into impenetrable morasses, pathless, except to themselves. Was the British "Norma" the owner of the weird trinkets, suggesting all sorts of mysterious associations with spells, and prophecies, and wonder-working power, traversing the moor, not by water, but by the secret path, spread like a piece of wooden matting on the soft and yielding surface of the moor, upon which it floated, somewhat on the principle of George Stephenson's railway across Chat Moss?

But, alas! although British remains have been not unfrequently found in these districts, their discovery has never been, in any way, connected with the buried road. I should have no excuse for my mention of them, except that this slight sketch, by which I wish to introduce you to the locality of the "Abbot's Way," would not be complete without it.

It was, perhaps, unlikely, that by a lucky chance any interesting relic of bygone humanity should be found in the very few yards of the "Abbot's Way" that have been uncovered. There was nothing lying on its surface except the *débris* of reeds, and the roots of plants looking like turf in process of formation; and amongst these *débris*, handfuls of hazel-nuts, as brown as bog oak from their long repose in their peaty bed, but in a wonderful state of preservation. Some have found relics of the hazel-bushes on which they grew, such as twigs and leaves, all browned to the same dark chocolate colour. When I was present only nuts were found, but this was some time after the place had been exposed to the open air. The small brown nuts had evidently been buried when they were about half ripe, and it is a curious coincidence that similar nuts, in exactly the same stage of growth, are found in the submarine forest which stretches out into the Bristol Channel, and is supposed, if I am not mistaken, to be a continuation of the Turf Moor, once, no doubt, itself a forest also. The bare trunks of the trees may be seen at low water protruding from the thick mud which covers the bed of the great estuary of the Severn, and it is, I believe, deep in the mud and *débris* surrounding these barren trunks that the hazel-nuts have been found. Similar nuts have been found on the coast of Cornwall, and also, I am told, in the North of France, and it is chiefly on the presence of these half-ripe hazel-nuts on the surface of the Abbot's Way that some have built the conjecture that the Way itself belongs to pre-historic times, times when those naked trunks bore boughs and leaves, and the Turf Moor was not.

This paper has been written in the hope of obtaining wider notice, both from the educated public generally, and more particularly from those whose special studies qualify them, in a special manner, to throw light upon the subject.

WAR AND PROGRESS.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

At the time this article was commenced war between France and Germany seemed to be a mere question of weeks, if not of days. Even now, though the Conference has averted the immediate danger of war, yet the danger seems only adjourned, not dispelled. It is clear that at one moment we were on the eve of an European contest. If the French Government had insisted on the annexation of the Duchy of Luxemburg, or if that of Prussia had rejected all idea of conceding the fortress, war would have been inevitable. It is not my purpose to express any opinion as to the merits or demerits of the French or

Generated on 2019-01-17 16:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Prussian positions. Which of the two powers was most in the right, or, more correctly speaking, least in the wrong, is a question I leave to others to decide. All I wish to point out is the exact character of the issue which was all but plunging—which, even yet, may still plunge — Europe into the horrors of war. The subject-matter in dispute belonged to the category of infinitesimal quantities. With the exception of a few superannuated believers in the defunct science of strategy, no rational person ever supposed for a moment that the possession of the citadel of Luxemburg was of vital importance to either France or Germany. If the Emperor Napoleon desired to seize the left bank of the Rhine, or to march on Berlin, he most assuredly would not be deterred by the consideration that a few thousand Prussian troops were locked up in Luxemburg ; if King William I. determined to occupy Paris, and restore Alsace to the Fatherland, he would not surrender his project in deference to the presence of a French garrison in this contested stronghold. It is even more absurd to suppose that the acquisition of the two hundred and odd thousand Luxemburgers could be essential to the dignity or safety of great empires like France or Germany. Probably, if by some strange convulsion of nature, the Grand Duchy, fortress and all, could vanish from the face of the earth, there are not a thousand square miles in Europe which would be less keenly missed than the area in question. I quite admit that very grave and weighty interests were more or less directly involved in the settlement of this controversy. But the actual issue was one of abstract honour. In the whole history of the dynastic wars which desolated Europe for centuries, I doubt if you would find one undertaken on so small and insignificant a pretext as that which all but furnished a *casus belli* between the two chief branches of the Latin and Teuton races.

And what is more noteworthy still, the danger to peace did not arise from the ambitions of despotic sovereigns, or the jealousies of rival dynasties. No candid observer can suppose that either Napoleon III. or his Prussian Majesty was desirous of war personally. They both are men who, either from years or failing health, are no longer in the prime of life ; they are neither of them men with whom war is a passion ; they have both the most powerful and obvious motives for desiring the continuance of peace, in order to consolidate the enterprises their lives have been spent in prosecuting, with a more or less successful result. Nor has it ever been even surmised that there existed between the two sovereigns any of those private animosities which influence crowned equally with uncrowned heads. On the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that the personal relations between the Courts of Potsdam and the Tuileries have been exceptionally amicable. If the question of peace or war was one which the two sovereigns or their respective Governments could decide without any reference to anything except their own wishes, there can be no reasonable doubt that peace would be preserved. The one real danger of war arose, and still arises, from the popular feeling in favour of war which exists throughout the two countries. Accepting this view of mine—a view whose truth will, I believe, be acknowledged by every one at all acquainted with French and German feeling — I am forced to this conclusion : that the two most civilized and cultivated nations of the Continent were within an ace of going to war, only the other day, on a question of as little practical importance —and that is saying a good deal—as any of those concerning which tens of thousands of human lives have been sacrificed in the semi-barbarous times.

This conclusion leads me to the reflection—which recent events must have forced ere now on the minds of most thinking men—whether progress and war are so antagonistic as we used to imagine. In the days that preceded 1848, it used to be almost an axiom of tuition that the spread of enlightenment and commerce and civilization were in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated on 2019-01-17 16:08 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

themselves fatal to the existence of war, in much the same way as the free introduction of fresh air is fatal to the prevalence of noxious odours. To have denied that civilization exercised a pacific influence over mankind would then have been esteemed as gross a heresy as to assert that education did not elevate the moral character. Nor was this dogma merely an article of abstract faith. Twenty years ago people really did believe that the era of war, if not over, was approaching its termination. In those days, when the marvels of steam and electricity were still novelties among us, we were prone perhaps to exaggerate the immediate effect of their influence. Certainly the last thought which suggested itself to ordinary people was, that these very agencies would be employed to render the destruction of human life by war more easy of accomplishment, more wholesale, and more speedy. It seems too, now, as if we used to over-calculate, or, at all events, to mis-estimate, the power of popular education. That the schoolmaster was abroad was the stock platitude of the hour; and few of us doubted but the first mission of the schoolmaster would be to convince mankind of the absurdity, uselessness, and wickedness of war. High as our expectations were of the ensuing triumphs of industry and culture, it can hardly be said that in the main they have not been realized. Within the last quarter of a century we have certainly made more progress in general education and material prosperity than we had done since the close of Marlborough's wars. All through Europe, too, public opinion has grown in power and authority. Whatever may be the changes in individual forms of government, it cannot be doubted that in any European country the public commands far more of hearing than it did in the period which terminated with the Congress of Vienna. Yet in spite of these two unquestionable facts, that civilization has made rapid progress, and that the popular element is every day becoming more influential in the direction of public affairs, we have the still more indubitable fact that wars, far from ceasing to exist, have been unusually frequent, and that every nation in Europe is exhausting its strength and impoverishing its resources in the attempt to raise its military power to a pitch never even contemplated in the old time—so near in distance, so far away in recollection.

I know that there is a school of thinkers who attribute this contest between the tendency of the age and the spirit of progress simply and solely to the existence of the French empire under Napoleon III. This solution—much in favour as it is with men whose opinions I respect—always reminds me of the Hindoo theory to account for the earth being supported in mid-space, that it stands upon the back of a tortoise. Imperialism may be the parent of the war fever which has sprung up together with our modern progress; but then Imperialism itself is the product and offspring of that very progress, to whose essence and spirit all war is supposed *ex hypothese* to be antagonistic. Moreover, even if we regard Cæsarism as the incarnation of all evil, it is very difficult to see how in any sense, except the broad one that all sin is connected with every other, it can be held responsible for the majority of the wars that of late have marked the era of progress. It was not Cæsarism which gave birth to the civil war in America, or induced Germany to attack Denmark, or sowed lifelong enmity between Austria and Italy, or split up Germany into two hostile camps. And, most assuredly, if the impending war be averted, it certainly will be due to the power that Cæsarism confers on the French Government of disregarding for a time the voice of public opinion in France.

I think, therefore, that all people who are content to look at facts, and then ground their theories upon them—a converse process to that adopted by *doctrinaires* of every persuasion—cannot avoid the confession that progress, in our modern sense of the term, is not directly antagonistic to war. On the contrary, I incline to the opinion,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated on 2019-01-17 16:08 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375 Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that popular governments, based, as all governments must be increasingly, on democratic principles, are quite as prone to war as despotic or oligarchic ones,—possibly more so. I can remember having learned as a child the song of Blenheim, and having it impressed upon my youthful mind that the burden of "But 'twas a famous victory," conveyed the truth that there would be no fighting if people only were taught to think what they were asked to fight for. Mature experience, however, has not confirmed my belief in the truth of this moral. No doubt it is very easy to discourse about the absurdity of all war; to ask what possible satisfaction Jack White can derive from the fact that Jean Leblanc, whom he has never seen or heard of, is cut to pieces by a shell; to dilate upon the monstrosity of poor Müller being crippled for life, of his cottage being burnt down, his children being turned upon the streets, in vindication of the claim of the high and mighty House of Pumpernickel to the disputed sovereignty of the State of Lilliput. These, or similar sarcasms, have been uttered concerning every war that has ever yet been fought since men ceased to look on fighting as the normal condition of the human race; and yet I cannot discover that they ever prevented the occurrence of a single conflict. I am driven to the conclusion that there is some flaw in the logical force of this reasoning. In the first place the "Cui bono?" argument is eminently unsatisfactory. If men are only to be interested in what immediately and tangibly concerns their own position or prospects or fortunes, we find that the vast majority of human actions cannot be rationally accounted for. We assume that every man, worthy of the name, must care for the prosperity of his own country. Yet, if you look at the matter philosophically, what conceivable practical difference does it make to my daily life or comfort that marshes are drained in Essex, or rich harvests grown in Kent, or new factories established in Lancashire? In a very vague and indirect way the general prosperity of the country may be thought to improve my individual fortunes; but this improvement, if tested by a utilitarian or money standard, is too small in value to influence a rational man's thoughts, still less his actions. I should have been deemed a fool, as well as a brute, if, at the time of the Cotton Famine, I had said it was a matter of absolute indifference to me whether the mills stopped work or not. Yet I cannot see that my own personal commerce or comfort was affected in the remotest degree by the suspension of a trade with which, as with the persons concerned in which, I am not even remotely connected. If I were asked why I cared about the matter at all, I could only answer in the style of the grandfather in the song I have spoken of, "But 'twas a great calamity." The same remark applies to the discoveries of science. Speaking of myself, as a representative of the great public, as M. or N. of the Catechism, as a Signor "Nossuno Nome" of the great life-drama, what possible difference does it make to me whether Le Verrier does or does not discover a planet; whether Darwin does or does not put forth the theory of natural selection? In fact, if we once lay down the rule, that nobody who has nothing to get by it can reasonably make sacrifices for war, we are driven logically to the startling conclusion, that nobody ought to take an interest in anything which does not somehow touch his own bodily comforts or enjoyments.

Moreover, I am seriously afraid that, as men grow more and more intelligent, they learn to appreciate less highly the absolute and immediate disadvantages of war. In spite of all the popular commonplaces on the subject, it is very hard to specify how ninety-nine persons out of a hundred are materially affected by the fact, that the armies of their country are fighting in a foreign country. In any war, one of the combatants, if not each of them, expects that the contest will be waged in his enemy's terri

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated on 2019-01-17 16:09 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375 Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tories, not in his own; and the result is, that the apprehension of war being brought home to their own dwellings cannot influence both parties alike. The inventions of modern science and the increasing division of labour have rendered war far less onerous to communities, taken as wholes, than it was in past days; and the tendency to diminish the horrors of war, and to exempt private persons from its sufferings, which forms one of the most marked triumphs of modern progress, renders the idea of war far less appalling to the nations of Europe than it used to be. Then, too, I think I am not committing myself to a paradox when I assert that the spread of education, the growth of popular intelligence, tend, *in the first instance*, to increase the risk of war. All the wars of the last half-century have been mainly carried on for an idea. Neither love of plunder nor greed of territory has led to their inception; but the desire either to promote or check the growth of some abstract principle. And the more intelligent a nation becomes, the larger is the number of its citizens who can realize an idea, or become enthusiastic in its defence or attack. It is common enough to treat patriotism as an instinct of humanity, but I doubt the truth of the assertion. Savage and barbarous nations hardly possess the instinct at all; the most highly cultivated ones possess it in the most developed form. The truth is, that patriotism, in our modern sense of the term, presupposes intelligence. In America the war passion seized upon the whole people to an extent never witnessed in the world before, because everybody well nigh understood more or less of the cause for which, rightly or wrongly, North and South were fighting. But, as a matter of fact, not of sentiment, what interest would our own agricultural population feel in a war carried on for an idea? No doubt if the French were to invade England, that great multitude of whom John Cross, with his nine children and his eight shillings a week, may be taken as a type, would exhibit a very distinct, if a low, form of patriotism. They are intelligent enough to dislike a foreigner, and to feel that being ordered about by men who could not speak the English tongue was a personal pain and humiliation. But does any one suppose John Cross and his fellow Dorsetshire hinds would feel personally aggrieved if they learnt that Spain had conquered Gibraltar, or that England was powerless to protect India against the advance of Russia? Imperial supremacy, national influence, and popular greatness are to them terms conveying as little meaning as the differential calculus or the conservation of forces. But, on the other hand, any educated Englishman must feel that the power and grandeur and empire of his country are to him among his most cherished personal possessions. I can understand thinkers like Mr. Goldwin Smith arguing that the greatness of our empire does not add to our real strength, and that in the interests of right and equity we should abandon our transmarine territories. But even the most ardent disciple of this self-denying ordinance would admit, if he were honest, that the sacrifice he proposed to make was to him a very real one. I should think, from what I have seen, that the Dutch of the present day were individually as rich, happy, and prosperous as the average of Englishmen, and far more so than their ancestors were in the bygone time of Holland's greatness. But yet what Englishman would not allow that to see his country reduced to the political and national insignificance of Holland would be a calamity he would feel as a private and peculiar grief? The more cultivated we grow, the more we value our position as part and parcel of that grand entity which we call a nation. When we have, as ere long I trust we may have, common schools where all Englishmen can read and write, and know something of England's history, then the passion of the British Empire will, I believe, become as universal amongst Englishmen as the fervour of the Union is to the citizens of the United States. Our capacity for patriotism I believe to be immense.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated on 2019-01-17 16:09 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

In our present state of national culture we should rise like one man to repel any attack upon English soil; and as our views grow wider with education, we shall extend the same passion over a larger area, and apply it to a greater variety of subjects. I speak of Englishmen, because to us they afford the best illustration of my theory; but its application I take to be universal. What I have said is true not only of Britons, but in a more or less marked degree of Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians,—of every nation, in fact, rising in prosperity, growing in culture. And if my view be correct, it is, to say the least, doubtful whether the spread of material prosperity, the growth of mental culture, with their consequent development and extension of the patriotic passion, are in themselves favourable to the maintenance of peace. Increased intercommunication between nations augments the number of questions on which their prejudices or principles are likely to differ; and the wider diffusion of national sentiment renders it more probable that these differences will commend themselves to the national instinct as matters worth insisting on at all costs and all hazards.

Thus I am apparently landed at the melancholy conclusion that progress promotes war, which is destructive of progress, —that in fact humanity is condemned to tread a vicious circle, by which the very efforts it makes towards its own elevation bring it back to barbarism. My escape from this dilemma consists in the belief that the gradual result of civilization, in the highest meaning of the term, will be first to modify, and then to change, the whole character of the instinct we call patriotism, for want of a better word. Patriotism is not an absolute and positive virtue like temperance, but a relative one like loyalty. Dr. Johnson defines a patriot as a man whose ruling passion is love of his country; and if this definition be correct, it follows that patriotism may be either a merit or a fault, according as the love evoked by the passion be wise or unwise. Put in this form, the statement sounds like a truism; yet the truth is constantly disregarded, if not denied, in current language and literature. Possibly from our insular position, and our isolation from the wider currents of European thought, we carry our worship of patriotism as an abstract virtue somewhat higher than other countries, just as to my mind we exaggerate the positive merit of domestic virtues. Still in every land there is a general coincidence of opinion to the effect that anybody who loves his own country has fulfilled the whole duty of man. Now I have not the faintest wish to decry the virtue of patriotism. For many generations, possibly for many centuries to come, it will, I believe, be the highest form of self-abnegation of which the bulk of mankind can be capable. To love the community of which by chance you are a member better than your own individual care, safety, comfort; to make the welfare of the unknown millions who speak your language, and belong to your own race, the object of your efforts and exertions; to place the honour, happiness, and prosperity of the section of the human race to which you belong above all personal and private considerations—this is surely one of the noblest of human efforts. All I contend for is, that it is not *the* noblest. No man who is not devoid of the ordinary instincts of mankind, can deny that he felt a sympathy with Roebuck when he said that his one rule in life was to think what was good for England; or with the Americans, when they wrote upon their banners, "The Union: right or wrong, it must be preserved;" or with M. Thiers, when he declared the other day that to him France was everything; and yet no thinking man can help feeling that, in these and the hundred similar outbursts of patriotic zeal which each country treasures up amidst its annals, there is an element of selfishness.

Patriotism, too, by its very essence, changes in character with the changes of time. In the days of the old Italian republics, a Florentine who had not been ready to espouse the cause of his state against Pisa or Venice would

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated on 2019-01-17 16:09 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

have been deemed by the highest intellects of the day degraded and disgraced. Yet now, any Florentine who joined in a foray against Pisa would be deemed, even by the most ignorant of Tuscan peasants, a scoundrel worthy of the gallows. In the same way, but a few hundred years ago every brave and honest and unselfish man who lived north of the Tweed would have been fighting on the side of Bruce and Wallace against England; and now, if a Scotchman proposed to levy war against England, he would be set down by his own countrymen as a traitor or a lunatic. Yet Scotchmen are not less patriotic now then they were in the days of Bannockburn; they would die, they have died, as readily for Great Britain as they ever died for Scotland; the only difference is, that their idea of patriotism is enlarged and exalted. Is it a heresy to imagine that some day or other the time may come—nay, can already be seen slowly advancing—when patriotism shall extend over a yet larger area than that occupied by one country or one single race? At the time of the German War of Independence, Goethe was called upon to write patriotic songs stirring up the nation against France; but, in spite of taunts and entreaties, the old poet-philosopher declined to respond to the appeal. "No one," he said, "loves "the Germans more than I do; but "then I do not hate the French." Perhaps hereafter this sentiment may not be thought as monstrous as it was at the time of utterance,—as it would be thought even now, under like circumstances. Possibly men may learn that, because you love your own people, it does not follow that you hate all others.

Nobody can study the course of events without seeing that the tendency of the age is to frame nations into larger communities. The days of small states are numbered; and the number of distinct nationalities throughout Europe is being diminished by a sort of Darwinian principle of selection. The strong nationalities are absorbing the weak into themselves. Much of suffering and hardship attends this process of amalgamation. Nations, like men, die painfully; and every nation has a right to maintain its own vitality. Poland and Ireland and Denmark and Portugal may struggle hard to preserve their distinct place amidst the nations of Europe; and no wise man could state with absolute certainty that no one of them could succeed in its attempt; but in the mass they must succumb, in accordance with the law that the greater must swallow up the less. I quite admit that this absorption of the little by the big is not an unmixed gain to the world at large. There are arts, graces, studies, and even virtues which flourish more rapidly and more profusely in the confined atmosphere of small states than in the larger life of great populous communities. Things were, doubtless, possible under the Heptarchy—and those not evil things—which are no longer possible in England; and yet the absorption of the Heptarchy has profited Englishmen. And so I think in the long run Europe will be happier when her territory is divided—as it probably will be before long—into far fewer kingdoms than occupy it at present.

A change, however, in the political or economical conditions of the world might, I think, retard, if not suspend, the operation of the forces which visibly and directly tend to diminish the European constituency. I rely far more on the operation of the silent and involuntary causes which, in my judgment, are gradually bringing the constituents to feel that they are united with each other by common ties. The advantages of steam have been so dinned into our ears, so thrust down our throats, so pressed upon our remembrance in season and out of season, that we are inclined to ignore them altogether. Yet patriotism, in its low parochial sense of a passionate unreasoning preference for every custom, institution, interest of your country, as opposed to all others, received, I think, with many other bad things, its death-blow when steam was first invented. There is a story told that once, when Charles Lamb was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated on 2019-01-17 16:10 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

abusing somebody or other, he was asked if he knew the person he was attacking: "Know him?" was the answer; "of course I do not; if I did, I should be sure to like him." And this story seems to me, like many of Elia's sayings, to have contained within it the germ of a very serious truth. The great reason why nations dislike one another, as they do most cordially, far worse than governments or dynasties ever can do, is because they are so ignorant of each other. It has been my lot to live a good deal in foreign countries; and the one chief lesson I have learnt is, that one nation is very like every other. After all, as Sam Slick says, there is a great deal that is human about man; and men are very much alike, whatever may be their language, or race, or creed, or colour. Virtues and vices, cleverness and folly, honesty and dishonesty, industry and indolence, seem to me much more equally distributed about the world than patriotic admirers of different and rival countries would be disposed to allow. Of course, neither I, nor any rational person, would assume that there is no marked difference between Englishmen and Russians, or between Chinese and Malays, or between American negroes and Hottentot bushmen. Each of these races occupies very distinct and definite stages in civilization, and cannot either judge or be judged according to a common standard. All I assert is, that between different nations the points of resemblance are more marked than the points of dissimilitude, and that therefore the effect of more intimate acquaintance between nations is inevitably to weaken the patriotic conviction, that all goodness and virtue and honesty are reserved to one particular branch of God's creation. At the time when the prejudice against the Free Northern States was at its height in this country, an English nobleman, with that sublime *naïveté* which characterises his class, remarked to an American diplomatist who told me the story, "I cannot understand how it is, " but all Englishmen who have lived " across the Atlantic seem to be fond " of Americans." The plain truth is that, if you are gifted with the average amount of good sense and kindly feeling, you can hardly live long amidst a foreign nation without learning to look upon them as friends. Thus, if my view is right, the mere fact of one nation being brought into constant contact with another, forming with it ties of friendship, commerce, and marriage, removes the distinctions between the two countries, widens the area owned by their respective patriotisms, and thereby lessens the risk of war. To take a very simple and familiar instance: what reasonable man can doubt that the danger of war between France and England is far less now than it was five-and-twenty years ago? The political conditions of the two countries are, to say the least, not so favourable to peace as they were in the days when a constitutional monarch—the Napoleon of peace—sat on the throne of France. But, within the last quarter of a century, railways, excursion trains, treaties of commerce, cheap postage, increased knowledge of modern languages, have made Englishmen and Frenchmen so much more intimate with each other, that the provocation required to produce war on either side must be infinitely greater now than it would have been at the time of the Syrian difficulty.

Thus, to my mind, the way in which progress ultimately works towards the promotion of peace is by a gradual assimilation of one nation to another. I am speaking, be it always understood, of remote tendencies, not of operations whose progress can be distinctly discovered from year to year, or even perhaps from century to century. Within any given period, no matter of how long duration, no cool-headed man would reckon on the world beholding one European nation; but in the course of modern times it is probable we shall have a Latin and a Teutonic and a Sclavonian people, comprising within themselves the different branches of those races, now divided by diversities of language, and history, and insti-

Generated on 2019-01-17 16:10 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tutions. Just as Italy has swallowed up the republics, and France has absorbed Burgundy and Navarre, so in the course of time Italy and Spain may become part and parcel of one great Latin people. No doubt, at this moment, Spaniards and Italians would regard the idea of sacrificing their separate nationality with the same horror as, centuries ago, Florentines and Venetians would have regarded the prospect of being merged in an Italian kingdom. And there is no doubt that, in all such absorptions, there is something lost to the world in the decay and disappearance of individual languages, and literatures, and traditions. But of this, I think, we may be sure, that in the long run the principle of selection holds good with regard to races and peoples, and that the one most fitted to live does live, to the exclusion of those less worthy. An Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, may be the staunchest of patriots, and yet may look forward without alarm to the possibility of a far distant future, when England, and France, and Germany shall be nothing more than geographical expressions. The principle of nationalities, of which we hear so much now-a-days, cannot be regarded as a permament resting-place for humanity, but only as a temporary arrangement good for our age, but not for all ages to come. "Qui veut le fin," says the French proverb, "veut les moyens;" and any one who holds that a united brotherhood is the ideal state of mankind cannot shrink with horror at the bare notion that in the course of time his own section of humanity may be absorbed in a larger polity. This doctrine, at any rate, is not a novel one, but as old as the creed first taught eighteen centuries ago. Of all the varied faiths the world has known, Christianity is the one in which patriotism holds the least important and conspicuous place, just as Judaism, the faith of the "chosen people," is based upon the principle of patriotism in its narrowest form. In fact, from one point of view Christianity may be regarded as a protest against the conception which underlay all the Mosaic religion, that the interest of the children of Israel superseded all claims of the outer world. When the Gospel was first preached to the Gentiles, the truth was asserted that the bonds which unite all mankind together are stronger and holier than those which unite together the members of each human brotherhood. To develop in practice this theory of Christianity as opposed to Judaism, is, to my mind, the especial work which progress, in our modern use of the word, has to perform.

It seems to me that there are indications of this work making way. The masses of different nations are obviously beginning to learn that they have common interests, which exist independently of their respective nationalities. During the recent strikes, to quote one example, the French and English tailors have come, it is said, to an agreement to assist each other's cause by refusing to take work from London and Paris houses respectively. I am not saying whether this course of action is wise, or just, or otherwise. The mere possibility of its adoption shows how far we have got on towards Internationalism when French and English workmen recognise the fact, that their interests are identical, not antagonistic. When the Republic was started in 1848, the first use almost the French "ouvriers" made of their liberty was to drive away the British mechanics domiciled in France; and, brutal as the act was, it can hardly be said to be inconsistent with the protective theories on which all Continental Governments of the day were based. That what one country gained another lost, was the fundamental principle of all protection; and Free Trade, amidst its many blessings to humanity, has conferred none greater than the shock it has given to this evil, and almost universal superstition. Five-and-twenty years ago the idea that anything which took work away from the looms of Lyons could fail to benefit Spitalfields and Coventry would

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated on 2019-01-17 16:10 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

have been regarded, by the working-classes themselves, as an obvious absurdity. Now—slowly indeed, but still, I think, surely—the conviction is gaining ground, that the cause of labour is one on which French and English workmen are common allies, not hereditary enemies.

So, after like fashion, I see a consolidating tendency—to coin a new phrase—in the peace addresses which different bodies of the French and German communities have addressed to each other when war between these two countries appeared imminent. I do not exaggerate the *actual* importance of these addresses. When Mr. Pease and his Quaker friends went to Russia before the outbreak of the Crimean War, their peace manifesto represented the sentiments of a small and insignificant minority; and I doubt very much whether the stilted proclamations of the Parisian students and Proletarians would have done much in themselves to bring about a peaceful solution of the Luxemburg question. If war should come to pass, Frenchmen and Germans will hate each other for the time; and the natural patriotic instincts of each race will overpower the feeble resistance of the friends of humanity. But still there is something gained by the mere recognition of the truth that Frenchmen and Germans have higher and wider duties towards each other than those which pertain to them as members of the Latin and Teutonic races. The Utopias of one age become the truths of succeeding generations; and so I cannot regard it as absurd to imagine that the day may come when a war between European nations may appear as monstrous and wicked to the world, as a war between Wessex and Mercia would appear to Englishmen of our own time and country. I may add, that the idea of settling international difficulties by means of congresses and conferences, of which, from whatever motives, the Emperor Napoleon has been the chief advocate—the doctrines of a brotherhood of humanity so popular amongst the advanced thinkers of the Continent—are also indications of the tendency to substitute for patriotism a larger and more comprehensive principle of human action.

In so short a space as these limits assign to me, it is impossible to discuss so great a question with any fulness. I trust, however, I have made plain the general purport of my theory. To recapitulate it very briefly, I may say that, in my judgment, the direct and primary effect of material and mental progress is to strengthen the patriotic instincts of mankind, and thereby to render wars certainly not less, possibly even more, probable. But the indirect and secondary effect of this progress I hold to be the substitution of a general for a local patriotism; and the consequent effectuation of a state of things under which war would become impossible. I quite admit that this process is one of very slow and tardy growth. I think it possible that not only existing nations, but even the order of things to which existing nations belong, may live out their appointed time before peace becomes the permanent condition of humanity. Nor am I sanguine enough to hope that speculations of this kind will have any practical bearing either in our time or for a long, long time to come. But I do think that those who believe with me in the gradual advancement of the human race need not despair, because, in spite of the progress we have made in many ways, the war spirit remains as powerful as ever. "Ma la cosa va"—such were the last words almost of Count Cavour, when he lay dying with his great work only half accomplished; and so, after all, the most earnest workers in the cause of humanity must be content to remember with him that, in spite of all, "things are still moving,"—moving progress-wards, and therefore peace-wards.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated on 2019-01-17 16:11 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.a0003993375
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google