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.

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Frontispiece to The Open Court. MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.

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THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.

BY THE LATE BENSON J. LOSSING.

DURING the lovely Indian summer time, in the autumn of 1608, there was a marriage on the banks of the Powhatan, where the English had laid the corner stone of the great fabric of Anglo-Saxon empire in the New World. It was celebrated in the second church which the English settlers had erected there. Like their first, which fire had devoured the previous winter, it was a rude structure, whose roof rested upon rough pine columns, fresh from the virgin forest, and whose adornings were little indebted to the hand of art. The officiating priest was "good Master Hunter," who had lost all his books by the conflagration. History, poetry, and song have kept a dutiful silence respecting that first English marriage in America, because John Laydon and Anne Burrows were common people. The bridegroom was a carpenter, among the first adventurers who ascended the Powhatan, then named James in honor of a bad king; and the bride was waiting-maid to "Mistress Forrest," wife of Thomas Forrest, gentleman. These were the first white women ever seen at the Jamestown settlement.

Almost five years later, there was another marriage at Old Jamestown, in honor of which history, poetry and song have been employed. The bridegroom was "Master John Rolfe, an honest gentleman, and of good behavior," from the realm of England; and the bride was a princess royal, named Matoa, or Pocahontas, the well-beloved daughter of the emperor of the great Powhatan confederacy on the Virginian peninsula. The officiating priest was Master Alexander Whitaker, a noble apostle of Christianity, who went to Virginia for the cure of souls. Sir Thomas Dale, then Governor of the colony, thus briefly tells his masters of the Company in London, the story of Pocahontas: "Powhatan's daughter I

caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, who, after she had made a good progress therein, renounced publicly her country's idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptized, and is since married to an English gentle-

POCAHONTAS.

man of good understanding (as by his letter unto me, containing the reason of his marriage of her, you may perceive), another knot to bind the peace the stronger. Her father and friends gave approbation to it, and her uncle gave her to him in the church. She

lives civilly and lovingly with him, and, I trust, will increase in goodness, as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will go to England with me, and, were it but the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time, toil, and present stay, well spent."

So discoursed Sir Thomas Dale. Curiosity would know more of the princess and her marriage, and curiosity may here be gratified to the extent of the revelations of recorded history.

The finger of a special Providence, pointing down the vista of ages, is seen in the character and acts of Pocahontas. She was the daughter of a pagan king who had never heard of Jesus of Nazareth, yet her heart was overflowing with the cardinal virtues of a Christian life.

"She was a landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm quiet,
Luxuriant, budding."—*Byron.*

When Captain Smith, the boldest and the best of the early adventurers in Virginia, penetrated the dense forest, he was made prisoner, was conducted in triumph from village to village, until he stood in the presence of Powhatan, the supreme ruler, and was then condemned to die. His head was laid upon a huge stone, and the clubs of the executioners were raised, when Pocahontas, then a sweet girl, ten or twelve years of age, leaped from her father's side, where she sat trembling, clasped the head of Smith with her arms, and implored his life.

"How could that stern old king deny
The angel pleading in her eye?
How mock the sweet, imploring grace
That breathed in beauty from her face,
And to her kneeling action gave
A power to soothe and still subdue,
Until, though humble as a slave,
To more than queenly sway she grew."—*Simms.*

The emperor yielded to the maid, and the captive was set free.

Two years after that event, Pocahontas again became an angel of deliverance. She hastened to Jamestown during a dark and stormy night, informed the English of a conspiracy to exterminate them, and was back to her couch before dawn. Smith was grateful, and the whole English colony regarded her as their deliverer. But gratitude is often a plant of feeble root, and the canker of selfishness will destroy it altogether. Smith went to England; the morals of the colonists became depraved; and Argall, a rough, half-piratical navigator, unmindful of her character, bribed a savage, by the

promise of a copper kettle, to betray Pocahontas into his hands, to be kept as a hostage while compelling Powhatan to make restitution for injuries inflicted. The emperor loved his daughter tenderly, agreed to the terms of ransom gladly, and promised unbroken friendship for the English.

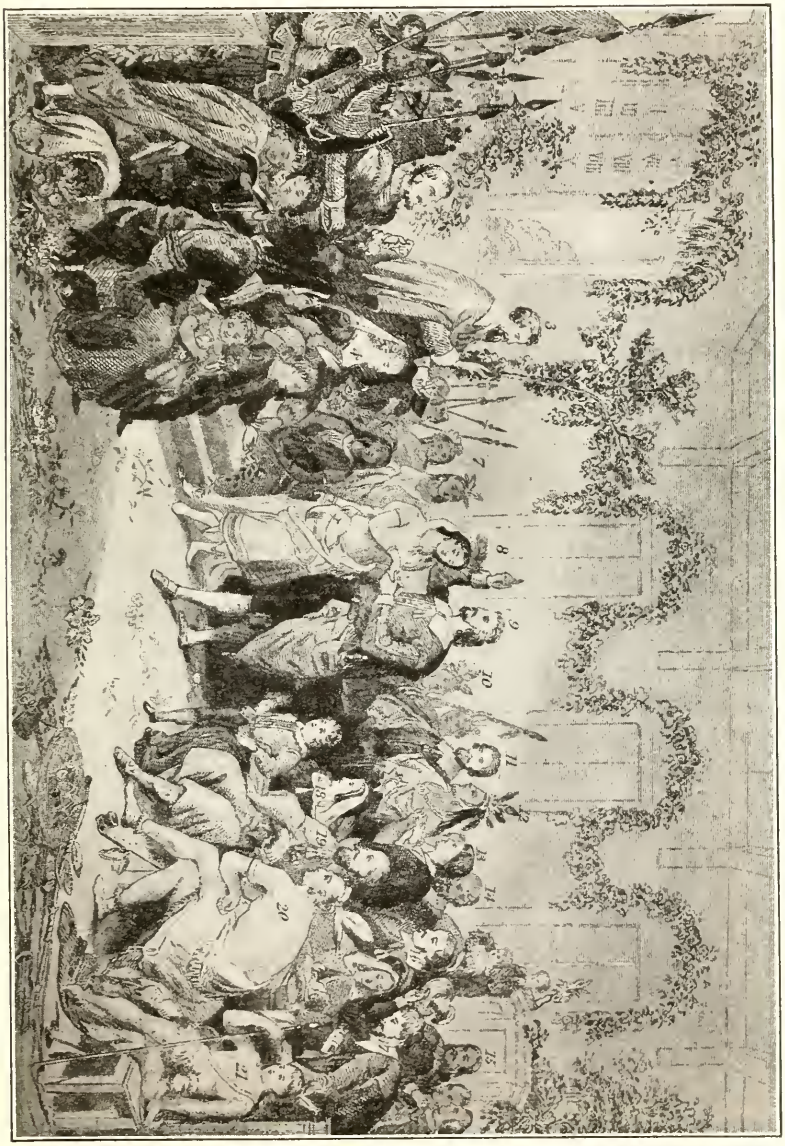
Pocahontas was now free to return to her forest home. But other bonds, more holy than those of Argall, detained her. While in the custody of the rude buccaneer, a mutual attachment had budded and blossomed between her and John Rolfe, and the fruit was a happy marriage—"another knot to bind the peace" with Powhatan much stronger.

April, in the Virginia peninsula, where the English settlers first built a city, is one of the loveliest months in the year. Then winter has bidden a final adieu to the middle regions of America; the trees are robed in gay and fragrant blossoms; the robin, the blue-bird, and the oriole, are just giving the first opening preludes to the summer concerts in the woods, and wild flowers are laughing merrily in every hedge, and upon the green banks of every stream.

It was a day in charming April, in 1613, when Rolfe and Pocahontas stood at the marriage altar in the new and pretty chapel at Jamestown, where, not long before, the bride had received Christian baptism, and was named the Lady Rebecca. The sun had marched half way up toward the meridian, when a goodly company had assembled beneath the temple roof. The pleasan odor of the "pews of cedar" commingled with the fragrance of the wild flowers which decked the festoons of evergreens and sprays that hung over the "fair, broad windows," and the commandment tablets above the chancel. Over the pulpit of black-walnut hung garlands of white flowers, with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion table was covered with fair white linen, and bore bread from the wheatfields of Jamestown, and wine from its luscious grapes. The font, "hewn hollow between, like a canoe," sparkled with water, as on the morning when the gentle princess uttered her baptismal vows.

Of all that company assembled in the broad space between the chancel and the pews, the bride and groom were the central figures in fact and significance. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin from the looms of Dacca. Her arms were bare even to the shoulders; and, hanging loosely towards her feet, was a robe of rich stuff, presented by Sir Thomas Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the plumage of birds and a veil of gauze,

while her limbs were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native workshops. Rolfe was attired in the gay clothing of an English cav-



MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.
(Key.)

alier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification

of manly beauty in form and carriage; she of womanly modesty and lovely simplicity; and as they came and stood before the man of God, history dipped her pen in the indestructible fountain of truth, and recorded a prophecy of mighty empires in the new world. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing interfered, the good Whitaker stood in his sacerdotal robes, and with impressive voice pronounced the marriage ritual of the liturgy of the Anglican church, then first planted on the western continent. On his right, in a richly carved chair of state brought from England, sat the Governor, with his ever-attendant halberdiers in brazen helmets at his back.

There were yet but few women in the colony, and these, soon after this memorable event, returned to native England. The "ninety young women, pure and uncorrupted," whom the wise Sandys caused to be sent to Virginia, as wives for the planters, did not arrive until seven years later. All then at Jamestown were at the marriage. The letters of the time have transmitted to us the names of some of them. Mistress John Rolfe, with her child, (doubtless of the family of the bridegroom); Mistress Easton and child, and Mistress Horton and grandchild, with her maid servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who on a Christmas eve before had married Thomas Powell, were yet in Virginia. Among the noted men then present was Sir Thomas Gates, a brave soldier in many wars, and as brave an adventurer among the Atlantic perils as any who ever trusted to the ribs of oak of the ships of Old England. And Master Sparkes, who had been co-ambassador with Rolfe to the court of Powhatan, stood near the old soldier, with young Henry Spilman at his side. There, too, was the young George Percy, brother of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, whose conduct was always as noble as his blood; and near him, an earnest spectator of the scene, was the elder brother of Pocahontas, but not the destined successor to the throne of his father. There, too, was a younger brother of the bride, and many youths and maidens from the forest shades; but one noble figure—the pride of the Powhatan confederacy—the father of the bride, was absent. He had consented to the marriage with willing voice, but would not trust himself within the power of the English, at Jamestown. He remained in his habitation at Weroworomoco, while the Rose and the Totum were being wedded, but cheerfully commissioned his brother, Opachisco, to give away his daughter. That prince performed his duty well, and then, in careless gravity, he sat and listened to the voice of the apostle, and the sweet chanting of the little choristers. The

music ceased, the benediction fell, the solemn "Amen" echoed from the rude vaulted roof, and the joyous company left the chapel for the festal hall of the Governor. Thus "the peace" was made stronger and the Rose of England lay undisturbed upon the Hatchet of the Powhatans, while the father of Pocahontas lived.

Months glided away. The bride and groom "lived civilly and lovingly together," until Sir Thomas Dale departed for England, in 1616, when they, with many settlers, accompanied him. Tomocomo, one of the shrewdest of Powhatan's councillors went also, that he might report all the wonders of England to his master. The Lady Rebecca received great attention from the court and all below it. "She accustomed herself to civility, and carried herself as daughter of a king." Dr. King, the Lord Bishop of London, entertained her "with festival state and pomp," beyond what he had ever given to other ladies; and at court she was received with the courtesy due to her rank as a princess. But the silly bigot on the throne was highly incensed, because one of his *subjects* had dared to marry *a lady of royal blood,* and, in the midst of his dreams of prerogatives, he absurdly apprehended that Rolfe might lay claim "to the crown of Virginia!" Afraid of the royal displeasure, Captain Smith, who was then in England, would not allow her to call him "father," as she desired to do. She could not comprehend the cause; and her tender, simple heart was sorely grieved by what seemed to be his want of affection for her. She remained in England about a year; and, when ready to embark for America with her husband, she sickened, and died at Gravesend in the flowery month of June, 1617, when not quite twenty-two years of age. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who afterwards became quite a distinguished man in Virginia. He had but one child, a daughter. From her, some of the leading families in Virginia trace their lineage. Among these are the Bollings, Murrays, Guys, Eldridges, and Randolphs. But Pocahontas needed no posterity to perpetuate her name—it is imperishably preserved in the amber of history.

THE EVOLUTION OF GERMAN THOUGHT.[1]

BY EMILE BOUTROUX.

IT is a cruel fate to be reduced to talking and philosophizing whilst the destinies of France are being decided on the battlefield. Where, at such a time, are we to obtain the detachment necessary for correct analysis and for the right choice of word or phrase? Still, perhaps the repugnance we feel is misplaced, for the war now being waged is something more than the clashing of material forces. The France of the Crusades, of Joan of Arc and of the Revolution, faithful to her past, is fighting for ideas, for the higher interests of mankind. The armies of the Republic are struggling for justice, the right of nations, the civilization of antiquity and Christianity, against a power which recognizes no right but force and claims to impose its laws and culture on the whole world.

The close union of action and thought, valor and reflection, is a dominant characteristic of the mental state of our soldiers. We all notice it. The young men whose studies I have the honor to direct, who but a few months ago were wholly devoted to scientific or literary research, now forward to me, during a halt between battles, letters in which they philosophize, after the fashion of Plato's characters, on the connection between infantry and artillery, on trench war in general. Let us also reflect, and consider the moral aspects of the events taking place. Thus shall we maintain a true fellowship of ideas and feelings, as we ardently wish, with our dear brothers in the field.

German thought: how indispensable it is that we should know and understand it well if we would faithfully interpret the facts of this war, its causes, the way in which our enemies are conducting it and the results at which we must aim! The task is no easy one, for opinions on the question are strangely divergent.

Because of the extraordinary methods pursued from the out-

[1] Authorized translation by Fred Rothwell.

set by our enemies: scorn for treaties, conventions and laws, massacre of women and children, regulated and useless incendiarism, systematic destruction, unreasoning bombardment of the sanctuaries of religion and science, of art and national life, some have attributed it all to a sudden fit of madness or of collective insanity. How could the Germany of Goethe and Beethoven, except as the result of a pathological aberration, delight in cruelty and barbarism?

Deeper inquiry was made into the history of German thought, and we were amazed to find that, long before the war, German writings and actions showed tendencies quite in conformity with the excesses of to-day. For some time past, German philosophers and historians have been teaching the cult of force. German thinkers deified the Prussian state and the German nation, considering other nations as destined by Providence itself to be dominated by Germany.

Going farther and farther back into the past, certain minds imagined that the germs of this pride and brutality were to be found even in the most ancient representatives of German mentality, and they came to this conclusion: Germany has not changed; it has always been, in tendency if not in actuality, just as we see it to-day. Where we regarded it as different, it was simply prevented by circumstances from manifesting its true character.

The Germans themselves also declare they have not changed. They affirm that they are still the idealists, the apostles of duty, the devotees of art, science and metaphysics, the privileged guardians of high culture symbolized by the illustrious names of their thinkers and artists. "We shall carry through this war," exclaimed the official representatives of German science and art, addressing themselves to the whole world in October, 1914, "to the very end, as the war of a people of culture, to whom the heritage of a Goethe, a Beethoven, a Kant is as sacred as their home and country." And if it seems to us that the genius of Goethe, in order to win the world's admiration, has not needed the support of Prussian militarism, or again that the way in which the Germans are now carrying on war is more worthy of the Huns than of a civilized nation, then such judgment simply proves that we cannot understand German thought, and that our bad faith is on a level with our ignorance and imbecility.

Even in these days of trial, unique in our history, as we listen to the wounded and the refugees telling us of the horrors they have witnessed, and remember the bombardment of cathedrals and unfortified towns, let us not forget, in this attempt to define German

thought, that France is the country of Descartes, the philosopher who taught us that everything great and progressive in civilization, even all the virtues, are illusory unless based on inviolable respect for truth.

I.

Let us take a general view and try to reveal the main aspects of German thought in modern times.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the general character of German life is particularism, a parcelling out, an absence of national soul. The treaty of Westphalia was an effect as well as a cause. So persistent was this character that Goethe, in that luminous and far-seeing vision of the German soul concealed beneath the pleasant idyll of Hermann and Dorothea, shows us, at the beginning of the wars of the Revolution, the inhabitants of a small town on the right bank of the Rhine, bringing succor and help to the fugitives without ever reflecting whether there existed any other bond between themselves and these unhappy beings, than that which unites together all human beings. "How deserted the town is!" says the inn-keeper of the Golden Lion to his wife. "How everybody has rushed out to watch the fugitives pass by! What will not curiosity do!" (*Was die Neugierde nicht tut!*) The inhabitants of each town, content with their local occupations, attached to their own customs, disposed to suffice unto themselves and regard the inhabitants of neighboring towns as strangers, know no other fatherland than their own district.

Still this narrow life is far from being the only life offered us by Germany at this period. By a remarkable contrast, along with a restricted external life there is found an inner life of strange amplitude and profundity. The connection is not easy to grasp between these two existences, the one visible, the other invisible; they seem to be two personalities coexisting in one and the same consciousness.

Such is the religious life of a Luther, so intense and ardent, but whose characteristic is a veritable breach of continuity between omnipotent faith and works, wholly ineffective from the point of view of salvation. In the artistic, philosophic and poetic order, great minds, admired even at the present time by the whole world, create original works, the common feature of which is perhaps the effort to grasp and reveal the divine, primal and infinite source of things.

Wo fass' ich dich, unendliche Natur? "Where can I lay hold on thee, infinite nature?" exclaims Goethe's Faust, stifling in prison,

all filled with dust-covered pamphlets and shutting out the light of heaven, in which scholasticism has buried him.

Goethe discerns the ideal hidden away beneath the real, and sees the real gradually mould itself upon this ideal the more it comes under the influence of divine love:

"Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."

"Self-devoting love, the eternal feminine, draws us away to the heights." Thus ends the tragedy of Faust, the German Titan.

"All artistic creation," said Beethoven, "comes from God, and relates to man only in so far as it witnesses to the action of the divine within him."

The trend of the German mind during this period is the sense of the dependence of the finite on the infinite. Man is capable of transcending himself by submitting to the influence of absolute being. The German word *Hingebung* well expresses this state of mind.

During this same period the Germans investigate and adopt, without thinking it possible for them to forfeit anything thereby, what they regard as good in the ideas of other peoples. "There was a time," writes Kant, "when I imagined that science, of itself alone, could sum up the whole of human dignity, and I despised an unscientific people. Rousseau led me back into the right track. The prestige of science faded away; I am learning to honor humanity worthily and I should regard myself as more useless than the meanest artisan, did I not henceforth use such knowledge as I possess in reestablishing the rights of mankind." Such a sentiment does not stand alone; at that time German thinkers willingly accepted suggestions (*Anregungen*) that came from other countries.

The German soul was still divided in this way between two separate worlds: the world of phenomena, as Kant calls it—a shapeless, inert mass; and the world of noumena, a transcendent domain of the spiritual and the ideal, when there took place those great events of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, the Revolution and the Empire.

The extreme depression in which Germany found itself after Jena, effected a powerful reaction in certain minds which professed admiration for the Prussian state. The famous "Speeches to the German Nation" which Fichte delivered before the University of Berlin during the winter of 1807-1808, when the capital was still occupied by the French, are the most remarkable expression of this

reaction. Luther had said: "What matters it if they take everything from us, property and honor, children and women; these things will not benefit them. The Empire must remain ours." Fichte introduces the revelation which is to turn this prediction into a reality. The thing he annouces is that the supreme principle of creation and unity which the German mind sought in some transcendental world without, really dwells within itself, that the absolute self, the source of all activity, thought and being in the universe, is none other than the German self, the German genius, the *Deutschheit,* the kingdom of God within you. The character of the German tongue which alone is pure, primitive and living, as compared with the Latin tongues, made up of dead residua, is the sign and warrant of the quality of a primitive people, the first-born of God, *Urvolk*. Germany, compared with other nations, is spirit, life and good struggling against matter, death and evil. Let Germany but attain to self-knowledge and she will rise and overcome the world. The first thing is to understand that "for the time being, the combat of arms is over, and the combat of principles, morals and characters is beginning." It is a moral reform that is to bring about the resurrection of Germany. The revolution that is to be effected comprises two phases: (1) the German people must recover possession of itself, i. e., become aware of the primitive and autonomous power of creation which constitutes its essence; (2) it must spread German thought throughout the world; the self, in some way, must absorb the not-self, and thus effect a complete transformation of the human race, which, from being terrestrial and material, will become German, free and divine.

Such is Fichte's teaching. It aroused in the German soul the loftiest ambitions for independence and action, though it supplied few indications as to the concrete ends to pursue and the means to employ in realizing these ends. These gaps were filled, from the theoretical point of view, by Hegel, the principle of whose philosophy was the radical identity of the rational and the real, the ideal and the positive.

Spirit, to Hegel, is not only an invisible, supernatural power; it has created for itself a world within this world of ours and attains to supreme realization in a certain force, both material and spiritual, which is none other than what is called the state. The state is the highest of all realities; above it in the world of existence there is nothing. Its function is to organize liberty, i. e., to abolish individual wills and transform them into one common will, which, through its mass and unity of direction, will be capable of making

itself inevitable. The state, supreme intermediary between the world and God, spirit moulding into force, is the divine instrument for the realization of the ideal.

But how will this immanent God account for his concrete destinies and the precise ends toward which he must tend? Hegel answers this question by his philosophy of history. History, he teaches, is not the recital of events that have marked out the lives of human beings; it is a reality which exists *per se*, the work wrought in the world by universal spirit, destroying those creations of the human free will of which it disapproves and maintaining and causing to triumph those of which it approves. *Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.* "The world's history is the world's tribunal." The victors and the powerful of this world are the elect of God. Hegel, having lost his fortune during the war of the Empire, summed up his impressions regarding this period in the words: *Ich habe die Weltseele reiten sehen*, "I have seen the soul of the world ride past," referring to Napoleon.

Thus there is no obscurity regarding the moral value of the various existing institutions and the divers ends in view. That state is the noblest and the strongest, that policy the loftiest which acquires empire.

Imbued with these theories, which became increasingly positive and definite, the Germans, after Leipsic, after Waterloo, and after the treaties of 1815, were anything but satisfied. The genius of history in the year 9 B. C., by making Hermann victorious over the three legions of Varus, had inspired in all of German race the idea of eternal vengeance on Roman insolence.

Germany became more and more conscious that its material power was out of all proportion to its spiritual greatness and aspirations. The admiration which the world professed for its philosophers, poets and musicians, the widespread influence of its thought in the nineteenth century, was now but a vain delusion; it must have visible force and power, dominion over land and sea. This mental condition was expressed by Heine in the following four lines which were speedily in every one's mouth, and which, in a country where maxims possess great influence, still further increased the desire for vengeance and conquest:

"Franzosen und Russen gehört das Land,
Das Meer gehört den Britten:
Wir aber besitzen im Luftreich des Traums
Die Herrschaft unbestritten."

"The French and the Russians possess the land, the sea belongs

to the English. But we Germans in the aerial realm of dreamland hold undisputed sway."

Now, whilst German ambitions thus became more and more urgent and precise, especially as regards the situation regained by France, it came about that three successful campaigns, those of 1864, 1866 and 1870, suddenly and as it were miraculously raised Germany to the very front rank among the military and political powers of the world. What influence was this to have on German thought?

After the reconstruction of the German empire, or rather the creation of a unified empire, armed more powerfully than ever before against its neighbors, Germany was not content to exist for itself alone, and it speedily transformed Fichte's thought along the lines of the change that had taken place within itself. To realize in all its fulness and plenitude the idea of Germanism, to regenerate the world by bringing it to pass that the divine will should be done amongst the nations as it was in the elect people; such was German thought. No longer, however, as with Fichte, was it a question of substituting a strife of principles and morals for armed combat: actual events, as well as theory, had shown that force alone is a potency effectual toward realization; consequently it is by force that Germany must Germanize and recreate the world.

More than this: Leibniz and Kant admitted that different nations, differing in genius, had a like right to existence. The cobbler philosopher, Jacob Boehme, had long ago told men that God delights to hear each bird of the forest praise him in its own particular melody.

Now a victorious Germany, on the contrary, will regard German thought as exclusive of all other thought. To find room for Germanism, nowadays, means the destruction of that which, along the lines in which other nations think, appears incapable of being brought within the limits of German thought.

To determine these limits would involve the attempt to trace the main lines of that German culture in whose name Germany is now waging war.

The first object of German culture is force. The ideal without the real is but a misty vapor, moral beauty apart from power is but deception. Germany must acquire force, so that it may unhindered unfold all its possibilities and impose on the world its culture, the superiority of which the various nations, in their ignorance and conceit, cannot of themselves recognize.

Besides, force, *per se,* is a fine and noble thing, which the weak

depreciate only because they are afraid of it and cannot enroll it on their own side.

Force is superiority according to nature: this is a supreme and inviolable law. Force is the principle of everything that exists in reality and not simply in the abstract. It is the basis of all laws and contracts, and these become nothing when it is no longer there to sanction them.

Force is the basis of German culture. It is vain, declares the famous manifesto of the ninty-three "intellectuals," to claim that, in resisting our militarism, you respect our culture. "Without German militarism, German culture would long ago have disappeared from the face of the earth."

The second object of German culture is organization, without which there is no effective force. Organization is essentially German. The other nations believe in the efficacy of the solitary effort of a man of genius, or in the duty incumbent on the community to respect the dignity of each of its members. German organization, starting with the idea of the All, sees in each man a *Teilmensch*, a partial man; and, rigorously applying the principle of the division of labor, restricts each worker to the special task assigned to him. From man it eliminates humanity, which it regards as the wheelwork of a machine.

Hence education is something essentially external. It is training and not education in the real meaning of the word, *Drill*, not *Erziehung*. It teaches men to act as anonymous parts of ever greater masses. The bond between individuals, which, according to the Greeks and Romans, was reason, regarded as the common essence of all men (*ratio vinculum societatis*) is here purely external; it is the coordination of various functions with a view to the realization of a given end.

Organization, thus understood, is the means of obtaining force; it is also, in itself, according to German thought, the highest form of being. Thus it is Germany's mission, after having organized itself by German ideas, to organize the whole world along similar lines. The kingdom of God on earth is the world organized in German fashion by German force.

The third element of German culture is science. This comprises all those methods which, by the appropriation of the forces of nature, multiply the force of man *ad infinitum*. Since 1870, applied science has been considerably developed in Germany. Technical institutes have now superseded the universities in public esteem.

Science, however, as a whole, constitutes that title of honor which Germany specially values. German science is self-sufficient; it is the source upon which all other science draws.

Besides, German science has characteristics of its own. German workers in the physical sciences aim at coordinating the results obtained by workers all over the world. It is their mission to organize scientific research, as they do everything else, to state problems, classify results and deduce conclusions. Science, in its strict meaning, is German science.

The physical sciences have their counterpart in the historical sciences, whose object it is to set each human event in the place which belongs to it in the whole. This task, also, can be perfectly accomplished only by Germany. It alone indeed can strip the individual of his own distinctive value, to identify him with the all of which he forms a part. Itself is the great All, the realization of which is the end of this universe.

Such then are the characteristics of German historical science. Learned specialists, under the direction of a competent master, first collect documents, criticise texts and develop their meaning. Then the German genius effects a synthesis, i. e., sets forth each fact in the history of the progress of Germanism, this history being regarded as that of humanity. That the historian's attention may not be diverted to unimportant facts the Kaiser recommends him to adopt the lobster method, *Krebsgang*, i. e., to proceed backward, taking the present function of the Hohenzollerns in the world, the culminating fact of history, and going on to those facts which, even as far back as the creation of the world, have prepared and announced that phenomenon.

Force, organization, science: these are the three principles of German culture. The more they develop the nobler a life do they make possible for the German people and for the world.

After 1870, material life in Germany became transformed to an extraordinary degree. The simple, modest habits of past generations were followed by an effort to live the most modern and luxurious life, to procure the maximum of wealth and enjoyment.

The arts date back to the forms most purely German or even to the pre-classic forms of a hoary antiquity which, in their primitive colossal character, are evidently indebted to the genius of Germany. Why then pretend to be sorry at the fact that masterpieces of French and Flemish art have been ruined, to no purpose, by German shells? To restore—and more than restore—their original beauty, they only need to be restored or rebuilt by German artists.

And lastly the *chef-d'œuvre* of German culture, that which really, according to the Kaiser's definition, makes it a culture, and not simply an external polish, such as is found in the Latins, is the moral formation of man, the total abolition of the idea of right and its substitution by the sane, virile and religious idea of duty. The German is a man who obeys. He regards the whole of moral life as consisting in obedience to authority. From the German point of view, whosoever obeys his superior is free from reproach, and this is so right up to the emperor, who, as William the Second said in 1897, "is responsible to the Creator alone, without this awful responsibility ever being, in the slightest degree, shared either by ministers, assemblies or people."

Every order given by a chief, or by a functionary however inferior, emanates from the emperor, i. e., from God. Hence we see how absurd it was to use the word "atrocity" to designate the conduct of German soldiers in the present war, as the Allies have had the audacity to do. German soldiers are disciplined above all else, consequently their acts could never be branded as atrocious; they are deeds of war; the emperor alone is responsible for them, and that before God alone.

II.

We have endeavored to reveal some of the main traits of German thought during the three periods of the modern history of Germany. Let us now see what answer we can give to the question which every one is asking: "What connection is there between the Germany of the present and the Germany of the past?"

We cannot say that Germany has not changed. It is contrary to fact either to claim, as the Germans do, that Germany remains faithful to the idealism of Kant, Beethoven and Goethe, or to identify the Germany of these thinkers and artists with the vandalism which present-day Germany glories in exhibiting.

There can be no doubt of it; Germany *has* changed. Ever since 1870 any one who has observed German life has seen this very clearly. Before that date, and especially before 1864, it was possible for a Frenchman to reside in Germany without his national dignity being assailed; after 1870 this was not so.

The periods 1806-1815 and 1864-1871 are clear demarcations of the new tendencies of German thought. The Germany to which Fichte appealed in 1807 still regarded itself as a nation amongst nations. Fichte taught that it was the "type" nation, the primitive race, the only one free from corruption, and whose mission it was

to rule and regenerate the universe. What else can we see but a veritable moral revolution in the claim that Germany henceforth set up that it will suffice unto itself, whereas formerly it quietly submitted to foreign influence or divine inspiration?

Fichte's speeches marked the advent of a spiritual Germanism; the wars of unification, as the Germans now call the three wars of 1864-1870, establish the transformation of this spiritual Germanism into a material Germanism. Whilst attending the classes at the University of Heidelberg in 1869 I found a radical divergence in thought on this matter. *Einheit durch Freiheit,* "unity through liberty," was the formula of Bluntschli, the professor of international law. This meant that Germany, above all else, was to maintain itself free and attain to unification in a federative sense, not in a spirit of hostility toward its neighbors. The other formula: *Freiheit durch Einheit,* "liberty through unity," was upheld by the historian Treitschke. It meant that Germany was to aim, above all else, at unity pure and simple, a unity imposed by force and which also gives force, to obtain which it must fling itself into the arms of Prussia, and this latter country would realize this unity through war with France.

The program of Bluntschli tended to the continued independent status of Germany, that of Treitschke to its abdication into the hands of Prussia. The war of 1870 ended in the definite conquest of Germany by Prussia and the indefinite postponement of liberty in favor of unity and force.

That the transition from each of these phases to the next was not necessary and inevitable, that, from the one to the other, Germany effected a veritable change, is proved by the part which certain external causes played in this development.

Circumstances assuredly played at first a considerable part in the evolution that came about. Jena and Sedan are not two logical stages in the inner development of German thought. The influence of these two events was certainly decisive. Jena determined in Germany a reaction, of which, left to itself, it was incapable. Sedan made it definitely impossible for Germany to recover its independence.

Certain men, too, by the might of their personality, contributed to the evolution of German thought. Fichte electrified his listeners in 1807-1808 by his energetic will even more than by his learned deductions. Bismarck plunged his nation and king into war, giving this war historical significance by the way in which he provoked it and the object he had in view. Treitschke, a converted theorist of

Prussian absolutism, was an orator of amazing passion and violence, as I verified for myself when I heard him in the large Aula of Heidelberg university in 1869. Napoleon, above all, became a mythical hero substituted for the real man, a genius too big for the little nation to which he thought he belonged, the bearer of the idea and of the very soul of the world, as Hegel said. Just as the French were the custodians of Latin thought, so the German people is the true heir and executor of the thought of Napoleon, the genius who, directly or indirectly, created German unity and dictated to Europe its task, that of driving back the barbarians of the East and ruining the merchants of the West. The soul of Napoleon is the soul of the German people; his star goes in front of the German armies and is to lead them to victory.

In a word Germany is now largely the product of an external phenomenon, i. e., of education. Ever since Fichte education has been employed most methodically and energetically in moulding the human consciousness as well as the human body. Instruction of every kind, religion and history, grammar and geography, dancing and gymnastics, must contribute mainly in forming Germans who speak and act, almost by reflex action, along the lines of an increase of German might. The examples given in grammar books inculcate scorn of the "hereditary foe." By playing with colors and the orthography of names, atlases annex countries which ought to belong to Germany. Historical treatises, in conformity with Fichte's theory, set forth the Latins as being Germans corrupted by an admixture of Roman blood. Philosophers still speak, in stereotyped fashion, of internal development, of the awakening of thought and personality. In fact, however, instruction is essentially a mechanical training: it aims at making men serviceable (*brauchbar*), by establishing the principle that the first end to pursue is to create an enormous war-machine in which minds and arms unhesitatingly obey the word of command.

By instruction, collective action, books, speeches, songs, personal influence, attempts are made in Germany to inculcate certain doctrines; it would seem that clear-cut formulas and speeches are more effective in this land than in any other. It is amazing to find exactly identical theories in the words and writings of Germans of every rank and locality.

We have seen that the change apparent in German thought since the seventeenth century is not apparent and superficial, but real and profound. The Germany of to-day is quite a different Germany from that of Leibniz and Kant, of Goethe and Beethoven.

Does this mean that there is no connection between the two, and that the contingent character of this development implies a complete breach of continuity?

A profound analysis of Germany's intellectual and moral past proves that this is not so, but that, on the contrary, very characteristic germs of the mental state now manifest existed in the past. The phase of thought that has come about has not been a metamorphosis, the substitution, for a given being, of an entirely new one; it has consisted in the increasingly exclusive unfolding of certain parts of the German character which, in the past, were tempered by others. What was in the background has passed to the front, or even thrust back all the rest to such an extent that it now appears to exist alone. It is like some characteristic which, present in a child and attracting but little attention because it is of secondary importance, becomes exaggerated in the man under the influence of circumstances and the will and finally controls the entire nature.

It is assuredly strange that Germany has passed from worship of God to worship of itself. Scholars however have discovered in the German character as it has revealed itself from the beginning, such a substratum of arrogance as we find few examples of in history. The Germans have a rare propensity to identify their own interest with that of the universe, and their point of view with that of God. Hence that narrow and insolent dogmatism which they themselves regard as an important trait in their character. "Do not forget," we read in a collection of poems intended for the German soldiers of 1914, "to put into practice that famous saying: *Nur Lumpen sind bescheiden,* (Only louts are modest)."

Not only in the German character generally, but also in the teachings of philosophers, is to be discovered a singular tendency to put the self, the German self, in the place of God.

German philosophy, along with Kant and Fichte, tends to include those things which our simple good sense considers as existing apart from ourselves as imaginary processes unconsciously performed by our intellectual powers. The external world, says Kant, is an object constructed for himself by the subject, that he may become conscious of himself by contrasting himself with it. And Fichte adds that the self creates this object as a whole without borrowing anything from an external world which does not exist. When at Heidelberg in 1869, attending Zeller's lectures, I was amazed to hear the professor once begin with the words: "To-day we will construct God."

Is it any wonder that the mind which attributes to itself the

power to construct God should come to regard itself as God? and since Fichte, after Jena, saw his transcendental deduction culminate in the conception of the German genius as a foundation of the absolute self, is it not logical that this philosopher came to identify Germanism with divine Providence?

Thus the present deification of Germanism is connected with the history and philosophy of Germany. It may seem a more difficult matter to discover in the idealistic Germany of the past the mother of the realistic, materialistic and brutal Germany of the present.

And yet it may be remarked that in German thought the idea of power, force, war, destruction and evil has always held an important place. In vain did the old German god Wotan cause the death of Ymir, the ice giant; in vain perished the giants of old, drowned in the blood of Ymir; one of them escaped death and from him was born a new race of giants to fight the gods. On the other hand, it is with the various parts of the wicked giant Ymir's body that Wotan and his brothers built up the world. The powers of evil did not cease to haunt forests and deserted spots. The erl-king, hiding in belts of clouds and in dry leaves, snatches children from their fathers' arms.

Moreover let us not forget that the Prussians, the master nation, were not brought into Christianity until the end of the thirteenth century, by Teutonic knights who succeeded in reducing them only after fifty years of warfare. It is not to be wondered at if the pagan element tends to assert itself and sometimes represents the God of the Christ in a form that would be more suitable to the Moloch of the Phenicians.

It would seem as though the teachings of the philosophers form a counterpart to these popular beliefs. In them we find evil occupying quite another place from that it holds in Greek teachings.

This line of thought starts with the principle, indisputable in itself, that to will the realization of an end is to will the means without which this realization is impossible. In the application of this principle, however, the Germans tended to admit that none but mechanical means, those forces which as a whole constitute matter, are efficacious, and that there is no effective potency in idea as such, in good will, in justice or in love. Aristotle's god was intelligence and goodness. Apart from himself was material force which, in a wholly spiritual way, he permeated with desire and thought. The principle of being, on the other hand, according to Jacob Boehme, the old "Teuton philosopher," has for its basis non-

being, night, endless desire, invading force, contradiction, pain and evil. According to the fundamental law of being, he says, nothing can be realized except by being set over against its opposite; light can be born only from darkness. God can come forth only from the devil. *Die Finsterniss, die sich das Licht gebar,* "Darkness, the mother of light," said Mephistopheles.

The optimist Leibniz himself said that good can be realized only by acknowledging the power of evil. Kant shows us that thought is incapable of being stated unless it be set over against a material object. And whilst he seeks for the means of leading men toward a perpetual peace, the first means that he recommends is war. "Away with the Arcadian life beloved of sensitive souls," he wrote in 1784. "Thanks be to nature for those instincts of discord and malevolent vanity, of the insatiable desire after wealth and rule with which she has endowed men. But for these instincts the nobler mind of humanity would eternally slumber. Man wills concord and harmony, but nature knows better what is good for him; she wills discord."

By applying in this way the principle of the conditions of realization, we are led to state the famous maxim: *Macht geht vor Recht,* i. e., all right is illusory, a pure metaphysical entity, vain material for harangues and recriminations, unless based on a force capable of compelling it. To speak of right when one is devoid of force, is impudently and criminally to challenge the one who possesses force. To those who indulge in such bluster, the Germans address the following rebuke: A policy of force devoid of force is mischievous nonsense, (*Eine Machtpolitik ohne Macht ist ein frevelhafter Unsinn*).

The final step consisted in transforming the means into an end, in saying not only: force precedes right, but even: force itself *is* right.

This line of progress in philosophy has been prepared by the famous doctrine of preestablished harmony, according to which, throughout the universe, the visible is the faithful symbol of the invisible. Here force is not only a condition, but an external sign, a practical substitute for right.

Then, accustomed to regard things from the standpoint of the absolute, and convinced that, in the essence of things, force is the first and fundamental principle, German thought has come to deify force *qua* force, to transform it from a means into an end, an essential end, in which all others are included.

Thus practical materialism no less than the apotheosis of Ger-

manism which at present characterizes German thought shows itself as the development of certain germs which preexisted both in the German mind and in the teachings of German philosophers.

Perhaps one of the deepest inner causes of the trend of German thought is to be found in a remarkable trait which seems rooted in the tendency to disparage feeling and attach value to intellect and will alone.

This is an unfamiliar aspect of German mentality, for in many of us the very name of Germany still calls up ideas of romanticism and sentimentality. Present-day Germans affirm that sentimentality, in Germany, has never been more than a passing malady, an infection resulting from inoculation with the Celto-Latin virus. It seems impossible that Frenchmen should so far despise the popular *Lieder* of Germany, the music of a Weber, a Schubert or a Schumann. Still it appears in conformity with the general history of German thought to maintain that feeling or sentiment, wherever found, is in Germany essentially individual and has no part to play in fulfilling the destinies of the universe, or even of human societies. The horror as regards feeling affected by such champions of Prussian thought as Frederick II and Bismarck, is proverbial. Feeling, said Bismarck, is to cold reason what weeds are to corn; it must be rooted up and burnt. The essential character of the Prussian state is to be, exclusively and despotically, an intelligence and a force, to the exclusion of all moral feeling similar to that existing in the individual. Not that the state knows nothing of ethics and is incapable of virtue. On the contrary it is the very *chef-d'œuvre* of ethics. Its mission however is to be strong, to recognize nothing but force. Its virtue consists in carrying out its mission in all loyalty. The more the state, like the individual, is what it ought to be, the more moral it is.

Not only in Prussian politicians, but in German philosophers in general, is there noticed a tendency to intellectualism, or to radical voluntarism, or else to a union of these two doctrines. The philosophy of Leibniz, whose main idea is to substitute harmony for unity as the principle of things, gives a wholly intellectual meaning to this harmony; it is the correspondence by virtue of which the various beings of nature, as they are complementary to one another, realize the greatest amount of existence it is possible to conceive without contradiction. Kant's system culminated in a theory of science and in one of ethics, from both of which feeling was excluded. And if this philosopher seems to reinstate feeling as the necessary link between science and ethics, in his *Critique of the*

Judgment, it is but to fling it onto the Procrustean bed of his categories and there reduce it to concepts and abstractions. If Fichte admires the philosophy of Rousseau it is only on condition that feeling be replaced by will. As for German mysticism, this is an intellectual intuition of the Absolute or a taking possession of the generating power of things, far more than a communion of persons bound together by love. Both the romantics and the German philosophers of "feeling" retain the spirit of abstraction and system which marks the preponderance of understanding over sensibility. And what the youthful generations of Germany seek in Frederick Nietzsche is more specially the religion of brute force, which looks upon goodness as cowardice and hypocrisy, and tolerates the existence of the humble only in so far as they can play the part of good slaves.

Suppose, in a nation, that intelligence and will alone are regarded as noble and effectual, feeling being relegated to the individual conscience; and you can readily imagine that a frame of mind similar to that of present-day Germany will be developed therein.

In the domain of idea and reasoning, the habit of sophistry will be created. Indeed if you remove feeling which, joined with intelligence and will, produces good sense, judgment, honesty, justice and humanity, then intelligence and will, in a soul thus mutilated, will be no more than a machine, a sum-total of forces ready to place themselves at the service of any cause without distinction. The will, in such a conception of life, takes itself as an end, and wills simply in order to will. Science claims to have supplied a peremptory demonstration because, from the mass of facts it has piled up, it has drawn those that proceed to some particular well-defined object. This will, however, in spite of the efforts of dialectics, does not find in itself a law which transcends it. And this intelligence, to which the object is indifferent, will be able to deduce from the facts, if the will dictates, the contrary of what itself had successfully demonstrated. To discover truth, said Pascal, we must unite the mathematical to the intuitive mind. Now the latter consists of feeling as well as of intellect.

In practice, the elimination of feeling leads to the unrestricted profession of that immoral maxim: the end justifies the means. From this point of view, all that is required of the means is that they be calculated to realize the end. It is not our business to inquire whether the means used are, *per se,* cruel, treacherous, inhuman, shameful or monstrous; all these appreciations emanate from feeling and so are valueless to an intellect which professes to

repudiate feeling. Indeed it may happen that the most blamable means may be capable of producing advantageous and even good results.

And moreover what, by this system, is an end that is qualified as good? When ends, like means, depend only on intellect and will, to the exclusion of feeling, then the end best justified is force, absolute and despotic domination, devoid of all admixture of sensibility and humanity. And the final word of culture is the synthesis of power and science, the result of the combination of intellect and will alone.

In a world ruled by such culture there are only systems of forces; persons have disappeared. Individuals and nations no longer possess any dignity or right in themselves; to interest oneself in their existence and liberty would be to yield to feeling, to take account of purely subjective tendencies and desires. Intellect and will take cognizance of nothing but the whole, the sole unity to which power belongs; they consider the parts only in so far as these are identified with the whole.

And the condition of the perfect organization of the world is that there should exist a master-people, *ein Herrenvolk*, which, through its omnipotence, will terrorize or subdue inferior nations and compel them to carry out, in the universal task, the part which itself has imposed on them.

If the comparisons here established between the present and the past of Germany are correct, then we need not labor under any illusion as to the relatively new and contingent element in the conduct of contemporary Germany. This development has not been a destined one, its germs were preexistent in the German mind. External conditions have caused Germany to fall over on the side to which it was leaning. Inclinations which, held in check by others, might have remained pure tendencies and been simply expressed as literary, artistic and philosophical works, once they were allowed free play have become great and destructive forces of moral order and of human civilization.

An attentive study of Germany's past shows that there is nothing in explanations which regard the present madness as other than the sudden and fleeting reaction of a stricken organism against the enemies that threaten its existence. Germany is pleased to pose as a victim. As a matter of fact, war is its element. "The German empire is wholly based on war," wrote General von Bernhardi in 1911. The *pax germana* is nothing but an artful war, ever ready to change into open warfare. For it is Germany's policy to be al-

ways on bad terms with its neighbors, to be constantly contriving pretexts for picking a quarrel with and afterward crushing them.

Let us then beware of regarding the present war as but a crisis, an accident, or of thinking that, with the signing of a treaty, we may abandon ourselves to the sweet delights of an unalterable peace. We have been duly warned that the Germans regard a treaty as but a scrap of paper; and the entire past, of which this war is the conclusion, will not have reverted to a state of nonentity because a few signatures have been exchanged.

And so when the war is over, for months and years, for centuries even, we must be watchful and ready for action.

Of this we are fully capable. The Germans had spread the rumor—it seemed at times as though they had made us believe it ourselves—that we were an amiable though frivolous (*leichtfertig*) nation, fickle and noisy children, incapable of being earnest and persevering. Both our army and our youth are now showing, in very simple fashion, that if we are possessed of the ardor and generosity commonly attributed to us, we are also not lacking in constancy, in calm and firm courage, in steady and indefatigable determination.

Moreover the nation has realized, frankly and without any effort, by means of a patriotism as high-minded as it is warm-hearted, that affectionate, harmonious understanding, that open and hearty collaboration in the common task, which is the promise and the pledge of success in all human endeavors. What weight have differences of opinion, of positions or interests, to men who have been fighting together side by side, each one sacrificing himself for his comrades, without respect of birth or rank, *à la française*?

Our army and our youth are now setting us an example of the loftiest virtues, human as well as military, virtues which will be necessary for us in the near future, just as, in the present, they are the promise of victory. All honor to our sons; let us try to show ourselves like them!

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

Though the contents of the January number of *The Open Court* had been decided upon, I determined at once to change my plans upon receipt of word from Mr. Jourdain in England that he had procured a good translation, by Mr. Fred Rothwell, of Prof. Emile Boutroux's article on "The Evolution of German Thought," which is printed in the current issue. I feel that I ought to publish

my answer to Messrs. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson of Paris, Charles T. Gorham of London, and C. Marsh Beadnell of the British Royal Navy, as soon as possible, but I am exceedingly anxious to let my adversaries have every advantage, and I would deem it wrong to use my editorial privileges to press my views into the foreground. Therefore I prefer to let the article by M. Boutroux take precedence over my answer to my critics, which can wait for the February number. My readers will profit by making the acquaintance of one of the best and most scholarly of French thinkers, a man whom I was fortunate enough to meet personally in Heidelberg several years ago at a philosophical congress which took place in that beautiful old university town on the Neckar.

Professor Boutroux is the head of the Thiers Foundation in Paris, the nature and purpose of which were discussed in *The Open Court* of May, 1912. This institution is devoted to the development of promising young men during the period of transition from youth to manhood; by offering a home to postgraduate students, and facilities for carrying on their favorite lines of research before they enter practical life. Professor Boutroux, however, was interesting to me not only on account of the prominent position he holds in the academic circles of his country, but also and mainly because of his personal accomplishments. While American members of the congress who took an active part in the proceedings addressed the audience (which was predominantly German) in their own native English, Professor Boutroux, who is a native Frenchman, spoke a pure and idiomatic German, remarkably clear and perfect in pronunciation and also admirable in diction. I know quite a number of Frenchmen who speak good German, but I know too that they are exceptions, for it is more difficult for a Frenchman to learn German than for a German to learn French. It is almost as difficult for French people to learn German as it is for English people to learn French,—not quite so difficult, however, for the latter feat seems to lie well-nigh in the domain of impossibilities.

Professor Boutroux however is well versed not alone in German language and literature, he is also familiar with German philosophy, perhaps better than many Germans to the manner born; and when an opportunity presented itself of acquiring an article by him on "German Thought" I was delighted and would have gone far for the privilege of acquainting myself with his views on the subject and presenting them to the readers of *The Open Court.*

M. Boutroux is sufficiently acquainted with German thought to know its ideal tendencies, its humanitarian basis and cosmopolitan

outlook, but is it possible that he should judge of it quite impartially and fairly when the two nations, Germany and his own dear France, are at war, when Germany has been accused of barbaric atrocities and treacherous politics? Scarcely!

Not only does Professor Boutroux know Germany; but Germany also knows Professor Boutroux. Shortly before the war he had been invited to deliver a lecture at the University of Berlin, where he spoke on May 16, 1914, on the subject of "German Thought and French Thought." His lecture has been translated into English and has just appeared in the *Educational Review* of December, 1915.

The present article of Professor Boutroux is written after almost a year of war, and though the author is affected by this crisis in his country's history, we cannot but acknowledge that he has made an honest endeavor to be fair.

To Professor Boutroux the Germany of to-day is the nation that opposes might against right, that believes in brutal force and violence and takes delight in destroying treasures of art and butchering women and children. The germs of this brutality he sees in the mind of the old Teutons; only in former days the idealism of poets and thinkers had a better chance to develop, while in modern Germany the dominant and militant Prussia took the lead and thus impressed the new spirit of barbarism upon the whole people. Indeed, Professor Boutroux reminds us that the Prussians, the "master nation" as he calls them, "were not brought into Christianity until the end of the thirteenth century by Teutonic knights who succeeded in reducing them only after fifty years of warfare. It is not to be wondered at if the pagan element tends to assert itself and sometimes represents the God of the Christ in a form that would be more suitable to the Moloch of the Phenicians."

This is a queer statement for a scholar of M. Boutroux's prominence. The Prussians whom the Teutonic knights subdued in the thirteenth century were Slavs, not Germans; they were the Masures in whose country Hindenburg has lately won the battle of Tannenberg over the Russians. They were still pagans in the thirteenth century, but exercised no influence on German thought. I grant however that German paganism maintained itself in German Christianity; that Christ assumed some features of Thor, the son of Wodan; and that this pagan character of German Christianity did not a little to prepare the Reformation which found a better soil in the Germanic countries than among the Latin nations. The Prince Elector of Brandenburg assumed the title of King of Prussia

only because Prussia did not belong to the German empire. In Prussia he was an independent sovereign, in Germany he was a vassal of the emperor, and so the state of Brandenburg changed its name to Prussia and a large part of the inhabitants of northern Germany to-day call themselves Prussians without thereby becoming the descendants of the Masures, who were pagans as late as the thirteenth century and have belonged to the German empire only since 1871.

I will not enter here into details or attempt to refute Professor Boutroux's belief in the atrocities and other barbarities of the Germans. That has been done again and again, including the allegation about the destruction of the library of Louvain and of the cathedral of Rheims. The Germans have not proved half as barbarous as the British marines, nor even as the French, but misrepresentation is part of the methods of warfare among the Allies. I regret that a scholar of Professor Boutroux's prominence uncritically accepts these fabrications, which for a while will hurt the German cause but will in the long run discredit their inventors.

I do not think that a German philosopher or a German statesman has ever claimed that "might is right," but I know that Germany has found out by experience that "right devoid of might" is an illusion. When the French took Heidelberg and wantonly destroyed Heidelberg castle by blasting its towers and burning its artistic halls there was certainly no more right on the French side than when they took Strasburg and Metz. If they possessed any right it was the right of the wolf who devoured the lamb. German philosophy found out that right without might is as useless as the right of the lamb in the jaws of the wolf, and having suffered so much by its lamblike and mightless right, it was highly desirable to impress upon the German mind the absolute necessity and indispensability of might.

Germans are by nature sentimental; they are inclined to follow the impulses of feeling; but experience has taught them to subordinate feeling to intelligence.

It is also true that German philosophy has emphasized that right and duty belong together. The French, in their Revolution, stood upon the rights of man, while Kant, the representative German thinker, insists first on man's duty. The truth is that right presupposes duty and that duty involves right. But it is wise to insist on duty first, and frivolous to clamor for rights or privileges without remembering that they involve responsibilities and can only be acquired by faithful attendance to duty.

The German people have learned this truth and follow it better than any other nationality, but duty has not for that reason been identified in Germany with unthinking slavish obedience. On the contrary, even in the Prusssian army the request is made that acts of obedience must not be carried out in slavish or literal submission to a command, but in intelligent comprehension of the sense and purpose of the command and with due consideration of changed conditions.

It is a rather strange idea to make of Napoleon "the soul of the German people" because he was "the genius who directly or indirectly created German unity." Napoleon did it indirectly by teaching them that right without might is an empty dream; but I will add that the Germans, in developing this indispensable element, might, have never forgotten and have never ceased to teach that might, in order to justify itself, needs the foundation of right. Napoleon represents might, and his might was ruthless force, but he could not maintain himself because he disregarded right, and the end was a collapse of his might.

Napoleon has found more justice and more appreciative judges in Germany than in any other country, not even France excepted, but even his most enthusiastic admirers in Germany have never identified the soul of Napoleon with that of Germany.

There is a minor point in Professor Boutroux's exposition which has really nothing to do with the question of German thought and its implications in the present historical crisis. It is the reference to the Kaiser's suggestion to change the traditional method of education which has been criticised as a *Krebsgang* or retrograde movement.

In the German gymnasium, Latin is taught first and the modern languages later on. Latin thus serves as the basis for instruction, later, in French, Italian and Spanish, and it is frequently the case that Germans are acquainted with Latin but do not know French. Their education in this respect is an unpractical one. So the Kaiser thought it would be better to teach schoolboys first the living tongues and then the old dead language from which they have developed. Philologists, who think that the traditional method is preferable, objected to this reversal in their educational methods and denounced it as reactionary and unpractical. Fair or unfair, the name *Krebsgang* is a slogan which was largely responsible for the defeat of the Kaiser's proposal.

In conclusion I will say that Boutroux's prophecy that "a victorious Germany will regard German thought as exclusive of all

other thought," seems to me unfair and underrates German intelligence. Professor Boutroux must know that one reason for German preeminence consists in the cosmopolitan character of the German mind. The German people have always been possessed of an ambition to understand other peoples, to acquire their spiritual accomplishments, to translate their literary treasures, and to enrich their own souls by the products of other civilizations. If the Germans, after their victory over the Allies, acted as prophesied by Professor Boutroux they would indeed ruin her prospect for future progress and enter upon a period of decay.

Let us hope that for the greatest good of humanity her *neutrality* will not ossify so soon, but on the contrary will rejuvenate with new tasks and wider fields of activity. Even her former enemies would be benefited thereby. But, otherwise, they would suffer as Greece suffered through the decay of Rome after her conquest by that country.

I believe in Germany. My British and French critics condemn Germany. Our opinions, however, are mere subjective judgments which decide nothing. The God of history weighs the nations in the balance and gives victory to those which he finds worthy. When the final decision has been pronounced we shall know better how and why one of the two parties was found wanting.

FRANCE!

BY ROLAND HUGINS.

THERE are times when we have to speak sharply to those we love best. The friends of France will remonstrate with her, and the sincerer their affection the plainer will be their speech.

For France is living in a dream, wrapped in illusion. Because she suffers much she thinks her cause is just, and because her soul is high she imagines her deed is good. Every nation at war tends to idealize its motives, and this is particularly true of this world-war,—possibly just for the reason that most of its causes were selfish. The nations enlist under the banners of truth and righteousness, of humanity and pity, of liberty and civilization. But the discerning everywhere see through the sham. In England there are people who call this sort of thing "tosh," and in America there are many who call it "buncombe." In most countries these grandiose sentiments are not taken with entire seriousness; but with you, apparently, yes. No motive is too altruistic or too noble for you to proclaim. You furnish the world an example of national self-deception.

The truth is often like a shower of ice-water. It is gratifying to vaunt the glory of France or to inveigh against the wickedness of the enemy; but it is not so pleasant to talk of secret treaties, of Russian securities held by French investors, of the subjugation of Morocco, or of the intrigues of the Colonial party. Yet the one is ebullitions of the war spirit, while the other represents the realities of history. The French are a proud, a gifted, and a sensitive race. But does your pride exempt you from facing the facts? Why is it that you ignore or slur over aspects of this struggle which are so desperately clear to an outsider?

Any sane discussion of the Part France is playing in the war must center about the Franco-Russian alliance. That is the cardinal

fact. A quarrel breaks out between Servia and Austria-Hungary The occasion is the murder of the Austrian heir, but the real dispute is the balance of power in the Balkans. To settle the supremacy of the Near East, Germany and Russia fly at one another's throats. But the West is dragged in, and the whole world flames up,—for what reason? Because France acts with Russia. France makes Russian interests, Russian designs, Russian ambitions, her own.

G. Lowes Dickinson calls this long-standing bargain of yours with the Terror in the North an "unholy alliance." But let that go for the moment. The motives which prompted France to champion Russia are a separate question. First of all let us agree on the simple fact that France's action was conditioned on that of her ally. There has been a notable lack of straightforwardness in discussing this point; and some of you have tried to delude yourselves into the notion that you were wantonly attacked. At the beginning of the war, for example, your political and military leaders showed the greatest concern not to commit any act of "aggression." French troops were withdrawn ten kilometers behind the frontier. Was this ostrich-like act of innocence undertaken to impress the French populace, or to impress the outside world? Can you deny that France was already committed to fight for her northern ally? Was there anything at all which Germany could have done, or left undone, which would have kept you out?

On July 29, 1914, the Russian ambassador at Paris telegraphed to Sazonof: "Viviani has just confirmed to me the French government's firm determination to act in concert with Russia. This determination is upheld by all classes of society and by the political parties, including the Radical Socialists" (Russian Orange Book, No. 55). The same day Sazonof telegraphed back: "Please inform the French government....that we are sincerely grateful to them for the declaration which the French ambassador made me on their behalf, to the effect that we could count clearly upon the assistance of our ally, France. In the existing circumstances, that declaration is especially valuable to us" (Orange Book, No. 58).

These quotations are from a hundred possible. Every line in both the Russian Orange Book and the French Yellow Book confirms the allegiance of France to Russia. Every statesman in Europe knew what your attitude would be. The Germans understood it; yet they pressed you for an open statement of your intentions. Your only answer was to mobilize the entire army and the fleet.

Viviani acted throughout in complete subservience to Russia.

At the same time he acted with a remarkable absence of candor toward Germany. Let me illustrate. On July 31 he informed his ambassador at St. Petersburg that, "Baron von Schoen (German ambassador at Paris) finally asked me, in the name of his government, what the attitude of France would be in case of a war between Germany and Russia. He told me that he would come for my reply to-morrow (Saturday) at 1 o'clock. *I have no intention of making any statement to him on this subject*, and I shall confine myself to telling him that France will have regard to her interests. The government of the Republic need not indeed give any account of her intentions except to her ally" (French Yellow Book, No. 117). On the following day, August 1, Viviani had the audacity to telegraph to his ambassadors abroad that, "This attitude of breaking off diplomatic relations without direct dispute, and although he (i. e., Baron von Schoen) *has not received any definitely negative answer,* is characteristic of the determination of Germany to make war against France" (Yellow Book, No. 120). How, in the name of Janus, was Germany to receive "any definitely negative answer" if Viviani refused to "make any statement on this subject"? What would you call this sort of thing in ordinary affairs,—hypocrisy or deceit? This attempt to cloak hostile designs with silence deceives no one; it was perfectly clear what French "intentions" were. You intended to strike Germany from the west, should she be at war with Russia in the east.

Let us not try to evade a patent truth. The historical fact, from which there is no escape, is that you were bound to go in if Russia went in. Perhaps your treaty made it obligatory on you to fight by the side of Russia; in any event there was no disposition on the part of your leaders to keep the sword sheathed. All that talk in the days of the crisis about patrols crossing the frontiers, about German troops firing on French outposts, and about French aeroplanes flying over German territory, does not touch the core of the situation. These allegations, from whichever side, are mere banalities and pose. The die was cast; it had been cast for years. Even if you impute the most sinister motives to Germany, even if you prove to your own satisfaction that she started on a career of world domination, you do not demonstrate that she wanted to make war on France in 1914. Whatever her motives, Germany would have preferred to deal with one enemy at a time, would she not? It would have been far better for her, you must acknowledge, to fight Russia alone, than to grapple at the same time with Russia, France, England, and all their allies.

For you, therefore, to declare that you suffered an unprovoked attack, and that you are now purely on the defensive, is to fall short of an honest avowal. Germany, it is true, sent you an ultimatum and put a time-limit on your preparations; and at the end of that limit she invaded your territory. These, however, were acts necessary to her plan of strategy. She knew you were bent on fighting. Why should she not seize the initial advantage? If you persist in describing yourselves as being on the defensive it is merely because no nation ever admits that it is acting on the aggressive. Of this there is a striking example in French history. Napoleon Bonaparte toyed with the notion that he was merely defending himself. In Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon" the following conversation between the emperor and his minister Decrès is recorded. The conversation takes place immediately after Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa.

Napoleon—"The good citizens rejoice sincerely at my marriage, monsieur?"

Decrès—"Very much, Sire."

Napoleon—"I understand they think the lion will go to slumber, ha?"

Decrès—"To speak the truth, Sire, they entertain some hopes of that nature."

Napoleon—"They are mistaken: yet it is not the fault of the lion: slumber would be as aggreeable to him as to others. But see you not that while I have the air of being the attacking party, I am, in fact, acting only on the defensive?"

There has been altogether too much use made of this phrase "on the defensive." If you, France, are on the defensive, it is only in that attenuated sense that a victory of Germany over Russia would have tilted the balance of power in favor of Germany. But why were you interested in the balance of power? Why were you, the innocent and idealistic French, interested in wars and military combinations? The whole question, you see, simmers down to this: Why were you in alliance with Russia?

Surely it was not on account of sympathy with the Russian government. There were never two more oddly assorted yokemates than republican, intellectual France, and autocratic, illiterate Russia. Whatever way you look at it, Russia is the most backward power of Europe, industrially, educationally and politically. A great deal of nonsense has been published in France lately, the purpose of which is to eulogize the Russians, and to paint in bright colors the drab reality. Attention has been called

to Russian art, music, literature. But this is simply to magnify the exceptional. Every one admits that Muscovite culture has produced a few rare flowers, just as every one admits that potentially the Russian civilization has admirable aspects, realizable after it has emerged from medievalism. The typical Russia of to-day, however, is not a few revolutionists, nor a handful of intellectuals excoriating their government. The typical Russia is the secret police, the superstitious millions, the military despotism, the Siberia of exile, the grave of a dozen nationalities, and the gehenna of the Jews. That is Russia as the whole world knows it, and no amount of sentiment or whitewash can hide the truth. The whole world knows, too, that Russia changes, and can change, very slowly.

Yet into the arms of this cruel and unscrupulous bureaucracy France threw herself unreservedly. She formed with the Bear of the North a binding military alliance which has brought her, at the last, to the supreme ordeal and sacrifice she now undergoes. Her motive could not have been fear. A France pacific in aim, and unallied with great military powers, would have been no more the object of suspicion, or the victim of aggressive designs, than would Switzerland. Germany would not have molested a non-militarist France, for Germany had defeated France thoroughly, and extirpated French influence from her internal politics. There's the rub! Germany had defeated France in 1870-71. She had humbled France as she had never been humbled before. She had taken Alsace-Lorraine, borderland provinces, neither exactly French nor exactly German, as the visible badge of her triumph. Formerly these two provinces belonged to the German empire, and were taken in the midst of peaceful conditions without even a show of right. Lorraine became French, but Alsace remained German with the exception of a small district on the southern frontier.

France formed the alliance with Russia when stinging from the bitterness of that defeat of 1870-71. Russia afforded the hope of an ultimate revenge. Russia was courted, flattered, financed. French gold bought Russian securities in such quantities that the whole of thrifty France came to have an interest in maintaining the political *mésalliance*.

Bismarck said that France would never forgive Germany her victories. Apparently he spoke the truth. France fights to restore Alsace-Lorraine. Yet is it because the inhabitants of that territory have been oppressed? You will complain that when your troops entered Alsace at the beginning of the war they were treated to poisoned wells and were shot in the back by the peasants. The

Alsatians are among the bravest and most loyal of German soldiers, —these Alsatians you wanted to "liberate." You fight to recover provinces which do not want to be recovered—for the final glory of France. *La Revanche*! Yet after all is not revenge a very human motive?

Yes, revenge is very human, but it can hardly serve as an excuse for dragging the West into a war over the Balkans, and for decimating the whole of Europe. Revenge is supposed to be more the attribute of the Red Indian than of the civilized modern. Why should France alone be incapable of forgetting a past defeat? Why should she cherish the spark of hatred for more than a generation, waiting the hour to blow it into flame? The alignment in this war shows how many hatreds, how many revenges, have been foregone. Russia fights by the side of England and Japan: she forgets Crimea and the Yalu. Germany and Austria, once enemies, are not merely allies, they are a single unit of military administration. Italy was a member of the Triple Alliance (although no one can recall the fact without shame). Bulgaria linked with Turkey,—who would have thought it possible? You, France, you alone, pursued a policy of historic revenge. You alone found a wounded pride too sore for healing. For forty years the black ribbons of mourning fluttered from the statue of Strassburg. You have taken them off now, —to place them on a million graves.

But you did not want war, you are protesting. The mass of the French people were pacific. That must be admitted. But the mass of people in no country wanted war. The Germans did not want it; the English did not want it; the Russians knew nothing about it. Yet they all accepted it after it came; and now they give their lives gladly for their country. Oddly enough the very fact that the present war was made by governments rallies support to those governments, and enlists the loyalty of the peoples. You can see in your own nation how the paradox works. The French, you say, generally scorned war,—*C'est trop bête, la guerre*. Therefore when the war came they were convinced that it was not of their own making. It must be some one's fault. And whose but the enemy's? It must have been the vile Germans, the contemptible Boche, who brought this about. In war-time we completely forget the Biblical injunction about the beam in our own eye.

Yet after all the French people must be held responsible for the actions of their government. Possibly many of you did not realize where the alliance with Russia and the policy of colonial expansion would ultimately lead you. You may have been hypnotized by the

banner of *La Revanche* and the call of *La Gloire*. But you have a republican government; you are a democracy. There has been in France for a generation a strong war party. In the last decade or two, through all the kaleidoscopic changes of your politics, it has been apparent that this party of "aggressive patriotism" was gaining strength, gathering power. This effected the *entente* with England. It engineered the adventure in Algeria, and later managed the strangulation of Morocco. It maintained a strong financial interest in the blood-stained *concessionaire* system in the French and Belgian Congo. It constantly worked to embitter Anglo-German relations,—an effort ably abetted by the imperialist party in Britain. It undermined every attempt to achieve a reconciliation between France and Germany, and it brought about the ruin of Caillaux. In other words, the Colonial party, the Chauvinist party, was continuously successful in its designs. Although some of the most patriotic and far-sighted statesmen in France never ceased to combat it and the interests it represented, they were not able to break its grip. You had, indeed, a popular test of its power just previous to the outbreak of the war, in the elections on the Three Year Law. The Three Year Law was sustained. The militarists had won. The "New France," the France of aggressive temper, of nationalistic bombast, had been approved.

There was, I submit, a discernible downward trend in the policies of the successive governments under the Third Republic, and to some extent a decay in French sentiment. There have been times when France stood for liberty, equality and fraternity, and was ready to make great sacrifices for unselfish ends. But the France which battles to recover Alsace-Lorraine and to enthrone the Russian Czar in Constantinople, has drifted a long way from the ideals of the Revolution; just as the England of Grey and Asquith is far different from the England of Cobden, Bright and Palmerston. Indeed this war could not have happened had there not been a distinct deterioration in the tone of European politics. All sentiment was squeezed out of international relations, and along with it most of the principle. One indication was the support given by the Liberal West to the Russian bureaucracy, at a time when that bureaucracy was menaced by Liberal revolt at home. Another proof was the cynical abandonment of the weaker nations and the colored races. Morocco, the Congo, Finland, Persia, the Balkans! These outrages never would have been tolerated by any European civilization that was not preoccupied with selfish and sinister plots and counterplots. Things are now at such a pass that you are able

to laud in the most fulsome terms an Italy which bargains away its honor, enters upon a career of national piracy, and attacks its own allies in their hour of supreme peril. There has been a debacle in morals.

This "New France" is the worst France since the seventies, since the France of Paul Déroulède. You have revived that old lust for military glory which France, through all her history, has never been able quite to uproot. That is the heart of the matter. It will not do to picture yourselves as the good white knight forced to buckle on armor to meet the "Prussian menace." The obvious historical facts disprove the assertion. There has never been for you a Prussian menace. In the last forty years you, a people with a rapidly falling birth-rate and not essentially commercial, entered on a policy of colonial expansion. Germany, with more right, did the same thing. But you succeeded in acquiring territory while she, relatively, failed. But has she ever balked you in your enterprises? Quite the contrary. The spurs of the French chanticleer proved sharper and more annoying than the beak of the German eagle. Remember Morocco! In all those forty years the Mailed Fist was not once lifted against you. It would not have struck now had you not challenged the very existence of Germany by the alliances with Russia and England. What a masterly stroke of statecraft it was, this placing of Germany in a military vise! Your leaders could not resist that temptation. They saw a France rejuvenated, reborn, triumphant! And the soul of the French rose to the vision.

Well, you have the glory already, though not the victory. No one of the Allies has made so spléndid a showing of military prowess and vigor. But at what a cost in lives and human agony! No nation ever bought its laurels more dearly. And who can tell what sacrifices you may yet be called upon to make? How idle it is, after all, to reproach the French! You are intoxicated; the madness is in your blood. It is too late to turn back now; you must see this through to the bitter end. Yet the whole world grieves for you, because the whole world loves you. It loves you not for your ambitions or your bellicose moods, but for the wholesome sanity of your life in times of peace, for your gaiety and wit, because of your intellectual and artistic brilliance, because you are, in a word, the most Greek of modern nations. Americans especially hold you dear, for they have not forgotten those flashes of sympathy you have shown for the ideals which America, in a blundering way, is trying to realize. We see you now as the most pitiable figure in this world

war, because you suffer so much and with the least need. Our sympathy is not less because you have, for the moment, turned your back on the great ideals of human progress. You are like a beautiful woman we have loved and who has betrayed our loyalty, and we look on you and think, how can you prove so false and be so fair. The fact that you suffer for your own sins as well as for the sins of others only makes the heartbreak heavier. Like France herself we bow our heads to mourn your irrevocable dead and unreturning brave.

A MESSAGE FROM ARISTOPHANES.

BY FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

A VOLUME of Aristophanes lies open on my knees, as I sit perched on a rock well above the clear gliding waters of the river Minho, which here divides Spain from Portugal. I am on the Spanish bank, and all is peace around me. Left and right extend vineyards and plantations of maize, both shining in this season like emeralds under the level rays of the setting sun. Amidst their greenery nestle peasants' cots, of which one can discern only the roofs, picturesque as deeply corrugated brown tiles and upcurling evening smoke can make them; for these humble dwellings are seldom of more than a single story, and the vines encircling them are trailed, not as in the Provence low along the earth, but high up along wires and wooden rafters hung on countless goodly uprights of solid granite. Under such a screen of foliage the land remains cool, for even the midday sun cannot penetrate it, and even the wayfarer is protected as well as the soft-eyed bullocks that draw the rude carts of ancient type, for in order to utilize every yard of the rich soil the careful peasants carry their narrow roads for miles under such pergolas.

Behind me runs at a somewhat higher level where the land becomes steeper and uneven, the margin of a pine wood, dark and mysterious, except where clearings afford space for the white and purple heather to grow. In the background lofty hills clad with such heather close in the fertile valley. These great lineaments of the landscape are more visible from where I sit, if I cast my glance across the stream into the neighboring land of Portugal. There the eye can rove from ridge to ridge dimly interfolding in purple depths, and crowned not seldom with fantastic coronets of rugged rocks. The glens and hollows are beginning to be filled with mist and smoke, and along the eastern slopes that take the setting sun,

as Horace wrote, *duplicantur umbrae,* "the shadows are doubled" of the loftier crests that intercept its radiance.

Here no echoes of the war that is wasting Europe and destroying the civilizing work of a hundred years of peace; no rival battle-cries, no strident hymns of interracial hatred, reach this blessed retreat. Most of the peasants are as illiterate as I would like to be myself until the wickedness be overpast, and so are immune from newspapers; even if they have heard talk of the war, they probably regard it with the same unconcern with which in England we would regard a civil war in China. If you chance on one of their parish priests, he of course will know more about it; and if you ask him what he thinks of it, will answer that it is the greatest *locura y impiedad,* the worst madness and impiety that has ever disgraced the world, and that the pope, who supplicates the nations to end it, is the only prince in Europe—always excepting the king of Spain—that retains his sanity.

A little up the stream I see industrious village wives still hard at work washing their household linen; and as they kneel at the water's edge they are chanting a weird Galician folk-song that varies from grave to gay, glad outbursts dying away into melancholy cadences. One hears also further away a still stranger music, a rhythmless chaos of shrill shrieks and low deep groans, such as might arise from an inferno full of lost souls. It is nothing worse than the medley of rough dissonances given off by wooden axles revolving in wooden sockets, as the oxen drag homeward the heavily laden carts with solid wooden wheels along the stony lanes. On the other bank of the river I also catch the voices of children, collecting their little flocks of sheep and goats along the strip of grass that skirts the river.

It is twilight now. The angelus begins to toll from the white-washed village church, and it is time that I should wend my way homeward, threading the rough forest paths before darkness overtakes me; so I close my book and quit my rocky seat.

I have been scanning two plays, the "Lysistrata" and the "Peace" of Aristophanes, in the hope of winning therefrom some ray of humor to cheer me; and in these few pages I will summarize for my readers, not so much the wit I found there, and in plenty, as the profound moral truths with which these plays are still fraught for us to-day, though some 2300 years have elapsed since they awakened the mirth of Athenian audiences.

But to Aristophanes, prince of comedians, first let me apologize for the way in which he is treated by that intelligent body of men,

the censors of the British War Office. The better to understand certain passages which his editor, Brunck, for all his learning, has left obscure in his Latin version, I lately wrote home to have sent me from my library in Oxford a French translation made by an excellent scholar fifty years ago, and issued by a Paris firm that exists no more. The book reached me not, but, instead of it, I received a communication from these wiseacres that, not having been addressed to me by the publishers, it is to be destroyed at the end of fourteen days. O Aristophanes, are wit and humor extinct in Old England, that thou shouldst be treated like a stray cur or an old-time sorcerer? Or dost thou really contain military secrets, so dangerous to the successful conduct of this glorious war, that Lord Kitchener's subordinates need to guard against their being divulged in Spain?

I must therefore be content with Brunck, though he was a German; and, unassisted by the Frenchman, will now, in despite of British censors, and even at the risk of being held up to public indignation by the English press as a traitor and a spy, try to reveal the message which Aristophanes can in this evil season convey to our understanding.

The Peloponnesian war which filled the last three decades of the fifth century before Christ, and of which the great critical historian Thucydides has left us his record, in many essential features resembled that which to-day convulses Europe. As England with her oversea colonies and fleets confronts the greatest of military organizations, the German nation, so Athens, mistress of the Egean and head of a confederation of island states, confronted a Sparta, organized as a garrison and armed camp to overawe surrounding populations of doubtful loyalty. It was a fratricidal war, for Greek was fighting Greek and Hellas was divided against herself, a momentous struggle, for it ended in the downfall of the ancient city state and inaugurated a new political era. The rivalries of these states had waxed too bitter, their patriotism too narrow. They had indeed early in the fifth century B. C. held together for a time and successfully faced the forces of Xerxes and Darius; but no further concert was possible, and the seeds of dissolution now sown in the struggle for the hegemony of Greece bore fruit later on when Philip and Alexander of Macedon arose. The unity once sacrificed could not be restored, the feuds engendered could not be composed, and a foreign and Macedonian militarism presently made an easy conquest of a divided Hellas in spite of the eloquence of a Demosthenes. Hellenism, no doubt, did not perish, it could not, for Philip of

Macedon and Alexander prided themselves on their Greek culture, and they carried it, though not as a political system, as far even as Persia and the confines of India; they founded new dynasties more or less Greek, and established new cities, like Alexandria, whose inhabitants spoke and wrote a kind of Attic. But the golden age of Greek art, literature and philosophy was at an end. It could not survive the city state. The new Hellenistic communities which covered Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt, continued to reverence the artists, poets and thinkers of Athens; but the old spirit had evaporated; they Atticized, but were not Athenians. It needed the ferment and compost of a free democracy to throw up such flowers of the drama as Æschylus and Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes; such historians as Thucydides, such thinkers as Plato and Aristotle, and freedom was incompatible with the absolute sway of kings. The Macedonian conquerors aspired, as I have said, to be regarded as Greeks, and claimed to share the traditions of the conquerors of Salamis and Marathon, but the result of their suppression—and it was final and inevitable—of the old city states, was to sterilize the Greek intelligence and water down its wine for all succeeding ages.

Our grandfathers, still spellbound by bibliolatry, believed all the languages of the world to be descended from Hebrew; and it is barely a hundred years ago that the application of the comparative method to philology revealed to an astonished world that, apart from the Mongolian and Semitic groups, the languages of nearly all civilized races, ancient and modern Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Persian, Slavonic, Gothic or Teutonic, Armenian, Celtic, are sister tongues, daughters of one mother, in the same way as the modern Romance idioms of Castile, Italy, France, Catalonia, Portugal, Provence and probably Roumania, are descended from Latin. In appreciating the Romance tongues we enjoy the advantage that their parent dialect is preserved to us in ancient monuments, whereas the early tongue of which the members of the other group are the offspring, is irrevocably lost; of it we have no written records, and it can only be conjecturally reconstructed from a careful comparison of its descendants. Philologists, anxious to lay stress on the connection between the East and the West, have agreed to call it Aryan or Indo-European,—Aryan being the appellation which the old Persians gave to their own civilization. It is as significant as it is deplorable that the nations participating in the present war are all members, except the Japanese, Turks and Hungarians (who are all three Mongolians), of the Aryan group; and what is still more

deplorable is the fact that with insignificant exceptions the entire Aryan group it at war with itself, for through the influence of England even the Hindus are involved. In Europe the Spanish and the Scandinavian units, the Dutch and a handful of polyglot Swiss, alone have had the good sense to hold aloof. It threatens ere long to engulf even the United States, as it already has Canada and the Southern Pacific colonies of England. The bitterest feature is that the two most closely allied races of all, the English and the Germans, are opposed to one another in this struggle, although more than any other two races they resemble one another in moral character and intellectual gifts, and although their languages are so closely allied that philologists infer that they lay together and had a common history long after they split off from the original Indo-European unity. St. Boniface, an Englishman and bishop of Mainz little over a thousand years ago, ever referred to his kinsmen in England as the Saxons beyond the sea. Entire populations in England and along the Rhine and Elbe still spoke the same tongue.

Just as Pope Benedict XV has recently addressed to the warring governments, in the name of their common race, religion and civilization, a solemn protest against a war which is the suicide of Europe, so in the *Lysistrata*, under the cover of comedy, Aristophanes appeals to his countrymen to stop a war which was the suicide of Hellas; and he chooses as his mouthpieces the women of the belligerent states, perhaps out of genuine compassion, for then as now women, though they lacked the excitement of fighting and had no voice in the making of peace and war, nevertheless bore their share and even more than their share, of the privations, suffering and sorrow that hostilities entailed. The play in effect sets before us the tragicomic proceedings of a female stop-the-war committee organized by Lysistrata, a name aptly chosen, since etymologically it means the lady who disbands an army. The opening scene, of which the time is early dawn, represents a first meeting of her committee; and she has previously beaten up recruits and arranged that they shall thus assemble to listen to her program and deliberate about how best to realize it.

Her first words are indicative of disappointment. She had expected her fellow women to assemble in force, yet only three present themselves, of whom one is from Sparta. "Why," she complained, "if it were a feast of Bacchus or Pan or even of some obscurer deity, you would find the street rendered impassable by the drummers and bandsmen, and now not a single woman is here."

As she speaks she catches sight of one of her gossips, named

Calonice, who, noticing her distress, asks what has upset her and covered her pretty face with frowns." "My heart," answers Lysistrata, "is aflame with compassion for my sex. Are we not looked down upon by men as mischievous beings?"

Calonice's answer is as frivolous as that of a modern anti-suffragette: "And so, by Zeus, we are." Her friend disdains such flippancy, and goes on to deplore the fact that her friends have not come to the meeting, although they had been notified of it beforehand and although there were such important matters to discuss.

Thereon Calonice, the embodiment of unromantic common sense, tries to calm her leader's misgivings: "They will turn up," she says, "only give them time. You forget how difficult it is for women to quit their homes at so early an hour. One has to fuss about her husband, another is waking up her servant, a third is dangling the baby, a fourth giving it a bath, a fifth is feeding it." "All the same," protests the prophetess of peace, "we have business on hand much more important to us than these petty home interests. It is a matter in pondering which I have spent many a sleepless night." "Hey!" remarks her friend, "then it must be something very clever." "Not clever at all," answers the other. "It is this, that on women now depends the salvation of Hellas."

"On women," replies her friend. "Then it is in a mighty poor way." Her mentor disdains afresh her interruption and resumes: "Yes, it all depends on us, whether our state is to survive or not, nay, and even whether the Peloponnesians shall continue to exist." "If that's all," interjects Calonice in a sudden fit of patriotism, "it surely is better to make an end of them." For a good Athenian had to wish for their destruction, just as good Britishers of to-day demand that Germany should be annihilated. "Yes, but the people of Boeotia also will perish. "Oh, no, I hope not all," cries the irrepressible Calonice. "Save the eels, they are so toothsome."

"I'll not hint at the same fate for the Athenians," continues Lysistrata, respectful of her audience, "nor have you dreamed of such a thing! Nevertheless, if we could get the women to meet together here from Boeotia and the Peloponnese, along with ourselves, then we could all join in our effort to save Hellas."

But her friend remains as sceptical as ever of the good sense of her sex. They are fit for nothing, she argues, except to paint their faces and dress up in fineries by way of attracting the men.

"You've hit the very thing," cries Lysistrata. "It is just finery will do it"—a dark saying, of which the purport is revealed later on. Meanwhile other ladies make their appearance: Myrrhina from

Anagyrus,—who apologizes for being so late, but in the dark she could not find her girdle,—and Lampito, a vigorous lady from Lacedaemon, looking as if she could strangle an ox. "I guess I could," says Lampito in her broad Doric idiom. "Don't I frequent the gymnasium, and devote myself to the strengthening of my hams?" —a coarse allusion to the athletic training of Spartan girls. In reply Lysistrata compliments her upon her bust, but is requested not to stroke her up and down as if she was a victim for the altar.

A Boeotian and a Corinthian lady next arrive. Lysistrata is then voted into the chair, but before she will disclose her plan for stopping the war, she insists on putting a question to her friends, which for millions of women to-day has a most pathetic ring:

"Do you not miss the fathers of your children when they are away campaigning? For I'm sure you have, every one of you, husbands at the front."

"Alas," answers the gay Calonice, at last touched to the heart, "my man has already been five months away in Thrace watching Eucrates." "And mine," chimes in Lysistrata, "seven whole months in Pylos." "And as for mine," cries Lampito, "he is no sooner home, than off he rushes again in full armor with lance and buckles."

Thus appealed to, the ladies now profess their anxiety to see an end put to the war, and boast of the heroic sacrifices they would make to secure peace. Calonice would submit to be cut in two like a turbot, Lampito would run up the precipices of Taygetus, if Peace should greet her on the summit. So they press Lysistrata to enunciate her plan, and before an audience astretch with expectation, she does so. It is that the women of the belligerent states should deny their husbands conjugal rights until they leave off fighting. The proposal, much to Lysistrata's chagrin, is received with little enthusiasm, and they all exclaim that they would sooner pass through fire. Lampito, the stalwart Spartan lady, alone is sympathetic, and Lysistrata in recognition calls her a darling and the only true woman of the lot.

In the hands of an Aristophanes and before an Athenian audience, such a theme as this lent itself to much coarseness, which we would not try to excuse, though we must bear two things in mind, firstly that women were not allowed in ancient Athens to listen to comedies, and secondly that on the modern English stage, much more on the French, plays full of scarcely veiled lubricity are acted before audiences of women, while in any bookstall in France are exhibited for sale books which far surpass in obscenity anything in Aristophanes's comedies.

Lysistrata's audience at length agree, but it is now Lampito's turn to express misgivings of another kind. Will peace, she asks, ever be secure so long as the Athenians keep up a gigantic fleet and a huge war chest in the temple of their goddess, a very abyss of silver, she terms it, the silver bullets of which an English statesman boasts? A German of to-day affects to entertain similar misgivings about Great Britain. Lysistrata hastens to reassure her on the latter point. She has foreseen and provided against it. For while the younger women prosecute the first article of her program, the older ones are, under pretext of offering a sacrifice to Athene, to seize the Parthenon in which the war fund of Athens was lodged and to hold the fort resolutely against all comers. Accordingly they all proceed to swear a solemn oath to stick to the double program, and there follows an amusing discussion of the best and most binding ritual to adopt. The idea of using a shield to catch the libations of the victim's blood is scouted as savoring too strongly of militarism, and, as they cannot procure a white horse for sacrifice, they are ultimately content to use wine only without water, and to pretend that it is blood. Robertson Smith has shown that the use of wine as a ritual surrogate for blood was common in antiquity, so that Aristophanes, though he is jesting, may here glance at well-established religious custom.

Lysistrata dictates to her friends an oath, not to be uttered before a polite audience, which they severally repeat after her word for word, and the ceremony is barely ended when an uproar is heard without. It proceeds from the older women who have seized the Acropolis and are bolting and barring the gates.

A new and stirring scene ensues. A party of old men (the young are presumably away at the war) stagger up the steep slope of the Acropolis laden with faggots, a pot of fire to set them alight. They mean to smoke the women out of their stronghold and even burn them alive. "Who would ever have dreamed that women whom we fed in our homes, though we knew what imps they were, would ever have seized on the holy image, and with bolts and bars have blocked the approaches of the Goddess's temple?"

The old men have scaled the approaches, and presently we hear issuing from the temple the despairing appeal of the lady in command to her aide-de-camp: "Fly, Nicodice, fly for water, before Kalyce is burned alive, and Critylla too, for they are being suffocated by iniquitous laws and by these deadly old men."

The dialogue which ensues between the old men and the women who hasten to the rescue with their jars of water, is very amusing.

In one of his plays Euripides had stigmatized the sex as shameless, and one of the old men quotes him; the women are enraged and threaten, if they are touched, to tear out his liver and break his ribs. "Why have you come here with fire, you old Tombs?" they cry. "Yes," answer the old men in chorus," we mean to heap up your funeral pyre and set it alight." Thereupon the women threaten them with a veritable nuptial bath, and raising their pails, souse them from head to foot, much to their discomfiture, and well before they have time to set light even to the ladies' hair. "I have watered you well," cry the latter, "to give you a chance of becoming young again." "I am sere and dry as ever," wail the old men, "and all of a tremble." "Well, then," answer their tormentors, "as you have got fire with you, you can heat it up and take it warm."

The male victims hereupon retaliate by recounting the sins of the opposite sex; they tell how superstitious women give themselves up to the wild rites of Bacchus and to the obscene orgies of Adonis; how the fashionable ones get their husbands out of the way in order to flirt with their jewelers and bootmakers. The ladies retort in kind, and rail at the imbecilities of the Athenian parliament, and their demeanor shortly becomes so threatening that the Scythian constables who attend the aged counsellor, instead of obeying the latter's behests and setting on the women with their cudgels, take to their heels and run away.

The Counsellor is then reduced to asking the women civilly what is their motive in thus taking possession of the "mighty rock, the inaccessible Acropolis, the holy precincts of the Goddess Athene," and the following instructive dialogue ensues:

Lysistrata: We want to keep your money safe and prevent your going to war with it.

Counsellor: Do you mean to say we have gone to war with it?

Lys: Yes, and you have made a mess of everything. You just let Pisander (Lloyd George) steal it, and the rest of the office seekers, who are always up to some hankey pankey or other. But let them do what they like, we will take care they don't appropriate any more of this fund.

Couns: And what will you do?

Lys: Do? Why we will administer the fund ourselves.

Couns: What, you turn chancellor of the exchequer?

Lys: And, pray, why not? Is it not we and no one else that manage your home finances?

Couns: Ah, but that's another story.

Lys: How, another?

Couns: This fund is for carrying on the war.

Lys: Well, in the first place, there is no need to go on with the war. It's wrong.

Couns: And how else are we to save ourselves (from Germany)?

Lys: We'll save you.

Couns: You save us!

Lys: Yes, we.

Couns: Oh, horror!

Lys: Yes, you shall be saved, whether you like it or not.

Couns: I never heard such nonsense.

Lys: Now, you are getting angry. All the same it has got to be done.

Couns: But by Demeter, it's not right.

Lys: Never mind, my friend, we've got to save you.

Couns: And suppose I don't want to be saved?

Lys: Why, that is all the more reason for saving you.

Couns: And who and what put it into your heads to meddle with questions of war and peace?

Lys: We will tell you.

Couns: Out with it quick, or you shall rue it.

Lys: Listen then, and keep your hands off us.

Couns: But I can't, I'm so angry, I can hardly restrain them.

Lys: Then it's you that will rue it, not we.

Couns: Your pate shall suffer, you old hag, but out with it.

Lys: I will. After the war first broke out, we women, with our natural modesty, put up for a good long time with your antics; for you would not let us even whisper a complaint. At last we came to be disgusted with your doings and saw through it all, and, time and again, as we sat at home, we heard of how you had in your council of war muddled and messed some great undertaking. Then we would ask you with a smile: "Well, what of the resolution you have passed to-day in parliament about a treaty of peace to be inscribed on a pillar?" Then the men answered us: "What business is it of yours? Hold your tongues." And we held them.

Here one of the ladies present interjects the remark: "I never would have held mine," which provokes this rejoinder from the counsellor: "And you would have been just about sorry for yourself if you hadn't." Lysistrata disregards this interlude and continues:

Lys: So I held my tongue at home. But presently I heard of some plan, still more imbecile, that you had resolved upon,

and then I would say to my husband: "How comes it that you are acting so senselessly?" But he would stare at me askance and say: "If you don't go on with your spinning, I'll break your head. It is men's business, not women's, to look after the war."

Couns: And, by Zeus, he was quite right.

Lys: How right, you wretch? When your plans were so rotten, was it not our duty to warn you? And when it came to this that we heard you running about the streets saying: "There's not a man left in the city. Our last reserves are abroad!"—then we made up our minds that the time had come for the women to lay their heads together and by a joint effort save Hellas. For what was the good of waiting any longer? So then, if you will just return us the compliment of holding your tongues as we did ours, and listening while we give you some advice, we can get you out of your difficulties.

The counsellor explodes in wrath at hearing such sentiments from a mere woman, from one who wears a veil. Lysistrata in turn loses patience: she takes her veil and throws it over his face, and follows that up by clapping her wool basket over his head; she then advises him to stay quietly at home carding wool with his spouse and eating his rations of beans, for in future it's the women who mean to look after the war, and not the men.

There follows some amusing satire directed by the women against the "swank" of the militarists. Lysistrata says:

"We mean to put an end to your swaggering about the market place in full armor, as if you were mad."

Here a woman in the audience interrupts: "By the Paphian Venus, that's a good idea."

Lys: Yes, for at present, when we are vending our crockery and vegetables, they come rampaging about in armor like so many Corybants.

Couns: Of course, what else would you have our brave fellows do?

Lys: Well, it's fit to laugh at, to see a fellow chaffering over the price of nuts, and all the while holding up a great shield bedizened with the head of a Gorgon.

Here again a woman in the crowd interjects: "Yes, and by heaven, I saw a long-haired captain sitting on his charger and throw-

ing into his brazen casket the eggs he had just bought of an old woman."

Couns: And how, please, would you put an end to the general embroglio?

Lysistrata answers that she would unravel it as she would a tangled skein of wool. Above all she would be fair all round and recognize the rights of aliens settled in their midst, and give a voice in the management of affairs to their own colonists and friends, who at present pay the piper while others call the tune. The counsellor is more than ever horrified at women interfering who have nothing to do with war. "Nothing to do, you scoundrel," answers Lysistrata. "Is it not we that bear our sons and let them go to the battle front?"

Couns: Shut up and don't be ill-natured.

Lys: And then, just when we ought to be having a good time and making the best of our youth, we are left single because of the war. I don't complain of my own lot, but I hate to see the girls growing old in their chambers.

Couns: And don't the men too grow old?

Lys: Yes, but it's not the same thing by any means for them. For a man turns up, no matter whence; and however bald-pated or grayhaired he be, he at once finds a girl to marry him. On the other hand a woman's bloom is brief and quickly over; and unless she can avail herself of it, no one wants to marry her, and she has to sit and angle for anything she can catch.

As we read these lines we think with Lysistrata of the tens of thousands of young women in all the countries now at war, doomed to early widowhood or to solitary lives unblest by husband or children. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Athenian citizens never forgot that they had once been the victims of tyrants, as those were termed who contrived to usurp supreme power and dictatorship; and the comedian now sets himself to ridicule this, the most familiar of all bogies. "I scent the tyranny of Hippias," cries the aged counsellor. "These accursed women have plotted with the Lacedæmonians, who are as little to be trusted as ravening wolves, to undermine our liberties." He straightway vows to wreathe his sword in a myrtle branch, and take his stand armed in the market-place beside the statue of Aristogeiton. "If," he exclaims, "we give these women the least encouragement, there

is no devilry they will shrink from. Nay, ere long they will be building ships and try their hand at a naval battle, sailing against us, as Artemisia did." And he ends by calling them Amazons, such as the painter Micon had depicted fighting against men.

The poet continues in this strain to chaff his countrymen, mingling with his humor much that is regrettably indecent, and the play ends with a visit to Athens of ambassadors from Sparta, where Lysistrata's plan of campaign has been no less effective than in her own city. It has influenced them to come with proposals of peace, and Lysistrata delivers an harangue in the presence of the representatives of the two belligerent states which is replete with good sense and undoubtedly reflects the author's own feelings. She says:

"Men of Lacedæmon, come and stand close by me, and you Athenians there, and listen to my words. I am but a woman, but I have some common sense, and nature has endowed me with a fair faculty of judgment, and after listening to many an oration of sires and elders, my education is reasonably complete. Now having got hold of you, I mean to scold you both, as you deserve. For is it not from one and the same lustral ewer that you besprinkle your altars, being kinsmen, as you are, in Olympia, in Pylae, Delphi, and in how many other shrines which I could enumerate, had I time? And yet in the presence of enemy barbarians, you destroy with your armies Greek men and cities."

Then, turning to the Spartans, she continues: "Next you men of Lacedæmon, for I now turn to you, know you not that once on a time Pericles the Spartan came hither, and sat down a suppliant of the men of Athens at these altars, pale in his purple robe, and asking for armed assistance, for Messene was then oppressing you, and no less the God who shakes the earth; and our Cimon went with 4000 hoplites and saved the whole of Lacedæmon. Yet after being so treated by the men of Athens you ravage the lands of those who dealt so kindly by you."

Here an Athenian present interjects the remark: "They do wrong, by Zeus, O Lysistrata." Whereupon the latter, turning to him, continues: "But think you, O Athenians, that I can acquit you? Wit ye not of how, when you wore the garb of slaves, the Lacedæmonians in turn came armed, and destroyed many a man of Thrace, and many partisans and allies of Hippias, and they alone that day fought it out at your side, and freed you, and once more clad your people that were in servile garb in the robe of liberty?.... Wherefore, then, when ye have rendered one another such signal services do ye continue to fight, and not cease from your wicked-

ness? Why are you not reconciled? Come, what stands in the way?"

The belligerents forthwith agree to give back the fortresses and territory they have wrested from one another, and an Athenian present hails the chance of returning to his farm; "Now," he exclaims, "I'll off with my coat and start my plough," and the Spartan envoy answers: "And as for me, I'll lose no time carrying the dung to my fields," and Lysistrata continues thus:

"So soon as ever you are reconciled, you shall both do it. But if you are so inclined, hie to your council chamber, and go to your allies and communicate the news to them. Now then see that ye cleanse yourselves, that we, the women, may entertain you in the citadel out of what we have in these chests. There shall ye plight your oaths and troth one to the other, and then shall each of you take his wife and wend homeward."

There ensues a scene of much jollity. The counsellors and the Spartan legates begin to dance and sing, the latter invoking Mnemosyne, the muse of history, and praying her to sing of how the Athenians fought like gods and vanquished the Persian fleet at Artemisium, and of how they themselves under the lead of Leonidas fought like wild boars and vanquished the host of Persians as countless as the sand on the seashore.

The play ends with some noble hymns, the first addressed to Artemis, woodland huntress and virgin. "Come hither," is the invocation, "to witness our peacemaking, that thou mayest hold us together forever. May this friendship, as now ratified, be nevermore disturbed, and may we cast off the crafty manner of foxes. Hither come, O virgin huntress." Two more such hymns follow, one of the Athenian chorus, appealing to Artemis and Apollo, Zeus and Here, to be witnesses of their generous peace, more worthy of paeans than any victory in war; the other sung by the legates is an appeal to the muse of Lacedæmon, to quit fair Taygetus for a while and join them in their praise of the God of Amyclae and of Athena of the brazen house, and of the doughty sons of Tyndarus that sport on the Eurotas's bank.

In such passages as these Aristophanes rises almost to the level of Æschylus, and makes us some amends for the deplorable obscenity of his dramas. It is sad that a message so full of charity, good sense and genuine patriotism (for there are other modes of being patriotic than shooting down your fellow men and brother Christians) had to be enveloped in such nauseous wrappings, in order to recommend it to the citizens of Athens. Are we, who

affect to believe that the Sermon on the Mount was a divine message, any readier to listen to it than were they to give ear to the humor and irony of their great comedian? Just as Athenian and Spartan had common shrines and religion, just as they had fought shoulder to shoulder against the Persians, so Germans and Englishmen have a common religion, now alas mute and silent; so too they have the memory of Waterloo and of many another battlefield on which they fought as friends.

But the *Lysistrata* is not the only play of Aristophanes, reading which we are constrained to turn to ourselves and our German cousins and exclaim *De te Fabula narratur.* In the one entitled "Irene" or "Peace" he chose the same theme. The plot is one of grotesque humor: an Athenian citizen, Trygæus, whose very name betokens peace and plenty, is grown weary of a war which has involved him and his neighbors in famine and misery. He conceives the idea of ascending to heaven, in order to interview Zeus and entreat him to bring it to an end. Like Don Quixote, Trygæus resolves to soar upward, but on a huge beetle; and the first scene is laid in the atrium of his house, where two of his servants are feeding up the gigantic insect on dung, by way of collecting its energies for the flight. It is an unsavory job, and one of them exclaims: "O where can I buy an imperforate nose? For what task can be more horrible than this, of kneading dung into cakes and giving them to a beetle to devour?.... What a loathesome brute, ill-smelling and voracious! I know not which of the gods can be his patron, not Aphrodite, I'm sure, nor the Graces either."

However Trygæus has read in Æsop that the beetle was the only winged creature that ever reached the presence of the gods, so he determines to make the attempt. He mounts and soars upward, having previously exhorted his neighbors to close their latrines for three days, because otherwise his beetle, attracted by their fragrance, might make for them instead of for the gates of heaven; and he apostrophizes his noble steed thus:

> "But come, my Pegasus, away with thee for very joy,
> Rattling the golden chains of thy bridle,
> As thou shakest thy gleaming ears.
> What art thou doing? What? Wouldst thou incline
> Thy nostrils to the sewers?
> Nay, direct thy flight boldly away from earth,
> And spreading wide thy fleet wings
> Hie thee straight for the Courts of Zeus."

He reaches the gate of heaven, where the God Hermes dis-

charged the role of St. Peter. Hermes hears him approaching, peeps out and cries: "By Hercules! What monster is this?" "A horse-beetle," answers the rider, who is much disappointed to learn that Zeus and the rest of the gods are away from home, Hermes alone remains to look after their pots and pans. And "why," asks Trygæus, "have they migrated?"

Hermes: Because they were angry with the Hellenes. And here, where they were themselves, they have settled war, and have handed you over to him to deal with you as he likes. But they have settled themselves as high as possible, so as not any longer to behold you fighting, nor hear a single word of your supplications.

Trygæus: And why have they done so? Tell me.

Herm: Because you preferred to go on fighting, though they so often tried to make peace between you—in vain, for if the Lacedæmonians won a small advantage, they would say: Now, by the Gods, those Athenians shall pay for it. While if you Athenians scored any success, and the Lacedæmonians came to treat for peace, then you would at once say: Beware, for by Athene, we are being tricked. By Zeus, we must not agree, and what's more they will come again as soon as we have got Pylos.

Tryg: I can't deny that that is the way we talk.

Herm: Wherefore I doubt if you will ever again behold Peace.

Tryg: Why, where has she gone?

Herm: War has thrown her into an antre vast.

Tryg: Into what?

Herm: Into this abyss. And then, look for yourself, and see how many stones he has piled atop of her, to prevent your ever getting her again.

Tryg: Tell me, what is it he is getting ready for us?

Herm: I only know this much, that last evening he brought in here an enormous mortar.

Tryg: And what does he want a mortar for?

Herm: He purposes to pound up in it your cities.

Here a noise inside heaven disturbs the colloquy, and Trygæus is admitted to see War with his huge mortar, making ready to pound up the cities of Greece. He will begin with the towns of Prasiae and Megara, and imprecates terrible woes on them. Presently he comes to Sicily, the Athenians' attack on which ruined

their chances of success, as it is to be feared our attack on Constantinople will ruin ours; and here War cries with supreme irony:

"Ho, Sicily. Thou too art to perish. How fine a city to be so miserably crushed! Come, I will pour into thy wounds this Attic honey."

At this moment, in response to the call of War, another figure comes to the scene, Tumult, and we are forcibly reminded of Coleridge's war eclogue in which Fire, Famine and Slaughter hold colloquy together. Tumult is dispatched to Athens to fetch a pestle for War's mortar. The pestle wanted is the popular statesman who had hatched the war and turned Hellas upside down. Tumult returns and announces that he is dead.

"Hurrah," exclaims Trygæus, "that's a good thing for our city."

Tumult is next sent off to Sparta to bring back as pestle their chief fire-eater, whose role was to crush Athens at all costs. Tumult returns and announces that the Spartan pestle is not available either. He had been lent to the Thracians and they had lost him.

Trygæus now sees his chance. Before War can obtain a new pestle for his deadly mortar there may be time to haul up the Goddess of Peace out of the pit into which they have cast her, and reinstate her on her throne. So he appeals to all his fellow Hellenes to lend a hand and bring their ropes and pulleys:

> "Hither come with willing hearts and hands before it is too late,
> Hellenes all, and save yourselves from bloodshed, war and mutual hate."

In the humorous scene which follows, the different states of Greece are represented hauling up Peace out of her grave, and the stage resounds with such cries and vociferations as greet our ears on an English beach where sailors are hauling up a heavy boat. A few states remain sulky and fail to pull as they should, but the worst slackers are the manufacturers of arms who in ancient as in modern states formed a powerful guild. Like the Krupps and Vickers Maxims of our own day, they preferred war, because they fattened on it. They hang back and Trygæus has to menace them:

"If any polisher of spears, or shield merchant, desires war, the better to sell his wares, let brigands get hold of him and give him plain barley to eat."

The farmers pull best, and next the scythe-makers who are represented as pointing a finger of scorn at the manufacturers of swords.

When Peace at last appears, rescued from her pit, Trygæus addresses his fellows thus:

"Hear, O ye peoples; let the cultivators depart, bearing the implements of their tillage to their fields, losing no time, and without spear or sword or javelin. For the world is once more blest with ancient Peace, so let each man repair to his farm, singing paeans."

And the chorus sing:

"O day, long wished for by the just and by husbandmen,
With what delight I hail thee. I fain would address my vines,
And my fig-trees, which I planted when I was a younger man,
I am minded to greet them after so long a time."

Trygæus resumes:

"And now, my fellows, first of all, this Goddess greet with praise and prayer,
Relieving us of crested helm and shields with Gorgon's head that scare."

The rest of the play represents the joyful sacrifices and jollity of the country people, allowed at last to return to their farms and gardens. It ends with a humorous scene in which the manufacturers of arms try to get rid of their sadly depreciated stocks. One brings a helmet magnificently crowned with crest and plumes. Trygæus has no use for it, but thinks he could use it as a broom to dust his dinner table with. He offers a hundredth part of its value, but finding, when he tries it, that the hairs come out, he refuses to take it at any price. He takes a handsome cuirass and turns it into an appurtenance of his privy; also a trumpet, which can be turned into a machine for weighing out his figs; and he is ready to cut the spear in two and use them as stakes. The despair of the armament firms is portrayed in the most comical manner, and their representatives are treated with the contumely they deserve.

One interesting feature in these plays remains to be noticed. It is the tolerance with which an Athenian public listened to criticism of their army and of the conduct of a war which was no less a life and death struggle for them than the present is for the nations engaged in it. Not only so, but they could sit in their theater and listen patiently to the bitterest irony directed against the war policy and its authors and upholders. Thus in this play, the god Hermes is allowed to assail even Pericles, for inflaming his "froward" fellow citizens to war. "He it was that blew up the flame of war, so that the eyes of all Hellenes are watering in its smoke, those of Attica, and those of other lands....No one was left who could

stop it, and Peace vanished utterly." Trygæus answers: "By Apollo, I never learned that before of any one." "Nor I, either," answers the chorus.

The poet equally rebukes the Athenians for their spymongering. "Let an ally be rich and affluent, and, no matter how loyal he be, the demagogues, to ingratiate themselves with the starving victims of war, raise a hue and cry, accusing him then of being 'in league with Brasidas,'" the Spartan Moltke. As we read such a passage we are reminded of the denunciation of Sir Edgar Speyer in the columns of the *Morning Post*, and the following lines are as true of England or France or Germany to-day as they were of Athens:

"Like the hounds you are you tore him asunder; for the city was pale with fear and sat in terror, the while you devoured like cannibals any one who was thus denounced."

And when Hermes mentions "the chief author of the devastation of Hellas," Trygæus exclaims:

"Stop, stop, O Lord Hermes, mention him not. Let that man rest where he is now, in hell, for he no longer belongs to us, but to thee; whatever thou sayest of him, even if he was a villain when alive, a chatterer and chicaner, a meddler and a disturber of the peace, he is amenable to thee now and thy rebukes fall on thine own subjects."

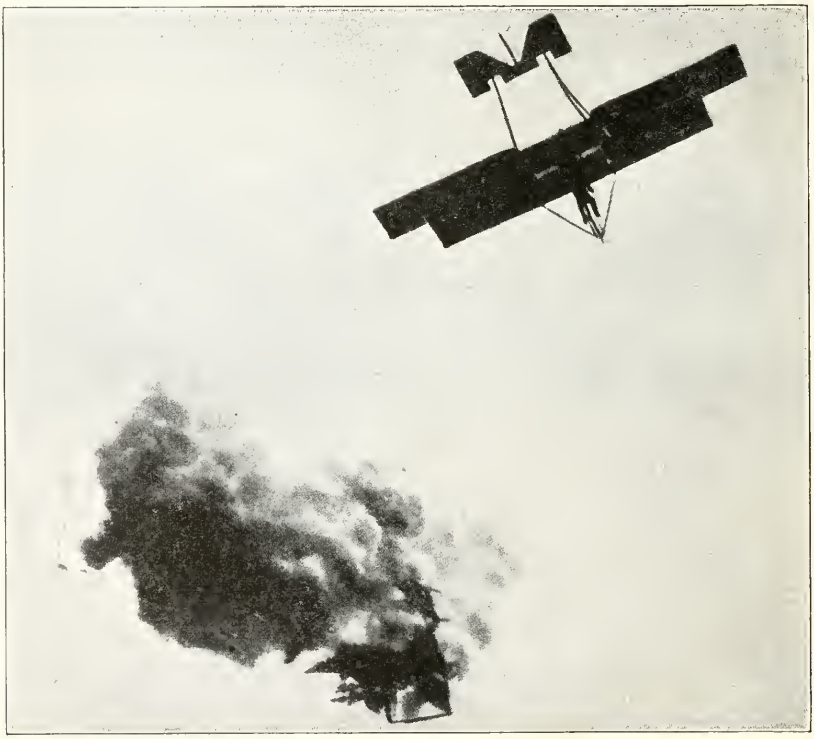
To understand the above we must remember that Hermes conducted the souls of the dead before their judges Minos and Rhadamanthus. It is before these judges of the underworld that Hermes must indict the authors of the war, already deceased.

Thus the fratricidal war of ancient Greece was an emblem of what we witness to-day. Let any one in Berlin or London or Paris to-day raise his voice in favor of peace and the entire press will denounce him as a traitor. Even the pope has execrations leveled at his head because he has not quite forgotten or abjured the message of peace and goodwill. The clergy in all the countries at war are either silent or resort to sophistry to reconcile rampant cruelty and wickedness with the religion they profess. Most of them are appealing to God to help their own particular cause. If there be a Divine Power that listens to the prayers of men, he may well have turned away in disgust, as Aristophanes imagines the gods of Greece to have done.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW PHASES OF WARFARE.

The romance of warfare has been greatly enhanced by recent inventions which have extended its operations into the air and under the sea. Zeppelins, aeroplanes and submarines have not only made war more complicated but at



RUSSIAN AIRSHIP WITH BENZINE-TANK EXPLODED BY SHOT FROM GERMAN BIPLANE.

the same time have added new terrors to the old ones. Submarines are capable of sinking formidable battleships which in former wars were invincible, and the various types of aircraft make it possible to fling bombs in places

MOTOR-BOAT ON THE NIEMEN, WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.

OBSERVATION POST ON THE LOOKOUT FOR RUSSIAN FLYERS.

heretofore secure from danger. At the same time the bold aggressors themselves face death in new forms, by suffocation under water, by falling to death from enormous heights, and in many other ways. Land forces must now be

ZEPPELIN ATTACKED BY RUSSIAN AEROPLANE.

on the lookout to provide for their own defence against the winged enemy in the sky. Military science has been carried into new fields and has developed new talents and new fields for exploit and daring. Aeroplane fighting aeroplane, aeroplane attacking Zeppelin, aeroplane attacking battleship or enemy's

TURKISH AEROPLANE SINKING SUBMARINE OF THE ALLIES NEAR THE COAST OF BULAIR.

town or on the less sanguinary mission of reconnoitering the enemy's distribution and movements,—these are some of the situations in which these new machines of destruction are to be observed in action. In the present issue we present a series of pictures reproduced from different sources, which show aircraft in various phases of action.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

HUMAN QUINTESSENCE. *By Sigurd Ibsen.* Authorized translation by *Marcia Hargis Janson.* New York: B. W. Huebsch. Pp. 303. Price $1.50 net; $1.62 postpaid.

The personality behind this work will be of particular interest to Americans not alone because Dr. Ibsen is the great dramatist's son, but because he spent some years in Washington as attaché to the Scandinavian legation.

A great man's son is always handicapped. But the author of this book, though also following in the footsteps of his father, makes here a purely intellectual appeal to the reason without recourse to the emotions.

The book is divided into four related essays: "Nature and Man"; "Why Politics Lags Behind"; "Of Human Aptitudes and Human Art"; "Of Great Men: An Essay in Valuation." The first essay strikes the keynote of the book. Man, says Dr. Ibsen, has outgrown nature. The monistic, scientific theory of the universe, which is valid of all other parts of nature, cannot be applied to him. Man is nature plus what the author calls "human quintessence." In the following chapters the author follows up his theory that man cannot be measured by the yard-stick of natural law. Dr. Ibsen formulates a new art, a social technology, which lies in drawing out the fullest human capabilities. But to bring about a society built on human principles, a revolution of our present social system is imperative. A natural development will not lead to it. Society is not an organism, but an organization. Historic continuity is fiction, not fact. The author is a liberal of the liberals and bitterly chastises our politics, whose object is not the development of man, but of might. He is a naturalist, but also an idealist, for in his opinion both have the same aim, the perfection of humanity. His hope for humanity is the freest and fullest development if its essence, the "human quintessence."

This philosophical book is not yet widely enough known, but its value is sure to be recognized in the course of time. It is most needed in this country where men enter politics from a spirit not of service, but of gain, and where social legislation still is in its swaddling clothes.

MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN.

The address of Edward P. Buffet, author of *The Layman Revato,* which was noticed in the November number of *The Open Court,* is 804 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J. The selling agents for the book are G. E. Stechert & Co., 151-155 West Twenty-Fifth St., New York.

In press; ready for publication February 1st, 1916

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Professor Herms has been engaged in many successful campaigns against disease bearing insects, notably malaria bearing mosquitoes in California. His work on the house fly has given him a national reputation. He is a member of the National Malaria Commission and for nearly fifteen years he has been a teacher, devoting his major attention to medical entomology, both as a member of the faculty of the University of California and of the San Francisco Veterinary College. His other published books include *A Laboratory Guide to the Study of Parasitology* and *Malaria: Cause and Control.*

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