

Lamb, Hazlitt, and others who had not received the stamp of approval were in the main ignored or scorned.

Irving and Willis both advanced the pleasing theory that the interval of space which separated the two countries might function as the interval of a century and that American judgment was therefore in some respects a prophecy of the judgment of posterity. Yet their own actions and comments gave the lie to their pleasing ideas. Irving more than any one else made Stratford the chief literary shrine of the old country, and Willis, with his spirited gossip, made Bulwer and Disraeli popular in the new.

Mr. Spiller has conducted his study with exemplary patience and good taste. His method—dividing the travelers into classes, and following each individual traveler separately—has, to be sure, obvious disadvantages. What he says of a certain Quaker tourist may in a measure be said of himself, namely, that "his pages are crowded for the most part with notes on one thing after another, viewed in rapid succession and with little descriptive or critical comment." If the reader wishes to know what impression Americans derived from St. Paul's, for example, he must piece together the comments on pages 27, 28, 81, 159, 218, 230, 255, 313, 316, 339, 384, and 385. The figure of Wordsworth, now younger, now older, now younger again, stalks upon the page some score of times. It is only fair to remember, however, that Mr. Spiller's object was not to give a picture of England, but to study the points of view of Americans. To have done both, would have been to write two books. Had he written as an Englishman, he would have described the England of that age; as an American, he chose to contribute to our understanding of the problem of a distinctive American culture.

The Almighty State

MAN AND THE STATE. By WILLIAM ERNEST

HOCKING. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. \$4.

Reviewed by WARNER FITE
Princeton University

AS one of the "state-sceptics" thus named by Professor Hocking I shall not be expected to applaud too enthusiastically this latest argument for that Almighty State which is the modern substitute for Almighty God. Mr. Hocking does not indeed, with the late Bernard Bosanquet, attribute all questioning of the authority of the state to childish "petulance." Nor, with Professor Norman Wilde of Minnesota, does he present the curious phenomenon of an American state-university professor speaking of the state's as "the King's business." Mr. Hocking is too essentially good-tempered to present his state arrogantly; too democratic to think of the social order in terms of "higher and lower" classes. Nor is his state of necessity either all-benevolent or all-wise (though I fear that his argument to this effect confuses the state with the "leaders"). Nor is the state, again, a super-person, a group-person; nor is it (blessed word!) an organism; but simply a "general will-circuit," related to the citizens as the baseball field is related to the players, something non-mystical, yet (somewhat mystically, it seems) "nothing less than mankind in gestation with the better mankind to be." Like all good Hegelians, however, Mr. Hocking repudiates Hegel. And he even coins a queer word, "statolatry," to prove that he is no state devotee.

And yet, with all these disclaimers, what I seem to find is the same old Hegelian, even Treitschkean, state. The dominant question in political philosophy today is as follows. Each of us is a member, say of a state, of a church, of a college, of a labor-union, or, (if you like) of a lodge—and of many other such: how are these several allegiances to be related? Radical political theory tells us, following Laski, that one or another may be supreme, according to circumstances. Mr. Hocking will show that the state is necessarily and always supreme, supreme by natural right. And from his distinctively psychological avenue of approach this means, by right of human nature. The college, the lodge, the labor-union (the church appears to present a special and rather confusing issue) stand for interests that are more or less individual and casual, the state for what is generically human. What, then, is this generically human? Now Aristotle said that all men by nature desire to know; the Epicureans, that all men by nature desire to enjoy; Mr. Hocking says that all men by nature desire power—and the state exists to furnish the conditions of power. "The

will to live, in man, takes the form of the will to power, *i. e.*, the will to be in conscious knowing control of such energies as the universe has, and to work with them in reshaping that universe."

The will to control nature—this is mainly what we seem to see here. Elsewhere we learn more. The state is the "unified will surplus." By the will surplus he means the desire, in each of us, to control, not himself alone, but others. "Each individual would like to make his neighbors and his community *just*, after his own idea of justice." Each of us would, undoubtedly—it is "human nature." But is it too mischievous to say that Mr. Hocking is here justifying his state by the natural itch, of each of us no doubt, to meddle with the lives of other persons?

This, however, is probably not the best angle from which to view his state. His most deliberate, also his most finely imaginative statement is that the state—as expressing the will to power—is the "maker of history." And history is a course of events made significant by "the common judgment of mankind." This it is in conception, but now what is it concretely? Says Mr. Hocking:

In times past, making war and playing for diplomatic advantage have been its (the state's) most typical activities. Even now, it is when the state makes war that the nation becomes most nearly a psychological unit. But war-making is only one of a genus of activities which make up the conversation of state with state; the number and variety of these activities now increases from year to year by leaps and bounds. They bid fair to furnish a genuine moral equivalent for war in keeping alive the common mind, will, and morale of peoples, an equivalent which cannot be found in dispersed private enterprises. The domestic activities of *peace* (italics mine) are not enough. The tonus of the entire group of state-functions depends upon the vigor of its outwardly-directed action.

Had Mr. Hocking omitted the two words italicized, I should have thought that his mind was occupied only with the "moral equivalents." As the passage stands I can take it to mean only this: without a state we cannot have war; and war is necessary if we are to "play a part" in history—that is, if we are to help in making human life a dramatic spectacle. I had supposed that this courtly view of history was peculiarly one of those "theories of the first look" characteristic of the popular mind. It is indeed a conception of history "diplomatically correct." But I wonder if anything could better suggest the minor importance of states in any larger view than to suppose that, let the intercourse between peoples be as significant as you please, it could never have the dignity of history except as conducted properly, through the medium of generals and diplomats.

These are but a few of the more crucial points in a book that is ripe with scholarship, full of genial observation on human nature, full, therefore, of interesting materials for discussion. And I might add that even as a state-sceptic—*i. e.*, as one who believes, with the framers of the now forgotten preamble to the Constitution of the United States, that the state is simply a convenient institution for the transaction of our common business—I have been compelled by Mr. Hocking's presentation to appreciate this convenience somewhat more warmly than before—by his interesting suggestion that the state, in freeing us from the tyranny of other groups, shows a greater regard than they for the individuality of each of us. Generally speaking, I feel that he is right; and if I found myself in the position of one accused of crime or dishonor I should much prefer, under most circumstances, simply as a matter of dignity, to take the case to court rather than to refer it to a college administration or to an association of college professors. There I should be claiming my rights as a man, not merely the privileges (somewhat doubtful) of a professor. But what does all of this mean? Hardly that the state is to be described as more finely considerate than other associations—this, in spite of Mr. Hocking, is to make the state a person; rather that the state loses its whole argument, and becomes one among others of the close corporations, so far as it excludes me or any other person within its territory. But this is only to say that the authority of the state under any given circumstances will be a question, not of natural right, but of fact.

Yet this comparison of rights and privileges is alone enough to suggest the change that has come over our political and social philosophy. Among the traditional chapters of political theory is one on "natural rights," conceived as individual rights. I find nothing corresponding to this in Mr. Hocking's

book. Evidently he assumes that the question has ceased to exist. In other words, there is no longer any question of the state *vs.* the individual; it is now only a question of the state *vs.* other groups; and the individual is hardly considered except as a member of this or that group.

Greek and Frenchman

DEMOSTHENES. By GEORGES CLEMENCEAU. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THERE are several quite different questions involved in M. Clemenceau's "Demosthenes." One of them regards Demosthenes and Athens, and whether this defense or panegyric is a true account of the man and the situation. Another regards France, and what one is to think of the advice he gives to his countrymen, both directly and allegorically. Another is how much of a parallel he intends, and whether there is as much in the parallel as he thinks.

He thinks France, like Athens, the preëminent leader of the culture of the age; like Athens, indeed, in respect of being too intelligent, witty, artistic, and not sufficiently robust. Like Demosthenes, he is himself all for aggressive action, for a serried front, and has no use for "defeatists" such as Æschines and (presumably) M. Caillaux.

The parallel is more implied than stated. M. Clemenceau nowhere claims that it is specific or entire. He does not of course mean himself by Demosthenes, or specifically M. Caillaux by Æschines, or William II and Germany entirely by Philip and Macedonia. He is bringing out suggestive points of likeness here and there. Demosthenes is the ideal patriot and his policy the only right one, then as now. Æschines is the typical defeatist; Macedonia the brutal power threatening to destroy the exquisite flower of a civilization—too exquisite, insufficiently resolute and downright, too ready to discuss and distinguish, qualify and compromise.

Doubts and questions of all kinds swarm around M. Clemenceau's outlook and doctrine. That France or Frenchmen in any sense lack unity of front or resolute robustness seems, since the late war, an odd suggestion. Apparently there was not enough to satisfy M. Clemenceau's iron concentration, but others have thought that the bulldog grit displayed was phenomenal, even unexpected. He thinks that Athens lost the Peloponnesian war through the "foolish policy of Pericles in fighting only on the defensive." Others have thought she lost by deserting that policy after his death—that the apparent deterioration of Athens in the fourth century was due more to the loss of the flower of her young men in the Sicilian expedition (which Pericles would never have undertaken) than to her problematical over-refinement. The Fabian policy saved Rome and might have saved Athens.

As regards the policy of Demosthenes, historians have differed. Grote's admiration was almost as unqualified as M. Clemenceau's, to whom the Athenian orator is the greatest, wisest, and noblest of all Greeks. Of later historians, Adolf Halm thought the Greeks knew very well the Athenian feeling that only Athens really mattered, and knew her as little to be trusted as Philip, with the liberties of Greece. In Holm's opinion, Demosthenes's own attitude, however it may have stimulated his countrymen's course by encouraging their self esteem, nevertheless ruined his cause by alienating the Spartans and the other allies. J. B. Bury finds him a purblind patriot, who only saw (or only cared) that the increase of Macedonia meant the curtailment of

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Athens; whose political life was a brilliant and busy agitation without any comprehensive plan. He could admonish his fellow citizens to be up and doing, but he did not grapple seriously with any of the new problems of the day. It was not Demosthenes but Isocrates who saw in some measure "that the day for the expansion of Greece had come and that no existing Greek commonwealth was competent to conduct it. He (Demosthenes) preferred to regard Philip as a barbarian, threatening Hellas and her gods. There is no need to show that from the point of view of the history of the world his policy was retrograde and retarding."

Evidently a parallel drawn from the bases of Halm and Bury would not come to M. Clemenceau's results. "Clemenceau," wrote Mr. Maynard Keynes in connection with the Peace Conference, "felt about France what Pericles felt about Athens—unique value in her, nothing else mattering." Most nations think themselves, in one way or another, of unique value; but a perceptible assumption that nothing else matters does not attract confidence from other nations with vanities and interests of their own.

Continuing these doubts and questions—Is there any better proof that Æschines was in the pay of Philip than that Demosthenes took bribes of Harpalus? The opprobrium of "defeatism" is applied not only to those who weaken, but also to those who pull themselves out of the stampede of war psychology. Fighters to the last gasp on both sides are apt to leave both sides at the last gasp. Isocrates was a "defeatist," and none the less a patriot,—"that old man eloquent," who died of the news from Chæroneia. Were the Macedonians "barbarians," or only such to the terrified complacency of the southern cities? Barbarism meant strictly one who did not speak Greek. Philip seems rather a typical Greek, something like Themistocles, brilliant and tricky. The Greek influence went out to the greater world in the wake of the Macedonian. Alexander was sometimes reckless, cruel, vainglorious; sometimes just and generous. So was Athens, sometimes. Both father and son had a weakness, a traditional or personal admiration, for Athens. Are the French like the Greeks, or the English like the Romans, or are not such parallels more misleading than instructive? Does France at present need a more serried front or a wider outlook and a more adequate appreciation of her brethren in the comity of nations? What Macedonian is threatening her liberties now?

But the parallel runs on happier lines when one turns to the personalities of M. Clemenceau and his hero. With a foe in front too strong for him—with only his eloquence to work with, and the support behind him as unstable as water—the fight which the Athenian put up, whether wise or unwise, was surely magnificent. And whatever one may think of M. Clemenceau's policies at the Peace Conference, it does not seem to disturb at all one's admiration for a career so brilliant and varied, a character so solid and consistent, a mind vigorous enough in extreme old age to put out a book as original and unexpected, as able and eloquent, as this.

Wells' "Outline"*

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By H. G. WELLS. New illustrated and revised Edition. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. 2 vols. \$10.

Reviewed by H. G. WELLS

THERE were many reasons to move a writer to attempt a World History in 1918. It was the last, the weariest, most disillusioned year of the great war. Everywhere there were un-wonted privations; everywhere there was mourning. The tale of the dead and mutilated had mounted to many millions. Men felt they had come to a crisis in the world's affairs. They were too weary and heart-sick to consider complicated possibilities. They were not sure whether they were facing a disaster to civilization or the inauguration of a new phase of human association; they saw things with the simplicity of such flat alternatives, and they clung to hope. There was a copious discussion of possible new arrangements of world-politics; of world-treaties for the abolition of war, of leagues of na-

* The "Outline" in its first edition has already been elaborately reviewed in these pages. Mr. Wells's own statement of his purpose in writing this book is the best possible review of the new edition. We reprint it here in part.

tions, leagues of peoples. Everyone was "thinking internationally," or at least trying to do so. But there was a widespread realization that everywhere the essentials of the huge problems that had been thrust so suddenly and tragically upon the democracies of the world were insufficiently understood. "How had these things come about?" they asked, trying to probe behind the disputes about Sarajevo and the Belgian "scrap of paper" to the broader, remoter causes of things.

Men and women tried to recall the narrow history teaching of their brief schooldays and found an uninspiring and partially forgotten list of national kings or presidents. They tried to read about these matters, and found an endless wilderness of books. They had been taught history, they found, in nationalist blinkers, ignoring every country but their own, and now they were turned out into a blaze. It was extraordinarily difficult for them to determine the relative values of the matters under discussion. Multitudes of people, all the intelligent people in the world, indeed—who were not already specially instructed—were seeking more or less consciously to "get the hang" of world affairs as a whole. They were, in fact, improvising "Outlines of History" in their minds for their own use.

The writer is not in any professional sense an historian, but he has been making out his own private Outline from the beginnings of his career. He has always been preoccupied with history as one whole and with the general forces that make history. It is the twist of his mind. Even when he was a science student he kept a notebook for historical



Æsop. From "Caxton," by Nellie Slayton Aurner (Houghton Mifflin).

reading. . . . For some time before he began his "Outline" he had been working upon the problems of after-war settlement and the project of a League of Nations; in the days, that is, before the late President Wilson took possession of that proposal. . . . All the people who were interested in these league of nations projects were at sixes and sevens among themselves because they had the most vague, heterogeneous, and untidy assumptions about what the world of men was, what it had been, and therefore of what it could be. In very many cases, there was extraordinarily exact special knowledge combined with the most crude and naïve assumptions about history in general.

It seemed more and more advisable to the writer to get together maps and notes, read rather more systematically than he had hitherto done, and clear up for himself a number of historical issues upon which he was still extremely vague. As soon as he had embarked upon this, it became evident to him that he might do much more useful work by developing his private memoranda upon the main shapes of history into a sort of general report and handbook for the use of men and women busier than himself or preoccupied with other things, than by wrangling more and more hopelessly over impossible constitutions for improbable world confederations. The more he entertained this project of writing a review of existing knowledge of man's place in space and time, the more difficult, attractive, and unavoidable an undertaking it appeared to him.

So the "Outline" spread and enlarged itself as he contemplated it. For a time he hesitated before the epic immensity of this broadening task. He asked himself whether this was not rather a work for an historian than for one whose chief writings hitherto had been either speculative essays or works of fiction. But there did not seem to be any historian available who was sufficiently superficial, shall we say—sufficiently wide and sufficiently shallow to cover the vast field of the project.

Historians are for the most part very scholarly men nowadays; they go in fear rather of small errors than of disconnections; they dread the certain ridicule of a wrong date more than the disputable attribution of a wrong value. It is right and proper that this should be so, and that in a hasty and headlong age a whole class of devoted men should maintain an exacting standard of fine precisions. But these high standards of detailed accuracy make it hopeless for us to go to the historians for what is required here. For them this would not be an attractive task but a distressing task. . . . It would indeed have meant disaster to the academic reputation of any established historical authority to have admitted an intention of writing a complete Outline of History, and, even were that promise given, the general reader would still have had to wait many years for its performance. The standing of the present writer, however, who is by nature and choice as remote from academic respect as he is from a dukedom, enabled him to interest the public in history without any such sacrifice of dignity and distinction, such risks from hostile criticism, as a recognized authority would have had to incur. It was his happy privilege to offend inaccessibly; he is a literary Bedouin, whose home is the great outside, who knows no prouder title than his name, whose only conceivable honor is his own. This or that specialist might rage at his scandalous neglect of this or that precious item of that specialist's monopoly; it would not matter very much. He could go unblushingly to standard works and ordinarily accessible material; he was not even obliged to pretend to original discoveries or original points of view; his simpler undertaking was to collect, arrange, determine the proportion of the parts and phases of the great adventure of mankind, and write. He has added nothing to history. At least he hopes he has added nothing to history. At has merely made a digest of a great mass of material, some of it very new material, and he has done so in the character of a popular writer considering the needs of other ordinary citizens like himself.



Yet the subject is so splendid a one that no possible treatment, however unpretending, can rob it altogether of its sweeping greatness and dignity. If sometimes this "Outline" is labored and pitifully insufficient, at others it seems almost to have planned and written itself. Its background is unfathomable mystery, the riddle of the stars, the measurelessness of space and time. There appears life struggling towards consciousness, gathering power, accumulating will, through millions of years and through countless billions of individual lives, until it reaches the tragic confusions and perplexities of the world of to-day, so full of fear and yet so full of promise and opportunity. We see man rising from lonely beginnings to this present dawn of world fellowship. We see all human institutions grow and change; they are changing now more rapidly than they have ever done before. The display ends in a tremendous note of interrogation. The writer is just a guide who brings his reader at last to the present edge, the advancing edge of things, and stops and whispers beside him: "This is our inheritance." . . .

On this huge prospect our "Outline" makes its report. To the best of the writer's ability this is how that vision looks to-day. But he writes within his own limitations and the limitation of his time. The "Outline" is a book of today—with no pretensions to immortality. It is the current account. This "Outline of History" of 1925-26 will in due course follow its earlier editions to the second-hand book-box and the dust-destroyer. More gifted hands with fuller information and ampler means will presently write fresh Outlines in happier phrases. The "Outline of History" the writer would far prefer to his own would be the "Outline" of 2025-2026; to read it and, perhaps with even more curiosity, to pore over its illustrations.

All of us, if by some miracle we could get that copy of the "Outline of History" for 2025-2026, would, I suppose, turn first to the amazing illustra-