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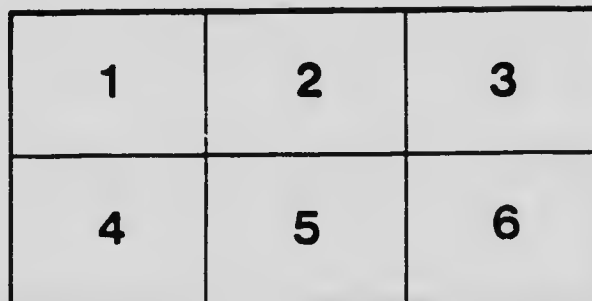
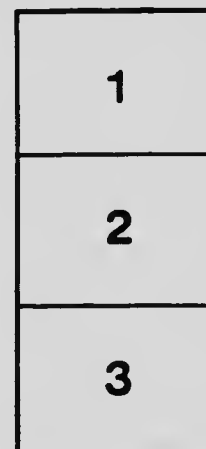
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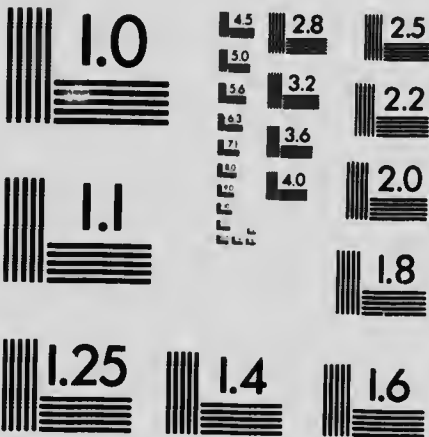
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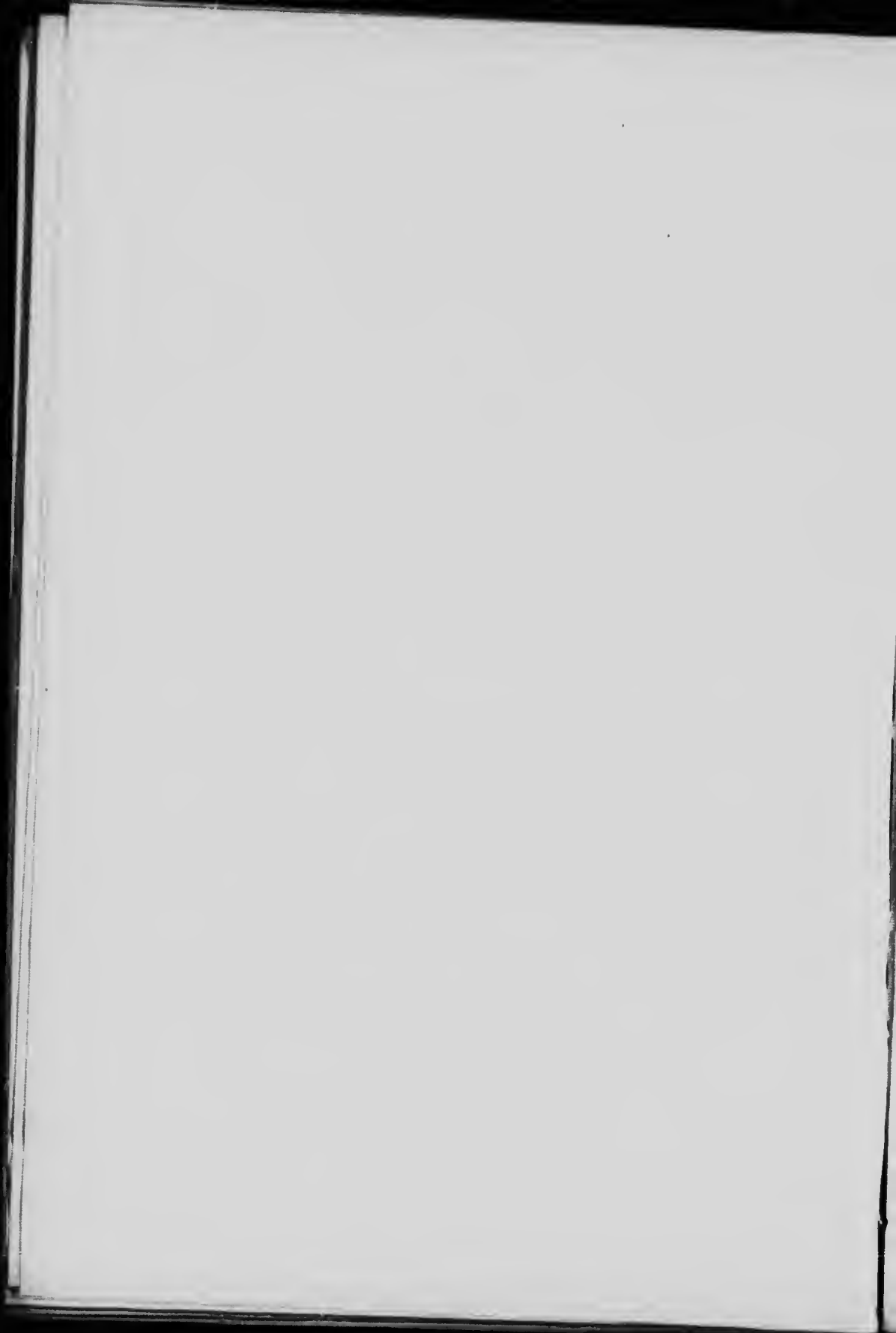
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RUSSIA AND BRITAIN¹

THE other day I went to see a play, the scenes of which were set in many different countries. One of these, the bill announced, was to be in Russia: I whispered to my companion, 'That scene will be about a revolutionary who has been exiled to Siberia.' Of course it was. Our popular imaginative artists, eagerly searching for the picturesque, have picked up no other information about this huge nation, have taught their public nothing else. 'Tis not that these thrilling incidents are untrue. They have all happened over and over again; the best is true and the worst is true of the Russian Empire.

It is quite easy to make a fancy picture of Russia. It is also easy to make a fancy picture of England; and it has been done by Treitschke and his German disciples—with results as surprising now to the artists as to the sitter. All such portraits are made with facts, just as all pictures are made with colours; but the truth of your picture depends upon your insight and your sense of proportion. If a foreign writer selects extracts from the speeches of Sir Edward Carson, Michael Davitt, Mr. Bonar Law, and a member of the Shinn Fein, adds a few picturesque tragedies from Ireland, a few incidents from the lives of Clive and Warren Hastings, with an account of the firing of Sepoys from the cannon's mouth in the reign of Queen Victoria, and a few gruesome facts from the history of Newgate; and appends to

¹ Reprinted, by permission, from *The Nineteenth Century and After* of January, 1915.

this a description of what Florence Nightingale found in the Crimea (without mentioning Florence Nightingale), and an account of how we lost our American colonies, giving the whole an historical flavour by sketches of the characters of King John, Richard the Third, Henry the Eighth, Queen Mary, and Titus Oates : he may prove to the satisfaction of his hearers that our Empire was built up by crime, and is held by cowardly incompetence. Many Germans quite sincerely believe that this is a picture of England. They all believe in the picture they have made of Russia as a bloodstained Cossack : it was the bogey of ' Muscovite savagery ', of ' Oriental Slavic quasi-civilization '—or, to quote the Socialist and Pacifist *Volksstimme*, of ' Russian despotism ', ' Russian bestiality ', ' a merciless and barbaric enemy '—which closed their ranks at the beginning of the War ; and learned philosophers, exact scientists, and acute critics, like Eucken and Häckel and Harnack, wrote about ' Asiatic Barbarism ', as if this was a self-evident fact, a postulate common to them and to us. Yet Russia had never done England or Germany any harm ; its ' hordes ' had never descended upon Germany or upon us, though we had in the Crimean War, without any decent excuse and in the sole interest of the Antichrist of Stamboul, descended upon Russia ; it was indeed these same Muscovite hordes which had saved Germany from utter destruction at the hands of Napoleon ; had, in fact, emancipated her and made possible the formation of the German Empire.

Russia is one of the youngest brethren of the Christian family—almost as young as Prussia, which has had not nineteen but only six centuries of Christianity ; for she was held back by the Tatar domination (just when we were establishing our freedom upon the basis of Magna

Carta), and she was until modern times isolated from the West of Europe. Consequently she has had to cram an enormous amount of progress into the last century, and in certain ways is still a backward nation. It may with some truth be said that in Russia the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries were all telescoped into the nineteenth; and consequently things were done then by the Russian Government which we used to do in the Tudor period. Russia had much leeway to make up; and, moreover, Russia is a country of extremes—externally of great distances and isolated satrapies, of extremes of heat and cold, which strongly affect the national character; and spiritually it is a country of extreme opinions, and of swift changes. Even when he is an unbeliever, the Russian is a man of intense faith; he transfers to his politics the same fervent receptiveness which he used to give to his religion. He is ever an idealist, and his politics *become* a religion. He wants to die for them. He is a 'whole hogger'. In the West an extreme Socialist may sometimes seem to swallow Marx or Henry George intact; but, unless he is young, he has some reservations: visions of compromise are at the back of his mind, a touch of half-acknowledged scepticism, a tendency to substitute evolution for revolution, a sense that *when* Utopia comes it will be somewhat different from the Utopias. In Russia it is much less so: the revolutionary is apt to be passionately idealistic, to swallow whole the creed he has got from the West: he is still 'Orthodox', still loyal to the death, and a martyr, with that strange Russian instinct for suffering, and that strange mixture of sanguine buoyancy and sudden despair; he puts into his theory a faith which would surprise his Western teachers. Hence the horror which reactionaries of the Pobyedonóstseff stamp

had both of Liberalism and of the West. The mildest Western ideas became a flaming sword in the hands of the Russian student. And this intensified the contrary evils of Prussian bureaucratic methods, which have been fastened upon Russia since the days of Peter the Great : they have been bad enough in Prussia ; they have been worse in Russia, so sweeping in her thought, so casual in her action. Hence the clash of ideals ; hence the sins, negligences, and ignorances both of the Bureaucracy and its opponents.

The change of name from Petersburg to Petrograd—long desired by Pan-Slavists—is itself a sign that the evil of a Prussianized Russia is coming to an end ; the far greater change—also long desired—of the virtual headship of the Church from the Oberprokuror of the Holy Synod to a revived Patriarchate of Moscow (or perhaps of Constantinople), will, when it comes, carry the process infinitely farther ; for the Teutonic device by which Peter made the Church politically a department of his bureaucratic state has enchained the clergy and injured some of the deepest strongholds of religion. Indeed the qualities of Slav and Teuton do not mix well ; Treitschke and Nietzsche are themselves results of the mixture, as is much of the peculiar Prussian spirit, for the blood of the two races is intermingled throughout the patrimony of the Hohenzollerns. The German virtues as we see them in the Bavarian peasant, and the Russian virtues as we see them in the Russian peasant, are better kept distinct. As with blood, so with customs and ideas. Russia has drunk at the source of Prussian methods, and they have not suited her. She can never have the persistent industry or the bovine docility of her neighbours : the very rigours of her winter climate produce a capacity for doing nothing during long periods

which vitiates the methods of bureaucratic organization. It is indeed perfectly true that the first words a stranger learns in Russia are *Nichevó* and *Syeichass*, which, with *Pozháluista*, make him realize that he is with a people easy-going, dilatory, and polite. None of us have had dealings with Russia who have not learnt to make allowances for men who will put off answering urgent letters for weeks or for ever, and who are perfectly charming and enthusiastically active when we get to close quarters. The German is a great organizer, and a sober, weighty unit in the machinery which he devises so well. The Russian is the most unbusinesslike person in the civilized world; his government is fitful, sometimes too cruel, often too kind, and generally too lax—laggard and tolerant for a generation, and then swiftly making a vast change that would take an Englishman centuries to effect. How long were we abolishing serfdom? How much longer shall we be abolishing drunkenness?

The real government of Russia has always been a government by intuition. The fatherland, to which the hearts of all Russians turn, is a family; the Russia in which every Russian believes is that large, patient, communal soul which not even the Tatar domination could quell or change, which caused her people to cling together by an inveterate instinct of solidarity at times when rulers were not to be found and nobles were false. Ruled by Moslems, overrun by Poles, invaded again to the heart of the land by Swedes, struggling desperately with Turks, trampled by the Grande Armée till she sacrificed her gloriously beautiful Moscow to be free—this enduring brotherhood has never weakened, but has waxed in every desperate adversity, like an army that can go on fighting when all its leaders are killed, because

each man trusts and understands the other. The great poet Pushkin has described the spirit of his country :

By lasting out the strokes of fate,
 In trials long they learned to feel
 Their inborn strength—as hammer's weight
 Will splinter glass but temper steel.

Russia is a family as no other nation is ; and the Tsar deserves his popular title of Little Father, because he is the head of a family : it is a title that certainly could not be applied to the Emperors who weld together twenty recalcitrant peoples in Germany and Austria ; but it could not be applied either, in the Russian sense, to any other ruler in the world. For this reason is Russian patriotism so indomitable and Russian loyalty so intense. Under difficulties, and amid privations, which we in the West can hardly imagine, the nation has grown from the obscure principality which Vladimir made Christian in the tenth century, to the remote unconsidered Muscovy which Shakespeare had heard talk of, to the vast coherent Empire of to-day, which still we know so little : and the texture is still the same throughout ; the people cling together and understand. Their quarrels are family quarrels, resounding and tragic ; but when an outsider tries to thrust his hand between the bark and the tree he learns something about Russian unity, and about a wider unity still, the unity of the Slav race, which, if it makes all Russians brothers, makes first cousins of all the Slavonic nations. The Russian Government could not have avoided helping Serbia, for the Russian people would not have allowed the Tsar to stand aside, and when the people choose they rule. The Russian Government can defy the ' Intelligentsia ', but it cannot overrule the people—not even to bring the Kalendar up to date. Every Russian

felt a responsibility for Serbia, because the Serbians are Slavs and are Orthodox. And even the Poles, Westernized as they were in the Middle Ages, and severed as they are by religion, have rallied to Russia. The world has rung with the wrongs of Russian Poland, for the Poles are a brilliant and eloquent people; but when the War broke out the Polish members of the Duma did not hesitate for a moment. The quarrels of the past had been terrible; but they were family quarrels after all. The Pole has hated the Russian bureaucracy, and no wonder; but he hates the Prussian, man for man, with a continual vigour that must be seen to be realized. He remembers, too, that the crime of the partition of Poland was done by three Germans: Frederick the Great, Maria Teresa, and Katharine of Russia. Perhaps he remembers in justice, too, that before this it was Russia herself that had been carved by Poland, and that in the first partition she won back the White Russians, who were her own people. But, if the rally of Poland is a wonderful thing, the rally of Russian revolutionaries is still more significant. Exiles come back and give themselves up to arrest, in order that they may be allowed to fight in the Army. Advanced Liberals write to explain that all their cherished ideals are bound up with the future of Russia and her present success. They believe in their political faith, and yet, and yet—they believe in Russia more, and something within tells them that all will be well if Russia triumphs.

They are right. The future of the world lies in the accomplishment of brotherhood. And the future of the world lies in the peasantry; and the real, enduring Russia is the Russia, not of the Intelligentsia, but of the peasant—that unspoilt child of nature and religion, simple, brave, faithful, loyal, and most marvellously

strong and patient. Foreigners speak of Russian barbarism, and it is the peasant they have in their minds. Russians speak of the evils of Western corruption, and they too are thinking of the peasant: they see how badly Russia has suffered, in methods, in morals, in religion, since Peter 'opened a window to the West'. The gains they recognize also, and the necessity of competence in modern sciences and arts; but they see in the aristocracy, in the commercial class, in the Intelligentsia, in the industrials of the towns, abundant signs that Western influences may rot rather than ripen the Russian character. The Russian peasant, they feel, so long as he remains on the land, preserves the national character in its strength and purity; he changes rapidly for the worse, they say, in the industrial centres, just as we are told the Irish peasant loses some of his beautiful unworldly qualities when he emigrates to America. But the peasant *is* Russia, overwhelmingly he is Russia; and the other classes are but as the clothes and ornaments on a man. The peasant needs more education, like the rest of us; but if he can be kept free to develop on his own lines, and to lose nothing of his ancient virtues in the onward march, then it will be well with Russia, and she will contribute to the civilization of the future quite as much as she borrows. The conviction of the ablest Russian Liberals that their country has an immense civilizing mission in Europe as well as in Asia—and that the true democratic ideal cannot be established without her—is based upon this faith in the peasant. Tolstoy personifies the idea. He stands before the world in peasant garb, as one who has turned his back upon the gilded saloons of Petersburg (it was Petersburg then) to live on the land, to speak the thoughts and to use the well of Russian undefiled which is the language of the

peasantry. And he finds the summary of his peasant ideal in the Gospel: Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

'Russian barbarism,' say the Germans; and their dread of it has plunged Europe in war. Many of our own people have said the same thing—I noticed that even Mr. Wells has occasionally fallen into the habit in his most able book about the crisis; while the little band of Liberals, who are telling us in a series of tracts how to avoid war for ever, continually press the accusation upon their English readers, and are thereby unwittingly sowing the seeds of another war; for this is the way that wars are made—the dragon's teeth are sown long before, and fear, hatred, and contempt accumulate till they can be contained no more, and the word goes out to kill. Now, what these denunciators all have in their minds when they speak of barbarism must be the Russian peasant; for no one in his senses could use the phrase of the brilliant and cultivated educated classes; to compare the education of the English middle class, for instance, with that of Russia would be, as Mr. Maurice Baring says, 'merely silly'. No, the Englishman who can speak no language but his own has at least learnt to respect the Russians as linguists. But the peasant? He is still largely illiterate—some 80 per cent. of the population in Russia, and about 40 per cent. (a significant drop) among the Russian colonists of Siberia; he is different from our peasantry in appearance, for he looks like a real peasant and does not wear the townsmen's shabby clothes; and he is poor. He is really proud of being a peasant. Would that we could say the same of England! And he has the thoughtful, retentive mind of the man who has not been spoilt by cheap

reading. 'I belong to the shallow Intelligentsia,' said in all complacency one of Mr. Stephen Graham's half-Westernized Russians; and of how many in the West would this be true also! The Russian peasant is not shallow. He is full of natural poetry, his talk is shrewd and humorous, and he is observant and reflective as well as good-natured and sociable; lazy and slow he often is, but wonderfully clever with his hands, and also unalterably stubborn. Like the Irish peasant, he has a mind steeped in folk-lore, folk-song, and religion. Some inquiring person instituted a census as to the favourite books in certain Russian village libraries. No one would ever guess the favourite work which these uncultured peasants read to one another. It was a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*! I have mentioned Tolstoy, whose estimate of the peasantry would deserve consideration even if it were not also that of most Russian writers. His peculiar literary excellence in the eyes of his fellow countrymen is that he writes in such beautiful Russian, and the language he habitually uses is the simple speech of the peasants. There are no dialects in Russia; there is nothing like the Cockney accent. The peasant speaks like a gentleman.

Above all things, he is religious. We are apt, when people are not religious, in our funny way, to call them superstitious, and so to despise them. And Russia we are apt to judge by her picturesque and moving acts of devotion—calling them superstitious if we think that beauty is a superstition. The outward religion of Russia is indeed wonderful and touching! it is so universal, in all places and among all classes, so free from Western threadbare chilliness—for indeed it is Oriental in its freedom from self-consciousness, in its simple fervour. A Western cannot but be immensely

struck when he sees a general in uniform bowing at a wayside shrine, a policeman saying his prayers aloud in the snow, a fat merchant in Astrakhan crossing himself with his cigar before an ikon in a crowded railway station. Devotion is poured out fervently at all times and in all places. And this gives the whole country an aspect of immanent Christianity, and we feel that it has a right to the title of *Svyatáya Russ*, 'Holy Russia'—more perhaps than we to that of 'Merrie England'. If Christ were to come through the streets of London to-day, comforting and healing people, we know that all our ways would have to be suddenly transformed. In Russia there would be no change—I had almost said no surprise. Indeed, underneath the gorgeous and elaborate rites of the Eastern Church, which impress an Englishman and puzzle him, Russian religion is singularly evangelical. The Russian Church has many faults of organization, and a wise reform will soon be a matter of terrible urgency; her clergy need a higher standard of education—they need, I think, a full and true intercourse with our English clergy, for the advantage of us all; but the Russian Church is the Church of the people, as is no Church of Western Christendom (except perhaps in some parts of Ireland, for here again the geographical extremes of Europe meet); she belongs to the people and the people belong to her; and the common faith is Gospel Christianity—in many ways more evangelical than anything we have in the West. We often say here that the Sermon on the Mount is impracticable. It is not impracticable in Russia. The spirit of it comes naturally to the peasants, the *Krestianye*; ¹ they have learned through a long

¹ A Christian in Russian is *Christiánin*, a peasant *Krestyanin*, from *Krest*, the cross; *Muzhik* is a more familiar expression.

endurance lessons which may one day work as a leaven throughout Christendom. I think, if Christ came down to earth to-day, He would gather the peasants of Russia together, and say over them the Beatitudes.

If the future of the world lies in the men of the soil, if it lies in the spread of brotherhood, if it lies in religion, as the past has lain, then Russia has great and precious treasures to bring to the building of the new age. She has many faults—there is something mediaeval in the sharp mixture of violent sins and violent virtues, of unworthy acts and ecstasies of worship; her peasants are not saints, though they are the stuff from which saints are often made—their character has been marred by drunkenness and its resultant crimes; her Government has been guilty of base blunders, of cruel and foolish policies of repression, her statesmen have sometimes run after wild and aggressive ambitions; acts of mediaeval savagery are nearer in her history than in ours. All Europe has heard of the Tatar in the Russian character. All Europe has heard of the worst in Russia—of the knout, of serfdom, of exile to Siberia, of pogroms, secret police, a persecuted Press, and military executions. Her vivid mixture of black and white is very unlike our Western greyness. But much of the black has gone already: the knout and the clanking of exiles' chains, so dear to melodrama, have gone, and serfdom has been long abolished; drunkenness has even now been swept away, and we here in our shame look with envy at the nation which has purged itself—with a great price has obtained this freedom. That is so like Russia! We pity her faults; and, lo! with a bound she has passed far ahead of us, and it is we who are still wallowing in our Occidental barbarism. Now every Russian is confident about the future because he knows that his nation has

this wonderful vitality in reform. The evils which we think peculiarly Russian he attributes to foreign influences; he remembers that few of her leading statesmen in the nineteenth century were of Russian birth, that the chief Foreign Minister from the time of Napoleon to the Crimean War could not even speak the Russian language; he thinks of his country as the champion of Christendom against the Turk and his atrocities—alas! that England opposed her in her work—as the protector of free Montenegro, the liberator of Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, of half Armenia—and now of all Armenia. He knows that the secret police are a temporary body whose crimes are a disgrace and whose days are numbered; the ordinary police are as kindly as our own. He attributes the persecutions in his country to the officials of the past—to a system that was not Russian, trying to defend itself against very dangerous doctrines, and driven to repression as our own Liberal Government was driven by the far milder excesses of the militants here. He admits that his country is behind ours in political freedom; but he is confident. The Duma, for all its disabilities, is very much alive; the electoral system is indeed deliberately undemocratic, but not worse than the three-class system of Prussia; and the freedom of the executive from parliamentary control is only another Prussian fault. Henceforward the influence will be that of England and France alone, and there will be no *Drcikaiserbund*. The Duma has secured the principle, and practice will not follow on so slowly as it has often done in Russia; the peasant has the instinct of self-government, long traditions in the village communism of the Mir, and much practice in the more modern Zemstvo. Russians often speak of their country as the most democratic in Europe,

and socially this is true. In social freedom, too, a Russian will insist that he is ahead of us—that people live their own life, that there is no tyranny of public opinion as with us, that the woman's movement is more advanced than in England, and far more than in France or Germany.

He will perhaps ask us whether it is really true that we have a dramatic censor who forbids the production of Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*. There is a saying that in Russia everything is forbidden but everything is done: an enormous list of rules hangs in the railway stations, but no one has ever read them. Russia is very tender, very lenient—too lenient in some ways. Many terrible things have happened in Siberia; but yet it is true that prisoners were generally released when they arrived there; and now that transportation is in principle abolished, Russian criminals must regret that they have to put up with the monotonous certitude of a convict prison—though even the prisons, as Mr. Bernard Pares describes them, are pleasant places compared with the solitary horror of our British cells. We used to think of Russia as a country of torture and death; and yet Russia is ahead of us in having no capital punishment—except when martial law is proclaimed, as too often has been the case. The story of Dostoyévsky's famous novel *Crime and Punishment* would be impossible in England, for the neurotic student who is its hero would with us have been summarily hanged for his very bad case of murder; as it is, he gets a few years in Siberia, is converted by the devotion of a woman who had been driven on the streets and follows him to exile, and the story ends with a vista of their living happily ever after. It is a Christian story of redemption, and not a pagan story of judicial vengeance; and it expresses

the true Russia—as indeed does not only Dostoyévsky, but the great company of Russian writers in their deep and most Christlike compassion for the suffering, the sinful, the outcast, and the poor.

It is always an impertinence to attempt the description of another nation, and the more so when the writer has no special qualifications for the work. But war-time, for all its horrors, is a time for making national friendships ; and we must all help in the great opportunity of cementing by respect and affection the alliance between two nations which lie so far apart and yet have so much in common. One cannot hope to do justice to the task ; and yet the ignorance of Russia among Englishmen is so great—far greater than their ignorance of us—that even the humblest must help to educate. And certain facts need emphasizing. No Englishman has been in Russia without liking the Russians : he finds himself among a people eager, friendly, clever, simple, expansive ; he is in the East, but it is an East which has drunk deep of the spirit of Christ. He has passed into a fraternity, where you exchange confidences with your neighbour, where you call the cab-driver ‘ my dove ’ and the porter ‘ brother ’—where the coachman kisses his master and mistress at Easter and says ‘ He is risen indeed ’—where for good and evil all are a family together, and if one member suffers all the members suffer with it. He sees faults too, rather naïvely displayed and too easily condoned—much corruption in some classes, as of a nation whose blood is less immune than ours against infection. But he is drawn to the heart of this people, and when he is away he longs to be back—back into what an eminent Englishman described to me as the atmosphere of kindness and freedom which he feels as he crosses

the frontier—back into the busy varied life of a versatile people, full of character, full of vitality, a youthful nation gathered round old-world Byzantine churches.

And if we English are wise, we shall be quick to appreciate and slow to judge, since it is difficult for us to do justice to a race so different from the Latin, Teuton, or Briton as is the great Slav family. The Germans fail utterly to understand the Slavs—Poles and Russians alike hate the Teuton, and are hated with a Central-European intensity. We English have not succeeded in understanding the Russian people—through the thousand leagues that separate us we have seen a grim, unkempt, bent figure wading through the snow in clanking chains. . . . When the War began our newspapers invented the phrase 'the Russian steam-roller': they were so pleased with it that the public were bored to death with the constant repetition. Well, recent events in the East have shown that it would be more exact to speak of the Russian *corps de ballet*—for surely troops never before have shown such agility and *élan*. Yet both phrases are significant of the Slav character, which we find it so difficult to understand. It has the strength and patience with which the steam-roller is gifted; it has also the verve, the quickness, the light fancy of the dancer. The Slavs in fact are, as London has learnt with some surprise, the greatest dancers of the world, and not at all like the Esquimaux. It is a mixture that we are not familiar with: the dash, and heat, and vitality are in the blood; perhaps the endurance is due to the winter hardships—the patience to religion, and the sombre courage to the immense difficulties of Russia's history—difficulties to which, as Mr. Pares says, she has always been only just a little more than equal. The small nation which is now become so great won it

strength under the hammer of foreign oppression ; she crawled out of the welter of savage tribes that surrounded her by virtue of the Christian faith that was in her ; she drew herself up and rolled away the oppression of the Yellow Horde of Islam, and freed herself from Pole and Swede by virtue of that family instinct, both racial and religious, which held her people together and preserved her integrity in the darkest hours. ' It was ', says the same high authority, whose *Russia and Reform* should be read side by side with Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace's standard work on Russia and Mr. Stephen Graham's penetrating sketches of Russian psychology, ' it was the constant, versatile, inexhaustible vitality of the people, always fresh in fancy, but always broken to patience, that made success possible. It is this varied mass of humour, good-hearted patience, and quaint resource which has given the body to Russian history.' And he speaks of the instinct for order, the faith in Christianity and championship of it, and the life and labour of the people, as the three great principles that have made Russian history.

Of the literature, the art, and the scientific work of Russia I have not the room to speak. It is strange that Germans should think her barbarous, when during the last fifty years she has taken the place in world-literature which Germany had held for fifty years before. In spite of the immense difficulties of her language, which make her poetry a sealed book to the West, her prose writers are now coming by their own—at least the supremacy of Turghényeff, Dostoyévsky, and Tolstoy is recognized, and the translators are ever more busy with her writers. Great as has been the service of Germany in quarrying out knowledge for the world, it is three other nations whose modern creative writers

are now translated into all the languages of Europe—Britain, France, and Russia ; and the Russians, be it said, know our literature far better than we know theirs. In music Russia alone threatens the high supremacy of Germany ; in the other arts she is vigorous and accomplished ; in science she has given us Mendelényeff and Metchnikoff. She has the powers of a great and civilizing people.

And Russia is immense : the Slavs, so long oppressed that they gave to Mediaeval Europe the word for slavery, have come by their own, and a vast future is unrolled before them. From the Adriatic to the Sea of Japan, from the Arctic Ocean to the Aegean and the deserts of Central Asia, the Slav race extends—under the shadow of the Orthodox Church ; and after this War none will be again under Teutonic or under Turkish domination. The Slav race is the most prolific in the world : already the hundred and seventy millions of the Russian Empire form a nation larger than Great Britain and France, Italy and Spain, the Netherlands and Scandinavia put together ; this population increases by three millions every year—three-quarters of the population of Scotland ; within the next generation, now that strong measures are being taken to deal with her terrible infant mortality, she can hardly be less than two hundred and fifty millions ; within the century her numbers will probably be doubled. We can hardly imagine what this will mean to the world, and what it will mean to Christendom, if Russia avoids a religious *débâcle* and the Eastern Church attains a vastness of unity unparalleled in the history of the Christian faith. The Russian Empire, with material resources in Siberia, in Central Asia, and in the old country, comparable to those of America, with a complete equipment of education, with the old

indomitable spirit still at her heart, and her internal agonies long past—what a prospect is spread before her children of to-day! Can we wonder at their confidence?

This great nation is now our ally. The old blind jealousies are gone; our people are beginning to understand one another, our Churches are making friends; our Empires, when the War is over, will be rounded off, and we shall not be tempted to aggression, but shall have before us the task of civilization and consolidation, and our common work in Asia. The two races are very different, but strangely complementary, and in Russia the value of English influences is realized; her nascent constitutionalism looks to ours as its mother and its model, her people admire our characteristics and read our literature, her most carefully trained children are put into English hands and taught our language and our ways. We have something in our spirit that Russia needs. And she has something that will be good for us.

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