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OCTOBER, 1915

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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.



THE STATUE OF VENUS BY KALAMIS.

(See page 613.)

The Open Court Publishing Company
CHICAGO

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Economic Aspects of the War

By Professor Edwin J. Clapp

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK

\$1.50 NET

Neutral rights, belligerent claims, and American commerce in the years 1914-1915 are here viewed in the light of past history and future prosperity in America. During this period, 2000 vessels carrying American cargoes were seized and passenger ships destroyed resulting in the loss of the lives of nearly 1000 American citizens.

Many startling facts are supplied by the author, who has delved into diplomatic correspondence in Washington, bringing out information that is very disquieting to those American citizens who believe that, in the present European War, the United States has an opportunity to capture world commerce, and inaugurate an era of great national prosperity. It is an illuminating record of current history that will richly repay a careful reading.

The author is Professor of Economics in New York University.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

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THE VENUS OF PRAXITELES.
In the Vatican Museum at Rome.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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VICTOR HUGO'S ESTIMATE OF GERMANY.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

VICTOR HUGO once wrote a remarkable poem in which he made his choice between the two nations that were nearest to his heart. They are Germany and France, and of these he gives the preference to France, but it is noteworthy what a high estimate he makes of Germany. The poet dwells long on the greatness of the people with the blue eyes, and the reader feels that he respects them highly. Considering the hatred that now prevails between the two nations, the admiration here exhibited by a great Frenchman for France's enemy is astonishing. Victor Hugo's praise is unstinted. He extols her justice, compares her blond maidens to angels, and forgets his own country in his eulogy of Germany as the greatest of all nations. He admires her heroes, her poets, her religious leaders, and declares "there is nothing on earth that excels her"; even Charlemagne, the founder of France, in some degree is one of her sons and owes his soldierly valor to her.

Victor Hugo exhorts the Teutons to be proud of their ancestors, their laurels and their country. Nevertheless, he turns to France. France is his choice even before the nation which he praises as the greatest, and his choice is made without reason or explanation beyond the one touching address, "Oh, my mother!"

Just now, while a bitter war rages all over Europe, it seems appropriate to call to mind this poetic description of the Teutonic nationality. The hatred between France and Germany is perhaps not too deep to be obliterated in time. Certainly the Germans do not hate the French. In former centuries they have suffered much from them, especially under Louis XIV and Napoleon I, but, with the squaring of accounts in 1870-71, they have been willing to forget old quarrels and live on good terms with their western neighbors.

Indeed it seemed probable that France would find it advantageous to leave Alsace-Lorraine in the hands of Germany, of which it had originally been a part, and seek a continental alliance against Great Britain which has done France such wrong at Suez and Fashoda. The interests of Germany and France lie together; but French politicians of to-day are short-sighted and they were easily duped by English diplomacy. Against their own interests they have become the allies of Great Britain in the present war; and Great Britain is determined to wage the war to the bitter end, or, as has been aptly said, she will fight to the last Frenchman,—incidentally, also, the last Russian and the last Italian.

This beautiful poem of Victor Hugo on Germany and France has been a puzzle in many respects. The great poet was an enthusiastic French patriot, and yet he has gone far in his praise of Germany, so frequently considered the arch-enemy of France. In fact the many mythological names, Velleda, Ganna, Galgacus, Spillyra, have been regarded as an indication that the poem is not to be taken seriously. To my mind they go to show that when Victor Hugo was traveling through Germany he read some books on the ancient history of the country and utilized them in his poetic description.

Victor Hugo's poem proves to me that the French are capable of appreciating Germany, and the Germans will be glad to recognize French appreciation. Indeed my attention has been called to it by some extracts from this grand hymn in a German translation published on a fly-leaf by the Deutsch-Amerikanischer Nationalbund, under the title, *Ein ernstes Wort in ernster Zeit*; and the French original in its complete form is contained in Victor Hugo's works under the title *L'année terrible*.

The conclusion of the poem where Victor Hugo gives the palm to France in preference to Germany and in spite of his full recognition of Germany's greatness, is unparalleled in sweetness and devotion. Germany is stern and grand, but to France his love belongs. France is his mother.

The poetic spirit in this poem is peculiar and inimitable. It seems impossible to translate these lines into English verse. So we ask our readers to study the French original and we shrink from the difficult task of rendering it into poetry. We subjoin in all modesty a prose version in which we forego the attempt to reproduce the poetic grandeur of the French poet's lines.

CHOIX ENTRE LES DEUX NATIONS.

PAR VICTOR HUGO.

A l'Allemagne.

Aucune nation n'est plus grande que toi ;
 Jadis, toute la terre étant un lieu d'effroi,
 Parmi les peuples forts tu fus le peuple juste.
 Une tiare d'ombre est sur ton front auguste ;
 Et pourtant, comme l'Inde aux aspects fabuleux,
 Tu brilles ; ô pays des hommes aux yeux bleus,
 Clarté hautaine au fond ténébreux de l'Europe,
 Une gloire âpre, informe, immense, t'enveloppe ;
 Ton phare est allumé sur le mont des Géants !
 Comme l'aigle de mer qui change d'océans,
 Tu passas tour à tour d'une grandeur à l'autre ;
 Huss le sage a suivi Crescentius l'apôtre ;
 Barberousse chez toi n'empêche pas Schiller ;
 L'empereur, ce sommet, craint l'esprit, cet éclair.
 Non, rien ici-bas, rien ne t'éclipse, Allemagne.

Ton Vitikind tient tête à notre Charlemagne,
 Et Charlemagne même est un peu ton soldat.
 Il semblait par moments qu'un astre te guidat ;
 Et les peuples t'ont vue, ô guerrière féconde,
 Rebelle au double joug qui pèse sur le monde,
 Dresser, portant l'aurore entre tes poings de fer,
 Contre César Hermann, contre Pierre Luther.
 Longtemps, comme le chêne offrant ses bras au lierre,
 Du vieux droit des vaincus tu fus la chevalière ;
 Comme on mêle l'argent et le plomb dans l'airain,
 Tu sus fondre en un peuple unique et souverain
 Vingt peuplades, le Hun, le Dace, le Sicambre.
 Le Rhin te donne l'or et la Baltique l'ambre ;
 La musique est ton souffle ; âme, harmonie, encens,
 Elle fait alterner dans tes hymnes puissants
 Le cri de l'aigle avec le chant de l'alouette ;
 On croit voir sur tes burgs croulants la silhouette
 De l'hydre et du guerrier vaguement aperçus
 Dans la montagne, avec le tonnerre au-dessus ;
 Rien n'est frais et charmant comme tes plaines vertes ;

Les brèches de la brume aux rayons sont ouvertes,
 Le hameau dort, groupé sous l'aile du manoir,
 Et la vierge, accoudée aux citernes le soir,
 Blonde, a la ressemblance adorable des anges.
 Comme un temple exhaussé sur des piliers étranges
 L'Allemagne est debout sur vingt siècles hideux,
 Et sa splendeur qui sort de leurs ombres, vient d'eux.
 Elle a plus de héros que l'Athos n'a de cimes.
 La Teutonie, au seuil des nuages sublimes
 Où l'étoile est mêlée à la foudre, apparaît ;
 Ses piques dans la nuit sont comme une forêt ;
 Au-dessus de sa tête un clairon de victoire
 S'allonge, et sa légende égale son histoire.
 Dans la Thuringe, où Thor tient sa lance en arrêt,
 Ganna, la druidesse échevelée, errait ;
 Sous les fleuves, dont l'eau roulait de vagues flammes,
 Les sirènes chantaient, monstres aux seins de femmes,
 Et le Hartz que hantait Velléda, le Taunus
 Où Spillyre essayait dans l'herbe ses pieds nus,
 Ont encore toute l'âpre et divine tristesse
 Que laisse dans les bois profonds la prophétesse ;
 La nuit, la Forêt-Noire est un sinistre éden ;
 Le clair de lune, aux bords du Neckar, fait soudain
 Sonores et vivants les arbres pleins de fées.
 O Teutons, vos tombeaux ont des airs de trophées ;
 Vos aïeux n'ont semé que de grands ossements ;
 Vos lauriers sont partout ; soyez fiers, Allemands.
 Le seul pied des titans chausse votre sandale.
 Tatouage éclatant, la gloire féodale
 Dore vos morions, blasonne vos écus ;
 Comme Rome Coclès vous avez Galgacus,
 Vous avez Beethoven comme la Grèce Homère ;
 L'Allemagne est puissante et superbe.

A la France.

O ma mère!

CHOICE BETWEEN THE TWO NATIONS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

To Germany.

No nation is so great as thou!
 When of old the earth was still a place of terror,

Thou among strong peoples wast the just.
 A tiara of shadow rests upon thy noble brow ;
 And yet, like India, with fabulous visions
 Thou art radiant ; O land of blue-eyed people,
 O lofty light upon the dark depths of Europe,
 A glory rugged, vague, immense, envelops thee ;
 Thy beacon-light shines forth from the mount of giants ;
 As the sea-eagle passes from ocean to ocean,
 Thou mountest from grandeur to grandeur.
 Huss, the sage, has followed Crescentius, the apostle ;
 With thee rulers like Barbarossa do not prevent poets like
 Schiller from arising.
 The Emperor, that towering summit, fears the lightning-flash of
 the spirit.

Naught here below, naught eclipses thee, Germania.
 Thy Wittekind braves our Charlemagne,
 And Charlemagne himself is in a sense thy soldier.
 It seemed at times as if a star guided thee,
 And the peoples have beheld thee, O fruitful mother warrior,
 Rebel against the double yoke that weighs upon the world.
 Take up arms, bearing the dawn of day in thy mailed fists,
 Against Cæsar a Hermann, against the pope a Luther.
 Long, as the oak offers its boughs to the ivy,
 Hast thou been the protectress of the ancient rights of the van-
 quished.

As silver and lead are mixed in the brazen vessel,
 So hast thou fused into one united and sovereign people
 Twenty tribes, the Hun, the Dacian and the Sigambrian.
 The Rhine gives thee gold, and the Baltic amber :
 Music is thy breath—soul, harmony, incense :
 In thy powerful hymns is heard
 Now the eagle's cry and now the song of the lark.
 Methinks I see in thy crumbling castles silhouettes
 Of the dragon and warrior dimly discernible
 In the thunder-capped mountains.
 Naught is so fresh and charming as thy green fields ;
 The fog breaks beneath the rays of the sun ;
 Huddled under the wing of the manor, the hamlet sleeps.
 And the maiden, leaning upon the cistern at evening,
 With flaxen hair, is adorable and like unto the angels.
 Like a temple built on strange pillars
 Germany stands upon twenty dreary centuries,

And her splendor that proceeds from their shadows comes from them.

She has more heroes than Mount Athos has peaks.
 On the threshold of the lofty clouds,
 Where star and thunder meet, there Teutonia appears;
 Her lances in the night are like a forest;
 Above her head a clarion of victory
 Resounds, and its message, ever the same, is her history.

In Thuringia, where Thor holds his lance ever ready,
 Ganna, the druidess with disheveled hair, was wont to wander;
 In the rivers whose waters roll in gleaming waves
 The sirens sing, beings of half-womanly form;
 And the Hartz haunted by Velleda, and the Taunus
 Where Spillyra dried her bare feet in the grass,
 Possess still the spell of austere and divine sadness
 Which the prophetess cast in the deep woods.
 By night, the Black Forest is a sinister Eden;
 By moonlight, on the banks of the Neckar, the woods
 Become, of a sudden, sonorous and alive with fairies.

O Teutons, your tombs are like unto trophies;
 Your forefathers have sown but the bones of heroes:
 Your laurels are everywhere; be proud, O Germans.
 'Tis only the foot of Titans your sandal fits.
 A striking tattoo, feudal glory
 Gilds your helmets, emblazons your escutcheons.
 As Rome has Cocles so you have Galgacus;
 You have Beethoven as Greece has Homer.
 Mighty is Germany and superb!

To France

Oh, my mother!