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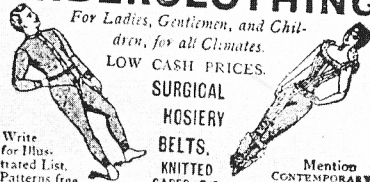
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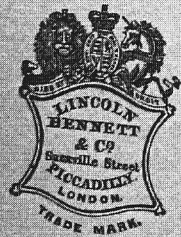
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CAPITALISM AND IMPERIALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE full significance of this evil business in South Africa is only understood when it is recognised as a most dramatic instance of the play of modern forces which are world-wide in their scope and revolutionary in their operations. Those who see one set of problems in Egypt, another in China, a third in South America, a fourth in South Africa, or trace their connection merely through the old political relations between nations, will be subjected to a rough awakening as their calculations, based on this old Separatist view, are everywhere upset. Without seeking to ignore or to disparage the special factors, physical, economic, and political, which rightly assign a certain particularity to each case, I would insist upon the supreme importance of recognising the dominance everywhere exercised by the new confederacy and interplay of two sets of forces, conveniently designated by the titles International Capitalism and Imperialism. Vague as these titles are, they will serve as beginnings of our diagnosis.

The growing tendency of members of modern civilised communities to stake large portions of their property in foreign lands runs counter to all past traditions of nationalism, and sets up an antagonism between the political and the economic structure of the modern world. So long as the intercourse between nations was wholly or chiefly confined to trade or exchange of commodities, nationalism could still express the economic as well as the political status of the citizen. But the large establishment by members and classes belonging to one nation of permanent investments of capital in another country is a

Americans, and not trouble whether we are granting them a right or a favour." There is good ground for believing that even after the Declaration of Independence the Whigs could still have won back the Americans, had they come into office. After Saratoga and the French alliance it was too late, and though even Lord North was willing now to grant what would have amply contented the colonies a few years before, America was lost irretrievably. Except Chatham and his small personal following, the Whigs recognised the inevitable, and their one aim now was to have peace before America was yet more exasperated,—anything rather than the aimless, wicked strife, that was sowing the seeds of lasting bitterness between the two great kindred peoples. "If we must be seemingly divided," said Hartley, "let there at least be a union in the partition"; Fox still hoped for "a perpetual alliance on a federal foundation," and Rockingham and Richmond clung to the idea of "a true British Family Compact."

But even this passed into the impossible. When at length the country awoke from its nightmare and saw that America could not be conquered, when the French and Spanish fleets rode unchallenged in the Channel, and at last our navy hardly saved the wrecks of what our statesmen had done their best to lose, peace came too late to save America to the Empire. "We are not fit to govern ourselves, much less distant provinces," lamented the Duke of Richmond; and a great Empire was dismembered, because Englishmen were too arrogant to be just, and King and ministers did not know the golden rule of Imperial Statesmanship. *Absit omen.*

BOLTON KING.

MODERN GERMAN LYRIC POETRY.

A POSITIVE literary manifestation of latter years is the interest shown in lyrics. It is true that anthologies of such poetical works appeared in former years, that they were noticed by the industrious bibliographer; and sometimes mentioned by the critic; but the public regarded them with cold indifference, or asked impatiently:—

"Wann werdet ihr Poeten des Dichtens einmal müd?"

They generally declared that the days of poetry—and by poetry they meant lyrics—had passed, never to return; but although buried, and covered with a cold stone, it lives to-day, it raises its head, it speaks, and its voice is listened to by an ever-increasing crowd. To-day small volumes of lyrics are purchased, read, and talked about, and the readers endeavour to form some idea concerning them.

Indeed, there was never a better time than the present in which to appreciate and understand poetry, even foreign poetry. In ordinary life we see how national peculiarities disappear, and how the pan-human type spreads, especially amongst individuals who remain in touch with modern culture. It is a fact that may provoke indignation, but it is a fact nevertheless. It is noticeable also in the modern lyric. In the soul of the contemporary poet, be he English, French, German, or Pole, two chords resound distinctly; the egotistical: my pains and joys, my sentiments and impressions, my passions and impulses, my griefs, my doubts, my despair; and then there is the other chord, the pan-human: all the sentiments, thoughts, and impressions of the contemporary generation, in a word, the pan-human soul. Motives with a relative character, reaching beyond the personal I, yet not embracing the whole of humanity, motives especially national, or as they should be called, patriotic, are very

seldom heard, and when heard, are very feeble. This is a fact to be noticed in the lyrics of all nations. Under these conditions, the poet can more easily speak to the hearts and imaginations of readers of other nationalities.

As the English critics speak more of French literature, and as French books are more read by the cultivated classes in England, than was formerly the case, something is known here of French lyric poetry. But with German poetry the case is quite different. Very little of this poetry has been translated into English, and that little is from Heine, Scheffel, or Baumbach. All that has been written since Heine is *terra incognita*. The critics mention recent German dramas, and sometimes novels, but about lyric poetry they are silent.

Now, however, there is an opportunity to fill up this gap. It is furnished by a volume published recently in Berlin, under the title: *Die Perlschnur, Eine Anthologie moderner Lyrik, herausgegeben von Ludwig Gemmel*. It is a beautiful book, published by Schuster and Loeffler; the few modern illustrations it contains do not perhaps explain its contents, but they help to awaken a certain sensation. It is the first anthology consecrated to modern lyric poetry. An excellent volume by Carl Busse, published a few years since, embraced the whole field of poetry after the death of Heine, but owing to the abundance of material, very little space was devoted to the poetry of the last few years. Following the example of Herr Gemmel, but preserving my freedom of thought, I shall endeavour to give, not a complete picture of modern German lyric poetry, but a brief sketch of the best.

The disappearance of national-patriotic motives from German poetry is the more surprising, in that it occurred in the epoch after 1870, when the Germans, having crushed the foe, united, and placed the imperial crown on the head of the Prussian king. One would naturally have expected to see patriotic enthusiasm, expressions of national pride, jingoistic arrogance, and shouts of triumph. But these are not to be found, except, perhaps, in the writings of Wildenbruch and his imitators, and consequently not in modern poems at all. This is all the more striking, when one considers the luxuriant growth, strength, and relative beauty of lyric poetry from the time of Napoleon, from the fight for independence (1813). Whilst the Germans were longing for unity and power, they had magnificent national poetry—to-day, when they are united and powerful, they have no such poetry. Even the greatest amongst modern poets, although by his age he belongs to the older generation, does not possess this talent. Detlev von Liliencron, a Dane by extraction, fought in the wars of 1866 and 1870, and only began to write when he was thirty-five years of age. His military temperament and ardour are apparent in his poetry, especially in his *Adjutantenritte*, published in 1883. Boldness, liveliness, and

naturalness are his characteristics. There is nothing artificial in him—indeed, he is sometimes too natural; he is also fond of sudden transitions, or of a purposely adopted unevenness of form. The ardour and levity of the lieutenant often create delicate situations, and his sympathetic liveliness charms, even where it degenerates into pranks. Then, too, there is great delicacy of feeling in his descriptions of nature, not the romantic, wild nature of the mountains, but the peaceful, sad, melancholy nature of the plains of Northern Germany. This feeling of sadness is intensified by the knowledge that Liliencron is mirthful, ironical, and sometimes cynical; the sudden thoughtfulness of a man who usually fills the air with hearty laughter appeals eloquently to the heart of the reader. The following verses might be quoted as a proof of that side of the poet's nature:—

“Im Weizenfeld, im Korn und Mohn,
Liegt ein Soldat, unaufgebunden,
Zwei Tage schon, zwei Nächte schon,
Mit schweren Wunden unverbunden.

Durstüberquält und fieberwild
In Todeskampf den Kopf erhoben,
Ein letzter Traum, ein letztes Bild,
Sein brechend Auge schlägt nach oben.

Die Sense rauscht im Aehrenfeld
Er sieht sein Dorf im Arbeitsfrieden,
Ade, Ade du Heimatwelt—
Und beugt das Haupt, und ist verschieden.”

And looking back on his past life, this talented poet sees misery, and a sorrowful struggle for bread. An appeal for assistance, published in seven hundred newspapers, weeklies, and magazines, brought in two hundred marks!

Even if unable to emphasise the artistic value of his poems, their strength of expression, their contents and feeling, must be in sympathy with everyone. And they who would criticise their prankish sensuality must acknowledge their liveliness and naturalness.

It is quite different with another modern lyric poet, who belongs to the modern generation. Richard Dehmel (born 1863) lacks naiveté of heart; he is a decadent. In the preface to his first volume of poetry he says explicitly:—

“Erst wenn der Geist von jedem Zweck genesen,
und nichts mehr wissen will als seine Triebe,
dann offenbart sich ihm das weise Wesen
verliebter Thorheit und der grossen Liebe,
Euch und Mir in Dankbarkeit.”

The erotic is the principal chord in his poetry, but it is not the fiery, prankish, but healthy erotic of Liliencron. Dehmel's love has

its birth in the atmosphere of a hot-house, and it intoxicates the senses; it is the love of an old man, or of a man morally sick. Of like nature is the poetry of Paul Verlaine. In addition to most extraordinary outbursts of sexualism, Dehmel has raptures of mysticism, in which he dreams of some new and more perfect epoch, wherein the Greek Aphrodite and the Christian Madonna would form a harmonious idea. In a preface, written in prose, he says that this epoch is not far distant, and then, making use of unintelligible expressions, as is the custom of decadents, he explains the imaginary signs of this approaching era. Like the French modernists, he endeavours to make the ethic æsthetic, to substitute the æsthetic for the ethic; he regards the "autonomic egotism" of the individual as one of the most salutary of modern ideas. In his poem *Gottes Wille*, which is very beautiful, he rebukes Eve, who, despite the eternal torture of desire, fears to take the apple, remembering that it has been forbidden by God, and the poet says: "He, that old God, has never yet made the timid happy. He gave you hunger, he gave you hands; take and eat—then suffer!" In this poem, and in the majority of his writings, æsthetic persons will find many beauties, and especially a great talent in the selection of corresponding forms (words, sentences, rhythms, etc.), very suitable for expressing certain sentiments, thoughts, and impressions. Dehmel is thus sometimes unpleasing, sometimes obnoxious, and sometimes he arouses indignation, but his writing is always full of character, for he is the echo of a great number of contemporary sick souls. His influence on German poetry is immense, and the name of his imitators is legion.

Detlev von Liliencron and Richard Dehmel are undoubtedly the most eminent of the modern German lyric poets. Both have imitators, whom it is not worth while to mention here. It is, however, impossible to say that all modern lyric poets belong to the school of either of these men, for there are poets of great talent who are full of originality, although, naturally, they represent modern ideas. Thus, if there can be no question of placing them all in one category, it is, nevertheless, possible to occasionally class two or three together, according to the tone dominating their work.

As has already been remarked, in this class of poetry, patriotism is silent. Instead, prominence is given to contemporary social thoughts and sentiments. At least, this was the case a few years since; to-day these echoes are also silent, and in the anthology published by Herr Gemmel but few are to be found. Still, as they were very forcibly put forward, at no very distant date, it is necessary to describe them here. The social sentiment manifested itself in two directions; first, as a tendency to introduce into lyric poetry elements hitherto avoided—hence the reproduction of the soul of the proletariat; secondly, as a social tendency either in the form of sympathy with the oppressed, or of a protest against and satire on

the oppressor. The poet is now given over to the service of a new and better epoch:

"Kein rückwärts schauender Prophet,
Geblendet durch unfassliche Idole,
Modern sei der Poet,
Modern vom Scheitel bis zur Sohle!"

cries one of this group of poets, Arno Holz. In a volume entitled "The Book of Time," in which he makes excellent use of the lash of satire, he, being filled with grief at the state of modern society, exclaims: "This is a world of bloody crime." Indignation at the existing condition of affairs drove Carl Henckel into the arms of social democracy, whilst Hermann Conrad gives voice to his disgust in complaints, sometimes rhetorical, and often full of tenderness, that penetrate the heart, despite a certain artificiality in composition:

"Wo seid ihr hingegangen,
Meine frommen, unschuldigen Kinderaugen?
Wo seid ihr hingegangen,
Die ihr in prangenden Reizen
Die Welt mir verkündigt.
In meines Lebens erster Morgenfrühe?"

An entirely different aim is that of John Henry Mackay. Holz and Henckel propagate socialistic ideas. Mackay, who is half Scotch, half German, advocates the right of the individual; he is an anarchist in theory. In one of his poems, he asks: "Who is free? The clouds are free, the wind, that makes the world tremble, is free, the sea kissing the shore is free, free are the summits of the mountains, the virgin forests, and the eagle soaring in the air, the horse roaming unbridled over the steppe is free, free is the loud song of the poet—but we?"—

"Wir Thoren, wir Knechte der Thorheit, nur wir sind nicht frei!"

But on the other hand, he says:

"Gross kannst du dich empor erst heben,
Wenn du gelernt, nur dir allein zu leben,"

and he proudly calls on "his I" to raise its head, for the one who always believed in himself will be the victor. Thus it was yesterday. It is different to-day. Driven out by other sensations, social ideals attract the poets no longer. Henckel, that one-time Socialist, dreams to-day of some purple flower, rocked on the waves of the future; this is human goodness of heart conquering misery. "The sea-gulls of freedom soar in dazzling light, and the complaints of an overthrown world grow fainter and fainter in the distance." Thus speaks, not a politician, but an artist-dreamer. With the others, there is not even a reminiscence of former conflicts and tendencies. In his book entitled *Phantasus*, Arno Holz, the loudest voiced of the group, sings like a typical, egotistical modernist. It is difficult to grasp the

sentiments, the mystic charm of nature, and the half-conscious movements of the "nude Soul"—all that one can find in him. But there is something more. In company with Paul Victor, and a handful of other poets, Arno Holz has created a new poetical theory. He not only despises rhyme, he also despises rhythm. Why entangle the free emanation of a poet's soul? This queer theory of paying no attention to the intrinsic value of rhythm, whose task is to increase and sustain the feeling of a poem, changes poetry into an architectural plaything, for dividing prose sentences into a voluntary quantity of verses; however, he carefully preserves the rules of symmetry. The following is an example of Arno Holz's poetry:

“Ich trat in mein Zimmer
Die Fenster standen weit auf
 Draussen
 Schien die Sonne.
 Wie wunderbar,
 Rosen?
Ein ganzer Strauss!
Weisse, gelbe und dunkelrothe.”

Another verse, literally translated, reads: "You read, that the Duke of Devonshire requires 100,000 pounds (exactly £100,000) every year, and you envy him his palaces of jasper. Fool!" What a charming beginning for an ode! But it must be understood that this monstrously strange theory has many followers; indeed, it has already become so threatening that it is necessary to combat it in serious, but impartial, magazines. It is difficult to speak widely about the rules and characteristics of the so-called *Artistenlyrik*. The hyper-æstheticism of modern German poetry has produced Herr Ernest Schurr, who with astonishing philosophic seriousness investigates the part that the shape of a book, the kind of type, and the colour of the paper take in producing a suitable sensation, thus ridiculously exaggerating a thought which has been proved by experience, and which is partly right. This same philosopher studies the psychology of a page of blank paper. If only persons without talent were devoted to these oddities, one could remain indifferent to them. But amongst these poets there are men of great ability, such as the afore-mentioned Arno Holz, and another poet, not mentioned in the anthology, Stephen George, a young Viennese, very little known to the public at large, but worshipped in the circle of his friends. He (Stephen George) is a dreamer; shut up within himself, and indifferent to real life and the paltry noise of humanity, he touches the chords of his lyre so delicately that one can scarcely hear their vibration. A man of culture even is not always able to penetrate the symbols of his lyric poems, but when the moment of concentrated impressiveness is grasped the soul inhales a breath of true poetry. He who wishes that his poetry should stir the soul of

the whole nation, that it should speak to all, even those who are the poorest spiritually, that man would doom even the most beautiful works of the modern lyric poets; but he who does not ask this of poetry, he who only wishes that poetry should furnish a creative sensation, that man will catch many pearls from the sea of oddities, posings, and patterns. And then, who knows whether Göthe's expression, that jewel of German lyric poetry: *Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, is really felt in all its beauty by the adversaries of modernism, and especially, whether it was felt by them when Göthe wrote that poem.

It is difficult to set forth and define those things in modern German lyric poetry which are beautiful, although differing from tradition. Of these poems, we can only repeat what one modernist, Hugo Salus, said of his own poems:

“Es gibt eine Art von stillen Gedichten
Die nichts erfinden und nichts berichten,
Die wie mit schlanken, blassen, weichen
Fingern über die Stirne dir streichen,
Die wie ein Hauch mit zagem Wehn
Traumend öffnen der Seele Thüren
Und schwebend durch deine Seele gehn
Die dich jählings zu Thränen rühren.”

Many other quotations should be given, but it is impossible to give more in this paper. I have only mentioned a few of the most eminent poets, and I recommend the reader to make himself better acquainted with them, even if it be through the medium of some anthology.

In conclusion, I should have liked to speak about naive joyfulness, and free humour, but it cannot be, for there are no such tones in modern German poetry; evidently there are but few to be found in life either. Even the most quiet are sad; they are longing after the happiness that they lack. In a charming ballad, Gustav Falke tells of a knight who pursued happiness; in the end, he was stopped by death, who gave him his hard hand. Elsewhere he leads us to a solitary woman; formerly she was joyful, she heard merry songs around her, and inhaled the perfume of the roses; to-day she toils silently and sorrowfully, remembering hard duty.

“Ob aber nachts, wenn alles schweigt,
Nicht manchmal deine Seele jammert
Und was aus stillen Gräbern steigt
Mit Sehnsuchts armen wild umklammert!”

Another, Carl Busse, heard that happiness dwelt beyond the mountains. He went in search of it. He started with the crowd, he returned weeping; the longing for happiness, never to be satisfied, will remain with him for ever. As Chrystian Morgenstern says: "Sorrow wanders through the world as a thin woman guiding a

plough, drawn by wild bulls, and the furrows made by that plough grow ever deeper and deeper." Sadness and longing are the principal characteristics of modern poetry.

In this review of modern lyric poetry, I have omitted many names known in Germany, and have only mentioned those who best express modern poetry. I have also omitted those who, although lyric poets, have gained greater merit in other branches of poetry: such as Schlaf, Hartleben, Hart, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who has also been omitted by Herr Gemmel.

S. C. DE SOISSONS.

MONASTIC ORDERS UP TO DATE.

II.—THE SWEATING OF ORPHAN GIRLS.

RELIGIOUS Congregations in France have the "education" of children chiefly in their own hands. They train up the coming generations almost without let or hindrance. Of all French children, male and female, brought up outside their parental homes, orphans or not (with the exception of children put out to live with peasants in the country), five-sixths are bred and taught in convents, monasteries and Congregationist houses. It is alleged that the "bringing up" is in many cases a dragging down, and that, owing to the fierceness of the struggle for existence raging among the numerous Congregations now in France, some of them treat their wards and pupils as mere grist to be ground down in the mill. And, speaking *à priori*, it is possible there may be truth in the statement. There has been a mania for founding new Congregations during the pontificates of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. The new needs of contemporary society formed the ground, or the pretext, and "brothers" of the principal saints, "sisters" of the Virgin, of the Infant Jesus, of the sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary, etc., have started suddenly into life and trodden on each other's heels. Most of them begin existence with no financial means at all, and regard the world as their oyster, which they open as best they can. It is not, perhaps, surprising that some of these communities should sail dangerously close to the wind when hard pressed, and should make for almost any port in a storm; what is at once lamentable and astonishing is that they should, so to say, kill and feed on their unfortunate passengers, and should then avidly drink in the praises bestowed upon them for their rare Christian love. And this, in brief, is the gist of the indictment now levelled against them.

It is deeply to be regretted that several Congregations of nuns