province, occupied and administered jointly by the British and by the Egyptian Government;

Then a number of partially self-governing communities, some British in origin and some not, with elected legislatures and an appointed executive, such as Jamaica, the Bahamas, Bermuda, Malta.

Then the Crown colonies, in which the rule of the British Home Government (through the Colonial Office) verged on autocracy, as in Ceylon, Trinidad, and Fiji (where there was an appointed council), and Gibraltar and St. Helena (where there was a governor);

Then great areas of (chiefly) tropical lands, raw-product areas, with politically weak and under-civilized native communities, which were nominally protectorates, and administered either by a High Commissioner set over native chiefs (as in Basutoland) or over a chartered company (as in Rhodesia). In some cases the Foreign Office, in some cases the Colonial Office, and in some cases the India Office had been concerned in acquiring the possessions that fell into this last and least definite class of all, but for the most part the Colonial Office was now responsible for them.

It will be manifest, therefore, that no single office and no single brain had ever comprehended the British Empire as a whole. It was a mixture of growths and accumulations entirely different from anything that had ever been called an empire before.

It guaranteed a wide peace and security; that is why it was endured and sustained by many men of the "subject" races—in spite of official tyrannies and insufficiencies, and of much negligence on the part of the "home" public.

Like the "Athenian empire," it was an overseas empire; its ways were sea ways, and its common link was the British Navy. Like all empires, its cohesion was dependent physically upon a method of communication; the development of seamanship, shipbuilding, and steamships between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries had made it a possible and convenient Pax—the "Pax Britannica"—and fresh developments of air or swift land transport or of undersea warfare might at any time make it inconvenient or helplessly insecure.

§ 16

Painting, Sculpture and Architecture.

We have been writing of the nineteenth century because that is a convenient existing term to use, but it will be plain to the reader by this time that the period of this chapter is not really from 1800 to 1900, but from 1815 to 1914. Between these dates there was no great catastrophe, no great breaking-point. The changes that went on were very considerable indeed, but they were not sudden nor were they in any sense reversals of the general process.

Before we deal with the convulsion with which this century of progress and invention concluded, it will be well to give three sections to the artistic forms in which it expressed itself. We have already dealt with the development of its scientific knowledge and its political philosophy; we will now glance first at its plastic and pictorial art, then at its musical life, and then at its creative and expressive literature.

The story of European painting in the opening half of the nineteenth century reflected the social changes of the time. It was a time in which the middle class, the serious commercial type, was increasing very rapidly in wealth and importance; it was a time of enriched manufacturers and new financial successes. Presently came the railways, steamships, overseas trade in staples and the large speculative fortunes that arose directly and indirectly out of these things. The restored European Courts were tinged by a disposition to propitiate and associate with this new wealth. The successful manufacturer became the typical patron of painting and architecture. He was trying to assimilate himself to the gentlefolk. He desired rather pictures made by gentlemen for gentlemen, than disturbing power or disconcerting beauty. He desired pictures before which he could eat his dinner or drink his tea in comfort and satisfaction, and he was prepared to pay liberally for them. The versatile and wonderful Spaniard Goya (1746–1828), the great English landscape painters Constable (1776–1837) and Turner (1775–1851), David and Ingres, of whom we have spoken as expressing the spirit of the French Empire, passed and left no equals. But the painting of pictures became a very considerable profession. The British Royal Academy, the French Salon, held annual exhibitions of pictures painted to please, and artists bought large distinguished houses and lived lives of respectable luxury. In England many were even knighted. Sculpture followed in the same direction. The appreciation of

pictures, if it ceased to be very intense, became very wide. For large sections of the English public, an annual pilgrimage to London "to see the Academy" became almost obligatory.

But as the century passed on beyond its middle years, the same tendency to unrest that had disturbed the religious and social routines of Europe appeared in the world of art. In England Ruskin (1819–1900) and William Morris (1834–1896) criticized the academic inanities of art and contemporary decoration with a disturbing effectiveness. There were schisms in the profession of painting; there appeared new schools, and notably the Pre-Raphaelites who sought for precedents and methods in the work of those earlier days before painting became elegant. Under the approval of Ruskin and Morris they turned their eyes back to the Middle Ages and painted Arthurian heroes and Blessed Damosels. Other, still more rebellious, spirits turned their eyes towards the world about them. Corot (1796–1875) had maintained his vigour of vision throughout this period of dullness, and after the disaster of 1870–71 France saw a great resumption of the precedents of Rembrandt and Velasquez in the work of such masters as Degas, Manet and Renoir. With them must be named the great American Whistler (1834–1903). People tired, almost unconsciously, of the polite picture, and a style of domestic architecture came into vogue which tolerated no surrender of wall-space to the framed oil-painting. As the period closed, the output of easel pictures for buying and hanging up just anywhere was undergoing a sensible decline, and the unstanchable supply of art students was being directed with increasing success to the more modest and desirable pursuit of the decorative arts.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century there were many signs to show that a maximum of exact representativeness in art had passed. Representation of flowers and figures vanished from carpet and curtain and dress materials; representation became a secondary and subdued quality in painting and sculpture. We have already noted a previous period of realistic rendering in the time of Akhnaton in Egypt and another during the Græco-Roman period, and we have remarked how rapidly this latter phase passed into the stiffness, flatness and symbolism of Byzantine and Gothic work and the formal and geometrical methods of Moslem decoration. Still earlier the vivid impressionism of the later Palæolithic period had been followed by the formalism of the early Neolithic art. Now, again, in the first and second decades of the twentieth century we find art turning away, as if glutted, from reality, disregarding

outer form for the traces of motion, becoming once more analytical and symbolical. This drift seems likely to continue. It is also helped now by the increasing efficiency of photography for merely circumstantial precision. The world wearies of undigested fact.

The century opened in a phase of architectural dullness. The classical tradition, sustained by the rule of classical pedants in the schools, had gradually dominated and checked the free development of the Renaissance style, and most new buildings betrayed their regret for an age gone by two thousand years before. Everywhere appeared white-faced colonnaded façades of stucco. Then, with the Romantic revival in literature upon which we will presently enlarge, and with the collapse of Napoleon's attempt to revive Imperial Rome, came a shifting of the attention of this most imitative period to the Middle Ages. There was a Gothic revival after the classic revival, which was particularly powerful in Britain, and produced, among many other remarkable exploits, the present Houses of Parliament. Then the period of Queen Anne, which had been distinguished by a special development of the still living Renaissance modes, was invoked. Architects in Britain would build you a hall or house in the classic, Gothic, Scotch baronial or Queen Anne style; the one style that did not appear anywhere was the Nineteenth Century style. The Englishmen went about in trousers and top-hats and dingy coloured clothes, severely modern and sober, but their houses and public buildings were dressed in the dispirited fashions of the past, as if for some cheerless and unpopular fancy dress ball.

In France and Germany there was much more architectural initiative; the Renaissance style still lived and developed in France. Such interesting problems in architecture, however, as were afforded by railway stations, railway bridges, warehouses, factories, and so forth, were never seriously attempted anywhere—with the possible exception of Germany. An inefficient ugliness was the rule for such buildings. It was as if the rush of new needs, new materials, and new opportunities had overwhelmed the architectural courage of the age. One of the oddest, most typical products of this phase of dismay is the London Tower Bridge, in which a light and powerful fabric of steelwork is plastered over with suggestions of Flemish stonemasonry and memories of a mediæval drawbridge. But all the public buildings of nineteenth-century Britain reek with bad decaying history.

Domestic architecture degenerated even more than public,

throughout a large part of the century. The gross increase in the European populations, that absorbed so much of the increased resources of the time, led to a frightful proliferation of low-grade housing about the growing towns; endless rows of mean small houses in Britain, gawky tenement houses in most other European countries. Only as the century closed, and the birth-rate fell and the automobile came into effect in redistributing the population that had been breeding and congesting about the railway stations, did any general interest in domestic architecture revive and pleasant modern types of cottage and country house appear.

America in colonial days had produced an extremely agreeable type of country house, more particularly in Virginia and the South, an adaptation to local conditions of British country-house architecture, which itself sprang from the fruitful Renaissance stem. We have already noted Sir Christopher Wren's contribution to this development. Apart from this domestic side, American architecture until the closing decades of the century was mainly transplanted European design. The Capitol at Washington, for example, is French work. It might have been built in Paris or Brussels. Much of the domestic housing was flimsy and commonplace. When Britain adopted the sash window, America retained the continental casement. But in the eighties and nineties of the century the growing wealth and self-reliance of the new world broke out into new and vigorous architectural initiatives. America began to use steel, glass and concrete construction with an increasing boldness and success. These materials and the invention and perfection of the "elevator" rendered possible buildings of a hitherto unprecedented height and scale. In 1870 American architecture scarcely existed; by 1910 America was far in advance of any other country in the world in the freshness and courage of its new buildings. At an interval came Germany. The names of Richardson (1838–1886) and Stanford White (1853–1906) stand out among the American architects of this new period.

It is to the America of the twentieth century that we must look for the gradual expression in building and housing of the new powers and resources the nineteenth century revealed to mankind; and associated with this development of architecture we may count on new and remarkable developments there of sculpture, painting, mosaic and the decorative arts generally. In that continent will be the greater opportunity, the greater wealth, the greater freedom of mind.

§ 17

Music in the Nineteenth Century.

The flow of musical creation that was in progress during the eighteenth century suffered little let or hindrance throughout the period of this chapter. We have named Mozart and Beethoven as culminating figures of the eighteenth century. Beethoven carries us over into the nineteenth century, and beside him we must put his contemporary Weber (1786–1826) an experimentalist and innovator of cardinal importance, and a little later the very considerable figures of Schubert (1797–1828), Mendelssohn (1809–1847), and Schumann (1810–1856). Nor can we ignore César Franck's (1822–1890) "Cathedrals of Sound." Music was now passing more and more out of the domain of royal and noble patronage into the concert hall and the appeal to the suffrages of a specially cultivated public. Side by side with opera, there was an increasing production of song and pianoforte pieces for the refined home and of dance music for the social gathering. There was no corresponding advance in religious music after the days of Handel and Bach. But the royal patron was still of importance to the composer of great operas, and the courts of Bavaria and Russia especially were the fostering-places of a new "opera-drama" and a new conception of the ballet.

One can trace in the music of the century the broadening interests of the age. Composers began to seek for new themes and a new spirit amidst the folk-music of the east European and eastern peoples.

Chopin (1809–1849) utilized Polish, Liszt (1811–1886) and Joachim (1831–1907) Hungarian sources of inspiration, and Brahms (1833–1897) went still further afield to India for material to incorporate with his essentially classical fabric. Wagner was born in 1813 and died in 1883. He followed in the footsteps of Weber. He broke up the established tradition of opera, dramatized and broadened and expanded the range of instrumental music, charged it with new power and passion. Later, in Russia, Tchaikovsky (1840–1893), Moussorgsky (1835–1881), and Rimsky Korsakov (1844–1908) were to discover new realms of colour and delight.

Here, in the limited space at our disposal, we can but name the Czech Dvořák (1841–1904), the lively enterprise of Richard Strauss (1864–1949), and the fresh beauty of Debussy (1862–1918).

So far America has contributed little to recognized great

music. What had come from the States, so far as other countries were aware, was either imitative or of a type which was regarded as essentially unimportant. Nobody considered that "jazz" or "ragtime" could be more than a temporary fad. It was known to be negro in origin, but its New Orleans beginnings were not investigated, and the proposition that these new rhythms could have any bearing or influence upon musical composition would have been received with indulgent laughter. But there is no room here to trace its development; still less that of modern music in the common sense. The appreciation of this latter, and most of its development, was a postwar phenomenon, and the limits of this work will prevent us carrying on the history of music and the other arts beyond the year 1918. Not that the record is unimportant; indeed the development of the gramophone and radio industries brought music that was once the privilege of a cultivated class into the homes of uncountable millions.

§ 18

The Rise of the Novel to Predominance in Literature.

In the space at our disposal here it is impossible to give much more than the barest, most simplified account of the great flood of literary activities through which the new forces of this century of expansion sought expression. We have already dealt with the leading ideas of the founders and makers of Socialism and of the influence of the enlarging scientific vision upon religious, political and social ideas. But it is impossible for us to do full justice to the significance and continuing influence of such great practical thinkers as Adam Smith (1723–1790), Malthus (1766–1834), and their successors, or of such profound and penetrating speculations as those of Schopenhauer (1788–1860) and Nietzsche (1844–1900) in Germany. Hegel (1770–1831), again, is for us like a tempting item at the end of too long a menu. We must leave him. He deflected the current of modern thought very curiously, but it recovers from his deflection.

Nor can we discuss here the accidents of taste and absurdities of interpretation that made Lord Byron (1788–1824), that doggerel satirist with the philosophy of a man-about-town, into a great figure in the nineteenth-century conception of literature throughout Europe, nor weigh the value of Goethe (1749–1832), who was for many years the intellectual and æsthetic god of Germany. He has that prominence no longer. He littered the

German mind with a great wealth of uprooted and transplanted classicism. He was great, elegant and industrious. He was the noble collector in literature as Byron was the noble rebel.

The century opened with a considerable outburst of poetry, particularly in Britain. It was poetry with characteristics of its own; there was a new realization of nature as being in emotional relationship with man, an unconscious disregard of creeds and an unrestrained approach to the deepest questions about life, as though almost unawares the poet had gone out of the fabric of established and accepted beliefs into a free universe. The poems of this phase had generally a narrative thread that was reduced at times to a shadow—and they rambled gracefully, argumentatively, variously. Shelley (1792–1822), Keats (1795–1821), Wordsworth (1770–1850), are the outstanding names of this age of English poetic expression. Wordsworth with a very variable artistry gave voice to a mystical pantheism, a deep sense of God in Nature. Shelley was the first and greatest of modern poets. His thought was saturated with scientific ideas and his perception of the transitory nature of the political institutions of his time was far in advance of any contemporary. The poetic impulse was sustained in England in the succeeding generation with greater melody and beauty and less far-reaching implications by Tennyson (1809–1892), who achieved a great popularity, flattered Queen Victoria, and was the first among British poets to be made a peer for his poetry. His *Morte d'Arthur* is worthy to stand beside the architecture of the time. The fame of Longfellow (1807–1882) was not so much an American equivalent as an American retort to Tennyson.

Developing more slowly and against the discouragement of the scholastic, academic and critical worlds, the form of prose fiction rose by degrees to equality with and then to a predominance over poetry. That was what people were really reading, that was what the times required. The great prose book about life, with a narrative progression in its substance, already foreshadowed by Rabelais and developed by the discursive novels of Fielding and Sterne, emerged slowly to completion and recognition as the century progressed. As it grew in length and power, the short novel and the short story appeared beside it.

The earlier novels were stories of events and studies of manners. Fanny Burney (1752–1840) takes us back to the world of Dr. Johnson. Jane Austen (1775–1817), working within narrow limits, carried on the tradition of feminine observa-

tion finely expressed. From the restraints and limitations of this sort of tale about manners and feelings, we find the English novel gradually breaking bounds as the mind of the century broke bounds.

A very great and central figure in the enlargement of the novel was the German writer Jean Paul Richter (1763–1825). His narrative is a mere thread for jewelled and decorated digressions. Another great German writer was Heine (1797–1856). Richter affected the work of the English writer Thomas Carlyle very profoundly. Through Carlyle the discursive and enriching influence of Richter reached Charles Dickens (1812–1870) and George Meredith (1828–1909). Thackeray (1811–1863), the great rival of Dickens, wandered and philosophized and buttonholed his reader, but in a fashion that derives rather from Sterne than from the Germans. Charles Reade (1814–1884), in his *Cloister and the Hearth*, presented the still living issues between Protestantism and Catholicism in Europe in the fabric of a great romance. Both Thackeray and Carlyle found their disposition to discuss life freely leading them away from the form of frank fiction towards the interpretation of historical phases. There is a natural and necessary connection between the great novel of the English type and history. Carlyle's *French Revolution* and his *Frederick the Great* were read like novels, and an immense success was made by Macaulay (1800–1859) with his history of the later Stuart period. More scientific, but also duller, historians succeeded them; but in the new century their tradition was taken up by Lytton Strachey, J. L. and Barbara Hammond, and others.

In France, the same necessities and curiosities that broadened the English novel from a mere story to a picture and interpretation of life, inspired Balzac (1797–1850) to the vast enterprise of his *Comédie Humaine*. At a great distance below him, his successor, Zola (1840–1902), wrote his kindred Rougon-Macquart cycle, a group of novels tracing the fortunes of a copious French family through several generations. Victor Hugo (1802–1885) stands by himself, an exuberant, bold, florid and sometimes rather tawdry mind, erupting plays, poems, novels and political disquisitions. But in France the influence of the Academy, the classical tradition, the tradition of scholastic discipline, though it could not restrain these exceptional cases, did on the whole tame and subdue the art of fiction. It must have "form," said the pedagogues. It must be "correct." It must not digress. It must be politely impersonal in its manner. So the French novel was obstructed on its way to the limitless freedoms of

experiment that the British school enjoyed. Within the limits thus fixed, Flaubert (1821–1880) is the most subtle and finished of French writers.

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), the last of the great Victorian novelists, belongs rather to this French classical school than the British tradition in fiction. He rebelled in his later years against the limitations he had set himself, abandoned the novel form altogether, and in *The Dynasts*, a representation of the whole Napoleonic adventure in the form of a drama, he achieved his crowning masterpiece, another instance of the close affinity of the great novelist to the interpretative historian.

The desire to know about life and what is happening to it, the disposition to question life closely and keenly, that made the British impatient of the formal restrictions of poetry and elevated the novel and its cognate forms to literary predominance, spread through all the European countries. Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, in particular, produced great literature in this form. The outstanding name amidst a multitude of excellent German novelists is that of Gustav Freytag (1816–1895). Norway produced its Björnson (1832–1910); Russia a great galaxy of splendid writers from Gogol (1809–1852) to Dostoievsky (1821–1881), Turgeniev (1818–1883), Tolstoy (1828–1900), and Tchehof (died 1904).

But not all readers in the nineteenth century were eager and curious. Intermingled with the types and classes whose minds were filled with doubts and progress, were types and social strata in active resistance to progressive ideas. Side by side with a great and growing literature that provoked and stimulated, there was in Europe and America alike a vast output of written matter at every level of technical achievement, which was designed to amuse and soothe and reassure. People had learnt to read, there was much time and need for reading, and they read to stanch their minds rather than encourage their flow.

Sir Walter Scott is a figure whose enormous contemporary prestige will, like Lord Byron's, perplex posterity. He began his literary career as a poet, and wrote two long, glib narrative poems; he then wrote a series of historical romances, glorifying the romantic past, exalting the loyalties of monarchy, the richness of tradition. These appealed enormously to gentlefolks and prosperous people, alarmed by the cold uncertainties of the changing and questioning present. He was the begetter of a wave of romantic and regretful fiction, not only throughout the English-speaking world, but throughout Europe.

Upon the Continent, these two writers, strangely translated or paraphrased, were used as symbols of a vague large wave of influences, complex in origin, incoherent in aim and quality, and now happily dispersed and done with—the Romantic Movement. It meant mediævalism, it meant rich and florid colour, it meant gestures towards adventure in armour and a disapproval of contemporary fashions and interests. It meant instinct against reason and emotion against science. Its tendency to archaic language was tempered by the indolence of its exponents. It had more of the nature of a drinking bout followed by a riot than of a phase in intellectual and æsthetic progress. It was opposed not only to the realities of the present, but to the classic past. It was catholic, it was individualistic, it revived the fairies and wallowed in sham legends; it was anything: it was, in the final reckoning, nothing.

In Germany it was written about enormously and heavily, but it pervaded all Europe. Shakespeare was claimed as a Romantic; there was a woolly-brained "Romantic Philosophy" and a "Romantic Theology." There was a vast production of costume novels in English, the mental parallel of the English revival of Gothic architecture, and stockbrokers and tired business men could forget the responsibilities of their business activities and the question of where, if anywhere, they thought they were going, by dreaming themselves the gallant crusaders, soldiers, highwaymen and rescuers of distressed damsels, who figured as the heroes of these stories. There was no pretence to analyse the appearances and significance of the period in this costume stuff. That was its charm. It was the refuge of minds passionately anxious not to think. The mentality of the characters was the mentality of the prosperous middle-class, purified and idealized.

R. L. Stevenson (1850–1894), the last of the Scott dynasty of romantic writers, confessed himself capable of better things and called himself a mental prostitute—as, indeed, he was. The costume novel was written on the Continent, but it never became a serious industry there as it did in the English-speaking system, because the rapid development of a prosperous reading middle-class came later upon the Continent and under circumstances that were mentally more stimulating.

As a later development, we may note that after a pause in the growth of the novel, marked by a tendency to group novels in trilogies or extend them with sequels, there came in the '20s a fresh expansion of this form. The novel seemed likely to become a picture of the whole world seen through the

eyes of some typical individual. The most remarkable of these new long novels was the *Jean Cristophe* of Romain Rolland (born 1866), which was published in ten successive volumes. Closely associated with this enlargement was the appearance of vast, formless, endless books of reminiscence, comment and description, of which the typical writer is Proust (died 1922). A figure standing almost alone in the world's literature of this age is Anatole France (1844–1924), whose Bergeret series displayed the same tendency to replace the isolated *roman* by a running commentary on things in general. Miss Dorothy Richardson, writing with vivid copiousness of a narrow rivulet of experience, may be called the Jane Austen of the interminable novel.

An interesting change in the novel as the nineteenth century passes into the twentieth is the steady increase of social, political and religious discussion. Novelists of the Dickens and Thackeray period wrote for a public whose ideas and social values were definitely settled. They do not discuss; they assume the moral scenery and concentrate upon character, upon personal idiosyncrasies. Thackeray did not discuss; he preached, a very different thing to do. In the nineteenth-century novel, "characters" and their behaviour constitute the entire substance of the fabric. But the intellectual unsettlement of the nineteen-twenties found itself reflected in the novel as a discussion of ideas. Thoughts and theories enter into the drama. They amplify the interest but they obscure that emphatic "characterization" more living than life, which is the supreme excellence of Victorian fiction.

Anticipations of all these developments of the modern novel in the direction of a roving and easy criticism of life and views about life can, no doubt, be found in the literature of earlier times, from the *Golden Ass* onward; but none of these anticipations of its form and scale appeared in anything like the variety and bulk of the nineteenth-century writings that are more or less novels, and hardly any had the peculiar quality of free, undirected judgment upon life in bulk and detail which distinguishes the nineteenth-century mind from all preceding phases.

The drama had depended hitherto for its support on the existence of a settled society, with fixed habits and convictions, which could supply regular and sympathetic audiences. In a century of social disorganization and reconstruction, the settled routines of theatre-going were broken up, and for half a century and more the varied multitude of people who thought and

discussed and sought for new things was hardly represented at all in the audiences of the time. The European theatre passed through a phase of triviality and insignificance; it paralleled the popular novels and romances in its disposition to waste time agreeably.

The French drama was neat but empty. In England the drama was equally empty, but by no means so neat. Very gradually and against an immense critical opposition, the great forces that demanded discussion and ideas came into operation in the dramatic world. Ibsen, the Norwegian (1828–1906), was the central figure in the return of the drama towards the discussion of contemporary reality. Barrie's agreeable fantasy did much to smash the stiff tradition of the "well-made play" in England, and slowly Bernard Shaw (born 1856) struggled into predominance and influence. Hauptmann (born 1862) and Sudermann (born 1857) are prominent among the German dramatists of this new phase of sincerity and power. The war checked dramatic enterprise for a time, but its end released a great abundance of living and hopeful energy upon both sides of the Atlantic. At present the stage both in Europe and America is in a state of healthy and vigorous innovation.

When we turn to the development of American literature we must distinguish between two sharply contrasted phases, the phase of European predominance, English and French, and the phase of release. For a long period the literary activities of America concentrated in New England and were merely a branch, albeit a very vigorous branch, of the general English and European literature. It centred upon Boston. The writers of this phase talked a lot about the Declaration of Independence, but so far as form and method went they did not seem to realize it had happened. America had its distinctive tastes; it was quicker to take up Carlyle than England was; it sounded a note of its own in the essays of Emerson (1803–1882); but Longfellow was merely an English poet who happend to have been born in America and who wrote about American themes. Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849) was less English than European in his methods, and Hawthorne (1804–1864) showed a touch of self-conscious Teutonic glamour. W. D. Howells (1837–1920), again, wrote a series of fine austere novels in a manner that would put him beside Thomas Hardy under the French school in a general classification of the novel. Henry James (1843–1916) was an American who wrote neither like an Englishman nor an American, but like an American transplanted to European

conditions; his scene was always European, and his favourite theme was the clash of the naïve American with the complexities of the older civilizations. Perhaps the most essentially American of all nineteenth-century writers was Mark Twain (1835–1910).

Signs of the appearance of an independent American literature could have been observed well before the outbreak of the First World War, but it was not till after the war that American writing exploded, as it were, into full development. To describe this there is no room here; indeed the effort to carry the story of literature up to 1914 has begun to result in little more than a catalogue of names.

But enough has been said, it is hoped, to provide a basis for reflection upon the nature of the civilization on which fell the catastrophe of 1914. That war has been described as " the second worst disaster in human history ", the first being the fall of the Roman empire. But, though comparable, it was a different sort of disaster. The disappearance of ancient civilization and the beginning of the Dark Ages was certainly a calamity, but it was a foreseeable and unavoidable calamity. Ancient civilization was almost dead already; the empire had fallen in upon itself before the barbarians gave the final pushes. It was exhausted; if its end is to be compared to anything in nature it is to the death of a very old man. But the disaster of 1914 is more like the slaughter of a young and strong man; science, art, literature and all that makes up civilization were rising to greater heights than ever before when they were checked and in some cases driven back by a man-made catastrophe. For the slaughter that started in 1914 was a selective slaughter, unlike a Black Death; it was the young and healthy that were killed and maimed, and that on a scale never known before. No man can travel in France today, for example, and not notice the numberless war memorials on which are engraved an unending series of names—more, sometimes, in number than the present population of the villages. There were three young poets in England of outstanding promise—Brooke, Sorley, Owen—and all were killed; how many others unknown, artists, scientists, writers, lawyers and statesmen, were also slain? It was a commonplace to speak of " a missing generation " for the next quarter of a century; the second-rate and colourless took control and Europe had as leaders Baldwin and Chamberlain, Ebert and Bruening, Millerand and Tardieu, Giolitti and Victor Emmanuel. To the lack of able men was added the destruction of the sense of an international community which had begun to arise. The Socialist International was torn

in pieces, never to reunite. New States were erected in Europe, each with trade barriers against the next. National hatreds were deliberately fanned, dying dialects anxiously revived, censorships established and passport controls made universal. The mean-minded who were in control politically tried to extend their control to art and science, to divide the human mind into compartments and separate British, Russian, American, and French learning and civilization each from the other. Up till the year 1914 it was possible to view the history of the world as a progress, interrupted but always resumed, towards peace and freedom. In most of the states of the world political and parliamentary freedom was extending, personal rights were more protected, liberty of thought and of speech was expanding, and states were beginning to be less irresponsible in their foreign policy. It seemed to be not perhaps a Liberal, but at least a liberating century. That illusion was over in 1918; whatever men might hope for, they now knew that progress was not automatic. It must be fought for, not even the most elementary rights were secure.

CHAPTER 38

THE CATASTROPHE OF MODERN IMPERIALISM

§ 1. *The Armed Peace Before the Great War.*
§ 2. *Imperial Germany.*
§ 3. *The Spirit of Imperialism in Britain and Ireland.*
§ 4. *Imperialism in France, Italy and the Balkans.*
§ 5. *Russia a Grand Monarchy.*
§ 6. *The United States and the Imperial Idea.*
§ 7. *The Immediate Causes of the Great War.*
§ 8. *A Summary of the Great War up to* 1917.
§ 9. *The Great War from the Russian Collapse to the Armistice.*

§ 1

For thirty-six years after the Treaty of San Stefano and the Berlin Conference, Europe maintained an uneasy peace within its borders; there was no war between any of the leading states during this period. They jostled, browbeat, and threatened one another, but they did not come to actual hostilities. There was a general realization after 1871 that modern war was a much more serious thing than the professional warfare of the eighteenth century, an effort of peoples as a whole that might strain the social fabric very severely, an adventure not to be rashly embarked upon. The mechanical revolution was giving constantly more powerful (and expensive) weapons by land and sea, and more rapid methods of transport; and making it more and more impossible to carry on warfare without a complete dislocation of the economic life of the community. Even the foreign offices felt the fear of war.

But although war was dreaded as it had never been dreaded in the world before, nothing was done in the way of setting up a federal control to prevent human affairs drifting towards war. In 1898, it is true, the young Tsar Nicholas II (1894–1917) issued a rescript inviting the other Great Powers to a conference of states "seeking to make the great idea of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord." His rescript recalls the declaration of his predecessor, Alexander I, which

gave its tone to the Holy Alliance, and it is vitiated by the same assumption that peace can be established between sovereign governments rather than by a broad appeal to the needs and rights of the one people of mankind. The lesson of the United States of America, which showed that there could be neither unity of action nor peace until the thought of the "people of Virginia" and the "people of Massachusetts" had been swept aside by the thought of the "people of the United States," went entirely disregarded in the European attempts at pacification.

Two conferences were held at The Hague in Holland, one in 1899 and another in 1907, and at the second nearly all the sovereign states of the world were represented. They were represented diplomatically, there was no direction of the general intelligence of the world to their deliberations, the ordinary common man did not even know that these conferences were sitting, and for the most part the assembled representatives haggled cunningly upon points of international law affecting war, leaving aside the abolition of war as a chimera. These Hague Conferences did nothing to dispel the idea that international life is necessarily competitive. They accepted that idea. They did nothing to develop the consciousness of a world commonweal overriding sovereigns and foreign offices. The international lawyers and statesmen who attended these gatherings were as little disposed to hasten on a world commonweal on such a basis as were the Prussian statesmen of 1848 to welcome an all-German parliament overriding the rights and "policy" of the King of Prussia.

In America a series of three Pan-American conferences in 1889, 1901, and 1906 went some way towards the development of a scheme of international arbitration for the whole American continent.

The character and good faith of Nicholas II, who initiated these Hague gatherings, we will not discuss at any length here. He may have thought that time was on the side of Russia. But of the general unwillingness of the Great Powers to face the prospect of a merger of sovereign powers, without which permanent peace projects are absurd, there can be no sort of doubt whatever. It was no cessation of international competition with its acute phase of war that they desired, but rather a cheapening of war, which was becoming too costly. Each wanted to economize the wastage of minor disputes and conflicts, and to establish international laws that would embarrass its more formidable opponents in war-time without incommoding

itself. These were the practical ends they sought at the Hague Conference. It was a gathering they attended to please Nicholas II, just as the monarchs of Europe had subscribed to the evangelical propositions of the Holy Alliance to please Alexander I; and as they had attended it, they tried to make what they conceived to be some use of it.

§ 2

Imperial Germany.

The peace of Frankfort had left Germany Prussianized and united, the most formidable of all the Great Powers of Europe. France was humiliated and crippled. Her lapse into republicanism seemed likely to leave her without friends in any European Court. Italy was as yet a mere stripling; Austria sank now rapidly to the position of a confederate in German policy; Russia was vast but undeveloped; and the British Empire was mighty only on the sea. Beyond Europe the one power to be reckoned with by Germany was the United States of America, growing now into a great industrial nation, but with no army nor navy worth considering by European standards.

The new Germany which was embodied in the empire that had been created at Versailles was a complex and astonishing mixture of the fresh intellectual and material forces of the world, with the narrowest political traditions of the European system. She was vigorously educational; she was by far the most educational state in the world; she made the educational pace for all her neighbours and rivals.

Nowhere was this competition more salutary than in Britain. What a German Prince Consort had failed to do, the German commercial rival achieved. That mean jealousy of the educated common man on the part of the British ruling class, which no patriotic pride or generous impulse had ever sufficed to overcome, went down before a growing fear of German efficiency. And Germany took up the organization of scientific research and of the application of scientific method to industrial and social development with such a faith and energy as no other community had ever shown before.

Throughout all this period of the armed peace she was reaping and sowing afresh and reaping again the harvests, the unfailing harvests, of freely disseminated knowledge. She grew swiftly to become a great manufacturing and trading power; her steel output outran the British; in a hundred new fields

of production and commerce, where intelligence and system were of more account than mere trader's cunning, in the manufacture of optical glass, of dyes and of a multitude of chemical products, and in endless novel processes, she led the world.

To the British manufacturer who was accustomed to see inventions come into his works—he knew not whence nor why—begging to be adopted, this new German method of keeping and paying scientific men seemed abominably unfair. It was compelling fortune, he felt. It was packing the cards. It was encouraging a nasty class of intellectuals to interfere in the affairs of sound business men. Science went abroad from its first home like an unloved child. The splendid chemical industry of Germany was built on the work of the Englishman Sir William Perkin, who could find no "practical" English business man to back him.

And Germany also led the way in many forms of social legislation. Germany realized that labour is a national asset, that it deteriorates through unemployment, and that, for the common good, it has to be taken care of outside the works. The British employer was still under the delusion that labour had no business to exist outside the works, and that the worse such exterior existence was, the better somehow for him. Moreover, because of his general illiteracy, he was an intense individualist: his was the insensate rivalry of the vulgar mind; he hated his fellow-manufacturers about as much as he hated his labour and his customers. German producers, on the other hand, were persuaded of the great advantages of combination and civility; their enterprises tended to flow together and assume more and more the character of national undertakings.

This educating, scientific, and organizing Germany was the natural development of the liberal Germany of 1848; it had its roots far back in the recuperative effort that drew its impulse from the shame of the Napoleonic conquest. All that was good, all that was great in this modern Germany, she owed indeed to her schoolmasters.

But this scientific organizing spirit was only one of the two factors that made up the new German Empire. The other factor was the Hohenzollern monarchy which had survived Jena, which had tricked and bested the revolution of 1848, and which, under the guidance of Bismarck, had now clambered to the legal headship of all Germany outside Austria. Except the Tsardom, no other European state had so preserved the tradition of the Grand Monarchy of the eighteenth century as the Prussian. Through the tradition of Frederick the Great, Machiavelli now

reigned in Germany. In the head of this fine new modern state, therefore, there sat no fine modern brain to guide it to a world predominance in world service, but an old spider lusting for power. Prussianized Germany was at once the newest and the most antiquated thing in Western Europe. She was the best and the wickedest state of her time.

The psychology of nations is still but a rudimentary science. Psychologists have scarcely begun to study the citizen side of the individual man. But it is of the utmost importance to our subject that the student of universal history should give some thought to the mental growth of the generations of Germans educated since the victories of 1871. They were naturally inflated by their sweeping unqualified successes in war, and by their rapid progress from comparative poverty to wealth. It would have been more than human in them if they had not given way to some excesses of patriotic vanity. But this reaction was deliberately seized upon and fostered and developed by a systematic exploitation and control of school and college, literature and press, in the interests of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

A teacher, a professor, who did not teach and preach, in and out of season, the racial, moral, intellectual, and physical superiority of the Germans to all other peoples, their extraordinary devotion to war and their dynasty, and their inevitable destiny under that dynasty to lead the world, was a marked man, doomed to failure and obscurity. German historical teaching became an immense systematic falsification of the human past, with a view to the Hohenzollern future. All other nations were represented as incompetent and decadent; the Prussians were the leaders and regenerators of mankind.

The young German read this in his school-books, heard it in church, found it in his literature, had it poured into him with passionate conviction by his professor. It was poured into him by all his professors; lecturers in biology or mathematics would break off from their proper subject to indulge in long passages of patriotic rant. Only minds of extraordinary toughness and originality could resist such a torrent of suggestion. Insensibly there was built up in the German mind a conception of Germany and its emperor as of something splendid and predominant as nothing else had ever been before, a godlike nation in "shining armour" brandishing the "good German sword" in a world of inferior—and badly disposed—peoples.

We have told our story of Europe; the reader may judge whether the glitter of the German sword is exceptionally blinding. Germania was deliberately intoxicated, she was systematically