

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER.

VOL. XXXI (No. 1)

JANUARY, 1917

NO. 728

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The Open Court Publishing Company

CHICAGO

Per copy, 10 cents (sixpence). Yearly, \$1.00 (in the U.P.U., 5s. 6d.).

Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1897, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879
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England's legalized piracy in the present war is well set forth in a pamphlet entitled—

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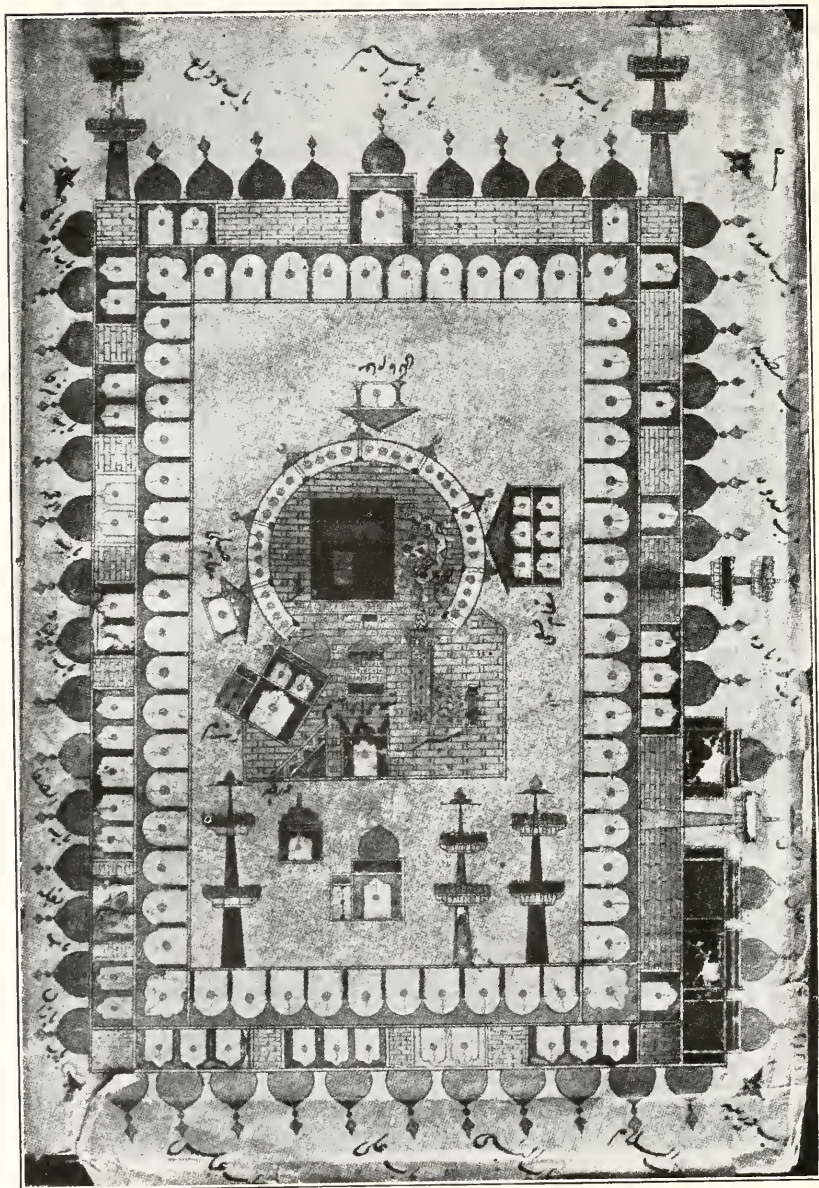
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[Howard Mumford Jones is now head of the school of general literature of the University of Texas. He took his M. A. at Chicago U. of C. in 1915. He is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and his home is in that state. He was chosen to write the ode celebrating the quarter-centennial of the University of Chicago in June, 1916; the ode has been privately printed. He is the author of a booklet of verse, and of contributions to various magazines—Poetry, The Forum, Contemporary Verse. He is much interested in the problem of getting foreign literatures before the college students and general public in good translations.

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PERSIAN PLAN OF THE MOSQUE AT MECCA.
From a Persian manuscript of 990 A. H. (1583 A. D.)

Frontispice to The Open Court.

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“JUSTICE IN WAR-TIME.”

BY WALTER WOODBURN HYDE.

THE prediction so confidently made at the beginning of the world war that American sympathies would be pro-German within four months proved a wild one. The idea that the independent and fair-minded Americans would in a short time come to gauge properly the events which led up to the declarations of war and understand the position of Germany, was rudely shattered. Now, nearly two years after the war began, the sentiment of the United States, owing in part to successive inoculations of anti-Germanism caused by such untoward events as the “Lusitania” disaster, is pro-Ally to a degree which along the eastern sea-coast amounts almost to hysteria. Under the influence of an excited press Americans feel themselves permitted to indulge in the most unrestricted abuse of Germany and everything German. Even our intellectuals—philosophers, historians, scientists, professors—in fact all who are supposed to labor for truth without passion or prejudice, and to take a pride in rational thinking, are openly and shamelessly consecrating their energies and abilities to the fostering of hatred and bitterness.

Perhaps of all these the worst offenders have been our university professors, a class of men devoted to the liberty of thought and completely untrammelled by political entanglements. Yet in their private and public utterances many of them have shown the most pronounced anti-German sentiments, though they may have studied in Germany and have received German degrees. They are certainly losing an opportunity of performing a service to their fellow men in these days of need, for which their training should have fitted them; but they have done little toward softening the growing bitterness and bringing about a better understanding. It

is sadly disappointing to find that the greatest issues of our times cannot be discussed even in academic circles without passion and that education and learning do not give an objective and unbiased view of things and are not safeguards against the prevailing hysteria.

In the eyes of all the conflict has come to be just what it is to the untutored mob—a gigantic struggle in which the elements of civilization are arrayed against those of savagery, a struggle between autocracy and democracy, the pride and flower of our culture. That such a sentiment could not possibly find a responsive chord in Petrograd or Calcutta seems to have occurred to no one. The process of moral whitewashing in the case of Russia has passed all bounds; the knout, the Cossack and Siberia are all forgotten, and she stands forth as white and unsullied as any of her allies. Neutrality is nothing but a name shorn of all meaning. It is used now only in a collective sense in reference to the government when we wish to defend some act like the export of munitions. To the individual it means nothing, and even to the government itself its meaning is tenuous.

Such an organization as the American Rights' Society, whose avowed purpose is to bring the country into the conflict on the side of the Allies, is allowed to press its propaganda with unblushing publicity. A petition signed by hundreds of prominent men including numbers of university teachers, giving moral support to the Allies by openly wishing them success in their righteous struggle, meets scarcely a word of protest, though such an act could easily be construed as a breach of the country's neutrality. A just note of complaint against England's interference with our commerce and mails on the high seas was held back avowedly in order not to let it appear to have been in anywise influenced by representations contained in the German answer to our submarine demands.

The word "hyphenates," a term of stinging reproach in a free country, is hurled against some of our best citizens, designating not only German-Americans and Irish-Americans, but loosely any one and every one who does not chime in with the majority. It is totally forgotten that this term is equally applicable to those who take the side of the Allies, in fact to anybody and everybody who puts the interests of either set of belligerents above those of his own country. We have become conscious of Russian police methods in New York, by which private telephone wires of suspicious pro-Germans have been tapped. Some months ago an employee of the Library of Congress, who had been in public service for forty years, was dismissed from office, because he was alleged to have made remarks

disrespectful to the President's submarine policy! If the war continues we shall inaugurate regular sentences for the crime of *lèse-majesté*.

All attempts to analyze the conditions preceding and surrounding the conflict are thrown to the winds. People with little training in history, political science or psychology, and almost completely ignorant of the recent diplomatic history of Europe, feel free to sit in judgment. On the assumption that the Germans began the war and have conducted it like savages, the prevailing view of hostility toward them is defended. But few people any longer have the slightest interest in the rights of the case. They know that a great war is being waged, they long since have made their decision as to who are the culprits, and they are impatient that the supposed aggressors have not yet been properly punished. They are ready to believe the most incredible tales of atrocities and ferocity on one side on evidence which would be ruled out of any criminal court, and are fain to see no holes in the armor of the other.

The Kaiser has been denounced as the "central enemy of mankind," the "arch-fiend of humanity," the man who brought all this suffering into being by his lordly and irresponsible will. The fact that millions of Germans give this exalted position to Sir Edward Grey, whom they look upon as a scoffing, crafty, sardonic Mephistopheles, whose main object in life is to strangle and asphyxiate Germany, does not show them the fallacy of such a characterization, nor the fact that exactly similar notions of public men have been held in all previous wars. Yet it is known that the private life of the one is marred only by a fondness for hunting and travel, that of the other by the fact that he is an ardent devotee of fishing and a tamer of birds and squirrels! This denunciation of the Kaiser has finally, to be sure, under the pressure of later developments in the submarine controversy, undergone a violent modification and must be applied now to the whole German people, for it is readily seen that not even he nor his advisers can always shape the will of their down-trodden serfs.

The most astounding views, bringing into court the whole past of Germany, which never before had been questioned, are heard. It is forgotten that the Germans have anything to do with the shaping of our modern civilization. Their whole idea of *Kultur*, though rarely understood, is nevertheless denounced. Much is made of the fact that they look upon their civilization as superior to any other, but nothing is made of the claim of the Allies that *they* are waging a war against barbarism. We still talk loudly of the "rights

of humanity" in our public speeches and documents. But our concept of humanity is merely coincident with legality; if we but keep within the bounds of international law, we are humane. We seem oblivious to the fact that there is a higher law—the law of morality. No lofty idea since the French Revolution has been so debased as this of humanity. It is strange that more anti-Germans are not tired of such hollow talk. It is strange that we all cannot see that a nation which is concerned with the shipment of death-dealing materials on such a gigantic scale to whichever side, should not prate of humanity. If we do we must not be offended if we are ridiculed even by the Allies themselves.

The prevailing attitude of mind is manifestly unsound and wrong. Let it be granted that never before in the world's history has there been such a tremendous stirring of men's inmost feelings; nor since the downfall of the empire of Rome has so large a proportion of the earth's denizens been so profoundly interested. It could not have been expected that in such a universal struggle Americans also should not have had their sympathies aroused to the depths. But however bitter and acrimonious the struggle has become, there is absolutely no excuse for our losing our heads and becoming as mad as the belligerents are. It is not our war; we did not begin it, nor were we even remotely concerned in bringing about the international situation which made it inevitable. Our interest, however great we think it, cannot possibly compare with that of the nations actually involved. There is no excuse for us so ardently to share the views of one side as to be saved from actual participation almost by a miracle. It would seem that under the law of nations we were at present doing enough in helping that side—albeit through accident as we have all along maintained—to the extent of being responsible for the death of multitudes of men on the other, to satisfy even the most bellicose without having to go further. Even as a matter of expediency it should occur to those who are eager to have us involved, that it is almost certain that the temporary stopping of the export of arms would mean the crushing of France before we would be ready to intervene.

If our sympathies are the result of intolerable wrongs, we must reflect that such wrongs are inevitable in a war of this magnitude, and that we have suffered from both sides. If we call the Germans Huns because of their crimes on the sea and in the air, we must reflect that their provocation has been great. They have all along maintained that such acts were in reprisal. We Americans know that such an excuse is not valid, and that much of the submarine and

Zeppelin policy of Germany has been inhuman and wrong—for two wrongs cannot make a right. We must not forget, however, that the *lex talionis* is still potent in our own national counsels; nor that recently our President himself, without consulting Congress, sent a force of men into a neighboring state to punish a bandit who had murdered our citizens. Such an act of reprisal as that for the massacre at Columbus is merely the latest example of the oldest and deepest rooted in human nature of all laws.

Let us at least try in a measure to understand the German view-point. We know that the English blockade, her policy of encirclement, even though it has failed to reduce Germany to famine, has been the cause of untold suffering and hardships and even loss of life. No American with any idea of fairness can fail to see that such a blockade, including non-contraband as well as contraband, and sadly interfering with the commerce of neutrals, has overstepped the tenets of international law. The grim ferocity and lack of quarter with which this terrible war has come to be waged is evidenced by the fact that England finally refused to let the United States ship Red Cross supplies for wounded German soldiers. So if there has been brutality on one side, there certainly has been on the other. And there is a fine subtlety in the English method of trying to starve millions of a civil population—for their lack of success in no wise absolves them from moral guilt—that we close our eyes to when we see the open butchery of non-combatants on the high seas.

Few people appear to realize that a nation cannot long let its acts fall short of its words. It would be but a righteous Nemesis for us who have vilified Germany with such unbridled license to be obliged finally to back up our sentiments with the sword. But before it is too late can we not take a larger view of the conflict and see that we shall be of far greater value to the world by remaining neutral than by entering a war which seems now so far spent? It cannot continue forever and negotiations must end it; the great work of reconstruction can be immeasurably furthered by us.

Let our better natures reassert themselves and let our resentment not develop into a Hymn of Hate, but be tempered by pity. Let us remember that in this unequal contest which the Germans are waging with half the world for ideals dear to them, that they also have made appalling sacrifices and have willingly shed their best blood. Let us remember that the death of a son or brother, of a husband or father, is quite as terrible a misfortune to one of our German sisters as to one of France or England. Let us try to

imbibe a little of the spirit of that noble Frenchman, Romain Rolland, who, in his chapter entitled *Inter Arma Caritas*,¹ has, almost alone of his countrymen and in the face of being called a traitor just because he has not filled the measure of hate against the enemies of France, steadfastly refused to be swept off his feet by popular passion. He has been able to see above the clash of arms the sublime truth that the tragedy of this war is not only that of his beloved France, but that it is the tragedy of humanity, "that each of the nations is being menaced in its dearest possessions—in its honor, its independence, its life." He realizes that the soldiers of each are equally fighting for what they hold precious, and he has nothing but sympathy and pity for them all. And like a seer he has been vouchsafed the power to see far ahead, that the greatest task of the future, long after the din and smoke of battle is past, will be that of replacing the outworn creed of individualism and nationalism with something vastly higher—internationalism.

This is a task which seems chimerical now in these days of bitterness and gall, but one which is fated to be the goal toward which mankind will strive. Following the immortal dictum of his compatriot Jaurès that "the need of unity is the profoundest and noblest of the human mind," he has raised his voice for the great truth that "cooperation, not war, is the right duty of nations and that all that is valuable in each people may be maintained in and by intercourse with others." It is this spirit of charity in war that we Americans should try to instil into our hearts; for we ought to be fitting ourselves to help in the great work of reconstruction which is to follow, and not, by our utterances and acts, put ourselves outside the sympathy of one side in the struggle.

In the plethora of war literature it is encouraging now and again to find a book which has been written by a man who can still lift himself above the conflict and survey it with sanity and fairness from a broader and higher level. Especially gratifying is it to find such a book written by a citizen of one of the warring nations, since the comments and conclusions of such a one are sure to command American attention.

Such a book is *Justice in War-Time*² by the Hon. Bertrand Russell, the chief of the English pacifists. It is undoubtedly one of

¹ In his volume *Au-dessus de la mêlée*, translated under the title *Above the Battle* by C. K. Ogden and published by The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago.

² Published by the Open Court Publishing Company.

the best contributions to the subject of the war that has yet appeared, and so, with the hope that its circle of readers may be increased, I wish to give some account of its contents. It may be said in advance that whoever is interested in reading war news only to feed his prejudices, and whoever does not wish to modify hastily made opinions as to the causes of the conflict, will get little comfort from reading this book. For it is written with a fullness of knowledge, a grasp of ideas and a frankness and clarity of judgment that are almost unique. It is a book which can have only a beneficial effect on the crisis through which America is now passing.

Its author is connected by birth with one of the great houses of England and is known throughout the English-speaking world for his contributions to mathematics, philosophy and social science. He is a lecturer and sometime fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and is the son of the late Viscount Amberley, and grandson of Lord John Russell, the famous prime minister of England, whose name was prominent in the last century among the champions of civil and religious liberty. He is heir to the present Earl Russell, whose independence of spirit is shown by his self-styled title of "agnostic." He is well known in American scientific circles, especially by his philosophical lectures here. Thus his last scientific work, *Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy*, embodies the Lowell Lectures for 1914. His intimate knowledge of Germany is evidenced by the title of his first book, *German Social Democracy*, which appeared in 1896.

The present book consists of a series of twelve essays, all of which, with the exception of the last two, had already appeared in various magazines. As they were written over a period of a year and a half, they show certain repetitions and also inconsistencies, as his first impressions have necessarily become modified by the development of events. Several of them discuss pacifism in its broader aspects and start from the thesis that most people are pacific by nature and are incited to war only by politicians and journalists. He is not so extreme as pacifists of the Tolstoy type, but admits that some wars, even though evil, are justified, the only question being whether their results outweigh their evil. He states his belief that the present war is merely one of prestige, with no great principle involved, and so unjustified. He is certain that it is not being fought in defense of democracy, and that even if the Allies should win, democracy could not be stuffed down the throats of the Germans who "have the form of government which they desire" (p. 33).

When Germans maintain that England has a brutal national egotism and that they are fighting for civilization against an envious world, and when the English retaliate by averring that Germany is a country of ruthless militarism and that *they* are upholding treaties and the rights of small nations, Mr. Russell finds such language melodramatic to a sober mind and concludes that every nation is egotistic; that each, in pursuing its own interests, *may* spread civilization and uphold treaties, but that no nation does it at the sacrifice of "a million men and a thousand million pounds"; that when such sacrifices are made, it is always for selfish purposes (p. 3). Though each side in the present war claims it is fighting in self-defense and so blames the other, each is fighting really because it wished to, and is now angry and determined to be victorious (p. 14); inasmuch as neither side has so far won decisively, the fury of the combatants grows and will grow the longer the war endures. So he finds the German statement that the war will be decided finally by nervous endurance not impossible (p. 16). Such a hatred has been aroused among the Allies by German successes that this alone is the greatest danger to civilization (p. 112). His main purpose in writing, however, is to find out the truth about the causes which led up to the war; for he asserts that the truth will not adapt itself to national needs, since "it is in its essence neutral" (p. 2).

The best part of the book, therefore, is contained in the last five essays on the history of the Entente policy during the incumbency of the Foreign Office by Sir Edward Grey. It is in essence a reply to Sir Gilbert Murray's elaborate defense of Grey.³ It is avowedly a criticism, not of the personality of the secretary, but of the maxims which he inherited. His conclusion in brief is, that though Germany was more to blame than England for the outbreak of the war, if England's policy in recent years had been conducted differently "there is a likelihood that the present European war would never have occurred" (p. 123). His contention is that England must not remain "wrapped in self-righteousness, impervious to facts which are not wholly creditable to us." He does not believe that a criticism of the past of the Foreign Office can do anything but good, especially since both England and Germany, in presenting their case to America, went too far in claiming a "complete sinlessness not given to mortals."

Such a frank and outspoken criticism of his country in the course of a great war could easily be looked upon as unpatriotic. It is not strange, therefore, that its author should be called a "pro-

³ *The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey* (1906-15): Clarendon Press.

German" by Professor Murray, who says that he and Mr. Brailsford "are not at present in a state of mind which enables them to see or even to seek the truth." That this is unfounded, and that at heart Mr. Russell has English prejudices, can be made out from many passages in the book. Thus (on page 125) he says that so long as he has known Germany he has abominated the Kaiser and looked upon him as "one of the sources of evil in the world." But in denouncing him he does not go to the extreme to which Professor Murray has gone, who seems to regard William as the "central enemy of the human race." Nor in any part of the book does he make invidious comparisons between Germany and her enemies. However, in a more recent article,⁴ he delivers himself of the opinion that Germany is a less civilized country than either France or England. Here he strikes a far lower note, but one that has been struck often enough since the war began. Perhaps nothing more futile has been done than making such comparisons between the civilizations of the countries concerned. If ever it were profitable or fitting to do this, surely it is not the time during the course of a great war. Every educated man knows that the world would be seriously impaired by the injury of any of its three great civilizations—whether Anglo-Saxon, Gallic or Teutonic.

In discussing the causes of the war he first brings up the question of Belgium. He shows that the belief held by most English Liberals at the beginning, that the English participated in the war because of Germany's violation of the treaty of 1839 by invading Belgium, is not true. Perhaps nothing has set the American people against the Germans more than this act; and probably no deeper rooted belief has been held by our people than that England and France joined in the war because of it. Mr. Russell made it clear that not all Englishmen believed this, even though Professor Murray says it was "one of the obvious and important events leading up to the war." Thus the London *Times* combated the notion repeatedly, nor was it at first held in France, Russia or even Germany. Mr. Russell says (p. 127) that he does not believe there "can now be two opinions as to the part played by Belgium . . . the government would have found it impossible to stand aside while France was being crushed. France, not Belgium, was for us the decisive factor." He mentions the well-known evidence that the German ambassador Lichnowsky asked Grey if he could promise neutrality if not only the integrity and independence of France, but also the

⁴ "War as an Institution," in *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1916, pp. 603ff.

neutrality of Belgium, were respected; to which Grey answered he could not.⁵ This happened on August 1, three days before England declared war. Sir Gilbert Murray's comment on this incident is therefore quite incorrect: "We could not tell Germany how much we would take to stand aside while France was crushed. We could not arrange with Germany for a limited crushing of France. . . . all such bargaining was both dishonorable and illusory and dangerous." But France was included in the arrangement, and probably it was nothing but fear that the Germans intended crushing France, despite their promise and despite the fact, which any candid observer must grant, that Germany did not want an enemy on her back in the west while engaged with the Russians in the east—that brought both France and England into what otherwise might have remained a war localized in eastern Europe.

On August 2, England promised France she would intervene if Germany should attack her northern and western coasts, though Germany had already promised she would not. Even in his speech of August 3 Grey said little of Belgium, and throughout his consequent speeches he spoke chiefly of France, and made it clear England would help France. The best that can be said for England is that Belgium gave the Foreign Office "an occasion for hypocrisy" (p. 129), while at the same time it gave to Germany "an occasion for brutal violence." Mr. Russell goes further and maintains that not only would England have participated if Belgium had not been involved, but, if her interests had been on the side of Germany, she would not have taken part even if Germany had invaded Belgium. He is unsparing in his arraignment of England's professions. He cites the case of 1877 when there was tension between Germany and France almost sufficient to bring about war. Then the possibility that Germany would march through Belgium was admitted, and the newspapers⁶ of England discussed her obligation if such an event took place and concluded that England

⁵ See *British White Paper*, No. 123; telegram of Grey to Sir E. Goschen, British Ambassador to Germany. It runs in part thus: "Sir:—I told the German Ambassador to-day. . . . He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgium's neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral. I replied. . . . our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be. . . . The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free. I am, etc., E. Grey."

⁶ He cites the *Standard* of Feb. 4, 1887; the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Feb. 4 and 5; the *Spectator* of Feb. 5—giving the purport of their conclusions in Appendix A.

need not keep her obligation to Belgium to the extent of going to war. Yet this obligation was the same then as in 1914, as it likewise rested on the old treaty of 1839. But the British view of her interests had changed in the interim; in 1887 she had trouble with France and Russia and not with Germany; if war had come then her interests would have been for a German victory. In 1914 she had trouble with Germany, and so stood for Belgium, and it was the intention of her Foreign Office to help France in any war between France and Germany (p. 131).

Leaving out of account, therefore, the invasion of Belgium in explaining the war in the west, he goes deeper and finds that the war there, like the one in the east, was simply the result of the rivalry of states (p. 83). For, like all candid writers, he leaves the diplomacy of the last fortnight altogether out of account. To appreciate, then, the real causes of the struggle, he reviews England's relation to the Entente, for he maintains that ever since the conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement in 1904 the war had been on the point of breaking out, and he admits that in 1911 "our readiness to provoke a European war was greater than that of Germany" (142).

As so little is known by most Americans about these relations, perhaps it will not be amiss to give a brief résumé of Mr. Russell's account of the events of the last few years before the explosion of 1914. During the Boer war England found she was faced with the unanimous hostility of Europe and that there was fear lest France, Germany and Russia might form a coalition against her, a fear partly averted by the deep estrangement between France and Germany since the latter had taken Alsace-Lorraine years before, and also partly because the combined navies of the three nations could not match the British. However, the German navy laws of 1898 and 1900 had even before made it clear to England that she could not long hope to equal these navies and so, when she found it to her interest to have friends, she was drawn into an alliance with Russia and France. He frankly confesses it was neither "love of French liberalism nor even of Russian police methods" which produced the Entente—but only fear of Germany, and that, whether or not this fear was reasonable, the measures which England took were dictated rather by panic than wisdom, and brought the danger nearer by increasing the warlike feeling of both France and Germany. England's long standing difficulties with France and Russia were amicably arranged. By 1904 an Anglo-French agreement was concluded by which England agreed to support the claims of France

in Morocco in return for France's recognition of England's claims in Egypt. In 1907 an arrangement was made with Russia by which the latter got peacefully in Persia what she had long wanted.

Mr. Russell looks upon the Morocco incident, to which he devotes thirty-two pages, as the most important chapter in the history of the Entente. M. Delcassé, then minister of foreign affairs in France, since preparing the 1904 agreement with Lord Landsdowne, became strongly anti-German and the old *revanche*—the fundamental desire of French nationalistic feeling—took on a new lease of life just when there were signs of its waning. To show his indifference to German public opinion, when he knew that England would support France, Delcassé even failed to notify Germany officially of the Morocco agreement. In 1905, William, to match this discourtesy, went to Tangier and announced that Morocco was independent and in need of reforms and that in the interests of Germany these must be safeguarded. Later he demanded an international conference on the status of the country, which had been decided long since by the Madrid Convention of 1880. At the resulting conference of Algeciras Germany submitted to the acquisition of certain rights there by France and Spain, at a time when, owing to Russia's Manchurian campaign, a preponderance of military power was on her side. Again in 1911, owing to a supposed danger to Europeans in Fez, France sent a relief expedition which occupied the capital and then, because of pressure from the colonial party, refused to withdraw. Germany made no objection to the sending of the expedition, but demanded that since the agreement of Algeciras was thus modified, compensation must be given her in return for parting with all her rights in Morocco. France refused and England stood by her; Germany dispatched the "Panther" to the harbor of Agadir; England, through the "Mansion House Speech" of Lloyd George, virtually threatened Germany that she was ready to go to war for her Moroccan interests. Finally, when relations between England and Germany were almost at the breaking point, an agreement was effected through the effort of the Kaiser and the peace party in Germany, by which France was to have a protectorate over Morocco, and Germany was inadequately compensated with lands in the French Congo. This affair of 1911 made "the *revanche* begin to seem a possibility; men who had been pacifists became jingoes, the three years' service law was introduced, and the whole tone of French politics was changed" (p. 169). The *French Yellow Book* (ch. I, No. 5) relates with great frankness the effect on Germany, which felt the agreement was humiliating

and decided it could not again submit to such threats. In this connection Mr. Russell quotes the editor of the Italian periodical *Scienza* (June-July, 1915, pp. 44, 45) to this effect: "This exclusion was perhaps an error for the cause of European peace, because of the great disappointment and the lively irritation which the incident left throughout Germany." Mr. Russell concludes that Germany's unyielding front in 1914 was largely due to the humiliation in having yielded to England's threats at the time of the Agadir crisis; similarly the uncompromising stiffness of Russia was due in large part to her humiliation in 1908, when Austria-Hungary took Bosnia and Herzegovina. He says each "had suffered one humiliation, and each felt that another would ruin its prestige" (p. 170). If Germany egged on Austria, England certainly did France (p. 150).

To get into relation with Russia was not an easy thing for England. For in 1902, because of her Asiatic interests, England had allied herself with Japan, and Japan had whipped Russia in 1904-5, and thus there was tension between England and Russia. Her first task, therefore, was to help reconcile Russia and her ally, and then, by means of a huge loan made conjointly with France to Russia, and by the partition of Persia, win the friendship of the Slavs. By 1907 all outstanding differences had been settled (pp. 171f): In Tibet neither Russia nor England was to seek an advantage; in Afghanistan British suzerainty was to be recognized; in Persia, though its "integrity" and "independence" were to be observed, Russia was to have a sphere of influence in the north, including the capital, Britain in the south. He devotes seventy-two pages to the partition of Persia. What he thinks of it is seen in his summing up of its history since the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian agreement as "one long record of perfidy, cruelty and greed" (p. 180). It is good that at last an Englishman has had the courage to tell the truth about Persia! By the Anglo-French loan of 1906 Russia was enabled to suppress her revolution, her Duma and the constitution that had been wrung from her ruler, reorganize her army, reconquer Poland, deprive Finland of the liberties which the Czar had promised to defend—in a word rehabilitate the old autocracy (p. 177). In lending this aid England was "not only committing a crime against Russia, a crime against liberty, and a crime against humanity, but we were preventing the removal of the chief argument by which the military party have appealed to the ordinary citizen in Germany"—for that appeal was based on fear of her powerful neighbor. If Russian autocracy had not been rehabilitated,

a liberal movement would have had a chance, and this would have taken place if the loan had been postponed only a few months. Furthermore this command of capital undoubtedly inclined Russia to a friendship away from Germany—favored by the party of Witte—and inclined her toward France and England, a potent factor in later leading up to the world war.

Mr. Russell sums up by saying (pp. 203f) that England on various occasions since 1904 pursued a policy "of needless hostility" to Germany and acted in a way to increase the hold of militarism and aggression on Germany. He concludes that England, though "of the lightest shade of gray," had her part in bringing on the war; "We and they [the Germans] have been immoral in aim and brutal in method, each in the exact degree which was thought to be to the national advantage. If either they or we had had loftier aims or less brutal methods, the war might have been avoided" (p. 137). He has no illusions about the aims of the great powers; the basic fact in the European situation is that all of them "have the same objects: territory, trade and prestige" (p. 136). In the pursuit of such purposes none of them "shrinks from wanton aggression, war and chicanery." England, because of her geographical situation, can achieve her aims by petty wars outside Europe, while Germany can achieve hers only by a big war in Europe. The rights of small nations—of which we Americans hear so much, though little is said of Greece—have never been considered by England in furthering her aims. Thus he adduces the case of Morocco, which appealed to Germany for protection against French aggression, but neither France nor England was for that reason put in the wrong! Persia "the intellectual aristocracy of the Moslems"—had finally freed itself from the corrupt rule of the Shah and was becoming liberalized, but this did not stop the Cossacks nor the British from overrunning her. Under such circumstances he says there can be nothing said against Germany protecting the Turks: for years England, for her own interests, kept the Sick Man of Europe alive by money and war; it is now only a change of doctors. In short all considerations of humanity and liberty have been subordinated to the "great game" of the Entente.

Apart from his analysis of the causes of the war, perhaps the most important contribution of the book is the author's clarity of vision in seeing that it is now time that the fearful struggle should stop. Many people in the allied countries and most people in the United States have had the idea that it would be only a question of time before Germany would be worn down by attrition and that

the war would be ended by an excess of population on the side of her enemies. Mr. Russell shows, what ought to have been clear to every one from the first, that even if England and Germany should continue to fight for five centuries, as England and France once did, they would both continue to exist (p. 95). This fact is slowly being realized after months of fighting, and so the sooner a way is found by which each side can endure the existence of the other the better. The deadlock on both fronts makes a "purely strategical decision almost impossible" (p. 108). "It is fairly clear now that neither side can hope for the absolute and crushing victory which both expected at the outset, except at a cost which cannot be seriously contemplated" (p. 121); "Most military authorities are agreed that it is impossible to crush Germany" (p. 121). We know that, despite her bad crops of last summer, Germany has been able to hold out against the ever-tightening blockade of England and can continue to do so; and the Allies know that to shake off the German grip on their soils would cost them monstrously. Thus it is clear that negotiations must end the war and they should not be delayed.

Mr. Russell gives us a gruesome picture of the crime of fighting further (pp. 109f): if the war does not soon end, all the young men between the ages of 18 and 45 in all the fighting nations will be killed or maimed; the moral level of all Europe will be lowered by familiarity with horror; the mental efficiency of the continent will be diminished by the deterioration in education and by the death or nervous weakening of the best minds; and the subsequent struggle for existence will be terrible. In other words he fears that an almost mortal wound may be dealt to civilization: "If the war does not come to an end soon it is to be feared that we are at the end of a great epoch, and that the future of Europe will not be on a level with its past."

Every one feels the almost irreconcilable differences between Germany and England. Where Germany feels a sort of contemptuous liking for France and a tempered ill-feeling toward Russia, she feels her differences with England can only be removed by the destruction of her power. In "The Future of Anglo-German Rivalry" (pp. 67f), Mr. Russell quotes the dire prophecy of Eduard Meyer, the greatest living historian, who holds the chair of Mommsen at the University of Berlin. In an article in *Scientia*⁷ he regards Germany as the analogue of Rome, Britain of Carthage. Scarcely

⁷ "England's Krieg gegen Deutschland und die Probleme der Zukunft," *March*, 1915, pp. 286-300.

hoping for a decision in this war, he looks forward to a long series of struggles like the Punic wars, and says the "characteristic of the next century will be unconquerable opposition and embittered hate between England and Germany." Mr. Russell says the same idea is held by many English professors, except that their military hopes are not so modest, for they expect an overwhelming defeat of Germany now.

Mr. Russell has some good ideas about how the dispute may be settled after the war (pp. 96-100). An international Council should be formed; it should be composed only of diplomats, since they will continue to represent national prestige; their deliberations and treaties should not be secret; military intervention should in cases of need be used to enforce its awards. Thus, like Ex-President Taft, Mr. Russell believes that moral force is still insufficient to enforce what is right. He thinks that all humane people in Europe want America to have a share in the peace negotiations, and proposes that such a congress might take place in the "neutral atmosphere of Washington" with Mr. Wilson as its leader. Doubtless such an arrangement would be agreeable to most of the Allies; but I fear that the Central Powers have not such a complete faith in the neutrality of Mr. Wilson. Perhaps it would be better for the Roman pontiff or the King of Spain to head such a congress—men who have not had to pass sleepless nights in trying to keep the goodwill of a people which has suffered by our "legal" attitude.

In these latter days we are hearing rumors of peace and many good people are fain to believe that there are now lights in the skies which are not the red lights of Mars, and that the black night which settled over Europe with such swiftness two years ago is about to lift. But no one can prophesy as to when or how the great conflict will end; and if we examine these rumors we must sadly admit that they are very tenuous as yet. Most of them come from Germany, and for the very good reason that the Teutons are the only ones who, by successes so far, are in a position to talk peace. That they are tired of the war and the suffering entailed by England's blockade, is certain. The German people, through their able note to us—which the *New York Times* characterized as "irritating but acceptable"—have very recently officially reiterated their desire for peace. And that a change of heart has already taken place in Germany is also shown by the fact that recently Maximilian Harden has been allowed to say that "the sword having failed to achieve what was promised us, the time is ripe for the brain to

assert itself in directing German affairs." That many thoughtful Germans are trying to overcome their feelings of hatred is shown by the beautiful words written long ago by Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena in his "German Thoughts and Wishes for the New Year, 1915," in which he expresses the hope that the mighty spiritual movement which the war has called forth might continue to influence German life afterward, and gives a sacred warning against racial pride and narrow nationalism, and an exhortation to preserve comity with all nations; "As Germans, we must consider our attitude toward the world of as much influence as our attitude toward ourselves. We must not allow ourselves to indulge in a narrow national life. We must not and shall not have a false racial pride. On the contrary, we must ceaselessly broaden our lives, steadily preserving our interrelations with all mankind. Our great nation cannot attain its proper level without keeping the whole of humanity in mind." Thoughts looking to peace have also recently been expressed by the German chancellor, whose speeches have been models of self-restraint. Let us for a moment see if any such sentiments can be marshalled from the official pronouncements of the chiefs of the Allies' ranks, to meet the longing for peace which is manifesting itself throughout Germany.

President Poincaré, in his Nancy speech (May 14), in response to Germany's tentative declaration regarding peace in her reply to our note, has this to say: "France does not want Germany to tender peace but wants her to ask for peace." In explaining the only kind of peace which France could accept, he says: "The Central Empires, haunted by remorse for having brought on the war, and terrified by the indignation and hatred they have stirred up in mankind, are trying to-day to make the world believe that the Entente Allies are responsible for the prolongation of hostilities—a dull irony which will deceive no one." He does not want a peace which would leave Germany with the power to recommence the war and keep France eternally menaced, and so long as the Germans will not recognize themselves as vanquished, France will not cease to fight. In other words the bloody conflict must go on. It is a strange message from the chief of a country which has lost so many men that it will not publish the number, and from the country which had the promise of not being attacked if she remained neutral. But Frenchmen never can believe Germans, even when they come bearing gifts. On May 22, in an address of welcome to the visiting officials and members of the Duma, Premier Briand said the only peace which the Allies would demand would be one free of intrigue and that it

would come only after a decisive victory, which would ensure the world against a similar catastrophe in the future.

Let us see if the outlook for an early peace is more hopeful across the Channel. On May 13 Sir Edward Grey, departing from his usual custom of silence, gave out his first interview to the press.⁸ I quote in part from the *Philadelphia Bulletin* (May 13): "Prussian tyranny over Western Europe, including these islands, our people will not stand. The pledges given by Mr. Asquith as regards the restoration of Belgium and Servia shall be kept. . . . What we and our allies are fighting for is a free Europe. We want a Europe free not only from the domination of one nationality by another, but from hectoring diplomacy and the peril of war; free from the constant rattling of the sword in the scabbard and from the perpetual talk of shining armor and war lords." "In fact we feel that we are fighting for equal rights, for law, justice and peace, and for civilization throughout the world against brute force, which knows no restraint or mercy." "The Allies can tolerate no peace that leaves the wrongs of this war unredressed." In other words the war must go on; there is no crack in the Allies' armor; the *status quo* must be kept up; England and not Germany must be in the ascendant in the counsels of western Europe, and England's fleet must at any time be able to blockade and dominate Germans. When after two years of such bitter strife, England's chief can express himself in this unrestrained manner, it seems a tragic misfortune that her destiny can be left in such hands in her hour of need.

But we must remember that this is not the view-point of all Englishmen. We have seen that it is not the view-point of the author of the book which we have been discussing. We know that the hardest thing in our mental life is to get the point of view of one from whom we differ. Whether we agree with it or not, we must remember that in this struggle there *is* another point of view. According to English official figures given out in London on May 10, the total casualties suffered by the Germans since the war began were 2,822,079, and probably these figures are right. They mean one thing, that there is another point of view, hard though it be for France or England to see it. They mean that the Germans, if an angel of the Lord could strike the golden scales, also have an ideal and are willing to suffer colossal losses for it.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who throughout the war has been fearless

⁸ Speaking to Edward Price Bell, the war correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* and the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.

in his utterances, has told his countrymen some homely truths.⁹ He asks: "When did we first begin to believe in the French army after its stampede from Namur to the gates of Paris? It was when, in the middle of our absurd explanations that the retreat was a successful combination of profound strategy with undying heroism, Joffre electrified us by bluntly saying that the French had disgraced themselves and should not have been beaten at all, and that there was no excuse either for the men or the generals, many of whom he promptly sacked. . . . Since then he has been the only general in the field in whom there is any large and generous faith." He goes on to say that "the distinguishing feature of the campaign is the grim devotion of the officers and men who have gone into the trenches without a ray of illusion as to the moral merits of this monstrous collapse of European civilization. They have given their lives not in the least because they believe that they are fighting the good fight for the clap-traps of our press and platform, or because they think that a German is so much worse than an Englishman that the Englishman is entitled to extirpate him as vermin, but solely because when they and their allies are violently attacked, they must either be slaughtered like sheep or stand up and fight until the attack is beaten off." He adds: "There are plenty of men in the British trenches, . . . who admire the Prussian system. They have no patience with British muddle, British slummock, British lazy hatred of order and intellect and learning. Their one hope of any good coming out of the war for their countrymen is that it will knock the nonsense out of them and compel them to organize in the German fashion henceforth. . . . There are men . . . who are acutely and constantly aware that every German killed is a loss to England and every Englishman killed a loss to Germany. There are men who . . . are convinced that . . . Jean Bloc was right when he said that modern war between fully armed powers of the first magnitude can pile up corpses, but cannot achieve decisions." I have quoted these words at length because of the belief that if war is ever to stop on this earth it will not be for the lack of fodder to nourish the passions which cause it, but because it is a futile thing, owing to the fact that modern invention in carrying it out makes a decision impossible. In other words war, like everything else, is sure some day to create its own Frankenstein.

In any case it is folly for England with her past record at the Dardanelles, Loos, Mesopotamia, Saloniki and elsewhere, to con-

⁹ In an article in the Philadelphia *North American* of May 7, 1916, entitled "Too Much Bluff in the British War Policy:"

tinue her unyielding spirit. It is excusable in Russia, which has saved the day for the west on so many occasions; or in France, which has borne the brunt of the struggle in the west with such fortitude and heroism. But it seems unreasonable for England which spiritually until recently has never been sufficiently in the war to determine its course except as she has kept the seas, to take the leading role in saying how long the war shall last or what shall be the conditions of peace. And yet it is possible that apart from all calculations of exhaustion, apart from the signs of peace discernible in Germany and her changed attitude toward neutrals, apart from England's domestic worries, and in spite of the avowed determination of all the Allies to continue the struggle, there may develop such a rivalry between Russia and Britain in the near East as will demand peace merely to check the ambitions of the former. Thus the war, brought on with no higher motive than the rivalry of states, may, after all this superhuman sacrifice, be fated to be brought to an end by nothing higher than the same rivalry of states.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1916.

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Postscript: Since writing the above, events of momentous importance have taken place in the war situation: the Russian drive under Brusiloff, the great offensive of France and England on the Somme and the Ancre, the entrance of Rumania into the war and her subsequent collapse at the hands of Teuton and Bulgar armies, the recovery of ground lost to the Austrians by Italy and to the Germans by France at Verdun, the overthrow of the ministries in the chief capitals of the Allies,—and lastly the German peace proposals of December 12 and the more recent appeal of President Wilson to all the belligerent and neutral nations alike to declare, as a preliminary step toward peace, their views as to the terms on which the war might be concluded. Just now every one's attention is on the outcome of the German peace overture. Almost immediately an answer of refusal was indicated by Russia and France, and all eyes were turned with intense interest on the new British Premier, as he is universally looked upon as bearing the grave responsibility of further protracting the struggle or bringing it to an end. On December 18 Mr. Lloyd George spoke at length in the House of Commons on the war situation and England's attitude; his speech was full of "reparation" and "guarantees," Germany's "outrage on civilization" and "atrocities on land and sea," and how she had "plunged Europe into this vortex of blood," and that for the Allies to enter into a conference without knowing Germany's terms was "putting

our heads into a noose, with the rope in the hands of the Germans." His concluding sentence once again summed up the British feeling toward the Central Powers, a model of concentrated hatred and fear: "The triumph of Prussia. . . . would leave mankind to struggle, helpless, in the morass of horror. That is why, since this war began, I have known but one political aim. . . . That was to rescue mankind from the most overwhelming catastrophe that has ever yet menaced its well being." However, many American papers have pointed out that the speech really contained less of rancor than might have been expected; that it contained nothing like the former hymn of hate, the menace of retaliation on the German people, of England's intention of obliterating their nationality and civic future. On the contrary, it gave a distinct denial of any purpose of crushing Germany and a clear definition of the general enemy as Prussian militarism, whose ambitions, if uncurbed, might know no limits. Such a note, it is felt—despite its surface hostility—ought to help on the way to peace, even if fighting shall be resumed for a time with redoubled fury. The situation for the moment, then, waits on the answer of Germany and the good sense of those responsible for England's welfare.

That the English people want peace as well as the German is not doubted, nor the belief that it is folly to continue the struggle. If in five months, with a drive of unparalleled concentration on a front of only forty-four miles on the Somme, the British can report losses aggregating almost a half million men and an advance nowhere of over six miles, while the Germans at the same time were protecting 1700 miles of front; and if the combined armies of the Russians and the Entente at Saloniki could not save Rumania from her fate, it would seem to a candid observer that the continuation of the war would be futile. If, however, the war is to go on, we must anticipate with Mr. Lowes Dickinson "a war of years; a war getting more and more destructive and more and more ruthless, a war in which the last remnants of law and of humanity may disappear; a war in which we may see the wiping out of whole cities by bombs and the wholesale murder of prisoners; a war which, by the time it ceases from sheer lack of power to prosecute it, may have destroyed irretrievably the bare possibility of all common life between the nations."

PHILADELPHIA, December 23, 1916.

DAHUL, A TYPE OF FLYING DUTCHMAN.

BY WILBUR BASSETT.

THE STORY OF DAHUL.

AN autumn gale gathering its forces in the sombre depths of the Western Ocean winged its way toward the shores of Brittany. Before it in warning, myriad-footed, swept a torrential rain. Night was falling in Morlaix that sits with her ancient feet in the sea, and in the twilight the heavy drops that beat upon her roof and poured in torrents down her cobbled streets shone with the dull brilliancy of metal. Upon a side street near the fish market a small house with high peaked roof and gabled windows heavily thatched challenged the torrents with an ancient sea lantern which swung sturdily and unwinking in the tumult as though to a lantern of its experience such a storm was a mere zephyr.

Three figures in oil skins, their aged backs bent against the wind, their sticks clattering noisily upon the cobbles, halted beneath the lantern and entered through the low door.

The firelight within and the rays of a swinging lamp flickered upon the smoked rafters of the little room and upon the deep-lined faces of a dozen quiet old men and a round-faced young fisherman. The smoke of their pipes swayed and drifted above their heads. At their backs little windows that peered from under their thatched brows upon the leaden channel shuddered and shook with the might of the wind and the impact of the rain, and the roar of the sea upon the shore thundered incessantly through the street.

As the door closed behind the three men one of the aged sailors arose and greeted them warmly. It was Pierre Latou, the master of the house, fisherman and pensioner, village oracle and local historian, and when they had hung their dripping oil skins upon the hooks behind the door and drawn off their heavy sea boots, they joined the circle by the fire. The room with its occupants, its raftered roof and swinging lamp, seemed like the cabin of some sea wanderer, lashed by the fury of a gale, and these old men with the life-long endurance of seamen in their eyes were as the watch below,

relaxed for the hour but ready to spring to the call of brothers on deck. In the twilight of the dim floor before them sprawled a fishing net and each had drawn an edge into his lap and was busily seizing it to the tarred buoy-line, his face grave and intent upon the task.

In lulls of the gale they spoke of this one and that who was out upon the sea, fondly and confidently, with the brusque masculinity of sailors, fearless of the elements and confident in the staunchness of the vessel and the hardihood of her crew. The spirits of evil might toss their winds and waves about, but the saints would not forget devout sailors who had always done their duty toward the church. St. Anne d'Auray herself had risen out of a fog to help Pierre and at her shrine in the village church hung the silver boat he vowed to her for deliverance.

As the evening wore on the noise of the storm abated somewhat and the fire burned lower. Pipe smoke gathered so thickly in the air that the figures of the old sailors seemed like shadowy spirits wreathed in the ghostly clouds from their pipes. Even as their corporeal bodies faded into eerie smoke, and the tangible violence of the storm hushed away into mystic voices of sea and wind, so the stories of these old men of the sea shifted insensibly from the solid ground of physical experience to the tenuous world of apparitions and of legend.

One told of the great *Chasse Foudre* with her thousand ports, a ship as vast as the world; another in an awed voice figured the compositant, the awful fires of St. Elmo; and so each calling to the memory of the others they heard recounted the history of the spirit land of the sea from the very lips of her priests.

Passing about the circle the lot of speaker came at last to Pierre, the aged host, and the grizzled mate at his right called for the story of Dahul, speaking quietly and entreating him to recount this the greatest of his stories. He recalled that Dahul had appeared off Finisterre a year before to the coasting schooner "*Marguerite*" and the schooner with Pierre's only brother had never again been sighted. Since that time Pierre had never mentioned the name of Dahul. It was no wonder, said the old mate. Who knew but the dreadful brig was then hanging in the offing reckless of the gale? Were not even *Surcouf* and *Tribaldor-le-Grand* afraid of the mere name of Dahul? They urged Pierre to tell of the specter ship, and presently he laid aside his pipe and began the tale.

As they tell and say, there was once a brig that sailed from

Barcelona for Palermo. The day was fine, and her master anxious to hasten upon his way spread all sail to the breeze, rejoicing in the prospect of a clear night and a long run. Toward sunset the wind died away and darkness closed down ominously, the stars blotted out by flying clouds from the north. The courses were hastily furled, and all hands jumped aloft to shorten sail and soon had the topsails straining in the buntlines. Without a moment's warning, while the men were still upon the yards, the storm broke fiercely upon them from abeam, bursting the bunted topsails from the boltropes with thunderous crashes, their torn cloths sweeping half the topmen from the footropes away to leeward into the sea. Those remaining had scarcely made their way to the deck when the spanker blew away to leeward and left the brig with only a fore staysail. Hatches were hastily battened down and storm canvas held in readiness, but the rising seas swept bodily over the doomed brig, and whirling in green masses along her decks swept the remnant of her crew into the sea.

Alone and crippled, but still resolute and buoyant, drifting to leeward through the long night the solitary hull rolled away into the darkness. Day after day and through many a night the lonely brig drifted on her solitary way at the mercy of wind and wave. By day the fin of the shark gleamed alongside, by night wan phosphorescent lights flitted along her decks, and aloft from spar to spar, and in her stifled cabins the death-dew gathered white and damp. Slowly the currents set her to the westward till she approached the Algerian coast. A sail crept out of the morning haze to meet her, one of that fierce band of cutthroats who haunt the darker lanes of ocean and lurk in the deep shadows beyond the harbor lights.

She was an Arab felucca, whose graceful sweeping lines glistened in the sun beneath the splendid sweep of birdlike lateen. Slipping to windward like a gull, her pirate captain hove alongside the desolate brig and hailed her. No sound came back save the creak of yards in their slings and the hollow voice of idle blocks. At once a score of his crew leaped aboard her, burst open her hatches and fought each other for the plunder in the poor sea chests of the lost crew. But though the plunder in the mouldering cabin was worth but little, the plunderers were delighted to find the ship sound and seaworthy, and they at once decided to stay aboard her, leaving a few of their comrades to sail the felucca. The strongest and handsomest ruffian of them all was their captain, a man guilty of all crimes, and his name was Dahul. Even his own men feared him, and believed that his reckless prowess and contempt of danger

were due to an alliance with the devil. Under his orders new canvas was bent onto the bare yards, fresh rigging rove and a hot fire blazed in the unused galley.

So began the piratical cruise of the once peaceful and respectable merchant brig. Slave ships, Spanish galleons from the Indies and the southern seas, humble coasters and even small ships of war were captured, looted and burned by this scourge of the sea. So great was the terror of the name of Dahul that many a ship that went down in tempest or breakers was charged to the evil account of his crew. Armed merchantmen gave him battle and ships of war cruised in his wake, but in spite of many narrow escapes he grew bolder and more reckless and appalled even his own men by the utter abandon of his nature. They even began to fear him, and it was whispered that often the fiend stood watch with him at night. Some even heard him talking at night with a man not of the crew, so they were sure that it was indeed the devil, and knew that it was his power that had protected them from the king's ship.

Dahul and his ally spent much time together and seemed to enjoy each other's company greatly, but one night as they were conversing near the wheel they fell to quarreling and Dahul, unable to control himself, seized a heavy oak capsten-bar and attacked the devil, who let go the wheel and with a curse and a terrible scowl disappeared into the darkness. Of a certainty he was very angry at Dahul, because it is a sea crime to strike any man at the wheel, but after he had thought the matter over a while he felt very sorry that he had quarreled with Dahul, whom he rightly considered one of his best friends and allies. He therefore decided to make up with him as soon as possible, and presently managed to mislead a homeward-bounder from the Indies directly into the grasp of the brig.

The big ship was sighted one fine morning in that sparkling sea that lies between Gibraltar and the Azores. Her billowy canvas and spotless deck shone in the summer sun, and her polished brass glistened peacefully in the shadow of her awnings. Her captain marked the approach of the brig through his glasses and drew no ill augury from the approach of a merchant brig under a peaceful flag. Not until two armed boats dashed from under her lee and a solid shot crashed into his hull did he prepare for defense. Before the crew of the big ship could get to quarters, Dahul at the head of his men had boarded from her lee fore-chains. With cutlass and pistol the pirates cut down the surprised crew before they could arm themselves. Not a man asked for quarter and not one was

spared except her officers, whom Dahul caused to be bound hand and foot and hung from their own yardarms. The dead and dying sailors were cast into the sea from the blood-stained decks they had so lately trod, and posting a strong guard over the hatches the pirates rushed below to the booty which they knew the big ship must contain.

Breaking in the cabin door, they came upon a scene which would have softened any but these hardened ruffians, whose lives had been full of plunder and violence. There in an agony of fear they found a Spanish family, with a blackrobed priest, calm and resolute, quieting their fears and praying in a firm voice that they might be delivered from their peril. The summer sun shone from the open port on the face of a mother whose tears fell upon the child she strained to her breast; on the startled black eyes of a beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty years who clutched despairingly at her father, a tall Spanish merchant facing the pirates unarmed but like a lion at bay. With brutal exultation Dahul ordered them all dragged upon deck, while his men broke open chests and lockers and rioted in the profusion and variety of plunder from over seas they found aboard. Golden ornaments and precious silver miniatures from Cathay rolled about the decks, and the rich silks of Amoy fell disregarded from the ransacked chests. By the rail stood Dahul, pointing to this silver trinket and that ivory charm as his own portion and demanding that it be laid at his feet.

The priest, gazing with terror upon this scene of riot and brutality, and fearing that the next excess might involve his charges and himself in some bloody carnival of riot and excess, taking new courage from his faith and from his extremity, approached Dahul with such fortitude and calmness as he could muster. With firm words he besought the pirate captain to be satisfied with the golden trinkets and the rich fabrics which had fallen to his lot, and to avoid the wrath of the church and the judgment of God by sparing the lives of the unhappy passengers who had fallen into his hands.

In answer to the prayers of the priest, Dahul slapped him on the back, and with words of praise for his fine physique promised him safety if he would join the pirate crew, now lessened by the losses of the battle. The priest's indignant refusal aroused the wrath of Dahul, and he struck him with his fist, and with loud oaths ordered him crucified in the image of his Master. With a leering smile and a finger pointed at the tortured priest, he turned to the horrified Spaniard and with promises of life and loot offered him a place among the ruffians of his crew. The curl of proud

disdain upon the father's blood-stained lips seemed to arouse Dahul to new frenzy, and with a torrent of oaths he rushed upon the dazed mother, snatched the child from her grasp, drew his reeking cutlass across its throat and tossing it to one of his men, shouted to him to have the cook roast the Spanish lamb at once and have a table set for his friends.

Under his orders the abominable deed was done, and on the table spread upon the after deck was laid the little body of the murdered child. Then, with his face wreathed in triumph, the murderer with affected politeness summoned the stricken family to join him at his dreadful table. The mother roused from her swoon and stretching her arms in agony toward the dying priest, besought his benediction and his prayers. With a sneer Dahul drew up to the table, and called to the priest whose lips were moving in prayer: "Yes, that is right, say grace."

The great yards moaned aloft with the pitch and roll of the vessel, and her blood-stained planks seemed to take up and swell the cry of agony of the priest who poured forth all his soul in his last appeal to his God. Dahul blanched and sprang to his feet in alarm as the priest ended and out of a darkened sky a mighty voice, heard above wind and wave, thundered in his ears from he knew not whence, "You shall wander, Dahul, at the will of the winds, at the mercy of waves. Your crew shall exhaust itself in useless and unending toil. You shall wander upon every sea until the end of the centuries. You shall receive aboard you all the drowned of the world. You shall not die, nor shall you ever approach the shore, nor the ships which you will always see fleeing before you. You shall be the Wandering Jew of the seas!"

The voice was silent. The brig shot away before the rising wind. Mother, daughter and father, and the priest, now freed from his crucifixion, were transported to the deck of the neighboring bark as by a miracle, and Dahul and his accursed ship, flying before the wrath of wind and wave, disappeared below the horizon.

Since that dread day the brig has borne her cursed crew. She wanders on forever, the harbinger of tempest, of fire, and of death. Food never comes to her galley, nor sleep to her bunks. She is without fresh water and without hope. She may be seen on every sea, her black hull like a great coffin, draped in the white shroud of her ghostly sails. Often at night while far off thunder rumbles in the air, and the soft lap of a rising swell tells of the coming storm, the fateful brig goes by some luckless ship like the shadow of impending death. Though the wind be light her close-reefed

sails are full to bursting, and she seems to be racing toward the coming storm, yet no sound comes from aloft or below. At times sulphurous fires envelop her, and out of her cavernous hull come fearful cries. Fierce battles rage upon her decks, and above the uproar is heard the frightful laugh of the archfiend, the companion of Dahul, who stands at the wheel. Bodies writhe in the flames which rise to the very trucks, and the tall masts seem ready to break with the weight of the tortured souls.

Then the wise sailor who has seen these things commits his soul to heaven and his patron saint, makes the sign of the cross and shortens sail, for he has seen the wrath of God.

NOTES ON THE DAHUL LEGEND.

This Breton legend of deathless punishment was collected by Elvire de Cerny in 1859 from an aged sailor (*Revue des traditions populaires*, XV, p. 96). It belongs to the class of "Flying Dutchman" legends and contains many details of striking interest. Though at first glance it seems almost penny-dreadful in action, it must be remembered that the authentic history of the sea raiders of the Barbary States and of the West Indies furnish many an example of fiendishness equal to that of the story.

Dahul seems to have an Arabic name, as we find the passive participle of the Arabic root *dhahala*, "to forget," is *dhahul* which readily becomes *dahul* or "the forgotten one." Indeed, the story itself illuminates this name in saying that when the trumpet of the angel shall announce the end of the world Dahul shall still wander. He is the forgotten of God. His vessel again points to a South Mediterranean origin and word and rig are Arabic. *Surcouf*, mentioned by the narrator, was the notorious master of the French privateer "Clarisse" which preyed upon English and American commerce at the end of the eighteenth century. The crucifixion of the Christian priest shows Dahul to be non-Christian, as does the incident of the child, since it was a common belief among early Christians that non-Christians, especially Moors and Jews, cooked and ate Christian children, and Jews in Europe have been charged with such acts in comparatively recent times.

Pirates from the southern shores of the Mediterranean preyed for decades on the merchantmen of Europe and even captured small ships of war. Their long slender feluccas under oars and sail were faster than anything afloat and lay closer to the wind than any square-rigger. Their reckless courage and bloodthirst made them the terrors of the seas. We observe also that the punishment of

the crew is in keeping with the character of the story and of the storyteller. It is not any of the classic or theological punishments but simply endless and useless work. The fires accompanying the brig are in this case probably drawn from medieval devil-lore as the fires accompanying the ship in the early versions of the legend are not to be confused with hell fires.

The curse upon Dahul to receive all of the drowned of the world harks back to early Christian beliefs into which we will look in connection with other phases of the doctrine of the soul. The story is the greatest of soul mysteries, the most tragic story of the sea, mother of tragedies. Music, painting and literature have been enriched by its inspiration, and so long as the sea remains untamed, the idea of the wandering soul, shut forever within ghostly bulwarks, beating in vain toward friendly ports and pounding for centuries through the wrack of ocean must stir profoundly the imagination of man.

The essential elements of the story, as of all legends of the Flying Dutchman type, are the phantom ship and the deathless punishment. The legends of deathless punishment at sea have their counterparts on shore in those of the Wandering Jew Cartaphilus, of Al Sameri, maker of the Golden Calf who still wanders in a desolate isle in the Red Sea, of Ahasuerus and of Judas who float forever upon a rock in mid-ocean. Cartaphilus met the Saviour as he came from the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate and when Jesus stopped to rest on his doorstep drove him on. To Cartaphilus the Christ said: "I am going fast Cartaphilus, but tarry thou till I come again." Since that day, like Ahasuerus the cobbler, he has roamed the world over awaiting in deathless life the fulfilment of his curse.

The earliest mention of the Wandering Jew is found in chronicles of the Abbey of St. Aldens, as copied by Matthew of Paris. We find there the story as recounted by a certain bishop of Armenia who visited England in 1228, and who said that Cartaphilus was afterwards baptized by Ananias who was called Joseph; that he spent most of his time among the prelates of the church, and was a man of holy conversation, "as one who is well practiced in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with dread to the coming of Jesus Christ lest at the last judgment he should find him in anger, whom, when on his way to death he had provoked to just vengeance." He is heard of again in 1505 as a weaver in Bohemia; in 1547 in Hamburg; in 1575 in Madrid; and in 1604 in Paris.

From this time on he was seen at various places upon the continent. S. Baring-Gould in his *Mediæval Myths* says:

“It has been suggested by some that the Jew Ahasuerus is an impersonation of that race which wanders, Cain-like, over the earth with the brand of a brother’s blood upon it, and one which is not to pass away till all be fulfilled, not to be reconciled to its angered God till the times of the Gentiles are accomplished. And yet, probable as this supposition may seem at first sight, it is not to be harmonized with some of the leading features of the story. The shoemaker becomes a penitent and earnest Christian while the Jewish nation has still the veil upon its heart; the wretched wanderer eschews money, and the avarice of the Israelite is proverbial.”

A learned Romanist, Rev. Father Alexius Lèpicier, in his interesting study of the origin and nature of indulgences says of the story of Cartaphilus: “Fleury in recording this fable (which is clearly the origin of the Wandering Jew) says that one knows not what to wonder at most, the audacity of the knights in relating it or the simplicity of the monks in believing it. Now, the same thing as it appears to us may be said about the obstinate denial of indulgences as about the belief in the story of this unindulged Jew. One really cannot say which is more astonishing, the boldness of those who undertake to deny the reality of indulgences in the face of so much evidence from scripture and tradition, or the simplicity of those who believe the calumniators.” (*Indulgences*, p. 493.)

The suggestion sheds a bright light upon the story, and is a vivid illustration of the interdependence of religion and tradition. We have here an ancient story, doubtless elaborated with the very object of impressing upon the laity the terrors of impiety and “unindulgence” which is now cited by the churchmen as evidence from tradition to establish the right of indulgences.

Closely allied are the stories of the wild huntsman, who swore he would hunt the red deer forever, of the Malay hunter and his dogs (Skeat, *Malay Magic*, 113), and of the man in the moon who foolishly gathered fagots on the Lord’s Day. The wild huntsman is feared as the spirit of storm by the peasant of the continent, as a messenger of death as ominous as the Dutch captain or Dahul, and the analogy between the wild hunt and the endless voyage is strikingly illustrated in the Cornish tale in which a phantom ship passes over the chimneys of a wizard wrecker while a tempest breaks upon his cabin and his condemned soul is borne away upon the phantom ship. (Bottrell, *Traditions and Fireside Stories of*

West Cornwall.) In another version of the Cornish legend the wizard is summoned by a voice from out of the cloud slip, "The hour is come, where is the man?" Here we have evidently the fulfilment of a medieval devil-pact, the tragic climax of despair, when the short-lived power of the mortal is over and the fiend comes on stormy cloud, fiery steed, or spectral lugger to claim his prize.

We know that the theories of evolution and of physical recapitulation are as true in the world of folk-tale incidents as of life-cells. We know that the story as we have it is but part of a long tapestry, and that whatever the pattern and however fanciful the details, they must run upon the warp which stretches back to the loom of primitive fancy. Whatever the design, it must be in terms of the warp distance laid down on the first loom-stick. What then is the origin and history of this story of Dahul? Let us first look at the variants of the legend. Perhaps the first authentic story of a seaman condemned to wander comes from the North Sea, always the home of hardy and fearless sailors. It is thus recorded by Thorpe:

"At the old castle of Falkenberg in the province of Limburg, a specter walks at night, and a voice from the ruins is heard to cry, 'Murder! murder!' And it cries toward the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and before the cries there go two small flames, which accompany him whithersoever he turns. And the voice has cried for six hundred years, and so long also have the two flames wandered. Six hundred years ago, the beautiful castle stood in its full glory, and was inhabited by two brothers of the noble race of Falkenberg. Their names were Waleran and Reginald, and they both loved Alexia the daughter of the Count of Cleres." The suit of Waleran was favored by the Count and Countess, and he gained the bride. Reginald, vowing vengeance, concealed himself in the nuptial chamber, and slew both bride and groom. The latter, however in his dying struggles, imprinted on his murderer's face the form of his bloody hand.

"There dwelt a holy hermit in the forest and to him went the conscience-stricken murderer for consolation, confessing his sin, and showing his face with the print of the bloody hand. The hermit dared not absolve him of so foul a crime, but told him, after a night's vigil, that he must journey toward the north until he should find no more land, and then a sign would be given him." The murderer started on his wandering journey, accompanied by a white form on the right hand, and a black one on the left. "Thus then he had journeyed for many a day, and many a week, and

many a month, when one morning he found no more earth beneath his feet and saw the wide ocean before him. At the same moment a boat approached the shore, and a man that was in it made a sign to him and said, 'We expected thee.' Then Reginald knew that this was the sign, and stepped into the boat still attended by the two forms, and they rowed to a large ship with all the sails set, and when they were in the ship the boatman disappeared and the ship sailed away. Reginald, with his two attendants, descended into a room below where stood a table and chairs. Each of the two forms then taking a seat at the table, the black one drew forth a pair of dice, and they began playing for the soul of Reginald. Six hundred years has that ship been sailing without either helm or helmsman, and so long have the two been playing for Reginald's soul. Their game will last till the last day. Mariners that sail in the North Sea often meet with the infernal vessel."

This story is told by many of the early Dutch mythographers and contains all the elements of the developed legend. The accompanying fires are not to be classed with those of Dahul's ship but are probably symbolic. Evidence of this is to be found in the *Fridthjof Saga*, where Stöte, the Viking, punished by the gods, is described as fire girdled in a spectral ship in a cavern by the sea.

"Wide as a temple dome or a lordly palace deep buried
Down in the green grass and turf lay a sepulcher rounded,
Light gleamed out therefrom, through a chink in the ponderous portal
Of Stöte with helm and anchor and masts, and high by the pillar
Sat there a terrible form who was clad in a fiery mantle,
Mutely glaring sat he and scrubbed his blood-spotted weapon,
Vainly the stains remained, all the wealth he had stolen
Around in the grave was heaped, the ring on his arm he was wearing."

Stöte is not the prototype of Dahul but a sepulchral ghost or tomb specter, the fire is Loki and the cave his home, the tomb. It is in the story of Captain Vanderdecken, however, that we find the best-known form of the legend. It is thus told by French sailors of the eighteenth century:

"There was formerly a ship's captain who believed neither in saints, nor God, nor anything else. 'Twas a Dutchman, I know not from what city. He sailed one day to go south. All went well as far as the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, but there he got a hard blow. The ship was in great danger. Every one said to the captain, 'Captain, put in shore, or we are all lost.' The captain laughed at these fears of his crew and his passengers; he sang, the rascal, songs horrible enough to call down a hundred times the

thunderbolts on his masts. Then as the captain scoffed at the tempest, a cloud opened and a huge figure descended upon the poop. 'Twas the Everlasting Father. Every one was afraid; the captain continued to smoke his pipe; he did not even raise his cap when the figure addressed him. 'Captain,' it said, 'You are out of your head.' 'And you are an uncivil fellow,' said the captain, 'I don't ask anything from you; get out or I'll blow your brains out.' The venerable person replied nothing, but shrugged his shoulders. Then the captain seized one of his pistols, cocked it, and aimed it at the cloud-figure. The shot, instead of wounding the white-bearded form, pierced the captain's hand; that worried him a little, you may believe. He jumped up to hit the old man a blow in the face with his fist, but his arm dropped paralyzed with palsy. The tall figure then said: 'You are accursed, Heaven sentences you to sail forever, without being able to put into port or harbor. You shall have neither beer nor tobacco, you shall drink gall at all times, you shall chew red-hot iron for your quid, your boy shall have a horned forehead, a tiger's jaw, and a skin rougher than a sea-dog's. You shall eternally watch, and shall not sleep when sleepy, because when you close your eyes a long sword shall pierce your body. And since you love to torment sailors, you shall persecute them, for you shall be the evil one of the sea; you shall wander ceaselessly throughout all latitudes; you shall have neither rest nor fine weather; you shall have the tempest for a breeze; the sight of your ship which shall hover about to the end of time, will bring misfortune to those who see it.' 'I defy you!' was the sole reply of the captain. The Holy Father disappeared, and the captain found himself alone on the deck, with the ship's boy, disfigured as predicted. The crew had disappeared with the figure in the cloud.

"Since then the 'Voltigeur' sails about in heavy weather, and his whole pleasure is in doing ill to poor sailors. 'Tis he who sends them white squads, who wrecks ships or leads them on false courses. There are those who say that the Flying Dutchman often has the audacity to visit passing ships; then there is war in the caboose, wine sours, and all food becomes *beans*. Often he sends letters on board ships he meets, and if the captain read them, he is lost; he becomes a madman and his ship dances in the air, and finishes by turning over while pitching violently. The 'Voltigeur' paints himself as he will, and changes six times a day, so as not to be recognized. He has sometimes the appearance of a heavy Dutch *camel*, who can hardly buff his heavy quarters into the wind. At others, he becomes a corvette, and scours the sea as a light

corsair. I know others whom he had sought to attract by alarm guns; but he did not succeed in deceiving them, because they were forewarned. His crew are accursed as well as he, for 'tis a gang of hardened sinners. All sailor shirkers, rogues dying under the cot, and cowards, are on board his ship. Look out for squalls, my lads, and if you don't do your duty, you will find yourselves on board the Dutchman, and *there* is work, believe me. It is always 'tack ship,' because it is necessary to be everywhere at the same time. No pastime there, but hunger, thirst and fatigue, every one trembling, indeed, for if one should complain, there are officers who have whips ending in lashes as sharp as a razor which would cut a man in two as my knife can cut a lump of butter. And this lash will last through all eternity."

An English version fixes the time of her sailing as 1750 and gives assurance that Vanderdecken was always kind to his men. It recounts the attempts of the unwieldy bluffbowed hulk to get around the stormy cape. Here, after tossing for weeks against head winds she was hailed with the inquiry whether she would not put in at Table Bay. Then the fiery Vanderdecken replied, "May I be eternally damned if I do, though I should beat about here until the day of Judgment." (*Log Book*, 129.)

Another English version has it that the Dutchman was a trader with a rich cargo on whose ship a plague fell as a divine punishment for piracy and murder, and that since that day no port has received her pest-ridden hull and that seamen sighting her are doomed. (*Melusine*, II,* 159.)

A form of the story with a flavor of devil-contract about it has been current in Germany. According to this the unfortunate man was a Dutch master of the seventeenth century by the name of Bernard Fokke, who had wonderful popularity with his owners by reason of the unheard-of shortness of his trips to the far east. It was reported that he often sailed from Batavia to Holland in ninety days. This was evidently in spite of wind and wave and the captain was declared to be in league with the devil. He was pictured as a huge, violent and powerful man who cased his masts with iron and who swore like a pagan, and when his ship failed to return after a voyage about the cape, it was confidently believed that the devil had taken him according to agreement and condemned him to wander forever about the cape. He and three of his men are still seen by Indiamen. They are aged men with long white beards. When they are hailed the ship disappears. (*Ausland*, 1841, No. 237). Her pilot is no better than her captain. Wind-bound in

the Straits of Malacca, he was forced to tack, and in his impatience swore that the devil might take him to hoist Krakatora out of the way of ships so that the channel might be possible. So to-day when the wind is right you may hear him at the northeastern extremity of Krakatora working and singing at his capstan like a sailor. (*Melusine*, Oct. 5, 1884.)

It is said that when the English occupied Java in 1811, they destroyed a statue to Fokke overlooking the Batavia roads. Scotch sailors believed that Jawkins, a successful smuggler, paid one-sixth of his cargo to the devil. (Scott, *Guy Mannering*.)

German sailors tell fantastic stories of the Death Ship with skeleton crew condemned to serve a century in each grade. A skeleton mate holds the hour glass before them and death-heads grin from the sails. Sometimes she is commanded by Captain Requiem and her name reads "Libera Nos." The Navire Libera Nos will cruise until a Christian crew shall have said mass on board for the redemption of her crew. (Schmidt, *Seemanns-Sagen*; Balleydier, *Vieillées du Presbytère*.)

French sailors tell of a ship built by the devil on board which he gathered the souls of sinners. This ship was burned by St. Elmo who was enraged at the ghoulish glee of Satan. When the sea is phosphorescent this ship is burning again.

"At St. Gildas in Brittany, sailors who live near the sea sometimes are waked by three knocks on the door. Then they are importuned to get up and go to the shore where they find lightened black vessels which sink into the water up to the gunwales. As soon as they enter into them a great white sail hoists itself on the mast and the boat leaves the shore as by the ebb and flow. They are said to carry the souls of the damned until the day of judgment." (E. Souvestre, *Les derniers Bretons*.)

One of the most interesting of all this group of stories is that of the haunted ships of the Solway. We may note here the introduction of a magic incident quite unusual in the story.

It is said that two Danish pirates had a compact with the devil by which they were empowered to work their will upon the deep and by which, after they had long reveled in violence and crime, they came to be fated to perish in the Solway. One clear star-bright night their ships sailed into the harbor, the deck of one crowded with revelers, the other bearing one spectral figure. A boat approached the crowded ship to join the sailor revels, when suddenly both ships sank. There they still lie with all sail set, and once a man was seen to dig a brass slipper out of the sand of the

nearby shore, throw it in the water in which it became a boat and in it put off to the wrecks. Striking them with his oar they both rose to the surface with all sail set. Their lights were lit and with every sheet draining they were seen by the village folk to stand out directly over the Castletown shoals. On the anniversary of the wreck they are said to return and sink again and appear at other times before gales. Whoever touches the sunken ships will be drawn down to them and no sailor or fisherman would tempt fate by venturing near them as they sail out of the harbor. (Cunningham, *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*, p. 338.)

Even more dreadful is the spectral ship seen in the same waters which is said to doom to wreck and disaster the ship which it approaches. It is the ghostly carrier of a bridal party wrecked maliciously. (*Ib.*, 288.) Here we come upon a phase of the widespread belief that no spirit which has been freed by violent death can be at rest. Soldiers in ghostly armor tread many a battlefield. Haunted houses echo with the footfalls of the murdered masters, and here on the spectral ship of the Solway, the sailor and his bride await the ebbing of the last tide. (Compare "The Spectre of the Dan-no-oura Roads" by Naryoshi Songery in *Ann. Pop. Trad.*, 1887.)

Another form of the legend however, as encountered off the eastern coast of South America is even nearer in essential details to the story of Dahul.

Here we find that the dog's bad name sticks to him, and a Spaniard in Spanish American waters tells of the evil deeds of a notorious Dutchman. Such was the price of the hardihood of the brave seaman who first dared trade around the world. The story runs as follows:

"As we were under sail from the Plata river toward Spain, I heard one night the cry, 'A sail!' I was at the time on the upper deck, but I saw nothing. The man who had the watch seemed very much terrified. After some persuasion, he recounted to me the reasons for his alarm. He had seen, while watching aloft, a black frigate, sailing so nearby that he could distinguish the figure-head on the prow, which represented a skeleton with a spear in its hand. He also saw the crew on the deck, who, like the image, were clothed only in skin and bone. Their eyes lay deep and fixed in their sockets, as in a corpse. Nevertheless, these phantoms handled the sails, which were so light and thin that he saw the stars shine through with an uncertain light. The blades and ropes made no noise, and all was silent as the grave, except that, at intervals, the

word 'Water!' was pronounced by a weak voice. All this my man saw by a weak uncertain light that shone from the ship itself. But as he cried, 'A sail!' the ship suddenly sank, and he saw nothing but the sea and the stars. As we were having an apparently lucky voyage, I recounted the story in the mess and laughed at it, as over a vagary of the diseased imagination of the sailor, who sank momentarily into such despondency that he soon died. How great was my astonishment, when one of my hearers cried out, with sudden pallor, 'So thou art revenged, Sandovalle!' After some importunity he explained himself in the following words, 'It is now forty years since my father, Don Lopez d'Aranda, died, sorrowing for his son, Don Sandovalle, who, as he himself wrote, had embarked for Spain with his Peruvian wealth and his lovely bride, Lorenza. But as my father slept one night, he had the following dream.—It seemed to him that he saw Sandovalle with a deep wound in his head, while, pale and disfigured, he pointed to a young woman who was bound to the mast of a black ship, looking to heaven as she begged assistance from above, and staring at the bleeding wound of Sandovalle, or turning her eyes toward a breaker of water standing near her, but beyond her reach, as she begged the men about her for a drop to drink. Denied this boon, she called down in a firm voice a curse on the head of a certain Everts. Everts appears to have been the captain. At this instant, the ship sank out of sight, and my father heard a voice that said, 'Sandovalle and Lorenza, thou shalt be avenged.' So ended the Spaniard, who did not doubt that the vision seen by the sailor was Everts's ship, condemned evermore to scour the seas. No one has ever heard more of the ship in which the young nobleman sailed, and about the same time much was read concerning a notorious Hollandish sea-rover, who haunted the seas between La Plata river and the Cape of Good Hope."

Off the coast of Brittany, the punishment ship is a giant craft manned by men and dogs. The men are reprobates guilty of horrible crimes and the dogs are demons set to guard and torture them. Until the day of judgment this monster ship will drift at the mercy of the winds. She wanders from sea to sea without ever anchoring or turning her prow into a harbor. Should a sailor allow her to fall aboard him, his fate is sealed. But it is easy to avoid her as the orders of her mates shouted through vast conch shells may be heard for leagues. Then the devout skipper appeals to St. Anne d'Auray and repeats the Ave Maria, against which the wiles of the devil are as empty threats. (*Melusine*, Sept. 1884.)

This is but a floating hell, just such a ship as the fevered brain

of some brutal mate's victim might build above the damp fore-castle bunk of the shanghaied outward bounder. She is death-ship, devil-ship and Flying Dutchman at once, and the description of her dog guardians is of particular significance. Dogs were the warders of hell in Vedic as in Greek mythology (cf. Cerberus and the Sarameyas, Syama and Cerbura) and dogs accompany the wild huntsman and Charon. Among Icelandic fishermen, it is unlucky to have a dog near boats or nets (Powell, *Icelandic Legends*). Storms are foretold on the coast of Cornwall by a spectral dog (Hunt, *Romances and Droll of the North of England*). And it is said that Satan raised a storm at Bongay, England, in 1597, coming out of the waves in the form of a dog (Bassett, *Legends of the Sea*, p. 90). To mention the name of a dog will bring on a storm, say Scotch fishermen, and the dog when he howls foretells the tempest. "The wind will come from the direction in which a dog points his nose when he howls." He is connected with the wild hunt in nearly all folklore as a psychopomp, or soul-bearer, and is generally diabolical. On board a ship, however, he is not usually disliked, probably by reason of his usefulness on watch in port. The dog, however, is not a natural figure on shipboard and when he is found in such a story as that just cited off the coast of Brittany, the prototype is undoubtedly Cerberus or similar demons in canine form. Of the appearance of the dog with the wild huntsman or in the spectral canoe of Sebastian Lacelle (Hamlin, *La Chasse Galerie*), we should perhaps find explanation in the comradeship of the primitive man with his dog out of which grew the custom of the sacrifice of the dog with his dead master and the belief that the faithful soul of the dog would share the fate of his condemned master. Thus, in the wild hunt of the Malay, we find that the two dogs with which the hunter set out on the quest of the pregnant male deer, still accompany him in his endless search (Skeats, *Malay Magic*), and the faithful hound of the Indian hunter still barks from the canoe of the spectral voyager.

American and English sailors, though without the picturesque imagery of the Latin mind, are for this very reason to be given credence when they do tell a tale of supernatural sights. Though all sailors are ready to rig their "yarn tackle" when occasion offers, American and English sailors have more education and less superstition, more fear of ridicule and less ready fancy than their Gallic mates, and moreover have an independent and controversial cast of mind which will seldom permit them to give out the fancy of another as the truth. If they tell a story that is all "spun yarn"

they put it in the best material at their command and ask no corroboration. When we find officers, supercargo and crew reporting a spectral ship we may be sure the story is worthy of inspection. The diary of the two sons of Edward of England in the "Bacchante" in 1881 contains the following entry:

"At 4. A. M., the *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. A strange, red light, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the mast, spars and sails of a brig two-hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up. The lookout man on the fore-castle reported her as close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarter-deck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the fore-castle; but on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Dieman or the Flying Dutchman, or who, she must remain unknown. The Tourmaline and Cleopatra, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light."

Another English log entry made in 1835 by Mr. R. M. Martin runs as follows:

"We had been in 'dirty weather' as the sailors say, for several days, and to beguile the afternoon, I commenced after-dinner narratives to the French officers and passengers (who were strangers to the eastern seas) current about the 'Flying Dutchman.' The wind which had been freshening during the evening, now blew a stiff gale, and we proceeded on deck to see the crew make our bark all snug for the night. The clouds, dark and heavy, coursed with rapidity across the bright moon, where luster is so peculiar in the southern hemisphere, and we could see a distance of from eight to ten miles on the horizon. Suddenly, the second officer, a fine Marseilles sailor, who had been among the foremost in the cabin in laughing at and ridiculing the story of the 'Flying Dutchman' ascended the weather rigging, exclaiming, '*Voila le volant Hollandais!*' The captain sent for his night glass and soon observed, 'It is very strange, but there is a ship bearing down on us with *all sail* set, while we dare scarcely show a pocket-handkerchief to the breeze.' In a few minutes the stranger was visible to all on deck, her rig plainly discernible, and people on her poop; she seemed to near us with the rapidity of lightning, and apparently wished to pass under our quarter for the purpose of speaking. The captain, a resolute Bordeaux mariner, said it was quite incomprehensible

and sent for the trumpet to hail an answer, when in an instant, and while we were all on the *qui vive*, the stranger totally disappeared, and was seen no more."

Fishermen and others have often reported a phantom ship off the harbor of San Francisco. She is said to be the ghost of the old clipper "Tennessee" which on dark rainy nights, outside the heads, the pilots occasionally speak but never board, and which is the phantom terror of the experienced navigators of this coast. She has been seen dozens of times, the sailors aver, from decks and from Telegraph Hill. She is always running for port with all canvas crowded on, but she never gets further in than Lime Point. There she disappears, only to reappear far outside the whistling buoy prepared for another attempt to enter the port, which, as a punishment to the shade of the captain, she will never reach.

Another story told in the dark sailor taverns of "Frisco" has a richness of setting and a glory of dramatic action which are unequaled in all the splendid tales of the sea. In the forward mess the wanderer passes as the "doomed dago of the Linshotens." Here is the story as told by the master of a down east clipper.

"I had to beat down from Woosung to the Saddles, and keep Rube McCaslin, the oldest Shanghai pilot aboard. He told me a yarn about a Portuguese pirate who used to voyage the coast in 1500. After a descent in Samonoseki, when he and his crew committed many atrocities, he killed a Daimio, and carried away his daughter, and the pirate and his dreaded craft mysteriously disappeared and never a trace of him was found, either on the adjacent coast or by the fleet of Japanese war-junks which were seeking to effect his capture.

"Then arose," said old Rube, 'the superstition of the doomed Dago, which is connected with the very strait through which you will pass to get out into the broad Pacific. I give it to you for what it is worth. I've piloted vessels through those seas nigh on to thirty years, and have had versions of it one way and another often enough. The land that you will pass closest to going through the Linshotens is a fire mountain. It's going almost all the time, but the story says that sometimes there's more than ordinary spouting of red-hot stuff. If this happens to be at night, the mountain belches up, and the red-hot ashes hang on it for a moment just like a great fiery umbrella. Then they will drop hissing into the sea, and everything will be dark.

"After this, there'll loom up to windward, and right out against the thickest darkness, the shadowy form of an old sixteenth-century

galleon. She'll come tearing along with every sail set, faster than one of your eighteen-knot tea-clippers, and what's most curious, there'll be a dead calm just at this time, and the sails of the sight-seer will flap against the mast. The phantom will pass within hailing distance and you can see on her deck the dead dagos standing around while a set figure stands at the rudder, grasping the form of a Japanese girl.

"The whole thing whizzes by and makes for the strait. When it gets there—*who-oo!*—up goes the great fire umbrella out of the mountain again, and rains down over the phantom, apparently licking her up in one burst of conflagration. Then it's pitch dark again and the performance is over."

Here again as in the case of Dahul and Sandovalle, punishment has been meted out to the brutal pirate and murderer. This, if the pilot is to be believed, is one of the earliest of the Flying Dutchman, and we may well hope from the evidence which we have of the deeds of the Portuguese and Spanish sea ruffians of the sixteenth century that some of them still suffer for their villainy. This idea of fit punishment for brutality is contained in the chantey printed in the *Bookman* (June, 1904), purporting to date from the early nineteenth century. Here a drunken captain kills his cabin boy, and as punishment the ship will forever cruise with the corpse of the murdered boy following in its wake.

"Make sail! make sail! Ah, woe is me!
 Leave quick this horrid sight!
 But the body rolls in the counter's lee
 In a sheen of phosphor light.

"And so for a day, a month, a year—
 And so for the years to come,
 Shall the perjured captain gaze in fear
 On the bloody work of rum."

In our own waters within the bailiwick of the late burgomaster of New Amsterdam, there is still a wandering Dutchman whom the splendid Hudson River packets and the fast yachts of the American Rhine never disturbed, but who has not been sighted since the invasion of the gasoline launch. Irving writes of him:

"This ship is of round Dutch build, that might be the Flying Dutchman or Hendrick Hudson's Halfmoon, which ran aground there seeking the northwest passage to China." He says this ship is seen all along the river from Tadpaan Zee to Hoboken. The ship is under command of the Heer of the Dunderburg.

He recounts another story of skipper Daniel Ouslesticker of

Fish Hill, who, in a squall, saw a figure astride his bowsprit, which was exorcised by Domine Van Greson of Esopus, who sang the legend of St. Nicholas. He says that since that time all vessels passing the spot lower their peaks out of tribute. (*Bracebridge Hall*, 289.)

Clark Russell in his *Voyage to the Cape* thus describes the wanderer:

"She was painted yellow, of yellow were the dim churchyard lines that I marked her hull was coated with. She was low in the bows with a great spring aft, crowned by a kind of double poop, one above another, and what I could see of the stern was almost pear-shape, supposing the fruit inverted with the stalk sliced off. She had three masts each with a large protected circular top, resembling turrets, sails of the texture of cobwebs hung from her squareyards."

Of interest in connection with this legend is the widespread belief among sailors that seabirds are wandering souls of evil doers condemned to continual movement. (*Revue des traditions populaires*, XV, 603.)

"At sea at night little birds give plaintive cries. Superstitious sailors call them *âmes des maîtres*, believing they bear the souls of the masters of lost ships crying out until their bodies shall be carried to earth for Christian burial" (*Ibid.*, 163).

"'Goneys an' gullies an' all o' the birds o' the sea,
They ain't no birds, not really,' said Bill the Dane.
'Not mollies, nor gullies, nor goneys at all,' said he,
'But simply the sperrits of mariners livin' again.

"'Them birds goin' fishin' is nothin' but souls o' the drowned,
Souls o' the drowned an' the kicked as are never no more;
An' that there haughty old albatross cruisin' around,
Belike he's Admiral Nelson or Admiral Noah.'"

At the entrance of the Golden Horn on the Bosphorus, one sees a sort of gray gull skimming along the waves and never seeming to light. Sailors call them *âmes en peine* and believe them to be the souls of cruel captains who are condemned to wander thus until the end of the world. (Rene Stiebel, *Ibid.*, 8, 311.) We are reminded that most of these beliefs are the offspring of the primitive mind which looks upon death as a state brought about by wizards who have expelled the soul. In Zulu and South African belief these wizards or "Hili" live in rivers and have the power to steal men's souls and leave their bodies to wander forever.

Mac Donald, in his *Religion and Myth*, says:

"A sleeper must not be rudely or hurriedly awakened lest his soul like Baal of old should be on a journey and have no time to return to reenter the body. In that case the man might not die, but he would cease to be human and go to wander forever in the forest like those corpses raised by witchcraft, and who are doomed to an eternal wandering in mist and rain."

A condemned sailor of Flanders wanders without any ship. His soul is contained in a mysterious fiery globe which rises in the evening from the Escaut river near Kieldrecht in Eastern Flanders. The apparition always goes in the direction of the village of Verrebroect. (A. Harou, *Ibid.*, XI, 575.) Worthy of note also is the legend of the captain who in the form of a dog is chained to his sunken ship off Fresnaye on the coast of France. This curious punishment was inflicted by fairies after the devil had promised the captain immortality. Note here the devil-pact, the conflict of good and evil spirits and the deathless life. ("Le bateau sous la mer," *Revue tr. pop.*, XV, 139; cf. "Le château sous la mer," *ibid.*, XV, 173; Rhys, *Celtic Folk Lore*, II, 402.)

Having surveyed the field of parallel and related legends, we may now ask, what is the solution of this tragic enigma and what lies back of the modern legend? As usual in the study of folk tales, we find in the language even of the modern story, the key to its history. Vanderdecken is a Dutchman, and his name may be literally translated "of the cloak," (Dutch, *dek*, *deken*, a cloak; *dekken*, to cover). No cloak appears in the legend and it is not a sea garment, but let us inquire about the wild huntsman who shares the fate of Vanderdecken. He is known in Germany and Denmark as Hackelberg or Hackelbärend, which literally means cloak-bearer. Both Hackelbärend and Vanderdecken are storm spirits and bring wreck and disaster. The Teutonic storm god is Odin or Wotan (*vada*, to go violently, to rush). He is the spirit of the wind that raged upon the cold northern seas and through the marks or forests of heathen Germany. About him is the cloak of cloud that hides his terrible face. He is the cloak-bearer, the war-god seeking for souls whom he leads to Valhalla. Later he is the demon of the destructive tempest, the encourager of strife, the forerunner of death. Christianity cut down his sacred grove. Forest dwellers and the lonely villagers drew together and shut out their old gods with heavy walls. The old Teutonic gods might wander in the outlands and through the drear and vision-haunted forest, but they were no longer divine. The cross was raised above the banner. Odin was driven forth wild and dreadful, no longer God, but devil, no longer

the leader of the souls to Valhalla, but to Hel; thenceforth he was the god of the heathen, the dwellers of the haunted Teutonic heath. Henceforth he was the demon of the air, the forerunner of tempest and destruction.

The Eddas and the Imrama, or oversea voyages of the Irish contain no comparable legend. The story of Falkenburg remained the only prototype up to the time of circumnavigation when the legend attained full development, and curiously enough dropped the local type and the name of Falkenburg and returned to the early cloak-bearer of the north.

The Dutch were foremost of sailors to push into unknown seas and about the stormy Cape Horn. There they met baffling winds, the dread specter of the cape and all the uncanny appearances which have ever made this gateway to the east feared by sailors. Small wonder it is that they should set the slumbering psychopomp of the north to guard the spectral cape. Objectively, the legend might well have arisen out of many of the uncommon sights of the sea. Mirages, derelicts, abandoned ships and mist shapes assume spectral form in the eyes of the anxious lookout, and the many and appalling disasters of the sea readily lead the mariner to foreshadow evil from all uncommon happenings.

Literature and drama have found in the luckless captain a favorite theme. Marryat in his penny-dreadful tells the most fantastic stories of the wanderer. Cooper in *Red Rover* and Russell in *The Death Ship* and *A Voyage to the Cape*, have given nautical setting to the tragedy; and in Germany, Hoffmann, Zedlitz, Hauff, Nothvogel, Konigsmunde and Otto have made use of the theme. It is among the poets however that we find the chief chroniclers of the Dutchman. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" has fascinated many with his gray beard and glittering eye. Longfellow in his "Phantom Ship" and "Ballad of Carmilhan" sings of

"A ship of the dead that sails the sea
And is called the Carmilhan,
A ghastly ship with a ghastly crew,
In tempests she appears,
And before the gale or against the gale
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers."

Celia Thaxter in "The Cruise of the Mystery" tells of a condemned slaver. Leyden, a Scotch poet, draws a strong picture. John Boyle O'Reilly, Bret Harte, Campbell, Scott and Hood have given variants of the story in literary form. Whittier found here the

material for his "Wreck of the Schooner Breeze," his "Salem Spectre Ship," his "Dead Ship of Harpswell." Best known perhaps is Wagner's music drama. Here the story finds its most magnificent setting. Departing from the rude sailor legend with its flavor of medieval theology, Wagner engrafts upon it the splendid chivalric theme of the redeeming power of love. So tenacious was that early concept of the sea of death and darkness that we find in all the variants of the legend hardly a mention of the possibility of salvation. No favoring wind blows upon the Dutchman, no messenger receives the letters from the hands of those pathetic figures. His ship is the hieroglyph of despair. Nothing relieves the utter hopelessness of his fate. Its roots go far back into the day of the spiteful and malignant gods. The sea and the desert, fire and death know no relenting. The pagan bitterness of the legend is masked by the art of the dramatist who raises in Senta the image of a new force in the world, the power of love. As Christianity with its doctrine of love and redemption opened to the pagan world the way to hope and rest, so Senta is the harbor light to the wanderer of the seas of despair. She is the triumph of the new faith. *Ohne Ziel, ohne Rast, ohne Ruh*, is resolved into the harmony of peace.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

BY LYDIA G. ROBINSON.

ROMAIN ROLLAND is best known outside of France for his long novel *Jean-Christophe* which was published by Ollendorff in Paris in ten small volumes, and has been widely read in the three-volume form of the English translation. It has also been translated into German, Italian, Polish, Russian and Swedish, an unusual record for a contemporary novel. It is a remarkable study of the evolution of a human soul and has won many admirers and friends for its author, who was already a prominent figure among the litterateurs and artists of France. The novel, whose hero is a German musician, while critical of the philistinism of certain conservative circles bears witness to much sympathy with German art and idealism on the part of its author, and to a high appreciation of the German people and their contributions to the uplift of mankind. It has been described by Adolphe Ferrière¹ as "that vast epic of a

¹ In an article "Comment les individualistes jugent leur prochain" in the international review *Coenobium* (March-April, 1916, pp. 1-19) p. 2. This article forms the second chapter of a book entitled *Ma patrie l'Europe*, which it is announced will appear soon "if circumstances permit."

Germanic soul and of a Latin soul converging beyond time and space toward a European soul of a higher essence."

In M. Ferrière's opinion Romain Rolland is "the European in whom is best incarnated, above and beyond all nationalistic spirit, the spirit of the common fatherland, the spirit of supernational civilization."

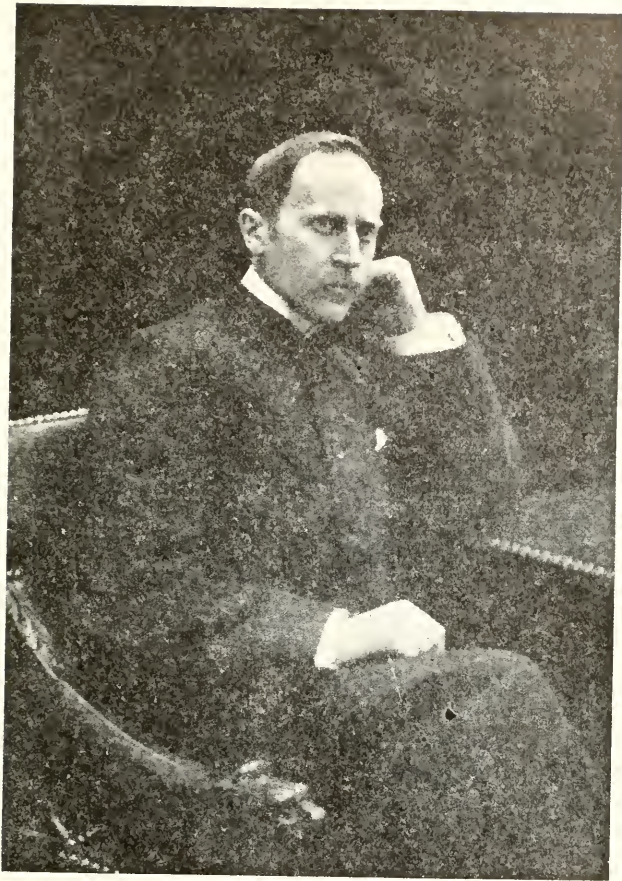
Since the opening of the war M. Rolland has written various articles which have been collected into a volume under the title *Au-dessus de la mêlée*, translated into English by C. K. Ogden as *Above the Battle* (Open Court Publishing Company, 1916). Although loyally French in its character, the book has met with sharp criticism from influential groups of the author's hysterical countrymen for that very breadth of human outlook which has endeared him to the men in the trenches and to onlookers from without.

Mr. Ferrière is authority for the statement that few Frenchmen have read the German newspapers and reviews since the beginning of the war to the extent that Rolland has, and this very effort at impartiality and comprehension insures a competence of judgment lacking in his opponents.

The Nobel Prize Committee had it in mind to award Romain Rolland the peace prize, but being informed by his personal friend, Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, that this selection would give offense to the patriotic party in France, the project was finally abandoned. Strange enough this friend has been one of the most virulent of Rolland's critics. M. Ferrière cannot forgive him for this. After speaking of the narrow minds who could never pardon Rolland for being the "watchful guardian of my country, Europe," M. Ferrière goes on to say:² "And why must they count among their number that French publicist, son of the renowned clergyman whom idealistic Geneva venerated within her walls as a patriarch and a prophet? His open letter to R. Rolland which appeared in *La Revue* is in my eyes the cap sheaf of bitter polemics, a structure of hate erected of materials which were in appearance of the purest character: a document and facts (partially false, however, as has been proved), a sham emotion appealing to the noblest sentiments. . . . this is what the letter is composed of. How could an honest man subscribe to this statement—a man whose power is increased tenfold by the elegance of his style and whose pen is recognized as one of the most eloquent of the French press?"

The negative results of this interference on the part of M. Loyson have later been mitigated to some extent by the action of

² Translated from *Coenobium*, loc. cit., pp. 6-7.



Romain Rolland

the Swedish Academy in awarding to Romain Rolland, as playwright and novelist, in the autumn of 1916 the Nobel prize for *literature* for 1915 which had been held in reserve.

Numerous as are the critics of R. Rolland, his admirers and loyal defenders are greater in number. His enemies claim that his criticism of war from the humanitarian point of view would tend to discourage the soldiers and make them dissatisfied with themselves and the task at hand, but *La revue mensuelle* has been at considerable pains to gather the opinion of readers in the trenches. It finds them practically unanimous in testifying to the inspiration the book has brought them and to their affection for its author.

The author himself makes reply to the hostile attitude in a letter addressed to G. Proch and published in the *Hommes du jour* for August 21, 1915: "And I say it is an outrage on France to pretend to impose as a motto for her cause that impious phrase of an Albert Guinon, 'Whatever love a man gives to humanity he steals from his country,' and to stop the mouths of those who say: 'Who wrongs humanity wrong his country; and who loves France well likewise loves well humanity.'"

Two brief quotations from *Above the Battle* will serve to show its spirit. In the first words of his Preface the author sounds the slogan of the European spirit, the spirit of humanity:

"A great nation assailed by war has not only its frontiers to protect; it must also protect its good sense. It must protect itself from the hallucinations, injustices, and follies which the plague lets loose. To each his part: to the armies the protection of the soil of their native land; to the thinkers the defense of its thought. If they subordinate that thought to the passions of their people they may well be useful instruments of passion; but they are in danger of betraying the spirit, which is not the least part of a people's patrimony."

Again on page 120: "Champions of *Kultur* and of civilization, of the Germanic races and of Latinity, enemies, friends, let us look one another in the eyes. My brother, do you see there a heart similar to your own, with the same hopes, the same egoism, and the same heroism and power of vision which forever refashions its gossamer web? *Vois-tu pas que tu est moi?* said the aged Hugo to one of his enemies. . . ."

American readers may like to have some outline of the external facts of Rolland's life. He was the son of a lawyer of Clamecy. His early education was at the college of Clamecy, then at the age of fifteen or sixteen he left for Paris where he studied at the Lycée

Louis-le-Grand. From 1886 to 1889 he was a student at the Ecole Normale Supérieure; and from 1889 to 1892 a student at the French school at Rome in the Farnese Palace. He was made a fellow in history and Doctor of Letters in 1895 with a thesis on the history of opera in Europe in the eighteenth century, and another thesis in Latin on the causes of the decadence of Italian painting. He was a professor of the history of art at the Ecole Normale Supérieure from 1897 to 1902, and then at the Sorbonne from 1902 to 1910. Since then he has given up teaching in order to devote himself entirely to literature, though at present he is actively engaged in Geneva in the work of the International Agency for Prisoners of War under the auspices of the International Red Cross. Aside from *Above the Battle* his works may be thus summarized:

1. Several dramatic pieces, three or four of which have been played; six were published in two volumes by Hachette of Paris.

2. Several works on the history of music. Two of them "Musicians of Other Days" and "Musicians of To-day" have been translated into English and published by Henry Holt of New York.

3. Some heroic biographies: Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Tolstoy, etc.

4. The ten volumes of *Jean-Christophe*.

5. In preparation with Ollendorff as publisher *Colas Brugnon*, a new novel.

A personal letter to the editor of *The Open Court* will also prove of interest. The portrait here reproduced is taken from Seippel's book, according to M. Rolland's own suggestion. His letter, translated into English, is in part as follows:

"I am purely French from the center of France, without any admixture of foreign blood. I was born January 29, 1866, at Clamecy in Nièvre, and my family on both my father's and my mother's side has lived in that region for many centuries. I will add that although I know a little about Germany through her arts and letters as well as through certain precious friendships, yet I have never made any but short visits there, whereas I have passed some years in Italy toward which my instinctive sympathies draw me very closely.

"People judge me by one single work, *Jean-Christophe*; but this contains but one part of my thought which is in its full creative activity. When the war is over I intend to publish a work of an entirely different character, one in which the Gallic basis of my nature will find expression. I feel myself profoundly French, but at the same time profoundly human—*homo sum, nil humani a me*

alienum puto. I cannot endure narrow and arrogant nationalism, nor stupid hatred between peoples each of which has its greatness and its weaknesses and is necessary to the others for human progress. I consider that in defending such a cause I am defending that of France—of greater France—and if this attitude brings me injury and hostility I regret it but I shall not change my attitude in the least. I know that I am doing my duty, and that it will be recognized later when the fanatical delirium which now vexes European brains shall have passed away.”

THE ART OF JAPANESE BUDDHISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

M. ANESAKI, one of the greatest authorities on the science of comparative religion, professor at the Imperial University of Tokyo, and author of many books in his specialty, spent two years in this country where he was engaged as professor of Japanese literature and life at Harvard University. He delivered four lectures at the Museum of Fine Arts, at Boston, and these embellished by a number of fine illustrations have been published in book form in a stately and beautiful volume under the title *Buddhist Art in its Relation to Buddhist Ideals, with Special Reference to Buddhism in Japan.*¹

Here is a religious man of a non-Christian faith, a scholar of international repute, who dedicates his work to a Roman Catholic saint, “the pious and beautiful soul of Saint Francis of Assisi,” and throughout the book we feel a thrill of religious faith aglow with universal devotion and recognition of other faiths, and endowed with a feeling of the kinship that ought to obtain among all of them.

In this universality of spirit we notice, however, that the roots of the author’s sources reach deeply into his own soul and are characteristically peculiar to himself. He is not only a Buddhist, he is a Japanese, and it seems that whatever meets our eye in this volume is Japanese Buddhism and the factors which have developed Japanese art. Under this perspective we see Hindu and Chinese art included.

Nor is the book limited to religious topics. We find also contributions to secular art, and among them the humor of the human

¹ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., Price \$6.00.

oozes out, for instance, in the painting of the three laughers (Plate XXXVIII), which represents a recluse visited by two of his friends. For thirty years the recluse had kept his vow not to cross the bridge which secluded his hermitage from the rest of the world, but during a visit from two old comrades when he started out with them to see them off, all three became so absorbed in their merry talk that he too had crossed the bridge before he noticed it. When they dis-



THE THREE LAUGHERS. Plate XXXVIII.

covered what had happened all broke out into a merry laugh. It seems as if the purpose of the painting by Soga Shohaku (1730-83) is almost irreligious, for it ridicules the narrowness of religious vows, selecting one, to be sure, which may justly be considered irrelevant, but nevertheless exhibiting a triumph of the human over the narrowly religious, and the merry laugh proves that the trespass is not taken seriously.

The frontispiece of our volume is a triptych similar to the

Christian triptychs in Christian cathedrals though Buddhist in style and conception. It represents the "Amita Triad," the Buddhist trinity, and is a reproduction of a Japanese painting ascribed to Eshin Sozu Genshin (942-1017). The inscriptions in the two upper corners of the painting express the devotion of the artist to the Buddha.

In the preface Professor Anesaki declares that he did not attempt a history of Buddhist art in all its phases, but wished rather to elucidate it in its developed form, and so in the first chapter he treats of the connection between Buddhist art and Buddhist ideals. He wishes to introduce his audience to the spirit of Buddhist devotion which has found expression in these various details and representations of religious contemplation.

Here Western readers will probably expect more than is offered, for the inspiration of Buddhist piety is not plainly exhibited, and Professor Anesaki does not feel the need of elucidating to the average Western mind the religious devotion of Buddhists to ideas which leave the heart of a Christian untouched.

The text is illustrated by forty-seven plates, representing among other subjects a Buddhist memorial stela, the top of a gateway to the great stupa at Sanchi, India, and some Gandhara sculptures executed by the Greek invaders of India who had turned Buddhist and who had become the founders of a definite style in Buddhist art. We also find several Kwannons, the merciful All-mother of Asiatic Buddhism; a beautiful statue of Brahma, the king of the heavenly hosts, photographed from a Japanese lacquer sculpture; nor is Fudo missing, the deity representing will power to the Japanese people.

There is also a diagram of the Red Order (*Shuji Mandala*) which represents the different divinities that exercise their power in the various branches of the dispensation in the shape of Sanskrit letters. Further the six-armed deity Aizen-Myowo (in Sanskrit, *Raga*) representing the passions—a deity recognized as powerful but by no means worshiped as pure or unmixed in his qualities—has also been admitted into the cycle of this collection. The trinity of the Buddhist faith representing Buddha himself in the center, and his two main disciples—Fugen on an elephant at his right and Monju on a tiger at his left—is seen here pictured in the orthodox fashion. It portrays the contrast of the Buddhist doctrine in its all-embracing love and all-pervading comprehension, in its particularity and its universality.

Plate XXVIII represents the syncretism of the Japanese



DABBO THE MALLIAN. Plate XXXVII.

national religions, Shinto and Buddhism. The Shinto deities were transfigured into Buddha incarnations, and the two religions developed side by side. Here in this plate of the Kasuga temple we see five figures: in the center Shaka (i. e., Buddha); Yakushi, the Lord of medicine, above on the right; Jizo, above on the left; Monju, with sword and scripture below on the left; an eleven-headed Kwannon with a flask in her left hand below on the right.

The same belief in the universality of a local deity in the Kasuga hills is found in a hymn of the eleventh century which praises the deity of the country and assures the worshipers that he will look down upon his people in mercy and endow them with prosperity.

A peculiar though typically Buddhist conception is represented in Plate XXXVII where a story is illustrated which is told of the Buddhist saint, Darbha Malli-Putra in Udana VIII, 9. As translated by Albert J. Edmunds in *The Open Court* for February, 1900, and but slightly altered in his *Buddhist and Christian Gospels* (Philadelphia, 1909, Vol. II, pages 174-175) it reads as follows:

“At one season the Blessed One was staying in the bamboo grove beside the squirrels’ feeding-ground, at Râjagaha. And the venerable Dabbo the Mallian approached the Blessed One, saluted him and sat on one side, and so sitting, said to him: ‘O Auspicious One, my time is at hand to enter Nirvâna.’ [The Buddha answered:] ‘Whatever you think fit, O Dabbo.’ Then the venerable Dabbo the Mallian rose from his seat, saluted the Blessed One, and keeping him on his right hand, went up into the sky and sat in the posture of meditation in the ether, in the empyrean. Intensely meditating on the nature of flame he ascended and passed into Nirvâna.

“And when the venerable Dabbo the Mallian had thus gone up, meditated and ascended, there remained neither ashes nor soot of his body when passed away, consumed and burnt. Even as, when ghee or oil is consumed and burnt, neither ashes nor soot remains, so was it with the body of the venerable Dabbo the Mallian. And forthwith the Blessed One, having understood the fact, gave vent on that occasion to the following Udana:

“The body dissolved, perception ceased, all sensations were utterly consumed;

“The constituents of existence were stilled, consciousness and sense departed.’”

This story does not perhaps correspond so much to the resur-

rection of Christ in the domain of Christian traditions as to Elijah's ascent to heaven.

We also find typically Chinese pictures. We refer to what Professor Anesaki calls a travesty of Han-Shan and Shih Ti. Since the representation of two Chinese poets as women seemed puzzling we sought an explanation and obtained the following facts from Mr. Suh Hu, a young Chinese scholar temporarily employed at Columbia University in New York City:

"According to the 'Lives of Great Buddhists', these two poets sought concealment in the kitchen of a Buddhist temple, where it was their duty to watch the fire in the stove. Another monk of high attainment disclosed their identity to the prefect of Tai Chow, who soon came to worship them in the kitchen. This discovery made their stay in the temple impossible, so they left, and according to popular lore they disappeared into the crevices of the rocks.

"That they have ever been represented as women is quite unknown to me. I have seen pictures of them, and always they are represented as beggars with all the madness and eccentricities which the 'Lives of Great Buddhists' attributes to them."

Professor Anesaki's book is a valuable contribution to the history of Buddhist art, and the publishers have done their best to bring out the pictures in a dignified and artistic form. We may add that the binding is as simple and serviceable as circumstances demand.

RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

WITH REFERENCE TO O. C. BACKOF'S "PSYCHOLOGY OF GERMAN ACTION."

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. Otto C. Backof's contention in his article, "The Psychology of German Action" in the December issue, may be summed up in the statement that the Germans are inclined to a group form of action. This means that men are not merely individuals but are inclined to group themselves together in order to carry out a common purpose by a coalition which naturally will make them more efficient than if they acted as isolated units. This is true, and I will not contradict it; but I wish to emphasize that this tendency is not exclusively German but Germanic, by which I mean that it is strongly manifested in all German peoples, especially the English,

and the Saxon race generally, including the lowland Scotch, the Scotch-Irish and other northern European peoples.

According to the most recent theories in anthropology the human race did not originate in the East and spread from a middle ground between Asia and Europe in the vicinity of the Hindu-Kush mountains as was formerly thought, but had its origin in central Europe. There the monuments of primitive man have been discovered in the caves of Belgium and near by, where the remains of the Neanderthal man have been found. The most recent view contends that in this portion of the world man has developed from his state of *homo alalus* to the type of the European of to-day, and that from here at different stages adventurous groups went forth to sunnier and more favorable climes. They pushed south, taking possession of Africa where they became arrested in their development and now represent the different more or less humanized strata of the race. The Hottentot, the negro, the somewhat more civilized Abyssinian, and the Arabian, represent progressively higher types in the successive stages of the development of the original stock. Later the currents of migration went westward and can be traced in the Mongolian, the Ainu, the Slav, and finally the Aryan.

There is a tendency to group-formation even in the most primitive man, but as the race advances this phase too becomes more and more highly developed. I would say that we have here to deal with a condition of reciprocal cause and effect, where group-action develops a higher type of mind, and a higher type of mind produces more and more pronounced group-action. Take specimens of *homo sapiens* in a higher stage of development and they will naturally develop a better organized society, and this better organized society in turn will naturally produce better and more highly developed minds. Accordingly I would say that the last stage in the development of humankind would naturally show a greater tendency and readiness to group-action than was manifested in the lower stages. This tendency is most highly developed in the Germanic races. Yet I would hesitate to say that group-action is the cause of a more efficient mentality, for we are equally justified in making the converse statement that a higher mentality favors the development of group-action.

In this connection, however, we insist that group-action does not develop directly as a tendency to submissiveness to autocratic forms of government; it develops hand in hand with a strong insistence on individual liberty, and this is noticeable in all Germanic races. But all Germanic races, including the Saxon tribes, empha-

size both phases, submission to law and insistence on personal liberty, and this combination of qualities can be seen in its most recent development in America. Even the opposing tendencies toward trust formation on the one hand and labor unionism on the other are but two phases of this development. We will grant to Mr. Backof that the regulation of these conflicting elements in Germanic peoples is best worked out in Germany, but the phenomena themselves are almost more pronounced in England and in the United States than in the Fatherland.

One point may be added here which may serve to show the significance of this feature of Germanic society. Germanic peoples, more than any others, have the faculty of organizing peoples into states, and as a result of this characteristic we have the peculiar fact that almost all the royal families are of Germanic origin. The Russian family were *Varangers* or *Varangians* which are of Norse extraction, and the Ruriks are their descendants. The Slavs did not have the talent of organizing states, and foreigners have had to enter the country and become their princes.

During the middle ages the guilds developed by the same natural tendencies which have produced the labor unions of to-day. And when the guilds lost their significance at the end of the seventeenth century by the growth of a new order of things which abolished the medieval institution, the idea of the guild with its moral world-conception developed the ideal brotherhood of Freemasons which prescribes the underlying philosophy of the guilds and uses the terminology of the trade the members had been accustomed to practice, to symbolize its conceptions of the world and of human existence. Thus God became to them the architect of the world.

The Latin races have not developed the same strength of group activity. They either emphasize the state as a relation between ruler and subject or carry the ideals of liberty to the extent of absolute license. The combination of these two tendencies has been best developed in Germanic states, and even to-day in the most recent development of Saxon tradition in the United States we emphasize our demand for liberty by emphasizing at the same time the necessity for law and order. If a president has been elected by a slight majority the defeated party submits without question, whereas in Latin republics a civil war would be in prospect if the defeated minority had any chance to assert itself by force of arms.

Shall we say that all this is a result of group-action? Are not, rather, group-action, submission to law and order, and the tendency to organized cooperation symptoms of a higher mentality?—the

latter involving, as it does, a readiness to organization, including group-action, without surrendering the demand for liberty.

MISCELLANEOUS. THE MOSQUE AT MECCA.

In the December number of *The Open Court* for 1916 we discussed the significance of the Caaba at Mecca and we now present as frontispiece to the current number a Persian representation of this Moslem Holy of Holies

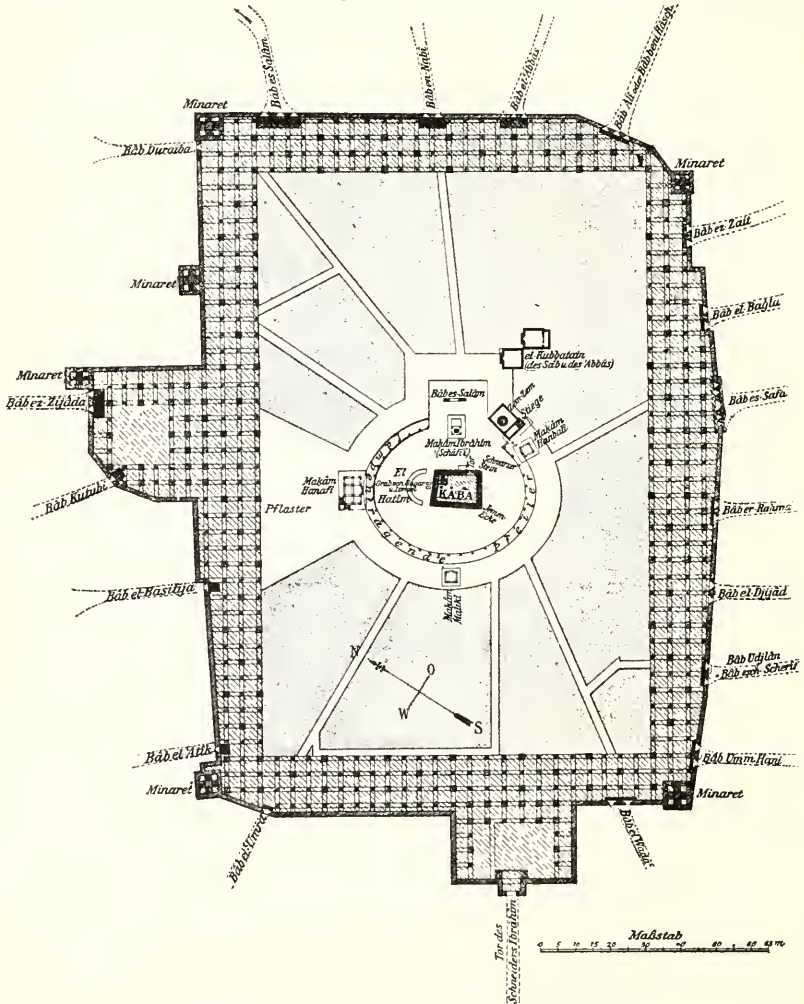


DIAGRAM OF THE MOSQUE AT MECCA.

After a sketch by Ali Bey and Dr. Burton.

as it appears in a manuscript of the year 990 after the Hegira (1583 A. D.) in the possession of Dr. Zander of Berlin (T. Mann, *Der Islam einst und jetzt*).

The accompanying diagram helps to explain the details of our frontispiece though allowances must be made for the different direction of points of the compass. In the center we have the Caaba, the building which contains the sacred black stone in its eastern corner. The south corner pointing in the direction of Yemen is called the Yemen corner. On the northern side are two slabs of greenish marble believed to be the tombs of Hagar and Ishmael. They are surrounded by *el hatim* which means "the broken," a semicircular wall supposed to mark the original extent of the Caaba. The whole is surrounded by a circle of columns surmounted by lamps. In front of the Caaba we see the *Babes-salam*, the Gate of Peace through which Mohammed entered when he was chosen to life the black stone into its proper place. Between this and the building itself is the *Makam Ibrahim* (the station of Abraham) where the patriarch's footprint is supposed to be preserved. It is a small building supported by six pillars. This is the station where the *imam* of the Shafi'i sect stands when he leads his fellow members in their prayers. There are three other stations (*makam*) on each of the other three sides for the *imams* of the other orthodox Mohammedan sects: To the right, the Makam Hanbali, to the left the Makam Hanafi, and the Makam Maliki opposite the first. At the east corner of the enclosure we find several small buildings the first of which covers the sacred *zam zam* well. A stairway leads to the upper story. Further out toward the east there are two ugly buildings called *el-Kubatain* which serve the purpose of store rooms for utensils used in the care of the masque. Not shown in the diagram but near the *makam Ibrahim* is a pulpit or *mimbar*.

THE PROBLEMS OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Mr. Victor S. Yarros of Hull House, Chicago, writes as follows concerning a recent American movement for international peace:

"A number of distinguished Americans have formed a League of Peace, or an American branch of what they hope may become in time a world-wide League of Peace. The platform adopted by the gentlemen at their Philadelphia meeting appears to be reasonable and moderate. It urges arbitration of all justiciable disputes while favoring discussion, investigation and earnest effort at the adjustment of non-justiciable controversies. Avoidable war is to be prevented by *force majeure*! that is, if any power or nation that voluntarily becomes a member of the League shall make war on any other member without reason or justice it will become the immediate duty of all the other members to punish and coerce that aggressor into surrender.

"There is no civilized man or group of men in the world that does not devoutly wish to prevent preventable war. Those who would fight for the sake of keeping alive the so-called military virtues are negligible alike numerically and morally. So far as the principle of the League is concerned, all should be plain and smooth sailing. No great nation should hesitate to join a league of peace that is really designed to discourage and restrain mere aggression or erratic, rash and impetuous Jingoism. But it is clear that before the great nations join the projected League and solemnly bind themselves to fight for peace, if necessary, many questions will have to be put and answered.

"Wherever the ultimate appeal is to force there must be a supreme tribunal to hear and determine controversies, to decide that this litigant is right

and that wrong, to render judgment and demand obedience. States and federations of states have their supreme tribunals; in forming a federation the constituent states agree to abide by the decision of the supreme federal tribunal. Where will supreme judicial authority be lodged in the League of Peace? Is an international tribunal to be created, and are the decisions of that tribunal to be final? If so, what if the judges disagree and there are majority and minority opinions filed? Is the majority opinion to prevail, and is a nation to make war even when its representatives on the tribunal hold that there is no occasion for war? Will parliaments and congresses and chief executives consent to abdicate, to surrender their own power and carry out the decisions of another tribunal? Will the nations consent to amend their respective constitutions to the full extent implied in the extraordinary proposal?

"If the true object of the League is peace propaganda, if no early practical results are expected by it, then the thought arises that the direction chosen by the founders of the League for peace propaganda is rather unpromising. It will not be easy to persuade any government to join the organization. The appeal will have to be addressed to public opinion, and, since this is the case, public opinion had better be addressed first with reference to deeper, underlying questions. In other words, leagues of peace should work for the removal of conditions that bring on war. What, in our day, are the causes of war? National arrogance, national jealousy, national greed and ambition, national suspicion and distrust. Kings and foreign ministers cannot make war unless they actually reflect public sentiment or have the craft and skill to make the nation believe they are serving, representing and reflecting its wishes and aspirations. Leagues of peace should determine in a thoroughly scientific and impartial manner what justice at any given time requires in international relations and affairs. They should then candidly and vigorously support those nations that ask and offer justice, and as candidly and vigorously assail those nations that demand too much for themselves and deny justice to other nations. Is a nation conspiring to close a door that should be open to all? Is a nation plotting to undermine another nation's commercial prosperity? Is a nation too ambitious and too selfish, and are its policies so unfair and dangerous that sooner or later they must lead to an explosion? Is any nation unjustly treated in connection with the development of new markets, the redistribution of colonial territory? Is any nation or group of nations seeking to isolate another nation or group and thereby stimulating military expenditures and measures of defense and offense? In any of these cases it would be the duty of a league of peace to expose and denounce the dangerous policies of the selfish, predatory or short-sighted and stupid governments.

"Such a program as this for a league of peace would tend to solve problems, to settle controversies, instead of breeding new problems and controversies. Such a program means hard and honest scientific study of knotty questions, and patient, unremitting efforts to develop a consensus of competent international opinion touching the "sore spots" of world politics and diplomacy. We greatly fear—or, rather, we have no doubt—that leagues of peace that ignore the deeper causes of war and neglect the spade work, the educational and scientific work above briefly outlined will be wasting their time and labor.

"We have had some fruitful investigations and studies of past wars. We have had fairly useful peace reports and pamphlets of a general character.

But this is not what is needed. Hindsight has its value, but foresight is better. The world has certain sore spots, as Bismarck called them, certain storm centers. Nations have grievances, actual or imaginary. Nations have complaints, causes of action, so to speak. Some of these are not in their nature arbitrable, and to ignore them is to endanger the peace and progress of the world. Let, then, an international league of peace undertake an earnest and unbiased study of these threatening complaints or causes of action, and let it work out, propose and energetically advocate just and reasonable settlements of these causes of action.

"Are we to take the position that national bias will bar the way to anything like a consensus of opinion on any question of the sort indicated? If so, leagues of peace are futile and vain enterprises. If scientific, philosophical, independent minds cannot agree on certain principles of international justice and right in the matter of colonial trade, open doors, protectorates, and buffer states, immigration and naturalization, and so on, how can any league or any tribunal created by it hope to enforce peace?"

"To put the matter most concretely, a league of peace should undertake to determine fearlessly what grievances Russia has, or Germany, or Austria, or Japan, or France, or Denmark, and what can and should be done by wise and honest diplomacy to remove these grievances. Such inquiries and findings would in truth powerfully contribute to the success of the peace movement."

* * *

Another writer in more or less the same vein is E. D. Brinkerhoff, who sends us for review a pamphlet bearing the ambitious title, *Constitution for the United Nations of the Earth*. The document is interesting but need not be treated seriously since neither Great Britain nor Germany nor the United States will accept Mr. Brinkerhoff's plan. The constitution is fashioned mainly after the pattern of the United States. The house of representatives is called by the Russian name "Duma"; their number is altogether 566, of whom the British Empire sends 143, the United States 36, France 32, Germany including all its colonies 25; Alsace-Lorraine-Luxemburg counts as a new state with the meager delegation of 1, while Belgium counts 10 and Abyssinia 4. The Senate is composed of two senators from each dominion. For some unknown reason the seat of the parliament of the United Nations of the Earth is not betrayed, nor is there any hint where the president will establish his abode.

The United Nations will keep a regular standing army and a navy. All its officers are required to speak "Esperanto, Ido, or other artificial language adopted by the parliament."

A president shall be elected, to be commander-in-chief of army and navy, and he shall have the appointing of "consuls, judges of the supreme court, ambassadors," etc.

The parliament shall not impose any income tax, nor capitation tax, nor make laws establishing patents or copyrights, nor interfere with the liquor or opium trade. Land would be taxed only "in proportion to the rental value." Freedom of speech and of religion is assured.

Section 11 sets forth the surrender of the rights of the present national powers (we refrain from following the reformed system of orthography in quoting):

"1. No dominion shall, without the consent of parliament, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace beyond its internal necessities.

"2. No dominion shall grant letters of marque and reprisal.

"3. No dominion shall engage in war with any dominion in or out of this Union unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

"4. The separate dominions shall not acquire or hold coaling stations outside of their own domain.

"5. No dominion shall enter into any treaty, alliance, *entente* or confederation; or enter into any agreement or compact with another nation except as to copyrights, patents, postal matters and extradition.

"6. All persons born or naturalized in the United Nations and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United Nations. No dominion shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United Nations.

"7. No nation shall secede from this Union."

We shall reserve further comments until Mr. Brinkerhoff's constitution shall have been adopted. People interested in his proposals should address the author directly, E. D. Brinkerhoff, 870 President Avenue, Fall River, Mass.

* * *

Still another plan to put an end to war has been suggested by General Harrison Gray Otis of California, in a pamphlet entitled "After the Great War—What?" It is similar to Mr. Brinkerhoff's proposal. A general government is to be established by an alliance of the great powers of the world which are to maintain a joint army and navy and will have a regular constitution to decide international questions. The armies and navies of the world would be allowed to remain as they are now, but if any one nation failed to obey, the universal government would suppress its ambition. The plan is very simple if you can establish such a general government. The pamphlet can be obtained from the "Press of Los Angeles Times," Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Some time ago there appeared in *Pearson's Magazine* an article by W. L. Stoddart entitled "On the Edge of a World Court,—A Chapter in Secret Diplomacy." This tells the story of the failure to establish a world's court on the very brink of the present world war, and expresses disappointment that an arbitral court had not been established to which the powers would have pledged their difference before going to war. But it is not likely that the present war could have been avoided even if such an arbitral court had been in existence, for the vote of the majority of the powers represented would have been predetermined before the question could have been laid before the judges.

The fact is that the proposition was made to let the great powers, England, France, Italy, Germany and Russia decide the quarrel between Austria and Serbia, but Austria could not accede to it because she knew that the majority of the judges would be against her whether right or wrong were on her side. The decision would have been a partisan vote in which the Austrian interests would be represented by the vote of Germany alone. Under these circumstances it is quite natural that Austria should have refused to recognize a court whose judges were determined to vote against her interests.

Such conditions would prevail constantly, and the present situation would

have been no exception. Therefore it is impossible for the powers to acknowledge an international court of justice. The nations and their governments are supreme and cannot submit to an international court without surrendering their own authority. The only form in which such a court could be established would be as council of advisers which could be appealed to in the case of justiciable quarrels among the powers. Such cases frequently turn up in history, and it is desirable even for great powers to avoid wars whenever possible; but in the present case it would have been hard, if not even impossible, to have the question settled by an appeal to an international court. The truth is that the quarrel between Austria and Serbia was a mere accident which served as a pretext for the war, for the real war is not directed against Austria so much as against Germany.

It is the phenomenal growth of Germany—or, as English diplomats express it, the aggressiveness of Germany—that is the reason of the war. German trade and commerce had begun to outstrip English industry and English trade all over the world. Germany was outstripping the English in iron manufacture and had become a dangerous competitor even in England's own colonies. At the same time the emperor began to build a German navy, and England foresaw danger. Although the German navy was only about one-half the size of the English navy her ships were good and all of the best and most modern type; her crews were at least as well trained as English sailors, and England had no means to prevent the further growth of Germany except by war, and under these conditions war could not have been avoided even by an international court of justice.

The occasion of the war was the assassination of the arch-duke, heir to the throne of Austria, combined with Russia's intention to protect the little Slav state of the Balkans; but after all that the war might have been averted if the powers had desired to do so. The real issue was the strain between England and Germany, and the decision of this does not involve the fate of Serbia but rather the question whether England or Germany will be the determinant factor in the future development of mankind.

An arbitral court of justice will be possible under one of two conditions: Either the influence of one power will predominate, or all must agree on the main principle and have the sincere intention to keep peace. It would have been possible to establish a lasting world peace if England, the United States and Germany had been able to come together and agree on the general principles of international justice. It would not have been impossible to establish an international court on that basis had not England seen a different chance of eternal peace which was to establish the British empire as the dominant power in the world. This would have established peace after the pattern of the *par Romana* which was the international court established for the world by the Romans in ancient Rome. The end of the war will be the beginning of a new era in history and the nature of that era will depend on the outcome of the war.

A WORLD UNION OF WOMEN.

Mention should be made of the commendable efforts of one international organization of women in the interests of world peace and amity. It is called "The World Union of Women" and has its headquarters in the neutral country

of Switzerland, Passage des Lions, Case Stand 16894, Geneva. Something of its objects and program can be gathered from the membership pledge which reads as follows:

"1. I the undersigned agree to work with all my strength for the establishment of a permanent peace and for unity of thought throughout the world;

"2. To abstain as far as possible from unnecessarily spreading news or reports which would raise feelings of ill-will or bitterness or hatred between individuals or between nations;

"3. To try to make known facts which tend to increase between men and governments mutual esteem and understanding;

"4. To do all I can to make known the work of "The World Union of Women" among the circle of my friends and acquaintances, so as to gain for it members and adherents."

Another organization in sympathetic affiliation with this international movement but with special reference to our relations in the Far East is the "Woman's International Friendship League" which has its center at Washington under the presidency of M. Virginia Garner. The corresponding secretary is Miss Josephine C. Locke, 2388 Champlain St., Washington, D. C.

NOTES.

Mr. C. Crozat Converse, the well-known American composer, has ventured to publish with Breitkopf and Härtel, New York, six German songs for soprano or tenor. How bold to show a familiarity not only with the German language and put German words to music, but also to prove an appreciation of German music and give evidence of having been a student in the German school of so-called classical traditions! Mr. Converse's songs are melodies and might have been written by one of the old masters of German birth. Like McDowell's compositions these songs prove that American composers are capable of following German precedence and can develop a music that will be recognized in the home of classical music.

The songs are "Exhortation to Joy" by Hölty, "Wer sollte sich mit Grillen plagen"; "Melancholy" by Eichendorff, "Ich kann wohl manchmal singen"; "Delusion" by Hartmann, "Ich glaubte, die Schwalbe träumte"; "Rest in the Beloved" by Freiligrath, "So lass mich sitzen ohne Ende"; "The Nightingale" by Eichendorff, "Möcht' wissen, was sie schlagen so schön bei der Nacht"; "The Imprisoned Singer" by Schenkendorf, "Vöglein, einsam in dem Bauer."

Mr. Converse is not of German descent, but his intimate familiarity with German music almost makes of him a hyphenated citizen. Music is like German speech; so it has been stated in England and is repeated in pro-British circles in the United States that German music by Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, etc., should be shunned, yea that music should be abandoned altogether until a new and purely English school originates. Mr. Converse has not ventured into creating a new British style of music but has followed the old Hunnish taste. He has not even shown any objection to German words, and musicians still clinging to the antiquated German style will be pleased with his compositions.

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