair to the future—it would have ignored all historical aspirations yet unfulfilled, and stereotyped the *status quo*. But there is a third possibility. It is to build on history and nationality, but on history and nationality redressed; wrongs righted, oppressions removed, nationalities re-created. Thus history begins afresh with a bright, clean page—to hold only the story of Reason and Love.

This is in theory, but, alas! in theory only, the doctrine of the Allied Manifesto which has given us our text, and whose application we shall in conclusion be now able to test scientifically. Indeed, an academic commentary is all that our commitments to our Allies

permit. Nationality, then, being a psychological phenomenon arising in Time, a State of Mind, by no means necessarily implies singleness of race behind it, nor conversely does singleness of race over a certain area imply the state of mind called Nationality or the desire to set up a State. Federation may be preferred to the risks of individual Sovereignty. If, therefore, "the principle of nationalities" is to mean "one race, one nationality," i.e. Type A exclusively, then it is a retrogression from Type B which is a success in England, and which might with time have succeeded in Hungary and the new Turkey; or from the still freer Type C, working so well in Austria that, though she is now denounced as "a ramshackle State," she figured in Mr. H. W. Steed's classic study of "The Habsburg Monarchy" as deserving to draw still other Nationalities into the orbit of her admirable governance. That was, of course, the Mr. Steed of 1913, not the war-Steed. "The principle of nationalities" now demands the break-up of Austria, though

the "Danubian State" is a proved economic necessity, and it is uncertain whether the Serbs and Croats, who have but recently discovered that their only difference is in alphabet, really want to set up house together. The test of Nationality under suppression, like its trait under success, is Nationalism. And we have hitherto heard little of that state of mind, Serbo-Croatian Nationalism. By the same test the German gibe that France ought to give up Corsica overlooks that Corsica's Italianism was probably scotched by the success of its Napoleon. Anyhow, while tri-racial Switzerland is rightly to be left at one, Austria, shredded of Galicia on her south-east, with the Tschecho-Slovaks torn from her northern flank, and gobbets of the new Yugoslav State hewn out of her southern, and with half Hungary thrown to Russia and the Balkans, is to become a bleeding torso; while Germany, denuded of Prussian Poland and Alsace-Lorraine, though not of Schleswig-Holstein (Denmark not being an ally), becomes a sullen

cripple. It seems thus a mere negative principle for the break-up of the enemy, for the one Professor who expounds what territory Bulgaria ought to recover wrote before she ranged herself on the wrong side. True, the principle will be applied positively as well as negatively in so far as bitten-off pieces come together in any real independent Poland, and in so far as Serbia, Roumania, and Italy obtain old populations of their own. But it allows the culturally free Ruthenians of Austria, for example, to be annexed to the nationality-clamouring Ruthenians of Russia; and Finland, like Ireland, stands where she did. This break-up of the enemy is indeed the original war programme, and one not without its military justification. But you cannot serve two Masters—Nationality and Nemesis. And the “principle” only provokes the same commination that Joseph Surface’s sentiments evoked from Mr. Rowley. Still less can you serve Nemesis and the League of Nations: World-Peace, like the Hebrew altar, cannot be built with iron tools. As

regards the break-up of Turkey, indeed, Nemesis is not unprovoked by her ruthless handling of her Armenian rebels; but why Italy should expand to Anatolia in Asia, or why a French Syria should be the sequel of France's protection of the Christians of the East—that curious rôle she plays only on tour—is as little clear scientifically as Russia's claim on Constantinople, though politically there are no doubt reasons positively transparent. Moreover, all the new or enlarged European States will hold as many new Ulsters as are to be swept away, though this time only of Magyars, Saxons, and other "pinchbeck" patriots, for nowhere have the Archangels wrought more chaos than in and around the Balkans. The real needs of Nationalities are not independence—what nation is independent to-day?—but freedom from oppression. Therefore we should not lightly in a world so distracted break up historic unities—Bohemia has been Austrian for four centuries—nay, could it be purged of its military menace,

we should welcome *Mittleuropa* as a further step in the federation of Europe; and Prussia, which has re-organised even England, might as well clean up Turkey. We should be as chary of galvanizing torpid nationalities as we should be eager to emancipate the vigorous and intelligent. In this matter the truth is with Lessing, who urges that Nationalities are not to be valued except by their content; and the only error of Dr. Spann and his fellow-apostles of German *Kultur* is their notion that it may be imposed by the sword. If the Jew demands sympathy for Zionism it is not because he has beaten St. Paul, but because he begot him, and may yet beget other World-Teachers. But of pseudo-romance we must beware: we must neither dig up dead dialects nor re-animate them by suppressing them. Our exposition of the Laws of Nationalities teaches us that the Irish question demands, like Turkey, Class C (Compound), not Class B (Complex)—local autonomy for Ulster, but as a part not of England but of a Federal Ireland

into which it would ultimately unify. Dreadful as is the pan-European penny tram, we cannot put back the clock for the sake of a beauty that would prove merely theatrical. The world will be so dull without nations, or national costumes, lament the artists. Of all these matters, I say in the spirit of Paul's Master: "seek not beauty nor romance: seek ye first the Kingdom of reality, and all these things shall be added unto you."

One last warning. If we are now to be penned within "the principle of nationalities," let us at least insist that they shall only be individual expressions of the universal, friendly Intensive Imperialisms. For here, in a word, is the problem and ideal—how to maintain the virtues of tribalism without losing the wider vision; how to preserve the brotherhood of Israel without losing the brotherhood of man; how to secure that, though there *shall* be both Jew and Greek, there shall yet be neither. And so no fiscal frontiers or political barriers must

make the world other than a free area for mutual migration and economic exchange. There must be freedom of the lands as well as of the seas. Not grandiose destiny but homely duty must be the note of nations. Do Italy, Germany, Russia, each claim to be "the third Rome"? "Handsome is as handsome does." And just as the State must be reconciled with the world it diversifies and enriches, so must it be reconciled with the individual who diversifies and enriches it. Autonomous nationalities with enslaved subjects would be an irony. If the personality of the peoples is sacred, how much more so the personality of individuals? Liberty, like Charity, begins at home. If we are to obey the State it must obey us. It must be no "mortal! God," as Hobbes already called it. There must be no law not mutable when the majority changes, nor must the Minority be made dumb to keep the Majority blinded. And the equality of races must be paralleled by the equality of classes and sexes, expressed through an equal franchise. Then

in a world-series of united republics we may some day, perhaps, when humanity grows up, verify Hebrew prophecy, Italian idealism, and German philosophy, and reach the great vision of a League of the Peoples and a "Perpetual Peace."



APPENDIX A

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*. (Containing a complete Bibliography.)
1910. First Memorial Lecture.
1911. Second Memorial Lecture.
1912. Third Memorial Lecture.
1913. Fourth Memorial Lecture.
1914. Fifth Memorial Lecture.
1915. Sixth Memorial Lecture.
1916. Seventh Memorial Lecture.
1917. Eighth Memorial Lecture.
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APPENDIX B

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 eighth 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 ensure 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 :—

(Mrs.) C. FLETCHER SMITH and E. J. FAIRHALL,
Hon. Secretaries.

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

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