

# 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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VOL. XXXI (NO. 6)

JUNE, 1917

NO. 733

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The Open Court Publishing Company

CHICAGO

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

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# JUSTICE IN WAR TIME

By

The Hon. Bertrand Russell

Cloth, \$1.00, paper, 50c

Pp. 250

## PRESS NOTES

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MARYAN LANGIEWICZ, A POLISH REVOLUTIONIST OF 1863.

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

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## AUSTRIAN STATE POLICY.<sup>1</sup>

BY RUDOLF KOMMER.

THE FOURTH OF AUGUST 1914.

AT the beginning of the war there ensued, to talk the language of Nietzsche, such a wholesale revaluation of fixed values, such a recasting and remodelling of opinions, sentiments and ideas previously entertained, that the fourth of August may justly be called a day of discoveries. On that date that world-wide process of enlightenment set in which endeavored to prove to astonished humanity that most of their cherished notions on the relative worth of nations had been arrived at in a state of unprecedented delusion and aberration. In the course of a single afternoon old Russian revolutionaries joined their English friends in the conviction that Russia was in reality the embodiment of a noble and humane democracy, while English Balkan politicians proceeded equally swiftly to the canonization of Servia, now rechristened Serbia. It is unnecessary to point out that these and other discoveries carried with them the consignation of Germany and Austria-Hungary to the lowest depths of human worthlessness. English, French, Russian and American representatives of art and science proved in detail and conclusively that Germany had never created or achieved anything worth mentioning in literature or the natural sciences, in philosophy or technique, or even in music. It all amounted to this, that for at least forty years Germany had successfully carried out one of the most gigantic swindles known in history, leading all nations by the nose, until the ever memorable fourth of August opened their eyes.

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered before the German Club of Los Angeles and translated by Kuno Meyer. The German edition of the lecture under the title *Der österreichische Staatsgedanke* may be obtained from the German Club of Los Angeles, 538 Bradbury Building (price 10 cents).

The purport of these remarks is merely to point out the necessity of carefully dating every utterance on European conditions. Before the fourth of August, or after—these are the datings giving to every thought, every opinion, every word a different significance and an opposite tendency. For that reason alone I wish to state emphatically that the views which I am going to set forth all originated in the time before the war. For me the fourth of August was not a day of discoveries. What I think of Austria I have expressed on innumerable occasions during the last ten years, and am now prepared to repeat. The war has played havoc with my sentiments; it has left my political convictions wholly unaltered.

#### THE MUCH-BELOVED AUSTRIANS.

During the last decades Austria-Hungary has been treated in public and popular opinion with half-ironical pity and sympathy. This curious attitude was perhaps never shown so clearly as during the first months of the war in London, where we “alien enemies” of Austrian extraction were almost feted. God knows, it is no exaggeration to say that at that time we were more popular even than the Belgians, and that after the fall of Lemberg we almost began to suffer under this popularity. Of course all this affection was only meant for our supposed weakness, and I regret to have to add that it diminished in an alarming manner during the spring offensive of 1915, and must now, after the fall of Bucharest, have reached zero.

The imminent dissolution of the Austrian empire has long been a common topic of conversation. People talked about the natural collapse of an unnatural political fabric, and, still under the influence of the shibboleths of 1848, prophesied the victory of the centrifugal forces of the suppressed nationalities over the brutal centralizing tendencies of a reactionary bureaucracy and dynasty. Foreign politicians and historians loved to flourish the medieval notion that Austria was nothing but the appanage of the Hapsburg dynasty, an empire thrown and held together not by political and historical necessity, but by dynastic marriages. Every one knows the old saying: “Let others wage war! thou, fortunate Austria, marry!” This originally Latin sentence, dating from the time of Emperor Maximilian, the last knight, shows that even at the end of the Middle Ages Austria was taken somewhat ironically. But the inference that the Austrian crown-lands were held together for centuries merely by their character as the dowry of royal and imperial archdukes and duchesses is a false and absurd conclusion, a

cheap reversal of historical events. For Austria, Hungary and Bohemia did not unite because their dynasties intermarried, but the very opposite was the case: these dynastic marriages came about because there existed the necessary tendencies of union between the three countries.

Since the conclusion of the Triple Alliance the desire to discredit Austria-Hungary as a great political power has constantly been on the increase. Here I must remind you that at least four-fifths of popular opinion in the modern world are dependent on the English press, the English cables and the all-powerful English news agencies. Now so long as we Austrians were wholly harmless land-rats we were treated with that naive mixture of good nature, contempt and amiable condescension which the ruler of the waves doles out to all nations that have nothing to say on sea. But with the construction of the first dreadnought the old fairy-tale of the disruption of Austria was revived. Once again the chaotic jumble of nationalities was decried, which was not worthy of seeing the light of the twentieth century; jokes were cracked at the antiquated monarchy in the diseased heart of Europe; and again and again *finis Austriae* was announced to all quarters of the world. That such ignorant and at bottom childish arguments were largely taken seriously is due to psychological reasons.

#### AUSTRIAN SELF-DEPRECIATION.

The Austrian, from whatever mixture he draws his origin, is wholly lacking in pathos. National self-irony reigns in no country so universally as in Austria. Whenever a foreigner discusses Austrian problems with an Austrian, he will infallibly hear more or less ingenious witticisms at the expense of Austria. That this self-depreciation is no sign of weakness, but merely the expression of a peculiar national temper is shown among other things by the fact that it was quite common even in times of great magnificence and power. When it pleased the playful Hapsburger, Frederick III, to invent the vocalic conundrum A. E. I. O. U., standing for *Austriae est imperare orbi universo*, or 'all earth is our underling,' the mocking Viennese turned it into *Austria erit in orbe ultima*, or 'Austria shall be the least on earth.' Even the heroic wars against Napoleon were unable to change this lack of pathos, and the folk-songs centering around the noble figures of Andreas Hofer and Archduke Charles, like the older ones on Prince Eugene, all contain something kindly, homely and slightly humorous. A more modern phenomenon of the same kind is the reversal of the sentence of "boundless

possibilities." America was first called a country of boundless possibilities, and an American will always pronounce these words with justified pride. But when the Austrian applies them to his own country he takes them in another sense. Whenever the government commits some blunder the ironical phrase of the country of improbabilities or boundless possibilities is heard. That this kind of jocular self-criticism is not calculated to impress the foreigner favorably goes without saying.

Add to this the infinite complexity of the inner political conditions, which makes the understanding of the Austrian problem so difficult and explains the almost complete ignorance abroad about anything relating to Austria. I was therefore not in the least surprised when a highly educated American, who was familiar enough with all the details of the love affairs of Crown prince Rudolf and the catastrophe of Mayerlingk, asked me whether "Austrian" was to be numbered among the Slavonic or what my friend George Moore calls the "Romantic" languages.

#### INK-POTS, BILLINGSGATE AND MARK TWAIN.

Travelers from this country, like your grand Mark Twain, used to notice only certain grotesque and ephemeral phenomena on the Austrian surface, and passed on. Mark Twain's descriptions of the stormy sessions of the Austrian parliament are no doubt exact observations, but without the least understanding for the historical revolutions which accompanied them. To the artist Mark Twain every ink-pot hurled by a Czech delegate at the head of a German one denoted no more than the grotesque inkspots which it caused; every furious invective had only a literary interest for him; and the speeches lasting forty hours, which were then held, were to him but so many record-breaking performances. It remained altogether hidden from him that these outbursts of temper, often exceeding all bounds, signified the forced retreat of the ruling German nation before the aggressive demands of the younger nationalities. And yet an American ought to have been able to understand and appreciate these turbulent scenes. For they marked nothing less than the modern, democratic, constitutional and pacific settlement of deep-reaching conflicts between closely allied nations. The turbulent history of the Austrian parliament is an idyl of civilization compared with the bloody horrors enacted at the same time in the Balkans where similar national conflicts were settled in a somewhat more antiquated manner. You will perhaps understand me better when I ask you whether ten or twenty years of stormy parliamentary

scenes in Washington would not have been preferable to four years of civil war.

If during the fifties of the last century your statesmen had succeeded in allaying the growing passionate conflict between the North and South in a parliamentary way, if they had replaced the old-fashioned "militaristic" form of civil war by the civilized, peaceful and democratic form of parliamentary warfare, do you not think that wildly excited scenes in Congress and the Senate would have been inevitable? And thus, what people regarded as an evident weakness of Austria, as the unmistakable signs of decay, as the tragic symbol of political impotence, was in reality, paradoxical as it may sound, the revelation of an inward strength and soundness and the manifestation of a vigorous life. Every detension is more complicated than a primitive explosion, and it is the result of the highest art of diplomacy when latent civil wars are fought out in words. The invectives heard in the Vienna parliament were so to speak safety valves for relieving the warlike tension then reigning in Bohemia.

#### THE MALCONTENT EMIGRANT.

Lastly I must point out another source of error, the Austrian emigrant. It is but natural that people who leave their native country for their good cannot have an unbiased opinion on a condition of things which has proved unable to retain them. Every Austrian you meet in the wide world, while showing a deep and touching love for his old home, has in general some special grievance, as he is not inclined in a matter of fact way to make overpopulation, economical conditions, and the like, responsible for his exile. So he simply rails against the "government," adding as a rule some spiteful remarks meant to mask his homesickness. But he who desires to get a real insight into the national witches' caldron of Austria must first get rid of all such prejudices and superficialities. He must drop once for all romantic notions of Austria as the feudal heirloom of the dynasty and such-like lumber dating from the period of roccoco. One simply can not see modern Austria while the imagination is shut up in a historical lumber-room. To designate contemporary Austria as a feudal state owned by the Hapsburg dynasty is an anachronism similar to branding the United States of America as a slave-owning state.

#### PROPHECIES OF DISRUPTION.

English politicians have often goodnaturedly patted me on the

back—in the time before our first dreadnought—, have raved of the incomparable scenery of Austria, of her excellent pastry and coffee, of her exquisite waltzes, not without asking mournfully whether this melodious medley would not fall to pieces after the death of Francis Joseph. I have always answered this sympathetic question by saying that as a loyal Austrian I found it impossible to believe in the death of the emperor. As all foreigners are to the English either “crazy foreigners” or “dirty foreigners,” my answer put me into the former category, and the Austrian problem was settled. At the beginning of the war this theory of disruption was of course pounced upon by the whole anti-German press with a kind of satanic glee, and not one of the many journalists who are occupied in settling the rearrangement of Europe has yet grown tired of announcing again and again that the final disruption of Austria is by general desire fixed to take place next week. The Serbians, Croatians and Slovenes of Austria are supposed to wait with outstretched arms for the Serbians; the Poles, Ruthenes, Czechs and Slovaks tremble with impatient longing for the Russians; the Rumanians want to be joined to Rumania, the Italians to Italy, the Austrian Germans to Germany; and of the empire of Charles the Fifth, on which the sun never set, nothing will soon be left save the Capuchin tomb of the Hapsburgers, the cheque-book of the Rothschilds, and the eternal rhythm of some imperishable songs. After more than two years of a cruel war against terrible odds there is no trace of any irredentist movement, and the revolutions predicted in Hungary and Bohemia, on the coast and in Bosnia, have taken place in South Africa, India and Ireland.

Much might be said about the war and about the exertion and achievements of Austria, achievements which have slowly found an entrance into the political mind of England where the “Austrian resistance” is now reluctantly admitted. But if you merely glance at the map of central Europe and consider calmly and without prejudice the strategic position of Austria-Hungary as compared with the numerical and economic superiority of her many adversaries you will not cease to wonder at the strength and energy displayed. He who wishes to rate the military achievements of any European nation at their true value, must in the first place not commit the mistake of comparing them with those of Germany, for the Germans in this war form a heroic group by themselves. But if, for example, we compare Austria-Hungary with France, we shall soon recognize that the Austrian organism has proved itself far superior to the French. And in saying so I do not forget the

German help which Austria has enjoyed, though as regards actual assistance of troops, it was naturally strictly limited. No one will maintain that Germany has been able to place one, two, or three millions in the field for Austria, as England has done for her allies.

#### THE BETTER ALLY.

But you must not misunderstand me and imagine that we Austrians have any desire to belittle the German assistance. We know and feel deeply what we owe to Germany, and nothing perhaps illustrates this heartfelt recognition better than that often quoted story of the dispute between a German and an Austrian officer on the relative merits of the two armies. After much discussion to and fro the Austrian is said to have given in with a smile and the following genuinely Austrian words: "Well, yes, it is true, you have a better organization, but we have the better ally."

This story from the trenches not only illustrates the intimate and friendly relation of the two nations toward each other; it also furnishes us with a trenchant analysis of the Austrian temper and psychology. Still one must not commit the great error of rating Austria-Hungary by the Austrian smile or gesture. The time in which we live speaks the language of arms, and the success of the Austrian arms should suffice to draw attention to the immense cohesive power which must exist within the empire. This state-preserving power flows naturally from the conception of the Austrian state, as it lives to-day in Austrian statesmen of all nationalities, in the people itself, and in the dynasty—in short in Austrian consciousness.

#### HOME RULE IN AUSTRIA.

The idea underlying the Austrian state is national autonomy, i. e., unlimited self-government of the various nationalities, or to use an Anglo-Saxon expression, home rule. The political process leading to national autonomy is an infinitely complex and varied adjustment (*Ausgleich*) between the historical rights and privileges of the ruling nations and the national, political and economical demands and aspirations of the rising nationalities. The political life of Austria of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow consists just in this harmonizing process between the historical powers and the new national postulates; the adjustment (*Ausgleich*) between the Austria of Joseph II and the demands for autonomy of the Austria of Francis Joseph; the adjustment between the Germans and Czechs in the Sudetes, between Serbo-Croats and Italians in the coast-

land, between Germans and Italians in the Tyrol, between Germans and Slovenes in Carniola, Carinthia and Styria, between Poles and Ruthenes in Galicia, and between Rumanians, Germans and Ruthenes in Bukovina. As you have grown up in the political ideas of Anglo-Saxondom, I venture once more to substitute the phrase more familiar to you: National autonomy for all nations in Austria means home rule all round. But while home rule applies merely to geographical units, national autonomy goes much further in working both for freedom and democracy, and takes account not only of geographical units, but also of national divisions within these units. Thus for several decades the kingdom of Galicia had home rule, but no national autonomy, for the Ruthenes were being opposed by the ruling nation, the Poles. For about the last twenty years the process of adjustment between Poles and Ruthenes is in operation; the Poles have been obliged to surrender in fierce but merely parliamentary battles privilege after privilege, the Ruthenes have effected one national demand after another. Long before the war the Ruthenian language was recognized as an official language of the country by the side of Polish, i. e., it became the language of schools, law courts, churches and administration generally wherever Ruthenes are to be found in Austria. In the same way the political power in the Galician diet has been shifted in favor of the Ruthenes, their economic organization starting from cooperative rural banks has developed on a national basis, and thus national autonomy in Galicia is no longer a Utopian program but a growing reality. It is only natural that this process of adjustment seemed to move far too swiftly for the ruling Poles on the one hand, and far too slowly for the oppressed Ruthenes on the other. No man surrenders privileges suddenly and willingly, nor is a rising pariah possessed of patience and psychological insight. The consequence was that both Poles and Ruthenes vented their displeasure against the Austrian government which with infinite patience endeavored to stand above the parties and especially above the nations in order to bridge over their historical contrasts. He only can be a judge, or rather a mediator, who has nothing in common with either party. So the Austrian government is neither Polish nor Ruthenian, neither German nor Czech, neither Italian nor Serbo-Croatian; standing above the nationalities it is Austrian. The seeming displeasure caused by the levelling process, which was too rapid for one, too slow for the other, was nothing but opposition from ill-humor. As soon as the fabric of the empire was threatened by danger from abroad, the strength and soundness of the political instincts of all nationalities showed

themselves, and although the Austrian interior is not yet completely furnished and equipped, the outer shell is compact and strong and has weathered the storm successfully.

#### THE REAL FRANCIS JOSEPH.

The development of Austrian policy during the last fifty years is indissolubly bound up with the person of Emperor Francis Joseph. There hardly ever was a great man further removed from his contemporaries than this most peculiar Hapsburger. To the whole world outside of Austria his real nature was veiled by the tragic fate of his family. The bloody end of his nearest relatives, the no less tragic fate of other Hapsburgers, and the no less painful extravagances of a number of others were known to everybody. People were familiar with all the court scandal of Vienna, Schoenbrunn and Ischl, and imagined they were doing justice to this unique personality by talking sentimentally of the old man on the throne who was spared nothing. Before I attempt a necessarily meager sketch of the astounding proportions of the personality of Francis Joseph I should like to explain why a serious appreciation of this most interesting political contemporary has so rarely been tried. In Austria itself it has become a tradition to begin the discussion of the historical role of a monarch, of his intellectual physiognomy and political profile, only after his death. Not as if it were forbidden to do so during his lifetime. What I am going to say now I might at any time have uttered at home in Austria; but I should not have done it. For we like to leave the emperor in the twilight of a remote veneration attaching itself rather to dynastic associations than to personal details; and when I say that the emperor to us is more of a symbol than an individual, I must confess that this distinction cannot count on a ready understanding in America. Such things cannot be explained: they are the result of tradition, constitution, temper, atmosphere and climate, if you like, and should be treated with tolerance.

#### HANDSHAKES AND FOOT WASHING.

When an American tells me with some pride of the hand shales which the president of this republic exchanges with electors and visitors, I can only reply that our emperor, the head of one of the oldest dynasties of Europe, on a certain day each year washes the feet of twelve beggars. Both are symbolic actions and cannot be arbitrarily transplanted, as every symbol does not thrive in every

climate. Shake your president by the hand as much as you like, or as much as he can stand, and let us curve our backs as much as we like, or as much as our vertebrae can stand. These otherwise inexcusable remarks are merely meant to explain that Francis Joseph has not had his full share of appreciation because he is so far removed from public criticism. The intellectual structure of your president is known so well, because he is the center of daily discussion. The last president criticises the present one without hesitation, and the last but one does the same with both. All these and other possibilities of criticism exist as little in Austria as they do in England, and we have to take infinitely greater pains if we are to attempt a truthful, unsentimental and objective analysis of our sovereign.

Consider that it was the same Francis Joseph, who in 1848 as a young prince and emperor of eighteen years stifled a revolution, which was wholly unintelligible to him, in blood; who sixty years later introduced universal secret and direct suffrage with the unbending will of a biblical patriarch against the wishes of the ruling bourgeois parties. Consider further that the same monarch who during the first years of his rule sees in every tame liberal a traitor to the state, after a few decades puts his trust in socialism, and not only favors a moderate state socialism after the German pattern, but expects from social democracy a cooling down of the nationalistic fever. The same man who relentlessly subdues the Hungarian insurrection, the outbreaks in Lombardy and the Polish revolution, becomes in course of time the protector of the national renascence, appoints a rebel who had been sentenced to death and hanged in effigy his minister, and becomes the faithful ally of the Hohenzollerns, who had destroyed the century old hegemony of the Hapsburg dynasty within the German empire. One must be blind not to see that this unique sovereign has seen more of political life than any other human being of our own time, and has digested and assimilated all the intellectual and political evolutions of the nineteenth century. The great wave of nationalism which overran Europe in that century has given a new direction to his whole mind and views, and the subsequent socialistic spring-tide found him fully prepared and sympathetic.

"Monarchic socialism" is the curious designation which has been applied to Germany and Austria, not by fantastic Germans and Austrians, but by coolly reasoning American scholars, who have devoted years of diligent study to this paradoxical marvel of our age. "Monarchic socialism" practised by a Hapsburger born in

1830, grown up under Metternich, having received his baptism of fire at Santa Lucia in the fight against national liberty, having suffered the bitter humiliation of the flight of the court of Vienna before the revolution of 1848, and who as a grown man was wont to see in democracy and socialism veritable emissaries from hell. The progress of this mind through all the political phases of the last century is assuredly one of the most astounding events of that period. For it is easy to be a democrat when one has been born an American, it is somewhat more difficult for a scion of the oldest dynasty in Europe.

#### FRANCIS JOSEPH THE CHIVALROUS.

It has often been pronounced one of the most inspired episodes in the life of Bismarck when after the battle of Sadowa he prevailed upon his king to deal so leniently with a wholly defeated Austria. It has rightly been extolled as a magnanimous action of the first order, as the outcome of an almost superhuman vision; and the national merit of having reconciled Austria has naturally been claimed for Bismarck. But to bring about a reconciliation two people are necessary. Psychologically, it was a far greater achievement for Francis Joseph to accept the result of the campaign of 1866 and to resist every temptation to take revenge. Certain historians have called him the chivalrous. If for no other reason he would deserve this epithet for having acknowledged himself unreservedly beaten after an unfortunate trial of arms. This noble resignation was by no means weakness; for even for the weakest among the great powers of Europe it is always possible to indulge in the desire for revenge by concluding alliances and by attempts at isolating and encircling the enemy. Indeed the banal psychology of Napoleon III counted on such a desire in Francis Joseph; but the latter did not repeat the all too human mistake of Maria Theresa. Unlike the Bourbons, the Hapsburgers forgot what should be forgotten, and learn what has to be learned. It is owing to this frank submission to the verdict of history that Austria enjoyed half a century of peace. It is the tragic guilt of France that, unlike Austria, she has tried to reverse the defeat of 1870, that she has not acknowledged the issue of her duel with Prussia, that she has shut her eyes to the trend of European history. If Austria had acted like France, the last fifty years in central Europe would not have taken such a peaceful course, the democratic development of Austria within a monarchical setting would not have been possible, and we Austrians might now

have the doubtful pleasure of fighting against Hindenburg instead of by his side.

#### THE AUSTRIAN LEITMOTIF.

It would seem that it was the monumental victory of the national idea in Germany and Italy which converted the antinationalistic Hapsburger. For the year 1867 saw the satisfactory settlement (*Ausgleich*) with Hungary and thus the final conversion of an absolute monarchism into a constitutional dualism. This arrangement between Austria and Hungary gave the latter complete autonomy, the two parts of the empire sharing nothing between them but the dynasty, the army, and their foreign policy, while the share of either part in the common expenditure of the empire is settled every ten years. You see from this that the word *Ausgleich* has become a permanently recurring *Leitmotif* in the Austrian song of destiny.

Since 1867 the inner political life of the two groups of lands has been guided by wholly different ideas. Under the guidance of Francis Joseph Austria has pursued the ideal of national autonomy, while Hungary remained faithful to the old phantom of a uniform national state, trying to magyarize the Slovaks in the north, the Rumanians and Germans in Transylvania, and the Croatians and Slavonians in Croatia. It was natural that the King of Hungary should have endeavored to counteract these tendencies, and for years he has been working to bring about universal suffrage in Hungary, so that the suppressed nationalities might have breathing space. This struggle for democratizing the Hungarian parliament, a struggle which the monarch has to carry on against an aristocracy insisting on their privileges and against a bourgeois oligarchy, must seem a mystery to Americans, who are wont to see in emperors and kings tyrants opposed to parliamentarism. But it is really time that the American conception of European kings, which seems to date from the war of Independence, should be modernized a little. The naive notion that an end of the present war could only be expected from a wholesale republicanizing of Europe would not then have spread like an epidemic.

The dualism of Austria-Hungary produced in the brain of the murdered archduke and heir to the throne the grand idea of an Austro-Hungarian-South-Slavonic trinity. The South-Slavonic group would have embraced Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and possibly also Carniola and parts of Carinthia. If this creative thought had ever taken shape, only Hungary would have suffered a *diminutio capitinis*, as it would have been relieved of

Croatia and Slavonia. If then in such a stupid and wholly aimless murder any logical meaning could ever be discovered it ought to have been committed by a Hungarian and not by a Serbian.

#### ADJUSTMENT AND THE NATIONAL ROSTER.

Immediately after the creation of an autonomous Hungary national evolution began in Austria itself. The rapidity of this process was naturally different with each single nationality, who are thus nearer or further, as the case may be, from the ideal of complete national autonomy. In Bohemia the emancipation of the Czechs, who forty years ago were almost completely denationalized, has proceeded so rapidly and victoriously that the German minority, which formerly exercised an unlimited political and economical rule, has for a considerable time been threatened in its national existence. A division of the country in two for administrative purposes will restore the balance.

These shifting of ascendancy and the violation of minorities resulting from them have produced in the younger generation the idea of a national roster, that is to say, a complete separation of nationalities in the electoral lists. The German electors are entered in German, the Czech in Czech lists. Thereupon each group elects a certain number of delegates according to its numerical strength, so that the electoral struggle is confined to members of the same nationality. In that way even the smallest national minority would be represented, the application of the crude principle of majority would be eliminated at least in the elections, the friction between the various nationalities would be essentially lessened, and the real struggle confined to parliament. The realization of this valuable political idea has for some time been on the program of the leading intellects of all parties and nationalities, and will no doubt be carried out after the war.

The ultimate difficulties in the solution of the conflict between Germans and Italians, and between Poles and Ruthenes, are to be found in the strife for the location of the universities to be founded. Here both national and local sentiments come into play, which time will assuage. A full and harmonious balancing of three national groups has been successful in the small duchy of Bukovina, where Rumanians, Ruthenes and Germans live peacefully side by side on equal terms. Their three languages are the official languages of the country in schools, law courts and administration. Naturally every other national group in this petty crownland, which on account of its seven or eight nationalities is called a miniature Austria, has

the full right to the use of its language. But the judges and officials of the country are not obliged to transact business in any but the three languages mentioned above. I will spare you statistics. Lord Beaconsfield has said that there are three kinds of lies: simple lies, damned lies, and statistics. This saying has at least a threefold application in the case of Austrian statistics. For Bohemia, e. g., we have the statistics of the government, of the Czech, and of the German parties, and so on for every crown land.

#### THE SOCIALIZATION OF THE NATIONAL PARLIAMENT

Universal suffrage introduced in 1907 was intended among other things as a cooling application to the national fever heat. The socialists became the relatively strongest party of the first absolutely democratic parliament, but were unable to lay at once the nationalistic ghosts. But the process of healing will undoubtedly go on rapidly, since sooner or later the class feeling will oust a hyper-national sensitiveness, in order finally to make room for a sentiment embracing the whole state. However, the morbid irritability of the single nationalities of Austria must first be allayed. For according to Bernard Shaw a healthy nation is just as little conscious of its nationality as a healthy man of his bones.

But without speculating what the future may bring, one might have justly and emphatically said long before the war that Austria is the one state of Europe, perhaps the one state containing so many nationalities in the world, which does not, like Switzerland, sacrifice the individuality of its separate nations to the rigid ideal of unconditional uniformity. There is no enforced Austrian state language, there are merely territorial languages, belonging to the Romance, Slavonic or Germanic groups.

This complex synthesis of ancient and new, conservative and radical elements is the only free and flexible form in which numerous isolated fragments of different nations can lead an individual and thriving existence. And this constitution, this idea, which is Austria, will sooner or later have to be taken over by the other great empire of multiplex nationalities, Russia, and finally also by the third Babylonian chaos, the Balkan.

#### THE AUSTRIAN MIGRATION OF NATIONS.

Since the beginning of the war the dissolution of Austria has been so often and so lovingly figured on colored maps, more particularly of course in England, that even unbiased observers have begun to ask themselves whether a neat division of Austrian nation-

alities would not be a desirable solution of the problem. Quite apart from a chronic economic paralysis which would accompany such a breaking-up of the monarchy, apart also from the political problems which the erection of about a dozen of new kingdoms would carry with it, the independence of such a number of small states even for ten years is quite inconceivable. Does anybody seriously believe that the tendencies of expansion on the part of Russia have been sterilized by her alliance with puritanical England? And even if the great powers of the second Holy Alliance should be inclined, after Germany's descent to hell, to lead the life of angels, saints or territorial hermits, will the newly founded petty states of Hungary, Czechland, Slavonia etc. be able and willing to do so? Will they not tear and rend each other as the Balkan nations have been wont to do? And finally, is it possible to separate them from one another? Is there even one single nation in Austria which could constitute a geographical and political unit? Are they not all dovetailed like different geological deposits in the strata of a mountain? And even if by neglecting the small minorities a more or less neat separation were possible, how long would the new frontiers remain national frontiers? In over-peopled Europe an incessant migration of nations takes place, a constant diffusion and interpenetration, which makes any separation illusory from the outset. At the end of antiquity and throughout the Middle Ages the Germanic longing for Italy influenced all that happened in Europe. To-day the opposite tendency is noticeable. While Italy is now invaded only by German tourists, the Italians themselves move steadily northward. In Transylvania the oppressed Rumanians are constantly gaining new territory, in Bukovina the Ruthenes are spreading, and in Moravia, Silesia and Lower Austria the Czechs are ousting their former lords and masters, the Germans, peaceably but effectively. Vienna, German Vienna, the German imperial city on the German Danube, contains to-day some hundred thousands of Czechs and will perhaps in a generation be a bilingual city. A German heart bleeds at this thought, but that can alter nothing in a historical process. These migrations have economic and biological causes and are fated and irresistible. One cannot shut up the nationalities of Austria, or of the Balkan, or of Russia, within Chinese walls; and Bismarck's well-known saying cannot be beaten: If Austria did not exist, she would have to be invented.

#### A. E. I. O. U.

In conclusion I should like to add a few words on the foreign

policy of Austria and her attempts in the direction of social reformation. The colonial policy of Austria is her Balkan policy; other colonies are not even dreamed of in Austria. It is merely an economic colonization, since the Balkan states are the natural market for Austrian productions. Austria is unconscious of any desire of political expansion. It is this Balkan policy which has produced the antagonism of Russia; for its most vital demand is the deliverance of the Balkans from Russian imperialism. As regards the problems of social reform, Austria like the rest of Europe owes an enormous debt of gratitude to Germany. Austria was the first European nation which in 1887 followed the epoch-making example of Germany by introducing governmental labor insurance. The nationalization of railroads, the taking over by municipalities of electric car lines, the telephone, gas and electricity, stock-yards, of the importation of meat etc., are some of the items of that German and Austrian political socialism, which, as already said, has been called monarchical socialism by American admirers.

If finally I am to sum up the fundamental components of Austrian policy, this may best be done by repeating the three main items of the inner political, the foreign and the socialistic program: national autonomy, a Balkan policy on an economic basis, and a well-tempered state socialism.

## UNITED STATES: CRUSADER.

BY ROLAND HUGINS.

*"Let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world what our motives and objects are."*

—President Wilson, April 3, 1917.

AMERICA strikes. For three perturbed years she has stood outside Armageddon, watching, irresolute. Now she swings her vast resources of men and materials into action. She smashes a blow at Germany, the foe of democracy, of law, of small nations. She makes battle for the rights of humanity.

America is fighting without passion, without hatred. She fights to build the future, not to avenge the past. For herself she demands no indemnities, no territories, no compensation. Her hands are clean. She gives herself freely. She has nothing at stake but honor, nothing to gain but the peace of the world.

At the beginning a number of radical pacifists called this a

"Wall Street war." They mistook the mood of the country,—and of Wall Street. The financiers will keep their trade in munitions, but they are certain to lose more in taxes than they can recoup. This is a war of sentiment. Nearly all of the recognized leaders of American thought endorsed this war before it was declared: Root, Roosevelt, Choate, Taft, Hughes, Eliot, and scores of others. These men are not moved by the hope of speculative profits.

Since the start of the war in Europe American opinion has run hostile to Germany. Our newspapers, the professors in our universities, our business men and our statesmen, have been vehement in their denunciation of the Central Powers. President Wilson followed the sentiment of these people, he did not lead it. There was no hypocrisy, as our German friends charge, in the President's war message to Congress of April 3. Every word welled from a deep conviction. "We fight," he said, "without rancor and without selfish objects." We fight "for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

## II.

This war, as most of us recognize, is a break with our political past, but not a break with our moral past. The United States has fought five or six wars before; and with the exception of one, the Mexican War, these have always been crusades against wrong-doing. The Revolution threw off the tyranny of George the Third. The War of 1812 defended the rights of neutrals at sea. The Civil War crushed slavery. The war with Spain freed Cuba from the grasp of Weyler and his like. This great republic has struck, now and again, a swift, clean blow for justice: clearing out the Barbary pirates, throwing open the prison of Vera Cruz. And once more the republic takes the sword in the same heroic spirit it fought its wars of old.

On its political side, however, this war is the greatest innovation made in American polity since the foundation. Heretofore we have scrupulously refused to participate in European quarrels. Our policy was laid down, with clarity and precision, by President Washington in his Farewell Address. He declared:

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her poli-

tics, or the ordinary combinations or collisions of her friendships, or enmities.... Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?"

The "set of primary interests" to which Washington referred is the struggle for power. European nations, he said in effect, are ambitious rivals. They compete with one another for territory, for colonies, for prestige. They are a vast network of hereditary loyalties and enmities. Their rivalship involves them in frequent wars. They fight for each other or against each other, they combine and recombine, as interest, temper or caprice dictate, so that the bitterest foe of yesterday becomes the dearest ally of to-day. European interests have to us at most a very remote relation; the causes of these frequent controversies are essentially foreign to our concerns; we would do wisely not to entangle our peace and prosperity in their toils.

Such was Washington's judgment and advice, given at the time of the French Revolution, and directly concurred in, as we know, by Hamilton and Madison. For a century and a quarter this elder wisdom has guided American relations with Europe. But now, after two or three years of deliberation, we have repudiated this policy of isolation. We have not gone so far, as yet, as to make a permanent alliance with any part of Europe. None the less we are, for the first time in our history, playing an important and probably decisive role in European affairs.

We have reversed our policy, and the effects will be momentous for us; but our action is not, on that score alone, to be condemned by any one. John Stuart Mill remarked: "A great statesman is he who knows when to depart from traditions, as well as when to adhere to them." We have departed from our traditions, for reasons that we believe to be both adequate and unselfish: We have refused to believe that the present Titanic struggle is all of a piece with Europe's former wars. We do not think this a conflict between greedy rivals, equally unscrupulous and mutually responsible. We think that Germany and her accomplices are chiefly, if not wholly, to blame. We believe three things: that Germany was the brutal aggressor in this war; that she waged the war with a calculated and inhuman frightfulness; and that her victory would be a positive disaster for civilization and for the democracies of the world. For these beliefs we risk our wealth and our lives. We pledge ourselves to stop and bring to terms a government that has run amuck.

Not even our enemies should be allowed to believe us mean-spirited and guileful. We may, conceivably, be mistaken. We may have miscalculated. We may have profoundly misread European politics. Of our good sense, only the future can judge. On April 26, 1917, President Wilson wrote to Arthur Brisbane: "In these trying times, one can feel certain only of his motives, which he must try to purge of selfishness of every kind, and await with patience for the judgment of a calmer day to vindicate the wisdom of the course he has tried conscientiously to follow."

### III.

The purpose of a war is not achieved by starting it. In a long war the objects with which we begin may not be the objects with which we finish. We began the Spanish-American war to free Cuba, but we ended with the Philippines and an Asiatic problem on our hands. We have, now, no quarrel with the German people as distinct from the German government. But after we have spilled a flood of our blood, it may be, in order to help kill hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of the German people, we may feel less kindly toward them.

We must make clear to all the world, said our President, what our motives and objects are. Yes, to all the world. And it strikes me that there are people right here in America, and many people in England, France, Russia and Italy, who will need to be told, again and again, the objects for which these United States fight. The Germans will find out what we are saying to them. Our ships and guns will make it very clear to them. "Hindenburg," remarked Lloyd George, "does not know America." Is Mr. Lloyd George sure that he himself, and Milner and Curzon and Balfour and Carson, know America?

The specific mistake that Englishmen and Frenchmen will be prone to, is this: that they will mistake the extreme pro-allied partisans in America for representatives of the whole of America. They will not realize that we have two hyphenate bodies in America, the German-Americans and the Anglo-Americans. Neither faction represents the bulk and heart of the American people. The pro-Germans are those whose sympathies in the war lie rather with Germany and Austria than with their opponents. The Anglo-Americans are those who love England, or France, as though it were their native land, and whose loyalty to America is really conditioned on American aid to the Entente.

The pro-Germans are not a source of danger at present. In

any event they have no choice but to acquiesce in the measures taken by the American government. They are, of necessity, suffering acute spiritual distress; many of them are torn by conflicting emotions. But whatever their feeling may be, they are powerless, and they know it too well to cause a disturbance. Our Anglo-Americans are, on the other hand, a real source of danger, because they actively misrepresent American ideals. They are not, at heart, Americans, with a faith in America's nobility and destiny; they are at heart Colonials. Civilization for them does not center in Washington and New York and Boston. It centers in Europe,—somewhere along a line drawn between Paris and London.

These Colonials cursed America when it seemed to be hampering the Entente, and blessed it when it helped the Entente. They have shot poisonous gas on President Wilson one month, and a stream of rosewater the next. They have for two years sought to involve America in the war, and now they are happy and triumphant. But their work is not finished. They will not rest until they have done their utmost to bring about a permanent alliance or "understanding" with Great Britain and her allies. They want America to help the Entente to the fullest measure possible, but of course they would consider it impertinent for America to attempt to dictate any of the policies of the Entente. They are rapturously enthusiastic over the war.

As I say, the English and the French will do well not to identify these Colonials with America. The vast bulk of Americans are not enthusiastic over the war. They go into it reluctantly, grimly, with heavy hearts, impelled only by a sense of duty. The extreme slackness of recruiting since the declaration shows that no war fever is raging. Had the question of war or peace been submitted to popular vote, we have no notion what the decision would have been; for the idea of a referendum was anathema to those who wanted the war most. Americans, the bulk of them, are "pro-ally" in one sense only. We believe the Allies to be fighting for principles that we, too, hold sacred. But we are distinctly not interested in advancing the imperial ambitions of any one, either ourselves or our friends. We fight for the right, as we see the right.

#### IV.

And so America speaks a new language in international affairs, and she has something pertinent to say to her friends as well as to her foes. If America should address herself, for example, to

Great Britain, who is our nearest of kin and who should understand us best, she would express herself as follows:

"For the first time in our history our relations have become really cordial and affectionate. We now, as a people, see the vast store of human worth and character in England; and we can admire and love her despite her faults. And we know that this is the only true and sensible way for us to regard England; for any nation can love any other nation, and any can hate any other, as history has proved scores of times, and is proving again to-day.

"We know you will return our love, but we also know that we are purchasing your love with a price, and a costly price. We pay for it with our own spilt blood. We pay for it too, with the hate and rankling sense of injustice aroused against us in millions of German hearts.

"Europe, we are not unaware, has always looked on us with contempt. We have been called shopkeepers, dollar chasers, materialists. We have been thought to be a vast uniform pool of middle-class commonplaceness. You, Englishmen, have been ready enough to subscribe to this aspersion, that we are Philistines. We do not again want to hear this slander. On purely idealistic grounds we are helping you to win your greatest war. We are fighting the first purely doctrinaire war in history. We are a novel force in affairs: a nationalized sentimentality. And we shall be for a long time a dangerous sentimentality: rich, ingenious,—and armed.

"We are fighting Germany because we believe her to be an anachronism; and we do not think anachronisms of that kind should be tolerated in this modern world. We do not think the twentieth century is the time for national piracy, or for thirteenth century methods of warfare. We have refused to excuse German brutalities on the ground of necessity. We have not allowed her to do, in her desperation, what other nations would be tempted to do in desperation, because we regard her as a nation whose spear knows no brother, fitter for Roman times than ours.

"There is one compliment you must not pay to us: do not imagine we are pursuing any deep or subtle policy. Do not imagine we are better versed in *Realpolitik* than we appear to be. This war was not forced in America in order to secure an adequate preparedness, nor to forestall a possible aggression from Japan. We did not even go to war to protect our ships and our commerce. We know perfectly well that our controversy with Germany over submarines hinged upon our refusal to enforce international law

against your food blockade of Germany. In us there is no wile or guile. May we say that we expect to find none in you? We have taken your professions that you are fighting for righteousness and peace at face value, without any discount. May we say that we expect those professions to be lived up to?

"And may we add further, that we realize that words are slippery things, and may mean different things on different sides of the Atlantic? We do not want to destroy the future to avenge the past. A peace without victory may no longer be possible, but we shall certainly want to see a peace without punishment. We want to teach Germany a lesson, we do not want to reduce her to impotence. A minimum of common sense would tell us that a despoiled and ravaged Germany would simply make Central Europe the breeding ground for new wars. We see no more reason to give free play to French hate than to any other variety of it. Hate cannot insure peace; only magnanimity can. We can shoot guns, big and little, but we do not expect to find any blood on the nails of our soldiers' boots.

"In that way and for these purposes, our English friends, America makes war. And for these purposes she will make her future wars."

## SYMPATHY FOR POLAND IN GERMAN POETRY.

BY MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN.

SUFFERING Poland has never failed to arouse the sympathy of the poets of Germany. The critical events in the history of this martyr of Europe have always been accompanied by expressions of deep compassion on the part of the literary men in Germany.<sup>1</sup> The first partition of Poland touched the heart-strings of the Swabian bard Christian Daniel Schubart (1739-1791), and this unfortunate poet, who afterward became the innocent victim of the tyrannical duke of Württemberg,<sup>1</sup> has the credit of having written the first German poem which gives expression to the grief of Poland.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the life and imprisonment of Schubart see the article in the London journal *Leisure Hour*, 1854, III, 667f, and 685f.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* Robert Franz Arnold, *Geschichte der deutschen Polnliteratur*, Vol. I: *Von den Anfängen bis 1800*. Halle, 1900. The appearance of the second volume, which is to bring the subject down to date, has been unduly delayed. Professor Arnold has shown in the first volume such an intimate acquaintance with the subject that the continuation of his scholarly work is being eagerly expected even on this side of the Atlantic.

The following rhymeless verses of Schubart, which were published in his journal *Deutsche Chronik* for 1774, are filled with that mighty passion which lends such beauty to his lyrical rhapsody "The Wandering Jew."

"Da irrt Polonia  
Mit fliegendem Haare,  
Mit jammerbleichem Gesichte,  
Ringt über dem Haupte  
Die Hände. Grosse Tropfen  
Hangen am Auge, das bricht  
Und langsam starrt—und stirbt,  
Doch sie stirbt nicht!  
Versagt ist ihr des Todes Trost.  
Sie fährt auf, schwankt und sinkt  
Nieder an der Felsenwand  
Und schreit: ach, meine Kinder,  
Wo seid ihr? Ausgesät  
In fremdes Volk und hülfflos.  
O Sobieski, grosser Sohn,  
Wo bist du? schau herab!  
Hörst du nicht am Arme  
Deines tapfern Volks die Fessel ras-  
seln?  
Siehst du nicht den Räuber  
Aus Wäldern stürzen  
Und dein Land verwüsten?—  
Ach, der Greis versammelt seine Kin-  
der,  
Seine Enkel um sich her  
Und zückt das Schwert und würgt sie  
nieder.  
Sterbt! so spricht er wütend,  
Was ist ein Leben ohne Freiheit?  
Ha, er rollt die offnen Augen,  
Durchstosst die Brust und sinkt  
Auf seiner Kinder Leichen nieder.—  
So klagt Polonia."

"Behold Polonia,  
With flowing hair,  
And mournful brow,  
Wringing her hands above her head.  
Her eye full of big tears  
Grows dim  
In staring vacancy—and dies.  
Yet she dies not!  
Denied to her is death's comfort.  
She starts and sways, she sinks  
Down at the foot of the rock  
Crying, O my children  
Where are ye? Scattered  
Over foreign lands and helpless.  
O Sobieski, great son of mine,  
Where art thou? Look down!  
Hearest thou not fetters clanking  
On thy brave peoples' arms?  
Seest thou not the robber  
Rush from the woods  
And devastate thy fields?  
Alas! the grandsire gathers around  
him  
Children and grand-children,  
And draws his sword to slay them.  
'Die,' he says in rage,  
'What without liberty is life?'  
Rolling his eyes  
He pierces his breast and sinks down  
Upon the dead bodies of his children.—  
This is Polonia's plaint."

The Polish insurrection of 1794 under the leadership of Tadeusz Kosciusko found an inspired singer in the Königsberg poet Zacharias Werner (1768-1823), who was living at that time as a Prussian official in Poland. In the three poems which he devoted to the Polish nation ("Battle Song of the Poles under Kosciusko," "Fragment," and "To a people") he gives poetical expression to his deep sympathy with Poland in her death-struggle with her mightier neighbors and hails the legions who were fighting under Kosciusko as the champions of liberty for all Europe. In the last strophe of his poem "To a People," which was written before the

fall of Warsaw, this sanguine poet gives voice to his hope for the speedy restoration of Poland:

"Dir—zwar im Meer ein Tropfen nur—  
O Volk! wird auch die Stunde schallen,  
Und—sollt'st du auch noch einmal fallen,  
Verlöschen deines Namens Spur—  
Der Aufwecker lebt und wacht,  
Und eh' im grossen Strom der Zeiten  
Ein Lustrum wird vorüber gleiten,  
Ist alles gleich gemacht!"

German sympathy for Poland reached its zenith, however, on the occasion of the Warsaw revolt of 1830. The first attempt of the Polish nation to throw off the foreign yoke awakened great enthusiasm in all German states. The German people had a few years before responded generously to the struggle of the Greeks for independence. But their response to the struggle of the Poles for freedom was more spontaneous and general. "The Germans," says Brandes,<sup>3</sup> "then possessed the quality, which Bismarck afterward laid to their charge as a fault—a fault of which he has cured them—of being almost more interested in the welfare of other nations than in their own, to the extent even of desiring that welfare when it could only be purchased by some surrender of power on the part of Germany."

But the emotionally sympathetic attitude of the Germans toward the struggle of the Poles for national independence was not, as Brandes would have us believe, altogether due to altruistic motives. The Germans sympathized so strongly with the Poles in their fight against Russian despotism because they realized that the Poles were fighting not only for themselves, but for the whole of Europe. The Polish rebellion of 1830 was to decide whether absolutism as dictated by Nicholas I in St. Petersburg and by Metternich in Vienna or national and constitutional liberty were to prevail in all the countries of Europe. The young men in Germany, who were chafing under the heavy weight of spiritual and political reaction, which had its center in Austria and was spreading over all the German countries,<sup>4</sup> saw in the fight of the Poles for liberty their own fight. What wonder if they responded to every heart-throb of the champions of liberty across the Vistula.

<sup>3</sup> Georg Brandes, *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*, Vol. VI, p. 84. 6 vols., London, 1901-5.

<sup>4</sup> For a vivid picture of the vicious system which dated from the congress of Vienna and succeeded in ruling Europe for more than thirty years see Karl Biedermann, *Fünfundzwanzig Jahre deutscher Geschichte*, etc., (1815-1840), 2 vols., Breslau, 1889.

Naturally enough those men who suffered most from the tyranny of the literary police, from the caprice of an ignorant censor, those men who were the greatest victims of the bloodhounds of a reactionary morality, had the most passionate enthusiasm for the Polish cause and showed the most intense sympathy with the Polish rebels. Platen and Lenau, Börne and Heine were for this reason the strongest advocates in Germany of Poland's case for independence. After the failure of the Polish revolution Platen and Lenau turned their backs upon their country, which now seemed to be drifting more and more toward Russian despotism. Platen died a few years later in voluntary exile in Sicily, and Lenau, who had hoped to find in the free republic across the Atlantic the freedom which through the suppression of the Polish revolution had been dealt such a deadly blow in Europe, ended upon his return to Germany in an insane asylum. Börne and Heine did not even wait to see the effect of the Polish revolution on Germany. They hurried soon after the Paris revolution to France "in order," as Heine expressed himself, "to breathe fresh air." But they took their sympathy for Poland with them. Even in Paris they feverishly followed every movement of the combatants in Warsaw. In his introduction to Kahldorf's book on the aristocracy<sup>5</sup> Heinrich Heine writes in 1831 as follows: "I feel while I am writing as if the blood shed at Warsaw were gushing upon my paper, and as if the shouts of joy of the Berlin officers and diplomatists were ringing in my ears."

Neither did Ludwig Börne leave his interest in the Polish uprising in the *Judengasse* of Frankfort. He trembled in Paris for the fate of the Polish rebels in Warsaw. Although at first very optimistic in regard to the outcome of the Polish revolution, he finally came in his "Letters from Paris" to the conclusion that "not even the wisdom of God, nothing but the stupidity of the devil can save Poland now" (March 5, 1831). Sympathy with Poland, indeed, had a most far-reaching effect upon Börne.<sup>6</sup> It determined

<sup>5</sup> *Kahldorf über den Adel*, in *Briefen an den Grafen M. von Moltke*. Edited by Heinrich Heine. Nuremberg, 1831. Heine's introduction to this book is also to be found in any complete edition of the poet's works. Kahldorf is a pseudonym for R. Wesselhoeft.

<sup>6</sup> How the Polish rebellion absorbed the attention of the liberal element in Germany can also be seen from the words of Frau Jeanette Wohl: "The Polish Scythemens, the liberty of Poland—nothing else is worthy to be mentioned with this." (*Briefe der Frau Jeanette Strauss-Wohl an Börne*, edited by E. Mentzel, Berlin, 1907.) These words were directed at her august correspondent as a reproach for being able to write of the Italian opera in Paris at a time when the life of the Polish nation was hanging in the balance.

not only his political but also his religious views. Though a convert to Lutheran Protestantism in 1818, Börne began after the Polish rebellion, especially when he came under the influence of Lamennais, to incline more and more toward Catholicism. To Börne, who thus came from Judaism by way of Protestantism to Catholicism, Christianity, especially in its Catholic form, was the religion of humanity, of liberty, and in the ardent love of the Poles for liberty he saw a proof of the liberalizing power of Catholicism. "The only nation of the North," Börne writes,<sup>7</sup> "that for three hundred years has not ceased to make a stand for liberty is Poland; and Poland remained Catholic." It was his bond of union with the Poles, the love of liberty which he had in common with them, that won Börne over finally to Catholicism.

National sympathy for Poland during the revolt of 1830 found its most beautiful expression, however, in the German poetry of that time. Almost all the contemporary German poets struck a note of sympathy for the Poles. The *Poleniieder* (Songs of Poland) form a not inconsiderable part of the poetry of Germany for about a quarter of a century following the Polish uprising. August Count von Platen (1796-1835) and Karl von Holtei (1797-1880), Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) and Karl Immermann (1796-1840), Nikolaus Lenau (Franz Nicolaus Niembsch Edler von Strehlenau, 1802-1850) and Anastasius Grün (Anton Alexander Count von Auersperg, 1806-1876), Julius Mosen (1803-1867) and Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863), Moritz Hartmann (1821-1879) and Ferdinand Gregorovius (1821-1891), Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810-1876) and Gustav Pfizer (1807-1890), J. Chr. Biernatzki (1795-1840) and Wilhelm Zimmermann (1807-1878), Ernst O. Ortlepp (1800-1864) and K. Herloszsohn (1804-1849), Otto von Wenckstern (1819-1869) and Friedrich Ruperti (1805-1867), these and many others pressed their muse into the service of the Polish rebellion.<sup>8</sup> They wrote poems on the Poles, sang of their successes and failures, victories and defeats, and when all was over aroused the sympathy of the German people for the plight of the unfortunate refugees.

It seems strange at first that the name of the greatest poetical

<sup>7</sup> Quoted in Brandes, *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*, VI, 97.

<sup>8</sup> A collection of poems on Poland in the German language (*Poleniieder deutscher Dichter*) is being prepared by S. Leonhard. The first volume, the only one so far in print, which has the subtitle *Der Novemberaufstand in den Poleniiedern deutscher Dichter* (Cracow, 1911) does not contain all poems written by German poets on the occasion of the Warsaw revolt of November, 1830. No mention is made in this volume, for instance, of the *Polen- und Magyarenlieder* of Ferdinand Gregorovius (Königsberg, 1849).

genius of Germany is not found among those who gave voice to the national German feeling of love and sympathy for the Polish nation. But one must not judge from Goethe's silence that his heart-strings were not touched at all with admiration for the heroic struggle of the Polish people for independence.<sup>9</sup> It was the futility of this attempt, which the Olympian foresaw, that prevented him from giving expression to his feeling of sympathy. Goethe believed that the Poles were incapable of self-government because of certain national characteristics, and only on this ground did he defend Prussia's participation in the dismemberment of Poland.<sup>10</sup> Goethe was, however, deeply interested in Polish history and literature.<sup>11</sup> He himself had known many prominent Poles, among them Prince Radziwill, who composed the music for his "Faust," and the Polish poet Mickiewicz, and only four months before his death Goethe received in audience the poet Wincenty Pol, who had taken part in the Polish revolt. Goethe even had the opportunity of knowing a part of Poland from personal experience. In the year 1790 in the company of the Prince of Weimar he went by way of Breslau and Cracow to the salt-pits of Wieliczka. Immediately before his arrival in the Jagiellonian city Goethe wrote the following poem, which, to judge from its tone of deep sorrow, would almost seem to express the grief of the Polish patriots:

"Ach, wir sind zur Qual geboren,  
Sagt ihr unter Tränen wert,  
Erst in dem was wir verloren,  
Dann in dem was wir begehr't."

Germany's songs of Poland (*Polenlieder*) are on the whole elegiac in tone. A jubilant note is struck, however, in those poems written in the early phase of the rebellion under the influence of the glad tidings of the victory of the Polish white eagle. Pfizer's *Siegesgruss* was written in the first flush of jubilant joy over the capture of Warsaw by the rebels. The first and last stanzas of this song of victory run as follows:

"Frohlockt, ihr Berge! jauchzt, ihr Hügel!  
Der weisse Adler spannt die Flügel  
Aus über ein erlöstes Land;

<sup>9</sup> For Goethe's attitude to the Polish question the reader is referred to the following two articles: "Goethe und die Polenfrage" in *Deutsche Erde*, 1908, VI, No. 5, and B. Merwin, "Goethes und Hebbels Beziehungen zu Polen" in *Oesterreichische Rundschau*, 1913, XXXV, pp. 154-158.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. *Goethes Gespräche*, edited by Biedermann, IV, 425 (Jan. 1, 1832), 5 vols. Leipsic, 1909-1911.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, IV, 145, 267-268.

Dass er von Staub und Blut und Asche  
Den Glanz der Flügel rein sich wasche,  
Enteilt er zum Meerestrond.

.....

"Und durch Europa hält es wieder,  
Und tausend sinken betend nieder,  
Und dankend faltet sich die Hand.—  
Frohlockt, ihr Berge! jauchzt, ihr Hügel!  
Der weisse Adler spannt die Flügel  
Aus über ein erlöste Land."

When all hope for Poland's victory was lost, the *Poleniieder* also took on a tone of deep wrath and indignation against a world which allowed such crimes against humanity. But the most pathetic and the most beautiful of the songs of Poland are those inspired by sympathy with the Polish fugitives, who, after the crushing defeat of the Polish army, fled in great numbers across the border. One recalls Lenau's "Polish Fugitive," and who does not know Julius Mosen's ballad "The Ten Last Men of the Fourth Regiment," which is still so often on the lips of the youth in Germany:

"In Warschau schwuren Tausend auf den Knen:  
Kein Schuss im heil'gen Kampfe sei getan!  
Tambour, schlag an! Zum Blachfeld lass uns ziehen!  
Wir greifen nur mit Bajonetten an!  
Und ewig kennt das Vaterland und nennt  
Mit stilem Schmerz sein viertes Regiment!

.....

"Und ob viel wackre Männerherzen brachen,  
Doch griffen wir mit Bajonetten an,  
Und ob wir auch dem Schicksal unterlagen,  
Doch keiner hatte einen Schuss getan!  
Wo blutigrot zum Meer die Weichsel rennt,  
Dort blutete das vierte Regiment!

.....

"Von Polen her im Nebelgrauen rücken  
Zehn Grenadiere in das Preussenland  
Mit düsterm Schweigen, gramumwölkten Blicken;  
Ein 'Wer da?' schallt; sie stehen festgebannt,  
Und einer spricht: 'Vom Vaterland getrennt,  
Die letzten zehn vom vierten Regiment!'"

The laurel for the best *Poleniieder* is due, however, to August Count von Platen. Platen was the first German poet who responded to Poland's call in her hour of greatest need. The revolt of Warsaw of November 29, 1830, was followed on December 11 by his

Russophobic poem "The Realm of Spirits" with its Dantesque *terza-rima*, in which he pours out his ire on the autocrat of Russia. The first of his *Poleniieder* proper was written on February 3, 1831, and the last, his "Epilog," in 1833 when in deep wrath he turned his back upon his fatherland. It ends in the bitter words:

"Du weisst es längst, man kann bienieden  
Nichts Schlecht'res als ein Deutscher sein."

These poems of his, however, were not published until four years after his death, and because of the rigorous censorship in Germany they appeared in Strassburg, which at that time belonged to France. His sympathy and love for the Polish people in its heroic fight for independence is also attested by a number of other writings in prose and verse which appeared during his life. He also championed the Polish cause in a number of odes and other poems of a general political character, several epigrams and satirical verses, and, in prose, in his "Correspondence between a Berliner and a German," in his essay "Legitimacy" (written in the form of a letter to the Czar) and finally in his satirical "Catalog of 1833" (*Messkatalog*).

Platen's *Poleniieder* are proud songs of liberty, filled with a passionate hatred of despotism, and this fire of his wrath against oppression of any sort, far from being quenched by the crushing defeat of the Poles, burst out into greater flame against an age which did not respond to the appeal of the Polish nation for protection against its murderers. In his wild excitement over the fate of the Poles Platen had in vain addressed a poem to the crown prince of Prussia, imploring him to come to the aid of languishing Poland, which was stretching out her hand to Europe praying for help. (See his poem "To a German Prince.")

It does not detract from the value of Platen's poems that they were inspired more by love of humanity than by any understanding of political matters. Platen was more of an enthusiast than a thinker, more of a visionary than a statesman.

His most powerful *Poleniied* is perhaps the one which bears as title the quotation from Horace, *Eamus Omnis Execrata Civitas*: it begins with these stanzas:

"O kommt im Verein,  
Ihr Männer, o kommt!  
Vernehmt, was allein  
Den Geächteten frommt!"

"Zieht aus von dem Land  
Der Geburt, zieht aus  
Und schleudert den Brand  
In das eigene Haus!"

Platen's mantle fell on the shoulders of Moritz Hartmann, a

man worthy indeed to be ranked among the greatest champions of liberty in Europe. His sympathy with the Slavs under Austrian rule, his championship of their rights, finally brought him banishment at the hands of Metternich's henchmen. Though born in Bohemia of German-Jewish parents, he felt for the Poles as if he were a Pole himself. Through his love for a Polish woman he became in his heart her countryman. His farewell poem to her, "To C.....a," is one of the most beautiful poems that sympathy with Poland has produced in German literature. The first and last verses read as follows:

"Und kann bei uns dich nichts mehr halten,  
Und zieht's dich fort ins Vaterland,  
So lebe wohl, und möge walten  
Ob deinem Haupte Gottes Hand;  
Gott schütze dich  
In Polen, dem traurigen Lande!"

.....

"Stieg' auf der Brand des heil'gen Krieges.  
Dir folgt' ich nach, mein teurer Stern!  
Von dir geweiht zur Kraft des Sieges,  
O, wie verblutet' ich mich gern  
In deinem Schoss,  
In Polen, dem traurigen Lande!"

Following the example of Platen, Hartmann too addresses a poem "To the King" (Frederick William IV, who had in the meantime become king of Prussia), in which he cries shame upon him for not only having refused to come to the aid of bleeding Poland in 1831 when Platen pleaded with him on her behalf, but for having delivered her sons who had fled to his country to the knout of the Muscovites:

"Wir schleudern dir die ganze Schande  
Zu Füssen schamentbrannt,  
Dass du aus unserm deutschen Lande  
Gemacht ein Schergenland;

"Dass du die Schar, bedeckt vom Blute,  
Das sie zu Heil'gen tauft,  
Gemeiner Moskowiterknute  
Verräterisch verkauft."

Gregorovius too in the first of his *Polenlieder* describes the impression which the delivery by the Prussian soldiers of the last

Polish refugees into the hands of the Russian Cossacks in 1832 made upon the eleven-year-old boy:

"Seit jenem Tag, seit jener schweren Stunde,  
Hat sich versenket in des Knaben Herz  
Der Wehgesang von der Verlorenen Munde,  
Der Polensöhne düstrer Seelenschmerz."

A poem of unique character was written by C. A. Albertus in the diary of his brother-in-arms Seydel on November 2, 1831, in Warsaw. Together with a few friends these two medical students of the University of Leipsic had been threatened with imprisonment for belonging to a *Burschenschaft*, a nationalist students' organization which because of its liberal views was obnoxious to a government following Metternichian principles. They went to Warsaw to serve in the ambulance corps of the Polish army,<sup>12</sup> and anticipating the wretched state in which they were soon to return home Albertus composed the following humorous lines:

"Wir gingen einst nach Polen,  
Um Läuse uns zu holen,  
Und kamen abgewärgelt,  
Be—— und beschmärgelt,  
In Deutschland wieder an.  
Der Vater und die Mutter  
Zerschmolzen fast zu Butter,  
Als sie dies Elend sah'n."

Heine's poem "Two Knights," which satirizes the life of two Polish refugees in Paris bearing the significant names of Crapülski and Waschlapski, is by no means flattering to the Poles, and this may partly account for the antipathy against Heine even in the intellectual circles of Poland.<sup>13</sup> But nothing was farther from Heine than hatred and contempt for the Polish people. It is their supersensitiveness which prevents the Poles from regarding this poem as the product of Heine's peculiar wit, from which no one, not even God in his holy temple, was safe. Heine's life-long friendship with the Polish nobleman Eugen von Breza is well known,

<sup>12</sup> An interesting account of these German ambulance workers in the Polish army (*Freiheitskämpfer*, as they styled themselves) was given on the occasion of the Polish uprising of 1905 by G. A. Fritze, a grandson of Seydel, in his article "Deutsche Studenten als Kämpfer für Polens Freiheit" in the Berlin weekly *Die Nation* of August 25, 1906 (Vol. XXIII, No. 47).

<sup>13</sup> Gustav Karpeles in his article "Heine und die Polen" in the *Pester Lloyd* for 1907, (quoted also in *Das literarische Echo*, IX, No. 21, col. 1599, Aug. 1, 1907), traces the antipathy of the Poles to Heine largely to a myth, which is widely spread in the Slavic world, to the effect that Heine was paid by the French government to vilify the Polish name.

and the poet's visit to his friend's home in Poland resulted in his memoir on Poland which shows his deep interest in the Polish land and people. His beautiful little poem beginning *Du bist wie eine Blume* is also said to have originated on the occasion of this visit to Poland. Heine is supposed to have addressed these lines to a little Polish girl in Gnesen whose beauty had captivated him.

One of the German poets, who as a young man gave expression to the national feeling of sympathy with downtrodden Poland, seems to have recanted later in life. What a contrast between two poems of Hebbel, written thirty years apart! On New Year's night of 1835 the twenty-two-year-old poet toasts the Poles with his poem *Die Polen sollen leben* ("Long Live the Poles"). Sympathy with the Polish refugees, who after the pitiful defeat of the uprising had been scattered all over Europe, also sank into the heart of this youthful poet and inspired his poem. But in 1861 on the occasion of the attempt on the life of King William of Prussia by Oskar Becker, Hebbel addresses a congratulatory poem to the monarch, in which without any provocation on the part of the Poles he gives vent to the deepest contempt for them. The following lines in this poem caused a storm of indignation in the whole Slavic world:

"Auch die Bedientenvölker rütteln,  
    Am Bau, den Jeder todt geglaubt,  
Die Czechen und Polacken schütteln  
    Ihr strupp'ges Karyatidenhaupt."

Hebbel defended himself as well as he could against the attacks which he had thus unnecessarily brought upon himself.

However, it would be unjust to impute Slavophobia to Hebbel. From his diary written during the second attempt of the Poles to throw off the foreign yoke we see that he still sympathized with them in their desire for national independence, but like so many other Germans of 1863 he saw that the uprising was doomed to a pitiful failure, and he called the attempt *unverantwortlichen Leichtsinn* (inexcusable levity).<sup>14</sup> Ten years before this in his somewhat humorous poem *Polen ist noch nicht verloren* he held up to ridicule the class-antagonism in Poland which persisted even in the face of common danger. But this conviction of the inability of the Poles to regain their national independence did not prevent Hebbel from flaying Prussia for its contemptible role as Russia's henchman.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> Friedrich Hebbel, *Sämtliche Werke*, Edited by Richard Maria Werner, 24 vols. Berlin, 1901-1907. *Tagebücher*, IV, 285 (March 27, 1863).

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, IV, 270 (February, 1863). For Hebbel's attitude to the Poles see Merwin's article referred to in note 9.

Hebbel was as poor a statesman as Platen, Hartmann and all other pro-Polish enthusiasts of the thirties and forties. He lacked an understanding of the facts underlying the actions of Prussia. Prussia in the nineteenth century was little more than a vassal of Russia. She did the bidding of the Czar for fear that Poland's fate might be hers also. But of course we see in Prussia's vassalage to Russia the Nemesis of history. By his alliance with Czarina Catherine, which led to the partition of Poland, Frederick II of Prussia supported Russia in her schemes of conquest and helped her become a great power, a power which has since then been highly dangerous to the civilization and liberties of Europe. Prussia's fate was that of the fabled magician's apprentice, who could conjure up spirits but could not banish them. On no country in Europe lay the arrogance and ruthless domineering of the Czar of all the Russias so heavily as on Prussia and all other German states. In no country of Europe was the fear of Russia so great as in Prussia and all other German states. Prussia was afraid to throw off the shackles of Czar Alexander also, who, we must admit, did not oppress Europe with such a crippling domination as did his predecessor Czar Nicholas. It was for fear of Czardom that Frederick William IV, who was really kind to the Poles, humbled himself as did his father before him to such an extent as to render Russia "provost service," as Hebbel says.

The Polish revolutions of 1863 and 1905 found little echo in German poetry. There were few expressions of sympathy in the German literature of those days with these attempts of the Polish nation to regain independence. The horrors connected with the quelling of the Polish uprisings brought forth few expressions of sympathy in the poetry of Germany.<sup>16</sup> In the school of hard facts the Germans have ceased to believe in political ethics. The poets of Germany no less than her statesmen have lost their naïveté in political matters. They have suddenly awakened to the bitter realization that among nations as well as among individuals might makes right. The restoration of Poland was now considered in Germany as a fantastic notion. The results of these attempts at a re-birth of the Polish state certainly justified the Germans in calling them an incomprehensible folly. The fallacy of the familiar saying *Polonia farà da sè* has been sufficiently proved by history. The independence of Poland, which was reestablished on November 29, 1916, is not

<sup>16</sup> Poems on Poland are said to have appeared during the Polish revolt of 1863 in Adolf Strodtmann's journal *Orion* for that year. The present writer was unable, however, to verify this statement.

due to its own efforts, but is the result of foreign intervention. The liberation of Congress Poland by Germany and Austria-Hungary, finally brought to realization the dreams of their poets of almost a century ago. What Prussia could not and would not do in 1831, she did in 1916. What was refused to the subjects of a dreaded ally, was granted freely to the subjects of a defeated enemy.

The following prophetic words of Platen addressed to the patriots of Warsaw may serve as a fitting conclusion. The poem "The End of Poland" (*Finis Poloniae*), from which these lines are taken, was written on March 20, 1831, on the occasion of the false report that Warsaw had been taken on the 28th of the preceding month and Poland made a Russian province. It was first published in 1868 in the German periodical *Grenzboten*. After Warsaw had finally been taken by the Russians on September 8, 1831, Platen worked the poem over and renamed it "The Fall of Warsaw." Mr. Edmund W. Head, who rendered these verses into English for *Fraser's Magazine* on the occasion of the second Polish rebellion, calls attention in a prefatory note to the fact that the words *Finis Poloniae* were said to be those uttered by Kosciusko when he fell wounded in the battle of Malikowice in 1794, but were disclaimed by him in a letter to the Comte de Ségur:<sup>17</sup>

## I.

"Ye noble hearts beneath the sod! grudge not the blood you've shed,  
The time will come when pilgrim hands shall deck with flowers your bed:  
The poet too will hither haste, and sing in fearless strain  
This hecatomb to Liberty, round Warsaw's ramparts slain;  
Nor shall your grave be hard to find by those who tread this ground,  
A quaint form—great Nemesis—sits watching on its mound.

## II.

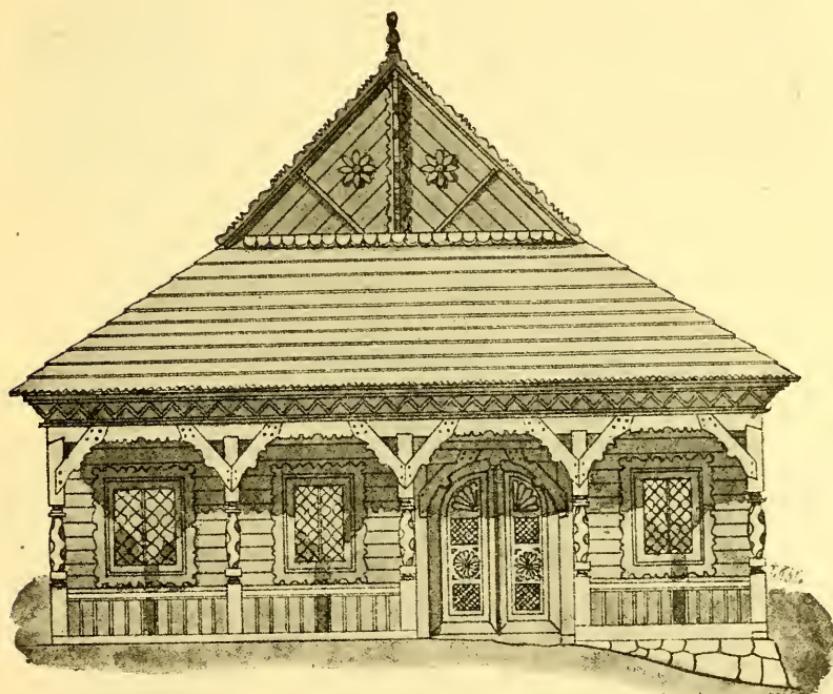
"What boots it that a thousand foes have fall'n beneath your sword?  
The life-blood of a single Pole is worth a Cossack horde:  
And though the tyrant's slaves may lie here, mingled in one grave  
With those who lavished all, and then life for their country gave;  
Fair Freedom's trophy on this spot your country yet shall see,  
And your Simonides shall sing this new Thermopylae."

<sup>17</sup> *Frazer's Magazine* for May, 1863 (Vol. LXVII, p. 612). This poem of Platen is the only *Poleni lied* which has up to the present day been accessible to English readers. Of all the German poets who wrote *Poleni lieder* Heinrich Heine is best known among the English-speaking peoples, and yet not one of his numerous translators has rendered his poem "Two Knights" into English. Not even Mr. Louis Untermeyer has included this lampoon among those poems of Heine which he has just done so well into English.

## THE POLES AND THEIR GOTHIC DESCENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

POLAND is a country whose people are counted as the most intelligent of all the Slav races, but unfortunately it has not for centuries held a position worthy of its national advantages and intellectual talents. It was torn by internal strife and fell a prey to its three neighbors, Russia, Austria and Prussia. The real situa-



A POLISH COTTAGE.

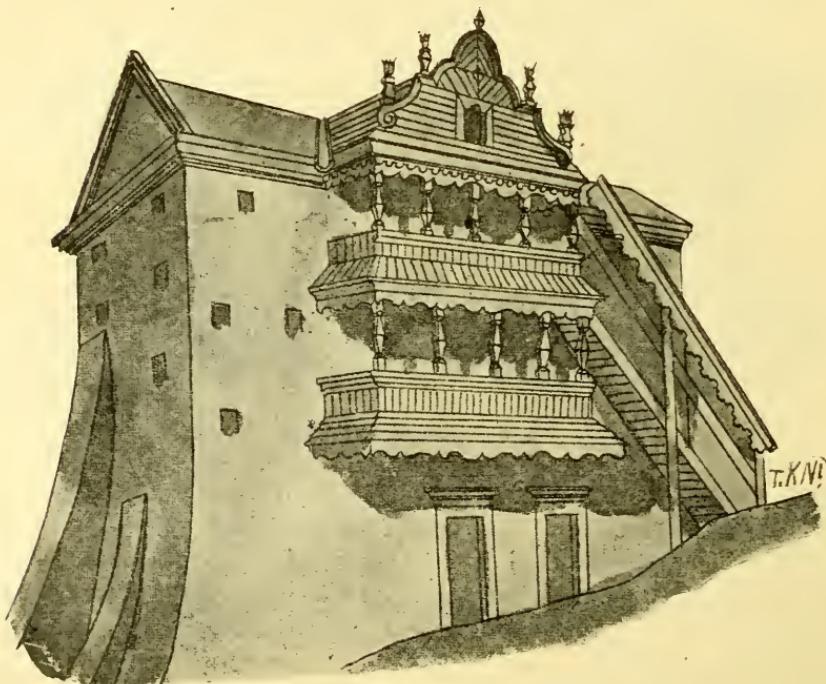
An evidence that the Zakopianian style is a return to primitive Polish art.

tion at the end of the eighteenth century was that Russia would have appropriated Poland gradually piece by piece, had not Frederick the Great and the Austrian emperor anticipated this result and come to an understanding that they would participate in the division of Poland so as not to leave the whole territory to the Russian bear. The Poles who fell to the Central Powers were well



A BARN OF RURAL POLAND.

The open passageway with its constant draft provides the threshing floor.



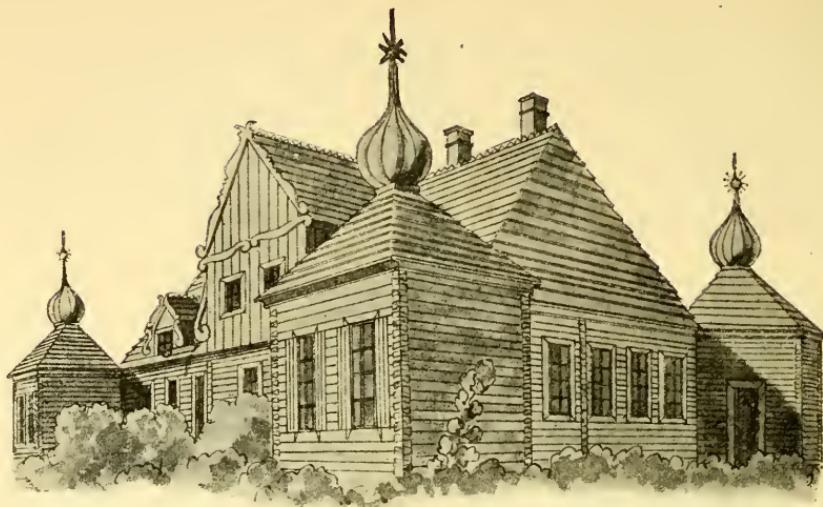
A STATELY GRAIN ELEVATOR.

off in comparison to their brothers who fell under Russian rule; for though they were governed by strangers they were treated with justice and benevolence whereby their growing children received a fair education in their own language. This is especially true in Austria where every nationality possesses its own rights and builds its own schools and churches. In Prussia the Poles have also their own schools, including the higher schools such as gymnasia,

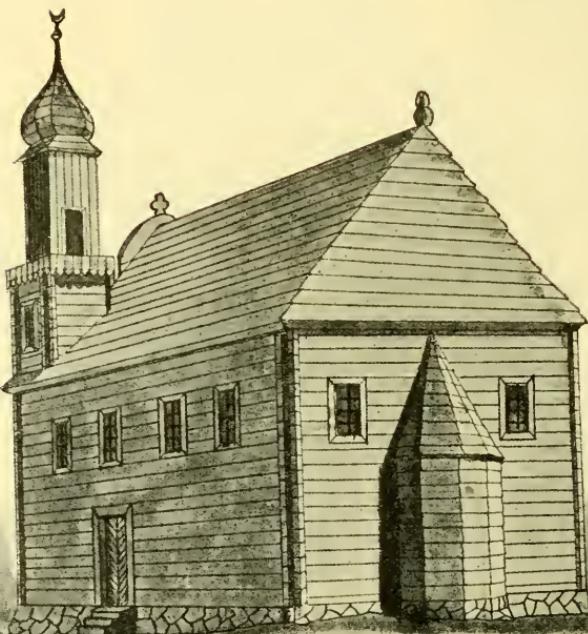


TYPICAL TOWN HALL AND MARKET-PLACE OF A SMALL CITY.  
Note the artistic decorative style.

but for some time under Bismarck's régime an attempt was made to Germanize Polish-speaking districts. This was done by expropriating the Polish landowner by a law subsidizing German buyers whenever land was for sale. This means that whenever an estate was offered for sale a German bidder had official support by law which naturally gave him a great advantage over any Polish rival. The plan was to expropriate the country in this way,

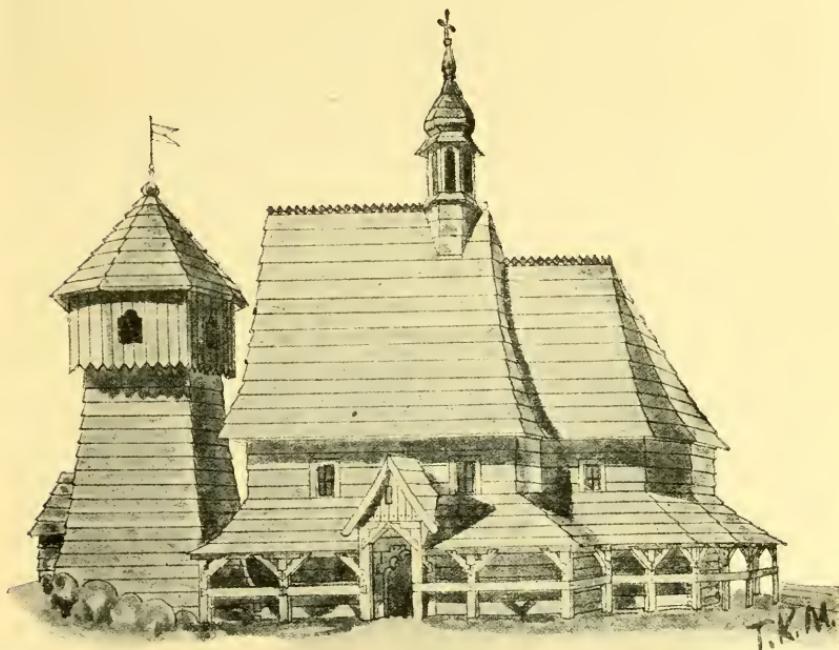


HOUSE OF POLISH NOBLEMAN.  
Note the Oriental influence.



MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE NEAR MINSK IN LITHUANIA.

for it was expected that, like master like man, the farm hands would thus begin to speak German. But the result was the very opposite. The new German landowners became Polonized and the Polish-speaking population only increased. Prussia's worst fault consists in the attitude of the government, for while the literary people of Germany sympathized with the Poles in their struggle for liberty against Russia, the Prussian government sided with Russia and went so far in abject submission to the then omnipotent Czar as to surrender to Russia the Polish fugitives who had sought an asylum in Prussian territory.

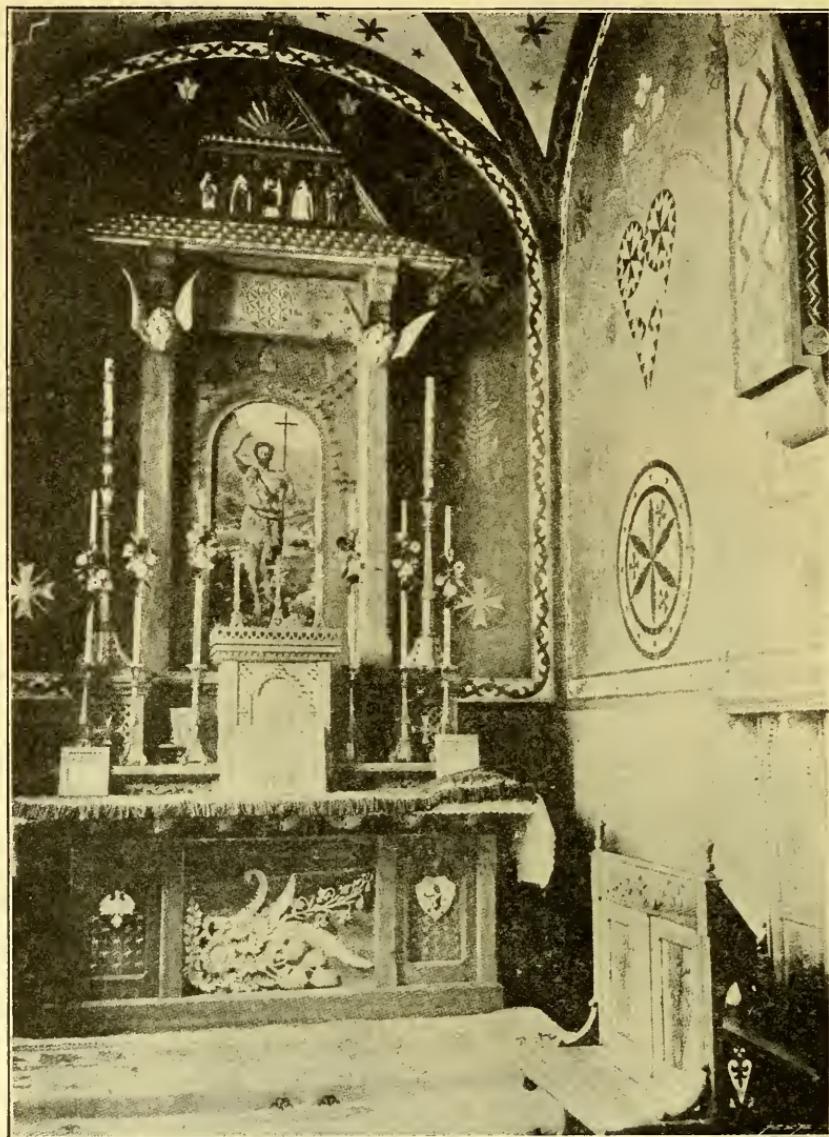


A VILLAGE CHURCH AND BELL-TOWER.

The fate of those Poles who were incorporated in the Russian empire was sad, for their portion was a systematic oppression and merciless impoverishment of the large masses of the people without any fair chance of procuring an adequate education for their children.

Poland attained her highest glory in history under King Sobieski when her possessions extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, not only over the present Galicia but also over Ukraine in southern Russia, and in the north over Lithuania and Mazuria. She then held a high rank in the arts, poetry, music and architecture.

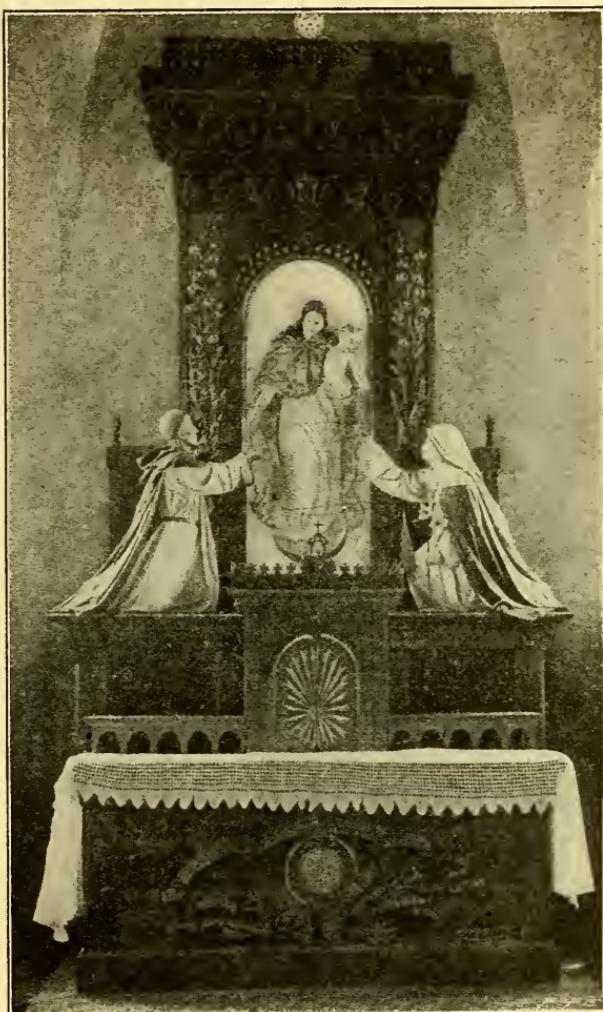
To-day Poles are known for their jovial mirth, artistic spirit, sociable temper and chivalrous generosity.



ORNATE ALTAR IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.  
Designed by Stanislaw Witkiewicz.

Who are the Poles, and to what family do they belong? Their language no doubt is Slav, but it is strange that our anthropologists

have not solved the problem of their origin. One of the most recent theories (which possesses some probability) is that the Poles are not one homogeneous race but a mixture of two. A traveler whose object is to take note of the inhabitants of Poland will be



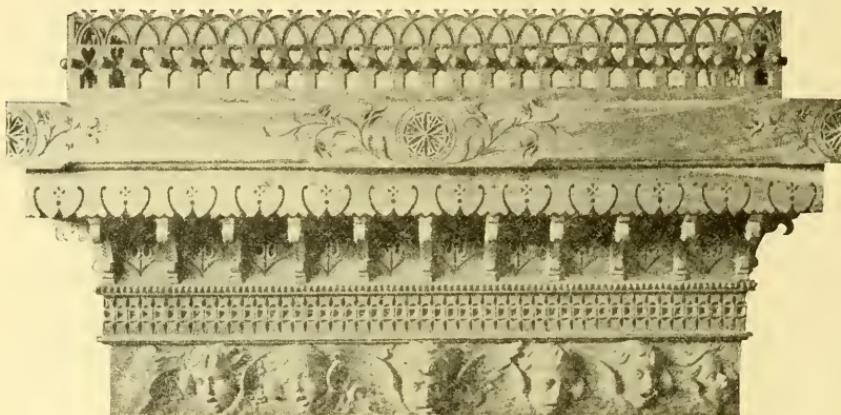
ALTAR-PIECE SHOWING VIRGIN AND CHRISTCHILD.

The kneeling saints are St. Dominic and St. Catharine of Siena. Also by Witkiewicz.

struck by the presence of two very different and quite distinct types which are prominent in the country. The large mass of the people are able-bodied and strong-boned muscular men and women, blond

haired and blue-eyed; but the nobility are usually of a very different type. They are slim, agile, and in contrast to the mass of the people black haired and brown eyed. While the mass of the people are frugal in their habits, thrifty and industrious, the aristocracy is inclined to extravagance and even profligacy. This is the reason why so many of the noble families have become impoverished. They are apt to lose their possessions and bankruptcy is not uncommon among the owners of large estates. They love to spend their income in Paris, enjoying themselves in revelries, and are absolutely careless as to the result of their thoughtless lives. The two characters are as marked as their outer appearance; and the question naturally presents itself, what is the cause of this difference?

There is a theory, which may be stated in a few words, that



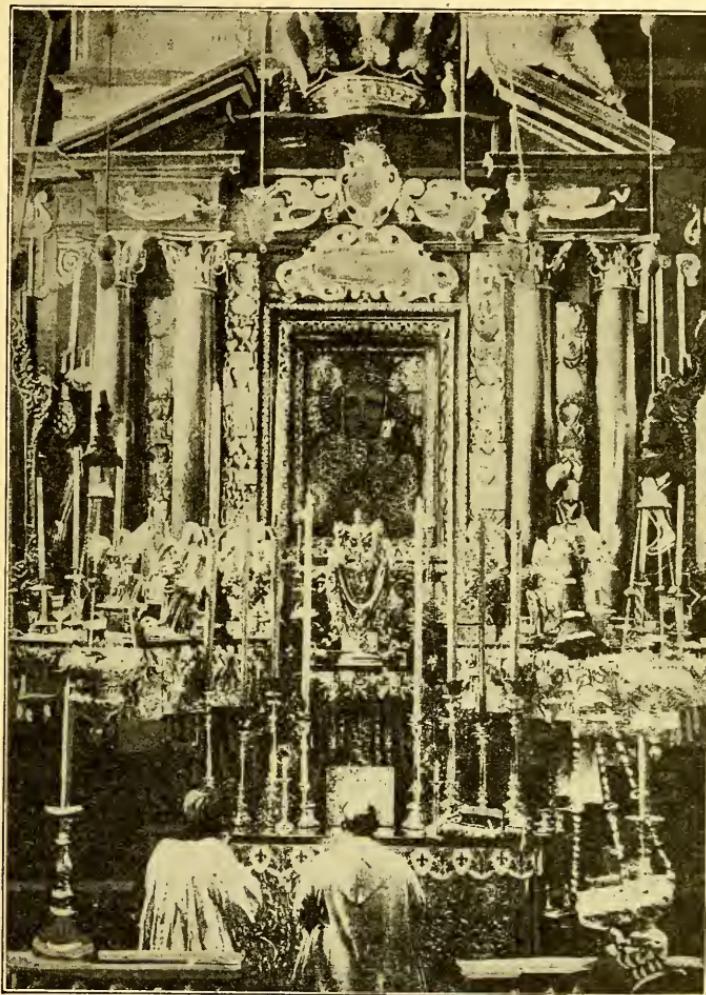
TOP OF THE FOREGOING ALTAR-PIECE.

Said to be a fine example of Zakopianian ornament, including six-rayed stars and vine motives.

the mass of the people are not Slavs but of Germanic descent, that they are the remnant of the Gothic inhabitants of the Vistula Valley who lived there before the Ostro- and Visigoths left on their venturesome expeditions southward to look for more prosperous lands in Italy, southern France and Spain.

The famous struggle of the Ostrogoths is well known and has been splendidly told by Felix Dahn in his historical novel *Der Kampf um Rom*, and the character of this race is well described in Charles Kingsley's book *The Roman and the Teuton*, which is well worth reading at the present time. It is instructive in considering the present struggle between the Entente and the Teutons, a struggle in which we again have the sad spectacle which carries

out the spirit of the principle uttered in former days by a Roman leader, that the essential way to dispose of Teuton superiority is



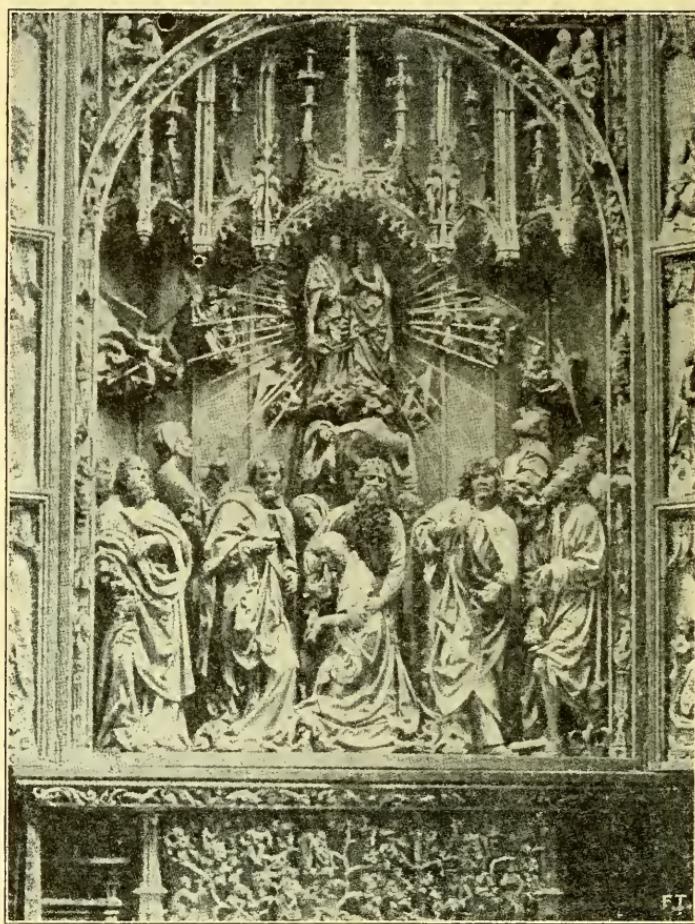
ALTAR AT CZENSTOCHAU IN RUSSIAN POLAND.

With picture of the Virgin credited with miraculous power and greatly venerated even by the Russians. It clearly belongs to the Byzantine period, and legend attributes it to St. Luke. It has been in this church since 1382.

to make Teuton fight Teuton, and so the Anglo-Saxon stands against the German. Eastern Rome succeeded in overcoming the Ostrogoths in Italy, but she succeeded because she enlisted in her

armies other German tribes, such as the Heruli, Gepids, some Franks and later on the Longobards also.

Concerning Poland we must state that a new view of migration is spreading at present, and the idea that in the middle ages emigrants left their homes behind them in desolate emptiness is



A FAMOUS MASTERPIECE IN THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN MARY AT CRACOW.

By the Polish sculptor Wit Stwosz (d. 1533).

now subject to a new interpretation. The traditional conception speaks of the migration of the nations as if whole nations had left their countries either on account of enormous inundations that flooded their country or because famines are assumed to have spread, or because nations for some unknown reason deemed their

homes undesirable territory and came out in search of new fields to settle and a better soil to till. Large armies with their women and children reached the Roman Empire and took possession of the fertile lands that were badly defended. They came in uncounted numbers and so it naturally appeared to the Romans that whole nations had abandoned their old lands, and yet is it probable that people would leave their homes behind them and surrender their property to any one who would take it? Are the countries from which the Goths came such deserts as not to deserve the trouble of tillage? Certainly they are inhabited now, and so far as we know have always been inhabited; the soil was then as good as it ever has been afterward and it is not considerably improved now; there must be some mistake in our old traditional theory.

Suppose that here in America we knew nothing about Europe except that we saw large ships land in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia or in other harbors, loaded with European immigrants, men, women and children, by thousands and thousands. We would know very well that in spite of their large numbers these immigrants do not leave their homes because they are driven away on account of famines and inundations, and that they do not leave their countries empty or desolate behind them. On the contrary they leave prosperous homes. They are the surplus of the large European population, and have sold their goods to brothers, cousins and relatives and have come here in the hope of improving their condition. Is it not probable that at the beginning of the Middle Ages the actual facts were similar?

We know that in Cæsar's time Ariovistus, a Swabian chief, led an army of many thousands of men over the Rhine and the Swabians intended to be followed by their women and children. The Cimbri and Teutones whom Marius beat first in southern Gaul at Aquae Sextiae in 102 B. C. and in the *Campis Raudiis* in 101 B. C. in northern Italy had come in heavy wagons with women and children in search for land and would have settled down peaceably if the Roman authorities had given them land for cultivation anywhere in Italy and Gaul. It was not an army of armed men, it was a tribe of men, women and children, and their request was for homesteads. They did not come with swords only, but were equipped with wagons in which their families lived, and after Marius had beaten the men he had to fight the women entrenched behind the heavy wheels, and the fight with the women was almost as hard as with the men, for they would rather be killed than surrender.

We may very well picture to ourselves the situation in those days. The country was relatively prosperous, yet the tillable soil was not sufficient to nourish the overpopulation, and some leader proclaimed his willingness to lead an expedition south to Italy in which all men who would join him would be welcome. The younger sons would sell their inheritance and with their young wives join him with the best equipment they could procure. But the main proportion of the population would remain behind.

We may imagine that among the Goths who lived in the valley of the Vistula, the enterprising spirit was so strong that all the vigorous men and women sold out their property, their acres and their cattle and houses, and left the country with the hope of great gains in the more fertile and prosperous countries of the Roman Empire. They settled first in southern Russia and in the valley of the Danube. In a similar way the Vandals had taken their course as far south as northern Africa, and the Roman Empire was overrun with such venturesome people who simply relied on their sword and were feared all over the civilized portions of the ancient world.

In his historical novel *Hypatia*, Charles Kingsley introduces to us such Germanic tribes on their expedition south into Egypt. They are in search of Asgard, the land of the gods, and the Roman governor informs them that they will probably find the happy land farther south in the upper parts of the Nile valley, hoping that they would go to wrack and ruin in the hot climate of Abyssinia.

Now let us consider what became of the Goths left in the Vistula valley. We cannot assume that all the Goths had gone. We must believe that the mass of the people remained behind, and that only the venturesome portion of the population went south into Italy, but the remainder were considerably weakened like a nation whose warfaring men have gone to the front—even more weakened by the fact that the emigrant Goths were accompanied by their brides and growing families. Further we know that there were other Goths besides the Ostro- and the Visigoths among whom the Tetraxitic Goths, a branch of the Ostrogoths, settled in the Crimea and preserved their language down into the sixteenth century. They are almost forgotten now.

Better known are the Goths of the Baltic Island Gotland, especially in its capital Wisby, and we may mention that in Sweden the Swedish tribe of the “Gauten” have also been identified with the Goths. This view has been (rightly or wrongly) refuted and is regarded as antiquated, but the existence of the Gotland

Goths as a Gothic branch is assured; and the Goths were known as the first explorers of the Baltic. We have documentary evidence that here German settlers and Goths lived in communities with separate churches, but as citizens of equal rights, each group using its own language and living according to its own laws; and there were two magistrates, a German *Vogt* for the Germans and a Gothic for the Goths. Besides, the two portions of the inhabitants possessed their own seals, that of the Germans bearing a lily and that of the Goths a lamb with Christ's banner of victory.

It can scarcely be denied that the Goths continued to exist in



SEAL OF THE GERMAN MERCHANTS IN GOTLAND (1280).



SEAL OF THE GOTHS OF WISBY (1280).

eastern Europe after the emigration of the Ostrogoths and Visigoths from the Vistula. In fact we know that the reason of the Gothic emigration is reported to have been of a religious nature. Ulfilas had converted many to Christianity, but the pagan part of the population compelled them to leave their homes; but it would lead us too far here to enter into details.

An unlucky star seems to have hovered over all Gothic enterprises. We know of the tragic end of the Ostrogoths, and the city of Wisby where the Goths must have played the leading part still bears a monument in the shape of a cross standing in an open field

before the city gates. The inscription on it announces the defeat of the Goths at the hands of the Danish king Waldemar on July 27, 1361, and reads: *Ante portas Wisby in manibus Danorum ceciderunt Gutenses.*

These Goths are reported to have been very prosperous before their calamity overtook them as the Goths in Italy had been. We find evidence of this in a verse which tells that the women spun with golden spindles and their pigs fed from silver troughs:

“Nach Zentnern wogen die Goten das Gold,  
Zum Spiel dienten die edelsten Steine,  
Die Frauen spannen mit Spindeln von Gold,  
Aus silbernen Trögen frassen die Schweine.”

[The Goths weighed gold by hundred weight,  
Most precious jewels were used for games,  
With golden spindles spun Gothic dames,  
Their pigs from troughs of silver ate.]

There is no report extant to explain how the original Gothic home in the Vistula valley changed into Poland. All we know is the fact that the most vigorous portion of the population of the Gothic nation had left their original homes on the Vistula, and we can easily understand that the remnant was not sufficiently protected against conquerors, with the result that a Slavic invasion could not be resisted.

This theory furnishes us with an explanation of the two different races in the Polish nation. Slavs did come in and they are the nucleus of the rulers of Poland, just as the Normans established themselves as the nobility of Anglo-Saxon England. While the original inhabitants, being Gothic, were blond-haired and blue-eyed like their German cousins and like other Germanic nations—the Norse, the Dutch and the Anglo-Saxons—the new race was typically Slavic, and they easily made themselves masters of the country, divided the estates among them, and left the burden of tilling the ground to the original population of Gothic descent. At the same time they impressed the Slavic character upon the country and introduced the Slavic language.

We know that the Goths were people who adapted themselves easily to conditions. When the Ostrogoths came to Italy they learned Latin with great facility, and we know that they ruled the country with a wisdom that carefully took into consideration the national characteristics of the Italian people. We know that Roman scholars were welcome at the court of Theoderic, the Gothic king,

and the famous philosopher Boethius was a teacher of his daughter Amalasuentha. When Boethius was accused of treason he enjoyed the privilege of being pardoned twice by the great Theodoric, and was executed only when the evidence grew overwhelming. Charles Kingsley is inclined to believe that even here Boethius was innocent, but while we grant that at the present time it is difficult to know the facts of the case there seems to be a great probability that Theodoric finally and hesitatingly came to the conclusion to condemn Boethius only because the evidence was too conclusive, and we must understand that a Roman like Boethius naturally cherished a deep prejudice against the foreign barbarians who had made themselves masters of his country.

But since the Goths adapted themselves so well in Italy we must assume that the remnant of the Goths in their old homes were as adaptable to the new conditions imposed upon them by Slavic invaders. When they were subjected to Slav barons they adopted their language just as the Ostrogoths in Italy finally adopted Latin. The same is true of their German cousins who emigrate to-day. Germans who settle in France become Gallo-Romans in the second generation, and in the United States they speak the English language as freely as if they were to the manner born.

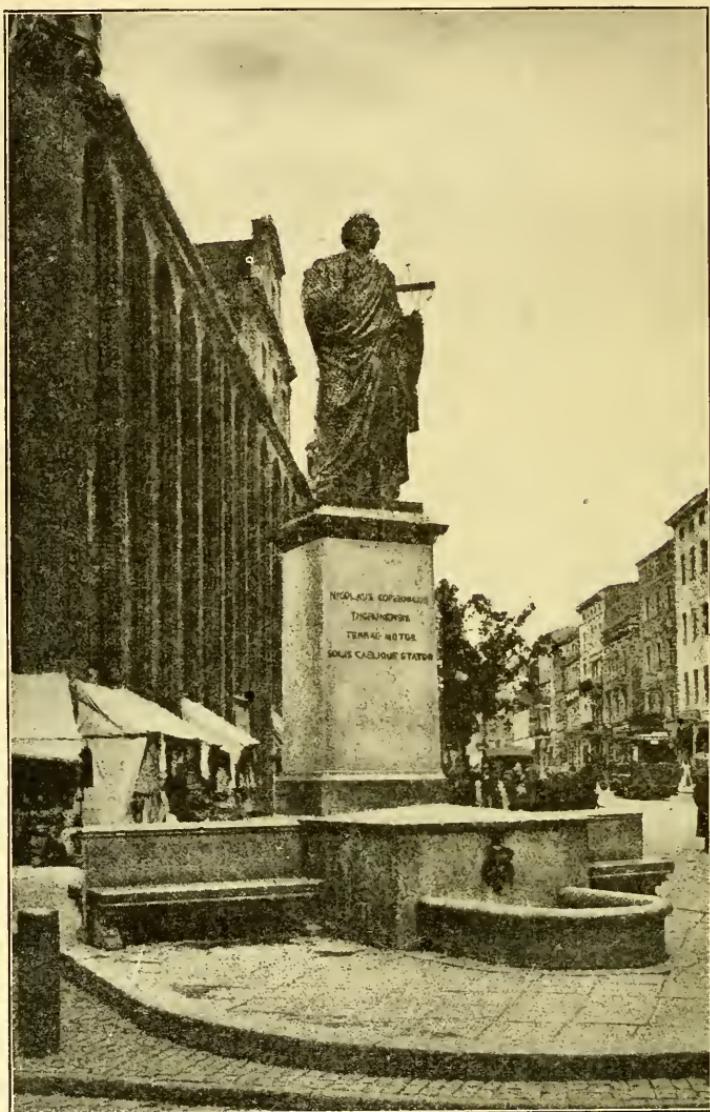
At any rate the truth remains that the Poles of to-day are divided into two different races, the agile and probably Slavic aristocracy, light-hearted, somewhat frivolous, and artistically inclined, and the large-boned blue-eyed farmer population of the masses with broad square heads which would invite the title of *têtes quarrés* as much as the Alsacians who were given that name by the French.

The modern Pole learns German easily. He learns other languages, especially French, without great trouble, but so do all the Germans, and German comes so naturally to the Pole that most Poles who have occasion to learn German at all speak German as well as they do Polish.

The Slavic infusion into the originally Gothic country may not have been greater in numbers than the Norman invasion of Britain, but considering the fact that the Goths in the Vistula valley had not yet developed a Gothic literature, their language had less power of resistance than in Britain among the Saxons and was naturally replaced by the Slavic speech of the conquerors; and the old Gothic traditions were quickly forgotten when with the introduction of Christianity new ideals dawned upon the population which antiquated at once both the Slavic and the Gothic gods.

The new development of events has delivered Poland into the

hands of the Germans, and the German emperor has promised to restore the old kingdom of Poland. It is an act of diplomacy, not of generosity. It is to Germany's own interest to have Poland re-



STATUE OF COPERNICUS IN THORN.

stored; for Germany needs a buffer state against Russia and it would be a wise policy to have such a friendly buffer state in Poland. Therefore it stands to reason that Germany will deem it best to

bury the hatchet of old quarrels from the times when Russia still dictated the politics of Europe.

It is natural that a restored Poland will be a kingdom that in her future development will have to stand among the nations as an ally of Germany, but the main thing to be desired by the Poles will be the enjoyment of perfect home rule. They will either elect a king or accept one who will not be opposed to the Central Powers, the empires of Germany and Austria-Hungary. There is no expectation that the German or Austrian provinces of Poland are to be incorporated into the new Poland, for, so far as we can see, it is the Russian province, to be known under the name of the Kingdom of Poland, that is to constitute the new Poland; but we may assume that this new Poland will be benefitted by imitating German methods of government and of education. Schools will enable the people to acquire education in the same way and it will be possible for the people to develop their intellectual abilities in the Prussian provinces, and that alone will be an incalculable benefit for the population of Lettish and Polish extraction. Whether Lithuania will be an independent kingdom by the side of Poland or whether both will be combined in one kingdom under one and the same leadership is perhaps not yet decided, but we may be sure that the people's wishes will be respected, and we may hope that the new kingdom, or the two new kingdoms, will develop to advantage their innate talents and the possibility of their national character.

The Poles are a gifted race. It was a Pole, Kopernik of Thorn, who laid the basis of our modern world-conception by working out what is known as the Copernican world-system, and in modern music Chopin, a French Pole, ranges second to none but Mozart and Beethoven.

What Poles need is the schooling which both Copernicus and Chopin enjoyed, i. e., a German schooling, and the new Poland that is now rising under our eyes will have that fully. It will be administered in friendship without the ugly by-taste of oppression and on the sole condition of an inalienable national alliance with Germany.

## THE POLISH LANGUAGE.

BY LEONARD BLOOMFIELD.

THE Polish language is spoken by some twenty millions of people in central Europe. Since the suspension, more than a century ago, of the political independence of the Poles, the Polish language has been the chief bond of Polish nationality.<sup>1</sup>

So well has it fulfilled this function that the population of Poland is to-day as homogeneous as ever in the past. In German Poland the western neighbors of the Poles, the Germans, have as land-owners in small numbers encroached on Polish territory. In the Middle Ages large numbers of German Jews emigrated to Poland; while the upper class of these is now fairly well Polonized, the great mass still constitutes a foreign population. In compensation, the Poles have spread eastward and northward: in eastern Galicia, where the peasant population is Ukrainian ("Ruthenian" or "Little Russian"), the city-dwellers and land-owners are Polish, and in Lithuania, similarly, from two to sixteen per cent of the inhabitants—the proportion varies by districts—are Poles.

The popular speech of the Polish territory divides itself into a number of dialects, which, however, are not very divergent. The book-language, and with it that of the schools and of the educated class, is derived originally from the Great Polish dialect (spoken in the district of Posen); from an early time, however, it has been influenced by the Mazurian dialect (which centers round Warsaw) and by the Little Polish (Galician) dialect. Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855), the most popular and perhaps the greatest of Polish poets, was a Lithuanian Pole; through him the Polish of Lithuania has influenced the literary language.

Although Latin was the chief written language up to the time of the Reformation, Polish possesses a number of vernacular documents from the medieval period. The Reformation, though in the end unsuccessful as a religious movement, succeeded in making Polish instead of Latin the language of books and polite intercourse.

<sup>1</sup> The boundaries of the Polish-speaking territory may be roughly drawn somewhat as follows. In Germany the line runs westward from the Russian border through Rastenburg, Allenstein, Graudenz, Bromberg, Birnbaum; thence southwest to Ratibor in Silesia; thence east to the Austrian border. In Austria Polish is spoken in all of West Galicia, as far as the river San. In Russia the boundary runs north from the Galician border through Brest, Bialystok, Grodno, and Suwalki; thence westward to the German border. In addition to this territory, a stretch of land on the west bank of the Vistula, northward to the shore of the Baltic Sea, is inhabited by the Kashubians, who speak a dialect of Polish.

By the end of the sixteenth century Polish was classed with Spanish and Italian as one of the three most elegant book-languages of Europe. The two following centuries were a period of decline in this respect, but at the end of the eighteenth century there came a revival; since this time there has been unbroken progress, and to-day Polish stands in the first rank as a literary medium.

In its general structure, and to some extent even in its native vocabulary, the Polish language will not seem utterly unfamiliar (as would, for instance, Chinese or Malay) to the English-speaking student.<sup>2</sup> The reason for this lies in the fact that Polish and the other Slavic languages (Bohemian, Wendish, Russian, Ukrainian, Slovene, Serbian, Bulgarian) form a branch of the great Indo-European family of languages, to which belong also the Germanic languages (English, Dutch, German, Scandinavian) and Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Persian, and others. All these languages are divergent forms of a single prehistoric language, from which they have inherited many common features.

Among the Slavic languages Polish is distinguished by a number of features. The most striking of these is the use of nasalized vowels, that is, of vowels like those of the French words *pain* and *pont*. At one time all the Slavic languages possessed these, but Polish alone has retained them. Another feature peculiar to Polish is the almost universal rule that words of more than one syllable are accented on next to the last syllable. The accent in Polish does not involve (as in English or in Russian) a weakening or slurring of the vowels of less-stressed syllables; on the contrary, these latter are pronounced with their full value; the syllables are all brought out distinctly, as in French: "a string of pearls" is the metaphor that has been used to describe this manner of speaking.<sup>3</sup>

A striking feature, present to some extent in all the Slavic languages but most widespread in Polish, is the "palatalization" or "softening" of consonants. A "palatalized" consonant is pronounced with the middle of the tongue pressed against the front part of the palate.<sup>4</sup> Almost every consonant has in Polish two forms, plain and

<sup>2</sup> Thus the "parts of speech," the cases, genders, numbers, persons, tenses, and the general syntactic structure are like those of English, German, or Latin; such word-stems as *sta-* "stand," *da-* "give," or the feminine ending *-a* will be familiar to the student of Latin.

<sup>3</sup> Technically it is known as "open-syllable-stress without vowel-weakening."—Of the phonetic beauty of the Polish language the following story is told. A celebrated Polish actress was asked to recite in her native language to an American audience. She brought her hearers to tears by counting from one to a hundred.

<sup>4</sup> In English *ch* and *j* are palatalized sounds; for *ch* is not the same as *t* plus *sh* (as in *it shall*), but differs from this combination by being palatalized.

palatalized. The extensive use of the latter gives the language a soft and rather graceful sound, for there is, even for the foreign ear, an endearing quality about these "softened" consonants.

Polish goes even farther than the other Slavic languages in the clearness and freedom with which words are derived by means of affixes of the most varied and delicate shades of meaning. Almost every syllable of a word contributes its distinct share to the significance of the whole. A single example may not be amiss: *pan* means "Mr., sir, master, gentleman," but there are also the derivatives, *panek* "lordling," *panicz* "young gentleman," *paniczyk* "pretty little gentleman," *paniczuszek* "little dandy," *panisko* "poor dear master"; the feminine is *pani* "Mrs., madam, mistress, lady," with such derivatives as *paniusia* "little lady" and *paniuncia* "dear little madam"; another derivative is *panna* "Miss, young lady," with its own further derivatives, such as *panienka* "little miss" and *panieneczka* "dear little miss,"—and so on, including adjectives, adverbs, and verbs, as well as nouns.

Other striking features of Polish are the six cases of the noun, the "aspects" or "manners" of the verb, and the peculiar gender-inflection of the preterite; they are, however, not peculiar to Polish and their description would take us far afield.

While all the Slavic languages have in common certain traces of the superior civilization of their German neighbors,<sup>5</sup> yet Polish, more than any other Slavic language, has become in the course of centuries, a western European *Kultursprache*. Among the Slavic languages Polish is the torch-bearer of western European civilization. This is true of its syntactic and stylistic modes of expression, but is most striking in its vocabulary, which differs from that of the other Slavic languages by the great mass of western European words which it has adopted. Most of these are Latin, some are French and some German. Such terms as *determinacja*, *kombinacja*, *komunikacja*, *platform*, *balustrada*, *wagon* (railroad carriage), *lokomotiva*, *dentysta*, *sens*, *ton*, etc., etc., are immediately intelligible to any European, and are as significant as, in the opposite sense, the many and common words which the Russian has taken from the speech of the Tartar.

Two other features less immediately bound up with the language itself, deserve mention in this connection. Polish employs the Latin alphabet, and uses it more wisely than English or French.

<sup>5</sup> Most strikingly, for instance, the Slavic words for "bread" and probably "city" are loan-words from the old Germanic. The word for "hundred" is thought by some to be an ancient loan from the Iranian, but this is very doubtful.

for the spelling of a Polish word uniformly and precisely indicates its pronunciation.<sup>6</sup> The rhythm and cadence of Polish verse are entirely within the western European tradition, and, indeed, at the very forefront of it in beauty, dignity, and pathos,—as those will attest who have heard such masterpieces of poetic form as the "Sunset" of Mickiewicz or Kraszewski's "Youth."

If two Slavic peoples, the Russians and the Poles, are to emerge from these years of suffering with new liberty and hope, we shall perhaps do no injustice if we look to the Poles rather than to their eastern neighbors for the more immediate fecundation of our cultural life. The Russian will have to learn much before he becomes a European, and he may decide, wisely perhaps, to grow in a different direction; the Pole is already one of us, and needs but the opportunity to give of his best. From our national standpoint we may hope that the million Poles in America (Chicago has one of the largest Polish populations in the world) will receive a new encouragement toward the preservation of their inherited language and culture, for it is thus that the American who remembers his foreign birth or descent can best serve our country.

## A WOMAN OF POLAND.

BY MAXIMILIANUS GERMANICUS.

**A**GAIN I dreamed of Vera. It is a long time since our paths have crossed: and yet for all these years, she, like an accusing spirit, has not ceased to haunt me day and night. Dear Vera, wilt thou pursue me forever? Will those appealing eyes of thine follow

<sup>6</sup> As people are often at a loss to pronounce Polish names, the following suggestions may not be amiss. They give a key for a very rough imitation or rather Anglicization; to acquire the native pronunciation would, of course, be a serious task.

Palatalized consonants are indicated either by an accent-mark over the consonant or by an *i* written after it; for English purposes a consonant plus *y* (as in *yes*) may be substituted for the Polish palatalized consonant, e. g., *miara*, really beginning with palatalized *m*, may be pronounced as *myara*.

Words are accented on next to the last syllable. The vowels are all short but distinct, and have the German or Italian (*continental*) values; *y* is roughly like *i*; *ó* with an accent-mark over it equals *u*; *a* and *e* with a small hook beneath are, respectively, like the vowels of French *bon* and *bain*.

*c* is pronounced *ts*; *cz* and palatalized *c* may be roughly represented by English *ch*; Polish *ch* is somewhat like the German sound in *ach*.

*g* is always "hard" as in English *get*; *j* is the English *y*-sound, as in *yes*; *l* is French or German *l*, the same letter with a cross-line through it may be roughly reproduced by American English *l*.

*rz* is English *z* in *azure*, except after *p* or *t*, where it is English *sh*; *s* is English *s* as in *so*; *sz* and palatalized *s* may be rendered by English *sh*.

*w* is English *v*.

*z* with a dot over it and palatalized *z* are, roughly, like English *z* in *azure*.

me everywhere? Will that sweet, soft voice forever sound faintly, plaintively in my ears? Will that pale, reproachful face be always present to my agitated mind?

I came to this hustling, bustling metropolis. I thought to find forgetfulness here: forgetfulness of her whom I once so dearly loved, but who later on, through no fault of hers, turned my life into gall. Oh, how eagerly I plunged myself into this stormy, all-absorbing American life! I wished to banish her memory from my mind by force. And all things in the new world seemed, as I had hoped, to put an end to the bitter dreams I had dreamed all these long weary years. But then last night, after the usual busy day and evening, I went to bed and dreamed of her again.

And now her image has pursued me the whole day long. Again she has become my constant companion, not leaving my side for a moment. She bids me to the theater of memory, where she played the leading part in a stirring tragedy.

I met her a number of years ago in my student days in the Fatherland. I was spending my vacation at a watering place mostly visited by the Polish aristocracy of Germany on the shores of the Baltic Sea. It was early in the morning, one of those beautiful, sweet summer mornings, with blue skies, soft breezes, and a very tender sun. I was taking an early stroll through the quiet streets of the quaint little town, when a woman's voice, falling upon the morning air, arrested my attention. It came through the open windows of a little cottage on the outskirts of the place, which was almost completely hidden from view by the broad-branched century-old linden trees standing guard in front of it. I stopped under the window, leaning on the low wooden fence which separated the little flower-garden in front of the house from the street, and recognized the Polish national hymn, which the woman was apparently singing to her own accompaniment on the piano. I was chained to the spot. Not only was the music beautiful and the voice captivating, but there was so much feeling in that song, so much soul in that voice, that it touched my heart deeply. It seemed to me that I had never before in my life heard so beautiful and inspiring a voice, such soul-drawing music. The voice was so pure, so clear, so deep, so full of soft caressing tenderness, so strong to comfort, so gentle to soothe. It seemed like one of those harmonies of which musicians tell us they dream but can never chain to earth.

When the singer came to the refrain expressing the undying hope of the Polish people for national unity, I forgot that I was listening to the voice of a mere girl. With my mind's eye I saw

before me the Polish nation crying out in the anguish of her soul that she had not given up her hope of regeneration, and that, though a prey to the brutality of her mightier neighbors, though brought low and trodden under foot by the so-called civilized powers of Europe, her hope to which she had now so tenaciously clung for a century and a half of oppression, war and massacre, of depopulation and disaster, sooner or later would be realized ; and once more would she take her place as a nation among nations, respected and honored as in her glorious days of old.

This song was not new to me ; I had heard it long before. Years and years ago, when I was still in my little birthplace in the Polish provinces of Prussia, I used to sing it with my Polish playmates. My dear mother died with the words of this hymn on her lips, words which were to her almost as sacred as the Lord's prayer. But years had passed since, and I had meanwhile given up my childhood dreams and ideals. I had severed all connections with my mother's people, among whom I was born ; their hopes were no longer shared by me, their future was no longer identical with mine. I came to look upon everything Slavic as sordid. I had left the dark and gloomy walls of the little Polish town behind me, the town where I had first seen the light of day ; I had freed myself from the stifling atmosphere of Slavic twilight to enter the brilliant midday light of Germanic civilization.

And now, while listening to this hymn sung with so much pathos, so much feeling, so much soul-stirring power, the old memories of childhood overpowered me, and I gave myself up to the recollections of a long-forgotten past. The thoughts which this song called forth in me had such an influence over me that I leaned against the fence and wept. I, the rationalist, who believed he had suppressed all feeling and divorced himself from his past and the history of the people among whom his cradle stood, cried like a child under the influence of a mere song from the lips of a young girl.

The song came to an end ; the sounds died away on the morning air, and I still pressed my handkerchief to my moist eyes and burning cheeks. When I emerged from my reveries and was about to move on I saw a white girlish figure standing behind the narrow gate. My instinct told me that this girl was the owner of the voice which had so deeply stirred my soul but a few minutes ago, and this time, as on so many other occasions in my life, my instinct did not fail me. She must have come out to breathe the morning air, completely ignorant of the strange auditor she had had. I felt like

a naughty schoolboy who had been caught in a mischievous act, and as my way led past her I stopped and blurted forth something like an excuse.

My new acquaintance came tactfully to my rescue and said: "I did not know that I had an audience. Our national song is my morning prayer, just as my nationalism is my religion. If I do not begin the day with this song I am not myself all day long. Have you ever heard the melody before?"

I had recovered in the meanwhile; and after introducing myself I told her what memories this music brought to my mind. Her eyes lit up with a mysterious fire as she listened to the story of my childhood; and when she heard me tell of my mother, over whose memory there shone in my eyes a halo of martyrdom, of her infinite love for her people—a love which by its intensity and fire finally consumed her—the singer offered me her hand, a small marble hand, while tears like pearls gathered in her deep black eyes. It was a mark of deep compassion such as I had never received before.

One of your American authors confesses to have been bewitched by two women's voices in his life, and adds that both these voices belonged to German women. If ever a man did fall in love with a voice, he goes to say, he would find that it was the voice of a German woman, but alas! very frequently, of a homely-looking German woman, as an English actor comments on the American's statement. But this is not true of the Polish women. With them a beautiful voice is almost sure to belong to a beautiful woman. And so if I expected from the voice to see a beautiful girl my expectations were more than realized. Vera Lichnowsky, as she introduced herself to me, was one of those Polish women whose charms the German proverb says are unequalled. In vain would I attempt to portray the majesty of her form, or the grace of her movements. She was rather small of stature, and dark of complexion, like a true daughter of the land of Kasimir. But in elasticity of form and regularity of features she could well pass for a sister of Helen. Her abundance of raven black, glossy silken tresses, her deep, very deep eyes with a light "that never was on sea or land," and her sweet mouth, the triumph of all things divine, lent not a little to the charms of her personality. But the real mystery of her magnetic influence lay, I am quite sure, in her soul. Vera was possessed of a supernatural beauty of soul. This was visible in her eyes, in every one of her movements, but principally in her voice. Its sounds touched my ears like white velvet; and

whenever she opened her mouth, and parted those rosy lips of hers, it seemed to me as if all creation stopped to hang breathlessly upon her words. And even now, after years of endless suffering, the memory of the eloquence of her low musical voice sets my heart to beating; and it runs perfectly wild at the thought of that thrilling laugh of hers—a laugh as of silvery bells.

Vera and I soon became friends. At a summer resort, where every one is bent upon pleasure and eager to make friends, acquaintances quickly turn into friendships, and friendships of yesterday often turn into close attachments to-day. We were often together. Side by side we would stroll through the woods or walk up and down the beach, listening to the strains of music of an orchestra coming from a concert-stand not far away. In bad weather we would spend the afternoons in the reading room or on the verandah of the beautiful hotel which faced the sea, reading and discussing current happenings in the world of politics, with especial reference to their possible bearing upon the Polish question. How impatiently Vera would wait for the arrival of the periodicals of her nationalist party, and how she would reach for them! I have never in my life seen a girl in love wait so impatiently for a message from a far-away sweetheart. She identified herself with her cause to such an extent that she lost all consciousness of her individual self. How frequently did I notice that she read her party organ before she read the letter from home handed to her at the same time. The welfare of her people was nearer to her heart than her own happiness. I doubt whether the thought of her people and its future ever left her for one minute. I remember that once when coming on one of our usual rambles in the vicinity to a small hill all covered with vine terraces the scenery captivated my eyes, and I exultingly exclaimed: "Oh, how beautiful!" No response came from my companion, and when I turned around I noticed tears in her eyes. After a few minutes she said:

"Pardon me, but I cannot share your joy at the sight of these vine-clad hills. My thoughts involuntarily turn to the hills in my native village. They, too, once looked like these, but now only thistles and briars grow there; and those who should cultivate them are toiling in the packing houses of Chicago."

Though outwardly calm and placid Vera was the most passionate woman I have ever known. In ordinary conversation she was as sweet and calm as an angel; but when the subject of Polish nationalism and Polish renaissance was broached, and some one in her presence dared to sneer at the idea of a rejuvenated Poland,

Vera at times reminded me of a prophetess of old. Her eyes, those large, shining orbs, would expand in a most miraculous manner, and would burn with a mysterious fire that terrified every one who came within her reach. Unmindful of her surroundings and defying all forms of conventionality she would burst into a bitter attack on the opponents of a reunited Poland.

It was after such a passionate outburst that she fell back into her chair completely exhausted and cried bitterly. Her disputants had left; there was no one about her but me, her constant companion. My sympathies were most strongly aroused. I could well understand how she felt. She stood all alone in her world of ideas. All the Polish young men at that resort had ceased to be Poles at heart. They had become more or less Germanized. They belonged to the usual run of the Polish young men and women in certain parts of Germany and Austria: indifferent to their past, unsympathetic with their present, and hostile to a possible better future for their people. She had no one at that resort to share her hopes for a glorious future, for a united Poland, for the restoration of the Polish nation.

For several minutes she sat thus, her face in her hands, and her whole body shaking with sobs. Then she turned her eyes upon me, those irresistible eyes of hers, and said:

"I am only a woman; a weak, helpless creature. Of what good can I be to my oppressed brethren? But you, you young men, you could be the true saviors of your persecuted and outlawed people in Russia. But you, whose lot has fallen in better places, have no sympathy with the sufferings of your brothers across the border, your own flesh and blood. You are looking out for your own interests only. You have stifled every national feeling within you. You have no Slavic fiber in you any more. What do you care whether we, your people and mine, are slaving under the Russian knout, cursed, despised, and persecuted; or once more a nation with a language, a culture, a civilization of our own; honored and respected among the nations of Europe, as it was in olden times, before the vultures swooped down upon us and tore us into pieces? Deborah could not save Israel without a Barak. Would to God, I, too, had a Barak. Together we might rescue our people from the claws of their oppressors."

What else could I do? Was I too rash in offering my services in the capacity of that biblical fighter? I was twenty; and Vera had captivated me long ago. I had been her devotee long before this

summons ; and now I vowed to devote my life to the cause of which Vera was such an ardent champion.

In one of those sweet, calm, but very dark late summer evenings, while sitting close to the water and listening to the rippling of the waves that washed the sand at our feet, Vera initiated me into the secrets of her activities and outlined the plans of our work. I learned of the existence of a secret revolutionary organization, "La Nouvelle Pologne," which started in Geneva and was rapidly spreading to the other Swiss universities. I was to give up my work at the university and follow Vera on a propaganda tour to Russia. Was I too rash in sacrificing my own future for a phantom? Was I a fool to undertake such a dangerous mission? I knew all too well what awaited me in Russia if I were caught in my propaganda for a free Poland. But here I was given an opportunity to remain in her company, and Vera was dearer to me than my own life. For by that time I loved Vera passionately. I loved her with the love that knows no bounds. And could I help it? I was twenty; and she was so beautiful, so charming, and so good. Of course I could not talk to her of love. She would not listen to me. She had no time and no patience for such follies, she would say. Her people needed her full, unreserved, undivided love, sympathy and help. She must be free to carry on her work of salvation for her down-trodden people. But I did not give up the fight for her love, for I was twenty and sanguine. I hoped that sooner or later she would be able and willing to spare a little affection for me from her boundless love for her people. And why worry about to-morrow if to-day is so beautiful? Was I not constantly in her company? Had we not become almost inseparable? For from the moment I placed myself at the service of her cause, she took upon herself to infuse her love for her people into me. But if she had not been so engrossed in her ideal she would have noticed that the fire burning in my eyes was due to my love for her and not for her people. My passion for her, through constant intercourse, became like a consuming fire threatening to devour me should I give it no vent. Finally, in spite of all promises to the contrary, I did give it vent in such words of passion as only first love is capable of. But again she refused to hear of love. When our work has been crowned with success, and Poland has been resuscitated from the ashes, she said, there would be time enough to think of our individual happiness. And again she made me promise never more to mention or in any way show my love for her until our task had been completed. Then she alone would unseal my lips.

Family affairs did not permit me to leave the country as soon as I had expected, and Vera, who was burning with the desire of entering upon her work in Russia, decided to go ahead and not wait for me. I was to join her in Warsaw as soon as my personal affairs would permit me. Needless to say that I suffered bitterly from our separation; and it also goes without saying that I hurried on my personal affairs with all speed. But it seemed that Heaven decreed against me. I was never to look again upon the face of my adored Vera. My aged father suddenly took ill, and as his only son I could not leave his bedside. He feared that the end of his days had come, and wanted his only son, who was born to him in the evening of his life and on whom he had transferred all his love after the tragic death of his young wife, to close his eyes. Then, one fatal morning, when my father was on the road to recovery, and I had already made all preparations for the journey, I learned that Vera was dead. Her mother, who sent me this sad news, also wrote me that her daughter had often spoken to her of me; and what Vera would never tell me, she confided to her mother—that my love for her was not unreturned. She died bravely, the message ran, for she died a heroic death for her people. While she was alone in the land of the Czar, the revolution of 1905 suddenly broke out; and Vera, filled with the heroic spirit of her ancestors, inspired with the militant spirit of her national heroes and heroines, placed herself at the head of a small band of young men, who believed that the longed-for opportunity to throw off the yoke of their oppressor had finally come, took up arms and fought and fell. Vera fell in the battle for national liberty, and thus sealed her love for her people with her own life's blood.

Dear Reader! pardon me if I do not tell you what happened to me when this news reached me. I hardly know myself. All I can remember is that a terrible fever almost put an end to my life. I was ill for months, and fought a desperate fight for my life; and when against all expectations of father and physician I rose from my sick-bed, I was no longer the same man. I was only the shadow of my former self. Broken in body and spirit I wandered from place to place, and visited all those spots made dear to me through Vera's company. I went to Warsaw, and visited her grave. Here is another blank in my memory. I cannot remember what I did there, and how I got away from Vera's eternal resting-place.

Years have passed since. I have traversed lands and continents, but Vera has always been my phantom companion. She has followed me everywhere. In my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, she

always pursued me. I finally came to America. I hoped to find distraction and forgetfulness here. I expected that the hurried and restless life in the New World would down all thoughts of Vera in my mind. For a short time I thought I had succeeded in banishing her ghost from my memory, but last night, after I had spent a day in hard work and study, she again appeared in my dreams. Again those appealing eyes, that reproachful look, pierced my soul.

O Vera, beloved Vera, wilt thou never give me rest? Wouldst thou have me, on whom thy mantle fell, carry on thy life's mission? Dost thou not see that I am not the same man that sat by thy side, and drank in every inspiring word that passed thy dear lips? How can a man have confidence in the future of a people if he has no more confidence in his own future? How can a man ruined in body and spirit build upon the ruins of a country?

I am no more the man who pledged his life for thy people. That man has gone with thee to the grave. All that has remained of him is a mere shadow, a mere reflection of his former being. Oh, spare me, dear Vera, absolve me from my promise. Only men wishing to live, to live a free life, and not those satisfied to die for the cause, should take up arms to defend their national honor, thou wouldst often say. But I do not wish to live; I cannot live. Death would be to me the greatest blessing. I would then join thee: and together we would fall before the throne of the Almighty and pray for the restoration of thy people.

Oh, forgive me, Vera; say *Absolvo te.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We are indebted for the illustrations of Polish art and architecture accompanying the editorial article on "The Poles and their Gothic Descent" to the Rev. P. L. Swiatkowski, C.R., of Chicago. The examples of architectural style are reproduced from K. Moklowski's *Sztuka Lodowa w Polsce*, and the altar pieces are taken from the periodical *Free Poland* and from Dr. Stanislaw E. Radzeksowski's work on the Zakopianian style of Polish art entitled *Styl Zakopianski*. Zakopane is a large village of about 4500 inhabitants in Galicia and is famous as a health resort for consumptives. It is remarkable that these simple mountain folk should possess a native artistic taste. Everything that they use, says Stanislaw Witkiewicz, one of the prominent members of this school, "is characterized by delicacy of form and ornamentation" (*Styl Zakopianski*, 1904, No. 1). "The characteristic feature of the Zakopianian style," the same artist continues, "is its peculiar method of construction—the distinct evidence of synthesis and the attempt to emphasize it by corresponding orna-

mentation. He who does not possess a sense of construction, who does not feel the spirit of this conflict with the rigidity of matter, with gravity, with weight (and it is this conflict which is the essence of every construction) such a person is incapable of creating forms out of the material with which the art of the people has presented us. This style is also characterized by straight lines and right angles, and to this peculiarly characteristic form it is very rarely unfaithful. Not only the form but color also forms a constructive element of beauty." In fact, this style is distinguished by a luxuriant variety of color. Its ornamentation is fundamentally geometrical and rich in plant motives. Six-pointed stars are usually found as decorative motives on important parts of each work of art.

The artistic taste of Polish architecture is evidenced not only in residences and churches but even in barns and grain elevators. It is remarkable that Mohammedan mosques are not wanting, for Islam spread as far north as Poland in the later Middle Ages, though it has almost disappeared there in recent times.

The large majority of the Polish people are adherents of the Roman Catholic faith. Protestantism is not absent and predominates mainly among the Mazurs. The Poles seem to have a natural aversion to the Greek church which in Russian Poland has often been forced upon them. The artistic style of their Roman Catholic altars indicates the intensity of their Roman faith, and in spirit is not unlike the better known types of Italian religious art.

Our frontispiece represents Maryan Langiewicz, the Polish revolutionist, born August 5, 1827, at Krotoshin. He joined the revolution of 1863 as the leader of a band of 4000 volunteers, most of them peasants armed with scythe blades fastened to poles to serve as lances. In spite of the bravery of the Poles the Russian army proved too strong and overcame them in two engagements, on March 17 at Chrobrze and the next day at Busk and finally forced them across the Galician border where Langiewicz was interned by the Austrian government until February 1865, when he removed to Switzerland. Later he was employed by the government in the artillery service. He lived in Paris for some time under the name Langlé but returned to Constantinople, where he died in 1887. Our picture shows him in company with a Polish girl who had followed him into the dangers of the revolution and served him as *aide de camp*.

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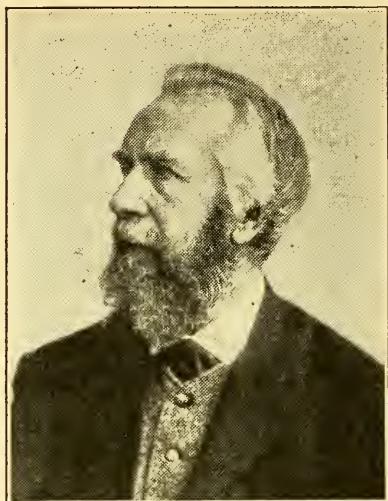
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