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is pushed out by the force of growth in the line of least resistance at the rate of one inch in two months. This line of least resistance of each animal's body the course taken by the hair is from the back to the anterior. But this simple slope becomes greatly modified in higher varieties, whose slope or direction are numerous. Besides, in this certain regions. These all have some definite mechanical reasons for their form, and are associated with the habits of life of the produced in a certain number of horses by the reversed friction of the examination of several thousands of horses I have noted nine patterns such as reversed, variegated, or feathering are found. Of these none are proved to be inherited, as far as my present observation goes, except one—viz., the ventral or under surface of the neck. Here the normal slope of hair is uniform and smooth, and no attempt at a pattern is present. But in a very large proportion of draught horses I have found that this normal, simple arrangement is being modified by the constant jolting of the lower portion of the collar, so that the friction against the current of air is tending to produce many degrees of change of slope. Out of 749 horses that I examined for this particular point, I found 338 with the normal smooth slope, and 411 with some degree of the pattern produced by the friction of the collar. This result might not be very convincing to the stalwart neo-Darwinian, but the evidential value has been carried further than this. I have examined certain very young foals still being suckled by their mothers, and, of course, innocent of any harness, and in all these but one there was definite evidence of the presence of these patterns produced by the friction of the harness worn by their ancestors. This again will be called by the adversary a small result. Well, a straw is a small thing, but it shows the way the wind blows, and this evidence cannot be dismissed by the neo-Darwinian, who has swallowed whole the doctrines of Weismann, for here is a characteristic inherited just that kind that he has been asking us to produce for a generation or so. It is for him to square it with Weismann's sweeping doctrine.

The sum of the matter is that a few undisguised experiments by man have taught or fortified the doctrines of the germ-theory of disease, the septic origin of puerperal fever, the doctrine of biogenesis, the value of the old medicatrix naturae, of suggestion as an aid to medicine, and has produced two contributions, one negative and the other positive, towards the controversy as to whether or not acquired characters can be inherited.

WALTER KIDD.

THE GERMAN WAR AND THE GERMAN POETS.

The Stuttgart philosopher, Friedrich Theodor Vischer, once wrote a long and elaborate treatise entitled Krieg und die Künste ("War and the Arts"). It was a matter on which Vischer's Ethische esthetik is in Germany an often-quoted, but little read standard work, could certainly speak with authority, but no one can doubt that on this occasion he failed to prove his case. He was able to point, of course, to the enormous volume of literature, from the Perseus of Aeschylus onwards, directly produced by war. But such illustrations are not of much value to such a thesis unless, at the same time, it be shown what was the attitude towards war taken up by each writer. If such a method of selection be applied the number of really great writers whose immediate inspiration was the glory of war will be shown to be very few indeed. It is rather a detestation or a dread of war, or, at least, the desire of representing war as it really is, laying bare its ugliness, that has moved the true artist and stirred his imagination. The terrible beauty of the Trojan Women, in which Euripides set forth the sorrows of an ancient Belgean, the course and brutal exactness of Zola in his Diable, the didactic purpose of Tolstoy in his War and Peace and Sebastopol—are these far more representative of the effect war produces upon art than any antipatriotic and bellicose novel or poem it would be possible to name.

No country is quite free from the taint of militarism in its literature. The Crimean War is a flood of bombastic rhetoric in this country, and the poets, from Tennyson downwards, in Italy, France, and Germany, have not spared the subject. Poets, Germany has always striven to keep the memory of her heroic soldier. For the existence of Dœnighe, as Italy will some day probably forget the name of Arndt, and Prussia, as Prussia, has not forgotten the name of Arndt, and the professors, not forgetting that Bettina von Arnim and the Universitäts, and discredited in Germany, and the exposition of the most concise of Pan-Germanism and the literary output, would have similar results. And it has.
THE WAR AND THE GERMAN POETS.

mann's lyrics are excellent, in particular his Reiterlied, which was dedicated to Fritz von Unruh, a younger fellow-dramatist and poet, who, at the outbreak of war, became an officer in an Uhlan regiment. The opening lines are typical of the sentiment which was almost universal in Germany at the time when they were written:

"Three robbers came upon us,
Who goes there?
Germany, yield your honour to us.
Never shall we yield!
And were you not three, but were you nine,
My honour and country should still be mine;
No one shall take them from us,
God, Emperor, and Germany's army fight for us,
Never shall we yield!"

The German official account of the events leading up to the war, as given in Germany's notorious "White Book," may seem to us very unsatisfactory and insufficient, but a glance at the most popular war-poems of the first few months will show how completely it war-poems of the first few months will show how completely it

It may be remarked, however, that few poems written during

The contemporary review.
in Germany during the present war has been tremendous, as befits amusing calculations have been made in Germany by professors of Munich University has solemnly estimated that there were within the first five months! Harry Schumann, an editor of some "German in the World-War"), asserts that fifty thousand poems in the first year. This, he triumphantly concludes, is surely as who accuse the German nation of barbarism! With such a record speaking of Germany's Barbarenkultur

These ridiculous exaggerations may be disregarded. Very many of the proclamed six million poems did not succeed in getting pub-

large number of those published were absolutely without interest that German poets, in comparison with the French or English, of war. If it could be proved that they have been as inspired as they have been prolific, the enthusiasm of certain neutral observers, and their descriptions of a "great literary revival," might find some justification. At present this cannot be attempted; the utmost one can do is to state the facts so far as they are known. A clearer judgment will not be possible until the end of the war.

Nearly all the writers of established reputation are to be found among Germany's war-poets: Gerhart and Carl Hauptmann, Richard Dehmel, Sudermann, Holz, Wedekind, Otto Ernst, Rilke, Schaukal, Ernst Hardt, Ludwig Thoma, Paul Ernst, Cesar Fliischlen, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. These names are rather an impressive testimony to the patriotism and unity of the German "intellectuals." Especially is this so in view of the fact that before the war many of them were not noted for any extraordinary degree of "Vaterlands-Liebe"; they were either social rebels or exponents of a totally "undeutsch" romanticism. Gerhart Hauptmann was censured in 1913 for not writing with sufficient fervour in celebration of the glorious victory of Leipzig; Thoma and Wedekind were continually outraging convention; Rilke and Schaukal were taboo among the ultra-patriots, because they were subject to the romantic and "mimosenhaft" influence of Maeterlinck. But all traces of revolt and revolted beauty vanished in August, 1914, and docile patriotism took their place. Several writers, notably Hugo von Hofmannsthal, publicly acknowledged their conversion to a stern outlook on life; each of these confessions was hailed as a fresh triumph for Germanism, yet one more loosen ing of the fetters which had so long held the German intellect and imagination captive.

It must be admitted that many poets sustained the rather unusual rôle of patriot with great ability. One or two of Gerhart Haupt-
His war-poems occasionally reach an unusual depth of common-place; they are filled with stock phrases—"death's hour," "Krieg," "merry following of the outworn Arndt tradition. At other times there is an energy of manner, a flame which consumes all ("Song to All"), without which no German anthology of war-poetry seems able to appear:

"Blessed be this solemn hour,
Making us one and our hearts of steel;
In every man's mouth were the words of peace,
But suspicion had paralyzed friend and foe.
War now is here,
War for our honour!

One fiery will in its clearness roars
Over the powder and dust and smoke;
Not for life, oh, not for life,
Is man fighting the battle of life!
Death always comes—
Death divine!

Strong in our faith, we seize the sword,
Fight for the spirit of our race,
Nations, thy honour is at stake,
Man, in sacrifice be thy joy—
Then will come triumph,
Glorious triumph!

This joy in fighting, then, is the first "Leitmotiv" of Germany's war-poetry—

"Deeds at last,
Pepper for the salad of blood . . . ."

as the gentle novelist, Ludwig Ganghofer, humourously put it.

The last writers one would expect to find glorifying war—idyllic full of extremely bellicose sentiments, exhorting Germany to draw At the same time every event of the war—the important as well as comment. The capture of Libau, the entry into Brussels, the march on Paris, the"victory"of the Marne, the sinking of the three English cruisers by Captain Weddigen, the execution of the spy, Hans Lody, the exploits of the "Emden", even the raising of the first war-loan, above all the opening of the submarine "blockade"—
each of these events had, so to speak, its own literature. The last of blockading England—forms part of a very large body of verse, inspired by the second "Leitmotiv"—for "perfidious Albion."

This "hate" movement, it is fair to acknowledge, was speedily discredited among intelligent Germans. Several professors and teachers, in particular Professors Förster and Steiper, poured ridicule on it: Karl Bleibtreu, the dramatist, wrote an emphatic protest against what came to be called "Lissaueri"; and Ernst Lissauer himself, in whose exposition of "hate-poetry," published a partial disclaimer in the Berlin Tageblatt for August 12th, 1915—

"Gott strafe England" cult was extraordinarily intense and fanatic. Many poets helped to stir up the popular frenzy. Herbert Eulenberg, one of Germany's best-known dramatists, wrote a "Song against England," in which England's intervention is ascribed solely to "Geldinteressen"; Paul Keller, in an allegorical poem called "Tod England"("Death to England"), chanted "ewiger Hass."

"The land of angels is the land of—Engeland ist Teufeland"("The land of angels is the land of—clfonsrients")—a complete collection of excited tirades against the arch-enemy of the German race.

These curious products of overhated political passion may have some interest for students of national psychology, but from the literary point of view they are of no account whatever—with one:

"Hymn of Hate against England") by Ernst Lissauer. Lissauer, which has, what any other "hate-poem" can claim, a refreshing freedom from artificial energy and the cliché. These last lines in particular have a restrained vigour and impressiveness which the more fanatic outbursts completely lack. They are an excellent piece of rhetoric, and, read aloud in the original, German, have an almost prophetic note on them:

"Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of hammers and hate of crowns,
Hate of those who hate from seventy millions,
They love as one and they hate as one."

And all of them have but one foe alone—England"

Lissauer also wrote several other poems—among the most noted worthy are one on Heligoland, another called "England Dreams," and a third with the title "Bread," which first appeared in the Frankfurter Zeitung in March of 1915. The last is an odd example of how even England's so-called "Aushauergangsplan" was made theme for poetry:

"With arms they cannot overpower us,
With hunger they would fail except us.
Foe beside foe in an iron ring.
Has what crossed our borders, or hunger, or death?
Listen: I chant the tidings of Spring:
Our soil is our ally in this great thing.
Already new bread is growing in the earth.
Save the food, and guard and hoard!"
The most serious criticism which can be made on most of the poets I have mentioned is this—that they are quite out of touch with the realities of war, and are therefore liable to all the fatal condition. This was clearly shown during the "hate" and "Get hate" matter concisely in his little essay in idealism entitled "Men und der Weltkrieg" ("Germany's Young Deutschland's Jugend und der Weltkrieg"—"

"Hate disorganises, love disciplines. Fill yourselves with crushed, whose bodies are broken, whose homes are burned. Fill the future shall fill those wrecks and ruin, and then charge this horror and win a peace which shall make a recurrence of such things impossible. Such a purification from the passion of hate is often easier on the field than at home. Those who remain have an abstract enemy in view."

It is true that Behmel, early in the war, volunteered for the front, but he has probably taken no part in the fighting. In regard to which—event in Germany—has been levelled against them, is that of Schellenkampf—poetry written at the writing-table in perfect and journalist, Alfred Kerr—

"We, who are far from the battle-field,
We fight with you, with you . . . .

no fact is clearer than this, that the poets who, like Rudolf Herzog, generally men over fifty, skilful or talented writers, in a few cases, and present them in their true light. For many people in Germany, part of favourite poets, to turn to less popular poets whose contact steadfastly refused to put a barrier between themselves and the artists of opposing nations.

In January, 1915, a young and almost unknown poet named Walter Heymann was killed on the Western Front. A night and poems from the firing-line was published. These seem to have been nothing in them approaching pacifism or lukewarm patriotism, only a certain questioning—What, after all, are we and why should I fight? Another poet-volunteer, Bruno Frank, because we wish to end war for ever. There is no "kriegerischer Geist" in these utterances; the artist, with clear insight and true imagination, has seen through the outward splendour of war to the inner, ugly reality. Fritz von Unruh, Hauptmann's friend, poet and soldier, is more martial, but there is little boasting of jubilation in his poems. Here is the beginning of his "Gebet ("Prayer")—"

"Holy God, in Heaven's height,
Thou, who livest eternally,
Give Germany's dreams reality,
Give her a soul again!
And dis the battle's powder-smoke,
Send Thou down humility,
Thou from whose mind the world came forth,
Give faith the victory!"

There are many other signs that militarism has not entirely conquered the intellectuals of Germany. Certain poets, in particular René Schickel and Ernst Stadler, have made great efforts to keep up an appreciation of foreign—especially French—culture, and to a certain extent to keep on an absolute collapse of that general cosmopolitanism in some way prevent an absolute collapse of that general cosmopolitanism. Verhaeren's lyrical attack on German "barbarians" was received with incredulity, which The critics asked, Has he, then, ceased to be "Deutsch,"? But there are a few poets, particularly those who to be "Deutsch." But there are a few poets, particularly those who seem to have brought them into the war, who remain "pacifists." They see how impossible it is to resist by this "peace-romanticism." They see how impossible it is to resist by this "peace-romanticism."

The war-poets of the so-called Die Weissen Blatter group of artists which gathered round the periodical Die Weissen Blatter. This he still edits, and the fact is a hopeful one for the future of German art after the war. At present an unhealthy national self-sufficiency is all-prevailing—"Deutschland" is making its influence felt in every direction. Verhaeren's lyrical attack on German "barbarians" was received with incredulity, which The critics asked, Has he, then, ceased to be German? This is a Germanic spirit of the name with the nose shows how the non-fallacy associated with the name of Germany has become dead serious.`

Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments.