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THROUGH THIRTY YEARS

1892–1922

A Personal Narrative

BY

HENRY WICKHAM STEED

AUTHOR OF
"THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY"

VOLUME I

London
William Heinemann, Ltd.
1924

First published, November 1924
New impression, November 1924

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO MY FELLOWS AND FRIENDS
OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT
AT HOME AND ABROAD
WHO MAKE, PRINT, AND PUBLISH
The Times
(and its offspring)
THIS RECORD OF SERVICE
IS FONDLY INSCRIBED.

Weite Welt und breites Leben,
Langer Jahre redlich Streben,
Stets geforscht und stets gegründet,
Nie geschlossen, oft geründet,
Aeltestes bewahrt mit Treue,
Freundlich aufgefasstes Neue,
Heitern Sinn, und reine Zwecke:
Nun! man kommt wohl eine Strecke.

GOETHE: *Gott und Welt.*

(Wide of world and broad in living,
Long years' single-hearted striving,
Ever seeking, fathoming ever,
Rounding oft, concluding never,
Oldest truth in fealty keeping,
Newest truth in gladness greeting,
Mind serene, and pure ambition:
Make good faring on life's mission.)

PREFACE

This book is a story of international public life in the past thirty years. Its form is that of a personal narrative; yet it is not solely, or even chiefly, autobiographical. Its justification is that, as far as I am aware, no other writer or journalist enjoyed during that period quite the same opportunities as those which good fortune gave me to observe men and things in and beyond Europe. Future historians may more readily gain a comprehensive view of the events that led up to the Great War, and of the war itself, if those who saw something of its antecedents record their own observations and experience before their memories grow dim. Believing, as I believe, that the cataclysm of 1914 was a turning point in the history of the civilized world but not, in itself, the beginning or the end of an epoch, I have thought it right to show in perspective some of the tendencies of which the war was a climax and some of the forces which continue to fashion the life of nations.

In the summer of 1892 I set out on a modest voyage of discovery. I wished to write on social and political questions and, to that end, to find a standard of judgment. Of my quest and of the adventures, intellectual and political, into which it led me, this book contains only what seems to me of more than individual interest. In a sense, it is mainly an account of some twenty-seven years' continuous service of *The Times*. To the influence and prestige of that great journal, any value the story may possess is, therefore, principally due. Its columns contain many of the raw materials of history; but

other materials, equally necessary, cannot be publicly registered, even by writers for the press, while things are shaping themselves or are actually happening. The duty of discretion and the pressure of the circumstances in which their work is done impose upon such writers restrictions they cannot ignore. When, with lapse of time, those restrictions disappear, fuller and less impersonal records can be written. They may not be history in the larger sense. They may, however, be faithful, albeit minor, chronicles of a period. Such a chronicle I have sought to write.

For some years I sat at the feet of eminent teachers of history. From them I learned how hard it is to piece together exact accounts of the past, and how useful may be a "document" written in good faith within a reasonable time of the events to which it refers. I learned also that frank interpretations of things by contemporary witnesses may be more enlightening to historians than compilations of lifeless data; and that intuition, or insight, often comes nearer to the unseen reality than the most careful deduction from dead materials.

Therefore I resolved, as soon as leisure should permit, to write of the things I had seen and of the men whom I had known or watched. If I be taxed with partiality, my answer must be that there is a partiality of antecedent bias, and a partiality of tried conviction. Assuredly, readers are entitled to know a writer's convictions and how they became established in his mind. They can then assess the validity of his conclusions. A scientific mentor warned me in youth that "Everybody has a bias though few know it." He added, as a counsel of perfection, "Find your bias and discount it." At that time I thought I had no bias save the political bias of an Englishman, until shrewd French critics discovered in me

what they called a "Protestant" inclination to apply moral standards to matters which they thought ethically colourless. Even to-day, this inclination has not quite disappeared. I am still prejudiced in favour of what seems "right" and against what seems "wrong," and need carefully to weigh whether my "right" may not be others' "wrong." My English political bias has, in some respects, grown stronger. Like the French bias in Frenchmen or the American bias in Americans, it is the *ultima ratio* of citizenship, the tie that binds men to their several communities of which membership makes them social and, therefore, moral beings. However much the sharp edges of native prepossession may be bevelled or rounded by experience and reflection, the groundwork must remain unless the superstructure is to be flimsy and oscillating. The internationalism that denies the worth of patriotic preference is as debilitating as is unqualified scepticism in regard to philosophical or religious belief. Open-eyed patriotism is an indispensable foundation for constructive international work; and the conscious acceptance of ascertained principles, applicable within well-defined limits, is the cure for intellectual or moral indifference. The doctrine of relativity is by no means incompatible with firmness in thought and action.

But if I have written according to standards of judgment deliberately tried and adopted, I have sought to be fair, to set forth the strong points of causes and movements to which I felt opposed, and the weak points of those with which I was in sympathy. Some aspects of German life I found attractive; though the German-Prussian Imperial system, surmounted by a Hohenzollern in shining armour and ruling by right divine in an omnipotent and deified State, repelled me from the first, notwithstanding its indisputable strength and efficiency. German liberalism and its twin conquerors, na-

tionalism and social democracy; the republicanism of France, entrenched in and behind a Napoleonic bureaucracy, yet believing itself an embodiment of political freedom; the Roman Church in its religious and its political aspects, its catholicity and its clericalism, its sublimity and its paganism; the mediævalism of Austria, and Magyar make-believe; the power of Jewish finance and of international Jewish propaganda; competition in armaments, ostensibly the safeguards of peace but really the harbingers of war; the influence of over-organized industry as an international explosive, and of national cupidities sanctified as "highest interests" — these and other phenomena attracted or estranged me as I measured them by standards which may have been adequate or inadequate but which had, at least, been proved by experience.

Thus, I have ever been a partisan — in politics, a partisan of England, as I conceived England, integrally, with a mind devoid of some insular preconceptions; a partisan of ordered freedom as against tyranny or licence; a partisan of reality against humbug and pretence; and a partisan of men whom I thought honest. Detachment from the passions, the interests, the aspirations and the intrigues of the last thirty years will not be found in this book; but any who may care to read the meaning of those years, as it seemed to eyes eager to divine it, may find in these pages entertainment and, perchance, even profit.

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THROUGH THIRTY YEARS

THROUGH THIRTY YEARS

CHAPTER I

A STUDENT IN GERMANY
1892–1893

WHEN the great condottiere, Giovanni dalle Bande Nere, lay dying, he bade a monk shrive him. "Father," he said, "you are a monk; you have lived as a monk; you have done well. I am a soldier; I have lived as a soldier; I have done well. Give me absolution." In some such spirit, *et toutes proportions gardées,* this book is written. It is the work of a journalist who meant to be a journalist and has been a journalist for thirty years, seeking to understand, to describe, and even to guide movements and men. Whether I have done ill or well, readers may judge. What I have done has been done of set purpose after my own fashion. If my view of journalism is singular, it is at least sincere. From the first I conceived it as something larger than the getting and the publication of news, bound up though these be with the journalist's work. I looked for and found in it a means of working out and applying a philosophy of life, a chance to help things forward on the road I thought right, a quest taxing to the point of exhaustion every energy of heart and brain but having in it what I hold to be the true secret of happiness — constant striving toward ends which, even if they recede upon approach, yet reveal themselves, in receding, as truly worthy of pursuit.

This was and is my view of journalism. There are others that may be equally justified. To some men it is an occupation into which they have drifted for want of a better, a second-rate calling that evokes no sense of pride. To others,

again, it is a trade or, at best, a business of which the success is to be measured by the number of advertisement columns, by circulation certificates, and by balance sheets. They have their rewards — and their disappointments. A few men take to journalism because they cannot do otherwise, because it draws them with an attraction too potent to be resisted, and because, with open eyes and discounting the drawbacks, they feel that, in the daily interpretation of events and in a self-constituted wardenship of the public interest, they will find the only sphere of activity in which such powers as they possess can be satisfactorily employed. These may be called journalists by predestination — or by original sin. The test of their vocation comes when, later in life, they look back upon their efforts, failures and achievements, their mistakes, successes and shortcomings, and ask themselves whether they would have preferred, had it been possible, to change places with any of the monarchs or statesmen, financiers or diplomatists, scientists or artists with whom their work has brought them into contact. If they can then honestly say "no," and aver that, could they begin again, they would not wish to be other than they have been, they may fairly claim to be journalists by right of temperament and predilection.

This test I have applied to myself, and can truly say that there is no other work which I would rather have done during the past thirty years or any other branch of public service in which I should have preferred to be engaged. If, in some ways, my experience and opportunities have been exceptional, they have differed merely in degree, not in quality, from those of my fellow craftsmen who serve the public day and night by producing the Daily Press — the only medium of education that affects the majority of literate human beings when once school or university is left behind.

It is this aspect of journalism that renders, or should render it a responsible and an honorable profession. While under modern conditions the making of newspapers must necessarily be a business, the making of that which newspapers exist to print is at once an art and a ministry. Were it solely a business, did newspapers exist only to print ad-

vertisements or to promote their owners' pecuniary interests, I should have been a fool to forsake, as I did forsake, what might have been a profitable career in the City of London where, as a youth, my feet were on a low rung of a ladder that I might have climbed as others climbed it. But, foolish or wise, the demon within me was not to be denied. Of encouragement I had little or none. I remember, as though it were yesterday, the disapproving mien of my chief when, on a warm evening in June, 1892, I told him of my resolve to abandon the opening he had kindly given me and to study in Germany and France in order to fit myself for journalism. He was a wealthy man, the head of a respected financial firm, interested in many enterprises in England and abroad, a Member of Parliament and a friend of my father. He asked me to walk with him from the City to Charing Cross, and, stopping precisely before the entrance to *The Times* office in Queen Victoria Street, warned me that journalism was "a very funny business, needing a funny sort of mind" — a mind, in fact, which he thought I did not possess. When I asked him for a letter of presentation to the head of a news agency in which he owned a share, he demurred for a time but ultimately gave it with the air of a man who is dealing with a case of incurable folly. With that letter as a passport, I took a definite step on my new path.

It was not the first time my outlook had changed. I had been intended for the Civil Service, but on the eve of the crucial examination I had sprained both wrists in a fall from a high bicycle. Then the career of an actuary had been held out before me as an inducement to study logarithms while I should gain practical experience in a life insurance office. But the romance of mathematics faded on contact with actuarial tables and calculating machines; and I welcomed as an escape into a larger world the opening offered by the financial firm in the City. Dull as I found Stock Exchange price lists, and uninspiring the work of cutting coupons for other people, I enjoyed my chief's political work and also the chance of seeing at close quarters the magnates of finance. I gained, besides, a familiarity with figures and large money transac-

tions that was to stand me in good stead when, in later years, I had to deal with the finance and economics of other countries. Budgets that then bewildered my fellow journalists were to me open books; and the ministers of finance and merchant princes whom I was afterward to meet seemed the less imposing since, as a youth, I had watched, observing but unobserved, men like the late Pierpont Morgan, Charles Morrison, and the present Lord Faringdon at work, particularly during the great Baring crisis of 1890.

My chief was in constant touch with these men. He was interested in Argentine railways and other enterprises, in the organization of the British telephone service, and in Californian land development. He urged me to learn Spanish, to study electricity and to master shorthand, all of which I did. But, in process of learning shorthand and of getting the practice requisite for efficiency, I spent my evenings in attending scientific lectures, reporting speeches, and cultivating the society of writers on political and social questions. In these circumstances a slumbering ambition to write on my own account gradually awoke; and long before I had made up my mind to leave the City, I began to read eagerly upon the chief subjects of contemporary public interest.

ENGLAND IN THE 'NINETIES

In looking back upon the intellectual movements of the early 'nineties two main currents are discernible. One was religious; the other, economic or sociological. The controversy between Religion and Science was at its height. The complacency of the orthodox had never quite recovered from the shock given it by the Darwinian hypothesis; and interest was still keen in the bout between Huxley and Gladstone over the "Gadarene Swine" and the foundations of Christian belief. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere" had unsettled many simple souls. Samuel Laing's "Modern Science and Modern Thought" was running rapidly through several editions, while Professor Karl Pearson's "The Ethics of Free Thought" and "Grammar of Science" were being widely

read. Among the more or less orthodox defenders of religious belief, Professor Henry Drummond was prominent with his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and Canon Gore's "Lux Mundi," and the "Higher Critics" generally, were appealing to a public similar to that which Newman and Manning had fascinated at an earlier date. Preachers like Dr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Haweis attracted large congregations. Everywhere alert divines strove to hold back the tide of agnosticism. If the downright atheism of Bradlaugh found as little favour as his militant republicanism, the reading public was inclined to lend an ear to the more elegant agnostics and, at the same time, to regard Mr. Balfour's "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" and, later, his "Foundations of Belief" as serious contributions to a solution of the eternal problem.

Side by side with this current ran the movement toward social reform. Apart from the sentimental interest in it that created the People's Palace in Whitechapel out of one of Walter Besant's novels, there were the more stable tendencies represented by Toynbee and by the painstaking work of the merchant-statistician, Charles Booth, the first volume of whose "Labour and Life of the People" had just appeared. The passion for statistics as the most reliable form of information seized many otherwise circumspect minds and led them to extol tabulated returns and political economy as the surest means of social enlightenment. In another direction a startling effect had been produced by the book, "In Darkest England — and the Way Out," that General Booth of the Salvation Army had compiled with the help of W. T. Stead. But more lasting in its influence was a little paper-covered work called "Fabian Essays," in which Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, and other writers of subsequent renown sought to administer a peptonized socialism to a public still under the influence of Carlyle, Kingsley and Ruskin. The talent of the "Fabians" and the earnestness of the society they founded, made their propaganda one of the principal educational forces of the moment. Their bibliographical pamphlet, "What to Read," canalized the attention of studious youths whom it led to scrape an ac-

quaintance with philosophers from Aristotle to Herbert Spencer, and with economists from Adam Smith and Malthus to Karl Marx. They succeeded, where William Morris had almost failed, in creating what would now be called a "sympathetic atmosphere" for the various aspects of the Labour and Socialist movement.

Like most young men of my age and inclinations, I came under the influence of both of these main currents of thought. Indeed, my first attempt at journalism in London was an account of a lecture on Old Age Pensions given at Toynbee Hall by Mr. J. A. Spender (afterwards well-known as the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*), at which Charles Booth presided. My gratification at seeing it published in the old *Pall Mall Gazette* was as keen as any satisfaction I have since felt. Of Old Age Pensions I knew something. The Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, a curate in my native East Anglian village, had written on the subject an excellent little work which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had commended. It had naturally been discussed in my home; but I had never dreamt that this early interest would bring me publicity in a metropolitan newspaper.

HOW TO BE A JOURNALIST

Still working in the City by day, I continued my sociological ramblings by night and presently came to feel that I must choose between one form of activity and the other. Having procured an introduction to W. T. Stead, I invaded his "sanctum" at the *Review of Reviews*, told him I wanted to be a journalist, and asked his advice. His reply was typically direct. "How can I know whether you are fit to be a journalist?" he exclaimed. "To be a journalist, not a mere cumberer of the ground, you must have something to say. You can only find out whether you have anything worth saying by trying to say it and by seeing whether anybody will print it. But this I can tell you. When you have found something to say and have written it down, imagine that it has to be telegraphed to Australia at your own expense. Telegrams cost, I think, five shillings a word. Then, when you have cut

out every superfluous word and spoiled all your favourite phrases, copy it out legibly and send it to an editor. If he rejects it, try it on somebody else. If nobody will accept it, you are probably not fit to be a journalist."

This advice was sounder than I knew. It suggested the value of compression, which means saving space, saving time, and saving the patience of editors. It helped me also to find out that the work of compression is best done in a writer's head. Thought that has to be tersely expressed tends to be clearer than thought which meanders through a morass of superfluities. Fortified by Mr. Stead's counsel, I soon succeeded sufficiently to persuade myself that I should be fit to be a journalist if I knew more. Hence the announcement to my chief in June, 1892, that I meant to study in Germany and in France. From the head of the news agency to whom he recommended me I obtained further letters to the representative of that agency in Berlin, and to Mr. (now Sir) Valentine Chirol who was then the Berlin correspondent of *The Times*. But my talk with the head of the agency was not altogether encouraging. I told him of Stead's advice about telegraphing to Australia, assured him that I knew the importance of compression, and suggested that, if I got important news during my studies abroad, I should be glad to telegraph it to him. He winced, but assented. Years afterward, I learned by chance from the late Mr. Moberly Bell, manager of *The Times*, the reason for that wincing.

THE RAVAGES OF A SEA SERPENT

It was due to a sea serpent. Some months earlier, a correspondent of *The Times* in South Australia had telegraphed at great length an account of a huge sea serpent alleged to have been seen off the coast. At five shillings a word, this seemed to the manager of *The Times* too costly a piece of folly, and its author was advised to seek other work. Stories of sea serpents, it was delicately hinted to him, could be invented more cheaply in London. Hearing that *The Times* was bereft of its correspondent at Adelaide, the head of the news agency

aforesaid offered, at a price, the service of his own Adelaide correspondent. Mr. Moberly Bell accepted the offer and, in an interview with the head of the agency, indicated the kind of news *The Times* would want — important political events, the condition of crops, the prospects of the wool clip, and any other matters of outstanding interest. These points having been duly noted, Mr. Moberly Bell exclaimed, "But no sea serpents!"

The service began and was satisfactory until, one evening, a telegram from South Australia to the news agency reported a speech by the Prime Minister of South Australia, added some account of the wheat harvest, and closed with the words, "Bishop Adelaide found Colwyn Bay dead." This sentence was detached in *The Times* office and sent to the obituary department which produced, in the course of the night, a eulogy of the departed Bishop that appeared next morning.

Thirty-six hours later, the Postmaster General, brother-in-law of the late Bishop, paid a wrathful visit to Mr. Moberly Bell.

"What do you mean by killing off my brother-in-law?" he demanded. "He is not dead at all. I have spent a pot of money in cabling condolences to my sister who replies that her husband is alive and perfectly well. I have ordered mourning for the whole family. You must rectify your false news, publish an apology, and pay me compensation. It is abominable."

Mr. Moberly Bell said he was sorry and paid compensation. Then he sent for the head of the news agency. "Your Adelaide fellow has landed us in a pretty mess," he complained. "The Bishop of Adelaide is not dead at all. I have just been mulcted in damages by his brother-in-law, the Postmaster General. You had better tell your man to cable an explanation at once."

"Cable?" exclaimed the head of the agency. "Why it costs five shillings a word. I will write to him by this mail."

"No! No!" returned the manager. "We cannot wait three months for an explanation. You must cable; and, meanwhile, let me see the original of that message."

The original was fetched. It tallied perfectly with the version that had been supplied to *The Times*. The concluding

words, "Bishop Adelaide found Colwyn Bay dead," were unquestionably there, but they were followed by a broad blue pencil mark.

"Hallo! What's this?" cried the manager. "Something has been struck out."

"Oh!" answered the head of the agency, "the missing words are 'sea serpent thirty yards long.' Your instructions said you wanted no sea serpent, so the sub-editor in charge struck those words out. The final sentence should have read 'Bishop of Adelaide found in Colwyn Bay a dead sea serpent thirty yards long.'"

No wonder the head of the agency winced when I talked of telegraphing to Australia. Nevertheless, he accepted some telegrams I sent him soon after I reached Germany in July, 1892. I went first to Germany rather than to France for reasons that were characteristic of the period. Germany was regarded in England as an earnest land given to deep study and thought. France, on the contrary, was held to be light, frivolous, elegant, but not serious. And I was terribly in earnest. Germany, moreover, had just introduced Old Age and Sickness Pensions. It would be good to watch on the spot the working of her scheme and to study economics in the home of advanced political economy. The "historical method" which Roscher had first advocated in 1843 was being expounded at Berlin University by his disciples, Adolf Wagner and Gustav Schmoller; and it was to political economy that I looked as to the philosopher's stone that should transform the base metal of my rudimentary notions into the fine gold of true knowledge. By chance I found quarters at Jena in Thuringia, a quaint town not far from Weimar. The repute of its university stood high. Haeckel, the famous naturalist, worked there, and Lipsius, the theologian. Professor Rein, the head of the Herbartian school of pedagogy, attracted educational experts from many countries, while Kant's philosophy was vigorously upheld by a circle of professorial devotees. I lodged with the widow of a well-known classical professor, in a house of which the upper storey was, to my delight, occupied by Dr. Pierstorff, the professor of politi-

cal economy. The summer term was nearing its close but I promised myself much edification from prospective intercourse during the holidays with so learned a man. Though his lectures chilled my enthusiasm, I put my disappointment down to my inadequate knowledge of German; and it was not until closer acquaintance had shown him to be as pedantic and unprofitable as his teaching, that I turned my hopes from Jena toward Berlin where I decided to sit at the feet of Schmoller and Wagner during the autumn and winter.

In the meantime, I worked hard at German with the kindly help of a German-Swiss theological student whose accent was like corrugated iron. Thanks to the rough massage of ear and brain to which he subjected me, no German dialect gave me much trouble afterwards. Nothing Teutonic could be wholly unintelligible to one familiar with his guttural cadences. He taught me chiefly by word of mouth. We talked much but read little. Later on, when I wished to use textbooks, I was dismayed to find that I could not understand them — until I took to reading them aloud. Then the sounds of the words conveyed a meaning which the eye had failed to detect.

BISMARCK

But before this process of oral teaching was far advanced, the good town of Jena, usually so sedate and composed, suddenly went mad. Bismarck was coming. Since his fall from power in March, 1890, he had lived in morose seclusion, emitting ominous growls from time to time but taking little part in public life. Now he was coming to fulminate against his successor and, by implication, against the young Emperor who had dispensed with his veteran service. Little wonder that the "Jenenser," as the people of Jena are called, should have felt themselves honoured almost beyond their deserts. Grave pundits formed themselves into committees, ladies made rosettes, the town was festooned and garnished with bunting, in the market place was built a huge platform from which Bismarck would address fifteen thousand hearers, and a series of bonfires tracing the words "Hoch! Bismarck" was laid

on the flank of the hill from which Napoleon had driven the Prussians helter-skelter in 1806. When the great day and the great man arrived, fat professors, in tight and shabby evening clothes, put on tall hats, mounted mastodontic horses, and ambled or galloped to meet him at the railway station. For the first time I got an inkling of the intensity of German national feeling.

The opportunity for an initial telegram to the news agency in London was too good to be missed. By much manœuvring I managed to squeeze into a place at a beer table near the front of the platform in the Market Square. But when the delirious cheering that greeted the old Chancellor's appearance had died down, I found that not only could I not understand him, but that his voice, the cracked voice of an ancient tenor in the mouth of a colossus, was all but inaudible ten yards away. Somehow or other I must hear what he was saying. Slipping from my place I crept round to the back of the platform only to find it boarded up to a height of fifteen feet from the ground. Placing fingers and toes in the spaces between the planking, I climbed to the top, and, seeing that the backs of the company on the platform were turned to me and that everybody was listening too intently to the speaker to notice my movements, I passed first one leg and then the other over the top and slid down gently on to the platform itself.

Even there, I was not much better off than I had been on the market place. A dense group of professors and other worthies separated me from Bismarck. It was not a moment for half-measures, so, murmuring the word "*Presse*," I squeezed my way through the group to the very front of the platform until I found myself standing next but one to the speaker. Bismarck was warming to his work by this time. His voice was clearer, though it still sounded strangely thin and inadequate as the organ of so huge a body. Words and phrases here and there I could catch, but I failed entirely to grasp the inner meaning of the speech which was beginning to rouse the vast crowd below to a frenzy of enthusiasm. As luck would have it, the man standing between me and Bis-

marck was a little Dutchman, whom I asked, during an outburst of cheering, what had been the point of the last remark. Hearing my faulty German, he replied in French and, from that moment onward, translated for me in an undertone the main passages of the speech. I took no notes, but carefully repeated to myself each phrase the kindly Dutchman translated — a mnemonic device that has often stood me in good stead. When, at length, the speech ended with a boisterous "Salamander" — the emptying of thousands of beer glasses at a gulp and the rattling of the empty glasses on the deal tables — I slipped again through the group on the platform, climbed over the back, jumped down to the ground, ran to the telegraph office, and sent off my message to the agency in London before the crowd in the market place had time to disperse.

It was Saturday, and my message reached London in time to be printed in the evening papers thirty-six hours ahead of the official version of the proceedings that appeared in the London morning papers of the following Monday. Inexperienced as I was, I did not realize that I had scored a "beat," or, in more modern journalese, a "scoop"; nor did I receive any payment for my effort beyond the return of the money I spent on my telegram. I had still to learn that the gratitude of those who sell and publish news is often proportionate to their fear that a rival may get the advantage of a correspondent's enterprise unless his efforts are promptly recognized and remunerated. All I cared about was that I had not missed my first chance and that others were unlikely to have been ahead of me.

In truth, I hardly realized how big the chance had been or the importance of what I had telegraphed. When I found my way back to Bismarck's headquarters at the "Black Bear" and heard him chat and joke with the various deputations that waited on him, I felt, indeed, that something of unusual interest had happened, though I could not explain to myself precisely what it was. This I learned later; but I retained an abiding impression of Bismarck's strong personal magnetism and of the thrill he gave to everybody who ap-

proached him, myself included. Unconsciously, the quality of that thrill remained in my memory. It served in after years, and serves me still, as a standard by which to measure the force of an individuality. Very few men have the power to make others tingle by their mere presence before opening their lips or when saying commonplace things. Bismarck certainly had it.

Among the crowd at the "Black Bear" was an octogenarian professor who had said, "I saw Napoleon when Germany was in the deepest humiliation; I saw Goethe when Germany was at the height of her literary development. Now I see you, who have brought our Fatherland to the height of its political development. I can die in gladness."

It needed some courage to speak thus in those days. Bismarck was in disgrace. He had come to Jena on his way back from his son Herbert's wedding with the Countess Hoyos at Vienna. The German Emperor had ignored the wedding and had caused his Ambassador and the Austrian Emperor to ignore it also. The feud could no longer be hidden, and, if Bismarck was haughty, his sovereign was autocratically self-assertive. "The King's will is the highest law," the young Emperor William had declared. To the Potsdam recruits he had said that, by their oath of loyalty, they had "given themselves to Me, body and soul," and that, at his command, they must without a murmur "shoot down relatives, brothers, and even father and mother." His repeated allusions to a coming war had spread through the country feelings of alarm and dissatisfaction which caused many to turn on the one hand toward Socialism and, on the other, toward Bismarck. Therefore Bismarck dwelt in his Jena speech upon the virtues of the old Emperor William, "whom it had been possible to guide and teach," and upon the danger of absolutism. "I was never an absolutist," he declared, "and am becoming less and less of an absolutist in my declining days. We must strive in future to strengthen political conviction in public opinion and in Parliament." Wars were sometimes necessary, like the War of 1866 against Austria and the War of 1870 against France, but "it is unnecessary for us to wage further wars.

We have nothing to fight about. It would be frivolous or clumsy to let ourselves be drawn into any further war unless foreign attack should leave us no choice. Then we should be strong enough to stand against our neighbours, though only defensively, if they ally themselves against us. We cannot carry on aggressive wars made by Imperial Cabinets. No nation has the right sort of Constitution if it is liable to be driven into such a war. Even victorious war cannot bring blessings upon the nation. . . . Nowadays we can no longer live for a purely dynastic policy. We must have a national policy if we want to exist. . . . If I am accused of carrying on an anti-monarchical policy because, with my fifty years' experience, I believe that the advisers of my sovereign would do well to tread other paths than those they are treading, I must say that, according to our Constitution, the Imperial Chancellor and the ministers are responsible, not the monarch." And in conclusion Bismarck compared himself to Goethe's hero, Götz von Berlichingen, who replied to the herald of a captain whom the Emperor Maximilian had sent to arrest him, "Surrender? At mercy? Whom are you talking to? Am I a robber? Tell your captain that for his Imperial Majesty I have all due respect; and that, as for him — he can go to the devil."

THE DRAWBACKS OF ECONOMICS

Thus was I introduced to the amenities of German politics. The figure of Bismarck now stood out clearly before my eyes. In the background, as yet undefined, was the figure of the young Kaiser Wilhelm surrounded by a vague glamour but representing tendencies that seemed to me abhorrent. However, my immediate business was not so much to study personalities or current events as to find for myself a standpoint from which to judge them and a reason for whatever convictions I might hold. As I have said, the "Science" of political economy seemed the surest pathway to wisdom; and though dogmatic faith in the law of supply and demand and in the benefits of the division of labour might not suffice to solve

all difficulties or to explain all riddles, I believed that a satisfactory social philosophy would be attainable through the "historical method" and the wider conception of economics which it admitted. Having learned enough German during the summer and early autumn of 1892 to make attendance at lectures pleasant and profitable, I went therefore from Jena to Berlin as one who sets out for the promised land. Surely Wagner, Schmoller, and the other professorial princes of political economy would open for me the gate into the fair fields where I longed to roam.

But the germ of disillusionment was already at work. It may have been the talks at Jena with fellow students of divers nationalities; it may have been the shock I had received from the barrenness of Professor Pierstorff's learned mind; it may have been my own reflections upon such economics and philosophy as I had read; but in any case my faith in the virtue of "fundamental economic laws" was being undermined. I felt dimly that, valuable though political economy might be as an explanation of what had happened, it was apt to be sterile or misleading when applied to living things and human passions. Economists seemed to postulate an abstract individual, an automaton governed by mechanical axioms but dissevered from reality. Economic truth appeared to be sadly relative. Yet here was the rub. If all such truth were relative, if everything depended upon circumstances, if circumstances themselves were not constant, where was certainty or an approach to certainty to be found? The more I listened at Berlin University to the enunciation of elaborate theorems by Schmoller, and the more Wagner grunted and rasped his way through abstract disquisitions upon this economic principle or that, the more did I feel that here was but a simulacrum of wisdom and the offering of stones to those in search of bread. In my bewilderment I turned for advice to more experienced fellow students. Not in economics alone, they suggested, was satisfaction to be found. Philosophy was the thing, and, behind it, psychology. No branch of study bearing upon the life of peoples, the organization of states, or social phenomena should be neglected.

Under their guidance I entered the classrooms of Friedrich Paulsen who was lecturing upon pedagogy and philosophy, and was conducting also exercises on Spinoza in the original Latin; of Ebbinghaus, who taught psychology; of Jastrow, who taught political science; and of Treitschke, the deaf Demosthenes of Prussia who spoke with enthralling eloquence upon politics, history, and the functions of the State. Excursions during free hours into the rooms of Eduard Zeller, the historian of Greek philosophy, of Pfleiderer, who mumbled from a toothless mouth sayings deep and dark upon the philosophy of religion, filled in some blank spaces in my self-chosen curriculum. The result might have been a wholly unassimilable jumble of unrelated ideas had not Paulsen himself kindly taken me by the hand and helped me to evolve some order out of chaos. It is astonishing how much nourishment a hungry mind can absorb with a little experienced supervision; and though I never read all the volumes of Paulsen's and others' works which I bought to supplement their spoken word, their oral teaching gave me, or I thought it gave me, the basis I sought.

This basis was not a hard-and-fast set of doctrines or even a fixed ethical creed. It was rather a general method of intellectual work and a standard of criticism. The object of German university training, as Paulsen once defined it in an admirable series of public lectures on "Academic Study," was not to turn out men regarding themselves as finished scholars because they had graduated in philosophy, law, or medicine, but rather to teach them how to study, and to certify that they were trained students. The practical if not the intentional effect of English university training was, he claimed, rather to hall-mark men as scholars, and to create or to maintain a special social or intellectual class among those thus hall-marked. In other words, a German university student was made to feel that, at the end of his academic training, he was fitted to begin study and research on his own account; and that the thesis which had secured him his doctor's degree was merely an initial proof that he could do original work; whereas a man who had secured an honours

degree at Oxford or Cambridge was too apt to regard himself, and to be regarded. as a finished product whose main studies were ended.

PAULSEN THE TEACHER

In my own case, the effect of living, as I lived for some fifteen months, in an atmosphere of intense interest in abstruse philosophical questions, was to teach me systematic methods of thought and to stimulate whatever power I possessed of analyzing mental, moral, or economic phenomena. To take nothing for granted, to probe all things to the bottom, to fear no conclusions provided they were reached by honest thought and tested by experience, to cultivate, in a word, intellectual integrity, and to hold nothing common or unclean except attempts to juggle with phrases or to beg questions instead of seeking to solve them — these were the chief injunctions which I drew from university work at Berlin. For them I was indebted to Paulsen more than to any other of the professors at whose feet I sat. The memory of the good fellowship among his students, of his lucidity in exposition, of the humour with which he turned pedantry to ridicule, of his unfailing straight-mindedness and catholicity of outlook, has always remained with me as a luminous example of what a university professor can be. Hardly less grateful is my recollection of the joviality of the winter and summer evenings spent over pots of Munich beer, or round a mighty *Maibowle,* at his villa near Berlin when, surrounded by a dozen students in whom he took a personal interest, he would lightly review the work we had done, point out objections to his doctrines, chaff the timid into courage, inject healthy scepticism into the dogmatic and make each man bring out his best. Though not a great original philosopher like Kant or Schopenhauer, Paulsen was emphatically a great and good teacher whose influence throughout the world, and especially in the United States, has scarcely been inferior to that of any of his more famous contemporaries.

Unlike some of those contemporaries, Paulsen never en-

couraged hero worship or expected students to swallow his teachings whole merely because they were his. He sought rather to make men dissect and criticize the matter they were studying, to persuade them into the use of their own wits so that what they accepted might be accepted voluntarily, and become individual conviction rather than a lesson learned from dictation, and to demonstrate in practice the value of fashioning what is taught so that it may fit the shape of the recipient mind. He was a true teacher; and what I learned from him was quite as much a lesson in the art of teaching as any definite doctrine or philosophy. Above all, he loved clearness. "I cannot see why you Englishmen come to study philosophy in Germany," he once said to me. "You have got it all in David Hume, and much more clearly than you will find it in most of our thinkers who, however deeply they may think, often do not know how to express themselves." Contemporaries, who mistook mental fog for profundity, called him superficial, and decried as eclecticism his fairness in seeing and emphasizing the strong points in the philosophical systems of men from whom he differed; but this very fairness made of him an enlightening instructor to men in search of a reason for their faith.

Of his own doctrine this is not the place to speak. It is written in his "System of Ethics" and his "Introduction to Philosophy." But one of its aspects I may mention. In his vocabulary "moral" and "social" were synonymous. The moral law was the social law, a law not absolute but relative, contingent, changing and changeable as the circumstances of a community might ordain. He thought it played in regard to society the same part as instinct plays in animals, with the difference, however, that human beings through their consciences are conscious of the moral law, whereas animals are, presumably, not conscious of their instincts. But above the moral law, thus conceived, Paulsen taught that there stands, in highly developed or sensitive individuals, a personal ideal of conduct, an aspiration, fidelity to which may bring individuals into conflict with the moral law of their time. Though such conflict is tragedy, in the true sense, by

it alone moral progress is possible. In the language of the Gospels, Paulsen was wont to call this idealism, this sanction superior to that of the common conscience, "the Kingdom of God," and to claim that "therefore the citizen of the Kingdom of God is above the Law" — a doctrine which, with quite other significance and implications, bears a superficial likeness to Nietzsche's doctrine of the Superman. The likeness, however, is on the surface only; for the whole tendency of Paulsen's teaching of a morality superior to the Law could be expressed in the Latin precept *Aliis si licet, tibi non licet,* whereas the motto of Nietzsche's Superman is rather *Aliis si non licet, tibi licet.*

THE KAISER

The idea of a duty transcending conventional morality, of faithfulness to truth whatever its implications, of freedom to think, to say, and to do what is felt to be right, and of fairness in examining all ideas and circumstances bearing upon social or moral problems, ran through the whole of Paulsen's teaching. It influenced alike his attitude toward the social democratic movement then gaining ground in Germany, and toward the eloquent obscurantism associated with the name and the person of the Emperor William.

To that name and that person none could then be indifferent. William II had been German Emperor and King of Prussia nearly five years and his character as a ruler was becoming sharply defined. At first, he had been regarded as a disciple and admirer of Bismarck, and his dismissal of Bismarck in March, 1890, had earned him widespread unpopularity. His pose as the friend of the working classes had worn off and he had shown himself more and more impatient of any shackles upon the freedom of his impetuous and spasmodic will — a will often influenced by love of the purely spectacular.

I first saw the Emperor at Wittenberg on October 31, 1892. It was an occasion after his own heart. The famous Castle Church of Wittenberg, to the door of which Luther had nailed

his ninety-five theses, had been restored and was to be solemnly consecrated. Representatives of all the Protestant reigning houses of Europe were present, the town and district were filled with troops, and the Lutheran clergy were assembled in full strength. The sight of the Emperor William in his "Lohengrin" uniform — white tunic, dazzling breastplate, and silver helmet surmounted by the Prussian Eagle — strutting at the head of a brilliant company of princes toward the entrance of the church, while one hundred trumpeters blew from the renovated tower above the strains of Luther's hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," made upon me an impression that has never faded. It was a demonstration at once theatrical, military, dynastic, religious, and defiant. It seemed to embody the essence of the political Protestantism which, in the 15th and 16th centuries, the princes of Germany had so well known how to turn to account. Much of the inner significance of the festival then escaped me. Not till later did I understand, in retrospect, its bearing upon the life of Germany and, in particular, upon the character and tendencies of the Emperor William.

Yet, a twelvemonth before, one of the ablest pens in Europe had analyzed his character with uncanny prescience and accuracy. In 1891, Eça de Queiroz, a former Portuguese consul general in Berlin, had written, after three years' observation, so remarkable a study of the young monarch that, twenty-four years later, *The Times* published a full translation of it without changing a line. Some of its passages I reproduce:

> Since he mounted the throne, William II, Emperor and King, has never ceased to attract and hold the curiosity of the world; an amused and expectant curiosity, awaiting surprises and events — as though the throne of Germany were nothing but a gaudy stage set up in the centre of Europe. . . . Up to the present, in the first act, lasting over a period of three years, William II has merely revealed, by the diversity and multiplicity of his manifestations, the fact that in him, as in Hamlet, there exist the germs of various men, and we cannot foresee which of them will prevail, or whether, when one has finally developed, he will amaze us by his greatness or by his triviality.

In this Sovereign what a variety of incarnations of Royalty ! One day he is the Soldier-King, rigid, stiff in helmet and cuirass, occupied with nothing but reviews and manœuvres, placing the change of a guard above all the business of the State, regarding the drill-sergeant as the fundamental unit of the nation, putting barrack discipline above every moral and natural law, and concentrating the glory of Germany in the mechanical precision with which his recruits march. Suddenly he strips off the uniform and dons the workman's overalls; he is the Reform-King, attending only to questions of capital and wages, eagerly convoking social congresses, claiming the management of all human improvements and determined to go down in history embracing the proletariat as a brother whom he has set free.

Then, all unawares, he becomes the King by Divine Right, haughtily resting his Gothic sceptre on the backs of his people, fixing as the law of all rule — "Sic volo, sic jubeo," subjecting the highest law to the will of the King, and, convinced of his infallibility, driving over the frontiers all who do not devotedly believe in him. Mankind is agape, when lo! he is the Courtier-King, worldly, pompous, thinking only of the brilliancy and sumptuousity of etiquette, regulating festivals and masquerades, ordering the style of head-dress to be worn by ladies, decorating with the Order of the Crown those Officers who excel in the Cotillion, and desirous of transforming Berlin into a Versailles of supreme taste and ceremonial. The world smiles — and, presto! he becomes the Modern King, the Nineteenth Century King, treating the past as bigoted, eliminating from the curriculum of education the humanities and classics, determined to construct by the aid of Parliamentarism the largest amount of material and industrial civilization, regarding the factory as the supreme temple, dreaming of Germany as worked entirely by electricity.

Again at times, he descends from his stage — that is, from his throne — he travels, he gives entertainments in foreign courts, where, freed from the Imperial state which, in Berlin, lends to his every act an Imperial character, he comes forward under the most interesting guises that a man of imagination can adopt in society. . . .

The world in perplexity murmurs: Who is this man that changes and multiplies himself incessantly? What thing will germinate in that well-groomed head of a regulation officer? Some say he is merely a youth ardently thirsting for newspaper fame, and who, with an eye to publicity, prepares his impromptus with the spectacular method, art, and patience with which Sarah Bernhardt prepares her costumes. Others aver that there is in him nothing but an overbalanced fancy, carried madly along by the impulses of a morbid imagination which, for the very reason that he is an almost omnipotent Emperor, he is allowed to exhibit without restraint.

Others again see in him simply a Hohenzollern in whom are summed up and in whom flourish with immense parade all the qualities of Cæsarism, mysticism, sergeantism, red tape-ism, and dogmatism, which have alternately characterised the successive kings of that most lucky race of petty lords of Brandenburg.

It may be that each one of these theories contains, as is fortunately the case with all theories, a particle of truth. It is my opinion, however, that he is nothing but a dilettante of activities — I mean a man strongly enamoured of activity, comprehending and feeling with unusual intensity the infinite delight it offers, and desiring, therefore, to experience and enjoy it in every form permissible in our state of civilisation. Men are dilettanti generally in ideas or feelings; for in order to understand all ideas or to feel all emotions we have only to exercise thought or sensibility, and all of us mortals can, without fear of being stopped by any obstacle, move freely in the illimitable fields of thought or sensibility. But to be a perfect dilettante in activities in their highest sense, to command an army, to reform society, to build cities, I must possess not a library but a submissive empire. William II does possess such an empire, and now that he has thrown off the hard comptrollership of Bismarck, he can give the reins to his insatiable dilettantism of activity with the licence with which "the young steed (according to the Bible) gallops in the silent desert." . . .

This it is that makes the German Emperor so prodigiously interesting a figure; in him we have among us in this philosophical century, a man, a mortal who, more than any other expert, prophet or saint, lays claim and appears to be the ally and intimate friend of God. The world has never seen, since the days of Moses on Sinai, such intimacy, such an alliance between the creature and the Creator. The reign of William II seems to be, as it were, an unexpected resurrection of the Mosaism of the Pentateuch. He is the favourite of God, he holds conferences with God in the burning bush of his Berlin Schloss, and, at the instigation of God, he is leading his people to the joys of Canaan. Truly, he is Moses II. Like Moses, too, he never tires of proclaiming (daily and loudly so that none may ignore the fact and through ignorance contravene it) his spiritual and temporal relationship with God, which makes him infallible and therefore irresistible. . . .

To him nothing is impossible, for he commands two million soldiers and a people who seek liberty only in the regions of philosophy, ethics, and exegesis, and who, when their Emperor orders them to march, silently obey. And further, to him nothing is impossible, for it is his firm belief that God is on his side, inspiring him and sanctioning his power.

In every assembly, every banquet where William II holds forth

(and of all contemporary kings William II is the most verbose), he always introduces in the guise, as it were, of a law, the sacerdotal assertion that God is with him, as in the days of Abraham, in order to help and serve him in everything with the power of that formidable arm which can disperse, like particles of importunate dust, the stars and suns of ethereal space. The certainty, the habit of this alliance, grew so much upon him that he even refers to God in terms of greater equality — as he might allude to Francis Joseph of Austria, or to Humbert of Italy. Formerly he spoke of Him as the Master who is in Heaven, the Almighty who orders all things; latterly, however, while haranguing with flowing champagne his vassals on the Mark of Brandenburg, he speaks of God familiarly as "My Old Ally." Here we have William and God as a new limited liability company administering the universe. By degrees, perhaps, God will disappear from the signboard as a mere subordinate partner, who entered the business only with the capital of Light, Earth and Man, and who, quiescent in His infinitude, does no work, but leaves to William the management of this vast terrestrial concern; then we shall have only William and Company — William with supreme powers will direct all human undertakings; "Company" will be the vague, condescending form with which William II and Germany will designate Him, to Whom, we believe, William II and Germany are as much or as little as the sparrow now chirping on my roof.

A splendid and insatiable desire to enjoy and experience every form of activity, under the sovereign conviction that God warrants and promotes the ultimate success of his every undertaking, explains, I think, the conduct of this mysterious Emperor. Now, did he rule an Empire at the other side of Asia, or did he not possess in the Julius Tower at Spandau a war treasure for the mobilization of two million soldiers, or were he hedged round by a public opinion as active and coercive as that of England, William II would be merely like many other Emperors in history, peculiar from the mobility of his fancy and the illusion of his Messianic office. But being unfortunately in the heart of the workshop of Europe, with hundreds of disciplined legions, with a people formed of citizens disciplined and obedient as soldiers, William II is the most dangerous of Sovereigns, for in his dilettantism he has still to experience the most seductive form of activity that a King can know — war and its glories.

It may indeed happen that one day Europe will wake to the roar of clashing armies, only because in the soul of this great dilettante the burning desire to "know war," to enjoy war, was stronger than reason, counsel, or pity for his subjects. Not long ago, indeed, he gave this promise to his faithful retainers of Brandenburg — "I will

lead you," he said, "to splendid and glorious destinies!" What destinies? Battles, of course, in which the German Eagles shall triumph. William II has not the slightest doubt as to the issue, for, besides several minor Sovereigns, he has for his ally the Supreme Sovereign of Heaven and Earth fighting among the German Landwehr, as in the days of old when Minerva, bearing her spear, fought with the Black Phalanx against barbarians.

The certainty of a Divine Alliance! Truly, nothing can give a man more strength than such a faith, which almost renders him divine. On the other hand, to what risks it exposes him! Nothing can make the fall of a man more disastrous than the proof, borne out by the crude contradiction of facts, that such a certainty was but the chimera of a mad infatuation. Then is realized the Biblical fall from the "heights of heaven." . . .

William II runs the awful danger of being cast down by the Gemoniæ. He boldly takes upon himself responsibilities which in all nations are divided among various bodies of the State — he alone judges, he alone executes, because to him alone (not to his Ministers, to his Council, or to his Parliament) God, the God of the Hohenzollerns, imparts His transcendental inspiration. He must therefore be infallible and invincible. At the first disaster — whether it be inflicted by his burghers or by his people in the streets of Berlin, or by allied armies on the plains of Europe — Germany will at once conclude that his much-vaunted alliance with God was the trick of a wily despot.

Then there will not be stones enough from Lorraine to Pomerania to stone this counterfeit Moses.

At Wittenberg the intimacy between the Emperor William and God — Luther's God — was once more proclaimed. It was a military alliance, offensive and defensive, symbolized by the review of troops, the parade march, and the braying of brass bands. It was a scene, or a tableau, in a great drama, in which the leading parts were played not merely by personages famous in the contemporary world but by century-old tendencies that had fashioned, for good or evil, the thought and the life of Germany and Europe, nay, of Christendom. The Hohenzollerns and the Protestant princes of Germany had, indeed, reason to be grateful to Luther. The turn he gave to the movements of his time made of each German prince a little pope, possessed at once of spiritual and temporal authority. The rebirth of classical culture, the growth of Hu-

manism, the strivings toward a freer life even within the Roman Church, had been as buds heralding the approach of a glorious spring. Reuchlin, Erasmus, and Melanchthon were exerting their influence against Scholasticism and were stimulating independent thought and research. However admirable Luther's original protest against the abuses of papal authority and his onslaught upon priestcraft, his victories were won at a heavy price. Instead of reforming the Church from within, the later developments of his Reformation drove Roman Catholicism back upon its narrowest defences and caused it to sell its birthright to Catholic princes in the vain hope of extirpating "heresy" by the strength of their arms. Thus it lost its power to stand as a protectress between the people and temporal tyrants. Throughout the Middle Ages, the Church had been the basis of the entire social system. All organizations for labour, for trade, or for good-fellowship were part of it. It had formed a link between man and man, between class and class, between nation and nation. With all its shortcomings, it had given a spiritual touch to social, national and international life. By engendering the Counter-Reformation, of which Loyola and his Jesuits were the most militant expression, the excesses of the Lutheran Reformation did far more harm, not alone to the Roman Church, than Luther ever dreamt of. It was no accident that the struggle between Canon Law and Roman Law which raged in Germany should have resulted in the "Reception" of the Roman Law by the Protestant German Princes. Roman Law was made for a social and imperial order based on slavery. Its adoption by the German princes enabled them to reduce their peasants to serfdom. Canon Law, on the other hand, despite its defects, was largely Christian in spirit and stood much nearer than Roman Law to the christianized Common Law of the German people. So complete was the triumph of Roman Law in Germany that a hard fight had to be fought even toward the end of the nineteenth century to secure the recognition of some of the principles of German Common Law in the new German Civil Code of 1896.

William II stood in reality with Luther and the doctrine

of the State Supreme which Luther had helped the German princes to put into effective practice. Luther's teaching that the State is the head of religion and that all non-conformists are political rebels, makes him a spiritual progenitor of Hegel and Treitschke. The bitter hatred of Treitschke for the ideals of English-speaking peoples, who alone among the races of the world have known how to combine religious belief with political freedom, was philosophically justified. Those ideals are incompatible with the Lutheran-Roman conception of the State. Bismarck, as I had seen him at Jena, had reverted to a position far nearer that of the English-speaking world than the position of the Emperor William. With a sound, albeit a tardy instinct, Bismarck felt the need of putting a parliamentary check upon the autocratic vagaries of the Emperor, lest, standing as a demi-god at the head of a deified State, he end by plunging Germany and Europe into ruin.

GERMAN SOCIALISM

A fortnight after my visit to Wittenberg I was to gain some knowledge of another factor in the German problem — the Social Democratic movement. For twelve years, from 1878 to 1890 (when it had lapsed) the anti-socialist law had kept down the public manifestations of the movement. In 1891 a German Socialist party congress had sat at Erfurt to define a programme which in many respects was an inoffensive catalogue of democratic reforms. On November 14, 1892, a second party congress was held in Berlin. This congress I resolved to attend as an observer and, to that end, presented myself to Wilhelm Liebknecht, the veteran Socialist leader. Through him I came to know other leaders, August Bebel, Paul Singer, and, afterwards, von Vollmar. As was to be proved by the General Election of 1893, at which one and three quarter million votes out of a total of seven and a half million were cast for Socialist candidates, these men stood at the head of the largest individual party in the Empire. My acquaintance with them, and especially with Liebknecht, Bebel, and Singer, ripened during the spring and

summer of 1893. During visits to Liebknecht's house at Charlottenburg, and in long excursions with him, his family, and their political friends into the Grünewald, I learned much of the inner tendencies of German socialism. Of Liebknecht I shall ever keep a kindly remembrance. The heavy-eyed, overworked Saxon who had "sat" many a long month in prison for his convictions, exercised the charm which I have always found in those whose lives are utterly devoted to the pursuit of an idea. As a youth he had studied at several German universities and had afterward made a name for himself as a political writer. In the revolution of 1848 he had been an active insurgent, and after some months' imprisonment, had fled to Switzerland and England. In England he became intimate with Karl Marx, from whom he drew his socialist doctrine. From 1867, when he was elected to the North German Diet, he had been a Member of Parliament — with interruptions caused by imprisonment for political offences. He was entirely disinterested and self-sacrificing, of great intellectual capacity and of rare patience.

I was surprised to find him engaged in the study of contemporary European politics, not merely of Socialist or Labour politics, but of what may be called the problems of diplomacy. He followed closely the English and French press and explained to me that he always took as his guide to English policy the *Standard,* a conservative organ which he regarded as the most trustworthy exponent of average English views. "Socialists," he would say, "need to know foreign politics. It is useless for them to bury their heads in the sand and to think that the whole world can be changed to suit their ideas. Their ideas may presently change the world, but the first thing for them is to know the world as it is. You," he continued, "are studying Germany. It will be a long business. When I went to England I thought I knew enough, after a year's experience, to write a book about it. I wrote half my book and then realized I knew too little. Some years later, I began again, and once more ceased for the same reason. After thirteen years I found that I knew so little that I was not really fit to write about England at all.

"If you want to understand Germany you must grasp the fact that Germany, particularly Prussia, is an inverted pyramid. Its apex, firmly embedded in the ground, is the spike on the top of the Prussian soldier's helmet. Everything rests on that. One day, unless people are very careful, it will topple over, smashing itself and much else in the process. If you can get to understand how the pyramid became inverted you will begin to know something about Germany."

Liebknecht never attempted to convert me to socialism. He enunciated his own convictions, much as a high priest might enunciate dogmas, but he was content to leave others to accept or reject those doctrines as articles of faith. His family life seemed ideal. His wife, Frau Liebknecht, was a kindly soul devoted to her husband and her children, of whom Karl, the eldest, was afterward to play so prominent a part in the Great War and to end tragically.

Bebel, as I remember him, was of a very different type — fiery, narrow, sarcastic, though not devoid of humour. A wood-turner by trade and largely self-taught, he owed his position and influence less to his intellectual equipment than to his talent as a demagogue. The secret of power over popular audiences probably lies in some quality of personal magnetism which awakens the latent magnetism of a crowd and sets up a current between it and a speaker. Personal appearance, lucidity of argument, and even beauty of phrase have little to do with it. Bebel may not have been a great orator; but his fire, the pertinacity with which his piercing voice assailed the ears of his hearers, the very monotony of the gesture with which he seemed always to be thrusting something down people's throats or hammering it into their heads, ended by hypnotizing his audience and depriving them of independent judgment. Yet, with all his fervour and ability to rouse popular feelings, Bebel was no match for the Bavarian Socialist leader von Vollmar when it came to serious debate. Vollmar belonged to the old Bavarian nobility. He had been a brilliant officer but was severely wounded and crippled during the fighting on the Loire in the winter of 1870–71. While lying in hospital, he had resolved to take Holy Orders but,

after reading Karl Marx's "Capital" he had instead embraced socialism — albeit a discriminating, humane socialism, broader than that of the orthodox Marxists. Vollmar's knowledge of the Bavarian peasants, his common sense and his feeling that the agrarian side of Marxism was too crude to appeal to the peasants of Germany, led him to advocate a revision of the Socialist agricultural programme.

Since this revision would involve the admission that Marx was not infallible, that his "Capital" could not claim plenary inspiration as a Socialist Bible, and that other Socialist dogmas might therefore need revision in their turn, Vollmar found himself at variance with Bebel and his comrades of the stricter observance who were missionaries of a gospel for which they claimed integral belief. At the Socialist Congress of Frankfurt in 1894, I listened for three days to an oratorical duel on this subject between Vollmar and Bebel. The one, cripple though he was, standing erect, well over six feet in height and pleading his case by broad argument, in a deep melodious voice to which his Bavarian accent added warmth; the other fiery, personal, dogmatic, nagging, and obviously incensed that his well-worn phrases and formulas should make so little headway against Vollmar's wiser contentions. In the end, Vollmar carried his point, and the revisionary movement, which afterwards divided German socialism into two camps, was begun.

Paul Singer was the wealthy Jew of the party. He had been a manufacturer and had — so evil tongues whispered — sweated his hands until he had made a fortune. Then he found salvation through Marx. Just as Marx himself had drawn from his Rabbinical ancestry a tendency toward hair-splitting, a relentless minuteness in dialectics worthy of a Talmudist, so Singer seemed to be an orthodox Rabbi of the Marxist Law. He was a ponderous and a ponderate man, the chairman of all party conferences and congresses, a good-natured but very efficient tyrant, and a master of organization. I cannot remember having heard from him a single illuminating thought or original idea; but somehow he held his own in the remarkable triumvirate — Liebknecht, Bebel, and Singer — that then directed the German Social Democratic movement.

It was not solely a Socialist movement. Much of its strength was derived from the circumstance that, in Germany, it represented almost the only effective form of liberal and democratic protest against the Prussian State, which was a standing negation of liberal ideas and of individual freedom. Thus, masses of men and women who knew little and cared less about the economic theories of Marx, gave it countenance and support. The fact that it, too, was a strong organization, in its way as rigid as the Prussian State itself, appealed to the German temperament, which dearly loves to be regimentalized and taught to move in orderly mass formation. Moreover, to those who believed in Marx, socialism offered a substitute for religion. At a time when the old philosophies were losing their hold and the churches were reeling under the blows of scientific criticism, the Marxist doctrine with its materialist conception of the universe, its economic syllogisms and its promise of a better life to be attained through the Socialist State, seemed to fill, with grounds for positive faith, a void of which many Germans had been vaguely conscious. It mattered little that these grounds for faith were not entirely new. They acquired convincing force from the uncompromising vehemence with which Marx stated half-truths as whole truths. Mere argument rarely moves the masses. Ideas that are put forward with all the qualifications requisite for approximate accuracy have little "drive" and cannot sway men's minds. Marx and his disciples propounded a set of dogmas, created emotions about them and, in reality, founded a materialist economic church.

These dogmas were drawn from a materialistic conception of the world and of history. Marx taught that the economic order is the basis of all social order, and that the legal and political structures of society, as well as religion and philosophy, are explicable only in the light of economic conditions. All social or political change, he contended, is the result of antecedent economic change. He left no place for the influence of generous ideas or for the ideals of justice or liberty. In words which I afterward heard his son-in-law, Paul Lafargue, use in public, "Marx turned God out of history."

From the 15th century onward, according to Marx, the collapse or destruction of the mediæval guilds, and the revolution wrought by the Reformation, brought about the development of a capitalist class which created a corresponding proletariat on whose labour and on whose misery it battened. This capitalist class grew and grows by keeping for itself all but a fraction of the value which labour gives to raw materials — the fraction going to the proletariat in the form of a wage barely sufficient to keep the producing wage slaves alive. Though production is a social function, capitalists thus appropriate the whole surplus value of what is produced after paying a starvation wage to the true producers. Capitalist wealth is therefore the outcome of theft. As a result, capitalist society is strong and practically lawless, while the producing masses are organized in factories and are kept in effectual serfdom. This anarchy is intensified from time to time by the inability of the capitalist class to regulate production, as is shown by the great commercial crises which periodically spread distress. Not until the organized proletariat, conscious of its position as a shamefully exploited class, conscious also of the reasons for its subjection to capitalism, seizes political power and declares the means of production to be social property, will it be possible to improve the general lot of mankind. Then the State will die a natural death and the function of government will become simply the control of industrial processes.

The catastrophic failure of the Russian Bolshevist attempt to put the theories of Marx into practice, forms the best positive criticism of his doctrine. But the strength of the movement in Germany lay less in its propagation of economic fallacies than in its character as a kind of lay church, with Liebknecht, Bebel, and Singer acting as a synod. Against them, other professed emancipators of the people, like the theoretical anarchists, revolted violently. The ejection of the anarchists, with torn coats and bloody heads, was a regular feature of German Socialist congresses. Though Marx's theory of the ultimate extinction of the State in a future Socialist society may not have been far removed from the Anarchist ideal, the Anarchists themselves abhorred the cast-iron rigidity

of the machine which the German Marxists built up as a means to the attainment of Socialist ends. Besides, in practice as in theory, extremes often meet. The intellectual Anarchists who regarded themselves as the vanguard of German social reformers were not, in mental disposition, far removed from the extreme Conservatives. Both were individualists of a pronounced type and both were refractory to any general discipline. The extreme Conservatives had, moreover, another grievance against socialism. They were anti-Jewish to a man, whereas the proportion of Jews in the Socialist party was large. From the outset, Jews had been strong in German socialism. Marx, its prophet, and Lassalle, its apostle, were Jews by race. Singer was a Jew and, little by little, the movement drew its most active converts from Jewry. I remember asking Singer one day for his opinion of anti-Semitism. He gave me the stock socialist answer that the quick-wittedness and business aptitude of the Jews had made of them the completest exponents of the capitalist system and that anti-Jewish agitation was in reality anti-capitalist agitation in disguise. The only cure for anti-Semitism, he added, would be the supersession of capitalism by the socialist State.

Little though I then knew of the Jewish problem, this answer failed to satisfy me, and I sought other — and received equally unsatisfactory — explanations in various quarters, including the famous, not to say notorious, Court Chaplain Stöcker. He poured into my ears the stereotyped denunciations of the Jews and of their misdeeds that form the stock-in-trade of the anti-Semites. His solution of the difficulty was characteristically simple and, as a solution, impracticable.

"Back with the Jews to Palestine," he cried. "Not until we are rid of them all will Christian communities be able to live a Christian life. The corruption they bring into Christian society, the excesses of their unscrupulous exploitation of Christian liberties, have brought upon us socialism, anarchism, and the other evils of the body politic." He was obviously sincere. He thought himself a reincarnation of Luther. When not engaged in denouncing the Jews, he was a kindly, considerate man of wide culture. To the Jews, the Socialists, and

the German Radicals, his name was anathema, more obnoxious even than that of low-grade demagogues like the agitator Ahlwardt who, about that time, gained a seat in the Imperial Parliament on the strength of anti-Jewish pamphlets in which he accused Messrs. Loewe, the Jewish proprietors of a small-arms factory, of swindling and conspiring against the State by delivering useless rifles to the army. The Jews were, indeed, hated in Germany. No Jew could long hope to hold, even should he by influence gain, a commission in any Prussian regiment. Yet there remained the mystery why the Jews, who were worse treated in Germany than in Austria, France, or England, should have been and should more and more become, pro-German and pan-German. This mystery puzzled me for many a year and, in some respects, puzzles me still. As pan-German tendencies gained strength, it became one of the chief riddles of international politics. But, in the late summer of 1893, when I left Germany for France, pan-Germanism was only a tiny cloud on the horizon.

CHAPTER II

FRANCE

1893–1896

AT the end of September, 1893, I reached Paris. After the summer term at Berlin University I had gone to Jena, this time as the bearer of a message of conciliation from Paulsen, the great pedagogue of Berlin, to Rein, the great pedagogue of Jena. It helped to establish friendly relations between two eminent teachers who had long been at variance. From Paulsen I parted with deep regret. The hard work I had done, chiefly under his guidance and, for a time, in the company of able fellow countrymen like the late Dr. W. H. Rivers of Cambridge University, had not been without profit. For one thing, I had learned German. Paulsen himself told me that, in the course of an hour's discussion, he had not heard me make a single mistake; and though my vocabulary was, at that time, academic rather than colloquial, it was wide enough to open to me the whole range of German literature. I had, moreover, got a firm grip upon the elements, at least, of philosophy, psychology, and economics; and though I had not yet come, as I afterwards came, to class economics with metaphysics as a useful mental exercise rather than as a study of positive value, I felt already that from it I could derive no inspiration for daily life. With the main lines of German politics I was also familiar and my general knowledge had been reinforced by personal contact with some of the leading German public men. In journalism I had taken some steps forward. The correspondent of *The Times* in Berlin, Mr. Valentine Chirol, had allowed me to bring him some minor contributions; and the *Westminster Gazette* of London had published prominently an account of a long interview I had with Liebknecht after the Socialist triumph in the General

Election of June, 1893. I would gladly have stayed on in Germany long enough to complete the tale of university terms requisite for the taking of a philosophical degree; but I knew that presently I should have my living to earn and that a knowledge of France and of French would be at least as valuable as a knowledge of German and Germany.

Therefore, after a short visit to Switzerland, where I attended the International Socialist and Labour Congress of Zurich in August, and incidentally made the acquaintance of Friedrich Engels, the collaborator of Karl Marx and joint author of "Capital," I turned northward to Heidelberg and thence, by way of Strasburg, to Nancy. Strasburg, which I was in later years frequently to visit, struck me at first sight as a German city. What French I knew had been overlaid by a thick deposit of German, and German I used exclusively in Alsace. How deceptive first impressions may be, I learned in course of time. Strasburg did not, could not, under the Prussians, wear her heart upon her sleeve; and I was so filled with a sense of the superiority of German culture over everything I had heard or knew of French culture, that I should have felt little sympathy with Alsatian leanings towards France even had I then been shrewd enough to detect them. Had not German philosophy given me a systematic mode of thought, in virtue of which I could unravel as much of the tangled problem of the Universe as was intelligible to human wits? Were not my notions of Good, of Evil, of the *Summum Bonum,* of Free-will, of Epistemology or the Theory of Knowledge, of the Reality behind Phenomena, and of a dozen other abstruse matters, precise to the point of pedantry? Had I not at last found a framework for my mind, a firm and well-knit structure on and around which a lasting temple of wisdom might be built up?

In this confident spirit I crossed the frontier, stayed awhile at Nancy, then at Troyes, and finally in Paris. The journey was not without some experiences that troubled my complacency. In a sunlit square at Nancy, not far from the Cathedral, whose chastened and composed beauty struck me as something more refined and self-contained than the florid

Gothic of German fanes, I got a glimpse of a French battalion at drill. The ease of the men's movements, their dash, lightness and grace, the ring of their clarions, the colour of their blue tunics and red trousers, conveyed an impression of rare vitality. Of course, they could be no match for the stout German troops who marched daily down Unter den Linden to the stirring strains of the Torgauer March, or who executed the "Parade step" with massive exactness! But still these little Frenchmen had evidently some qualities of their own which gave them an undefinable air of elasticity and sprightliness. Could it be, after all, that the Germans misjudged them? So I fell to musing on the strange difference between the temperaments of two peoples living cheek by jowl yet far apart from each other.

A STUDENT IN PARIS

Again, to my amazement, I found that French, as colloquially spoken, and written in the newspapers, was a very different matter from what French I thought I knew. I could hardly make myself understood, still less understand what was said to me. In Paris, where I lived in the Latin Quarter, hard by the Sorbonne, I found with joy that a German-Swiss student had a room next to mine. With him, at any rate, I could hold intercourse. He led me presently among the most variegated group of men it has ever been my fortune to meet. Most of them were Frenchmen from various parts of the country. One was a Jew. Others were Swiss, of French and German tongue; others, Rumanian, Scandinavian, American, Italian, Magyar — in short, representative citizens of the curious cosmopolis which the Latin Quarter became as the date for the opening of the Sorbonne and the Fine Arts School drew near. Students of the Fine Arts predominated, but there was a goodly sprinkling of students of letters, medicine, law, astronomy, and elocution or, as the French call it, *diction*. I knew that, in England, public speakers, preachers and actors studied elocution; but I did not know that in French-Switzerland, Belgium and France, a whole

class of cultivated men and women gave their lives to the study and teaching of pronunciation, enunciation and the general *mise-en-valeur* of the spoken word. Twice daily our "gang" met in the back room of a small restaurant — far inferior in cleanliness, comfort and appearance to anything I had seen in Germany, but providing food superior to anything I had eaten in Germany — where we discussed, with the utmost freedom and intolerance, every subject under the sun. In a few weeks I learned, or re-learned, enough French to be able to follow and even to share in these noisy debates; and whenever, which was often, I made a grammatical slip or mis-pronounced a word, I was promptly mocked in chorus by the whole company. Gradually the virtues of *diction* dawned upon me and I resolved that, cost what effort it might, my pronunciation and accent should not in future cause my comrades to blaspheme. I well remember that it took me six weeks' daily practice before I could say some simple words correctly. Not until much later could I distinguish by ear or reproduce in speech the finer distinctions of vowel sounds which are of the essence of spoken French. Yet my ear was as quick and my lips were as mobile as those of most Englishmen. The truth is that all foreign languages demand intense application on the part of those who would master them, and that it is impossible for adult foreigners to speak them with a tolerable accent unless they begin at the beginning and work unremittingly.

When the University opened in November, I was frankly bewildered. All that I had heard of French superficiality, lack of organization, and happy-go-luckiness, appeared more than justified. Whereas, at Berlin, everything had been made easy for the student, he seemed in Paris to be left to his own devices and to regard his professors with critical irreverence. Philosophy, as taught at the Sorbonne, sounded sadly thin and casual. Descriptive psychology was little better. Literature which held, to my mind, an inordinately large place in the university scheme, was treated with a care for elegance and a carelessness of earnest thought that shocked me. In fact, nobody seemed earnest; and Germany had made me more

earnest than ever. So I applied myself to history, on which Professors Ernest Lavisse and Charles Seignobos were lecturing. Their styles — which were as different as the temperaments of the two men — suggested that, however light and clear might be the form of their teaching, its substance was quite respectably serious. The lectures of Gaston Paris on French mediæval literature and of Jules Soury on physiological psychology were of similar quality. After all, I thought, there might be something worthy beneath the Gallic froth — doubtless, nothing comparable to the depth of German university teaching, but enough to warrant caution in convicting all Frenchmen of shallowness of mind.

FRENCH THOUGHT AND GERMAN THOUGHT

Little by little, indeed, it dawned upon me that the French reputation for superficiality might be due to the constant striving of French minds after the clearness of thought and expression; and that though they sometimes attained clearness by a wilful, or temperamental, neglect of detail, their appearance of shallowness might be as deceptive as that of clear waters on a calm and sunny day. Under the influence of French criticism, my own mind went through, or was put through, a clarifying process. I found that obscurity is not always a synonym for depth. The best French thought is pellucid, yet it can be as profound as any thought has been in the world since that of the ancient Greeks. In comparison with good French writers, most German writers — Goethe, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche are notable exceptions — reminded me of an experience on a foggy night in London when my way had taken me westward along the railings by the side of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Having passed these, I found myself in what seemed an unknown land. Presently there were other railings, beyond which another large park seemed to lie. Fearing that I had lost my way I sought some landmark that I could recognize even in the fog. I found it, but again I came upon railings with, apparently, a wide park beyond. Next day, when the fog had lifted, I went over

the ground again. Then I realized that the wide parks beyond the railings had been but the front gardens of houses by the side of the road. The illusion of space and depth had been due to the fog.

Thus it was, then, with much German thought. Within the last two decades there has been some improvement. German thinkers tend to recognize the necessity, not only of defining their terms, but of defining them in terms that do not, in turn, require definition. But their language is a serious handicap. It lends itself to confusion and to the portentous but foggy expression of foggy notions. To write German limpidly is a hard task, and those Germans who, by special talent or sustained effort, write it thus, are always in danger of being decried as "journalists" or charged with superficiality. The French language, on the other hand, is an instrument of precision, capable of rendering the finest shades of meaning, and rich in vocabulary beyond the dreams of those whose acquaintance with it is slight. In the hands of great artists it is an incomparable means of expression, though the very difficulty of writing it with any approach to perfection makes of it an unhappy medium for intellectual or literary bunglers.

Growing appreciation of the French language did not, however, blind me to the defects of French politics. At that moment France was in the trough of the wave. The immense Panama scandal had just run its polluted course. Corruption of public men on an unprecedented scale had been revealed. The whole political world seemed tainted or suspect. The murderous outrages of the anarchist Ravachol and the cowardice of the French courts toward him justified doubt whether the very foundations of French society were not shaken. The "Bourgeois Republic" seemed rotten to the core. Its brave show of resistance to the combined intrigues of the Monarchists and of the Clericals, its proud advocacy of democratic ideals, had been stultified, in the eyes of Liberals, by the support it had just received, not without gratitude, from the Holy See. At the command of Leo XIII, a proportion of the French Monarchists and Clericals had "rallied" to the Republic, thus destroying the cohesion of its enemies and ren-

dering them powerless to smother it in the mud of Panama. There seemed nothing in the public life of France really worthy of respect, nothing to which the hopes of the rising generation could cling, and no sincerity save among the extreme reactionaries or, at the other end of the political spectrum, the Socialists.

THE FRENCH SOCIALISTS

The reactionaries were not attractive. Orleanists, Bonapartists, and the rest, appeared merely to invoke the impotent phantoms of a dead and disastrous past. The extreme Clericals were types of religious and political bigotry. The Socialists, however, seemed to offer some hope of regeneration and purification to a country sorely in need of both. Their leaders were men of talent and, pending proof to the contrary, of character. Though their doctrine was not as homogeneous as that of the German Social Democrats, though they included Marxists, Blanquists, Possibilists, and men otherwise unlabelled, the Socialists possessed a General Staff of real ability. Jules Guesde, Edouard Vaillant, Alexandre Millerand, Jean Jaurès, and René Viviani, belonged to it; and in close touch with them were large numbers of university men. Their organ, *La Petite République,* which Millerand edited, could not be ignored. As in Germany, I thought it would be well to watch this movement at close quarters.

The task proved harder than it seemed. It was easy to attend Socialist meetings and even, with some credentials which I brought with me from Germany, to meet the principal leaders; but it was difficult to ascertain precisely the objects of the Socialist movement or the justification for the revolutionary talk in which many Socialists indulged. In Germany there was a strongly organized Imperial State against which the German Socialists, as professed republicans, could logically protest. In France there was a republic that had been engaged until very recently in defending itself against the Monarchists and their ally, the Church. Why should the French Socialists, who were also Republicans, wish to overthrow the Republic?

Their claim that it was a middle-class Republic, founded on the privileges of the bourgeoisie, and worked by a Napoleonic system of administration under a semi-monarchist constitution, sounded somewhat hollow. Most of the Socialist leaders belonged to the middle-class themselves and some of them, as the event presently proved, were not disinclined to take office in a bourgeois government. Though they declaimed against the "Bourgeois Republic" and extolled the "Worker's Republic" which the organized revolutionary proletariat was to put in its place, I concluded that the chief function of French socialism was to act as an advanced opposition acts in other parliamentary countries, and to supply the momentum for social and political reforms. Unlike the German Socialists, those of France cared little for discipline as an end in itself. They were individualists to a man, despite their "collectivist" doctrine. Nevertheless, the French Government regarded the Socialist movement as a serious menace. No Prussian government could have acted with greater vigour, not to say harshness, than the French Prime Minister, Charles Dupuy, showed in July, 1893, toward a Socialist agitation in the Latin Quarter. He turned the whole Quarter into an armed camp and filled it with troops. After the General Election of August his statement of ministerial policy was of the most determined and conservative kind; and that of M. Casimir-Périer, the next Prime Minister, was even more uncompromising. On December 9, 1893, an anarchist, named Auguste Vaillant, threw into the Chamber from one of the galleries a bomb which he had made out of a saucepan and had filled with nails. Some twenty deputies were wounded and eighty spectators. Before the smoke had cleared away, M. Charles Dupuy, who had been elected President of the Chamber, remarked simply "*La séance continue*" — an exhibition of coolness and pluck that secured him general admiration. The Cabinet profited by public anger to pass, in rapid succession, a number of repressive laws against the press and revolutionary associations. They created also a special political police throughout the country.

While deprecating the anarchist outrages, the French Socialists and a proportion of the French Radicals violently

opposed these measures which they denounced as instruments for the suppression of anti-ministerial opinion. They suggested also that the laws had been inspired in part by Russia whose Government was anxious to secure the expulsion from Paris of Nihilist and other Russian political refugees. Some plausibility was given to these charges by the growing political intimacy between the French and Russian governments. In 1891, a French naval squadron had been invited to visit the Russian naval stronghold of Kronstadt. It is doubtful whether the French Government then understood the motives of Russia, which were probably influenced by the decision of Germany in 1890 to allow the secret Russo-German "Treaty of Reinsurance" to lapse. But France was in no mood to look gift-horses in the mouth. She rejoiced over the warm welcome given to her sailors at Kronstadt; and when, in October, 1893, a Russian squadron under Admiral Avellane returned the visit at Toulon, her delight was unbounded. The Russian Admiral, fifty of his officers and thirty bluejackets came to Paris, where they were received with a frenzy of enthusiasm. I remember seeing Frenchwomen drag the Russian officers from their carriages and smother them with kisses, while the crowd cheered and sang a song, improvised by ambulant minstrels for the occasion, of which the refrain ran:

Sous les yeux des casques pointus,
Nous faisons alliance,
Russes, soyez les bienvenus,
Dans notre belle France !

The *casques pointus* (spiked helmets) were, of course, the Germans. Whether or not anything in the nature of a formal alliance had been concluded, the people of Paris neither knew nor cared. They felt that France was emerging, for the first time since the defeat of 1871, from her dangerous isolation and that, if Germany should again assail her, a potent Russian mustard plaster might be applied to the German back. In these circumstances it was not unnatural that the French Government should lend a ready ear to Russian suggestions on the score of police organization against nihilists, anarchists,

and others; nor was it strange that Frenchmen of advanced republican ideas should resent any curtailment of their freedom of opinion and speech.

The extreme parties in the Chamber, and particularly the Socialists, therefore gave no peace to the Casimir-Périer Government during the winter and spring of 1893–94. The temper, and temperature, of the France of that time were more like those of a fever-stricken patient in process of convalescence than those of a normally healthy country. Her home affairs were sadly dishevelled, and foreign countries, with the exception of Russia, were hostile. Franco-Italian relations had been embittered by the killing of a number of Italian workmen at Aigues Mortes in the south of France and by the acquittal of the French workmen charged with the crime. With England, matters were almost equally strained. French operations against Siam aggravated a position which the efforts of France to undermine the British control of Egypt had long envenomed. Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, bound together in the Triple Alliance, made a formidable anti-French block in Central Europe from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, while England stood in an intimate relationship to Austria-Hungary and Italy. Truly, the task of French statesmen was not enviable.

THE POSITION OF FRANCE

Beneath the surface, things were, however, beginning to shape themselves in a way that ultimately determined the character of the Great War of 1914–18; but, on the surface, the keenest eye could hardly detect more than an occasional shadow of coming events. One such shadow, viewed in retrospect, goes to prove that no episode of international politics can safely be overlooked by those who wish to understand the play of political forces. In November, 1893, soon after I reached Paris, the Alsatian Societies of France held a joint festival. It was attended by a delegation of Czech students, though whether the delegation came from Prague or represented the Czechs then studying in Paris, I do not remember. In a

speech made by its leader the following passage occurred: "The storm will presently burst. It will sweep away the microbes of Germanism. In the solemn hour when the struggle against the barbarians begins, we Slavs shall fight under your banner, for it is our banner. I drink to your redemption, and cry, 'To our meeting at Strasburg where the Marseillaise was born!'" When the storm really burst, some twenty years later, the Czechs in France and in other Allied countries hastened to fight under the French and Allied banners; and representatives of the Czech Legion were not missing when the troops of France made their triumphal entry into Strasburg. Yet, in November, 1893, the statesman who should have taken such a possibility seriously into account would have been laughed to scorn.

Belief in the crushing superiority of Germany was then even more general than it subsequently became. Many Frenchmen thought the incipient intimacy between France and Russia a shrewd Russian attempt to exploit the French money market and to put diplomatic pressure upon Germany rather than a sign of serious change in the balance of power in Europe. The play and counterplay of the new influences, which were only beginning to develop, could hardly be foreseen; nor could any save the shrewdest minds detect the germ of the Spanish-American War in the nascent Cuban insurrection, the growth of Anglo-German antagonism out of British troubles with the Boers in South Africa, or the seeds of an Anglo-French Entente in the bitter colonial rivalry between France and England which became alarmingly acute in the middle 'nineties and was to lead, in 1898, to the critical incident of Fashoda.

In reality, Bismarck's Europe was disintegrating, and the Europe of William II had not yet taken its place. The dangerous phase had been reached in which a scheme of policy, coördinated and executed by a master hand, was being awkwardly altered and amateurishly applied by others less skilful. But if Germany had lost her old pilot, France was far from having found a helmsman capable of steering a steady and prudent course. Fearful though she was of some fresh act of German aggression, she took no pains to conciliate either

England or Italy, though England had once, in 1875, stood between her and the menace of a German attack and had frowned upon German provocation in 1887. For a time, indeed, the French were even more hostile towards England than towards Germany. No statesman worthy of the name guided their counsels; and none of the first rank arose in Europe until, in 1901, the death of Queen Victoria placed King Edward on the British Throne.

BISMARCK AND CAVOUR

The qualities that distinguish the statesman, properly so-called, from the mere diplomatist or politician, have often been analyzed. To me it seems that the true test of a statesman lies not only in his ability to overcome difficulties as they arise, but also, and especially, in his power to put himself in the place of foreign statesmen, to see their problems from their angles of vision and so to frame his own policy that it may be attractive to them in the light of their own country's interests. The supremely able statesman will not use this power for the immediate profit of his own country alone, or for the ultimate harm of foreign countries, but will strive so to guide events that, in the long run and on balance, the world may recognize his work as having been generally beneficent. Cavour, the great Piedmontese, was perhaps the only European statesman in the second half of the 19th century who came up to this standard. True, his country was small and the problems he had to solve were comparatively definite and circumscribed; but he approached them in a broadly constructive rather than in a narrowly nationalist spirit; and though he died before his work was finished, events have proved his policy to have been far-sighted and sound. The troubles of Italy, of whose unity and greatness he was the main architect, have arisen chiefly from her neglect of his principles and from her pursuit of aims incompatible with them.

Bismarck, on the other hand, has not been justified of his works, nor can he be held equal to Cavour in statesmanship.

Consummate though he was as a tactician, forceful as was his character, shrewd as were many of the means he employed to promote his ends, he lacked, nevertheless, an essential virtue which Cavour possessed. The difference between the two may be suggested tritely by saying that Cavour was a great and good man whereas Bismarck's greatness was, politically, immoral. He falsified the German Liberal tendency toward national unity on a federal basis, deflected it from its democratic course and turned it to the advantage of the Hohenzollern Prussian dynasty of which, by its means, he made the Imperial German dynasty. He fought three wars in the process — an unjust war against Denmark in 1864, a war of expediency against Austria in 1866, and the war against France in 1870–71, which he precipitated by garbling a despatch the King of Prussia had sent to him from Ems. Having overthrown France, he used all the resources of his astuteness to keep her weak. To this end he supported the French Republic against the Monarchists, believing that the Republic would be a perpetual cause of internal disorder among Frenchmen; and he stimulated French colonial ambitions so that France might be kept in constant conflict with Italy and with England and might spend her energies outside Europe. He cultivated a good understanding with Russia; and though his personal feud with Gortchakoff long prevented the growth of political intimacy between Berlin and St. Petersburg, he used German influence in Russia to foster Russian designs upon Central Asia so as to accentuate antagonism between Russia and England. Even after he had formed, in 1879, the Austro-German Alliance against Russia and had obtained, by mingled pressure and suasion, the adhesion of Italy to it in 1882, he concluded with Russia in 1884 a secret Treaty of Re-insurance behind the backs of his two allies. It was the failure of the Emperor William and of Bismarck's successor in the Imperial Chancellorship, Count von Caprivi, to renew this secret treaty in 1890 that prompted the Russian Government to invite a French squadron to Kronstadt in 1891 and to send Admiral Avellane to return the visit at Toulon in October, 1893.

Yet while the Bismarckian system was breaking down on

its Franco-Russian side, it continued to be effective in keeping France and England, and France and Italy, apart. The French occupation of Tunis in 1881 was largely inspired by Bismarck with the intention of driving a permanent wedge between France and Italy and of rendering Italy more accessible to German blandishments. Even to-day, the last has not been heard of that machiavellian stroke. French colonial enterprise in other parts of Africa, the French conquest of Madagascar in 1895, the establishment of French influence at the Abyssinian Court and even the conception of French colonial policy which sent Colonel Marchand on his historic journey across Africa to his perilous encounter with Kitchener at Fashoda, were favoured by German diplomacy with the object of embroiling France and England. Had Bismarck remained in office, he might conceivably have pursued his policy so dexterously as to prevent its prospective victims from detecting its ultimate aims. His successors were less adroit. So clumsy, indeed, were some of their operations that Frenchmen and Englishmen at last perceived whither they had been led.

FRENCH INTELLECTUAL LIFE

This stage of enlightenment had not been reached when I was in Paris. England was still intensely unpopular. Though my French fellow students at the Sorbonne, the Collège de France and the École des Hautes Études were never discourteous toward me, they hailed me good-humouredly as "La Perfide" — short for "La perfide Albion," the current name for England. But for a happy circumstance which brought me into close contact with a group of French University men of remarkable intellectual calibre and allowed me to see something of the inner side of French life, I might never have gained an insight into the real character of France. Before I had left Berlin, a Canadian friend, who now holds a leading position among Canadian scientists, had given me a note of presentation to an American lady, Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who was then writing in Paris a life of Madame Roland. With more courage than I suspected at the time, she asked and

obtained permission to present me to Madame Marillier, the great grand-daughter of Madame Roland, whose drawing-room was the meeting place of some of the most vigorous spirits in the Latin Quarter. There I found a centre of learning and wit unique in its kind; but it was not until much later that I learned how Miss Tarbell's proposal to introduce me to it had been received. It had evoked exclamations of horror. Were not all Englishmen dull-witted and sententious? How could room be found in that circle for people who were not *intelligents?* Very valiantly, she protested against the attribution of stupidity to all Englishmen, and ultimately carried her point. She warned me, however, to be prepared for criticism.

Never was warning more necessary. No sooner had the presentation been made than I was set upon by Charles Seignobos, whose lectures on history I was attending; by Charles Andler, the well-known French authority on German literature and history; Lucien Herr, then as now, librarian of the École Normale Supérieure where French university professors are trained; by Victor Bérard, the eminent Hellenist, now a prominent member of the French Senate; by Léon Cahun, the librarian of the Bibliothèque Mazarine, and other men of equal attainments. For an hour or more I was subjected to the most pitiless cross-fire of questions and witty persiflage that I had or have ever encountered. To the best of my ability I defended myself, without a notion of the reason for the ordeal to which I was being subjected. It was, in reality, a sort of entrance examination. Presently my examiners seem to have agreed that I was less stupid than I ought to have been; and thereafter I was welcomed to the circle and treated with the utmost kindness as one of its members.

The freedom of opinion and the disposition to question every established notion, which I had already found among my fellow students, were multiplied tenfold in Madame Marillier's drawing room. Little by little, everything I thought I knew, all I had learned in Germany, all my initial impressions of France were riddled through and through by the caustic wit of my new friends. Every wrapping in which I had swathed

my mind was plucked away and torn to shreds. Not only was I made to feel naked and ashamed but, for a time, I came to despair of finding even a fig leaf. Though I felt the destructive efficacy of the criticism to which my ideas were being subjected, I was at first inclined to resent it as entirely negative and sterile. Yet, when I came to recognize that these men not only knew all that I knew but knew it better, my resentment gave way to respect. I found that most of them had done even harder work in German universities than I, that they were wholly free from any sort of pedantry, and that while they laboured from morning till night at their respective tasks, they sought their reaction in continual battles of wits with each other and with those whom they admitted to their intimacy. Presently, when I had found my feet and was able to join in their battles on equal terms, I discovered in these men an enlightened earnestness, an unaffected sincerity such as I had never met with before. Their gaiety, their fearlessness, their contempt for every form of make-believe, their freedom from snobbishness, social or intellectual, their readiness to examine everything and to accept anything that was intelligible, constituted a mental atmosphere of singularly bracing quality. Gradually I felt that, in comparison with this pellucid air, the air of a German university was heavy and dense; and that if, in other departments of her national life, France were as vigorous as these intellectual athletes, foreign estimates of French resilience might be wofully wrong.

This impression was not mine alone. In course of time a number of friends, American and other, whom I had known in Germany came on to Paris to complete their studies. Some of them had taken their German degrees with distinction. Those whom I was allowed to introduce to my "set" were, as I had been, horrified at first by the apparent superficiality of French views upon the grave and ponderous problems on which they had worked in Germany; but, like me, they came presently to understand that this superficiality was as the play of ripples on the surface of clear deep waters. The only weakness I could discover in the attitude of the best French minds towards matters philosophical and political was their uncon-

scious tendency to eliminate facts not readily susceptible of lucid expression — a tendency to enthrone logic and intellection as the cardinal mental processes and to assign an inferior place to the instincts, impulses, and emotions which often influence human conduct more potently than conclusions reached by conscious reasoning.

THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH MIND

As a rule, Frenchmen are prone to take an intellectual view of life, whereas Germans take an organized, systematic view, and the British mainly an instinctive and empirical view. Consequently, French minds are apt at once to underestimate the practical value of the heavy hypotheses by which Germans attain some remarkable practical results and, likewise, to assign less value than it merits to the British preference for rule-of-thumb methods and for the teachings of experience embodied in tradition. Most Frenchmen regard proof by reasoning as a sufficient ground for action. In Englishmen, on the contrary, mere proof by reasoning seems to inspire distrust. While their wits may be too slow readily to detect fallacies in reasoning, while their minds may even give preliminary assent to propositions logically proved, they act, as a rule, only in obedience to some instinct which may well be the inherited fruit of long experience. Hence, at once, English distrust of French processes of thought, and French readiness to decry as " perfidy " or " hypocrisy " the acts of Englishmen that are not in accordance with views to which they may, intellectually, have assented.

The difference between the temperaments of the two peoples is thus profound. Though the acts of Englishmen, and of Great Britain as a State, are frequently at variance with their professions, and though nothing is easier than to prove them on this account guilty of glaring inconsistency, nothing is less accurate than to term such inconsistency hypocritical or perfidious. Considerable experience of nations and of men has convinced me that there are few people in the world whose acts are more constantly sincere than those of Englishmen.

The explanation of the discrepancies between their talk and their doings lies in the divorce of their brains from their wills. Whereas the impulses of Frenchmen habitually find intellectual expression, with the result that there is usually a noticeable harmony between what they say and what they do, Englishmen very rarely define, even to themselves, the impulses that determine their conduct. Still less are they in the habit of comparing their theories with their deeds. A watertight bulkhead seems to divide their thinking from their doing and to bring about an apparent inconsistency of which they themselves are generally unconscious. Yet this unconsciousness absolves them, ethically, of hypocrisy or perfidy; for perfidy, or hypocrisy, presupposes consciousness in inconsistency. An Englishman's "understanding" is usually wider than his conscious mind. It is far more a matter of the heart than of the head. At their best, Englishmen come very near to possessing the "understanding heart" of the Scriptures.

The task of defending my own country and my fellow countrymen against the strictures of my friends in the Latin Quarter compelled me gradually to evolve this logical explanation of illogical phenomena. What life in the "Quartier" may be to-day, I do not know. It may have changed profoundly since the middle 'nineties of last century. Then, indeed, its influence upon France, and upon the intellectual life of the world, was potent. Not only was it a nursery of ideas but there was in it a sense of freedom I have never felt elsewhere. Seignobos once claimed that true freedom existed only in the Latin Quarter inasmuch as its inhabitants were not subjected to constraint from public opinion. Within the general framework of respect for life and property, they could do as they pleased; and no man felt himself entitled or disposed to censure his neighbours on account of their sayings or doings. Yet, as Frenchmen, they were subject to a constraint of which they rarely spoke. They had grown up under the influence of the disasters of 1870–71. Their youth had been, in the phrase afterward used by one of them, *une jeunesse de vaincus*. They never talked of revenge upon Germany, but all felt the injunction to work as though the

future of their country depended upon their efforts. They were determined to vindicate the claim of France to intellectual prœminence in the world.

Renan, who had just died, had left his mark on the whole generation. Pasteur, who died while I was in Paris, had, in another sphere, wielded an influence even more marked. Among the philosophers, Alfred Fouillée, author of "La Psychologie des Idées-Forces," had many disciples, while J. M. Guyau, author of "L'Irreligion de l'Avenir," a book of which the idealism stirred his generation, had completed his work with an "Esquisse d'une Morale sans Obligation ni Sanction." Guyau taught that life is action, and duty a corollary of the power to act. The pleasure felt in action he held to be an accessory, not the goal of life. In a sense he was the philosopher of freedom, the opponent of constraint imposed on human beings from without or, in the name of some transcendental principle, from above. To this extent he was in harmony with the strong current of intellectual anarchism then noticeable in the Latin Quarter. It was apparent also in the poets, whom Verlaine and Mallarmé influenced. Likewise, in art, the Impressionists and, somewhat later, the Pointillistes, rebelled against the traditions of the established schools. Politically, the Quarter was largely socialist, though with a savour of semi-anarchist revolt against the dogmatism of Marx. Indeed, the dividing line between socialism and anarchism was not always clear. One of the most brilliant historical students of the Sorbonne, Albert Métin, afterward Minister of Commerce, who thought himself a socialist, entered my rooms on a cold morning in January, 1895, with a bundle of books under his arm. "Jean Grave," he said, "has had to go into hiding and cannot work. He is hard up, so we are selling his books for him. Here are some. Give me twenty francs."

THE ANARCHIST TENDENCY

Jean Grave was an anarchist cobbler. His little shop in the Rue Mouffetard — a street of lawless repute — was crammed with old boots, lasts, and sociological literature.

From time to time it was raided by the police who hoped to obtain evidence connecting Grave with anarchist outrages. They sought in vain, for Grave was not an anarchist of the criminal type. He was rather a revolutionary idealist of the school of Prince Peter Kropotkin. When the attentions of the political police became too constant, Grave would go into hiding while his admirers and friends provided him with the means of subsistence and the wherewithal to produce his organ, *Les Temps Nouveaux*. Among these admirers was the famous geographer, Elisée Reclus. Their support of Grave, like the action of Métin in turning himself into a voluntary colporteur of Grave's books was, in reality, a protest against the oppressive conduct of the French administration which seemed disposed to make hay while the sun shone and to use anarchist outrages as a pretext for punishing indiscriminately those against whom it had a grudge. For this reason, popular feeling sided with the objects of official persecution, and even tended to condone crimes which, in other circumstances, it would have condemned. Only thus is it possible to account for such a sentiment as that of the poet Laurent Tailhade who exclaimed, on hearing that Auguste Vaillant had thrown a bomb in the French Chamber, wounding some scores of people, "What matter if a few vague beings suffer for a fine gesture!" — an exclamation that was turned against him some months later when he himself was wounded by a bomb in the Café Foyot.

The struggle between the "advanced" parties and the Government continued with unabated violence until, in June, 1894, the assassination of the President of the Republic, Sadi Carnot, by an Italian anarchist at Lyons sobered the whole country. A month earlier, the anti-Socialist Casimir-Périer ministry had been overthrown in the Chamber. Charles Dupuy again became Prime Minister and was succeeded by Casimir-Périer as President of the Chamber. Between the two men there had long been acute personal rivalry; and when the assassination of President Carnot rendered necessary the election of a new President of the Republic, Dupuy was nettled that the choice of the National Assembly should have fallen upon Casimir-Périer rather than upon himself. Casimir-

Périer's election to the Presidency was acclaimed by the moderate Republican parties as giving to the Republic the strongest possible leader in the fight against socialism and anarchism. The Monarchist parties, for their part, claimed that the Casimir-Périer presidency would be a first step toward the restoration of a monarchy. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, at once resigned office; and instead of asking him to retain it, Casimir-Périer commissioned a personal friend, M. Burdeau, to form a new Cabinet. Burdeau failed and the new President was obliged to let Dupuy take office again, Burdeau being consoled with the Presidency of the Chamber.

Casimir-Périer's first presidential message to the Chamber and the Senate raised one of the fundamental issues of French politics — that of the constitutional powers of the President of the Republic. It declared that he was determined not to forget his constitutional rights nor to allow them to be in any way curtailed. This was taken by the "advanced" parties, and by many moderate Republicans, as an attack upon the democratic interpretation of the Constitution; and a vigorous campaign began against the new President. For six months Casimir-Périer stood his ground, unsupported by the Prime Minister, Dupuy, who, on January 14, 1895, cut the ground from under the President's feet by asking for a vote of confidence upon a motion designed to split the majority of the Chamber in two. Well knowing the consequences of his action, Dupuy resigned and left the President of the Republic without a majority on which to build a new administration.

THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION

Next morning, January 15th, France was startled by the announcement that the President of the Republic had likewise resigned. In a message to the Senate and to the Chamber, Casimir-Périer complained that the President of the French Republic is bereft of means of action and control commensurate with the responsibilities he has to bear. For more than twenty years, he declared, public opinion had been misled as to the true functions of the Presidency. His own devotion to the

Republic had failed to convince other Republicans of his sincerity or to disabuse the minds of the enemies of the Republic who expected him to become an instrument of their designs. Respect for " constitutional fictions " could not silence his political conscience or induce him longer to bear the burden of his position.

This message shook the whole country. While, on the one hand, Casimir-Périer was denounced for deserting his post in the hour of danger, he was accused, on the other, of having harboured designs against the democratic character of French institutions. He had, in truth, unmasked the weakest position in the Republican Constitution, a position that is far from being strong even to-day. The establishment of the Third Republic in 1870 was, in a sense, accidental. After the disaster of Sedan, none save a Republican form of government was feasible, though its permanence was doubtful. Men associated with the older monarchical systems still thronged political life. The army, the judiciary, and the Church were crowded with them. Thiers, the first President of the Republic, was by no means a fanatical Republican in theory, though the force of events and his practical sense made of him a strong Republican in fact. Around him rallied, as a sort of body-guard, the Republicans by conviction; but he was overthrown by a coalition of monarchical parties in 1873, and a Monarchist nominee, Marshal MacMahon, installed in his stead. In 1875, when the Constitution of the Republic was framed, the old Napoleonic bureaucracy was preserved but devices were introduced to prevent the rise of a Napoleonic dictator. Its main provisions were, in fact, inspired by the Orleanist party which hoped to use it as a means of placing a branch of the French Bourbons on the throne. Their plan was to secure the election of an Orleanist prince, the Comte de Paris or the Duc d'Aumale, as President of the Republic in succession to Marshal MacMahon. Once MacMahon, who was at heart a Monarchist, should have been replaced in the Presidency by a prince, it was intended so to revise the Constitution that the new President might be proclaimed King.

On May 16, 1877, MacMahon took the first step in this

direction. Under pressure from the Orleanist party, he dismissed the Prime Minister of the Republic, Jules Simon, ostensibly because the Chamber had adopted a motion to remove press offences from the jurisdiction of police magistrates and to bring them before a judge and jury. The ensuing crisis filled the rest of the year. Not until the General Election of October could the Republicans, led by Gambetta, ascertain whether they had the support of a majority in the country. Having secured it, they compelled President MacMahon to dismiss his Monarchist advisers and to restore a Republican Cabinet to office. But the struggle made so deep an impression upon French Republicans that any hint of a desire on the part of a President of the Republic to insist upon his formal rights was thereafter regarded with the utmost suspicion. This, a man of acuter or more subtle intelligence than Casimir-Périer would have understood. To complain, as he complained, that "constitutional fictions" made him powerless to assert himself, was to court the charge of harbouring dictatorial and anti-Republican tendencies.

Frenchmen rarely recognize that the Constitution of the Republic was intended to serve as an instrument for the restoration of the Monarchy. Nor do they always realize that, while it contains safeguards against a dictatorship, it does not tend to foster political liberty, or even social and economic progress, under a well-balanced Party system. True, it facilitates the defence of the "Bourgeois Republic" under which the French middle classes enjoy political ascendancy, and prevents alike revolution from "below" and revolution from "above." In practice, however, the French Constitution divides power between a "sovereign Chamber" and a bureaucratic system of "administration" which has altered but little since the time of Napoleon. In executive matters, officialdom is supreme, though the Chamber can always change the responsible heads of Departments of State by overturning a Cabinet. Consequently, ministers who desire to retain office are often tempted to put their authority, as heads of Departments of State, at the disposal of politicians who control votes in the Chamber. The vicious circle thus formed has, at times, so exasperated

the people as to cause it to countenance, for a while, men and movements that promised to break down a system which, Republican in appearance, often seemed to favour organized jobbery. The movement which nearly made General Boulanger dictator of France in 1889 drew part of its strength from this feeling of protest against the inadequacy of Republican institutions to protect public liberties; and much of what seemed to be a strange tendency to tolerate Anarchist and extreme Socialist doctrines in the early 'nineties of last century, had a similar origin.

The predominant fact in French political life was, and is, the determination of the middle classes to hold the fort of the Republic for themselves and not to allow any dictator, or advocate of personal rule, to assail it successfully from within or without. Hence their prompt acquiescence in the resignation of President Casimir-Périer as soon as he tended to become self-assertive. Charles Dupuy, his rival, was far shrewder than he in the manipulation of French feeling, but even Dupuy found that he had dug his own political grave. Doubtless he hoped that he would be chosen President when Casimir-Périer should have disappeared. If so, he was sadly disappointed; for the National Assembly (composed of both Houses of Parliament) which, on January 17, 1895, elected Félix Faure to succeed Casimir-Périer, left Dupuy entirely out of account. Thereafter he played little part in French public life.

A TURNING POINT

The resignation of Casimir-Périer proved to be a turning point in my life. Though I had begun to write in the French reviews and had, in the summer of 1894, contributed to *Harper's Weekly* a study of the Socialist and Labour movement in Germany, England and France, my chief work had, until then, lain at the University. I had, however, kept in touch with the movement of resistance to Casimir-Périer and to the Dupuy Cabinet; and when Casimir-Périer resigned, I was amazed to see how little the Paris correspondents of the

chief English newspapers knew of the crisis. Therefore I telegraphed to ask the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, the late Edward T. Cook, whether he would care for an intelligible account of it. In reply he asked for an interview with Clemenceau or Millerand, preferably Clemenceau. This was not at all to my liking. Millerand I knew, but not Clemenceau, who had not been prominent in the campaign against Casimir-Périer. Nevertheless, I called at the office of *La Justice*, which Clemenceau was then editing. He received me, glared at me, and growled fiercely "Young man, know that I never give an interview. Go away!"

I went away, feeling that the claws of the "Tiger" — with whom, in after years, I was to have many a friendly bout — were sharp indeed. An hour later I called on M. Millerand, then editor-in-chief of the Socialist organ *La Petite République*, which had led the attack upon Casimir-Périer. Neither Millerand nor I could foresee that Millerand himself would presently be one of Casimir-Périer's successors in the Presidency of the Republic, or that he would be compelled to resign it, in June 1924, much in the same way as he and his friends forced Casimir-Périer to resign it in January 1895. On learning my errand Millerand asked me for my own views and, after hearing them, said briefly. "I have nothing to add. Write your story in those terms and say that is what I think." He gave me, however, a few striking details. Next day the *Westminster Gazette* published the "interview" prominently. It was welcomed in London as the first lucid account of Casimir-Périer's resignation, and the *Daily Chronicle* wrote a leading article upon it. It had, at least, the merit of explaining the situation as it really was; and that, after all, is the chief test of good journalism. Had I not watched so closely the movement against the Dupuy and Casimir-Périer policies, had I merely gone to M. Millerand as an outsider impelled by curiosity, he would probably have had neither the patience nor the time to answer my questions. Without knowing it, I had observed the wise journalist's golden rule — to learn beforehand as much as possible of the subjects on which he wishes to consult public men, so as

to save their time and to be able to profit by their slightest remarks.

Among those who were struck by the "interview" was a well-known American journalist in London, Mr. Ballard Smith, then European manager of the New York *World*. He obtained my address from the *Westminster Gazette* and, hastening to Paris, asked me to write regularly for his journal upon the political and economic situation in France. I accepted his offer gladly. The work would, I thought, interfere little with my studies, while it would enable me to cultivate, as an accredited journalist, the acquaintance of other French public men than those I already knew. Thus, throughout the year 1895, I wrote for the New York *World* which left me far greater freedom in the choice and treatment of subjects than I expected to find in the service of a daily newspaper.

WORK FOR AMERICA

The idea of writing for America was attractive. In my part of East Anglia, memories of the Pilgrim Fathers were still green. The Appletons, the Winthrops, and many others had gone thence in the reign of James I. Emerson's name was as familiar to my parents as that of Longfellow or Oliver Wendell Holmes. Regular reading of *Harper's Magazine* in boyhood had taught me much of the Putnams, of Daniel Webster, of Lincoln and of Garfield. I did not, and could not, look upon the United States as a foreign land — an inability shared by many Englishmen and a cause, as I afterward realized, of much American misunderstanding of Englishmen and of more English misunderstanding of America. The indiscriminate attribution of "cousinship" to Americans by Englishmen has, I believe, tended to prevent the British public, which is wofully ignorant of the United States, from perceiving some of the fundamental differences between England and America. When, in actual intercourse with Americans, Englishmen find themselves face to face with these differences, they are apt to become irritated, just as Americans sometimes resent the familiarity with which unimaginative Englishmen treat — or treated — them and their affairs.

In my work for America I soon found myself obliged to deal with such matters as Secretary Olney's famous Note to Lord Salisbury on the Venezuela dispute, the friction between the United States and Spain over the Cuban insurrection and, especially, the Silver Question, which was fast becoming the predominant issue in the American presidential campaign. In some French topics the American public was also interested. The arrest, at the end of November, 1894, of a French Jewish officer named Dreyfus on a charge of espionage in favour of foreign Powers, had attracted much attention abroad. Though Germany and Italy were not mentioned as the Powers in question, it soon became clear from the attacks upon them in the French press that they were meant. At that time I was contributing occasionally to a French evening newspaper, *La Cocarde,* of which Maurice Barrès was then editor. One morning, toward the end of December, 1894, I remember seeing him enter his office, obviously perturbed. He had come from the public degradation of Captain Dreyfus and had been deeply moved by the spectacle. The poignant protestations of innocence that Dreyfus had uttered as the epaulettes were torn from his shoulders and the facings from his uniform had made so deep an impression upon Barrès that he could not dismiss the fear lest, after all, an innocent man might have been condemned. Nothing was then known of the actual character of the proceedings against Dreyfus. The fact that the court martial had convicted him as a spy on the strength of a secret document, which had not been shown to him or to his counsel, did not transpire till long afterwards. Public opinion approved of his punishment and, in general, of the anti-espionage law which the Chamber immediately passed at the instance of the Government. Had the law been in existence when Dreyfus was tried, he would have been shot instead of being deported and sentenced to lifelong confinement. As it was, his condemnation was destined to raise a controversy that convulsed France for years until the hatred of injustice, which I am inclined to regard as a principal passion of the French people, ended by securing the vindication of his innocence. To the Dreyfus affair in its international aspects and of my

connection with it I shall refer at a later stage; but the impression made upon me by the attitude of Maurice Barrès on the morning of the degradation was not least among the reasons that induced me to lend an ear to the French Jewish writer, Bernard Lazare, who, early in 1896, assured me that Dreyfus had been unjustly condemned and sent me a copy of the pamphlet which presently persuaded Émile Zola to make the cause of Dreyfus his own.

It was significant of the reactionary wind then blowing in France that Bernard Lazare's pamphlet should have been held dangerous and impolitic even by his own relatives. Though anti-Semitism was not as rampant as it afterwards became, the moment was certainly not propitious for calm consideration of a matter so controversial as the redress of an alleged injustice to a Jewish officer. The "new spirit" of reconciliation with the Church, which the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Spuller, had proclaimed in 1894, was still strong, and the Republic no longer seemed to regard clericalism as "the enemy." Brunetière, the celebrated literary critic and editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* declared science to be "bankrupt," and challenged French secularist opinion by claiming that a transcendental sanction was indispensable to all true morality. His "conversion" was hailed with joy in all "well-thinking" circles — and with indignation in the Latin Quarter, where the students broke up the lectures which he had arranged to give to fashionable audiences in the big hall of the Sorbonne. Félix Faure, the new President of the Republic, a typical French bourgeois of the upper middle class, caught enough of the "new spirit" to give himself semi-monarchical airs; and, in his intercourse with the Tsar of Russia, took no pains to emphasize the democratic character of Republican institutions. Moreover, the feeling that the alliance with Russia — the word "alliance" was first used by the Prime Minister, M. Ribot, in June, 1895 — had restored France to her rightful place among the nations of Europe, affected the bearing of French public men, and gave to their utterances a tone to which the world had not been accustomed since 1871.

This change was especially noticeable in the attitude of the

Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Gabriel Hanotaux. A biographer and fervent admirer of Cardinal de Richelieu, he seemed not to realize that, since the days of Louis XIII, things had changed in France and in Europe. Despite the repugnance felt by a large section of the people, he accepted the invitation of the German Emperor to send a French squadron to the opening of the Kiel Canal; and he joined hands with Germany and Russia in compelling Japan to accept a revision of the Treaty of Shimonoseki which she had imposed on China after her victories in the war of 1894–95. While ostensibly supporting Russia in a protest against Japanese encroachments in Korea and the Liao-tung Peninsula, M. Hanotaux was in reality, albeit unconsciously, seconding a German initiative. Germany was anxious to divert the attention of Russia from Europe to the Far East and was equally anxious to obtain from China concessions that might serve as a foothold for the ambitious policy of creating a " Greater Germany " which the German Emperor was already pursuing. Prompted by Germany and supported by France, Russia therefore called upon Japan to evacuate the Liao-tung Peninsula with Port Arthur and to reduce from 200,000,000 to 30,000,000 taels the war indemnity which China had agreed to pay. Japan, for her part, was under no illusion as to the true originator of the Franco-Russo-German " Triple Alliance in the Far East " which deprived her of Port Arthur; and twenty years later, when it was the fate of Germany to be expelled from the stronghold she had acquired at Kiao-chao, the Japanese ultimatum to Germany was couched in precisely the same terms as those which Russia, France and Germany employed in October, 1895, against Japan.

The world was, indeed, entering upon a period of unrest which was to culminate in the great catastrophe of August, 1914. With very few exceptions, the men whom chance had placed in control of the affairs of their respective nations seemed neither to see whither they were drifting nor to understand that their respective selfishnesses put a premium on the intrigues of the most selfish and the least scrupulous among them, the German Emperor. Europe proved powerless to act

as the dictates of civilization required toward the massacres of Armenians which the Turkish Sultan, Abdul Hamid, deliberately organized in 1895. M. Hanotaux turned a deaf ear to the appeals of French humanitarians; and British indignation at the massacres merely produced an estrangement between England and Turkey that gave Germany a welcome opportunity to establish her influence more firmly on the Golden Horn. At the same time Secretary Olney's Note on the Anglo-Venezuelan dispute, and President Cleveland's bellicose message to Congress in December, 1895, strained Anglo-American relations in a manner which, but for the timely and courageous action of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor of the New York *World* (who denounced Cleveland's message as "bugaboo" and telegraphed to Mr. Gladstone and other British statesmen for expressions of conciliatory opinion) might have degenerated into a serious quarrel. Simultaneously, the Jameson raid into the Transvaal caused explosions of anti-British feeling in France and in Germany; and the German Emperor's telegram of congratulation to President Kruger upon the discomfiture of the raiders put so serious a strain upon Anglo-German relations that a British "Flying Squadron" was formed at Portsmouth to warn all whom it might concern that British anger was rising. The peace of the world seemed to hang by a thread which might snap at any moment.

THE SILVER QUESTION

Notwithstanding this precarious situation, politicians and economists, in the Old World and the New, paid less heed to it than to the problem of bi-metallism. Even in France, bi-metallism was hotly discussed. As early as February, 1895, the French Prime Minister, M. Ribot, declared in the Chamber that the gold standard had damaged the position of agriculture. The question whether the value of silver in relation to gold should remain at sixteen to one or should be fixed anew at thirty-two to one was debated with mystic fervour. A "Bi-Metallist League" was formed, with M. Loubet, then Vice-President of the Senate and afterwards President of the Re-

public, at its head. In Germany also the Agrarian parties formed a similar organization; and two of their delegates, Count Mirbach and Herr von Kardorff, attended an international bi-metallist Congress in Paris. In view of the "silver campaign" in the United States — which was to culminate in the famous exclamation of the Democratic candidate, William Jennings Bryan, "Shall Humanity be crucified on a cross of gold?" — I sought the views of the leading French authorities, bi-metallist and mono-metallist, for publication in the *World*. My own opinions were clear, though they would hardly have been thought orthodox by the extreme partisans either of gold or of silver. I did not believe in the mystic quality of any metal as a standard of value. I held, and hold, that the true question is whether or not silver and gold, coined or uncoined, are commodities liable to fluctuate in value according to supply and demand. If so, the best practical monetary standard must be the metal of which the supply is the most regular and, therefore, least subject to fluctuation. For practical purposes this metal was gold. Thus I was, in practice, a partisan of the gold standard; and though my own views mattered little, they served as a useful basis in discussion with French authorities on the subject.

As a beginning, I asked M. Loubet for an appointment. He gave it me — at 7 A.M. one frigid morning in January, 1896. In dressing gown and slippers, before a good fire, he expatiated for a full hour upon the errors of mono-metallism and the virtues of bi-metallism. Figures and statistics rolled off his tongue with an ease I could but envy. From him I went to the veteran economist and financial statesman, Léon Say, as ardent a mono-metallist as M. Loubet was a bi-metallist; and from M. Say, after another hour's conversation, to Mr. Edmond Théry, a vigorous bi-metallist and editor of the chief bi-metallist organ, the *Économiste Européen*. Then, in succession, I called upon the director of the French Mint, M. de Foville; the stalwart mono-metallist and free trader, Yves Guyot; the orthodox political economist, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu; and, finally, on the chief French protectionist and agrarian, M. Méline, an advocate of bi-metallism.

By that time it was two o'clock. Since 7 A.M. I had been listening and talking, without taking a note of the figures and arguments of my interlocutors. But I trusted my memory to reproduce without serious error or omission the substance of the seven successive conversations. In the afternoon I began to write them out, and by 3 A.M. finished my task. The article, or rather series of "interviews," filled many columns of the New York *World* and was afterwards recognized as entirely accurate by those whose views it expressed. Mr. Pulitzer was so struck by what he thought a considerable journalistic feat that, a few weeks later, he asked me to go to Germany and to deal in the same way with the principal German mono-metallists and bi-metallists. Thus, in March, 1896, I returned to Berlin after a residence of some two-and-a-half years in France, little thinking that my life would henceforth be spent chiefly in other lands, but eager to compare the Germany I had known before with the different Germany which, I somehow felt, had grown up during the interval.

CHAPTER III

GERMANY AGAIN
1896

THE Germany of 1896 was, in truth, different from the Germany I had known, or had thought I knew, in 1892–93. The pan-German cloud, or, as the German Emperor had styled it, the ideal of a "Greater Germany," scarcely visible three years before, had spread rapidly and was beginning to acquire the form and the density which were presently to make it a danger to the world. The subtle change which comes over a nation when the influence of a new set of ideas or of a younger generation begins to be felt, was noticeable in many directions. Among my German friends I found a less amiable and more aggressive temper. Even Paulsen, my old professor, was affected by it. His broad liberalism and philosophic outlook had become tinged with a narrower nationalism. In a tone not quite free from menace, he warned me of the dire consequences which any attempt to thwart Germany would entail for England; and his references to the United States, France, and other countries were slightly arrogant. In German families of the official class I noticed that liberal journals had been discarded in favour of chauvinist organs. Hostility to England, and to the democratic ideas which England was supposed to represent, had become very marked. German naval officers, whom I met socially, made no secret of their strong dislike of England and things English. More striking still was the state of mind of the philosophical students in whose society I had spent much of my time at Berlin University. They had adopted the political views of Treitschke, and confessed their admiration for the man who, more than any other, had deified the Prussian State and German nationalism. As

one of them said to me by way of explanation, "I revere that man. He has given me back my Fatherland."

Since patriotism, as taught by Treitschke, involved not merely love of the German Fatherland but hatred of somebody else's Fatherland, the extension of his influence or, rather, of the influence of the generation of younger men upon whom he had inculcated his ideas, tended to inflame public feeling against any country with which the German Government might be at variance. In 1896 this country was England. True, dislike or jealousy of England was no new thing in Germany. Its roots reached far down into the past. It had also been fostered by the Bismarckian intrigues against the Empress Frederick, "the Englishwoman," eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, and by the dissemination of scurrilous legends about Queen Victoria herself. I remember my astonishment in the summer of 1892 when an elderly German lady confided to me, in confidence, her grief that Queen Victoria should be so unworthy a sovereign. Surely, she explained, it was not seemly that the Queen of England should be perpetually tipsy! Did she not drink whisky habitually, pouring it from a teapot in order that she might seem to be drinking nothing stronger than tea! My protests had no effect. "One sees," returned the German lady, "that you are as ignorant as the rest of the English people; but *we know.*" I remember also my amusement at hearing Treitschke declaim in a public lecture against English ideas of individual liberty. The saying, "An Englishman's house is his castle," declared Treitschke, represents a principle which is carried so far that, if an Englishman commits a crime and shuts himself up in his house, the police may not enter, but have to wait until he chooses to come out. How, in such a country, could there be a real State or anything but mitigated anarchy? Yet I had attached no importance to Anglophobia of this kind; and it was only when I found nine Germans out of ten filled with hatred of England in the spring of 1896, that I began to wonder whether such a feeling could really have been engendered overnight.

The occasion for it, though not its cause, had been the raid of Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal at the end of Decem-

ber, 1895, and the German Emperor's telegram of congratulation to President Kruger upon the successful repulse of the raid "without appealing to the help of friendly Powers," and upon the maintenance of "the independence of your country against foreign aggression." This telegram, which was by no means an unauthorized outburst of the Emperor's personal emotion, had been drawn up after a conference at the Imperial Chancellor's Palace where the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, the Foreign Secretary, and the Secretary for the Navy had been summoned to consult with the Emperor. Its importance lay in its unqualified recognition of the independence of the Transvaal, or the "South African Republic" as it was then called, though that independence as regards foreign relationships was questionable, and was still the subject of negotiations between the British and the Transvaal governments. The telegram seemed also to suggest that, had President Kruger called upon "friendly Powers" to assist him, Germany would have intervened on his behalf, well knowing that such intervention would have meant a conflict with Great Britain. In point of fact, Germany had long been intriguing with President Kruger, whose object was to make of the Transvaal the Prussia of South African unity. He took Prussia as his model and looked to her for help. Cecil Rhodes, his great antagonist, desired, on the contrary, to federate the South African States under the British flag. At a banquet in honour of the German Emperor's birthday in January, 1895, President Kruger had declared that the Transvaal was being trodden upon by one Great Power and therefore naturally sought protection from another. He had added that it was time to link Germany with the South African Republic by ties of the closest friendship, "such as were natural between father and child." From 1894 onward he had imported new artillery, and military instructors, from Germany as a means of imposing the rule of the Transvaal upon the rest of South Africa. The Jameson Raid was a frantic and ill-judged attempt to forestall Kruger's policy of armaments, an attempt of which the failure

served as an excuse for pushing forward the design it had been intended to prevent.

But behind German support of Kruger's policy lay a definite German ambition — to bring the whole of South Africa under German control and to use the Boers as instruments to that end. This ambition was partially revealed in 1895, when the German Foreign Secretary, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, informed the British Ambassador in Berlin that German interests demanded the preservation of the *status quo* in South Africa and hinted that Germany would consider the *status quo* to be violated by the inclusion of the Transvaal in a Customs and Railway Union with the British South African Colonies. In the words of a speaker at a meeting of the German Colonial Association, the question was: "Is the development of South Africa to be carried out on Low German lines under the influence and with the assistance of Germany, or on Anglo-Saxon lines for the sole benefit of England?" Even before the Jameson Raid, President Kruger's policy had the strong support of the German press; and when, after the Raid, the Emperor's telegram was sent and the German Government sought the leave of Portugal to despatch a force of German marines from Lourenço Marques into the Transvaal, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting the German Consulate at Pretoria, public enthusiasm in Germany was unbounded.

Had the German public then known how quickly the Emperor had changed his private bearing on hearing of the explosion of wrath which his telegram had provoked in England and on learning that a "Flying Squadron" of British warships had been formed at Portsmouth, its enthusiasm might have abated. While Germany was still ringing with shouts of delight at his telegram, the Emperor, in full uniform, called at the British Embassy early in January, 1896, and, finding that the Ambassador was still in bed, brushed aside the servant who opened the door, ran upstairs to the Ambassador's bedroom, and, sitting down on the bed, begged him to write at once to "Granny" (Queen Victoria) to say that the telegram had not been intended to do any harm.

"Tell Granny I didn't mean it," were his actual words. Nevertheless, the Emperor did nothing to allay the Anglophobia of his Government and his people. He played the double part which, by aptitude or purposely, he was to play throughout the rest of his reign, always countenancing warlike tendencies and always saying or doing something that might help him to prove a moral alibi in case matters should go wrong.

THE KAISER'S POSITION

When I returned to Berlin in March, 1896, the anti-English outburst of January had died down; but it was nevertheless clear that something fundamental had changed in Germany. For one thing, reactionary tendencies had definitely got the upper hand, and German liberalism was dead. Now, the German movement toward Federal unity that filled the greater part of the nineteenth century was essentially Liberal. Whether, in its liberal form, the movement would have achieved its aim is an open question. It had withstood the efforts of the Holy Alliance, of Metternich, and of the Conservatives in all the German States to crush it and its leaders. But the obstacles to its positive success might have been too formidable to be readily overcome. Bismarck's conviction that national unity could only be attained by "blood and iron" under Prussian leadership after the expulsion of Austria from Germany may, or may not, have been well founded. In any case, he is responsible for having forced the unitary movement into channels which led, indeed, to triumph, but which involved consequences destructive of the larger progressive spirit by which the movement had originally been inspired.

That spirit, I felt, had been completely exorcised from Germany in 1896, and the unscrupulous, scheming, reactionary spirit of the Prussian nobility and squirearchy had taken its place. The unity of Germany had come to mean, not the liberalizing of Prussia by South German influences, but the gradual Prussianizing of Germany from Berlin — a process

facilitated by Prussian control of the Federal Council. This process, which was attended by a rapid increase of material prosperity had, however, as its corollary the development of an active German policy against foreign countries and, ultimately, a deliberate bid for the mastery of Europe and for the leadership of the world. The very character of the German Empire, and the position of the Hohenzollern dynasty at its head, entailed these consequences. Had the Imperial title not been vested in the Prussian branch of the Hohenzollern family, had it been shared in turn by other German reigning Houses, as some of them, particularly the Bavarian House of Wittelsbach, had desired in 1871, the status of a German Emperor would have been that of a crowned President of a Federation of German States. In securing the Imperial dignity for the Prussian House, Bismarck had condemned future kings of Prussia always to prove themselves super-monarchs; and William II was fated, by his ambitions and histrionic character, to accentuate the inherent defects in the dynastic constitution of the Empire. Though a legitimate sovereign in Prussia and, indeed, in the Empire, he was compelled by the exigencies of his real or fancied mission constantly to act as though he had been a usurper. He felt bound always to place himself in the forefront of public attention, always to appear the indispensable leader of his people, always to act as though he were not merely "German Emperor" — that is to say hereditary President of the United States of Germany — but "Emperor of Germany" in the same sense that Francis Joseph was Emperor of Austria and the Tsar Emperor of Russia. He was anxious to appear as the sole judge of Imperial policy, as a war lord and peace lord whose Right Divine shone with a brilliance incomparably more refulgent than that which surrounded the head of any other German Federal sovereign. If his acts be viewed as attempts never to allow the other Federal sovereigns and peoples to cease to regard him as their appointed leader upon whom depended the prosperity and power, nay, the very existence of the Empire, many of his strange words and deeds become intelligible.

It was natural that around a personality as singular as that of the Emperor William a Byzantine atmosphere should grow up, and that intrigues and scandals should develop. One such scandal engrossed Berlin in 1896. An officer holding a high Court appointment, Herr von Kotze, had been suddenly arrested under orders from the Emperor some two years before, on suspicion of having written to other personages at the Court anonymous letters of a grossly offensive character. Without trial of any kind he was imprisoned for several months, but, since the anonymous letters continued, he was eventually released as irregularly and mysteriously as he had been arrested. German military etiquette obliged him, however, to "demand satisfaction" from his accusers. Accordingly, he challenged one of them to a duel and was severely wounded. By another, the Master of the Ceremonies, he was himself challenged, but preferred to take action for libel. His challenger, however, brought the case before a military Court of Honour which declared Herr von Kotze's refusal of the challenge to be unworthy of an officer and a gentleman, and sentenced him to expulsion from the army. This sentence was not confirmed by the Emperor who referred it to another military Court of Honour which upheld the finding of the first Court. Nevertheless, the Emperor again declined to confirm it and substituted for it the milder penalty known as a "warning" which made it incumbent upon Herr von Kotze to fight his challenger. This he did, and wounded him mortally. Though homicide in any form was a breach of German law, Herr von Kotze went unpunished, and the Master of the Ceremonies whom he had killed was given a magnificent military funeral, with full religious service, by the Court and garrison of Potsdam.

This scandal led to an agitation in the press and in Parliament against duelling and the military code of honour. It was urged that public respect for the Monarchy and for the army was being undermined and that the Imperial German Court was coming to resemble the French Court in the 18th

century before the Great Revolution. The first result was that the Prussian public prosecutors received strict instructions to take proceedings against persons guilty of "insult to majesty." It became dangerous for any public man or writer to express his thoughts freely. Even ladies who remarked upon the boyish look of one of the Emperor's many portraits, were haled before the police and heavily fined. At the same time the *Militär-Wochenblatt,* the chief military organ, claimed that officers must always defend their honour at all costs since they could only overcome the fear of death in war, to which even the bravest were liable, if they were ever ready, in time of peace, to kill and be killed; and that, "as on the field of battle, an officer should engage in a conflict (a duel) thrust upon him by circumstances, with the firm belief that 'whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord.'"

Nor was this all. In August, 1896, the Prussian War Minister, General Bronsart von Schellendorf, was compelled, by pressure of military influence at Court, to resign office because the Imperial Chancellor had expressed a hope in Parliament that a reform of military judicial procedure might be possible; while, in the following October, a subaltern at Karlsruhe was let off with a nominal punishment for having run through the body a workman who had accidentally stumbled against his chair in a café. The killing of the workman caused anger throughout Germany; but no impression was made upon the military authorities who continued to regard themselves and the military caste as above the law.

In this, as in most other respects, the Emperor showed two faces. The one smiled encouragement upon the military supermen, while the other wore an expression of sympathy with civilian grievances. In the last resort, the military always triumphed, and the Emperor triumphed with them. Little by little, his ostensible interest in social questions and his appearance of solicitude for the working classes gave way to definite hostility towards all who disagreed with him. When, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the capitulation of Sedan, some German Socialists criticized the action of his

grandfather in the War of 1870, the Emperor exclaimed to his Guards: "May the whole people find in themselves the strength to repel these monstrous attacks; if not, I now call upon you to resist the treasonous band and to wage a war which will free us from such elements."

I found it far more interesting to watch the manifestations of this reactionary spirit than to investigate, for the New York *World,* German views on bi-metallism and upon the silver question which was then agitating the United States. None the less, I approached the principal Conservative and Agrarian leaders whose leanings toward the free coinage of silver were well known, and sent some account of their opinions to New York. The German Government had expressed its general sympathy with the bi-metallist theory but had declared that international action alone could solve the question. In such action it would be ready to play its part. This declaration left the bi-metallists unsatisfied. They continued their agitation until, in November, 1896, the defeat of Mr. Bryan by Mr. McKinley in the American presidential election finally discouraged them. Bi-metallism ceased to be a practical political issue, and the world was rid for a time of one of the strangest aberrations of metaphysical economics.

CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIMES

Yet, to me, the "Silver Question" will always be memorable, for it wrought a decisive change in my fortunes. In April, 1896, the correspondent of *The Times,* Mr. Valentine Chirol, left Berlin for London to assist Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace in its Foreign and Imperial editorship. Mr. George Saunders, for many years the Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post,* had been chosen to succeed him from January, 1897, onward, the work being entrusted in the interval to Mr. Earle, an able and distinguished young Englishman who had been Mr. Chirol's assistant. Unfortunately, Mr. Earle fell ill and died. Returning to Berlin, Mr. Chirol asked me to take over the correspondence, for the time being, without prejudice to my work for America.

But, a few weeks later, a telegram from the proprietor of the New York *World*, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, called me urgently to Wiesbaden where he was consulting the celebrated oculist, Dr. Pagenstecher. I informed *The Times*, which asked me to make no definite arrangement with Mr. Pulitzer until I had received from it an offer of permanent work. On reaching Wiesbaden I found a telegram from *The Times* proposing that I remain its correspondent in Berlin until the end of 1896 and be appointed thereafter its correspondent in Rome.

With this offer in my pocket I waited on Mr. Pulitzer. He said he had been struck by my work on bi-metallism from Paris and Berlin and wished me to return with him to the United States in order to help him in framing the policy of the New York *World* during the impending presidential campaign. The pay he offered was more than treble the amount suggested by *The Times*. I said I must think it over; and the more I reflected, the stronger became my inclination to join *The Times*. As an Englishman, I was eager to work for the greatest English newspaper. Though not quite twenty-five years of age, I was diffident of my fitness to lay down the law to an American public on the silver issue; and I wished to learn more of Europe before crossing the Atlantic.

These considerations I submitted to Mr. Pulitzer, telling him frankly of the offer I had received from *The Times* and of my inclination to accept it. He thought I was wrong but, with a patience admirable in a man of his quick mind and temper, he entered into a long discussion of the advantages of work for an American newspaper and of the principles on which he believed, great journals should be conducted. For some hours we debated the ethics of journalism. He maintained that the first aim of a newspaper must be a big circulation. "You may write the most sublime philosophy," he said, "but, if nobody reads it, where are you? You must go for your million circulation, and, when you have got it, turn the minds, and the votes, of your readers one way or the other at critical moments." This was what he had done during the Venezuela dispute between England and the

United States, and what he hoped to do in the presidential campaign.

I differed from him, going, indeed, as far as to say that I would rather influence a few enlightened minds by good writing in a weekly paper, such as the New York *Nation* under the editorship of Mr. Godkin, than control the New York *World* or the New York *Herald*. Mr. Pulitzer bore with me. He let me see that he thought me a young fool, but he did it so kindly that he won my heart. Finally he asked me to think it all over and to let him know when my mind was made up. On returning to Berlin, I declined his offer definitely in a letter not devoid of presumption inasmuch as it set forth my conception of journalism for the benefit of one of the most successful and wealthy newspaper proprietors and journalists in the world. Nevertheless, Mr. Pulitzer showed no resentment. He wrote to me at intervals, sent one of his representatives later on to consult me in Rome, and even sought my advice upon the constitution of the School of Journalism which he founded in connection with Columbia University. I never met him again, but I always retained the impression of a man of spacious mind, great energy, and magnetism. In his way, he had real genius; and his considerate manner made him very attractive. Though I still think I decided rightly, I have always felt grateful to him for the encouragement which his confidence gave me.

Thus, from the beginning of June, 1896, I joined the staff of *The Times* to which I was to belong without a break for more than twenty-six years. With the help of one assistant, Mr. Montague Bell, a young Cambridge man, I became responsible for the interpretation of German affairs to the most influential newspaper in the world during a very critical period in Anglo-German relations. The idea that *The Times* was, and is, served only by greybeards, has always been a myth. On the contrary, *The Times* has shown throughout its history a preference for young men in recruiting its staff, however grey they may prematurely grow in its service. In any case, the aggregate ages of its Berlin representatives during the greater part of 1896 fell some years short of fifty; and

I am persuaded even now that the work they did could bear comparison with that of their older colleagues. Certainly no young men ever had more helpful or encouraging chiefs than Sir Donald MacKenzie Wallace and Mr. Valentine Chirol, upon whose ripe knowledge and experience they were allowed freely to draw. With them and Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager of *The Times*, I was already acquainted; and for *The Times* itself I had worked occasionally in Paris as well as in Berlin. Therefore I was not hampered by the trepidation that often afflicts a beginner, but was able to "get into my stride," such as it was, without delay.

My earlier knowledge of Germany proved invaluable. It helped me to see through the tactics of the Government and to understand that it was utilizing, if not stimulating, anti-English feeling in order to promote a big Navy Bill, to arouse interest in colonial development, to secure territorial and industrial concessions in China, to reinforce the army, to curry favour with Turkey and, generally, to lay the foundations for the definitely pan-German policy of later years. It enabled me also to analyze the new German Civil Code and to make its tendencies intelligible to English readers; and it gave me a marked advantage over other correspondents in the interpretation of apparently trifling though really significant current events.

One such event was a dispute that arose between the Prussian ecclesiastical authorities and the Berlin Municipal Council — a body composed largely of Jews. Premising that there ought to be at least one Evangelical church for every 20,000 inhabitants of the Capital, the Evangelical Consistory suddenly demanded from the Municipal Council enough money to build immediately twenty-nine churches and to maintain them efficiently, "*mit relativen Pfarrern*" (with their respective pastors). The City Fathers made a brave show of resistance, suspecting, doubtless, that the demand was, to some extent, a reprisal for previous shortcomings on

their part and for irreverence on that of the inhabitants of Berlin. During the building of the memorial church to the Emperor Frederick at Charlottenburg some time before, similar pressure had been put upon the Municipal Council; and the designs of the architect and of the decorative artists employed on the church had been frequently "corrected" by the Emperor William. The Municipal Councillors had then succumbed severally as well as jointly, and had contributed large sums to the cost of the undertaking. The artists were less submissive. One of them had even taken his revenge in a characteristically German way. For a Biblical text beneath a fresco —representing Rebecca watering the camels of Abraham's servant at the well— he substituted the words "*Was für Kameele sind die Väter unserer Stadt gewesen*" (What camels, i. e., jackasses, have our City Fathers been). The substitution might have passed unnoticed had not the chief Socialist organ, *Vorwärts*, drawn attention to it on the day the church was consecrated— greatly to the annoyance of the Emperor, the Empress and the ecclesiastical authorities, but to the delight of the public. "Most Highest" wrath fell for a time upon the peccant artist who, nevertheless, contrived to play a further ponderous joke upon the City Fathers at the opening of the Berlin Industrial Exhibition in the spring of 1896. He had been commissioned to erect a monumental fountain in front of the entrance to the Exhibition. Its consummate ugliness had not prevented the Exhibition Committee from admiring it and its wonderful "Assyrian" frieze, which they thought *kolossal*. But, once again, a few hours before the Emperor opened the Exhibition, the *Vorwärts* printed a reproduction of the frieze, showing that its chief *motif* was a string of unwilling camels which antediluvian camel drivers were tugging along by halters. As the fountain could not then be removed, the rage of the satirized and the joy of the public were extreme.

Therefore, when the ecclesiastical authorities put forward in the following September the demand for twenty-nine new churches, the City Fathers felt they were being sorely tried. They protested vigorously. In reply, the ecclesiastical au-

thorities produced a musty ordinance from the archives of the Consistorial Synod of the March of Brandenburg, dated 1573, declaring that the building of churches in Berlin must keep pace with the growth of population. Since Berlin, with its population of 1,600,000, could boast of only fifty-one Evangelical churches in 1896, it was obviously necessary, on the 20,000 to 1 basis, that twenty-nine new churches "*mit relativen Pfarrern*" should be provided at once; and lest the Municipal Council should question the force of the Ordinance of 1573, the ecclesiastical authorities took the precaution to secure a judgment from the Supreme Court of the Empire guaranteeing its validity. Arguments were unavailing. The contention that the fifty-one existing churches of Berlin were very sparsely attended had no effect. There was nothing for it but to temporize and to appoint expert commissions in the hope of staving off the evil day of capitulation. Meanwhile, the irreverent Berliners continued to murmur, "Camels!"

This episode served to show that whenever Throne and Altar wished to assert their authority, none could withstand them; and that, in Germany at any rate, satire and ridicule were ineffectual. The fondness of the Imperial couple, especially of the Empress, for building churches, ended by earning for her the nickname of "Kirchen-Augusta," just as the Emperor's delight in monuments caused him to be called "Denkmal Willy." Yet there was a serious side to these Imperial activities and a deliberate purpose in them. The erection of new churches was an outward and visible sign of the intimate relationship between the Dynasty and the Deity; and the production of monuments, hideous though most of them were, was intended to instil into the people a sense of pride in the greatness of Prussia and of Germany and to foment national ambitions.

Especially significant was a monument inaugurated by the Emperor, in June, 1896, on the Kyffhäuser Hill in the Thuringian forest, where Frederick Barbarossa built, in the 12th century, a castle of which the ruined walls still stood. More than sixty thousand tons of stone were used for the monument which rose to a height of two hundred and fifty feet.

Its main feature was a massive stone tower abutting on the wall of Barbarossa's castle and containing a niche wide enough to hold a colossal equestrian statue of Emperor William I. Below, in an arched vault, sat Barbarossa on his throne, obviously awakening from slumber and under the influence of a dream. The purpose of the monument was to symbolize the dream. In my telegram to *The Times* of June 19, 1896, I wrote:

Many centuries ago, on the Kyffhäuser Hill that rises in the midst of the Thuringian forest, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, weary of ceaseless warfare, lay down to rest. As he slept, he dreamed of a Golden Age when Germany, once more united, should rule the world. So runs the favourite legend of the Thuringian folk who, even during the darkest years of rampant particularism and foreign oppression, looked forward to the day when the red-bearded Kaiser, arising from his slumbers, should lead his people through victory to unity. To-day, the ruler of re-united Germany, surrounded by a throng of princely Allies, has unveiled a monument erected on the Kyffhäuser Hill to the memory of the white-bearded Kaiser (William I) who realized a part at least of Barbarossa's dream. In some such form to-day's ceremony doubtless presents itself to the minds of patriotic Germans — among whom are half a million veterans of the Franco-German War — who have helped to defray the cost of the Kyffhäuser Denkmal. None of the numerous anniversaries recently celebrated in Germany has appealed more strongly to the imagination of a people which, despite compulsory education, industrial development and Social Democracy, remains at heart saga-loving and mystical as of yore. The fact that students of folk lore declare the Barbarossa myth to have originated in connection with Frederick II might, perhaps, be held to detract from its symmetry, were there other than poetic justification for the continued existence of such legends; but it may be doubted whether even the passion of German savants for historical *Gründlichkeit* will be able to destroy for the German people the sentimental charm attaching to the Kyffhäuser celebration.

The Emperor William II was, indeed, deliberately working to stimulate in the minds of his subjects a belief that Germany was destined to rule the world; and it was the secret harmony between his apparently extravagant ambitions and the hidden faith of the people that facilitated the preparation of Germany's bid for universal supremacy. This was

the chief phenomenon in German national life. To it, other, albeit more noticeable phenomena were, in reality, accessory and subordinate; and the true lesson of the Kyffhäuser celebration was that the underlying impulses of the nation were ceasing to be unconscious or inarticulate.

HATRED OF ENGLAND

It was inevitable that the growing strength of these impulses should bring Germany into direct conflict with England and the British Empire. Between Germany and the mastery of the world lay at once the sea power of England and the characteristic tendencies of the British race — tendencies the more repugnant to Germans in that the German mind could discover no adequate reason for the existence of the British Empire at all. Inasmuch as Englishmen objected to compulsory military service and preferred sport and trade to military discipline and to systematic intellectual activity, they were doubly unworthy of their inheritance. Was not their fighting done for them by hirelings and ne'er-do-wells, when they could not bribe, subsidize or cajole more virile peoples into fighting England's battles? The thought that German levies had been sold by German princelings to fight for England in the 18th century and that, during the Napoleonic Wars, including the German War of Liberation, the forces of Germany had been largely maintained by British money for which German sovereigns had clamoured, was resented by Germans at the end of the 19th century as a bitter humiliation for which England was to blame. The English habit of attributing to Wellington the victory of Waterloo was another ground for resentment. Did not every German child know that Waterloo was won by Blücher and his Prussians, and were not the English, with customary dishonesty, always seeking to filch Blücher's glory? These feelings and the effects of the Bismarckian propaganda against Queen Victoria and her daughter, the Empress Frederick, formed the background for the Anglophobia which had burst out early in 1896; but it was nourished by considerations

more immediate and practical. In her quest of a "place in the sun," Germany had found Great Britain already in possession of the most favoured regions of the habitable globe, with an industry highly developed, a world-wide trade, accumulated wealth, a strong merchant marine and a supreme navy. How, in these conditions, could Germany attain her object without the overthrow of England? It was uphill work to develop industries against the overwhelming priority enjoyed by English manufacturers, and the task was calculated to foster the elemental feeling tersely expressed in the German word *Brodneid,* or envy of others for earning bread that might have been eaten by Germany. The fact that Germany had annexed 1,200,000 square miles of colonial territory between 1884 and 1896 or, in proportion to her previous possessions, six times as much as Great Britain, was not admitted as an extenuating circumstance, since France and Great Britain had each annexed more than 2,500,000 square miles in the same period. Moreover, British contempt of German efforts, and the half-amused arrogance of the superior Briton toward the plodding efforts of his German "cousin" — until the Briton awoke with anger and alarm to the threat of successful German competition — caused Germans to gnash their teeth in silent rage while awaiting the day when they should safely be able to rage aloud. And enveloping these elements of dislike were the fear and suspicion of England and of English ideas that had long permeated all save German liberal thought.

In 1896, as I have said, German liberalism was dead. It had been crushed between social democracy on the Left and nationalist militarism and industrialism on the Right. But the odour of its corpse stank in true German nostrils. Had not German unity, with its attendant prosperity, been won in the teeth of German liberalism, which had drawn its inspiration from English sources? Was not the English Constitutional system, with its parliamentary control and practical negation of the Divine Right of Kings, the very antithesis of the Prussian political faith? Did not England foster the spread of liberal ideas in order to weaken Continental na-

tions, her possible rivals? What was there in England that could compare in efficiency with the Prussian soldier, the Prussian official, the German scientist, or even the German philosopher? England's power was built on the fortuitous concourse of predatory luck and profitable hypocrisy — and Germany must prepare for the hour when her superior discipline and scientifically organized strength would bring the whole flimsy British fabric clattering to the ground.

This glorious hour seemed still to be distant in 1896. Caution was necessary lest the wily Briton take fright and invent some new means of circumventing his presumptive victor. Germany might, from time to time, show her teeth and snarl; and, by snarling, extort concessions from the fat indolence of England. Or she might, on occasion, fawn upon her and wheedle out of her yet other concessions of which good use could presently be made. Besides, it was not prudent to run into a direct collision with England as long as affairs on the Continent of Europe remained as uncertain as they had become since the growth of intimacy between France and Russia. Therefore, German public opinion was alternately lashed by a well-controlled Press into fury against England as in connection with a squabble at Zanzibar in August, 1896, when a recalcitrant Arab chieftain, Said Khalid, who had given trouble to the British authorities, took refuge with the Germans at Dar-es-Salaam and was made much of by them; or quieted by soothing words when some aspect of German policy coincided with that of England, as when Germany desired to accentuate Anglo-French disagreement in Egypt by favouring the Dongola expedition against the Mahdists. The main dilemma of Germany lay in her desire to weaken England by encouraging the hostility of other Continental Powers toward her, and in the fear that, if German animosity became too accentuated, England might sink her differences with France and Russia and combine with them against Germany. Though Lord Salisbury's formula of "splendid isolation" suited Germany well, she could never be sure of the effect upon England of too clear a manifestation of German tendencies. Thus her energies were divided between

the difficulties of her continental position and the prosecution of her ambitious world policy. Had it been possible to detach Russia from France and to bring the Russian Court completely under German influence, the task of Germany might have been lightened. It would then have been easier to use Russian expansion in Central Asia as a stick to beat England with and, at the same time, as a means of diverting Russian attention from European affairs. With France isolated and England alternately abused and caressed, German diplomacy would have been able to pursue its main purpose without serious hindrance.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA

But, unluckily, the association of Russia with France in what was coming to be called the "Dual Alliance," showed no signs of weakening, and the ascendancy of Germany over Russia, which Bismarck had established and maintained, could not easily be restored. Between the former Tsar, Alexander III, and the Emperor William II, relations had been strained. Alexander's death and the accession of his son, Nicholas II, whose coronation festivities took place in the spring of 1896 and whose wife was a German princess, seemed, however, to give reason for hope that Russo-German dynastic intercourse might become more cordial and that a German wedge might be successfully inserted between Russia and France.

Such was broadly the situation when Nicholas II and his consort came to pay their visit of accession to the German Emperor at Breslau in September. I went to Breslau for the occasion and witnessed the meeting between the two Emperors. It was "correct" and superficially cordial. An immense host of German troops had been assembled to impress the young Tsar with German might; and the spectacle, as he and his host reviewed them, was brilliant indeed. The keynote of the meeting was, however, to be struck in the toasts to be exchanged at the gala banquet. The text of these utterances was therefore awaited with the keenest in-

terest. When it was issued by the official telegraph agency, the "Wolff Bureau," astonishment and even dismay were felt. It was seen that the Tsar had replied in French to the Emperor's German toast of welcome and had used the words, "I assure your Majesty that I am animated by the same traditional sentiments toward your Majesty, and her Majesty the Empress, as those of my late father." If Nicholas II shared the feelings of his father, Alexander III, who cordially disliked William II, the prospect of an improvement in Russo-German relations was faint. But, later in the day, a second official version of the Tsar's toast was issued. In it the offending passage ran, "I assure you, Sire, that I am animated by the same traditional sentiments as your Majesty."

Nevertheless, doubt persisted whether the Tsar had not really spoken of his father's feelings; nor, despite a sensational prosecution to which the discrepancy between the two official versions presently gave rise, was the doubt ever removed. It cast over the remainder of the Russian Imperial visit a shadow that deepened when, a month later, after visits to Copenhagen and London, the Tsar went to France and, in a toast to the French army at Châlons referred to Franco-Russian "brotherhood in arms." These words aroused French enthusiasm. For some days the German press affected to ignore the evidence they afforded of the conclusion of a military alliance between France and Russia. From France, the Tsar and Tsaritsa had come to Darmstadt on a visit to their Hessian relations, and prudence required that German comment should be restrained as long as the Russian sovereigns were on German soil. Mutterings were nevertheless audible here and there, particularly in the Bismarckian camp where, however, attempts were made to suggest that the Franco-Russian alliance was, in reality, directed against England. But, as I telegraphed to *The Times* on October 11th, "When the Tsar has returned to Russia and when the reflected excitement of the festivities in France has passed away, it will be easier to form a correct estimate of Germany's real attitude toward the Dual Alliance. Tranquillity based upon a determination not to be annoyed is apt

to be a transient phase of feeling." It proved, in fact, to be even more transient than I anticipated. Though the Tsar and the Tsaritsa remained at Darmstadt until October 28th and received an, apparently, unwelcome visit from the German Emperor on October 19th, the chief Bismarckian organ, the Hamburger Nachrichten, began on October 15th, and continued on October 24th, a campaign that was deeply to stir German feeling and to affect public opinion throughout Europe.

THE HAMBURG REVELATIONS

It was never known whom Bismarck hated the more fiercely — his immediate successor, Count von Caprivi, the second German Imperial Chancellor, or the Emperor William II. He may have detested them both with equal intensity, though he could and did assail Caprivi with the greater freedom. Against Caprivi he had launched a gibe as bitter as any ever penned in Germany, the land of political bitterness. In November, 1894, after resigning the Chancellorship, Caprivi had retired to his small country estate and, unlike Bismarck, had taken no further part in politics. Playing upon the German proverb that "the biggest potatoes are grown by the stupidest peasants," Bismarck wrote that Caprivi had gone "to grow, with dull delight, potatoes of the largest size." Week in, week out, the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and the minor Bismarckian organs had directed their satire against the courageous and dutiful statesman whose only offence had been unquestioning obedience when his sovereign ordered him to shoulder the burden of Bismarck's inheritance. Bismarck's hatred of him burst forth with fresh fury as soon as the conclusion of a Franco-Russian military alliance had been publicly attested by the Tsar. As a preliminary, the *Hamburger Nachrichten* published, on October 15th, a letter written by Bismarck in August, 1877, to Emperor William I upon Russo-German relations during the Russo-Turkish War. In it, Bismarck had contended that German policy should be benevolently neutral

towards Russia, despite her disasters in the war, and proposed that a Note be sent to the European Powers urging them to make joint representations to Turkey. "Such an act," continued the letter, "would prove to the Russians that, in this war, they really are the pioneers of Christian civilization against heathenish barbarism." This was necessary, added Bismarck, to induce "Russian public opinion correctly to estimate the value of German friendship" and to prevent the success of the attempts made by the Russian Chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff, and other anti-German Russians to create animosity against Germany and to discredit her in the eyes of the Russian people and of the Russian army. In its comments upon this letter, the *Hamburger Nachrichten* — that is to say, Prince Bismarck himself — declared that the origin of the Franco-Russian Alliance must be sought in Gortchakoff's displeasure, up to his death in 1883, at the independent part played by Germany in European affairs.

But more was to come. Not satisfied with reminding the Tsar that there had been a feeling of "brotherhood in arms" between Germany and Russia in 1877 when Russia was in distress, and that Franco-Russian "brotherhood" was of much more recent growth, the *Hamburger Nachrichten* published on October 24th an article of unprecedented audacity.

October 24, 1896, was a Sunday. The Hamburg newspapers only reached Berlin in the early afternoon. According to the custom of the German press, which makes holiday on Sunday and on Monday morning, no further newspapers were to be expected until the Monday evening. Foreign correspondents who, at critical moments, were accustomed to verify their own impressions of important pronouncements in the provincial press by comparing them with the views of the Berlin evening papers, had therefore nothing save their unaided judgment to guide them. I remember scanning the *Hamburger Nachrichten* on that Sunday afternoon and feeling amazed at the boldness of its leading article. If it were really what it seemed to be, it was obviously a European sensation of the first magnitude. If, on the other hand, it was merely the work of some unauthorized Bismarckian

scribe, it was not worth notice. No pains had been taken to give it special prominence. The fact that the article began with a polemical reference to a statement in the *Vossische Zeitung* — which had argued that Russo-German relations had been bad under Bismarck's chancellorship even after Gortchakoff's death, and that Gortchakoff could not therefore have been the only obstacle to Russo-German friendship — did not seem to raise it above the usual level of German newspaper controversy. Yet the *Hamburger Nachrichten* article might be the work of Bismarck himself. In doubt, I re-read it and was increasingly impressed. Then I handed it to my assistant and asked his opinion. He advised me not to touch it. Wishing for further advice, I telephoned to Mr. Saunders, the correspondent of the *Morning Post* who was to succeed me in the following January, but found he had finished his work for the day and had gone out of town. Still puzzled, I read the article once more and went out for a walk to think it over. Finally, I decided to take it at its face value and to risk everything upon the correctness of my view, fully realizing that, should I be mistaken, *The Times* would scarcely forgive me.

My telegram began with the words, "Prince Bismarck appears to be inconsolable about the Dual Alliance. He cannot forget its existence, he is too far-sighted to ignore its meaning, and he is evidently anxious to cast upon other shoulders the burden of responsibility for having allowed France to come to an understanding with Russia." I went on to summarize the *Hamburger Nachrichten* article and to quote the chief passages in full. My telegram was published next day under the single heading, "The Triple Alliance." Feeling that the die was cast and that I had either scored a success for my paper or incurred hopeless disgrace, I waited anxiously for the Berlin papers next evening and for the other English papers of Monday which would reach Berlin on the Tuesday. None of them, except *The Times*, had noticed the article. Even on the Tuesday morning the Berlin papers continued to ignore it, and members of the diplomatic corps, whom I consulted, attached no importance to it. My trepi-

dation grew until, on the Tuesday evening, premonitory rumblings of the coming storm could be heard. Then it broke. Prince Bismarck's direct authorship of the article was recognized, and I found myself in the proud position of having been the only journalist in Berlin immediately to detect its significance or, at least, bold enough to take it at its full value.

The gist of the article was that from 1884, the year after Gortchakoff's death, until 1890, when Prince Bismarck was driven from power, there had existed a secret Treaty between Germany and Russia providing that, if either of them were attacked from any quarter, the other would remain "benevolently neutral." Thus, if Germany were attacked by France, Russia would remain passive. If Russia were attacked by Austria, Germany would be passive. This treaty had run concurrently with the Austro-German Alliance against Russia, which had been concluded in 1879 and formed the nucleus of the Triple Alliance into which Italy had been admitted in 1882. The article revealed for the first time the fact that Germany had maintained, behind the backs of her Austrian and Italian allies, a secret understanding with Russia which, if not absolutely incompatible with the Triple Alliance was certainly not calculated to strengthen it. After the fall of Bismarck, this secret understanding had not been renewed, and, declared the *Hamburger Nachrichten,* "it was not Russia, irritated by the change of chancellors in Germany, but Count von Caprivi, Prince Bismarck's successor, who declined to continue this mutual assurance policy. Russia was quite prepared to let the agreement stand."

Moreover, added the *Hamburger Nachrichten* article, Caprivi's pro-Polish policy must have caused the Russian Government to wonder what could be the meaning of so flagrant a departure on the part of Germany from the traditions of the Emperor William I. In European and Polish politics, Caprivi's bearing towards Russia was such that she, though powerful, could not help thinking of the future and felt bound to look out for a trustworthy ally. Formerly, Russia had reckoned on the House of Hohenzollern and its increased power; but when, in

that quarter, she saw a disposition to treat the Polish question in a spirit unfriendly to herself, she had to seek an ally elsewhere. Thus arose the visit of the French squadron to Kronstadt in 1891, with the playing of the "Marseillaise" by Russian Imperial bands, and the first *rapprochement* between the Russian autocracy and the French Republic — events due exclusively to the mistakes of the Caprivian policy which obliged Russia to seek in France the security that statesmen hold dear.

As soon as Prince Bismarck's authorship of this article was recognized, a violent controversy arose. On the one hand, Bismarck was denounced as a traitor to the Triple Alliance for having concluded and maintained a secret treaty with Russia unknown to Germany's allies, and as a public criminal for revealing so dangerous a secret of State; on the other, he was extolled as the father of the Fatherland whose incomparable statecraft had not only preserved peace but had prevented the growth of intimacy between France and Russia — an advantage which Count Caprivi had light-mindedly thrown away. Among the Clerical, Radical, and Social Democratic parties the impeachment of Bismarck was demanded; but the Conservative parties retorted that it was Caprivi who deserved impeachment and that the Emperor himself might not be free from guilt. One Bismarckian organ, the *Zukunft*, went so far as to say that —

> Germans cannot, in view of the results of the six years since Bismarck's dismissal, refrain from asking their Emperor whether it was indeed necessary to remove, with ruthless hand, the man who raised high the Hohenzollern House, placed the military power of Prussia on a sure basis, founded the German Empire and prepared a future for German influence. Such a question might easily become dangerous to the monarch to whom it were addressed. The great historian, Ranke, blames Louis XVI for his continual wavering between two opposite sets of ideas and for lack of confidence in his advisers. Germans would fain see their Fatherland saved the horrors perpetrated on the site of the Place de la Concorde, (where Louis XVI was beheaded) yet it would be criminal to ignore the dark clouds slowly but threateningly gathering on the German horizon. It would be criminal also to keep silence seeing that the storm which piled up the clouds blew from the highest point of observation where

the greatest serenity of mind ought to prevail. The German Empire is an artificial product slowly created. Its conservation demands a steady hand and an eye acquainted with the course of history. The Empire cannot endure another six years like the last but must summon all its strength for the decisive struggle which destiny does not seem disposed to spare it.

Herr Harden, the writer of this outburst, escaped prosecution for "insult to majesty"—a sign of the fright prevailing in the "Most Highest" quarters. For some days the official organs of the Government held their peace but, at last, the most official of them, the *Reichsanzeiger*, or *Imperial Gazette*, printed prominently the following statement:

In connection with public comments upon the latest revelations of the *Hamburger Nachrichten* concerning Russo-German relations up to the year 1890, the wish has been repeatedly expressed that some rejoinder should be made on behalf of the Government. We are empowered to state that none will be made. Diplomatic events of the kind mentioned by the *Hamburger Nachrichten* belong, from their very nature, to the strictest secrets of State, the conscientious preservation of which is enjoined by international duty. A violation of this duty would prejudice important State interests. The Imperial Government must, therefore, decline all explanation. It will neither correct what is false nor supplement what is incorrect, convinced as it is that the confidence of other Powers in the sincerity of German policy and in its fidelity to engagements is too firmly established to be shaken by "revelations" of the kind in question.

This reprimand had little effect upon Bismarck, whose organs began to suggest that the best way to cope with the situation would be for Germany to adhere to a Franco-Russian coalition against England with the object of carving up the British Empire. They suggested further that the German Emperor had been prevented from renewing the secret Treaty with Russia by pressure put upon him from England to whom, they asserted, the existence of the secret Treaty had been divulged. England, argued the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, knew that the secret Treaty was really meant to preclude a British attack upon Russia and was therefore anxious to get rid of it. The Emperor, deprived of Bismarck's guidance, had been cajoled by his English relatives into dropping the bone for the shadow. Bismarck further

caused the *Hamburger Nachrichten* to state, in reply to the official reprimand in the *Imperial Gazette,* that matters such as the secret Treaty did not belong to the "strictest secrets of State." They belonged to history and to the archives. There had been no need to keep them secret. In fact, the secrecy had been due solely to the desire of Russia; and the situation which made Russia desire secrecy no longer existed. If Russia had wished it, all the members of the Triple Alliance might have concluded with her precisely the same agreement as that which Germany made. And as for the announcement in the *Imperial Gazette* that the Government declines to correct what is false or to supplement what is incomplete, Prince Bismarck would be entitled to demand a rectification under clause 11 of the Press Law, since there had been absolutely nothing false in his statement.

For weeks the bitter controversy raged, without any sign of contrition on the part of Bismarck and his supporters, but with many signs of painful embarrassment on the part of the German Government. When, in the latter part of November, the "Hamburg Revelations" were debated in the Reichstag, the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, again took refuge in the plea that, inasmuch as the Treaty with Russia had been secret, he could not give information about it. He asserted, however, that the lapsing of the Treaty had not brought about any unfavourable change in German relations with Russia and added: "The assertion that, then or now, English or any kind of foreign influence played any part, I must repudiate as utterly devoid of foundation."

More definite were the assurances of the German Foreign Secretary, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. He denied that any agreement ever made by Germany was incompatible with her obligations under the Triple Alliance. He developed at great length the thesis that, like the Triple Alliance itself, the secret Russo-German understanding had been designed to preserve peace. But, he added, "I may freely say that the fame of Prince Bismarck's statecraft is so firmly founded throughout the world that it is unnecessary to attempt to enhance his renown, and the gratitude due to him from the

German people, by the folly of making violent attacks upon his successors." He alluded ironically to Bismarck's own difficulties with Russia in 1888, when the secret Treaty was still in force. Like Prince Hohenlohe, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein denied vigorously that English influence had played, or was likely to play, any part in German policy, and he added, significantly, that the development of Germany's over-sea interests would, in all probability, soon give her another opportunity of acting together with France and Russia as she had done in 1895.

Viewed in retrospect, Bismarck's secret Treaty of "mutual assurance" or "re-insurance" with Russia, appears as one of the most characteristic of his diplomatic feats. In his eyes, alliances and agreements were not worth the paper on which they were written if once they ceased to subserve his conception of German interests. Just as he prepared his conflict with Austria by the alliance of 1864 and quarrelled with her over its application in 1866, in order to have a pretext for turning her out of Germany; just as he falsified the King of Prussia's despatch from Ems, so as to make it appear that the King had been insulted by the French Ambassador, in order to create a pretext for the war with France, so he made and ignored understandings with other Powers as mere moves in a game of which he felt himself to be an unrivalled master. It needed magnificent impudence on his part, and sublime trust in public forgetfulness, to pretend, in 1896, that German relations with Russia had been idyllic from 1884 to 1890, the period covered by the secret Treaty. In 1888 Bismarck himself had brow-beaten and bullied Russia in public. Alexander III, a strong, quiet man, resented his masterful ways and the habitual Bismarckian assumption that all the advantages of any agreement must be for Germany. The Tsar repeatedly declined to be tempted or coerced by Bismarck into adventures in the East and even showed how much confidence he reposed in Germany by ordering an enormous concentration of troops upon the Russo-German frontier. Bismarck, for his part, waged a lively "press war" against Russia, organized an attack upon Russian credit, and

proscribed Russian securities in Germany. But since these measures had little effect, he caused the text of the Austro-German Treaty of Alliance against Russia, which he had previously communicated to the Tsar, to be published officially in Berlin and Vienna on February 3, 1888. Its first clause ran:

> Should, contrary to the hope and against the sincere wish of the two high contracting parties, (Germany and Austria-Hungary) one of the two Empires be attacked by Russia, the high contracting parties are bound to support each other with the whole armed strength of their Empires and, in accordance therewith, only to conclude peace jointly and in agreement.

He followed up this publication by a portentous anti-Russian harangue in the Reichstag that ended with the famous words —"We may be won by love and good-will — easily, perhaps too easily — but most assuredly not by threats. We Germans fear God but naught else in the world; and it is fear of God that leads us to love and to cherish peace." In this speech also occurred Bismarck's equally famous declaration which seemed, at the time, to refer to the Austro-German Alliance but doubtless referred in reality to the secret Russo-German Treaty:

> I do not think it would have been possible not to have concluded this [Austro-German] Treaty. Had we not concluded it [in 1879] we should have to conclude it to-day. It possesses the most distinguished quality of an international Treaty inasmuch as it is the expression of lasting reciprocal interests, those of Austria as well as our own. In the long run, no Great Power can, contrary to the interests of its own people, stick to the letter of any Treaty; in the last resort any Power is compelled openly to declare "times have changed. I can no longer do it"; and it must justify itself as best it can in the eyes of the other party to the Treaty. But no Great Power will approve of letting its own people be led into ruin on account of a Treaty concluded in other circumstances.

Evidently the latter part of the declaration was meant to warn Russia that the secret Treaty might be ignored by Germany if Russia remained recalcitrant. Evidently, also, Bismarck was trading upon the gullibility of the German people in 1896 when he contended that, from 1884 to 1890, his re-

lations with Russia had been excellent. But so great was the fear of him that the utmost the Foreign Secretary dared do was to allude ironically to Bismarck's own difficulties with Russia; and even this allusion was to cost Baron Marschall dear.

As an exercise in diplomatic legerdemain, the secret Treaty with Russia was undoubtedly a masterpiece. Having quieted Austria by the anti-Russian Alliance of 1879, and enticed Italy into the Triple Alliance in 1882, he assured Russia two years later against German attack and bound Germany not to support Austria in case of an Austro-Russian conflict in which Russia might manage to represent Austria as the aggressor. At the same time, the secret Treaty assured Germany against having to fight France and Russia simultaneously in case France should attack, or be goaded by German intrigues into attacking Germany. Further, it enabled Bismarck, while fomenting discord between Russia and England, to persuade Russia that England was the Power against which the secret Treaty was chiefly directed. The defect of this clever instrument was that a political genius of Bismarck's quality and unscrupulousness was needed to use it effectively. Bismarck's angry contempt for the successor who discarded it gave the measure of his own sense of superiority.

There was one important aspect of the secret Treaty of which I did not at once perceive the full meaning; nor were my eyes opened by Bismarck's allusions, in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* article, to the effect upon Russia of Caprivi's and the German Emperor's "pro-Polish policy," or rather, of their conciliatory treatment of some leading Prussian Poles. Deeper knowledge than I then possessed of the invisible undercurrents of European affairs would have been needed to make me understand that the joint oppression of the Poles and the maintenance of the partition of Poland were fundamental principles with the Prussian and with the Russian dynasty alike. As I discovered later, the weakest spot in the anti-Russian Alliance between Austria and Germany was the influence of the Austrian Poles upon the Haps-

burg dynasty, and the fear lest that influence encourage Austria to embarrass both Germany and Russia by cultivating Polish good-will and by fomenting Polish aspirations toward national reunion. The three accomplices in the partition of Poland — Prussia, Russia, and Austria — were not equally guilty in Polish eyes or, at least, many Poles hoped that Austria might one day help to undo the evil deed to which Maria Theresa had been accessory. Had she not had the grace to weep even while sharing the spoil! But Bismarck had never felt retrospective qualms of conscience about the misdeeds of former Prussian kings. He had helped Russia to crush the Polish insurrection of 1863 and had actually signed with her a secret convention that closed the Prussian frontier to Polish fugitives. He had even been accused in the Prussian Diet of having handed over to Russia the refugees who succeeded in crossing the Prussian border. His "benevolent neutrality" had thus established a claim upon the gratitude of the Russian dynasty, whereas France, England and Austria had entered a joint protest against the oppression of the Poles and had thrice put forward demands, in the name of the Treaties of 1815, in favour of Polish self-administration. Bismarck's reproach that the conciliatory Prussian policy toward the Poles in 1890–96 had estranged Russia from Germany possessed, therefore, a barbed point that entered deep into the mind of William II; and the anti-Polish policy, which the Emperor presently pursued, proved his determination never to merit that reproach again.

THE TSAR'S TWO TOASTS

Upon the "Hamburg Revelations" followed another sensation of almost equal intensity that arose out of the two official versions of the Tsar's toast at Breslau in September. According to the first version, the Tsar had said he was animated by the same feelings as his father, Alexander III, toward the Emperor William — whom Alexander III detested — whereas, according to the second, the Tsar had professed "the same traditional sentiments" as the Emperor William.

A Berlin weekly journal, the *Welt am Montag,* alleged that the first version, containing, in the original French, the words "*que feu mon père,*" had not been due to a reporter's error but had been dictated to the representative of the Official Telegraph Agency by the Marshal of the Court, Count Eulenburg. This exalted personage it accused of having acted under English influence, the argument being that England was interested in preventing a good understanding between Germany and Russia. As the *Welt am Montag* repeated its assertions in its next issue, enquiries were made into their origin. Two questionable individuals, named Leckert and von Lützow, were found to have written them. In self-defence, Leckert and von Lützow averred that their information had been derived from a Foreign Office official acting on behalf of the Foreign Secretary, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. His motive, they explained, was to strike a blow at the "irresponsible Government" by a clique of high officials at Court who were believed to have brought about the resignation of General Bronsart von Schellendorf, the Prussian War Minister, and whose influence with the Emperor was a thorn in the flesh of other ministers. Leckert and von Lützow also mentioned the name of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, son of the third Imperial Chancellor, as one of their informants.

Count Eulenburg, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, and Prince Alexander Hohenlohe consequently brought an action for libel against Leckert and von Lützow, the editor of the *Welt am Montag* and other persons indirectly implicated. During the trial, which came on in December, Leckert was shown to have been a tool of von Lützow who was himself an agent of Herr von Tausch, the head of the secret political police. It appeared also that von Lützow had formerly been dismissed from the army, at the instance of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, for having contributed articles to an anti-German newspaper. When, however, the representative of the Official Telegraph Agency admitted that he had telegraphed from Breslau the first version of the Tsar's toast containing the words "*que feu mon père*" without sub-

mitting it to the members of the Emperor's Civil Cabinet for verification, the case began to acquire a wider significance, although he denied that Count Eulenburg, the Marshal of the Court, had dictated that version "in English interests."

It appeared further that Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, had actually received Leckert at Breslau; and that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the Foreign Secretary, had himself written down the second version of the Tsar's toast to which a Russian official had agreed before it was communicated to the Official Telegraph Agency. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein denied, on oath, all connection with the first version, and declared that, on hearing it had been issued, he had ordered an enquiry which showed that the official reporter had been at fault. Further enquiries had, he stated, proved that von Lützow was in the service of the secret political police with which the German Foreign Office had severed its connection four years earlier on account of the constant intrigues in which the secret police indulged against important personages and, in particular, against the Foreign Office and its officials. So bad had these intrigues become that the only course open to the Foreign Secretary was to "flee into publicity" and to denounce them and their author, Herr von Tausch.

The plot thickened when Herr von Tausch himself affirmed that there was authority for the statement that the Marshal of the Court, Count Eulenburg, had falsified the Tsar's toast, suggested that Leckert and von Lützow had been in touch with the head of the Emperor's Civil Cabinet, and explained his own interest in the affair by saying that he had wished to send a full account of the intrigues of the Foreign Office to Count Philip Eulenburg, the German Ambassador at Vienna, in order that the Ambassador might inform the Emperor.

Count Philip Eulenburg was the Emperor's intimate friend. Any assumption that von Tausch's reference to him was a vain boast collapsed when Count Philip Eulenburg came as a witness from Vienna and admitted that his relations with von Tausch were "mutually friendly." Von Tausch had written

him about the falsification of the Tsar's toast but he, Count Philip Eulenburg, had nothing whatever to do with machinations of the kind attributed to Leckert and von Lützow, though he had once used his influence to obtain a decoration for von Tausch.

Count Philip Eulenburg's evidence thus made it clear that von Tausch had really been in touch with him, and left room for suspicion that an intrigue of considerable dimensions lay behind the statements in the *Welt am Montag*. Unless von Tausch could be completely discredited, the public might conclude that there was no smoke without fire and that something was rotten in the highest and "most highest" spheres of German life. Therefore the trial was suddenly transformed into a prosecution of the head of the Secret Police. Von Lützow was persuaded to turn king's evidence against von Tausch whom he represented as the originator of the whole affair. When von Tausch contested the truth of this "confession," the presiding judge warned him that, if guilty of perjury, penal servitude would await him. The President of Police, von Tausch's hierarchical superior, suspended him from his functions; and, next day, von Tausch was arrested in court and imprisoned "on suspicion of wilful perjury." The leading villain having thus been removed, Leckert and von Lützow were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment each, and the trial came abruptly to an end amid general bewilderment and dissatisfaction.

It was felt, however, that the matter could not rest where it was. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein found he had stirred up a nest of particularly large and venomous hornets. As I telegraphed to *The Times* on December 8th, after the close of the trial, "On all sides questions are asked as to the identity of the prime mover or movers in the campaign against the Foreign Office and, rightly or wrongly, people refuse to admit the possibility of the immediate agents in that campaign having acted exclusively on their own account." At the same time it did not escape notice that Herr von Tausch was treated with especial tenderness by the Bismarckian organs as an official who had always been a devoted partisan of

Prince Bismarck; and the importance of the functions which von Tausch had discharged — it transpired that he had conducted, with singular audacity, the inquiry into the fatal Kotze scandal earlier in the year — suggested that he might not be without powerful backers. Virulent Conservative attacks upon Baron Marschall von Bieberstein for having "fled into publicity," soon revealed the existence and the quality of those backers. Though Baron Marschall got some satisfaction by securing an audience of the Emperor in which he obtained his Majesty's authorization for an official statement in the *Imperial Gazette* that the proceedings against the *Welt am Montag* had been ordered by the Emperor himself, it became clear that his days as Foreign Secretary would soon be numbered. The socialists began to make capital out of the disclosures at the trial; and when, in May, 1897, von Tausch was prosecuted for perjury, Baron Marschall, who again appeared as a witness, was informed by the presiding judge and by the Public Prosecutor that his evidence was inadequate to convict the prisoner of political intrigue. Before the trial ended, the Emperor suddenly broke off a military review and, returning to Berlin, sent for Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. On the morrow it was announced that, "for reasons of health," the Foreign Secretary had been granted a long leave of absence. The trial then ended in the complete acquittal of von Tausch. A few months later Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople while Herr von (afterwards Prince) Bülow, Ambassador to the Quirinal, was made Foreign Secretary in his stead. Herr von Bülow's first act in his new capacity was to pay a formal visit to Prince Bismarck — a visit on which Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, accompanied him.

Though this sequel to the Leckert-von Lützow trial could not be precisely foreseen in December, 1896, it was even then clear that the ultimate outcome might be very different from its apparently successful beginning. Baron Marschall, a native of Baden, had challenged, and exposed, the Bismarckian system of press and police machinations and of Court intrigue. Neither Bismarckian nor Prussian pride could brook so dire

an offence. The very foundation of Prussian politics was shaken, and German Imperial institutions seemed to be tottering. On the morning after the arrest of von Tausch and the condemnation of Leckert and von Lützow, the British Ambassador asked me solemnly whether I did not think that Germany was on the eve of a revolution. So great was the discredit which the trial had thrown upon the secret police, the Court, and even upon the Emperor himself, that the question seemed justified. Had the socialists really possessed a tithe of their apparent strength, they could hardly have wished for a more favourable opportunity. The anti-Bismarckian and the Bismarckian factions were in open feud. The "new course," which the Emperor had begun to steer after the dismissal of Bismarck in 1890, had led straight to the conclusion of the anti-German Dual Alliance and to the "Hamburg Revelations." In reality, the Leckert-Lützow trial, with its sequel in the trial and acquittal of von Tausch, definitely marked the end of the opening phase of William II's reign. Bismarck had won the first round of his contest with the Emperor. The second phase which had, in point of fact, been inaugurated by the Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, was to be pronouncedly pan-German and Anglophobe. On this basis some measure of agreement with Bismarck would be possible, as the bitterly anti-English tone of the Bismarckian organs showed. They lost no opportunity of fomenting German hatred of England. A strike of dockers at Hamburg in the winter of 1896–97 was immediately ascribed by them to English intrigues and employed to work up a degree of hostility towards England almost as acute as that which had followed the Jameson Raid. To the Emperor, who was pushing forward his plans for a huge German navy to defend the Greater Germany over-seas which he was resolved to build up, this aspect of Bismarck's activities was peculiarly welcome; and, when the new Foreign Secretary and the Imperial Chancellor did obeisance to Bismarck in the summer of 1897, none but the blind could fail to see whither the "newer course" was tending.

On New Year's Day, 1897, I handed over the Berlin Office

of *The Times* to Mr. George Saunders and left Germany. So different from the Germany of 1892–93 had I found the Germany of 1896, that the thought of leaving to another the uncongenial task of recording German manifestations of ill-will towards my own country was not displeasing. How faithfully Mr. Saunders and, subsequently, the late Mr. J. E. Mackenzie, discharged that task, and how bitter was the resentment of Germans against them, are matters of more than journalistic history. For my part, I left Germany profoundly convinced that nothing save a complete change in German methods and tendencies or a complete abdication by England of her place in the world could, in the long run, prevent an Anglo-German conflict; and this conviction, which had been forced upon me by experience and observation in 1896, undoubtedly influenced my judgment of European affairs during the next eighteen years.

CHAPTER IV

ITALY

1897–1899

RELIEF at escaping from Berlin deepened with every stage of my journey to Rome. Of these there were several, for I went by way of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, London, Paris, and thence through Turin, Milan, Venice, Bologna, and Florence; and each stage brought me nearer to the discovery of a world at once old and new. In Roman history I had been well grounded as a boy. The Italian Renaissance was comparatively familiar to me, and the story of the Risorgimento I knew in outline. Of the ecclesiastical policy, or policies, of Pius IX and of Leo XIII, in so far as they had been expressed in encyclicals, in the Syllabus, and in the proceedings of the Vatican Council of 1869–70, I had a general notion; and though I could not speak Italian or even read it with facility, I believed it to be "an easy language," which, with the help of Latin, French and Spanish, I could quickly "pick up." This presumptuous belief was soon shaken. Italian I found harder to master than French or German. The wealth of its vocabulary, the subtlety of its phraseology, its very capacity to express the most delicate shades of meaning, give it a singularly elusive quality; and until foreigners learn to speak and write it with some approach to accuracy and elegance, they cannot know Italy. This I discovered later. At the outset, I entered my new sphere of work with confidence and zest.

But my first impression of Rome was a disappointment. The weather was muggy and wet, the skies were grey. On the uneven pavements of the narrow streets stood pools of muddy water. The buildings looked sombre and the whole city wore an air of bedraggled untidiness. The Italians whom

I met spoke of their country with semi-apologetic scepticism, and foreign partisans of the Vatican predicted the downfall of "Liberal" Italy. In the political atmosphere there was something I could not define. Public affairs seemed to be managed and the game of politics to be played according to other rules than those to which I had been accustomed. The simplest question appeared to have half a dozen sides to it, and the task of finding out which side was nearest to the truth promised to be long and exasperating. Personal passions swayed opinion to a far greater extent than in England, Germany, or even France. Evidently, strangers should walk warily in seeking a clue to the special realities of Italian life.

At all times those realities are apt to be hidden from an inexperienced eye; but, in the spring of 1897, a cloud of untoward circumstances veiled them heavily. The disaster that had overtaken Italy at Adowa in Abyssinia, twelve months before, had wounded Italian feeling at its most sensitive point, and had exposed to public odium the parties and the men to whom responsibility for the national humiliation could be attributed. An outburst of indignation had swept away the Crispi Cabinet, and its members were generally execrated. Out of their discredit, rival men and parties were seeking to coin credit for themselves, while the Vatican looked on with unctuous malice. The services of Crispi in repressing the revolutionary disorders of 1893–94 were forgotten, as were those of his principal colleague, Baron Sidney Sonnino who, as Minister of Finance and afterwards Secretary for the Treasury, had averted national bankruptcy by a series of heroic financial and fiscal measures. Crispi's successor in the premiership, the Marquis di Rudinì, though nominally a Conservative, had formed a clandestine alliance with the "advanced" parties in the Chamber. Rudinì hated Crispi, a fellow Sicilian, with truly Sicilian ferocity, and welcomed the aid of the Francophil and semi-Republican Radical leader, Cavallotti, in the task of driving Crispi, the friend of Bismarck and partisan of the Triple Alliance, finally from public life. Rancour against Crispi had led the Rudinì Cabinet, in the

spring of 1896, hastily to publish an official Green Book containing State Papers on the Abyssinian war. These Papers were meant to compromise Crispi; but since they included, without the knowledge or consent of the British Government, confidential despatches that had passed between London and Rome and between British and the Italian Intelligence officers on the Red Sea, they compromised the Rudinì administration instead. So serious was their effect upon Anglo-Italian relations that the Italian Foreign Minister, the Duke of Sermoneta, who was technically responsible for the publication, had been offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice for Rudinì's " diplomatic " sin.

THE SHADOW OF FASHODA

A further complication had arisen from the despatch of a Papal mission to Abyssinia in the hope that the Negus, or Emperor, Menelek would release, at the Pope's request, some thousands of Italian prisoners whom the Abyssinians had taken at Adowa. Mgr. Macario, head of the Coptic Church in Egypt, was chosen as envoy. The Vatican hoped thus to demonstrate its power to restore the prisoners to their families at a moment when Italy had been weakened and humiliated; and, incidentally, to cast a slur upon the House of Savoy and its head, King Humbert. The mission failed, and the prisoners were released under a convention which an Italian envoy, Major Nerazzini, subsequently negotiated with Menelek. The German Emperor had, on the other hand, hastened to Italy in the spring of 1896 in the hope of strengthening the Triple Alliance by showing his sympathy with Italy and her King; while the British Government had suddenly ordered Anglo-Egyptian troops to advance against the Mahdist Dervishes at Dongola in the Nile Valley with the immediate object of relieving Mahdist pressure on the Italian flank in the Italian Red Sea colony, Eritrea. At Dongola, General Kitchener had defeated the Dervishes decisively in September. This swift advance had irritated France who saw in it not only a move to strengthen British hold upon Egypt but the beginning of

a campaign destined to forestall an ambitious scheme which a distinguished French officer, Colonel Marchand, was then executing by a march across Africa from West to East. Colonel Marchand's real, though not his ostensible purpose was to establish French influence on the Upper Nile and to join hands with the Abyssinians against Italy and England. The scheme had the tacit support of Russia who wished also to secure a foothold on the Red Sea or the Indian Ocean and to create there a naval base as a link with her Far Eastern provinces.

In one respect, at least, this situation was not new to me. In Paris, on my way to Rome, I had seen the French Foreign Minister, M. Hanotaux, who had descanted threateningly upon the dangers of any further British advance against the Mahdists. He assured me that French influence in Abyssinia was supreme, as the Italians had already learned to their cost, and that Colonel Marchand would assuredly link up with the Abyssinians and so strengthen the position of France on the Upper Nile as to enable her to throttle Egypt should England continue to ignore French remonstrances. The occupation of Fashoda by Colonel Marchand at the end of September, 1898, was presently to show that France took this policy seriously; but when I repeated my conversation with M. Hanotaux to my famous colleague, M. de Blowitz, he remarked caustically, "M. Hanotaux is intelligent. But one half of intelligence consists in taking account of the intelligence of others; and that half M. Hanotaux lacks." The stricture was well-deserved, for M. Hanotaux's unreasonable Anglophobia had ended by making him the unconscious tool of Germany who desired nothing more heartily than to keep England and France apart. He never suspected that policies or tactics suggested to him by Russia had been originally suggested to Russia from Berlin, with the double object of rendering the Dual Alliance innocuous and of embroiling France and England on the one hand and England and Russia on the other. Certainly, when he lectured me in February, 1897, M. Hanotaux seemed not to imagine that the British Government, Lord Cromer and Sir Herbert Kitchener would so readily read his mind, or that

the crushing defeats of the Mahdists on the Atbara and at Omdurman by Kitchener's forces in April and September, 1898, would leave the next French Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé, to choose between the withdrawal of Colonel Marchand from Fashoda and a serious conflict with Great Britain. Fortunately, M. Delcassé had the wisdom which M. Hanotaux lacked. Not only did he make his choice manfully but, by appointing M. Paul Cambon to the French Embassy in London, he opened a new chapter in Anglo-French relations.

To add to the complications of the position at Rome in 1897, an insurrection against the Turks had broken out in the Island of Crete where a Greek expedition under Colonel Vassos had landed to assist the insurgents. The Great Powers summoned Greece to disavow and recall Colonel Vassos and blockaded the Island, the blockading squadron being commanded by an Italian officer, Admiral Canevaro. Nevertheless, Greece and Turkey came directly to blows and, in a six weeks' campaign, the Greek Army was thoroughly routed. Parties of Italian volunteers went to assist Greece, one member of the Italian Parliament who joined them being killed in battle. Italian feeling became inflamed against the Turks, and all the experienced tact of the Marquis Visconti Venosta, who had succeeded the Duke of Sermoneta as Foreign Secretary in the Rudinì Cabinet, was needed to keep Italy in the "European Concert," to avoid further complications in the Balkans, and to prevent Italian suspicion of Austrian designs upon Albania from aggravating the difficulty of Italy's international position.

THE THRONE OF ITALY

Those difficulties were, however, suddenly over-shadowed by the attempt of an Italian anarchist, named Acciarito, to assassinate King Humbert on April 22, 1897. While the King was returning to Rome from a race meeting, Acciarito rushed toward the carriage and struck at him with a dagger; but the King coolly parried the blow so that the blade passed through

the sleeve of his tunic and embedded itself in the upholstery of the carriage. "These are the little perquisites of our trade," King Humbert remarked quietly, and resumed the drive to the Quirinal where, as soon as the news was known, he was made the object of an immense patriotic demonstration. Only ten days before, the people of Rome had stood coldly by as he had driven in State to open Parliament, and more than one shout of "Long live the Republic" had been heard. So seriously had the military disasters in Abyssinia affected the prestige of the dynasty and the King's own popularity that rumours of an impending abdication gained currency. Had not his grandfather, Charles Albert, abdicated the throne of Sardinia after defeat at Novara in 1849? Moreover, Republican and Socialist propaganda was making headway, thanks, in part, to the clandestine alliance between the Conservative Prime Minister and the Radical leader, Cavallotti. The more striking, therefore, was the demonstration of loyalty on the part of the people of Rome as soon as they learned of the attempted assassination. I accompanied the crowd to the Quirinal and witnessed its enthusiasm. Hastening to the telegraph office, I wrote for *The Times* an account of the outrage and of the demonstration, only to find, some hours later, that my message had been stopped by the Italian censor who allowed none but official telegrams to pass. Protests were unavailing. But I drew from this experience a lesson that afterwards proved useful.

Next day, further enthusiasm was created by an announcement that, in reply to an address of congratulation from the Municipality of Rome, King Humbert had said, "These loyal demonstrations have made me forget the sad event of yesterday. They are worthy of the Italian people. I am determined to consecrate the remaining years of my life entirely to the promotion of my subjects' welfare." Not without reason, this statement was taken as a sign that the King had really thought of abdicating. A feeling that the nation, as well as its head, had escaped a great danger, spread throughout the country and prompted many outbursts of devotion to the Monarchy. For a time, the Italians forgot personal passions and ani-

mosities and realized how closely their very existence as a nation was bound up with the fortunes of the House of Savoy.

This crisis — for crisis it was — brought to light some of the underlying realities of Italian affairs for which I had been seeking. Just as the inauguration of the Kyffhaüser monument, the "Hamburg Revelations," and the Leckert-Lützow trial had, for a moment, disclosed hidden tendencies in Germany, so the attempt on the life of the King, and its effects, helped me to understand how important was the dynasty in Italy, how narrow the margin of safety on either side of the national path, and how swift might be retribution for error. In Italy, I perceived, cause and effect were more clearly and quickly discernible than in countries with political systems more firmly established and possessing greater elasticity. Italy had been made by Cavour, Garibaldi, and the other leaders of the Risorgimento under the auspices of the dynasty. National unity had been won in the teeth of Mazzinian agitation for a republic, and of clerical resistance organized by the Vatican with the support of Austria and — ultimately — of France. Veteran Republicans like Crispi had rallied to the dynasty on the ground that "The Monarchy unites us; the Republic would divide us"; and had put the achievement of unity above their personal preferences. But the Risorgimento had been mainly the work of the patriotic nobility and upper middle class. The people had been drawn into the movement only by the magnetic appeal of Garibaldi and by the glamour of his "red shirts." Without a unitary symbol in the House of Savoy, the Seven States of Italy could never have been merged into one, the Temporal Power of the Pope could not have been overthrown, nor could there have been created among the Italian peoples a spiritual union as the forerunner of the political union which a common allegiance and the growth of common interests would presently establish. In the meantime, any weakening in the prestige of the dynasty meant a weakening of the national structure. As I wrote to *The Times* at the end of August, 1897:

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Parliamentary life in Italy is still dominated by personal rancour and factional war, to the neglect of national interest and to the serious prejudice of national welfare. Not only are the "seams of the Seven States" — as Signor Crispi has called them — still visible in the form of local customs, provincial dialects and particularist prejudices, but even in the Chamber at Montecitorio the names Piedmontese, Lombard, Tuscan, Neapolitan, and Sicilian represent well-defined tendencies. It is this circumstance that renders indispensable the existence of a popular monarchy which, at once the repository of national traditions and the token of national aspirations, may raise its voice above the din of warring groups and impose its will, in the national interest, upon the turbulent and short-sighted egoism of faction. It is this circumstance, too, which stamps as incipient treason all propaganda for a federal republic under the ægis of France. A republic must, for many generations, be impracticable in Italy. Were it established, it would be marred by sectional intrigue, and its end would be disruption and chaos. The Monarchy is the only possible common denominator; and the only possible dynasty is that of Savoy which, whatever its shortcomings, can at least claim to have worked for centuries in the cause of national unity and independence and to have crowned its efforts by the sacrifice of the very province whose name it bears.

ITALIAN NATIONALISM

Thus I began to see why many Italians looked upon the alliance between the Prime Minister Rudinì and the semi-Republican Radicals of the Extreme Left as a danger to the State; and why republican socialism which, in Germany, might be a useful corrective to dynastic intrigue and reactionary designs, was, in Italy, essentially subversive. Even in France, where socialism aimed at the establishment of a more democratic republic and served as a stimulus to liberal reform, it was far from being as dangerous as in Italy. Bad though social conditions were in many parts of the Italian peninsula, an attempt to improve them by changing the form of the State could only be a prelude to collapse, political and economic.

Moreover, the financial position of Italy was such that nearly one half of her total revenue was absorbed by the service of the national debt — a debt incurred chiefly during the wars of the Risorgimento and by taking over the debts

of the Seven States. With taxation, direct and indirect, at a higher level than in any other European country, Italian statesmen were bound to be cautious lest social reform lead to expenditure so heavy as to break the back of the Exchequer. These very reasons should, however, have militated against expensive foreign commitments such as those which an imprudent policy had entailed in Africa, and against the maintenance of an army and a navy disproportionate to the national needs. But, on this point, Italian national pride, and the feeling that the Italian people would prefer to play a part in the world even at the cost of penury, made it easy for Italian statesmen to err. Nowhere is the truth more valid than in Italy that, like men, nations do not live by bread alone. Crispi's ardent patriotism had exposed him to the charge of megalomania — not altogether without reason. A man of his temperament could hardly have kept on the hither side of the line that divides the legitimate cultivation of national ambitions from extravagance in the pursuit of them. The very secret of Crispi's power lay in the appeal which his nationalism made to the deeper instincts of his fellow countrymen. Less than eighteen months after the Abyssinian disasters and his fall from power, he made, at Milazzo, in Sicily, a speech that reverberated throughout Italy. In commemoration of the Garibaldi's victory over the Neapolitan army at Milazzo in 1860, he said:

Now I ask every man who loves his country: Was it worth while to cast in one mould the seven Italian States if, in the new form, there should not appear an Italy equal to other nations? We desire no predominance in the world, but we have a right that none should exercise predominance over us. An Italy cowering within her frontiers, abandoning to foreign ships the surrounding seas, raising no voice in the concert of civilized governments, dreading lest she awaken suspicion, shutting her eyes for fear of the light, cannot be the Italy to which Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel aspired. Every nation has its mission in the world, and we, who fulfilled ours, during the period of servitude, with our statesmen, our philosophers, our captains, cannot renounce it to-day when we are constituted a united State. Dandolo, Galileo, Columbus, Eugene of Savoy, and Napoleon Bonaparte bear witness to the worth and

power of the Italian mind. I have been accused of having led Italy into misfortune in order to make her great. Every act of mine in defence of our rights has been interpreted as a provocation, for the same reasons that — according to certain theories — it is necessary to yield continually so as not to arouse ill-feeling abroad. Italy has no need of me in order to be great. She is great by her own worth. A people of 32,000,000 souls, possessed of a fertile territory, engirdled by the sea which opens to it the highways of the world — such a people controls all the elements of greatness. It would be the fault of its own sluggard inertia were it not to renew its youth.

The appeal of such arguments is ever potent in Italy; and though, at that moment, the Italians had little to gratify their own pride, they joined whole-heartedly in the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of 1897. Indeed, the display of enthusiasm in Italy over the Jubilee pageant in London caused me to write from Rome:

Such a pageant could hardly fail to appeal to a nation which cherishes the traditions of Roman greatness with a deeper affection than that inspired by merely classical memories, even did it not feel a latent pride in the reflection that Italy, and Italy alone, has, since the days of the Crimean War, been the constant friend and quasi-ally of the country which now displays its power and wealth to the world. For days past the press of all the large Italian cities has teemed with expressions of gratitude for help afforded by England in the past, of congratulation for the present, and of hope for the future. The lurking feeling that England has sometimes acted with too little regard for Italian interests is, for the moment, forgotten in sheer admiration of the vastness and might of the British Empire — and in worship of that strength for which Italy yearns, and which she trusts, in spite of disaster, one day in some degree to acquire.

THE ANGLO-ITALIAN ALLIANCE

Whether Italy was ever, after the Crimean War and up to her entry into the Great War in 1915, technically the ally of England, is a point which historians may dispute. Undoubtedly, Lord Palmerston often gave Italy valuable support; and nowhere was the completion of Italian unity in September, 1870, more heartily welcomed than in England. Italy's early efforts at colonial expansion in the Red Sea were certainly

not discouraged from London, though successive British governments sometimes sought to enjoin prudence upon her when ambition seemed to be getting the better of discretion. British support of Italy in the Mediterranean also served as a counterpoise to French hostility when, after the Italian entry into Rome, France left the cruiser *Orénoque* for five years in the Port of Civitavecchia at the disposal of the "imprisoned" pontiff, and tolerated the formation at Antibes of a legion of "Pontifical Zouaves" in readiness for an attempt to restore the Temporal Power. After the French occupation of Tunis in 1881, and the formation in 1882 of the Triple Alliance which made no provision for the protection of Italian interests in the Mediterranean, Anglo-Italian relations became intimate; and, in 1887, it was currently believed that something akin to a naval understanding had been concluded between England and Italy. In June, 1891, Sir James Fergusson, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, gave colour to this belief by stating in the House of Commons that "Italian statesmen are aware that Her Majesty's Government are at one with them in desiring that there shall be no disturbances of the existing order in the Mediterranean and adjacent seas and that the sympathies of this country would be on the side of those who would maintain a policy so important for the British interests involved."

Nevertheless, the facts were known to few until 1920, when Dr. Alfred Francis Pribram, Professor of History at Vienna University, published them — and reproduced the text of the diplomatic documents — in the first volume of his "Political Secret Treaties of Austria-Hungary." He showed that, on February 12, 1887, the Italian Ambassador in London, Count Corti, addressed to Lord Salisbury, on behalf of Count di Robilant the Italian Foreign Minister, a Note suggesting that Italy and Great Britain should jointly seek to maintain the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Black Sea; and that, in the event of its disturbance, the two countries should so act as to preclude any definite change without a previous agreement between them. In this Note Italy proposed to support Great Britain in Egypt, while Great Britain should

undertake to support the action of Italy against encroachments by a third Power in North Africa, especially in Tripoli and Cyrenaica. It added that "in general and as far as circumstances might permit," England and Italy should support each other in the Mediterranean in case of differences between either of them and a third Power.

Lord Salisbury accepted this Note "with great satisfaction," as enabling the British Government "to reciprocate cordially Count Robilant's friendly sentiments and to express their own desire to coöperate generally with the Government of Italy in matters of common interest to the two countries."

After the Triple Alliance had been renewed, on February 20, 1887, between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, Notes were exchanged between Lord Salisbury and Count Károlyi, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, by which the Austro-Hungarian Government adhered to the Anglo-Italian understanding. Thus it became Anglo-Austro-Italian and brought Great Britain into the orbit of the Triple Alliance. At the same time Austria-Hungary also adhered to an Italo-Spanish understanding similar to the Anglo-Italian understanding; and in the following December a definite Anglo-Austrian understanding was further concluded for the maintenance of peace in the Near East and the preservation of the independence of Turkey.

These understandings were mainly the work of Count di Robilant, the Italian Foreign Minister and former Ambassador in Vienna. When pressed in August, 1886, by the German Ambassador to renew the Triple Alliance, Robilant had declined to renew it unless it were amended to the advantage of Italy—and unless Germany and Austria-Hungary would consent to an Anglo-Italian agreement for the protection of Italian interests in the Mediterranean; and it was only after the conclusion of that agreement, on February 12, 1887, that Robilant renewed the Triple Alliance on February 20th. When some of these facts were divulged in October, 1897, by the Italian historian, Chiala, who had learned them from Robilant himself, they made a stir in Europe. On the morrow, *The Times* published a letter stating that, after Robilant's fall

in 1887, Crispi would even have been willing to drop the Triple Alliance if he could have secured a Treaty of Alliance with England. Crispi wrote me at once to deny the accuracy of this statement. He added: "Of old a partisan of an agreement with England, I have always held such an agreement to be complementary to those continental alliances which are necessary to the safeguarding of European peace. To this end I did all in my power, from December, 1887, onward, and found in Lord Salisbury a sagacious helper in giving effect to my ideas."

Two days later, a Bismarckian organ in Germany, the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, declared that, while Bismarck had not thought it advisable to create the impression that Germany attached much importance to the renewal of the Triple Alliance, lest Italy, who was always trying to get the greatest possible advantages in return for small services, should raise her price, Bismarck had, in fact, set great value on its renewal both for political and for military reasons. Her membership of it kept her, to a certain extent, outside the sphere of French influence; and though Italian military help to Germany might not be worth much north of the Alps (in its original form the Triple Alliance contemplated the transfer of two Italian army corps to the German front), the Italian alliance was extremely valuable because it enabled Austria-Hungary to devote her whole armed strength to the common cause instead of having to detach half of it to watch the Italian frontier. The *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* actually quoted Bismarck as having said, after his retirement from office, that, "If, for financial reasons, Italy should yield to the temptation of leading an easy life at the cost of the Triple Alliance, no objection should be offered. Even an Italy with diminished strength, cutting her coat according to her cloth, would be doing good service to the Triple Alliance." It was part of Bismarck's policy, added his organ, to gratify Italian national pride by attributing to Italy the rank of a great European Power. If Count di Robilant made the renewal of the Alliance conditional upon an antecedent agreement with England for the protection of Italian interests in the Mediterranean, he did

only what Prince Bismarck would have done in his place. Prince Bismarck always believed that the parties to the Triple Alliance should be allowed to safeguard their special interests by concurrent treaties with other Powers.

ITALIAN POLICY IN AFRICA

In 1897, the Anglo-Italian understanding was not regarded in Italy as having lapsed, though it had not been expressly renewed when the Triple Alliance itself had been renewed for the third time, and for a period of twelve years, in 1891. As its object was the protection of British and Italian interests in the Mediterranean, it obviously strengthened the British position in Egypt and, at the same time, made it incumbent upon Italy not to abandon her possessions in Northeast Africa without consulting England, since such abandonment might seriously affect the situation on the Upper Nile. But, on this point, the Rudinì Cabinet was by no means unanimous. Like the Radical leader, Cavallotti, with whom he was working for the demolition of Crispi, the Marquis di Rudinì favoured the abandonment of the Red Sea Colony, or Eritrea, with the possible exception of the port of Massowah; and he paid little heed to British views on the subject. The Marquis Visconti Venosta, on the contrary, was opposed both to a precipitate policy of "scuttle" and to any breach of faith with England. In April, 1897, the Italian envoy, Major Nerazzini, left Rome for Abyssinia to settle the question of the Italo-Abyssinian boundaries which had been left open in the peace convention Nerazzini had negotiated with the Emperor Menelek after the disaster of Adowa. Nerazzini was instructed to do his best to retain for Italy the line of the rivers Mareb, Belesa and Muna which left to Italy the important provinces of Okulé-Cusai and Scraé on the Abyssinian high plateau. Shorn of these provinces, Eritrea would be neither defensible nor habitable. But, before Nerazzini could reach Adis Abeba, the Abyssinian capital, the Marquis di Rudinì took occasion to declare in the Chamber at Rome that the Italian Government were determined radically to reduce their commitments, to evacuate the high plateau, to retain

a garrison at Massowah alone and to abandon Kassala (a fortified town on the borders of the Sudan) as soon as possible. Therefore, when Nerazzini reached Abyssinia he found Menelek — whom French agents had informed of Rudinì's statement — in possession of Italian official declarations at variance with the instructions given when he started from Rome. Nevertheless, by tact and personal influence, he succeeded in mitigating the effect of Rudinì's singular announcement and in securing a favourable provisional boundary which ultimately enabled Italy to retain the important provinces and positions which the Prime Minister had desired to sacrifice.

Since it could not be a matter of indifference to Great Britain that the Abyssinians should occupy the whole of the high plateau, if not, indeed, the Eritrean lowlands, and be placed in a position to conduct, if they wished, a joint campaign with the Mahdists against the British forces then advancing under Sir Herbert Kitchener in the Nile Valley, I took strong exception in *The Times* to the Italian Prime Minister's policy. Important British interests were at stake, no less than important interests of Italy. A British mission under Sir (then Mr.) Rennell Rodd, had been sent to Abyssinia for the very purpose of ascertaining the attitude of Menelek towards the British campaign against the Mahdists, and of making, if possible, an agreement with him. Mr. Rennell Rodd had succeeded in persuading Menelek that the British advance on the Nile was not directed against Abyssinia and in obtaining from him a pledge of neutrality. This pledge Menelek faithfully kept, despite the efforts of the Mahdi's emissaries to seduce him from it after Mr. Rodd's departure from Adis Abeba. But had the Marquis di Rudinì's policy been carried out, the defection of Italy might have turned the scale against England. Hence my efforts to warn the British public and Government, through *The Times*, of the danger afoot.

A TEACHER OF FOREIGN POLICY

To my satisfaction I found that these efforts, which involved trenchant criticism of the Prime Minister, were in no way

resented by the Foreign Secretary, the Marquis Visconti Venosta. On the contrary, his bearing toward me, rather than his words, seemed to say "more power to your elbow." He received me often and discussed, with a fullness and freedom I have never ceased to appreciate, the main aspects of European politics and of British and Italian interests in particular. If, in later years, I acquired some power of judging European affairs in prospect as well as retrospectively, and of distinguishing fundamental tendencies from accessory circumstances, I owe it largely to the patience and good-natured tuition which I received from this veteran Italian statesman. Born in 1829 at Milan of an old Italian family, Visconti Venosta came under the influence of Mazzini and took part in the Mazzinian conspiracies against Austrian rule. In the celebrated Milanese rising of 1848, known as the "Five Days," he was prominently concerned; but, clearer-sighted than Mazzini, he opposed the ill-conceived outbreak of 1853. With a group of young patriots he strove to keep alive faith in the national cause, defeated an attempt of the Austrian police to capture the leading Milanese Liberals, and, early in 1859, saved his own life by swimming the Naviglio Grande and escaping to Piedmont with the Austrian police hot on his heels. Cavour welcomed him as a trusty lieutenant and attached him to Garibaldi as Royal Commissioner during the war of 1859 against Austria. After Cavour's death in 1861, Visconti Venosta became, in rapid succession, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Foreign Secretary, an office which, with brief intervals, he was to hold until the overthrow of the Italian Conservative Party in 1876. He was the principal author of the Law of Guarantees that regulated the position of the Papacy, after the Italians entered Rome in 1870; and, in drafting it, he took counsel especially of the famous Southern Slav Archbishop, Mgr. Strossmayer. After twenty years' quiet observation of European politics he consented, in the summer of 1896, to resume his guardianship of Italian foreign affairs. Of irreproachable character, penetrating but cautious intelligence, great experience and absolute straightforwardness, Visconti Venosta was a statesman of unique quality; and when he encouraged me, in

his prudent fashion, to work for the maintenance of Anglo-Italian coöperation in Northeast Africa, I felt I had found an ally indeed.

STATESMEN AND JOURNALISTS

Often, in later years, when watching the attempts of diplomatists or ministers to influence the press, I have marvelled at the short-sightedness of their methods. Public men can gain no lasting advantage through the mere "inspiration" of writers, and still less by plying them with coloured news. Far better is it for men in responsible public situations to explain impartially the problems of the day and to gain the confidence of writers by sheer honesty. I cannot remember even a suggestion, much less a request, from Visconti Venosta that I should take one view rather than another of any question we discussed. He would express his own ideas, place them in a historical setting and, after putting forward the other side of the case, would explain how they had been formed. He would impart information of a highly confidential character whenever it was necessary to show how a situation had arisen, but he left me entirely free to accept or reject his arguments, and to verify, by independent enquiry in other quarters, the accuracy of his conclusions. In short, he made of his contact with the press, as far as I could judge by personal experience, a sort of collaboration for what he held to be the public good. In this way he inspired a confidence and a devotion that served the cause he had at heart far more effectively than any mere advocacy of his own ideas could have done. Like most of the leaders of the Italian Risorgimento he, too, had been a writer and a journalist. He understood the value to journalists of wider knowledge than they could use in their published work, because the possession of such knowledge improves their judgment and increases their sense of responsibility.

Naturally, the advantages of collaboration such as that to which Visconti Venosta admitted me were not all on one side. If I learned much from him I was also, on occasion, able

to give him information and help. He was eager to discuss British problems more freely than he could discuss them with the British Ambassador, and I was able to throw upon them fuller light than he could derive from the despatches of the Italian Ambassador in London. Sometimes Visconti Venosta gave me opportunities of getting important news. In August, 1897, Major Nerazzini returned from his critical mission to Abyssinia, bringing the suggestions for the new Italo-Abyssinian boundaries which — against the wish of the Prime Minister — he had persuaded Menelek to accept. Finding that the principal ministers were not in the capital, Nerazzini had gone for some days to his home near Montepulciano in Tuscany. When Visconti Venosta came back to Rome he advised me to go to Montepulciano and to ask Nerazzini to speak freely to me. I went at once and learned not only the details of the new boundaries and the results of the Rennell Rodd mission, but the intention of Menelek to come forthwith to Italy on a visit to "his friend" King Humbert. Had this intention then been known in Italy, there would have been so indignant a public protest against Menelek as to have wrecked Italo-Abyssinian relations and to have compromised the Government if not the King. Nerazzini himself seemed not to realize how strong Italian feeling against Abyssinia still was, or the explosive quality of Menelek's "friendly" proposal. He did not even ask me to keep the information secret, but merely suggested that it might be well to defer publication until he had made his verbal report to King Humbert a few days later. But I returned at once to Rome, saw Visconti Venosta, found that neither he nor his colleagues knew what Nerazzini had told me, and offered to treat as confidential everything that might prejudice the situation in Italy or in Abyssinia. The offer was gratefully accepted; and, as soon as Nerazzini had made his report to the King, I was able to telegraph to *The Times* an account of his mission and of the main results of the Rennell Rodd mission without endangering British or Italian interests.

If it is a mistake for public men merely to "feed" journalists with the views or news they wish to disseminate, it is a

still greater mistake for journalists merely to hunt for news and to publish all they get. They must give as well as get; and they should have an eye both to the welfare of those who place confidence in them and to that of the public which they serve. But they cannot give information or advice without constant work. I spent every leisure moment of the late spring and summer of 1897 in mastering the geography and politics of Northeast Africa from Jubaland to Cairo, watched the British, French and German press, and kept in touch with the chief foreign diplomatists who were interested in matters African. Thus the Foreign Secretary, whom diplomatists saw only when they had some special reason to ask him for an appointment, was glad to consult me. Indeed, I soon discovered how advantageous to a journalist may be a belief in the minds of ministers or ambassadors that he is likely to be able to tell them something, especially when they are also persuaded that he will not make unfair or indiscreet use of what he may learn in the course of a private conversation.

SIDNEY SONNINO

Among the other Italian public men who admitted me to friendly and confidential intercourse were Crispi, "the Italian Bismarck"; the Liberal leader, Zanardelli; Luigi Luzzatti, the eminent Jewish economist and Minister of the Treasury; and, especially, Baron Sidney Sonnino. Sonnino, who was to play an increasingly influential part in Italian affairs, belonged to a younger generation than Visconti Venosta with whom he had little in common save ardent patriotism and transparent honesty of character. Whereas Visconti Venosta, like many leaders of the Risorgimento, was a devout Catholic, Sonnino, the son of an Italian Jew and of an English mother, was a Protestant. As such, he was especially disliked by the Vatican and was regarded with aversion even by Italian freethinkers. Passionate beneath a cold exterior, intense to the point of narrowness, straightforward and tenacious to a degree incomprehensible and therefore uncongenial to most of his fellow politicians, he held in Italian public life a position unique in

its austere isolation. From youth he had used his ample means in the acquisition of knowledge. After serving an apprenticeship in diplomacy at the Vienna, Berlin, and Paris embassies, he had thoroughly investigated the economic condition of Southern Italy and Sicily and of the Italian colonies on the Red Sea. He seemed to carry fidelity to his motto, "*Nitor in Adversum*" (I swim against the stream), to the extent of courting unpopularity — a tendency that may be as harmful as its opposite in a democratic state. Yet, to his friends, who were few but devoted, Sonnino showed so lovable a disposition as to justify Touchstone's verse, "Sweetest nut hath sourest rind." As an expert on African affairs and a convinced Anglophile, Sonnino vigorously opposed the Rudinì policy of scuttling from Eritrea, and he approved, as strongly as Visconti Venosta, of my efforts to reveal the danger lurking in Rudinì's tendencies.

Sonnino also spent many an hour in explaining to me the mysteries of Italian finance and in helping me to unravel the complications of an Italian budget. In a country that had been compelled to amalgamate under one exchequer the debts and the budgets of seven States, financial appearances were not always what they seemed, and Sonnino's guidance was invaluable to me. To him and to Visconti Venosta I was chiefly indebted for such insight as I acquired into the fundamental conditions of Italian politics. Meanwhile, the Marquis di Rudinì made a final attempt to embarrass England in Northeast Africa. He began to press for an immediate occupation of Kassala by an Anglo-Egyptian force, although he had previously agreed that Italy would hold the place, which her troops had heroically captured from the Mahdists in 1894, until it were convenient for Kitchener to take it over. Again and again he threatened to abandon Kassala, without waiting for Kitchener's advance towards Khartum, unless a British or an Anglo-Egyptian force were sent to occupy it at once. Profiting by the absence of Visconti Venosta in Germany whither he accompanied King Humbert, in September, 1897, on a visit to the German Emperor, Rudinì renewed this pressure until Lord Salisbury exclaimed, "I have often been pestered by

people who wanted to get something, but never before have I seen people in such a hurry to give up something." Feeling that the success of Kitchener's advance might be compromised if the Mahdists were allowed to form a base at Kassala, I wrote strongly against the Rudinì policy and, to some extent, "held the fort" until Visconti Venosta returned and supplied a corrective to Rudinì's impatience. Ultimately, Kassala was held by the Italians until an Anglo-Egyptian force, coming by way of Suakin and Berber, took it over at the end of 1897; and, a year later, the Anglo-Egyptian authorities acceded to an Italian suggestion, which I supported in *The Times*, that a permanent monument should be placed at Kassala in memory of the Italian officers and men who had captured and held it against the Mahdist hordes.

A CRUCIAL YEAR

The year 1898 will long be memorable in European history, if not, indeed, in the history of the world. In many ways it marked the rise of a new political order under the influence of circumstances that were to affect the course of things up to the war of 1914. Kassala having been safely secured against Mahdist occupation, the field was set for Kitchener's annihilation of Dervish power at Omdurman and for his dramatic meeting with Colonel Marchand at Fashoda, out of which grew, in reality, the Anglo-French understanding of March, 1899, in regard to North Africa and, five years later, the Anglo-French Entente. It was the year in which the broad conceptions of M. Delcassé succeeded to those of M. Hanotaux at the French Foreign Office; the year of the appointment of M. Paul Cambon to the French Embassy in London; and the year in which M. Camille Barrère, the new French Ambassador to the Quirinal, began, by the negotiation of a Franco-Italian commercial treaty, to give a more friendly character to the relations between France and Italy. Especially was it the year of the Spanish-American War, of the end of Spain as a colonial power, and of the acceptance by the United States of definite over-sea commitments in Hawaii and in the

Philippines. In France, it was the year of Zola's open letter, "J'accuse," to the President of the Republic that ushered in a period of strife tantamount to civil war over the Dreyfus Affair — strife from which the Republic was to emerge triumphant after a life-and-death struggle with clericalism and all the forces of reaction. It was the year of the Tsar's Rescript convening the Powers to a conference on Disarmament at the Hague — which was to prove a harbinger of war; while, in Italy, it was the year of the "May Movements," which exposed the country to serious revolutionary danger and opened a series of internal conflicts that were to end only with the assassination of King Humbert in 1900.

In December, 1897, a partial Cabinet crisis had occurred at Rome. General Pelloux, Secretary for War in the Rudinì Cabinet, had suddenly resigned office on the pretext that the Chamber had not accepted a motion of minor importance which he had recommended. As General Pelloux was *persona grata* at Court, it was assumed that he would not have resigned save at the wish of the King. Nevertheless, Rudinì reconstructed his Cabinet with the help of the Liberal leader, Zanardelli, and of some minor Liberal politicians. Thus the clandestine alliance between the Conservative Prime Minister, Rudinì, and the Radical leader, Cavallotti, was reinforced by an open alliance with the anti-conservative elements of the Chamber. The prefects in the provinces received instructions to close one eye to the propaganda of the extreme Radical, Republican, and Socialist parties, with the result that the machinery for the maintenance of public order tended to get out of control. Cavallotti, whom his opponents suspected of cherishing an ambition to become the first President of an Italian Republic, increased his activities; but, early in March, 1898, he became involved in a quarrel with a Conservative deputy, Count Macola, by whom he was killed in a duel, the thirty-second Cavallotti had fought. While, in some quarters, his disappearance was regarded as a positive gain to monarchical institutions, it was denounced by his friends as the result of a Conservative intrigue to get rid of him, and was

used by them as a pretext for making his funeral a review of all the revolutionary forces in the country.

With the possible exception of Crispi, no Italian public man was better loved or more intensely hated than Cavallotti. A poet of considerable attainments and an orator of undeniable, albeit jerky eloquence, he had constituted himself a champion of public morality and, as such, had long been a terror to his fellow politicians. In fact, his custody of public morals seemed at times to degenerate into political blackmail. He never forgave Crispi for having abandoned the Republican and Mazzinian cause during the Risorgimento, and his resentment took other than political forms. Cavallotti was also a fierce opponent of the Triple Alliance and an indefatigable partisan of an agreement with France, possibly because he hoped that French influence might facilitate the establishment of a republic in Italy. The demonstration organized after his death by the Radical, Republican, and Socialist associations of the country had, therefore, a special significance. The demonstrators filled the streets of Rome as the body was conveyed to the railway station; they gathered in thousands to salute it in every centre between Rome and Milan; and when it reached Milan, on March 9th, it was escorted to the grave by a procession more than one hundred thousand strong. Six weeks later, a rise in the prices of corn and bread led to rioting in several southern cities, and the revolutionary organizations believed the moment opportune for decisive action. Profiting by the supineness of the police and the military authorities, they promoted disorders in Apulia, the Marches, Tuscany, the Romagna, and Lombardy. The movement spread rapidly along the chief railway lines until it reached Milan, where the revolutionary mob sacked houses, built barricades, and engaged in a regular battle with the garrison, until, after stubborn fighting, artillery was employed to smash the barricades, and the insurgents were defeated. According to the official military report, eight barricades in succession were

carried at the point of the bayonet while firing parties had to occupy the housetops in order to clear snipers from the roofs and windows. The exact numbers of killed and wounded were never known, but they certainly ran into several hundreds. At one moment the military authorities in Milan were so doubtful of their power to cope with the situation that they applied for reinforcements to the commander of a neighbouring army corps; but, before reinforcements arrived, the Milanese garrison, consisting of 16,000 troops of all arms, restored order.

The repression was as ferocious as the preventive measures had been lax. Martial law was proclaimed, a Royal Commissioner appointed with extraordinary powers, the Radical, Republican, Socialist, and Clerical newspapers were suppressed and their editors arrested. The Marquis di Rudinì, awakening tardily to the perils of the position, extended martial law to the greater part of the country, dissolved all organizations suspected of subversive tendencies — including more than four thousand Catholic associations that had been formed at the instance of the Pope — and ordered large numbers of arrests. Search was made for arms in the chief cities, many thousand firearms being seized and given up in Milan alone.

A JOURNALISTIC STRATAGEM

By the irony of circumstances, these "May Movements" occurred while King Humbert, attended by a number of his ministers, was celebrating at Turin the fiftieth anniversary of the Constitution. For a time they were almost marooned in the Piedmontese capital, railway communication with the south having been interrupted. In Rome there was no outbreak; but so alarmed was the Government that it suppressed immediately all independent telegrams to foreign newspapers and allowed only the bulletins of the official telegraph agency to pass. Presently it suppressed even these. Mindful of the Censor's action at the moment of Acciarito's attempt to kill the King, and anxious to inform *The Times* as rapidly as possible, I summarized only the official information as it became available; but, finding that even this summary was stopped

by the Censor, I sent, on May 9, 1898, a telegram which apparently misled him into believing that it would reassure the foreign public. It ran:

Perfect calm exists everywhere on official paper which alone circulates freely. The value of other paper is inadequately appreciated.

Then a brilliant idea struck me. If I could not telegraph even the official truth, I might perhaps be permitted to send deliberate lies, provided they seemed favourable to the Government. At a post-office on the outskirts of Rome I handed in the following telegram, in German, to the private address of the foreign editor of *The Times:* "*Das Kurze wird umgekehrten Sinnes sein*" (Short messages will mean the opposite of what they say), and signed it with the German equivalent of my name. Then, from the Central Telegraph Office, I sent to *The Times* a series of brief messages denying categorically all the true information available. These messages the censors caused to be despatched with alacrity; but, to my dismay, I received late at night a telegram from *The Times* containing the one German word, "*unverständlich*" (incomprehensible). My brilliant idea had, after all, missed fire. However, a second telegram, "*verstanden*" (understood), reassured me next morning. Thus I was able to inform *The Times* succinctly but accurately of the true position for several days. In particular, I conveyed some detailed information which the Italian War Office had itself given to an important Foreign Embassy upon the situation at Milan. It was repeated to me with permission to publish it. I sent it in the form of a specific denial of every item of the news.

In ordinary circumstances, my stratagem would naturally have been discovered within forty-eight hours of its adoption; but, as railway communications with the North and with foreign countries were interrupted, it availed to hoodwink the Italian authorities for five whole days. No other English paper received more than the wild rumours of a complete revolution in Italy that were telegraphed from Switzerland. These rumours had the effect of causing one large banking house in London to sell £500,000 worth of Italian securities,

which Italian banks had to buy at a moment's notice in order to save Italian credit abroad. When, at length, *The Times* with my peccant messages reached Rome, the storm broke. An official *communiqué* threatened me with the direst pains and penalties. Imagining that it had been inspired by the Minister of the Treasury, Signor Luzzatti, in anger at the fall in the value of Italian State securities — a fall for which I was not responsible — I wrote to warn him that the sources of my information had been so good that it might not be expedient for the Italian Government to compel me to divulge them. He sent for me at once, assured me that the *communiqué* had been written not by him but by the Prime Minister, the Marquis di Rudinì, who was furious at having been outwitted; and he urged me to communicate immediately with the Marquis Visconti Venosta. Visconti Venosta received me with a benevolent frown and said, "It seems, sir, that you have treated us to a pretty farce." "Yes, your Excellency," I replied; "when people make war upon me I employ stratagems." "So I understand, so I understand," returned Visconti Venosta; "but don't do it again."

Between them, the Minister of the Treasury and the Foreign Secretary succeeded in calming the rage of the Prime Minister, thanks in part to the proof I was able to give them of the folly of attempting to suppress all news of unpleasant occurrences. I urged that, had the Prime Minister given foreign correspondents facilities for getting and verifying information, and had he appealed to them to help in preventing undue alarm abroad, the exaggerated stories of a complete revolution in Italy, which filled the European press as soon as channels of authentic information were closed, could never have acquired credence and Italian securities would not have fallen so precipitately.

THE CLERICAL FACTOR

The Marquis di Rudinì had special reason to feel sore. On all hands, the "May Movements" were recognized as an indirect consequence of his alliance with Cavallotti and the Ex-

treme Left and as an effect of the laxity of his administrative control. It was therefore evident that his premiership could not last long, despite the vigour he had shown in suppressing disorder after it had occurred. But he clung desperately to power and profited by a conflict between his chief Conservative colleague, Visconti Venosta, and his chief Liberal colleague, Zanardelli, to tender the resignation of the whole Cabinet and to persuade the King to let him form yet another administration. Visconti Venosta had urged the need for repressive legislation against revolutionary societies and their propaganda. But the reports of the Royal Commissioners engaged in the application of martial law showed that Clerical associations had been as active as their Republican and Socialist counterparts in fomenting disorder. Moreover, Cardinal Ferrari, the Archbishop of Milan, had found it convenient to leave the Lombard capital shortly before the outbreak, and had returned only after it had been crushed. Zanardelli, as an anti-Clerical, had therefore insisted that Cardinal Ferrari's *exequatur* should be withdrawn and that Catholic revolutionaries should be punished with especial severity. An Italian official *communiqué* even suggested, toward the end of May, that the Pope had disapproved of Cardinal Ferrari's conduct and of the action of the militant Clerical party; whereupon the chief Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano,* published the text of a letter which the Pope had written to Cardinal Ferrari expressing, indeed, regret that the Cardinal had not been able to be present " as a conciliator of the people " during the riots, but dilating upon the wickedness of those who attributed to Clerical organizations any responsibility for the " May Movements " and declaring that the attacks made upon the Cardinal were not in reality directed against his person but against the Catholic principles which he represented.

Denouncing this Papal letter as a challenge from the Church to the State, Zanardelli demanded that a bill be prepared to empower the Government to remove obnoxious prelates from their sees. Visconti Venosta objected, not because he held that Clerical excesses should go unpunished, but because he was anxious to avoid the appearance of religious persecution.

He urged that the hands of the civil authorities ought to be strengthened against subversive tendencies in any quarter and particularly in the press. Since Rudinì could not reconcile his contending colleagues, he excluded them both and replaced them by obscurer politicians. As the chief item in his programme, he laid before Parliament a severe "Public Safety Bill." But the new Cabinet was so vigorously assailed in the Chamber by Baron Sonnino, with the approval of all parties, that it resigned office without waiting for a vote. Thus, in the absence of a definite parliamentary indication, King Humbert was able to entrust the premiership to General Pelloux whose resignation of the Ministry of War on an apparently flimsy pretext in December, 1897, had, at the time, seemed incomprehensible. Not without difficulty, Pelloux formed a Liberal Cabinet of second-rate men. At a moment when the country seemed to require a strong administration, such as a Sonnino-Visconti Venosta Cabinet would have supplied, King Humbert preferred to place in office his own nominee, in the hope that, as a soldier, General Pelloux might reassure those who feared a repetition of the "May Movements" and that, by choosing Liberal colleagues, he might reassure those who feared a reactionary policy. In reality, the premiership of a politically inexperienced general displeased the Liberals, while the Liberal hue of his Cabinet displeased the Conservatives. Moreover, the King became, in a measure, responsible for his Prime Minister's mistakes and risked the loss of the popularity he had regained after his escape from assassination a year before.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

As Foreign Secretary, General Pelloux chose Admiral Canevaro who had commanded the European naval forces during the blockade of Crete, but who was otherwise devoid of diplomatic preparation for the heavy task that lay before him. He took office on June 29th. On April 25th, the United States had declared war upon Spain and, early in May, while Milan was rioting, the American forces had captured Manila.

Papal attempts to prevent the war had failed, as had a movement on the part of some European Powers to bring the whole of Europe solidly into line against the United States. In point of fact, this movement started in Berlin, though it was strongly supported by Austria-Hungary whom the German Emperor used as pacemaker. I first became aware of it during a conversation with Baron Pasetti von Friedenburg, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the Quirinal, on April 17th. With an acrimony rare in a man of his courteous temperament, he animadverted upon the criminal shortsightedness of England in not opposing the designs of the United States. He assured me that the Emperor Francis Joseph, like the German Emperor, believed that the moment had come for the States of Europe jointly to make a stand against American high-handedness and to bring the United States to reason. Indeed, if England persisted in maintaining her foolish attitude, which was really encouraging the United States to flout Europe, she might find that Europe would turn against her. Germany, Austria-Hungary, France and Russia would be ready to join in a European manifestation and, if England would play her part, Italy might join too. Baron Pasetti therefore urged me to represent to the British public the extreme expediency of concerted European action lest an opportunity be let slip that might never recur.

I listened with some surprise to this outburst and suggested irreverently that the Continental Powers which the Ambassador had mentioned might wish England to bell the American cat. But I added that Spanish management of Cuba had not aroused enthusiasm in England and that, whatever happened, the condition of Cuba would certainly not be worse under the United States than it had been under Spain. In my telegram to *The Times* that evening I said:

> Among Continental diplomatists a certain degree of irritation is observable at what is alleged to be the attitude of England. Some of the Powers, which have special reasons to fear the consequences of a Spanish defeat, are evidently of opinion that Europe has lost a good opportunity of affirming her interests as a compact political organization in opposition to those of America. At some future

time, it is thought, England may rue her neglect to coöperate with other European Powers in creating a precedent for united European opposition to American high-handedness. It is noticeable, however, that a somewhat inadequate knowledge of the present state of feeling in America prevails in the quarters where these opinions are most entertained.

While it was natural that Emperor Francis Joseph should have wished Europe to protect the interests of a Catholic country whose Queen Regent was an Austrian Archduchess, and while the sympathies of the Vatican could not fail to be with Spain, I suspected, even then, that something more positive than these influences must lie behind so ambitious a proposal as that which the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador had explained to me. But it was not until the incident in Manila Bay, when the British Admiral Chichester left no doubt of his intentions in case the German warships should interfere with Admiral Dewey, that I felt my suspicion to have been well-founded.

For the Vatican, the defeat of Spain was a serious disappointment. On April 9th the Pope had persuaded the Spanish Government to grant an armistice to the Cuban insurgents. The Austrian Emperor had congratulated him upon his success, and the Vatican organ, *Osservatore Romano,* had published a "telegram" from Washington stating that the "influence of the Holy Father in obtaining the suspension of hostilities in Cuba is fully recognized and hailed with gratitude by the American people." After the war had begun, on April 25th, the Pope had lived for weeks in the illusion that Spain had gone from victory to victory on land and sea. His principal sources of information were despatches from the Papal Nuncio in Madrid and the telegrams received by the Spanish Embassy to the Vatican which the Pope's private secretary, Mgr. Merry del Val, brought daily to his notice. When, at length, Cervera's fleet was annihilated off Santiago and the defeat of Spain could no longer be hidden, the Pope was painfully surprised. A change was presently made in his private secretariate.

Simultaneously, the views of the Vatican in regard to Italy

underwent revision. Up to May, 1898, the militant Clerical associations in Italy had been working on parallel lines with the Republican and Socialist organizations for the overthrow of the House of Savoy. The old idea that the Pope might recover his Temporal Power if the Italian dynasty could be overthrown was still cherished in the neighbourhood of the Pope, if not by the Pope himself, and was strongly held by the Jesuits. The watchword of the Roman Curia had been "Fuori Savoia!"—"Out with the House of Savoy!" But the violence of the revolutionary outbreak in Italy led the Pope and the more prudent of his advisers to consider whether the subversive parties would show much respect for the Altar should they succeed in destroying the Throne; and though the Vatican protested loudly against the suppression of Clerical newspapers and the dissolution of Catholic associations by Royal Commissioners under martial law, a feeling grew up that it would not be prudent to push matters too far. In outward appearance there was no change; but, in secret practice, the relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government became, for the time being, less strained.

THE ROMAN QUESTION

Nothing was known of this change outside Italy. Foreign Catholics believed, on the contrary, that the "Roman Question" had become especially acute. They felt and showed anxiety lest the Pope suffer indignity at Italian hands. In England, several Catholic journals began to agitate in favour of the militant Italian Clericals who had been condemned by court martial to various terms of imprisonment; and a prominent English Catholic, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, a nephew by marriage of the Duke of Norfolk, the leading English Catholic layman, came to Rome in December, 1898, to investigate the position. Like most foreign Catholics, he knew only the appearances, not the realities, of the situation. He had, besides, drafted a plan for the solution of the "Roman Question" by the restoration to the Pope of the section of Rome known as the Leonine City, together with a strip of land from Rome to

the sea. At the Vatican, the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, as well as Cardinal Mocenni had, more or less patiently, discussed with him these impracticable notions. But, wishing to learn officially the views of the Italian Government, he presented himself to Sir Philip (afterwards Lord) Currie, the British Ambassador to the Quirinal, with a letter from the Duke of Norfolk asking the Ambassador to give Mr. Wilfrid Ward the desired opportunity. The Ambassador was not a little embarrassed. He did not wish to offend the Duke of Norfolk by declining to recommend Mr. Ward to the Italian Government nor was he eager to compromise himself diplomatically by acting as sponsor for a "black" Englishman. Therefore he asked me, as an unofficial person, to do what he, as Ambassador, could not do. Much amused by this request, I made arrangements for Mr. Wilfrid Ward to meet a number of Italian public men and, since he spoke no Italian, I acted as interpreter for him. Together we saw the Prime Minister, General Pelloux; the Foreign Minister, Admiral Canevaro; the President of the Chamber, Signor Zanardelli; Baron Sidney Sonnino, and many others. Zanardelli was frankly anticlerical and shocked Mr. Ward severely. Pelloux was officially "correct;" but both Canevaro and Sonnino spoke to him with a freedom that should have opened his eyes had he known enough about Rome to appreciate what they told him.

After listening to Mr. Ward's suggestions for the solution of the "Roman Question" Canevaro said, in substance:

"I do not think that you foreign Catholics quite understand the position. I am, I hope, a devout Catholic. The Pope is my spiritual chief. It has always pained me that the conflict between Italy and the Vatican should so affect religious matters that, for instance, there have hitherto been no chaplains in our warships. The Vatican would not sanction their appointment. Last year, when I was commanding the European squadrons off Crete, some of our sailors died. To my grief, they had to be buried without the rites of the Church. Therefore, when I took office, I thought I would see if it were not possible to make some arrangement with the Vatican for the appointment of chaplains. Eventually, negotiations began

and proceeded even more successfully than I had hoped. They were concluded recently and, very soon, a number of Franciscan Friars will be appointed as chaplains in our navy. But do you know the condition that the Vatican laid down before negotiations began? It was that, whatever the result of the negotiations might be, whether an agreement were reached or not, there should be no change in the outward hostility of Italo-Vatican relations."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Wilfrid Ward.

"Quite possible, and what is more, quite true," replied Canevaro.

Annoyed and unconvinced, Wilfrid Ward broke off the conversation and took leave of the Foreign Minister. As we descended the stairs of the Consulta (the Italian Foreign Office) he asked, "Why did that fellow lie to me like that?"

"He did not lie," I said. "He is a perfectly honest sailor, incapable of telling you an untruth. There are, in Rome, wheels within wheels which we foreigners know nothing about and might not understand even if we knew."

Still unconvinced, Ward referred to Canevaro's statement when we saw Sonnino. As the conversation was in English, he felt more at home.

"Why should the Foreign Minister have thought it worth while to tell me a lie?" he inquired.

"It was not a lie," Sonnino answered. "It was quite true, and it may help you English Catholics to see that there is more in the 'Roman Question' than you imagine. You think that the Pope and the Vatican are really as anxious as they seem to get back the Temporal Power, and that, until they get it, the 'Roman Question' cannot be solved. Of course there are people who have that idea but they are not really influential. Sometimes, when the Cardinals are excited, they talk like that; but, in their heart of hearts, they know, as we know, that the 'Roman Question' was settled when the Italian troops entered Rome in 1870. But it is not in their interest or in ours that there should be a 'reconciliation.' Neither they nor we could afford to have it said that the Pope is the chaplain of the King. Look at my case. I

am a Protestant but I am also an Italian. I look upon the Church as the greatest Italian institution, the chief agency for the spread of 'Italianity' throughout the world. Its governing hierarchy is mainly Italian. Indeed, if the Church is to remain Roman and to be successfully managed, that preponderance must remain. We Italians could never tolerate a foreign pope and a foreign hierarchy in our midst. We wish the Vatican to be Italian. Should there be a 'reconciliation' between the Pope and King, should the Pope cease to protest against his 'imprisonment,' you foreign Catholics would soon suspect the Vatican of being more Italian than Catholic, and you would press for something like proportional representation in the Sacred College of Cardinals. In time, we should get a Sacred College with a majority of foreigners — Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Americans, Austrians and what not. One day, they would elect a foreign pope whom we should have to turn out of Rome. People in the Vatican know that very well. Therefore they keep up an anti-Italian attitude and protest against Italian 'oppression.' But when there is a chance to promote the interests of the Church, even by minor agreements with the Italian Government, they are quite ready to take it, provided it be not talked about. Now you may perhaps see why the condition was laid down that there should be no change in the outward relationship between the Vatican and Italy even if the chaplains were appointed."

Ward did not doubt Sonnino's sincerity but he thought him the victim of hallucinations. "The trouble," he complained to me, "is that none of these Italian politicians really understand the Roman Question;" and he urged me to call upon a prelate in the Vatican who, he said, would really be able to explain it. From this prelate, who was afterwards to hold very influential positions in the Roman Curia and in the Sacred College, he brought me next day a pressing verbal invitation which I accepted, though, as Christmas was at hand, I could not pay my call immediately. In the meantime the Pope, replying to the Christmas congratulations of the Cardinals, descanted once more upon "the hard situation, hurtful to his dignity and sacred rights" in which Italy held him,

and upon the oppression of the clergy. In commenting upon this allocution I wrote to *The Times.*

Persons unacquainted with the nature of the relations existing between the Vatican and the Quirinal may consider the Pope's allocution as evidence that the dispute between Church and State has again entered an acute phase. Yet it is merely one protest more against what the Vatican is pleased to term an intolerable state of things. By force of habit, however, the apparently intolerable has become not only tolerable but expedient, the originally abnormal not only normal but necessary. The terms of the "Roman Question" have undergone a profound change within the last quarter of a century; and the exigencies of Vatican policy to-day are by no means identical with the exigencies of twenty-five years ago. The two chief postulates of contemporary Vatican policy are that the Sovereign Pontiff should appear to be a prisoner and that the Vatican should appear to be the relentless and implacable foe of the Italian State. . . . If the Pope should choose to leave his voluntary prison, he would not only be acclaimed by the Roman populace, but the Italian troops would render him Royal honours, while King Humbert and Queen Margherita would be among the first to seek his benediction.

Such a course might be held to constitute a renunciation of the Papal claim to Temporal and territorial sovereignty, and, as such, be regarded as detrimental to the interests of the Church. But it would also lay the Vatican open to another and vastly greater peril — that of arousing the suspicion of foreign Catholic States that the Vatican was about to become more Italian than Catholic and that the Church was in danger of being used as an instrument of Italian political aims. Any such suspicion would signify the beginning of the end of the predominance of Italian ecclesiastics in the government of the Roman Catholic Church. Neither French, nor Spanish, nor German, and certainly not American Catholics would acquiesce in the present Italian hegemony in the Church if there were any fear that Italian prelates might learn to harbour patriotic aspirations. This danger is felt and is keenly apprehended by the Vatican. It is appreciated too by the Italian Government — so much so, indeed, that during a recent exchange of views as to a possible *modus vivendi* between Church and State, the representatives of each side agreed that, though a secret peace might be made, hostility must, for the sake of appearances, seem as bitter as ever.

As was to be expected, this despatch drew an irate denial from the Vatican, though it was subsequently cited with approval by the Duke of Norfolk in a public utterance upon the

"Roman Question." Apparently it convinced the prelate upon whom I had been asked to call that his "explanation" of the "Roman Question" would be lost upon me. When I called, he was out; but I left for him a message that I would call again unless I should hear from him in the meantime that the day and hour I proposed were inconvenient. Having heard nothing from him I called again at the appointed hour, was announced by his servant, and was asked to wait until another visitor should have gone. After the visitor had left, the servant informed me, however, that Monsignore could not receive me. Wishing to make quite sure that the affront was intentional, I asked that Monsignore, at whose invitation I had come, would be so courteous as to name a day and an hour when he could receive me. The answer was that Monsignore was unable to name any day or any hour.

I knew enough of Rome to keep this piece of calculated rudeness entirely to myself. But, some six months later, I received from the foreign editor of *The Times* a letter that had been written to him by a prominent English Roman Catholic upon my interpretation of a papal encyclical. The body of the letter consisted of fair and friendly comment to which no exception could be taken, but it contained also the following postscript:

> At the same time, I think you ought to know that the mind of your Rome correspondent has probably been biased by a rebuff with which he met at the Vatican some six months ago.

Then I understood that I had been allowed to call a second time on the prelate at the Vatican in order that my, hypothetical, resentment of his rudeness might be used against me in England; and I felt quite unchristian satisfaction that, a few days before I had received proof of his intrigue, I had pointedly declined to be presented to this very prelate when, at a "black" diplomatic reception, he had expressed to M. Tcharykoff, the Russian Minister to the Holy See, a wish to make my acquaintance.

At the time, I did not realize how deeply my comment on the Pope's Christmas allocution must have angered the

Jesuits whose pupil and agent this prelate was. They, who had secured the proclamation of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility as a dogma in 1870; who had, thereafter, driven Döllinger and the Old Catholics from the Church; who had persuaded Leo XIII to condemn the broad religious philosophy of Rosmini (the friend of Pius IX) and to install the Scholastic philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas in its place, were, at that moment, working for the definition and proclamation, as a dogma, of the doctrine that the Pope must possess Temporal Power. Powerful influences in the Church were ranging themselves for and against their latest plan, and it was for them important that the "Roman Question" should be kept alive as a burning issue. Therefore my explanation that it was neither possible nor expedient to restore the Temporal Power, and that the Vatican itself had made a secret arrangement with Italy, gave offence more serious than I imagined.

There were, besides, other reasons for keeping the question of the Temporal Power well to the fore. The belief among foreign Catholics that the Holy Father was subjected to persecution and imprisonment was financially valuable. Coloured prints, showing the Pope in his "prison" on a bed of straw, were being circulated through Clerical agencies abroad to arouse the indignation and to open the purse strings of the faithful. Since the Vatican had refused to accept the annuity of £129,000 which the Italian Government had offered after entering Rome in September, 1870—though a first instalment had actually been accepted by Cardinal Antonelli before French Clerical and Jesuit pressure compelled Pius IX to reject all further payments—the Pope was chiefly dependent for his revenues upon Peter's Pence. In the collection of those revenues the Jesuits greatly distinguished themselves. Large sums were also provided by other religious orders whose influence grew in proportion to their contributions. Pius IX had left, at his death, a fund of some £2,000,000; but a part of this amount had been lost by the financial advisers of Leo XIII in an attempt to "bear" Italian stock. One of the less responsible of those advisers, Mgr. Folchi, had, on that account, been dismissed in characteristic fashion. The lock on

the door of his office in the Vatican was secretly changed one night. Next day, finding that his key no longer fitted the lock, he understood and departed. The loss, alleged to amount to more than £1,000,000, could not be recouped and it became evident that, if the financial independence of the Vatican was to be maintained, the contributions of foreign Catholics to its exchequer must be increased. To this end, it was desirable to keep up the legend of the Pope's imprisonment.

Moreover, from the standpoint of orthodoxy, there was another and equally important aspect of the "Roman Question." Whenever men of apostolic, albeit indiscreet, fervour arose in the Church and sought to broaden her appeal by "modernizing" or "liberalizing" her doctrines, it was very convenient that, instead of condemning them forthwith, the Pope should be able to call upon them to postpone advocacy of their peculiar ideas until such time as the major disability of the Church, the loss of the Temporal Power, should have been redressed. Seek first the Temporal Power and its righteousness, they would, in effect, be told, and other things shall be added unto you. Only if they paid no heed were they likely to incur doctrinal condemnation.

Such condemnation befell in reality, if not formally, an important section of the American Catholic Episcopate toward the end of February, 1899, when a papal encyclical, dated January 22 and addressed to Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, denounced and condemned a series of doctrines known as "Americanism." How far this encyclical — which was written chiefly by the Jesuit Cardinal, Mazzella — had been inspired by a belief that the American Episcopate was growing lukewarm on the subject of the Temporal Power, and how far it was due to real alarm at the spread of unorthodoxy, it is hard now to say; but the impression in Rome at the time was that the victorious Jesuit onslaught upon "Americanism" was prompted, in part at least, by fear lest the movement render impossible the proclamation of the Tem-

poral Power as a dogma of the Church. In any case, the Jesuit campaign was conducted with admirable efficiency. "Americanism" had arisen out of the teachings of one Father Hecker who, with the assent of Pius IX, had founded the Paulist Order in the United States. After Hecker's death in 1883, his biography had been written by one of his disciples and published in New York with the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Corrigan. Subsequently, Cardinal Gibbons wrote a letter of praise to its author. Mgr. Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, also wrote an Introduction to the biography, in which he said:

> We always consider Isaac Hecker as the ornament and jewel of our American clergy, as a type which we should like to see reproduced as much as possible among us.

In 1897, a French version of the biography of Hecker appeared. It ran rapidly through several editions. The sixth edition contained translations of Cardinal Gibbons' letter of approval and of Archbishop Ireland's introduction. Then came a trenchant attack upon Hecker's teachings and "Americanism" in general, by Father Maignen, a French priest of the congregation of St. Vincent-de-Paul. It received not only the *imprimatur* of his Superior General but, almost immediately, the *imprimatur* of the Vatican. It denounced and repudiated one by one the doctrines of Hecker and was obviously intended to prepare the way for their condemnation.

Hecker's doctrines were, indeed, calculated to upset the equanimity of the orthodox. He taught the adaptability of Roman Catholicism to American institutions and insisted upon the importance of individuality among the clergy. He wrote, for instance:

> The efforts made since the Reformation to satisfy modern needs have definitely failed. Let us add that the Decrees of the Vatican Council have put an end to all controversy among Catholics on the question of authority. Consequently, the force of the individual must henceforth play as great a part in Catholicism as the force of the hierarchy, and everything must tend to the development of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul.

This sounded like rank Protestantism. Hecker claimed, moreover, that the union of the soul with God is direct and immediate, and that the work of priests is to guide the consciences of Christians, without forgetting that God directs those consciences inwardly and without presuming to consider themselves as substitutes for the Holy Spirit. He wrote further:

> The form of Government in the United States is, for Catholics, preferable to all others. It is more favourable than others to the practice of virtues which are the necessary conditions of the development of religious life in men. It leaves them greater liberty of action and consequently facilitates coöperation with the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

No wonder the Jesuits were upset. True, the Pope had commanded French Catholics to rally to the Republic, but it had never before been suggested that a Republican form of government was ideal for the development of Catholicism. How could the Temporal Power ever be restored on a Republican basis? Besides, the suggestion that the Catholic Church ought to adapt itself to modern conditions of political liberty was a flat contradiction of the eightieth proposition condemned by the Syllabus of 1870 — "The Roman Pontiff may and should be reconciled and compromise with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." To make matters worse, a former rector of the American Catholic College in Rome had emphasized publicly the compatibility of Hecker's teachings with the spirit of the American Declaration of Independence which proclaimed the natural "right" of men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" whereas, according to true Catholic doctrine, men have no natural rights but only a duty — the duty of saving their souls, upon the peformance of which all their rights depend. And, as for the excellence of the American Government's attitude toward religion, had not Leo XIII's Encyclical on Human Liberty declared that "Justice and reason forbid the State to be atheist or, what amounts to the same thing, to entertain identical sentiments toward different religions and to accord them all the same rights"?

Early in 1899 a further vigorous attack upon "Americanism" appeared in the form of a book entitled "Americanism and the anti-Christian Conspiracy," by Canon Delassus of Cambrai, which proved to the satisfaction of well-thinking Catholics that Hecker and his partisans were in league with the Protestants, the "Universal Israelite Alliance," and with the defenders of the Jew Dreyfus. This work promptly received the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Cambrai and was much praised in the Jesuit press.

Meanwhile, Archbishop Ireland, warned that danger might be afoot, had taken ship and come to Rome, persuaded, as he said, that "in a few minutes talk with the Holy Father" he would "put matters right." On arrival he had found himself denounced and scurrilously libelled in a news sheet entitled, "The True American Catholic," printed in doubtful English by a clandestine press. He applied for an audience of the Pope but, on one pretext or another, it was repeatedly postponed. Not until the encyclical condemning "Americanism" had been secretly prepared and signed, in readiness for publication in the *Osservatore Romano*, did the Pope receive him. At the audience no hint was given to him that, on leaving the Vatican, he would find the encyclical printed that evening in the Vatican official organ.

I met Archbishop Ireland frequently during his stay in Rome and was amazed at his buoyant confidence. Nothing, indeed, is harder to shake than the belief of foreign prelates in their own knowledge of the ways of the Roman Curia. But when the encyclical appeared, Mgr. Ireland was overwhelmed. He hastened to declare in a letter to the Pope that he had never approved of the doctrines condemned in the encyclical — and left Rome hurriedly for Naples. By chance, he travelled in the same compartment with Sir William Harcourt who had been spending the winter in Rome and had often met Mgr. Ireland in society. Fearing to disturb the Archbishop, who appeared to be seeking consolation in his breviary, Harcourt sat silent for an hour in the corner of the compartment. Presently, with a sigh, Mgr. Ireland laid down his book on the seat of the carriage and looked up. He recognized Harcourt

and greeted him. Glancing toward the book Harcourt saw that it was not a breviary but the "Odes of Horace." A roar of laughter shook his huge frame, as he exclaimed, "This is truly an edifying spectacle — a Christian prelate in disgrace consoling himself with a pagan poet."

One after another the Roman Catholic bishops in the United States followed Mgr. Ireland's example and repudiated the doctrines ascribed to Father Hecker. So prompt was their action that the leading Jesuit review, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, mocked them as follows:

> To-day, it is true, these people disavow their master and openly repudiate his opinions, some calling them extravagant and others stupid and contemptible. In order to save themselves and their school, at least in appearance, they remembered the great storm which once threatened to engulf the ship that was carrying the prophet Jonah from Joppa to Tarsus. Imitating therefore, the panic-stricken sailors, the Americanists seized their prophet Hecker and cast him into the sea; *tulerunt Ionam et miserunt in mare.*

And lest they should imagine that henceforth all was well, the Jesuit review gave them a parting kick in the final paragraph of its article:

> The practical lesson all ought to draw from the Papal encyclical is that Catholic principles do not change, either by lapse of time or by differences of country or through new discoveries or from motives of expediency. They remain the principles that Christ taught, that the Church proclaimed, that the Popes and the Councils defined, that the Saints held and that the Doctors defended. They must be taken as they are, or left. Whoso accepts them in all their fullness and rigidity is Catholic; whoever hesitates, oscillates, adapts himself to his times, or compromises, may call himself by what name he will, but before God and the Church he is a rebel and a traitor.

Archbishop Ireland learned his lesson. He was careful never again to risk disavowal by the Vatican. When, a year later, a letter which he wrote to the Duke of Norfolk upon the advantages of union between English-speaking Catholics was denounced in Jesuit organs as casting a slur upon the Pope's claim to the Temporal Power, he hastened to assure the Pope, through Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State, that

"never has a word escaped my pen or my lips contrary to the ideas of the Sovereign Pontiff with regard to the Temporal Power. Thank God! I know well enough my duty as a Christian and as a Bishop not to think and speak save as the Sovereign Pontiff thinks and speaks upon matters so serious and so intimately bound up with the life of the Holy Church." In comment upon this statement, and in order to explain the value of the Temporal Power as a means of enforcing discipline within the Church, I wrote on June 15, 1900:

It is noteworthy that, though the Society of Jesus has not yet succeeded in securing the definition of the Temporal Power as a dogma of the Church, even so enlightened a prelate as Mgr. Ireland should speak of the matter as one in regard to which it is his duty, not only as a Bishop, but "as a Christian," to think and speak in the same way as the Pope. Scarcely less noteworthy is it that the Milan Diocesan Committee should refer to the *non expedit* (the Papal injunction that Italian Catholics should neither vote at elections nor be candidates for Parliament) as a matter appertaining to "Catholic doctrine." These incidents illustrate the extent to which the whole organization of the Roman Church is penetrated by and ruled, some would say tyrannized over, by the so-called "Roman Question." It is the fashion in Protestant and in some Liberal Catholic circles to deplore this apparent subordination of spiritual to temporal issues and to suggest that the Pope would better serve the highest interests of the Church by spontaneously renouncing his claim to civil dominion. Yet it may well be that the Head of the Church knows his own business best. In the "Roman question" he possesses a touchstone and an emblem of immense worth, a touchstone by which to test the filial obedience of his spiritual children in tangible earthly matters, and an emblem around which all good Catholics must rally at his bidding, before which all Federalist, Autonomist and Liberal tendencies within the Church must disappear. The restoration of the Temporal Power would doubtless add splendour to the Papacy, weight to its counsels and efficacy to the labours of Papal diplomatists; and, in this respect, it may be an ideal worth striving after. But, while awaiting consummation, the ideal itself is a most potent instrument of discipline and government. As long as the Pontiff's rightful domain remains in the hands of the Savoy usurper, and the Vicar of Christ is, however theoretically, however voluntarily, a "prisoner in the Vatican," so long must the obligation to rally in support of Papal claims be incumbent

on all good Catholics, so long must aspirations towards greater freedom in respect of Church discipline and belief be kept utterly in abeyance.

This despatch arose out of the rejection of an appeal which had been made to the Vatican by an Italian Conservative journal to withdraw the *non expedit* in view of the critical general election that took place in Italy in June, 1900. In announcing the rejection, the Vatican organ had said officially:

> For this appeal to be entertained the antecedent fulfilment of an essential condition is necessary — namely, that the inviolable rights of the Church be fully and adequately recognized.

It therefore re-affirmed the original ordinance of Pius IX, "*Attentis omnibus circumstantiis, non expedit,*" and left the Pelloux Cabinet to struggle alone against revolutionary forces. In fairness to the Vatican it should be said that it was entitled to feel resentment toward the Pelloux Cabinet which, against the advice of Admiral Canevaro, had insisted on the exclusion of a Papal representative from the first Peace Conference at the Hague; and that it had a grievance against General Pelloux personally for not having sanctioned the reconstitution of all the clerical associations which had been suppressed by the Royal Commissioners after the "May Movements" of 1898.

ITALY AND THE DREYFUS AFFAIR

The Dreyfus Affair also affected the attitude of the Vatican toward Italy. Never tired of denouncing Jews and the "odious sect" of Freemasons, the Jesuit Press wrote against the partisans of Dreyfus as though belief in his guilt were an article of religious faith. The condemnation of Zola in July, 1898, had been hailed with joy in the Vatican where Colonel Picquart's denunciation of Majors du Paty de Clam and Esterhazy as the forgers of the secret document on the strength of which Dreyfus had been condemned, was treated almost as blasphemy. In Italian political circles, on the other hand, sympathy with Dreyfus was intense. Major Panizzardi, the

Italian military attaché in Paris, who had been accused of treasonable commerce with Dreyfus in the same way as his German colleague, Colonel von Schwarzkoppen, had informed the Government of the names of the real culprits, but had been bidden to keep them secret. On August 31, 1898, the morning after the publication of the Tsar's circular convening the first Peace Conference at the Hague, I had asked the Italian Prime Minister, General Pelloux, for his opinion of it. To my surprise, he had shown far greater interest in a Paris telegram announcing the arrest of a Colonel Henry. "That is more important than the Tsar's circular," he said. "Colonel Henry is one of the chief traitors or, at any rate, it is he who is responsible for the condemnation of Dreyfus. Dreyfus is innocent." Next day came the news of Henry's suicide in prison.

In Vatican circles, on the contrary, the suicide of Colonel Henry and the revision of the Dreyfus case in 1899, were thought disastrous; but when the revision by the Military Court at Rennes ended in the re-affirmation of Dreyfus's guilt, albeit with "extenuating circumstances," the Vatican breathed more freely. On the morrow of that verdict, Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, happened to receive M. Sazonof, then Chargé d'Affaires at the Russian Legation to the Holy See. Rubbing his hands with satisfaction, Cardinal Rampolla said, "This excellent verdict of Rennes settles the matter. It will put an end to the sinister agitation in France." M. Sazonof, who was convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus, replied that, in his country, the second condemnation of Dreyfus would be regarded as an infamy and would provoke the utmost indignation. Still hot with anger when he left the Vatican, M. Sazonof related this incident to a friend saying that he did not care who knew of it; and subsequently he told me of it himself. Without mentioning M. Sazonof's name, I recorded it in *The Times* as evidence of the Vatican standpoint — and received an immediate *démenti* from the *Osservatore Romano!*

Shortly before the Rennes trial (August-September, 1899), Major Panizzardi gave me a confidential account of the facts

as he knew them. He was sorely disappointed at not being allowed to appear as witness at the trial and told me what evidence he might have given. Italy, he declared, had not carried on systematic espionage in Paris, principally for lack of funds. The German military attaché, Colonel von Schwarzkoppen, who had at his disposal a large proportion of the German secret service money, maintained constant relations with Major Esterhazy and with Colonel Henry who, between them, furnished him at various times with some one hundred and seventy documents over and above those mentioned in the famous *bordereau*. Schwarzkoppen usually showed these documents to Panizzardi who copied and reported on them to the Italian War Office. Early in 1898, Panizzardi learned from Schwarzkoppen that Colonel Henry was the real culprit and informed his Government to this effect. Hence, doubtless, General Pelloux's insistence, when I had seen him at the end of August, 1898, upon the importance of the arrest of Henry. I pressed Panizzardi to allow me to state in *The Times* his opinion that Dreyfus was entirely innocent and that the documents in the possession of the German and the Italian governments had been derived from other sources. He, however, invoked military discipline, as far as his name was concerned, though he authorized the publication of a statement in *The Times* to the effect that, in addition to the documents enumerated in the *bordereau*, one hundred and seventy others had been sold in France to foreign governments which knew that Dreyfus had nothing to do with them.

This statement caused a sensation at Rennes during the trial, and I did my utmost to obtain from Panizzardi permission to follow it up with further details. He consulted his military superiors who refused permission; but I was assured that, before the end of the trial, an official Italian statement on the subject would be made. By one of those curious accidents which sometimes play a greater part in human affairs than the deepest laid schemes, this Italian statement was not made, although a statement was made on behalf of the German Government. When the Rennes trial was nearing its close and the second condemnation of Dreyfus appeared probable,

the Italian Ambassador in Paris, Count Tornielli, telegraphed urgently to the Marquis Visconti Venosta (who had replaced Admiral Canevaro as Foreign Minister in May, 1899) asking for an official declaration that no relations had ever existed between Dreyfus and any Italian agent. But, at that moment, Visconti Venosta was away in Piedmont. The diplomatic secretary in attendance upon him had recently become engaged to be married and had been given leave to spend the evening with the family of his bride-elect. Inadvertently, he had taken with him Visconti Venosta's cipher. Thus the Italian Ambassador's telegram, which had been sent from Rome to Piedmont, could not be deciphered until next day, when the Italian Ambassador in Paris was authorized to make the statement. But before the authorization could reach him, the Rennes trial was over and Dreyfus was again condemned. Much significance was attached at the time to the failure of Italy to make her declaration simultaneously with that of Germany, and inferences unfavourable to Dreyfus were drawn from her silence. The facts, I believe, have never before been published. Not until 1906, when the Paris Court of Cassation again revised the Dreyfus case and exonerated Dreyfus completely, was his innocence formally established.

On one point, in particular, Panizzardi's evidence was of interest. The accusers of Dreyfus had made great play with a letter or card alleged to have been written by von Schwarzkoppen, containing the phrase "*Ce* [*sic*] *canaille de D.*" It was alleged that "D" meant Dreyfus. The partisans of Dreyfus claimed, on the other hand, that this phrase had been forged in order to compromise Dreyfus. But Panizzardi was not at all sure that it had not been actually written by von Schwarzkoppen, since one of the intermediaries with whom he dealt was known as Dubois. Panizzardi thought that von Schwarzkoppen might well have written the phrase in some communication to him which the French secret police had intercepted. Schwarzkoppen constantly used the expression *canaille* in writing and in conversation, and generally made the mistake, natural in a German, of putting a masculine instead of a feminine pronoun in front of it. Panizzardi him-

self would certainly have written "*cette canaille*" since, in Italian, *canaglia* is feminine, as it is in French. Dubois had been the terror of his and Schwarzkoppen's lives in Paris. He sometimes furnished documents of value, but he was always demanding from Schwarzkoppen and Panizzardi extra pay, for himself or his principals, going even so far as to stop them in the street.

While the Dreyfus affair was running its turbulent course and was, incidentally, revealing a degree of organization among the French Clericals and the French religious orders that was presently to lead in France to the separation of the churches from the State, Italy was passing through a series of domestic and foreign crises. As Foreign Secretary, Admiral Canevaro proved once more that good-will and vigour are inadequate as an equipment for diplomacy, and that a sound knowledge of foreign affairs cannot be improvised. The conclusion, in March, 1899, of the Convention in which France and England defined their respective spheres of interest in Northeast Africa, produced an explosion of Italian feeling against him and also against England, who was accused of having sacrificed Italian claims to a part of the hinterland of Tripoli which Italy was determined one day to possess. Ever since the occupation of Tunis by the French in 1881, it had been the settled conviction of Italian politicians that Italy must at all costs secure possession of Tripoli or, at the very least, prevent it from passing into the possession of another Power than Turkey. "For Tripoli," Visconti Venosta once said to me, "even I would put a match to the powder barrel." Inasmuch as the trade of Tripoli was believed to depend on its hinterland, and especially upon the oases through which trading caravans passed on the way from the interior of Africa to the coast, the idea that England had assigned these oases to the French sphere of influence filled Italian patriots with resentment the more bitter because they had no means of asserting their claims. France they still regarded as their adversary, but they felt it to be the unkindest cut of all that England, whom they regarded as their friend, should have forgotten to protect their ambitions. Nor was this their only

ground for dissatisfaction. At the very moment when the Anglo-French Convention was divulged, Admiral Canevaro was engaged in an attempt to lease the Bay of San Mun in China as a naval station and Italian sphere of influence similar to the German base at Kiao-chao. But so clumsily was the attempt made that the Italian Minister in Peking found himself flouted by the Tsung-li-Yamên, or Council for Foreign Affairs, and had to be disavowed and recalled by the Italian Foreign Office. He had embodied the demands of his Government in a Note that spoke magniloquently of the "Concert of Europe" — an expression which was translated into Chinese by characters meaning a "theatrical performance" while the demand for an Italian sphere of influence was translated "protectorate." As a result, the Tsung-li-Yamên took the unprecedented course of returning the Note to the Italian Legation with the contemptuous remark that, as its demands could not be granted and the refusal of them might endanger the relations between two friendly Powers, it was better that it should not be received at all. The British Minister in Peking, who had received instructions to support Italy, was not apprised by his Italian colleague of the rejection of the Note, and a considerable muddle ensued. Finally, the Italian Minister presented an ultimatum which was also rejected. At Rome, Admiral Canevaro was so severely criticized in the Chamber that he and the whole Cabinet resigned without waiting for a vote of censure. General Pelloux, however, reconstructed his Cabinet with the help of the Marquis Visconti Venosta and the support of Baron Sonnino. By degrees, Italy's Chinese adventure was liquidated, though not before it had served to stimulate the anti-foreign "Boxer" movement that was presently to lead to the siege of the Peking Legations and to the International Expedition against China.

But, save in foreign affairs, the second edition of the Pelloux Cabinet was destined not to fare better than the first. General Pelloux had inherited from the last Rudinì Cabinet, formed after the "May Movements," a measure known as the Public Safety Bill and designed to prevent any repetition of revolutionary outbreaks in Italy. It empowered the police to

forbid open-air meetings at their discretion and proposed three months' imprisonment for persons uttering seditious cries. The police were further authorized to dissolve associations intended to encourage acts subversive of social order or of the constitution of the State. Strikes of three or more persons employed on the railways, or in the posts and telegraphs, were punishable by imprisonment for at least a year. Ample provision was made for the censorship and eventual suppression of newspapers guilty of publishing news or writings calculated to disturb public order.

This bill, though brought forward by the first, or Liberal, Pelloux Cabinet, was received with marked hostility. A second reading was with difficulty secured for it, and the third reading was violently obstructed by the Socialists, Republicans, and Radicals. At last, General Pelloux resolved to promulgate it by a Royal Decree, post-dated so as to allow time for a third reading. But obstruction precluded debate and, on July 22, 1899, under the reconstructed, or Conservative, Pelloux Cabinet, it was given force of law. The consequences of this unconstitutional proceeding were grave. It was too lightly assumed, even by men as experienced as Baron Sonnino and Visconti Venosta, that the peril to which the "May Movements" had exposed the country would induce it to condone a departure from constitutional practice. During the summer and autumn of 1899 uneasiness grew and, in the spring of 1900, came to a head. But, meanwhile, events outside Italy were moving towards a greater conflict of which the echoes were to drown the rumblings of the approaching Italian storm.

CHAPTER V

THE SPIRIT OF ROME

1899–1902

LIKE the rest of the world, Italy was startled by President Kruger's ultimatum to the British Government on October 10, 1899, and by the Boer invasion of Natal on the morrow. Until late in September the protracted negotiations between Sir Alfred Milner and the Transvaal Government had attracted little attention. The British Government had not attempted to put its case before the foreign public; and though the Boers had spared no effort to turn opinion in their favour, Europe was not greatly excited about them. The alleged grievances of the Uitlanders were, indeed, thought to be a cloak for ulterior British designs but, save in Vatican circles and in Germany, war was hardly expected. Even President Kruger's haughty demands, on October 10th, for the immediate withdrawal of British troops from the Transvaal border and for the recall of all reinforcements landed in South Africa since June 1st, were not looked upon as rendering the position hopeless. Of the wider implications of the conflict few Italians had, at that moment, any notion. The character of the Boer people, their military preparations, the encouragement they had received from Germany, and the formidable nature of the enterprise in which their action involved the British Government, were so little known that a prompt British victory was anticipated, though not without a sigh that it might cost the independence of a gallant little nation.

My own feelings were far less confident. The Majuba disaster of 1881 had made a deep impression upon me in early boyhood, and I knew from experience of Germany in 1896 that anything Germany could do, directly or indirectly, to em-

barrass England would certainly be done. Moreover, the unpreparedness and self-sufficiency of my fellow countrymen disquieted me. I had not been in England since January, 1897, when I had found the lesson of the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger forgotten in complacent satisfaction over the salutary effect upon Germany of the formation of the "Flying Squadron." Later in that year, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and its revelation of the potential strength and resources of a united Empire, had intoxicated the British public and British statesmen alike. Even Kipling's "Recessional" had been taken as an expression of the piety befitting the great and not, as it seemed to me, a poignant warning against "frantic boast and foolish word." I feared, too, that Englishmen with some experience of South Africa might have misjudged the situation. In the spring of 1899, Earl Grey had spent a few days in Rome. Speaking of the dispute with the Boers, he had said to me, "The only way to finish the business would be to land 25,000 men at Cape Town and to march them straight through to Pretoria." I had then asked him whether it was not a long way from Cape Town to Pretoria and whether the lines of communication would not be vulnerable; but he had assured me that 25,000 men would suffice for all contingencies. Yet, when hostilities began, I knew that the British people, once roused, would see the thing through.

The fierce joy shown in almost every Continental country at the news of the first British defeats proved that England was more heartily disliked than her people had ever suspected. Alongside of a natural admiration for a handful of peasants who had dared to challenge the professional troops of a world-wide Empire, there entered into this dislike potent elements of political and economic antagonism. Industrial rivalry; jealousy of the commanding position held by British trade, thanks to England's long start in the use of steam-driven machinery; and the feeling that British Colonies and possessions covered a disproportionately large area of the globe, joined with hatred of British liberalism in creating a strong desire for England's discomfiture. This desire found

delirious expression in the strangest quarters and brought together the oddest companions in a common enthusiasm of spite. Loathing, at once contemptuous and apprehensive, of liberal ideas was perhaps the chief bond between them. At the end of the 19th century, liberalism was at a discount in Europe. For nearly a generation after 1848 it had seemed to be gaining ascendancy; but the triumph of Prussianism in the German unitary movement, the reactionary tendencies in Russia that Bismarck had supported, and the decrees of the Vatican Council, including the proclamation of the Syllabus and of the dogma of Papal infallibility, had gradually undermined it on the Continent, while its own deficiencies as a code of practical statecraft had been glaringly revealed in more than one European polity. In the special atmosphere of England, its motherland, it had escaped lasting discredit; but when applied, in other circumstances, to foreign problems by imitators devoid of the saving British genius for compromise, it had given its enemies ample cause to blaspheme. Therefore, they hailed with delight the promise, held out by Boer victories, of the humiliation if not the overthrow of England from whom the liberal infection had first proceeded.

ITALY AND THE BOER WAR

In Italy, the anti-British currents flowed side by side from very different sources. On the one hand, the Vatican and clericals generally showed themselves almost as hostile to England as they had been to Dreyfus; on the other hand, the Italian Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists, were as inimical to England as they had been vociferous in their support of Dreyfus. The Italian Conservatives and Moderates were, on the contrary, mainly pro-English, as were a handful of old Garibaldians, including General Ricciotti Garibaldi and General Fazzari. If the animosity of the " advanced " parties in Italy was explicable by their belief that the South African War was a predatory capitalist enterprise designed to rob the Boers of the wealth of the Transvaal, the explanation of the Vatican and Clerical attitude had to be sought elsewhere. On

September 26, 1899, more than a fortnight before the war began, the chief Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano,* published prominently on its front page a short communication entitled "The God of Armies." It ran:

> Patience and clemency have been carried too far. Catholics must now trust in the God of Armies. The Freemasons are terrified at the possibility of war between England and the Transvaal. But England cannot give way without covering herself with ridicule. Can it be that this war is Providential? Will Protestantism be exhausted by it? Has the period of the great transformation of the world begun when the Church will accomplish a new conversion of the Gentiles? Let us have courage, determination, and faith in God, who is, now and ever, the God of Armies.

I telegraphed this curious production to *The Times* — and was taken to task by the English Catholic press for assigning any importance to an eccentric paragraph obviously devoid of official significance seeing that it had not been published under the heading "Nostre Informazioni" reserved by the *Osservatore Romano* for official Papal statements. The pretence that the Vatican had no responsibility for anything published in its organs save under this heading was assiduously maintained in Rome and by the Catholic Press abroad, though, as events were presently to prove, the Pope himself sometimes wrote in the "unofficial" columns of the *Osservatore.* A month later, the *Osservatore* was seized by the Italian authorities for publishing an article, by the author of "The God of Armies," declaring that the only possibility of true Italian unity lay in the federation of the Italian States under the hegemony of the Pope. This article was followed up, on November 6th, by a portentous utterance declaring that Italy ought really to be grateful to England since

> the so-called Italian Risorgimento, based upon the destruction of the Civil sovereignty of the Pope, was principally the work of England — that is, of Palmerston, aided by Gladstone, who accomplished it in perfect harmony with the Protestants and with the Anglican ideal.

The unity of Italy, it added, was an expedient employed by the Anglican Church in the hope of destroying the Temporal Power of the Roman Church, and the liberation of Rome "was pre-ordained for the profit and advantage of England and Anglicanism."

But [concluded the *Osservatore*] it is not yet evening. Extremely serious events are at hand which will show that outrages against the liberty of the Church and of the Pope never go unpunished.

To the confusion of those who argued that these views were merely the isolated utterance of an unbalanced priest, the whole Clerical press of Italy took up the strain and rejoiced exceedingly at the prospect of the overthrow of Protestant England by the gallant Boers who were evidently instruments of God in preparing for the restoration of the Temporal Power of the Pope. The argument was that, inasmuch as Italian unity had been achieved with the support of England, the overthrow of England by the Boers would bring about the collapse of Italy. Thus the Pope would come into his own again. The *Voce della Verità,* the principal daily organ published under the guidance of the Jesuits, took up this parable with vigour and effectually disposed of the contention that Vatican opinion was not definitely hostile to England. Nevertheless, I was trounced by British Catholic journals for drawing attention to the fact until, toward Christmas, 1899, an important non-British Roman Catholic prelate, resident in Rome, asked me to procure for him the recent files of the *Osservatore Romano,* the *Voce della Verità* and other Clerical papers that had been most venomous in their attacks upon England. He explained that he could not himself do this without exciting suspicion but he thought that, as a journalist, I could do it for him. Next day, I received a similar request from an influential Roman Catholic quarter in England and was asked, besides, to make a full report on the status and connections of the journals in question. Presuming that the two requests had come from approximately the same quarter and that it would be superfluous to duplicate the work, I told the prelate that I would send the delinquent newspapers and my report

upon them direct to England. This I did on January 1, 1900. A few weeks later, astonishment and mortification were caused at the Vatican by news that the leading Roman Catholic layman in England, the Duke of Norfolk, had resigned his office as Postmaster General in the Salisbury Administration in order to go on active service to South Africa as an officer of Yeomanry. Taken aback, the Vatican organs changed their tone, though, as the Duke of Norfolk was to find when he came on pilgrimage to Rome after his return from South Africa, his act of protest was neither forgotten nor forgiven. In reply to the dutiful address which he then presented, the Pope administered to him the following reprimand: "Strong in the spirit of your martyrs, do not hesitate to sacrifice, if necessary, some temporal advantages in order to preserve intact the glorious heritage which those heroes have bequeathed." As I saw, during a conversation I had with him, the Duke of Norfolk felt the bite of the Pope's words which were the less expected since he had consented to include in his address a declaration in favour of the restoration of the Temporal Power and a denunciation of American Methodist propaganda in Rome. The Duke of Norfolk hardly understood how incongruous it was that he should extol, in one portion of his address, the religious freedom enjoyed by Roman Catholics throughout the British Empire, while expressing in another portion " indignation at the attempts of wealthy proselytizing societies to corrupt the faith of the young and the poor " in Rome. He was, moreover, too British to perceive how alien to the Roman temperament was the American Methodist conception of Christianity. Of this an Italian nobleman gave me an amusing illustration. One evening he saw an old woman, who had long been in the service of his family, come out of the Methodist Church in the Via Venti Settembre. " What, Maria, have you become a Methodist? " he asked. " No, your Excellency," she replied. " Not exactly that. When it is cold I go there because the place is warm, and I can say my rosary in comfort. When I come out, they always give me a lira."

The hostility of the Vatican towards England caused the

Italian Government to accentuate the friendliness of its attitude. Its organs claimed that England and Italy stood alone as the defenders of liberty in Europe and that, while the heroism of the Boers deserved every recognition, it was of the utmost importance that England, the mainstay of progress in the world, should stand unshaken. Were she disabled or crippled, Italians would be deprived of their most precious ally in the struggle against the forces of reaction. For these and other reasons it was desirable that the South African War should not be protracted. On December 28, 1899, Visconti Venosta said to me, significantly, "There is every reason to wish that England should not be too long absorbed by the Boer War"; and he hinted, not obscurely, at efforts then being made by the German Emperor to promote a Franco-Russo-German Alliance against England—an alliance which the Clerical *Voce della Verità* was, indeed, persistently advocating. Alone among European statesmen, Visconti Venosta took occasion, on February 9, 1900, to state in the Senate, "I am able to assure the House that our relations with England are characterized by feelings of traditional friendship, and that this Government will do all in its power to maintain them unaltered. I trust that no complications may arise in connection with the war and that the preponderating interests of peace may make their weight duly felt." With reference to this declaration Lord Rosebery wrote to *The Times* on February 19th:

> I forgot, in speaking in the House of Lords, to mention the singular instance of open friendliness to us displayed by one of the Great Powers of Europe during the present war. I mean the declaration made on behalf of the Italian Government by the statesman who bears the honoured name of Visconti Venosta. I regret that I did not recall it, for it is memorable and should be remembered.

THE MALTESE LANGUAGE QUESTION

Visconti Venosta's friendly language was the more courageous because Italian feeling was then especially sore against England on account of what was regarded as a British official attack upon the Italian language at Malta. In March,

1899, the Governor of Malta had issued an ordinance placing English on a footing of equality with Italian as an official language of the Maltese Courts and declaring that, in 1914, English would be substituted for Italian entirely. The Maltese Council of Government had protested vigorously against the Ordinance which had, nevertheless, been upheld by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies. The reason for the change was that a British officer, ignorant of Italian, had been sentenced to imprisonment for contempt of court because he refused to sign an Italian minute of the evidence he had given as witness in a trial at Malta. The Maltese Government therefore decided to prevent, in future, such an anomaly as the punishment of a British officer for not knowing a foreign language in a British Crown Colony. Had the Ordinance merely placed English on an equal footing with Italian as an official language of the courts there might have been no trouble; but the proposal to abolish Italian in fifteen years caused so great an outcry that echoes of it were loudly heard in Italy. In the autumn of 1899 an anti-British agitation arose, Mr. Chamberlain being denounced in unmeasured terms by the Republicans, Radicals, and Clericals, and with almost equal violence by the Italian Moderates and Conservatives.

I reported these facts to *The Times* towards the end of October, 1899, much to the annoyance of the Governor of Malta and his advisers; for, on November 22, 1899, the British Ambassador in Rome, Lord Currie, sent me a letter he had received from the Governor complaining of my messages, suggesting that I had been "lobbied" by Maltese emissaries, and declaring that Italy could have no reason for complaint because the Maltese dialect was more closely akin to the language of Mohammed than to the language of Dante. I answered the Governor, through the Ambassador, that the Maltese dialect had nothing to do with the question, since Italian, not Maltese, had long been the official language of the Maltese courts; and suggested that, with a little tact, less drastic means than that of proposing to dethrone the Italian language entirely might have been found to protect British officers and

officials who did not know Italian. As for Maltese emissaries, I had never seen or heard of them.

So lively did irritation in Italy become that, a year later, Mr. Chamberlain made up his mind to go to Malta himself. He was accompanied by his wife, her mother (Mrs. Endicott) and by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The result of his journey was awaited in Italy with keen interest; and when it became known that he had spoken curtly to a deputation of the Maltese Council and had held out no prospect of any change in the language Ordinance, there was an outburst of anger in the whole Italian press and in Parliament. The Marquis Visconti Venosta, harried by questions in the Chamber, declined to discuss what Mr. Chamberlain had said at Malta. The language Ordinance, he explained, was an act of British internal policy with which the Italian Government had no right to interfere. Nevertheless, Visconti Venosta was, in reality, as irritated by Mr. Chamberlain's bearing as Italian public opinion in general. The war in South Africa was dragging on inconclusively, the European situation was by no means reassuring, the position of the Italian Cabinet was precarious, and everything pointed to the formation, in the near future, of an administration less friendly to England.

A "FRIENDLY KICK"

Careless, or unaware of these things, Mr. Chamberlain suddenly came to Rome on his way back from Malta. Stormy weather and the seasickness of his mother-in-law had induced him to land at Naples rather than at Genoa. I had never met him, nor was I sure that the British Ambassador would, or could, do what was wanted. So I called at once upon Sonnino and Visconti Venosta and urged them to explain the Italian standpoint to Mr. Chamberlain. Sonnino demurred, saying that he had no wish to meet Mr. Chamberlain who would, in any case, feel insulted by the frankness with which it would be necessary to speak. I answered that brutal frankness would be better than misunderstanding and that, as the

one leading public man who could speak English fluently, Sonnino alone could do what was wanted. He objected that he had no official position and was not entitled to speak for the Government; Visconti Venosta was the proper person to intervene.

Visconti Venosta was even harder to persuade. Officially, he could say nothing to Mr. Chamberlain; and were he to speak unofficially, he feared that his feelings might prompt him to use language he would afterwards regret and that Mr. Chamberlain would resent. If Mr. Chamberlain called upon him he would of course receive him, but he could not say that he would enjoy seeing him. I suggested that if the Ambassador were to invite Visconti Venosta and Sonnino to luncheon with Mr. Chamberlain, they would hardly be so discourteous as to refuse; but Visconti Venosta thought that such a luncheon would be a cold collation indeed.

Nevertheless, I gave the Ambassador a hint that Visconti Venosta and Sonnino might like a friendly meal with Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Currie took it and invited us all to luncheon. I asked him to explain carefully to Mr. Chamberlain who the Italian guests were and how desirable it was that Mr. Chamberlain should speak freely to them of the position at Malta. I found myself placed at table between Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain while Sonnino sat on Chamberlain's right. Mr. Chamberlain began by asking me for news of Crispi, whom he greatly admired, and expressed pleasure when I told him of the failure of attempts that had been made to prove Crispi personally corrupt. He thought Crispi's mistakes during the Abyssinian War of 1895-96 had been due to old age. "I have always believed," added Mr. Chamberlain, "that, if Gladstone had been ten years younger in 1886, he would never have made the mistake of taking up Irish Home Rule. I do not want to live until my judgment fails. My doctor warned me lately that he would not give me another ten years to live if I continued to drink champagne with my dinner. When I asked him how long he would give me if I gave it up, he said, 'An extra five years, at least.' But I told him I would rather take the ten years

and the champagne. We public men," he concluded, "ought always to be on our guard against the dangers of senility and of the weakened power of judgment, as well as of the vanity, that come with old age."

Turning then to Sonnino on his right, Chamberlain plunged into conversation while I talked to Mrs. Chamberlain on my left. Suddenly I heard Chamberlain's clear voice saying to Sonnino, "Yes, sir, I have been called the apostle of the Anglo-Saxon race, and I am proud of the title. I think the Anglo-Saxon race is as fine as any on earth. Not that I despise other races. They have their several virtues and aptitudes, though I admit that the aptitudes of my own race appeal to me most strongly. There is, in fact, only one race that I despise — the Jews, sir. They are physical cowards."

Sonnino was the son of a Jew. Fearful lest Chamberlain's unhappy beginning bring my little conspiracy to nought, I gave him what I meant to be a gentle kick under the table. As ill-luck would have it, he had stretched his left leg in my direction as he turned to speak to Sonnino, and the toe of my boot struck him so hard in the calf that he jumped with pain. Horror-stricken, I redoubled my attentions to Mrs. Chamberlain. Meanwhile, Sonnino had taken up the challenge and was defending the Jews hotly: "You are wrong about the Jews," he exclaimed. "They are not cowards. They showed great courage in the wars of our Risorgimento. Even if they were cowards, who could blame them? Have they not been persecuted, down-trodden, reviled, kicked, and cuffed without hope of redress for nearly two thousand years? That would be enough to make cowards of any people."

Looking hard at Sonnino's face, which was of a refined and handsome but distinct Jewish type, Chamberlain took in the position immediately. Very dexterously he retracted his *faux pas*, admitted the force of Sonnino's argument, and asked his opinion on the Maltese language question. It was then about 1:30 o'clock. Long after luncheon was over, Sonnino and Chamberlain remained at table in what sounded

like a heated wrangle. The rest of us went to the drawing room where poor Visconti Venosta stood like a picture of dignified misery while the Ambassadress's pack of pet Pekingese dogs worried his trousers. (Those dogs, to which Lady Currie was pathetically attached, were the terror of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Quirinal. They brought more than one pair of ambassadorial trousers to an untimely end.) The Ambassador was scarcely less uncomfortable. He hated cigar smoke. Nobody, not even the Duke of Cambridge or the Duke of Connaught, had ever been known to light a cigar after lunch or dinner in the Embassy. Yet, there was the irrepressible Secretary for the Colonies smoking cigar after cigar in the dining room until the odour of his misdeeds caused Lord Currie to fume and fret with fury. Not until 4 P. M. did Chamberlain and Sonnino rejoin us. Chamberlain then came toward me and, holding out his hand, said, "Thank you for that friendly kick. It hurt, but I twigged, and now we have had it out. Next time the Italians show any feeling about the language question, send a telegram to *The Times* and I will have a question asked in the House. I think my reply will give satisfaction to our friends here."

A few weeks later I had occasion to send the telegram Chamberlain had suggested. In reply to a question in the House he then explained that English and Italian had merely been put on a footing of equality in the Maltese Courts and that, in fourteen years' time it might be a positive advantage were English to be substituted for Italian. As may be imagined this answer did very little good in Italy. But, in January, 1902, he reconsidered the position and boldly withdrew the proposal to abolish Italian. At the same time he wrote me that he hoped all would now be well. To Sonnino he wrote at greater length thanking him for having taken so much trouble to explain the language question and adding, with characteristic generosity, that if a settlement had been found, it was wholly due to Sonnino's advocacy.

Though I never met Chamberlain again, we corresponded at intervals about Italian affairs, in which, from that time onward, he took a lively interest. His open-mindedness and

the lucidity of his intelligence made upon me an impression that has never faded — though, during his long illness, I could not help thinking that he might have been wiser had he taken the fifteen years without the champagne.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT

The affairs of Italy were, indeed, worthy of foreign attention. In the summer of 1900, a few months before Chamberlain's visit, an anarchist, named Bresci, had assassinated the King at Monza, and the Prince of Naples, King Humbert's only son, had ascended the throne as Victor Emmanuel III. The political antecedents of the assassination had revived doubt whether revolutionary tendencies would not end by overthrowing the Monarchy. Resistance to the Public Safety Bill, which Rudinì had bequeathed to his successor, General Pelloux, in June, 1898, had, as I have said, induced Pelloux to embody the provisions of the Bill in a Royal Decree which was promulgated, without parliamentary sanction, in June, 1899. Under this Decree, action had been taken by the authorities against various revolutionary organizations and persons, one of whom lodged an appeal on the ground that the Royal Decree had lost validity at the close of the summer session of 1899. In February, 1900, this appeal was upheld by the Supreme Court. Consequently, the Government was constrained to submit the Decree to Parliament — a necessity the more distasteful in that public feeling had begun, in the meantime, to run strongly against the Government. At Milan, in particular, the Municipal Elections had gone in favour of the Extreme Left, which thus obtained control of a city long regarded as a Conservative stronghold. Emboldened by this success, the Socialists, Radicals, and Republicans violently obstructed the ratification of the Decree by the Chamber. Sitting after sitting ended in tumult. Finally, General Pelloux shelved the Decree and sought to amend the standing orders of Parliament so as to enable the President of the Chamber to crush obstruction. The amendments were, however, carried by irregular procedure, whereupon the whole

Left of the Chamber withdrew in a body, the Extreme parties shouting a demand for a "Constituent Assembly." Pelloux's next step was to dissolve the Chamber in the hope that a General Election would give him a sufficient majority to overcome the resistance of the Left. He was disappointed. At the polls the Extreme Left gained heavily. The Government retained a majority sufficient for normal purposes but quite insufficient to cope with so abnormal a situation.

During their resistance to the Public Safety Bill and the Royal Decree, and in the electoral campaign, the Extreme Left had persistently attacked the person of the King. Upon him they sought to cast the odium for the repressive policy of the Government and for the unconstitutional methods employed to enforce it. Rumours spread that they would hiss him on June 17th when he was to open Parliament in State. These rumours reached the Quirinal and perturbed the King. On the afternoon of June 16, 1900, I heard, by a strange chance but on authority which I could hardly doubt, that he had made up his mind never to return to the Quirinal if he were hissed at the opening of Parliament next day. Neither the entreaties of Queen Margherita nor those of his nephews had availed — so ran the circumstantial report that reached me — to alter the King's determination. His personal effects and those of the Queen had been packed and orders had been given for a closed carriage to wait at the Senate, where Parliament was to be opened, in readiness to take the King into voluntary exile should he be hissed.

Such information I could not disregard, though it obviously required confirmation. I went at once to consult Sonnino who, as the leader of the majority in the Chamber, was likely to be informed and who had, besides, his own means of knowing the mind of the Court. I told him what I had heard without revealing the source of my information. He listened in stony silence, saying neither yea nor nay; and I left him wondering what the morrow might bring forth. Chance again brought me that evening news of the intentions of the Socialists. They had decided to go into the country for a picnic and to take no part in the opening of Parliament. Pelloux,

I was told, had promised to resign if they would undertake not to hiss the King. Of this report I could get no confirmation; but next day, when Parliament assembled in the Senate to hear the speech from the Throne, the whole of the Extreme Left was absent.

The reading of the speech was a painful affair, despite the demonstrative and obviously organized applause with which the King was greeted. As he sat in his great gilded chair on a dais, the parchment in his hand trembled so violently that the heir to the throne, the Prince of Naples, who was standing three paces away to the right of his father, approached and put his hand affectionately on the King's shoulder in order to calm him. Gradually the King regained his composure and read clearly the last words he was ever to address to Parliament:

> All efforts will be vain without the proper working of parliamentary institutions. To attain this end I appeal to all men of good-will, devoted to the country and to my House which has ever shared the country's destiny. On the day when, amid universal mourning, I announced the death of the great King, my father, I said I would prove to Italians that their institutions do not die. Mine it is to keep that sacred promise, and hence it is my duty to defend those institutions against every threatening peril. Yours it is so to act that the people may continue to regard them as the most valid instrument of its welfare. . . . I ask and expect of you that all will contribute to this end, inspired solely by care for the supreme good of the country.

Next day, June 18th, General Pelloux and the whole Cabinet resigned. Thus the report that had reached me was confirmed. Signor Saracco, an octogenarian Senator, formed a ministry of transition in which Visconti Venosta continued to hold the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Nothing more was heard of the Public Safety Bill or of the Royal Decree. Nevertheless, anti-monarchical demonstrations continued in the north. On their journey from Rome to Monza on July 22nd, King Humbert and Queen Margherita were ignored by the Municipal Council of Milan. The Socialist journal, *Brianza*, published at Monza, acknowledged subscriptions

from readers who sent trifling sums "to help in clearing the gold-braided fellow out of Monza." On the evening of Sunday, July 29th, after King Humbert had distributed the prizes at a gymnastic competition at Monza, he was shot by the anarchist Bresci and died in a few minutes.

A great revulsion of feeling followed the assassination. King Humbert had been sincerely devoted to his people, and if his political intelligence was not of the highest order, he was courageous to a fault. During the floods at Verona in 1882, the earthquake at Ischia in 1884, and the cholera epidemic at Naples in 1885, he had shown exemplary fearlessness. His generosity was remarkable, all the more because he was by no means a spendthrift. By rigorous administration he had restored the private fortunes of his House and had acquired a large patrimony. Two previous attempts upon his life, that of Passanante at Naples in 1879, and that of Acciarito near Rome in 1897, had revealed his hold upon the affections of the people, but those occasions were insignificant in comparison with the outbreak of grief at his death. When his body was brought from Monza to Rome for burial in the Pantheon, millions stood bareheaded along the line of railway and tens of thousands waited all night in the streets of Rome. One incident in the funeral procession remains in my memory. Fear of another anarchist outrage was in all minds; and a panic arose at the collapse of some planks on which spectators had taken their stand. For a moment, the crowd disturbed the procession. King Victor Emmanuel III, who, surrounded by the representatives of foreign reigning houses, was following the bier, paid no heed to the noise and the rush; but his father-in-law, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, a man of great bulk and stature, drew his yataghan in a flash and held it aloft covering his son-in-law until order had been restored.

On August 11th, came the new King's inaugural speech from the throne. The black and silver hangings of the Senate, the veiled portrait of King Humbert and the sombre attire of the whole company lent especial solemnity to the ceremony. How would the young King comport himself?

The question was soon answered. As the Minister of Justice approached with a parchment scroll bearing the Royal oath to the Constitution and made ready to read it, King Victor Emmanuel took it from him and read it himself, without a tremor in his ringing voice and without a quiver of the hand. Then he made his speech — *his* speech in a real sense, for he had written most of it himself. He read it as a great tragedian might have read it, with a compassed fervour and magnetism that thrilled the audience and wrought them up to a higher pitch of enthusiasm than I had ever witnessed even in Italy. "Unafraid and sure I ascend the throne," he concluded, "conscious of my rights and of my duties as a King. Let Italy have faith in me as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human force shall destroy that which with self-sacrifice our fathers builded." In the whole company, the King alone seemed unaffected by the feelings which his eloquence and manly deportment aroused.

THE VATICAN AND THE QUIRINAL

Nowhere did the assassination of King Humbert make a deeper impression than in the Vatican. By the summer of 1900 the sobering effect of the "May Movements" of 1898 had, to some extent, been effaced by resentment at the suppression of Clerical associations and by the exclusion of a Papal representative from the Peace Conference at the Hague. The attempts of General Pelloux to secure the support of Clerical voters in the General Election of June had been contemptuously rebuffed, and the Vatican looked on with grim delight at the triumph of obstruction and at the breakdown of Parliamentary Government. But the assassination of the King shocked the Pope profoundly. The precincts of the Vatican wore the same air of grief as the rest of Rome. Leo XIII hastened to write an affectionate letter of condolence to Queen Margherita through the intermediary of Princess Clothilde of Savoy, and said Mass in suffrage for the soul of the departed. Cardinal Ferrari, the Archbishop of Milan, sought audience of Queen Margherita, blessed the body of

the late King and offered up a prayer for the Royal family. The Archbishop of Genoa addressed a patriotic pastoral letter to his clergy, and telegraphed to King Victor Emmanuel:

> Having paid my last tribute to the King for whom all Italy sorrows, I send my tribute and that of the clergy and the Genoese population as subjects of the King who is to-day Italy's comfort and hope.

Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, one of whose clergy had been, a few weeks before, suspended *a divinis* for opposing the election of a Socialist leader to Parliament, exhorted the clergy of his Diocese

> to rally round the banner of authority. The King has fallen but the Monarchy lives [he wrote]. Our early forefathers, by respecting even Emperors who persecuted the Church, and by praying for them, taught us clearly that no pretext can ever justify disaffected rebellion against those in whom is embodied the power which comes from God.

The Vatican even allowed it to be stated that it had given instructions for the clergy to take part in the manifestations of national mourning; and the Pope gave a favourable reply to the request of Mgr. Bonomelli for authority to publish a prayer for the late King which Queen Margherita had written during the first hours of her grief. The prayer was therefore circulated in thousand of copies with the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Cremona and with a footnote, "Approved by His Holiness Leo XIII."

The sorrow of the Vatican was accentuated by fear of the progress of "revolutionary sects." The conduct of the Italian Socialists was, indeed, deplorable. On the morrow of the assassination, their leading organ, *Avanti!* published a flamboyant article entitled "I responsabili," in which the whole blame for the crime was thrown upon General Pelloux and the Italian Government. Inasmuch as the revolutionary danger proceeded not from the poverty-stricken sections of the country but from the "class-conscious proletariate"—the well-paid quarrymen of Carrara, the artisans of Milan, the

railway servants and navvies — the Vatican felt the interests of the Church to be endangered. Therefore, it associated itself with Italian sorrow for at least a fortnight. But, by August 18th, militant Clerical and, especially, Jesuit influences regained ascendancy. On that day, the *Osservatore Romano* published an official condemnation of Queen Margherita's prayer of which the Pope had originally approved. The article of condemnation declared also that the Vatican had only tolerated the Christian burial of King Humbert, at which the Archbishop of Genoa had officiated, because of the religious disposition shown by the late King shortly before his death.

This condemnation caused an immense scandal, though, as it was not published by the Vatican organ under the heading "Nostre Informazioni," it seemed technically liable to be disavowed. Any expectation that this would be done was, however, speedily demolished by the Pope himself. The *Osservatore Romano* announced, under the heading "Nostre Informazioni," that His Holiness had received Signor Scala, the editor of the leading Catholic newspaper of Piedmont, *L'Italia Reale*. Two days later, this journal published the text of its editor's conversation with the Pope, including the following passage:

"Rome must be left to the Pope," added the Supreme Pontiff, with energetic accent and lively glance. "I have to-day been obliged to cause the insertion in the *Osservatore Romano* of some lines directed against certain excessive manifestations (Queen Margherita's prayer) which might, especially abroad, assume the appearance of acquiescence on the part of the Holy See in a deed accomplished to its detriment and of a surrender of its sacred rights. Kindly reproduce the note of the *Osservatore Romano* in your journal."

Signor Scala: "I will make a point of telegraphing it immediately."

The Pope: "I would give it to you at once, but that it is not yet printed. You will be able to telegraph it to-night."

The text of this conversation was revised by the Pope himself before its publication in the *Italia Reale*. It showed that the condemnation of Queen Margherita's prayer had been authorized by the Pope, despite the favourable reply

he had given to Mgr. Bonomelli's request for authority to publish the prayer. Clearly, the importance of the "Temporal Power" as a weapon in the Vatican armoury was too great to allow its edge to be blunted by considerations so fleeting as those which led the Pope, in a moment of humane weakness, to gratify Queen Margherita's wish. But the ungracious form of the condemnation gave deep offence. It revived memories of Leo XIII's treatment in 1887 of his friend, Father Tosti who, at the Pope's own suggestion, had written a pamphlet, entitled "Conciliation," on the Roman Question. The proof sheets of that pamphlet were corrected in the Pope's own handwriting. But, shortly after its publication, the Pope, under pressure from the Jesuits, demanded from Father Tosti a letter of retractation, undertaking, however, that the retractation should remain secret. Next day its full text was published by the *Osservatore Romano*. On seeing it, Father Tosti wrote to the Pope a letter of which the first sentence ran, "If I, a poor monk, cannot have faith in the word of your Holiness, in whom can I have faith?" Broken-hearted, Father Tosti threw up all his ecclesiastical appointments and retired to Montecassino where he presently died. Fortunately, Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, was less sensitive — or understood better than Father Tosti the hard necessities of the Papal position.

THE POSITION OF THE POPE

Those necessities leave little room for the exercise of the Pontiff's own will. The value of the "Roman Question" as a means of upholding the predominantly Italian character of the Hierarchy — which is a condition of the maintenance of the Holy See in Rome — and as an instrument of discipline within the Church, was too great to allow the Pope long to be guided by sentiment. In fairness to those who direct the policy of the Roman Church, it should never be forgotten that they believe the Pope to possess, by Divine commission, both a monopoly of the rightful spiritual government of mankind and a monopoly of the formulation of Christian doc-

trine. From the Vatican standpoint, it is worse than useless to criticize the Papacy on grounds of sentiment or even for reasons of Christianity — as Christianity may be conceived by sectarian or unauthorized minds. Virtually, the Vatican claims possession of the Absolute Truth, of the "Thing in Itself," the reality behind phenomena, for which philosophers vainly seek. By implication, if not explicitly, it proclaims to the world that Christianity was made for the Vatican, not the Vatican for Christianity.

In the persuasion that the Roman Church possesses, in regard to Faith and Morals, the Absolute Truth, which its Head is entitled infallibly to enunciate, lies the spirit of Catholic Rome; and, however carefully the doctrine of Papal infallibility may, in theory, be circumscribed by insistence that the Pope is infallible only when speaking *ex cathedra* on Faith and Morals, the influence of the doctrine upon those who surround the Pontiff, and upon the Pontiff himself, is perceptible in many matters other than those of immediately religious or moral concern.

The great majority of Roman Catholics outside Italy never appreciate this circumstance. Indeed, their uncomprehending simplicity is often a source of annoyance, or amusement, or both, to the more sophisticated dwellers in the Roman Curia. The inner doctrine of the Vatican lies beyond their ken — it lies, indeed, very near to the inner doctrine of the Jesuits. The old and futile controversy upon Jesuit ethics — whether or not they teach or have taught, or practise or have practised the precept that "the end justifies the means" — loses its meaning if it be understood that the Jesuit motto, *ad majorem Dei gloriam,* establishes in reality an absolute rule of conduct to which all ends and means are relative. Only those who hold that Good is good, and Evil is evil, unqualified by circumstances, and who believe that this irreducible dualism is the very foundation of Christian morality, can logically accuse the Jesuits or the Vatican of inconsistency. Grant that the Jesuits work for the greater glory of God whose Will and whose Truth can alone be interpreted authoritatively by the Head of the Church to which they belong and whom

they obey, and there can be no question of inconsistency save should they show lack of zeal in the pursuit of their aim. In the same way, it is illogical for those who hold the Roman Catholic faith to question the supreme wisdom of the Vatican should it, in the exercise of its authority, seem to declare black to be white to-day or white to be black to-morrow; for, *ex hypothesi*, it alone knows what is black and what is white, and it alone can perceive that what the untutored may have taken to be black or white was nothing more than a darker or a lighter shade of grey. Therefore, those who doubt its authority should search their hearts and consciences lest, peradventure, they be inquinated by some taint of Protestantism, liberalism, or even atheism.

One of the charms of Catholic Rome is that, in its upper air, matters which, amid other surroundings, seem to be merely the abstruse hair-splittings of schoolmen, acquire instant importance and tangible reality. The problems of religious life and of Church Government assume the majesty of syllogisms; and few things are more diverting than to observe a blunt Protestant mind at grips with the superior athleticism of a trained Vatican intelligence. I remember lunching in Rome with a diplomatist who had taken an English Protestant friend to see a ceremony of canonization in St. Peter's. Among the guests was also a young Jesuit scholar. The Protestant was loud in his strictures upon the spectacle he had witnessed. "It is as bad as a football match," he exclaimed. "Thirty or forty thousand people assembled for hours to await the coming of the Pope, eating refreshments while they wait and apparently devoid of all reverence. Then a great procession, acclaimed by shouts of 'Long live the Pope-King!' then an interminable ceremony ending in the release of a little bird from a cage. You cannot be so benighted," he concluded, addressing the young Jesuit, "as to believe that all this pantomime has any effect upon the departed worthy for whom you pretend that the Pope is getting promotion in Heaven?"

The young Jesuit smiled sweetly and put a few questions to the rash Protestant. They were meant to extract from

him a confession of his own religious belief; and they served their purpose. Taking his admissions as a basis, the Jesuit speedily demolished the Protestant's position and left him, so to speak, gasping and floundering on the floor. In his discomfiture the Protestant blurted out, "You may be too clever for me but you are all wrong; and you are a reactionary lot of people. Why, you don't even believe in evolution."

Again the Jesuit smiled. "That is one proof more of your ignorance," he said. "If you had studied the works of our modern theologians, who are faithful disciples of St. Thomas Aquinas, you would know that not only do we admit the evolutionary hypothesis but that, in many respects, though without its errors and irrelevancies, it forms an integral part of our teaching."

He then explained that all who believe in the historical existence of Christ and in His divinity, must believe in the charge to St. Peter, "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam*"; and in the authority given to St. Peter and to his successors to bind on earth and bind in Heaven and to unloose on earth and to unloose in Heaven. "The Church thus founded," added the Jesuit, "is the living body of Christ. Throughout the ages it has propounded doctrines and dogmas which Christians must believe. It has evolved and developed, as a living body, beyond its primitive stages. To-day the successor of St. Peter, the Roman Pontiff, is alone entitled to declare what Christians shall and shall not hold as articles of faith. Even should any of his declarations seem, to Protestants, incompatible with the Protestant interpretation of the Gospels or of the Bible, the Church and the Pope must prevail, for they alone are living Christianity."

The Protestant was aghast at what he thought sheer blasphemy; but though the young Jesuit may, in the heat of argument, have gone beyond the limits of prudence, the spirit of Catholic Rome undoubtedly spoke through him. The precision of his arguments, the dexterity of his dialectics, and his evident pride in the discomfiture of his Protestant antagonist whose feet could not scale the height of Jesuit apolo-

getics, reminded me of another scene at which I had been present.

In an old Roman palace, a cultivated and witty American, of finely poised mind, was wont to receive the intellectual *élite* of Rome. Among his guests one evening was an earnest American lady, anxious to raise fallen humanity but pained by what she felt to be the superstitions of the Roman Church. She plied her fellow countryman with questions so devoid of penetration that he, who was neither Catholic nor Protestant, asked ironically whether she would wish him to explain to her the difference between Protestants and Catholics. She assented eagerly.

"Catholics," he said, "may be likened to doves dwelling in the nooks and corners of the courtyard of an ancient castle. The courtyard is deep and dark and dank; but it is open to the sky. The doves fly out at dawn and disport themselves freely throughout the day, often moving far from home. But at night, they always come back to roost. Protestants inhabit a vast park wherein they can roam at will. The park is flattish and is dotted with stunted trees. It is surrounded by a low wall, beyond which its denizens rarely try to go, for they are as ducks whose wings have been clipped."

The question whether the Protestant park is not, on the whole, a healthier spot than the courtyard of the ancient castle remained unanswered. It lies at the root of many a seemingly political movement. In an able and suggestive book, "The Problems of Power," my old colleague, Mr. Morton Fullerton, sometime correspondent of *The Times* at Madrid and for many years assistant correspondent in Paris, has claimed that, "If French history is so absorbingly interesting, in a philosophical sense, it is because of the age-long struggle in France between two opposite theories of human development, the Protestant and the Catholic, between Individualism and Solidarity, between Free Thought and Authority." Even the Dreyfus Affair he looked upon as a sort of "revenge for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes." Within limits and with qualifications, his diagnosis comes near the truth. But espousal of the one or the other historic tendency,

the Catholic or the Protestant, may be as much a question of race and temperament as of intellectual or mystical conviction. Those who prefer a religious or political life under authority to the vicissitudes of enquiry and doubt are apt to favour the Catholic tendency in a spiritual or a political form; whereas those of sturdier or less disciplined temper, who put above all things liberty to think and to act, who are jealous of authority lest it grow tyrannical, feel drawn toward a Protestant conception of life, though they may not recognize it as Protestant. Between the two there is no real compromise; for, in the last resort, the Roman Church is an autocracy, circumscribed if not guided by an oligarchy. Moreover, those members of the oligarchy who reside in the Curia are conscious of their privileged position. I listened one day in Rome to a conversation between a prelate imbued with the spirit of the Curia and an Italian nobleman who was a devout Catholic of an intellectual type. The nobleman complained of a certain grossness in a nuptial allocution we had just heard. "Why, Monsignore," he inquired, "does the Church ask us to believe those things?"

"The Church," replied the prelate, "does not ask you and me to believe them. They are good for the Neapolitans."

"Yet," returned the nobleman, "there are some things hard to believe, even in the Gospels."

"There is a great deal of exaggeration in the Gospels," replied the prelate.

"But," returned the nobleman, genuinely shocked, "is not the Bible, are not the Gospels the basis of everything, the source of Christianity; and are we not Christians, Monsignore?"

"*We* are prelates," replied the Monsignore.

Nothing more was said. The prelate's meaning was that all these matters of faith lie within the exclusive competence of the Pope, whose immediate staff in the Government of the Church is composed of the Cardinals, the prelates, the Inquisition, and the heads of the Regular Clergy.

Yet the spirit of the Vatican and the partially Protestant spirit of Liberal Italy are but elements in the seductive, time-defying atmosphere that enshrines the spirit of Rome. Surrounding both and older than either is the perennial influence of the Roman Empire and of its hearth, the Roman Forum. *Roman* Catholicism is not comprehensible save in the light of the Imperial Roman tradition, nor can many of its ceremonies and festivities be understood save as transformations of pagan rites and institutions. The things which the nobleman found hard to believe but which the prelate thought "good for the Neapolitans" have their roots in pagan and even in pre-Roman times. They are of the life of the people. Into the world of Roman archæology and of classical folklore none but hardy souls will lightly venture. The very approaches to it are guarded by high priests armed with two-edged swords, ready to slay the imprudent adventurer. Theology itself is a harmless exercise in comparison with the dangers that beset the pursuit of archæology; and the *odium theologicum* may be the essence of charity in comparison with the *odium archæologicum*. With philosophy and theology I had a bowing acquaintance, but towards archæology and archæologists I felt — and feel — as Pope Sixtus V seems to have felt towards the Regular Clergy when he wrote, "Friars and monks it is well to respect from afar rather than to frequent near at hand; and to them to have no recourse save in the most urgent need."

My "urgent need" came when Giacomo Boni, an architect by profession, a classical scholar by choice and a creative poet by temperament, began to delve below what was, in 1898, the surface of the Roman Forum, in the hope of finding an answer to an enigma that haunted him. With Boni I had formed a close friendship from my earliest days in Rome. He was not then a professional archæologist. He had worked on the Doge's Palace at Venice, had been a disciple of Ruskin and a friend of William Morris. The instinct of self-preservation seemed to have banded against him all the high priests

of orthodox Roman archæology lest he enter and destroy their temple. Had they not written books containing the whole truth about the Forum, and might not this iconoclast perpetrate some impiety that would disquiet the faithful and, incidentally, make their books archaic or even obsolete? When, at length, Boni was commissioned by the Minister of Public Instruction to work in the Forum, his task was strictly limited to the classification and arrangement of the blocks of stone upon the surface, and he was forbidden to dig. Yet he was determined to dig. He meant to find out the true nature of the Forum, to read its early history from its *strata*, and to discover, if possible, why a practical people like the Romans chose the bottom of a marshy valley as the centre of their civic and political life instead of placing the Forum upon one of the surrounding hills. Whenever the Tiber rose, the lower parts of the Forum, and especially the place of meeting, or Comitium, were liable to be flooded out. Yet here the Romans gathered, here they built their temples, and hither ran their Sacred Way. Why? Every morning at 3 A. M. Boni began work, reading and re-reading the classical authors, known or forgotten, whose writings bore on the Forum. Having thus entered into the spirit of the place, he went down to it before daylight in the winter of 1898-99 and, with a faithful workman sworn to secrecy, dug by candlelight. He found first the Black Stone, the *Niger Lapis*, reputed of old to mark the tomb of Romulus. Though it lay but a few inches below the apparent surface of the Comitium, earlier excavators had never detected it. Below the *Niger Lapis*, he found again an ancient four-sided shaft, or stela, with a Latin inscription so archaic that it was deciphered with difficulty. The interest aroused by these and subsequent discoveries was as strong as the indignation of the orthodox archæologists, who had believed that there was nothing more to find in the Forum. They would gladly have stopped Boni's work; but, by this time, the discoveries had enhanced the prestige of the minister under whose auspices they had been made, and he naturally desired the excavations to continue. When funds threatened to run short, an Englishman, Mr. Lionel Phillips, was induced

by Mr. St. Clair Baddeley to come to the rescue and to provide a stimulus. Little by little, Boni changed the face of the Forum, and brought new life and meaning into its dead stones. Yet his main purpose remained unfulfilled. He could not find the answer to the riddle why the Forum had been placed in a marsh. Believing that the early Romans were a pre-historic Aryan race, upon whose religious customs Sanskrit literature, and particularly the Vedas, might throw some light, he read the Vedas carefully until he found a passage indicating that the dead should be buried in ground sloping down toward still waters.

With this passage in his mind he came to me one day looking like an inspired prophet. "I have it now," he said. "There must be a pre-historic necropolis somewhere on the slope leading down to the bottom of the Forum valley. The Sacred Way runs along the slope. That would explain why it was called the Sacred Way and why the still waters of the marsh at the bottom of the valley were held by the Romans in so religious a respect that the valley became the centre of their life. Now, I must find the necropolis."

Boni had found so many things on what seemed, to others, fantastic hypotheses that even this theory could not be scouted. Either he had the gift of divination or he was mad. Many people thought him mad. Others compared him to a Clerical archæologist who had recently announced the discovery of an early Christian drawing and inscription in the guard room of an Imperial Palace, but had been discomfited by proof that the drawing and inscription really represented a Roman girl dancing and singing, "If my love loves not me, may a bear from the mountains hug him." Boni, quite unmoved, began to search for the necropolis. As the Forum slope is broad and covered with ruins, he could not dig it all up. Therefore he sank shafts at various likely spots — and found nothing. When a dozen attempts had failed to yield the desired proof, his antagonists grew joyful but Boni's confidence increased.

One hot day he came to lunch. "I shall find it this afternoon," he said. "I walked over it this morning and felt it

burn my feet." I asked what other signs he had. "None," he answered. "I know. I will telephone as soon as I have found it." Towards five o'clock that afternoon he telephoned that he had found it, and called me to the Forum. In a deep hole by the side of the Basilica of Antoninus and Faustina, which flanks the Sacred Way, was a pre-historic urn of black earthenware containing other urns, one of which held human ashes. It contained, besides, various dishes that had been filled with nourishment for the departed soul. Soon, more than a score of tombs were found on the same site and it was shown that, in laying the foundations of the Basilica of Antoninus and Faustina, the Romans had cut right through their pre-historic necropolis which, as Boni had guessed, ran along the slope of the Sacred Way.

Details of Boni's further discoveries in the Forum and of his later work on the Palatine would fill many volumes. They are now the common property of archæologists. But two instances of his method, or rather instinct, recur to me. In the summer of 1899 Rome was shaken by a severe earthquake. The marble and granite columns in the Forum rocked so perceptibly as to wake workmen who were sleeping at their feet. A pail of water standing on Boni's balcony was half emptied without being upset. Remembering that the point of the great spear suspended in the Temple of Mars over a sand-covered slab of stone had served the Romans as a seismograph, Boni rushed to the Forum and, in a few hours, excavated the site and discovered the slab.

On another occasion his eye, as an architect, was troubled by something out of proportion in the façade of the Basilica of Antoninus and Faustina. He concluded that the steps leading up to the Basilica from what had, until then, been thought the real level of the Sacred Way, were too few, and that there must be several more steps below ground. He removed the paving blocks on that section of the Sacred Way and dug till he had uncovered all the steps. Flush with the bottom step he found a magnificent road paved with polygonal stone blocks of the best Imperial workmanship, in keeping with the sacred character of the Way and very differ-

ent from the rough pavement which had, for centuries, passed muster as its real surface.

Thus did the genius of a great Venetian, imbued with the cult of ancient Rome, establish links between the capital of the Third Italy and the pre-historic settlement of the early Latins. Thus, too, was a fresh epoch added to the history of the Eternal City. From Boni, more than from any man, I learned the meaning of the phrase "*sub specie æternitatis*" as applied to Rome; but most was taught me by Rome herself. Her lesson is rarely learned by foreign visitors or even by foreign residents. They come in the autumn, winter, or spring and leave in the early summer when Rome begins to be Rome. Not until the *forestieri*, "the people from outside," have departed, and cosmopolitan society has gone to chase pleasure elsewhere; not till the radiant sunshine by day or crystalline moonbeams by night give the sombre palaces and ancient monuments an air of soft transparency; not till the fireflies flit in crimson-golden waves across the Campagna or through the oleanders and the green bamboos; not until the nightingales trill in the ilex copses and the small frogs pipe melodiously in rustic pools or abandoned fountains, can the receptive soul commune with the spirit of Rome and hear the voice of her perennial wisdom. Richard Bagot felt the spell as he wrote in his first novel, "A Roman Mystery":

> Those who would know Rome as she is, not the Rome of the Grand Hotels and the guides, of the modern boulevards and the Pincio, of weary pompous ceremonies, social and ecclesiastical, must wander through her ancient streets and ruins, and among her populace, in the summer dawns and nights.
>
> "Then from the very soil of silent Rome,
> You shall grow wise, and walking, live again
> The lives of buried peoples, and become
> A child by right of that eternal home,
> Cradle and grave of empires, on whose walls,
> The sun himself subdued to reverence falls!"

The secret of Rome and of her eternal charm is that she destroys the notion of time. Nowhere else in the world have

I been so conscious of living at once in the distant and less distant past, the present and the future. Physical marvels like the high Alps, or that greater wonder, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, may speak of countless centuries bygone and of unnumbered years to come; but they are not human. They dwarf humanity into insignificance. Their very sublimity moves the mind to awe and wonder, aye, to worship; yet, in their high detachment from the ends of mankind, they chill and sadden even while they inspire. In Rome, all is human. In an early morning or a moonlit midnight ramble, one may muse by the pre-historic necropolis, by the wall of Servius Tullius, by the ruins of Republican and Imperial monuments, by early Christian churches and mediæval towers, by Renaissance palaces, by Bernini's florid fanes, and by the ambitious piles of modern Italy. In them and round them men have striven, hated, loved, ruled wisely and unjustly, oppressed, slain, been slain, dreamed dreams of power fulfilled and unfulfilled, hoped, despaired, and achieved. Everything has been; what is, will pass — and yet there is ever the record of great things done and the promise of great things to do. Thus Rome gives, not sadness, but a rich calm born of a sense that, though some efforts fail, others succeed and all may be worth making for their own sake if not for the extrinsic reward they bring. Within her walls a man may learn that his individual importance is, indeed, infinitesimal; but he will not be discouraged, for she teaches also that notable things have been done through the agency of minute unimportances such as his. If he learn to smile at the illusions men have cherished and cherish, his smile will be subtle and kindly, not a sour grimace. He will come to view life with a comprehending and comprehensive, nay, a truly catholic eye, able to see in the imperishable lore of pagan seers a guide to wisdom in this world, and, in that of their Christian successors, some ground to trust that who walks straightly according to his lights, need fear naught of worlds beyond human ken. This is the secret of Rome. It is a place of visions and of vision, retrospective, actual and prospective surpass-

ing historical dimensions. In Rome men may take counsel of the gods and taste of eternity.

VICTOR EMMANUEL III

This very sense of unbroken continuity enables those who live and work in Rome to turn with ease from musing on the things she holds hidden to the life that is lived within her gates. As each current event has some root in the past and some bearing on the future, nothing seems detached or trivial. The young King of Italy, succeeding to his murdered father amid revolutionary hubbub and the alternate benignity and churlishness of the Vatican, fell harmoniously into an historical setting. How would Victor Emmanuel handle his people? Would he succeed where his father had well-nigh failed? Would Liberal Italy, under his rule, find her feet at last and press forward strongly, or would she totter to her fall? His bearing towards the practical work of government inspired some misgivings. His apparently pedantic meticulousness in details caused many to shake their heads. "He will learn in time," said a veteran Minister; "he will doubtless learn that a great State cannot be governed on the principle, 'Valet, put all those boots in order!'" The Conservatives feared, moreover, that he would be a Rehoboam, forsaking the counsel of the old and consulting with the young. If Humbert, in choosing six of his seven Prime Ministers from the ranks of the Left, had chastised the Right with whips, Victor Emmanuel might be capable of chastising them with scorpions by courting the favour of the Extreme Left. Something like indignation overcame the "old men" when, in February, 1901, the octogenarian Prime Minister, Saracco, was overthrown by a definite vote of disapproval in the Chamber and the King called upon the Liberal leader, Zanardelli, to succeed him. Taking as his chief lieutenant and Minister of the Interior the rival Liberal leader, Giolitti, a former Prime Minister with a variegated record, Zanardelli formed a mainly Liberal Cabinet in which, however, he assigned the Foreign Office to a hot-tempered and ambitious Conservative,

Prinetti. The appointment of Zanardelli was not in itself a revolutionary step. For twenty-five years he had been eligible for the premiership and had held office in a dozen Cabinets. His years were more than threescore and ten. He stood for classical liberalism, rejoiced in the nickname of "Cato," was fervently anti-clerical and not entirely free from Irredentist leanings. But he was known to have offered seats in the Cabinet to members of the Extreme Left. I wrote at the time from Rome that it was "difficult to guess the motives of the King. Possibly, the desire to begin a new reign with a Cabinet of Liberal hue; possibly, a wish to let the party of fiscal reform try its hand upon the stubborn financial situation; or, possibly, the hope of drawing within the constitutional orbit some of the bodies which habitually rotate about the subversive border line, may have influenced his Majesty's mind. If well-authenticated report be true, King Victor Emmanuel regretted the final refusal of the representatives of the Extreme Left to enter the Ministry." Conservative fears seemed to be justified when, within a few weeks of the formation of the Cabinet, an alarming series of strikes broke out in the country. Socialist agitators had organized among the peasants and artisans "Leagues of Resistance" and "Leagues of Improvement"; and, trusting to the unwillingness of a Liberal Government to sanction repressive measures, they ordered the adherents of the leagues to strike work simultaneously in town and country. But Zanardelli defied the prophets of disaster in an oration of classical mould and content. Freedom, he argued, has its drawbacks. It was at the price of agitation and struggle that liberty had been won. These evils were transient whereas the boons of freedom were lasting. As for himself, he must avow his preference for liberty with all its perils — "*Malo periculosam libertatem.*"

The event justified his confidence. His astute and competent colleague, Giolitti, let the various Socialist "Leagues" have their head, checking them only when they broke into open disorder. He fomented a division in the Socialist party between evolutionists and "anarchoids," beguiled the more

moderate Socialist leaders into his net, demoralized some of them by concessions that verged upon complicity, and ended by driving them in double harness whither he would. He gambled heavily upon his own administrative talent and upon the characters of the men with whom he had to deal — and won his stake, though at the cost of reducing Italian parliamentary life in the next two decades to a competition for place and power between atomized grouplets over which he or his nominees alone could rule.

Once before, in the years that followed the first tenure of power by the Left, Italian parties had been similarly demoralized by Depretis who had inaugurated an era of confusion known as "Transformism." Little by little, he had so effaced party lines that there had been no Right and no Left but only a titillation of ambitions and appetites at the expense of the State until the influence of public men came to depend upon their usefulness in helping Depretis to maintain his personal ascendancy. Though a man of different antecedents and of another stamp, Giolitti demoralized Italy quite as efficiently as Depretis had done. Yet he helped to broaden the basis of the Monarchy by bringing the "advanced" parties into its orbit; and, in this respect, he was assisted by King Victor Emmanuel who cultivated the acquaintance of the Socialist and Republican leaders and made them feel that monarchical institutions were compatible with "advanced" social or economic ideas. Their conversion was facilitated by the increase in national prosperity and by a rise in the standard of life among artisans and peasants. But "Giolittism" and its consequences dominated Italian politics until the great European war of 1914 compelled the country to make a fateful choice; and thereafter it made Italian parliamentary institutions the playthings of a subversive Communism and of an equally subversive Fascism in turn.

THE NEW CENTURY

With the beginning of the new century a change had come over the spirit of Italian foreign policy. Relations with France improved while relations with England grew colder.

After the agreement of 1899 that defined the French and British spheres of influence in North Africa and roused Italian ire against England by appearing to jeopardise the hinterland of Tripoli, Italy secured, both from Paris and from London, undertakings which left no room for doubt that, should the moment come for her to occupy Tripoli, neither France nor England would stand in her way. At the same time, the remarkably successful activity of the French Ambassador to the Quirinal, M. Barrère, effected so close a *rapprochement* between Paris and Rome that the idea of a renewal of the Triple Alliance no longer excited French apprehensions. It was, in fact, renewed in the spring of 1902, a year before its expiration; and Prinetti's announcement of its renewal was accompanied by the audacious assurance, "The Triple Alliance contains nothing aggressive against France, nothing to menace her quiet and security, and it cannot therefore hinder the maintenance and the development of Italy's hearty relations to her Latin sister."[1] The difference between the tone of this statement and the tone of apologetic reference made to Italy's waywardness in the previous January by the German Imperial Chancellor, Count Bülow, revealed the change which M. Barrère and M. Delcassé had effected. Count Bülow had then said in the Reichstag, "I do not think it right that a part, albeit a very small part, of the German press should show uneasiness about the Franco-Italian agreements. In a happy marriage the husband ought

[1] The Treaty of Triple Alliance, as renewed in June, 1902, maintained without change the clauses X and XI which stipulated that, should France attempt to extend her occupation, her protectorate, or her sovereignty in any form whatever over North African territories, and should Italy consequently "think herself obliged," in order to safeguard her position in the Mediterranean, either to take action in North Africa or to "have recourse to extreme measures upon French territory in Europe," the ensuing state of war between France and Italy would *ipso facto* bring Germany into effective alliance with Italy; and should Italy seek territorial guarantees against France for the security of Italian frontiers Germany would raise no objection.

Signor Prinetti's claim that the Triple Alliance contained "nothing aggressive against France, nothing to menace her quiet and security" was therefore justified only as long as French influence in North Africa were not extended or developed. Otherwise Italy would be able at any moment to let loose an Italo-German war against France.

not to get red in the face if his wife has an innocent extra dance with somebody else. The chief thing is that she should not run away; and she will not run away if she is best off with him." Obviously, Germany and Austria-Hungary had decided to content themselves with Bismarck's minimum estimate of the value of Italy's membership of the Alliance: that it would protect Austria against Italian attack and would permit of the concentration of Austro-Hungarian troops elsewhere than on the Italian frontier.

How erroneous even this estimate was to prove, the course of the Great War showed. But, in the meantime, I was to learn about Austria-Hungary at first hand and much more about the working of the Triple Alliance. In the summer of 1902 *The Times* decided to transfer me from Rome to Vienna, where it wished me to succeed Mr. William Lavino who was to succeed M. de Blowitz in Paris. Though this transfer meant promotion, it was unwelcome. By dint of hard work, I had begun to know something of Italy. At the request of my old chief, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, I had written, for the tenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, a history of Italy from 1860 to 1900, and had, besides, organized and translated the work of other contributors on Italian subjects. But instructions had to be obeyed and, at the end of November, I went to Vienna. On hearing of my impending move, the Marquis Visconti Venosta asked me to spend some days with him at his little château in the Valtellina. Speaking very earnestly, he then said that I might be able in Vienna to do Italy and England greater services than I had rendered or could render in Rome and, in language that proved prophetic, he analyzed the European outlook. He said:

> I can now look back on fifty years of active political life. I have seen Europe transformed, and I see forces at work that may transform her again. Of these forces the chief is the growing antagonism between England and Germany. Unless it is checked — and I do not see how it can well be checked save in the way I shall indicate — England and Germany will come to blows within ten or fifteen years. The aggressive character of German policy will compel England to fight unless she is prepared to forfeit her place in the world.

For Italy this is a terrible prospect. She is allied to Germany. She may have been right or wrong to enter the Triple Alliance, but now she is in it and cannot escape from it without a war; but neither can she risk a war with England. Apart from considerations of friendship, such a war would expose many of her principal towns to destruction by the British fleet. Lasting peace is her chief interest, as it is that of England.

I see but one chance of securing it. The Triple Alliance must be transformed into a league of peace. This can only be done by creating a really close understanding between Italy and Austria-Hungary. At present, Germany plays Austria off against Italy, and Italy off against Austria. German diplomacy, the German press and German agents envenom every Austro-Italian dispute. Then, when things almost reach breaking point, Germany intervenes to "settle" the strife she has helped to stir up — and charges brokerage for her "services" both in Rome and in Vienna. By this means, Germany keeps Italy and Austria apart and is always able to command a majority in the Triple Alliance. She is either with Austria against us or with us against Austria. But if the Austro-Hungarian Government could be brought to understand this position, if we and Austria could settle our differences and pull together, we should carry as much weight in the Triple Alliance as Germany, for Germany could not do without us both. A check would thus be put upon Germany's aggressive policy. There would be equilibrium in the Triple Alliance and a prospect of lasting peace in Europe.

No Italian Ambassador can explain this to the Austrians. It would be too dangerous. But you might do it. Austro-Italian differences are susceptible of reasonable settlement. The questions of Trieste and of the Trentino would lose their acuteness if the Austrians could learn to regard us as friends, and if they understood that the real danger to Trieste comes from Germany, not from us. Germany would never allow us to touch Trieste if she could help it, and she is already intriguing against us, even in the Italian Tyrol. Cavour was aware of German designs upon Trieste and the Adriatic. He also knew that there is no irreconcilable conflict between Slav and Italian interests in the Adriatic. He welcomed the movement of Jellacitch for the freedom of Croatia in 1848.

I was born an Austrian subject and I know that, at Vienna, the Government is everything. Try to win its confidence and then do what you can to persuade the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Goluchowski, of the truth of what I have told you. I met him halfway about Albania. We shall be ready to meet him halfway

on all other points. Then we may get peace in Europe — but otherwise not.

I promised Visconti Venosta to do my utmost. How far I succeeded, and where and why I failed in the confidential mission he entrusted to me, the sequel will show.

CHAPTER VI

THE LANDS OF THE HAPSBURG
1902-1906

THE change from Rome to Vienna was a test of adaptability. Had I been sent to Austria on leaving Berlin in 1896, I should probably have found life delightful in the "Imperial Town on the Danube"; but to go there from Rome where, as an eminent French scholar had said, "*La vie est si douce et les amitiés sont si chaudes,*" was like leaving a world of light and warmth for one of the cold, sombre and dusty regions imagined by Dante. True, it was the worst time of the year. A hard winter was beginning. Thirty degrees of frost, heavy snow, and skies grey for weeks at a stretch were not ideal conditions for beginning work in a new sphere. In Rome I had taken root. A residence of nearly six years had made me feel, in some degree, "a child by right of that eternal home"; and, whatever may be said for the system of transferring newspaper correspondents or diplomatists from countries they know to countries they do not know, it is not pleasant to be torn up by the roots even for the purpose of being planted in soil reputedly more nourishing. Moreover, in comparison with Rome, Vienna seemed out of the world. It might be an "observation post" of first-rate importance, but it belonged to another, and less attractive, political sphere. To Rome, everybody who was anybody in politics, art, or finance came sooner or later. British public men in particular had a way of turning up there for a few weeks or months and of bringing with them a breath of home. Earl Spencer, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, Cecil Rhodes and his brother Colonel Frank Rhodes, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, and a dozen other well-known Englishmen, besides distinguished Americans like Mr. Taft, then Governor

of the Philippines, and Japanese Elder Statesmen like Count Matsukata, had passed through or stayed in Rome while I had been there; and, as most of them were eager for information about Italy they had given me, in exchange, news and impressions of the world outside Italy. But of Vienna none of my acquaintances spoke with enthusiasm. Two of them, Count Wedel, the German Ambassador to the Quirinal, and Baron von Tucher, the Bavarian Minister who, like me, were transferred from Rome to Vienna in the autumn of 1902, seemed as disconsolate at the prospect as I was. Still, we all thought Vienna likely to be more "important" if less pleasant than Rome; and none of us knew at that moment how important it would prove.

With the death of Queen Victoria and the accession of Edward VII in January, 1901, a new factor had come into the politics of Europe and of the world. In January, 1902, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had been concluded. At the beginning of June, the Boer War had been ended by the Treaty of Vereeniging; and King Edward's message to his people had accredited reports that his influence had been powerfully used to promote the peace. The end of the war meant the revival of British interest in Europe — a prospect welcome to Italy but less welcome to Germany. In July, Lord Salisbury had retired from office. Under his policy of "splendid isolation" British influence had ceased to be felt as a constant element in European public life. Shortly after leaving the Italian Foreign Office, in February, 1901, Visconti Venosta had told me of his conviction that Italy, as a Power, had not come at all into Lord Salisbury's political purview. On special occasions the community of Anglo-Italian interests and the sympathy between the two peoples would, Visconti Venosta hoped, lead to coöperation; but, at that moment, the relations of Italy with all the other Powers were more frequent and closer than with England. He himself had not had to negotiate with Lord Salisbury a single affair of any importance since the spring of 1899.

Soon after King Edward came to the throne a feeling spread on the Continent that somehow things had changed.

King Edward knew and distrusted his nephew, the German Emperor. As Prince of Wales he had gone to Germany in 1888 to read the young Emperor William a lesson upon his outrageous conduct in putting a cordon of troops round the palace of his mother, the Empress Frederick, at Potsdam while search was made through her papers and those of her late husband, the Emperor Frederick. The younger German diplomatists in Rome did not hide from me their belief that the Emperor, who feared King Edward, might engage in some intrigue against him of which the outcome would be war. "Then," said one of them who was afterwards to hold a very high position in Germany, "we may be in a pretty plight. The Emperor will want to manage everything himself, to command the army, to direct the fleet and to supervise diplomacy. There is only one thing," he added, "that will deter him."

"What is that?" I asked.

"The prophecy," he said. "Have you never heard of it? It has already been fulfilled twice and the Emperor won't risk its coming true a third time. When, after the events of 1848, the old Emperor William I, then Prince of Prussia, had to leave the country for a while, he spent some time in 1849 at Mainz accompanied only by an aide-de-camp. Mainz, as you know, was not then Prussian. One day, a gipsy woman offered to tell his fortune and addressed him as 'Your Imperial Majesty.'

"'Imperial Majesty!' exclaimed the Prince. 'Of what Empire, pray?'

"'Of the new German Empire,' she answered.

"'When is it going to be formed?' asked the Prince.

"'That I can tell you,' said the gipsy.

"Taking a piece of paper she wrote the year 1849 and added to it the same figures, thus:

1849
1
8
4
9

1871

"'In 1871, your Majesty will be German Emperor.'

"'How long shall I be Emperor?'

"'I can tell you that, too,' answered the woman. 'See!' And she wrote:

1871
1
8
7
1

1888

"'Until 1888.'

"'How long will this new Empire last?' inquired the Prince, finally.

"The woman wrote again:

1888
1
8
8
8

1913

"'Until 1913,' she replied.

"William I, after succeeding to the throne of Prussia in 1861 became German Emperor in January, 1871, and died in March, 1888," continued the German diplomatist. "His grandson is haunted by fear lest the prophecy come true again. So I do not think he will risk a war, if he can help it, until 1913 is safely over."

I noted this strange story in 1901 and thought frequently of its possible influence upon the fate of Europe. It coincided pretty closely with Visconti Venosta's estimate that, unless Italy and Austria could be reconciled, the aggressive policy of Germany would bring on war within ten or fifteen years.

AN UNREAL COUNTRY

But when I went to Vienna in 1902, ten or fifteen years seemed a long way ahead. In the meantime there would be ample leisure to study the currents and eddies of the Danube. In Vienna I found them all the more baffling because experience belied my expectations. I had expected to find a country smart and efficient, not, indeed, with a Prussian smartness but less happy-go-lucky than Italy. Yet, in many respects, things seemed even slacker in Austria than in Italy. My German vocabulary was speedily enriched with a number of Viennese equivalents for "slovenliness," and there seemed to be a tortuous indirectness in Austrian methods that astonished and disappointed me. Good-natured, the people certainly were, but terribly slow and unintelligent. Even Austrian social etiquette which was reputed to be particularly severe, I found, in some ways, less formal than that of Rome, though "Society" itself was far more artificial. Scientists, University professors, writers, or artists had no social standing in their own right, nor did members of the aristocracy mingle with them freely as they had done in Rome. There were, I discovered, at least three strata or classes of "Society," one above the other. The "first" society consisted chiefly of the high nobility, who were mostly related to each other, and of a few outsiders whom they admitted capriciously to their midst. Neither ambassadors nor the diplomatic corps in general belonged, *ex officio*, to the "first society." An ambassador might be excluded from it whereas a third secretary of embassy might be "in" it, if its members happened to like him. One or two artists were also among the favoured few, less by reason of artistic merit than for some personal quality. The "second" society was more comprehensive. It was made up of ministers of state, the lesser nobility, high officials, some big financiers and baptized Jews together with the majority of diplomatists. The "third" society was nondescript. It comprised professors, artists, writers, Jews, journalists, second-rate officials, actors, actresses, singers and politicians. Between these strata there was little

communication save when it became desirable to mulct them all for some charitable purpose under the patronage of an Archduke or Archduchess. At the apex of the social structure stood the Emperor, the Imperial family and the Court, so far removed from the common run of mortals and so hedged about by an old Spanish etiquette that they could, on occasion, afford to move as demi-gods among the crowd and to appear more democratic than the Royal family of Italy.

In this strange atmosphere I felt at first as a fish out of water. An air of unreality pervaded everything. Public attention was fixed upon trifles — a squabble at the Opera between a Czech and a German singer, a row in Parliament over the appointment of some obscure official in Bohemia, the attractions of the latest comic opera or the sale of tickets for a charity ball. Concerts, theatres and amusements generally, played a far greater part in public life than political issues — as a result, though I did not then know it, of an old system deliberately adopted and carefully applied by the Hapsburgs and their police. Its object was to divert the attention of the people from politics by keeping them constantly "amused." Thus it became a loyal duty to be "merry," and almost an impertinence to show too much interest in public affairs, which were the business of the Emperor and of his Government. Outside Austria, the Emperor was universally respected as a venerable sovereign, sorely tried by fate but devoting himself utterly to the welfare of his discordant realms. But, in Vienna, I was astonished to hear the Emperor criticized on all hands. His subjects seemed to lack the respect with which he was regarded abroad. How would it ever be possible for a foreigner to get definite bearings in such a country?

Luckily, work was plentiful. The catalogue of the Austrian and Hungarian peoples — Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, Ruthenes, Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Rumanes, Italians, Germans and Magyars — had to be learned and some notion to be acquired of their constitutional rights and positions. The acquaintance of Austrian ministers and of the leading public men had to be cultivated — with the discouraging result that few of them seemed to come up to the stature of statesmen. I had yet to

discover that, in Austria, statesmanship was at a discount and that Francis Joseph's principle was to favour nonentities as less "dangerous" than men of brains or character. But, in Hungary, things seemed different. Four hours' express train from Vienna brought me into a society and a political life that appeared, at first sight, as refreshing as those of the Austrian capital were arid. In Budapest, men and women spoke freely and had ideas of their own. All professed an intense Magyar patriotism and, in this respect, the Hungarian Jews, whose name was legion, out-Magyared the Magyars. All swore by their "Thousand-year-old Constitution" — a living Constitution that had grown from precedent to precedent since 1222, after the English fashion. The name of freedom was on every tongue, and faith in the national destiny in every heart. Here the Emperor was not an Emperor but "The King," respected inasmuch as he had been crowned with the jewel of the Constitution, the sacred Hungarian Crown, wherein the sovereignty of the King and of the nation jointly and mystically resided, but otherwise exposed to the keen shafts of Magyar satire. Parliament was a reality, the true centre of a strong constitutional life, not a piece of make-believe as in Austria. Moreover, Hungarian public men spoke like statesmen. Some of them, notably Count Stephen Tisza, even struck me as being statesmen. In any case, most of them stood head and shoulders above the Austrian level.

The one drop of bitterness in the cup of refreshment that I drank at Budapest came from the President of the Chamber, Count Albert Apponyi. He had wished to capture the Budapest correspondentship of *The Times* for a nominee of his own, and resented the idea that an Englishman chiefly resident in Vienna should be entrusted with the interpretation of Hungarian politics. In perfect English — he spoke English, French, Italian and German as fluently as Magyar — he assured me that I should never be able to understand Hungarian affairs since they could not be comprehended without full knowledge of Hungarian Constitutional Law. This, in its turn, could not be gained without a mastery of the Magyar tongue, which I could never hope to acquire. Hence, it would

be a mistake, or worse, on my part if I persisted in dealing with matters Hungarian. This put me on my mettle and, by dint of study, I learned enough Magyar to read Hungarian Constitutional law in the original and to understand speeches in Parliament. Then I discovered that Count Albert Apponyi himself, like many of his fellow politicians, was not always careful to quote the fundamental statutes accurately. I discovered, too, that appearances in Hungary might be as deceptive as the more patent unrealities of Austria.

THE BALKAN QUESTION

Meanwhile, Vienna became more interesting. At the end of December, 1902, Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister, arrived there suddenly after rapid visits to Sofia and Belgrade. Not since August, 1896, when Prince Lobanof accompanied the Tsar and Tsaritsa on their visit of accession to the Emperor Francis Joseph, had a Russian Foreign Minister come officially to the Austrian capital. Their visit had been returned at St. Petersburg by the Emperor Francis Joseph in April, 1897, when an Austro-Russian agreement had been concluded in regard to the Balkans; and Serbia, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Montenegro had been informed by identic Austro-Hungarian and Russian Notes that the Emperor and the Tsar were firmly determined to uphold peace, order, and the *status quo* in southeastern Europe. The vigour of this announcement veiled the fact that, before consenting to make it, Austria-Hungary had proposed to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina — which she had occupied in 1878 under the Treaty of Berlin — and that Russia had vetoed the proposal; nor did it show that the two Powers had agreed practically to divide the Balkans into Russian and Austro-Hungarian spheres of influence. Nevertheless, the Austro-Russian pronouncement served to steady the situation in southeastern Europe until, in the summer of 1902, Turkish ill-treatment of Balkan Christians, and "propaganda" by armed Bulgarian bands, began to create serious disorder. At the end of 1902 Count Lamsdorff therefore instructed the Russian Ambassador at Con-

stantinople to report upon the possibility of persuading the Sultan to reform the Turkish administration in Macedonia, and came to Vienna to consult Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, on the subject. They agreed to instruct the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Ambassadors at Constantinople to draft a programme of reforms for Macedonia which was presented to the Porte in February, 1903. As the other European Powers supported the programme, the Sultan ended by accepting it. He appointed a Turkish official, Hussein Hilmi Pasha, so to "supervise" its application that no reforms should be carried out. Consequently, in the summer of 1903, Macedonia was the scene of a formidable insurrection.

Local and unimportant though the Macedonian question might appear in itself, it was so bound up with the interests and ambitions of Austria-Hungary, if not with the very conditions of her existence, that Vienna, even more than St. Petersburg or Constantinople, became the chief centre of diplomatic interest. Out of the Macedonian question might come a European war which would raise the whole Eastern question. From an unsuccessful attempt to solve the Eastern question in the latter part of the 18th century the partition of Poland between Russia, Prussia, and Austria had sprung; and those who knew the secret springs of European politics knew also that, if ever the Eastern question were solved, the question of Austria would inevitably arise. Neither Russia nor Germany, and still less Austria-Hungary, desired that the Austrian problem should then be raised; and they were agreed in damping down the fire in the Balkans lest a spark from it kindle a conflagration.

Russia and Germany had, moreover, other reasons than those of Austria-Hungary for wishing to keep the peace of Europe. Strong influences at St. Petersburg were urging the Tsar to extend his dominions in the Far East and to clip the wings of ambitious Japan. Germany was seconding these influences to the best of her ability, in the hope that Far Eastern commitments would prevent Russia from supporting France. In January, 1902, shortly before the end of the Boer War, a defensive Alliance had been concluded between Great Britain

and Japan with the object of keeping the peace in the Far East and of checking Russian designs against China and on the Pacific Ocean. It engaged the contracting parties to take measures for the protection of their interests in China and to stand by each other in the field should one of them be involved in war with more than one antagonist. In case of war between one of them and any single Power, the other party to the Alliance agreed to remain strictly neutral and to do its utmost to prevent other Powers from joining in the hostilities.

The publication of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance caused serious misgivings in Russia. It was seen that the policy of expansion in the Far East could not be pursued without the risk of war against Japan, if not against England. Germany, however, urged Russia forward. A conflict between Russia and Japan, especially if England were drawn into it, would also involve England in war against France. Thus Germany would have Europe to herself and would find countless openings for "honest brokerage." These considerations were freely discussed in Germany and regret was publicly expressed, early in 1902, that England should so long be paralyzed by the South African War, since Japan would hardly dare to fight Russia without financial help from England. When the Boer War ended in the summer of 1902, Germany therefore looked forward to an early conflict in the Far East. Partly under German influence, Russia decided to pursue a policy of expansion and to make good her hold upon the Chinese province of Manchuria which she had occupied. Hence Count Lamsdorff's visit to Vienna and his agreement with Austria-Hungary upon the Macedonian reform programme and upon the preservation of the *status quo* in the Balkans. Russia wished not to have a conflict in the Far East and a crisis in the Near East simultaneously on her hands. But so determined were Russia and Austria-Hungary, as the "two most interested Powers," to preserve their Balkan spheres of influence that they resolved to tolerate no interference from other quarters. When the Italian Foreign Minister, Prinetti, instructed Count Nigra, the Italian Ambassador in Vienna, to tell Lamsdorff and Goluchowski that Italy would be ready to join them in

seeking to solve "the Macedonian question," he was curtly sent about his business by Lamsdorff with the answer "there is no Macedonian question"; while Goluchowski replied, with polite irony, that if Prinetti knew of a solution, Austria-Hungary and Russia would be glad to hear of it.

THE SERBIAN ASSASSINATIONS

In June, 1903, Austro-Russian concord and even the sacrosanct *status quo* in the Balkans were shaken by the assassination, not to say the butchery, of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia. The plot of which this crime was the outcome had been hatched among the officers of the Belgrade garrison, partly, if not mainly, under Austro-Hungarian auspices, though Russia also was aware of its existence and did nothing to check it. For the political control of Serbia, Russian and Austro-Hungarian diplomacy had long contended. King Milan, Alexander's father, had been practically an Austrian satrap. After his abdication in 1889, Russian influence had regained ascendancy and had remained uppermost until Alexander's unhappy marriage with Draga, one of the ladies of the Court, and the complications which the marriage entailed. For a time it had been hoped in Vienna that Alexander might presently become an Austro-Hungarian tool. Early in 1903 it was, however, realized that he was of too unstable a character to be useful in any respect as long as he remained on the throne. Rumours were spread in Belgrade that, since Draga was destined to be childless, her brother was to be chosen as heir to the Serbian throne; and, as she and her family were detested in the Serbian Army, a plot was formed to rid the country of her and of her husband at one stroke.

I had not been long in Vienna before I realized that the question of Serbia was regarded in Austria-Hungary in much the same way as the questions of German and of Italian unity had been regarded in the middle of the 19th century. Fully two thirds of the Serbo-Croat, or Southern Slav, race were ruled by the Hapsburg Crown. A movement towards unity

existed among them, and it was indispensable that, if it could not be thwarted, it should, unlike the Italian and the German unitary movements, be accomplished under Hapsburg auspices. These things were not spoken of openly in Vienna. Serbia was, indeed, talked of as an obstacle to the extension of Austro-Hungarian influence in the Balkans and to a Hapsburg "march to Salonica" — an obstacle that must one day be removed — but, save in the neighbourhood of the Heir Presumptive, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the unification of the Southern Slavs under Hapsburg sway was treated as a far-off dream. With Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, a jovial Pole, loquacious on every subject except Austro-Hungarian policy, I had never discussed it; but his abler colleague, M. de Kállay, the Administrator of Bosnia-Herzegovina, had been more communicative. Kállay was a Magyar of the Magyars, a member of the Hungarian gentry which, as a class, was far prouder of its lesser nobility than was the Magyar aristocracy of the titles received from Hapsburg monarchs. In some ways, Kállay was a great man. He had the magnetism of the great, and his mind, though utterly devoid of political scruples, moved with a majestic sweep that had nothing in common with the mincing pedantry of Austrian officialdom. In twenty years' administration he had organized and outwardly converted Bosnia-Herzegovina from a neglected and backward Turkish province into a progressive modern colony. While his methods were those of the Balkans, his intelligence and his intellectual interests were largely European. He talked with me as freely as Visconti Venosta had done and never shirked an awkward question. To him more than to Goluchowski I turned for guidance upon Austro-Hungarian policy, and I found him ever willing to give it.

Early in March, 1903, I called upon him to discuss the outlook in Macedonia. Contrary to his wont, he kept me waiting and I was told that the chief engineer of the Bosnian Railways was with him. When at length I was admitted, Kállay affected to ignore politics, and asked, "Are you a mathematician?" "A pretty bad one," I answered. Holding

out a piece of paper with figures on it he said, "Anyhow, tell me what is wrong with this. It stumped me until the chief engineer, who is a first-class mathematician, explained it." The figures were —

$$0 - 5 = 0$$
$$0 - 4 = 0$$
$$0 - 5 = 0 - 4$$

To Kállay's delight I, too, confessed myself "stumped." Then he launched into a long algebraical explanation of which the sense was that the mathematical value of a nought depends upon the process by which it is obtained, and that a nought obtained by subtracting 5 from 0 had not the same value as a nought obtained by subtracting 4 from 0. Otherwise, he declared, the equation might be inverted, with the result that 4 would equal 5. Then he said, "I have no time to talk politics. Keep your eye on Belgrade. Master Alexander has got an awful fright. He knows there is trouble brewing and he has not dared to stir out of his Konak for the last forty-eight hours. Watch carefully and you may see things."

I watched carefully but saw nothing until June 11th, the festival of Corpus Christi, which was always kept as a solemn holiday in Austria. A magnificent procession, with the clergy, the Emperor, the archdukes and the dignitaries of State at its head, marched solemnly, bare-headed and bearing lighted candles, through the principal streets of Vienna to the Cathedral. As the procession was starting, there was a sudden movement among the crowd of spectators. One of the newspapers had issued a single sheet announcing in large type the assassination of King Alexander, Queen Draga and her brother, besides the Serbian Prime Minister, the Minister of War and a number of officers. Remembering Kállay's words in March, I went to see him as soon as he returned from the Cathedral. On his desk lay the news sheet.

"I know nothing more than you see here," he said. "I am not in the conspiracy." I reminded him of the advice he had given me three months earlier and he replied, "Quite true; and that may prove to you that what I tell you about the

East is apt to be well-founded. Alexander was doomed, and the intrigues of Nicholas of Montenegro have been nipped in the bud."

"Who is to succeed?" I asked.

"It will be Peter Karageorgevitch," said Kállay.

"But," I objected. "Peter is the son-in-law of Nicholas of Montenegro."

"Yes," answered Kállay. "But his relations with his father-in-law are so bad that he is not dangerous. Besides, the Karageorgevitchs have always had two elements in their policy — not to quarrel with Austria-Hungary, and not to quarrel with Turkey, their most powerful neighbours."

"Then," I returned, "the accession of Karageorgevitch does not mean trouble in the Balkans?"

"I did not say that," rejoined Kállay. "Karageorgevitch may be obliged to make himself popular by engaging in some national enterprise, though, as he is no longer young, I do not anticipate trouble in that direction; it is Nicholas of Montenegro who, seeing the defeat of his schemes to put his second son, Mirko, on the Serbian throne, may try to push forward to Prizrend through the Albanian Catholic country, so as to work round toward Serbia from the south. It will be the business of Turkey to deal with him."

Kállay said this with an air of triumph; and though he was clearly excited by the murders, he was undoubtedly pleased at their probable effects. Shortly afterwards, he fell ill, and died on July 13th. Subsequently I learned that he had been kept in close touch with the conspiracy by a Hungarian Under-Secretary of State in the Bosnian Administration who attended the meetings of the Vienna section of the conspirators at the Café Imperial on the Ringstrasse. I learned also that it had been intended not to assassinate but only to kidnap Alexander and Draga, and to bring them to Austria-Hungary so that a threat of their restoration to the throne might be held over the head of Peter Karageorgevitch in case he should prove recalcitrant to Austro-Hungarian influence. Apparently the Serbian officers who committed the murders lost their heads when they found the door of the Konak bolted instead of being

secretly opened from inside by an accomplice. Frightened by this hitch, they blew in the door with dynamite and, lest their own lives be forfeit if the noise of the explosion should bring the loyal troops to the rescue, they butchered the King and Queen as soon as they could find them.

The revolting details of the crime, the strange apathy of the Russian Minister who heard the explosion but did nothing until he saw the bodies of the King and Queen thrown from the Konak window, and the reign of terror afterward established by the regicide officers, are matters of history. But one tragic-comic incident remains in my memory. The day before the assassinations, a well-known Danish journalist had "interviewed" King Alexander who had wished him also to "interview" Queen Draga on the morrow. Though he had intended to leave Belgrade that night, the journalist decided to stay on at his hotel for twenty-four hours; and, after writing out his interview with the King, went to bed, leaving a pair of patent leather boots outside the door of his room so that they might be cleaned in readiness for his audience of the Queen in the morning. He woke late, dressed hurriedly and opened the door to get his boots. They had disappeared. He rang for the valet, but in vain. Then he went to the head of the stairs and shouted for a maid or a waiter. At length a boy appeared.

"Where are my patent leather boots?" asked the journalist angrily.

"You need no patent leather boots," the boy replied.

"You impudent young rascal, I must have my boots," roared the journalist. "Bring them immediately."

"I tell you, you need no patent leather boots," persisted the boy.

"Devil take you!" shouted the journalist. "I am expected at the Palace. I have to see the Queen. Bring me my patent leather boots at once."

"The Queen is dead," said the boy, with a smirk. "The King is also dead; the Prime Minister is also dead; the War Minister is also dead; I tell you, you want no patent leather boots."

It was not only in Belgrade that cynical indifference to the crime was shown. On the morrow of the murders, the *Fremdenblatt,* official organ of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, published an article arguing that though the bloodshed was deplorable, the Balkans were a bloody region and that it mattered little who reigned in Serbia provided he were on good terms with Austria-Hungary. Amazed at this cynicism, the French Ambassador, Marquis de Reverseaux, called upon Count Goluchowski to ask whether the article really expressed the official view. Goluchowski, who had not seen the article in print, took a copy of the *Fremdenblatt,* read it, and said, "Yes; that's about it." After an opposition journal had pertinently enquired what was to become of the monarchical principle if the assassination of crowned heads were to be treated as a mere matter of diplomatic expediency, the official press changed its tone; but the authorities did not change their attitude. When Peter Karageorgevitch passed through Vienna on his way to Belgrade from Geneva, a crowd of Serbs and Croats, subjects of the Emperor Francis Joseph, was allowed to welcome him at the railway station, to sing patriotic Southern Slav songs and to cheer him not only as King of Serbia but as King "of Croatia," which belonged to Francis Joseph. Had not the Austro-Hungarian Government believed that King Peter would be its obedient puppet, no such demonstration would have been tolerated. It turned against him when it realized, two years later, that he was devoted to Serbia and to Serbia alone.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ENTENTE

In England, the Belgrade assassinations were looked on with horror. At the instance of King Edward, diplomatic relations with Serbia were at once broken off, nor were they restored until the principal regicide officers had been removed from influential positions. This action was typical of the leadership which King Edward was rapidly gaining in Europe, to the annoyance of his nephew, the German Emperor. In the spring of 1903, the King had paid the first of his visits of accession

to the King of Portugal at Lisbon, and had afterward spent some days on board the Royal Yacht at Gibraltar. Thence he sent his escort of four battleships to salute at Algiers M. Loubet, the President of the French Republic, who returned the compliment by expressing the hope that King Edward would come to Paris. This was King Edward's own wish though he had mentioned it only to his personal friend, the Marquis de Soveral, Portugese Minister in London. Informal conversations upon the possibility of a general Anglo-French Entente had, however, been going on for some time. Soon after the conclusion of the 1899 agreement upon North Africa, the French Ambassador, M. Paul Cambon, had suggested to Lord Salisbury that other differences between France and England might be settled in an equally friendly spirit; but Lord Salisbury had answered, "I have the greatest confidence in M. Delcassé, and also in the present Government. Yet, in a few months' time, they will probably be overturned, and their successors will make a point of doing exactly the contrary of what they have done. No, we must wait a bit." Lord Lansdowne, who had succeeded Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, showed more enterprise. He asked for a written list of the heads of an eventual agreement as soon as M. Cambon raised the subject again; and, to save trouble, M. Cambon sent him a list in a letter so private that no copy of it was kept. Next evening, M. Cambon found himself placed by the side of the King at a State banquet. "Lansdowne has shown me your letter," said the King. "It is excellent. You must go on. I have told the Prince of Wales about it. You can discuss it also with him." After dinner the Prince of Wales himself spoke to M. Cambon of the letter and urged him to get the agreement concluded immediately.

Things had reached this stage when King Edward sent his escort to greet President Loubet at Algiers and informed the Foreign Office that the President wished him to come to Paris and that he wished to go. Lord Lansdowne told M. Cambon of the King's wish, but expressed fear lest French feeling in favour of the Boers might lead to Anglophobe demonstrations. The French Government, on hearing from M. Cambon, asked

the British Ambassador in Paris how the King would like to be received; and, in reply to the Ambassador's enquiry, the King telegraphed that he wanted to be received as officially as possible. Thus, after visiting Malta and Rome, King Edward went in State to Paris in May, 1903. In a few days his personal charm and tact turned a doubtful reception into a triumph of cordiality. Few, even among the King's friends, then knew that he had conceived the visit as part of a far wider policy which was maturing in his mind. Not until the conclusion of the Entente Cordiale in April, 1904 — two months after the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War which might otherwise have compelled France and England to fight each other in support of their respective allies — did the world at large begin to understand the method that had lain behind King Edward's apparently aimless round of visits to European capitals.

Late in August, 1903, between the King's visit to Paris and the signing of the Anglo-French Entente, came his visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph in Vienna. The Austro-Russian reform programme of February, 1903, had done nothing to avert an insurrection in Macedonia, and the Viennese press was proclaiming that, sooner or later, the Christain Powers would be compelled to intervene. British public opinion, genuinely interested in the fate of the Balkan Christians, was prepared to support reforms more drastic than any contemplated by Austria-Hungary and Russia. At the same time King Edward was anxious to avoid war not only in the Near but also in the Far East; and one of his objects in cultivating the friendship of France was to stimulate French advocacy of peace at St. Petersburg. Twice, at least, in the latter half of 1903, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg was instructed to do his utmost to prevent a Russo-Japanese conflict, and even to warn the Russian Government that Japan was determined to fight rather than to accept all the Russian claims. The warning was sincere — as the Tsar afterward understood — but, at the moment, it was ignored or, rather, treated as an attempt on the part of Great Britain, the ally of Japan, to frighten Russia with a Japanese bogey. In opposi-

tion to that of England, German influence in St. Petersburg was being steadily used to urge Russia on and to persuade the Tsar that the Japanese were merely bluffing. This contest of influences was felt even in Vienna. No sooner had King Edward's visit been fixed for the end of August than the Tsar also decided to visit the Emperor Francis Joseph at the end of September. Meanwhile, the German Emperor, not to be outdone, invited himself to Vienna in the middle of September so that he might put in his oar between those of the British and the Russian sovereigns.

THE MÜRZSTEG PROGRAMME

King Edward was received with marked cordiality. He appointed the Emperor a Field Marshal in the British Army and was made an Austro-Hungarian Field Marshal in return — an arrangement which allowed him to wear a less unbecoming uniform than that of the Hungarian Hussar regiment of which he was honorary Colonel. Politically, however, his visit changed little or nothing — so little, indeed, that when, a month later, the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Foreign Ministers were preparing to draw up a fresh scheme of Macedonian Reforms during the Tsar's visit, they bolted to Francis Joseph's shooting box at Mürzsteg in Styria two hours before the handing in of a British Note advocating reforms more radical than those they contemplated. In point of fact, Goluchowski had been informed by the Austrian Telegraph Office of the arrival of a bulky British despatch in cipher; and, while it was being hastily deciphered at the British Embassy, Goluchowski and Lamsdorff fled. At Mürzsteg, Goluchowski, who was fond of shooting, went out with the guns, leaving Lamsdorff, who was fond of writing, to draft the famous Mürzsteg programme with his own hand. So carelessly did Lamsdorff work that the third clause in the programme provoked a ferocious war of extermination on the part of the Macedonian Christian races against each other. By announcing that "as soon as Macedonia should be pacified," the Turkish administrative districts would be de-

limited anew so that their areas might coincide as closely as possible with their ethnographical character, this clause caused the Bulgars, Greeks, and Serbs in Macedonia to kill each other off as fast as possible, with the object of proving that the survivors alone had an ethnographical claim to the administrative districts in question. For three years the internecine warfare went on with the support of semi-official "propaganda" organizations at Sofia, Athens and Belgrade, the Turks rubbing their hands the while and exclaiming, "See how these Christians love one another." Not until the summer of 1907 was Clause III rescinded; and then only after I had supported in *The Times* the efforts of British observers in Macedonia to explain its murderous effects.

In other respects, the Mürzsteg programme helped somewhat to improve the Macedonian situation. Austro-Hungarian and Russian Civil Agents were appointed to assist the Turkish Inspector-General; an Italian Instructor-in-Chief was attached to a gendarmerie reorganized by European officers; Macedonia was divided into five sectors which were placed under the supervision of Austro-Hungarian, Russian, British, French and Italian officers respectively; and an international commission was formed at Salonica to control the administration of Macedonian finance. Thanks to the insistence of Lord Lansdowne, Macedonia gradually ceased to be an Austro-Russian preserve — a development not contemplated when the "February" and "Mürzsteg" programmes were issued. Their object, as Count Goluchowski declared in an official statement on December 14, 1903, was to withdraw Balkan affairs from the control of "the cumbrous apparatus of the European Concert and to place them in the hands of two Powers, Austria-Hungary and Russia, on the basis of a mandate to be obtained from the signatories of the Berlin Treaty of 1878." Indeed, the diplomatic history of the Macedonian Reforms was largely a record of an unsuccessful Austro-Russian attempt to secure control of the Balkans — an attempt of which the final failure was to make the beginning of a new and even more dangerous phase of European politics.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

In the eyes of its authors, the main object of the Mürzsteg programme was to keep the Balkan situation from getting out of hand while they attended to pressing business elsewhere. In Austria-Hungary a serious internal crisis demanded treatment; and Russia was preparing to settle accounts with Japan in the Far East. Japan had reluctantly admitted that the Russian occupation of Manchuria might be regarded as an exclusively Russo-Chinese question, provided Russia should recognize Japanese rights in Manchuria as defined by the commercial treaty between China and Japan. On this point an understanding might have been reached had Russia been willing to allow Japan effectively to control Korea. Russia, however, insisted that Japan should not erect fortifications in Korea, and rejected the Japanese demand for the creation of a neutral zone extending for fifty kilometres on both sides of the Korean frontier. In reality, Russia was determined to extend her dominion to the coast of Korea, and Japan was equally determined to withstand a design so menacing to Japanese security.

Early in December, 1903, I got a hint from London that, if I wanted a holiday, I had better take it before the beginning of February, 1904, since there would be war in the Far East by that date unless Russia could be persuaded that Japan was not bluffing. Count Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, had left the British Foreign Office no illusions on that score. I took the hint the more readily because there had been no time for a holiday in 1903, and, despite the Mürzsteg programme, there seemed little chance that things would be quiet enough in the Balkans to let me get away in 1904. Therefore, after spending Christmas with my friend M. Paul Sabatier, in the south of France, I went on to Italy and stayed a while in Rome. Among my acquaintances there was Donna Laura Minghetti, widow of the famous Italian statesman, and mother, by her first marriage, of the Countess Bülow, wife of the German Imperial Chancellor. Donna Laura's drawing room had long been a centre of international politics. Despite her

age, the vivacity of her intelligence and the pungency of her wit were undiminished. With her son-in-law, Count Bülow, or "Bernhard" as she called him, she was in constant correspondence; and German diplomatists in Rome were naturally at her feet. When I called upon her towards the middle of January, 1904, she welcomed me warmly and exclaimed, "Well, what about the war?"

"Which war?" I asked. "War in the Balkans or war in the Far East?"

"In the Far East, of course," she replied. "The Balkans don't matter."

"Have the Russians accepted the Japanese terms?" I enquired, for I had been out of touch with current events for some days.

"No, certainly not," answered Donna Laura, "and they are not going to."

"Then," I said, "it will be war at the beginning of next month."

"You are totally wrong," she returned. "You *Times* people ought to be better informed. The Japanese are merely bluffing and they will give in at the last moment. See what Bernhard writes."

Taking from her bag a letter she had just received from the German Imperial Chancellor, she read it to me. It made fun of the fears of war she had apparently expressed to him and added that the Japanese would never stand up to Russia. The German Ambassador in Tokio, it went on, had reported that the Japanese were merely trying to get all they could, but that when they saw that Russia would stand no nonsense they, like good Orientals, would give way. He, the German Chancellor, had taken care to let the Russians know this.

"I am sorry to disagree with your distinguished son-in-law," I said, "but it is he who is totally wrong. If the Russians do not come to terms with Japan by the end of this month there will be war early in February. That is why I am here — to get a holiday before it comes; and that is why I shall leave Rome on January 31st, so as to be back in Vienna when hostilities begin."

In her lively way, Donna Laura assured me that I was quite mad and that I ought to wear a straitjacket instead of running loose in the world. Then she asked me to dinner, at which I had the pleasure of hearing the eminent Italian-Jewish authority on finance, Luzzatti, defend the Vatican while Mgr. Duchesne, the historian of the early Christian Church, denounced Vaticanism, Jesuitism, and Clericalism in general. On January 31st, I left Rome for Budapest by way of Ancona and Fiume. At Fiume I stayed awhile to look at the Whitehead Torpedo factory which was managed by an Englishman who, for quiet determination and efficiency, might have been the hero of a Jules Verne story. Speaking of the impending war, he said softly, "I know nothing about the Japs on land, but on sea they will win. They were here, buying torpedoes. They looked into every corner of the works, understood how delicate a machine a torpedo is, and then ordered 1400 at £400 apiece. Before they took delivery they sent here the smallest officer in their navy, a little chap not more than four feet high and so thin that he could crawl into the compressed air chamber of every torpedo to see whether the engine was working well.

"The Russians also sent a number of naval officers. They inspected the factory superficially, and ordered twelve torpedoes which, they said, would serve as models. The rest would be made in Russia. Now, it has taken me years to get together and train 900 first-class Croat workmen to the point of skill that is needed to make a torpedo. The war will be over long before the Russians can make one torpedo that will work. They are sure to be beaten on sea. And there is another reason," continued the manager. "As you know, there are torpedo tubes under water and torpedo tubes on deck. It is much more dangerous to launch a torpedo from a deck tube under enemy fire than to launch it under water, but it is also much more effective because the aim is better. The Japs ordered deck tubes wherever possible. The Russians preferred submerged tubes. When you are at war," he concluded caustically, "it is better to think more of killing the other fellow than of not getting killed yourself."

On February 5th, Japan recalled her Minister from St. Petersburg and, two days later, made a night attack on Port Arthur. The news came while I was at Budapest, where feeling ran strongly in favour of Japan. Magyar hatred of Russia, whose intervention against Kossuth and Görgei in 1849 had destroyed Hungarian hopes of independence, and the influence of the Hungarian press, almost entirely Jewish and therefore Russophobe, combined to create a public opinion overwhelmingly pro-Japanese. On the other hand the Slav races of Hungary and of Austria (except the Poles) were naturally pro-Russian. Austrian-German opinion was divided. The German-Jewish press gave vent to its hatred of Russia, while the anti-Semitic and pan-German organs denounced the Japanese. The bearing of the Emperor was neutral, though the feeling of the Court and of the Austrian aristocracy was anti-Japanese. In these circumstances the Japanese Minister at Vienna, Baron Makino, found himself in a position of some difficulty. His tactful behaviour won him, however, the personal regard of his diplomatic colleagues and even of the Court, whereas the Russian Ambassador, Count Kapnist, lost ground by his open assumption that a speedy Russian victory was a matter of course. As the year wore on, bringing Kuroki's victory on the Yalu River, the investment of Port Arthur, and the gradual advance of the Japanese forces, the prospects of a Russian triumph receded; and though Continental soldiers continued to doubt whether Japan would, in the long run, be able to withstand Russia on land, the marked inferiority of the Russian fleet showed that, unless strong reinforcements could be sent from Europe to cut the sea communications of the Japanese Army, the task of Russia would be hard and long.

The chief thorn in the Japanese flesh was the Vladivostok cruiser squadron. Again and again it had eluded Admiral Kamimura and worried Japanese transports. But, on August 10th, when the Russian fleet sallied from Port Arthur to give battle to Admiral Togo's main forces, the Vladivostok squadron came southward to support him. Togo, however, repulsed the Russians off Port Arthur with heavy loss, killing their com-

manding Admiral, Witthöft, while Kamimura caught the Vladivostok squadron on August 14, 1904, sank the Rurik, and drove its sister cruisers, severely battered, back to Vladivostok.

At that moment King Edward as the "Duke of Lancaster," was taking his annual "cure" at Marienbad in Bohemia, where he was to receive, on August 16th, a visit from the Emperor Francis Joseph. As the place was crowded, Mr. (now Sir) Alan Johnstone, Counsellor of the British Embassy, who had gone to Marienbad, kindly offered to get me rooms; but, on the evening of Sunday, August 14th, I happened to receive, simultaneously, a telegram from Marienbad saying that I could get the quarters for which I had applied, and a telephone message from a Viennese newspaper office announcing the defeat of the Vladivostok squadron. Therefore, I telegraphed to Mr. Johnstone:

Thanks. Have rooms. Just heard Kamimura defeated Vladivostok squadron. Rurik sunk. Rest escaped northward. See you Tuesday.

I went to Marienbad next day and, on the Tuesday morning, came across the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Plunkett, on the promenade. His usually friendly bearing had changed and seemed cold and stiff. After chatting for a moment, he turned away, saying reproachfully:

"Next time you have important news, please remember that it should be sent to the Ambassador, not to the Counsellor of Embassy."

"Do you mean my telegram to Johnstone?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "It should have been sent to me."

"But," I explained, "it was about rooms. The news was an accident."

Nevertheless, the Ambassador insisted that any further news must be given to him.

A few minutes later Johnstone himself came sailing down the promenade. "Thank you for that telegram," he said. "It was a great score. We had all been dining with the King and I found it at my rooms afterwards. So I took it back

to Sir Stanley Clarke at the Hotel Weimar. He showed it to the King who was delighted to be so promptly informed. Yesterday morning he chaffed the life out of Ferdinand of Bulgaria on the promenade, who knew nothing, though he always plumes himself upon being more rapidly informed than anybody else. As a matter of fact, confirmation of your news has only just come from the Foreign Office."

I stayed some days at Marienbad, telephoning every evening to Vienna for the news that would appear in the Vienna papers of the following morning. Anything important I took to the Ambassador, who wrote it out and sent it to Sir Stanley Clarke for the King. By this method, time was lost. The King, to whom I had been formally presented at Vienna in 1903, therefore told Sir Stanley Clarke to " short circuit " the Ambassador and to get the news from me. It was, indeed, urgent that the King should be informed with the utmost rapidity. The crucial battle of Liao-Yang, which lasted from August 24th until September 5th and ended in the retreat of the Russian forces to Mukden, was about to begin and the issue of the war seemed to depend upon its outcome. Therefore I gathered by telephone every night whatever news had reached Vienna, and gave it at once to Sir Stanley Clarke; and when, at the end of August, I returned to Vienna, I was asked to continue the service not only while the King remained at Marienbad but during his journey home as far as Flushing. From the Royal Yacht at Flushing I presently received a note conveying the " Duke of Lancaster's " thanks and saying that I had invariably beaten the news from the Foreign Office by thirty-six hours.

In my innocence, I thought *The Times* would be pleased with this testimonial to the efficiency of its foreign service; and I sent it to Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager, together with a bill for the few pounds I had spent on telegrams to the King. Instead, I got a sharp reprimand. " Albert Edward," it ran, " ought to have paid for the telegrams himself. If they offer you the Victorian Order, mind you find a way of refusing it." Whereunto I made answer that, if an M.V.O. were thrown at my head, I should duck and let it hit the manager in the

chest; and that, for the rest, his injunction was quite unnecessary since I had never accepted, nor should accept, any honour or decoration from any government, British or Foreign, as long as I wielded a pen.

THREE TABLEAUX

Three scenes at Vienna are among my most vivid recollections of the Russo-Japanese War. On Saturday, May 27, 1905, I called upon the imperturbable Japanese Minister, Baron Makino, whose brother was on Admiral Togo's staff. For the first time in an acquaintance of several years — for he had been Minister in Rome before his appointment to Vienna — I found him nervous and worried. The Russian Baltic fleet under Admiral Rozhdestvensky — whose attack on British trawlers off the Dogger Bank in October, 1904, had almost brought on war between England and Russia — was nearing Japanese waters, and a decisive naval engagement was known to be imminent. "My brother writes," said Makino, "that Togo's hair has recently gone white with anxiety. It is a terrible moment. If the Russians cut our communications by sea, our army in Manchuria" (the Japanese had won the battle of Mukden and compelled the Russians again to retreat in March) "would be endangered and the whole war might be lost." After all, I reflected, the Japanese are human.

Next evening, Sunday, May 28th, I was about to attend a dinner at the Hotel Bristol to which the First Secretary of the Russian Embassy had invited his friends, when I heard by telephone that Togo had annihilated Rozhdestvensky's fleet that morning off Tsu Shima. As I entered the room where the guests were assembled, the Duke of Teck, then British military attaché, and Prince Charles Kinsky asked if there were any news. I told them, in a whisper, and we agreed to say nothing for the sake of our host and hostess. But I felt uneasy as the dinner went merrily on and some guests toasted the victory of the Russian fleet in advance. Towards eleven o'clock, a rumour spread that it had been destroyed. Then the guests melted away.

The news was not officially confirmed even next morning, May 29th. On that day the Belgian Minister, Baron de Borchgrave, was entertaining at luncheon a large number of his diplomatic colleagues and friends, including the British and French ambassadors and Baron Makino, the Japanese Minister. De Borchgrave, who was the soul of hospitality and a great *gourmet*, thought it a mortal offence if any of his guests came late; and I had always tried to be punctual at his feasts. Towards one o'clock, when I should have been starting for the Belgian Legation, I was, however, kept at the telephone hearing the official details of the Japanese victory. Consequently, I found my host at the door of his drawing room fuming at my unpunctuality. By way of apology I said I had been detained by important news. He beckoned the French and English ambassadors to hear it; and, when I had told them, he shouted to Makino who was at the other end of the room, "Here is great news for you. Togo is completely victorious." Makino came forward slowly, saying, "Yes, I had an official telegram at nine this morning."

"And you have been here for twenty minutes and have told us never a word!" roared Borchgrave. "*Quel homme! quel homme!*" He would have been even more astonished if he had seen this same Makino nervous and depressed forty-eight hours before.

Had Francis Joseph and his advisers been less absorbed than they were from 1903 to 1906 in the internal crisis of the Hapsburg Monarchy, they might have been tempted to profit by the defeat of Russia in order to extend their influence in the Balkans. Some of them, notably Count Khuen-Héderváry, who had been Ban, or Viceroy, of Croatia and afterwards Prime Minister of Hungary, assured me that only by military enterprise towards the Southeast could the Monarchy find a way out of its troubles. The Austro-Hungarian General Staff and the Heir Presumptive, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, held similar views. More than once I was approached by persons in touch with the Archduke and was urged to seek an audience of him; but I met these suggestions by asking whether the Archduke would be disposed to discuss the situa-

tion freely. I explained that, if he wished to see me, I would obey his command, but that if I were to apply for the favour of an audience, and it were granted, I should be incurring an obligation which might limit the freedom of any comment I might have to make upon his political tendencies. This risk I could not run; for, were the Archduke merely to receive me and to make a few remarks about the weather, I should be sacrificing something of my independence without getting in return any notion of his political ideas.

So impious did this reasoning seem to those who approached me that no further attempts were made to enroll me among the Archduke's partisans. A journalist impertinent enough to lay down conditions for his reception by the Heir Presumptive was evidently an impossible fellow. Had I acted otherwise I should have found myself regarded in Hungary with suspicious aversion, and in Austria as having taken sides in domestic politics if not, indeed, in the politics of the Court. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand was then believed, not without reason, to be the soul of the Austrian Military Party and to be violently opposed to Hungarian demands for the introduction of Magyar as the language of command in the Hungarian regiments of the joint Austro-Hungarian Army.

THE MAGYAR WORDS OF COMMAND

Over these demands the struggle raged long and fiercely, not only between Budapest and Vienna but between the Kossuthists, or Independence Party, and the Liberal, or Government Party, in Hungary. At the end of 1902 the Austro-Hungarian military authorities desired to increase the annual levy of recruits by 20,000 men. A Bill to this effect was laid before the Austrian and the Hungarian parliaments; but, while it was adopted in Austria without difficulty, the Hungarian Independence Party decided to obstruct it until Magyar words of command should be substituted for German in Hungarian regiments. This demand the Emperor resisted as an infringement of his constitutional prerogatives. Since the Austrian Constitution gave him the exclusive right "to

ordain matters concerning the management, leadership, and inner organization of the whole army"; and clause 11 of the Hungarian Fundamental Statute of 1867 also placed in his hands "everything pertaining to the unitary leadership, command and inner organization of the whole army, and thus also of the Hungarian Army as an integral part of the whole army," he insisted that he alone was entitled to say how the Hungarian regiments should be commanded. The Independence Party retorted that, under Clause 12 of the same Hungarian Fundamental Statute, Hungary reserved her right to lay down the conditions on which she would grant recruits. Hence, Hungary was entitled to refuse any increase in the annual levy unless her demands were granted.

Out of this dispute which involved not only the Constitutional rights of the Crown and those of Hungary but also the efficiency of the army, grew a conflict that paralyzed Austria-Hungary during the whole period of the Russo-Japanese War. One Hungarian Cabinet after another fell in vain attempts to overcome the obstruction of the Independence Party which was supported by public opinion and was gradually reinforced by other groups. In the spring of 1903, the Széll Administration made way for a Cabinet formed under the Emperor's nominee, Count Khuen-Héderváry, a reputedly "strong man"; but, after a short and stormy term of power, he gave way to Count Stephen Tisza, a young and vigorous nobleman, whose father had ruled Hungary with a rod of iron for more than a decade. Tall, spare and hard-bitten, a Presbyter of the Calvinist Church and a crack steeplechaser and duellist withal, studious, wealthy and parsimonious, a Magyar of the Magyars, yet with enough experience of the outside world to realize that Hungary was not the whole of Europe, Stephen Tisza was a man of rare force and intensity. He was disliked as fiercely as he was admired. The Hungarian Clericals hated him for his Calvinism, Chauvinists hated him for his devotion to the Emperor and to the Union with Austria, while rivals in his own and other parties feared lest he tread in his father's footsteps and fasten for decades to come his yoke upon their necks.

Faithful to his practice of making, at moments of crisis, popular concessions to unpopular ministers, Francis Joseph authorized Tisza to announce some extension of the use of the Magyar language in the army. Nevertheless, Tisza met with violent opposition and succeeded only by sheer force of character in maintaining himself in office. Against him, Baron Bánffy, a former Prime Minister, founded a new party "to promote national Chauvinism." Count Albert Apponyi, the President of the Chamber, resigned and seceded from the Liberal Party when Tisza decided that Parliament should sit twice a day in the hope of wearing down obstruction. In November, 1904, Tisza moved amendments to the standing orders, secured their adoption by a show of hands, and prorogued the Chamber. The Opposition appealed to the Crown against him, Count Apponyi joined the Independence Party, and a number of prominent politicians, including Széll, the former Prime Minister, and Count Julius Andrássy, son of the famous Austro-Hungarian statesman, left the Liberal Party and formed, with the Independence Party and the Clericals, an anti-Tisza Coalition. Threatened with physical violence, Tisza enrolled a special corps of parliamentary guards. No sooner had they been installed than the Opposition entered the Chamber early on the morning of December 13th, tore down the ministerial benches, built the furniture of the Chamber into a pyramid on the floor, placed the Speaker's chair topsy-turvy on its apex and so belaboured the parliamentary guards that they fled with bloody heads from the building. All day and all night the Opposition kept a strong garrison in the House, and appeared next day at the sitting armed with life-preservers, knuckle-dusters and revolvers. At the end of December, Tisza dissolved Parliament in the hope that the electorate would chasten the Opposition. He was rudely undeceived. His party was decimated and a strong majority of Coalition candidates returned, including 159 members of the Independence Party. Though Tisza resigned at once he was obliged to retain office until June, 1905, because the leaders of the Coalition refused to form an administration until the Crown should grant the Magyar language of command.

I went often to Budapest in those stormy days and was actually with Tisza on the evening of January 26, 1905, when the election returns came in. As the evening wore on it became clear that he had suffered a defeat unprecedented in Hungarian politics. Yet he showed no emotion, nor did a word of criticism of the Coalition or of the electorate escape his lips. He had done what he thought right and was prepared to abide by the consequences whatever they might be. The Coalition was at least as astonished as the Government. I had lunch that day with Count Albert Apponyi and with Stephen Rákovsky, the Clerical Leader, both of whom had campaigned ardently against Tisza. Apponyi had said that if the Coalition held their own they would do extremely well; while Rákovsky, less sanguine, thought it would be a triumph if they did not lose more than twenty seats. Before midnight they learned that they had swept the country — and I learned a lesson in the fallibility of electoral forecasts.

I learned also an amusing lesson in the intensity of Hungarian political feeling. On arriving one evening from Vienna at the Hotel Hungaria in Budapest, I asked the hotel porter, an intelligent man who had seen much of the world, how things were going. "Very badly, sir," he answered. "The whole staff has gone over to the Coalition. I and the head waiter alone remain true to Tisza." Next morning I rang for the newspapers. The waiter asked suspiciously what papers I wanted. Among them I mentioned the *Ujság*, Count Tisza's chief organ. "You cannot have that one," said the waiter. "Why?" I asked. "It is the organ of Tisza who is a traitor to the Constitution," he answered severely. "No honest Magyar will touch it. You must not read it." Even the newsboys in the streets were strong partisans; and I was once upbraided by a cab driver for my cynicism in wearing impartially both the emblem of the Coalition, an enamelled tulip, and the emblem of the Tisza party.

Throughout 1905 and until April, 1906, the Coalition maintained its refusal to take office. As Tisza insisted upon retiring in June 1905, an "extra-Parliamentary" Prime Minister was appointed in the person of General Baron Féjerváry,

a man personally popular throughout the Monarchy but obnoxious at that moment in Hungary as a "friend of the King." His principle was, as he often explained to me, that "Hungary can only be governed with a cudgel; but the cudgel must be painted red, white, and green"—the Hungarian national colours. He did his utmost to persuade the Coalition to take office, but in vain. "National Resistance" was organized against him, no taxes were paid, and no Supply voted. At last, his Minister of the Interior, one Joseph Kristóffy, nicknamed thereafter "Kristóffy Columbus," bethought him of a diabolical plan to bring the Coalition to terms. He proposed that universal suffrage be introduced by Royal Decree and that the Chamber be then dissolved. By this means a large number of disfranchised peasants and workmen would be entitled to vote, and the majority which the Coalition had gained in January, 1905, would vanish. Although Kristóffy was a staunch enough Magyar to insist that the suffrage should only be given to those Hungarian citizens who could read and write the Magyar language, his scheme would have increased the electorate from 900,000 to 2,273,000 voters, leaving more than 2,000,000 Slovaks, Rumanes, Serbo-Croats and Saxons still disfranchised.

Nevertheless, Kristóffy's scheme spread consternation among the Coalition. The very foundations of the Magyar oligarchy seemed to be threatened. Even Count Tisza wrote violently against the idea of universal suffrage. But the Prime Minister, Féjerváry, stood his ground until, in April, 1906, the Coalition capitulated and took office, not only without the Magyar language of command but with the condition that their programme should include an extension of the franchise at least as broad as that contemplated by Kristóffy. This condition they naturally sought to evade. But, for the time being, Féjerváry's cudgel had done its work.

This long conflict, which inexperienced observers outside Austria-Hungary had expected to end in a revolution similar to that of 1848, threw a light unwelcome to the Magyars upon the true nature of their vaunted Constitutional freedom. It showed that "freedom" meant liberty for a minority of Mag-

yars to withhold political rights from a majority of non-Magyar Hungarians. It showed also the shortsightedness of Magyar Chauvinism. After the settlement with Austria and with the Crown in 1867, the wisest Magyars, like Deák and Eötvös, insisted upon the danger of trying to make the terms "Magyar" and "Hungarian" synonymous. Their warnings went unheeded. Instead of drawing to the support of the Hungarian State all the talent of the non-Magyar races, the Magyars adopted a system of exclusion that ended by driving these races back upon themselves and by alienating them from a State in which they had neither part nor lot. At the same time, the Magyar nobility and gentry sought to preserve as many as possible of their feudal privileges and to retain their peasants in political and economic subjection. Thus, the gentry and nobility, with their Jewish hangers-on, became a minority within a minority and were exposed at any moment to a revolt amongst the discontented Magyars and non-Magyars alike. When, at length, the members of this oligarchy forgot the limits of their power and challenged the Crown by demanding the Magyar language of command for the Hungarian regiments of the Austro-Hungarian Army, they left themselves open to the very counterstroke which Kristóffy threatened to deal them. Hence their capitulation and virtual discomfiture. Hence also their realization of the principle that, if they were to avoid disaster, they must seek a prop outside Hungary and must cultivate the good will of Germany in order that German influence might be exerted in Vienna on their behalf just as it was exerted on behalf of the Austrian Germans who formed a privileged minority in Austria, as the Magyars formed a privileged minority in Hungary. In their distress the Magyar Coalition came to see the inner meaning of the Dual System — to keep Austria- Hungary and the Hapsburgs subservient to Germany.

Count Stephen Tisza, to do him justice, had never lost sight of the necessity of German support for the Magyars. He belonged, politically, to the old school that had created the Dual System of Austro-Hungarian government after the defeat of Austria by Prussia at Sadowa in 1866. That Sys-

tem had been approved by Bismarck who understood that, if a German minority were paramount in Austria and a Magyar minority in Hungary, each of those minorities would lean upon Germany and accept guidance from Berlin, in case the Hapsburgs should seek to escape from German tutelage by enfranchising their non-German and non-Magyar peoples. Thus the Emperor Francis Joseph could be held a prisoner, in the interests of Germany, by the ruling races in Austria and in Hungary; and, as long as those ruling races should provide him with money and recruits, he would not be likely to find his bondage intolerable. If, however, either of them should forget this essential condition of their supremacy, as the Austrian-Germans forgot it in 1879 and as the Magyars forgot it in 1903–06, the whole position might be endangered. This was the essence of the Dual System, though few foreign statesmen perceived it then or afterwards. It was one, if not the chief, of the underlying realities in the Hapsburg domains for which I had been seeking but which had again and again escaped me until the collapse of the Magyar resistance under the threat of universal suffrage, and the effects of that threat upon Austria, revealed it to me.

THE AUSTRO-ITALIAN PROBLEM

My eyes had been partially opened by the veteran Italian Ambassador, Count Nigra, with whom I discussed on my arrival in Vienna Visconti Venosta's idea of bringing about a close understanding between Austria-Hungary and Italy in order to safeguard European peace by neutralizing the predominance of Germany in the Triple Alliance. He shook his head and seemed more than sceptical. "Our people," he said, "have not the faintest notion of the true conditions of the problem. They go on agitating about the Southern Tyrol and Trieste and Fiume, they fulminate against the Austrian Slavs as though they were our worst enemies, and they do not know that all the while they are merely playing Germany's game. The Trentino, or Southern Tyrol, we may get one day. Trieste, we shall never get unless we fight Germany, not merely Aus-

tria, for it. Fiume we are never likely to get. It will be either Croat or German. I hope, for the sake of Italy, that it will be Croat."

This was towards the end of 1902. I wondered then at Nigra's apparent lukewarmness about matters which most Italians held dear; for, during my years in Rome, I too had come to regard the Austrian Slavs as the inveterate foes of Italy. But in April, 1904, I received a visit from an Austrian Croat Member of Parliament whose name, Dr. Trumbitch, was unknown to me. His card showed that he was Mayor of Spalato, in Dalmatia, which he also represented in Parliament. Speaking perfect Italian, he drew my attention to what he considered an outrageous piece of Magyar persecution. A journalist named Francis Supilo, editor of a Croat newspaper, the *Novi List,* of Fiume had, it appeared, been prosecuted by the Magyar authorities for a series of articles on conditions in Croatia and particularly on the necessity for an agreement between the Slav and the Italian inhabitants of the Eastern Adriatic. Trumbitch asked me, as a journalist, whether I could not send the news of this prosecution to *The Times,* and point out the strange conduct of the Magyars in punishing a Croat writer for preaching peace between Slavs and Italians. I answered that it was my invariable rule never to deal with a question unless I had investigated it myself; but that, if he would send me the originals of the incriminated articles, I would have them translated and would enquire at Budapest into the reasons for the prosecution. Trumbitch sent me the articles which were powerfully written; and I saw from them that Supilo had not only urged Slavs and Italians to agree but had argued that, unless they agreed, the Adriatic would end by being neither Slav nor Italian but German, since Germany alone could profit by the dissensions between Slavs and Italians which her agents were active in fomenting.

This argument reminded me strongly of the thesis Visconti Venosta had expounded to me before I left Italy. Evidently the issue was wider than that of a prosecution under the Hungarian law against "agitation" among non-Magyar races.

Nor was it clear why the Hungarian authorities should have prosecuted a man for writing against German designs in the Adriatic. Obviously the trial might be of general interest. Therefore I wrote to a high Hungarian official of my acquaintance, enclosing Supilo's articles, asking why they had been incriminated and saying that I wished to attend the trial on behalf of *The Times*.

Within a fortnight Trumbitch wrote me that the proceedings against Supilo had been withdrawn; and, during the summer of 1904, Supilo himself came to thank me, as he said, for having saved his family from ruin and himself from two years' penal servitude. I assured him that no thanks were due to me and that I had merely enquired about the prosecution. He, however, insisted that, according to information from a trustworthy quarter, the proceedings against him had been quashed out of fear of the publicity which a report in *The Times* would have entailed. Why the Hungarian authorities should have been so frightened I still failed to understand.

Whatever the Hungarian Government may have wished, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Goluchowski, certainly did not want, at that moment, to further German designs in the Adriatic or elsewhere by punishing those who preached concord between Austrian Slavs and Italians. By the spring of 1904 he had come to appreciate the arguments in favour of an Austro-Italian understanding to which I had found him deaf in 1903. In April, 1904, he invited the Italian Foreign Minister to visit him at Abbazia; and in an official statement shortly afterwards said, "My meeting at Abbazia with the Italian Foreign Minister, Signor Tittoni, strengthened in me the recognition that, at Rome, no less value is attached than in Austria-Hungary to the cultivation of intimate and confidental relations, and that the necessity of sincere reciprocity is understood there as here." Germany did not approve of this meeting. She had taken advantage of the Russo-Japanese War to curry favour with the Tsar whom the German Emperor had persuaded to appoint a special military representative at Berlin while a special representative of the Emperor William was attached to the Tsar's person; and she

had extorted from Russia an extremely profitable commercial treaty which she was using as a lever to extract similar treaties from other Powers — a treaty which sowed one of the seeds of the Great War of 1914. In September, 1904, Count Goluchowski began to show me a friendliness which I was not vain enough to ascribe to personal reasons; and throughout the winter of 1904–05 he frequently discussed with me not only European and Balkan affairs but Austro-Italian relations. He made no secret of his belief that the old Bismarckian Treaty of Re-Insurance between Germany and Russia — which the German Emperor and Caprivi had allowed to lapse in 1890 — had recently been renewed and considerably extended. Germany, he felt, was again preparing to betray Austria-Hungary should a profitable occasion offer; and he accepted Visconti Venosta's thesis that a close Austro-Italian understanding could alone keep Germany within bounds by creating equilibrium in the Triple Alliance. At the end of April, 1905, he went to Venice to return the visit which Tittoni had paid him at Abbazia a year before. As I happened then to be in Venice, I went to the railway station to meet Goluchowski. After greeting Tittoni and the Italian officials, he shook me warmly by the hand and said, " You see, things are moving in the right direction; " and, as he afterwards told the British Ambassador in Vienna, he actually left Venice earlier than he had intended lest the German Emperor, who was expected to arrive there a few days later, should attempt to turn the Austro-Italian meeting into a spectacular demonstration of the solidity of the Triple Alliance.

Goluchowski had, at that moment, a difficult part to play. A belief that a European war might arise out of the Russo-Japanese War was being assiduously spread from Berlin in order to impress Russia with the value of German support and services. In Hungary, Count Khuen-Héderváry and other important Magyars were urging the necessity of Austro-Hungarian military intervention in the Balkans, though whether they were acting under suggestions from Germany it was impossible to say. A number of influential Austrian Poles were advocating an Austrian occupation of Russian

Poland and the allotment to Germany of the Baltic provinces of Russia. They actually approached the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Plunkett, with suggestions to this end, and complained bitterly of Goluchowski because he would not hear of war in any direction. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the Austro-Hungarian General Staff were demanding, simultaneously, a military occupation of Hungary in order to bring the Magyars to reason, an advance from Bosnia-Herzegovina into the Balkans through the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, and a war against Italy. The Austrian garrisons on the Italian border were being strengthened and the frontier forts armed with heavy artillery. Of these tendencies and agitations Goluchowski was fully aware, but he was also convinced that, in view of the military unpreparedness of the Monarchy, any warlike adventure would probably lead to disaster. The Emperor Francis Joseph was of the same mind though, in his case, reluctance to sanction hostilities was enhanced by a superstitious conviction that, as a soldier, he was and always would be unlucky, a "Pechvogel," to use his own expression. To make matters worse, the German Emperor had landed at Tangier on March 31, 1905, for the purpose of testing the strength of the Anglo-French Entente by discovering whether England would stand by France if Germany made trouble for France in Morocco. From Tangier he had gone to Gibraltar, where Queen Alexandra had been spending some days on board the British Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*. Doubtless he hoped to crown his anti-French demonstration at Tangier by an ostentatiously cordial meeting with the Queen of England next day. But Queen Alexandra evaded him by sailing for Naples and Genoa before he arrived — a snub the more significant since Queen Alexandra had received, on the eve of her departure, the British and French Chargés d'Affaires at Tangier, who came on a French warship to greet her.

These events perturbed the German diplomatic world. On the evening of April 1, 1905, Baron von Tucher, the Bavarian Minister, came to see me in a state of excitement. For several years in Rome and in Vienna we had maintained an acquaintance verging on friendship, and I frequently gave him

material for his reports to the Bavarian Government. On this occasion he was obviously upset, and he read me a lecture on the folly of British policy. Why had England, he asked, promised France a free hand in Morocco in return for a free hand in Egypt? The Entente of 1904 was a one-sided bargain. France could have done nothing against England in Egypt, whereas France was dependent upon British support in Morocco. Moreover, Germany was determined not to admit French pretensions to a protectorate over Morocco. That was the meaning of the German Emperor's visit to Tangier. In standing by France, England was therefore merely hauling the chestnuts out of the fire for the French and was, besides, coming into direct conflict with Germany. The departure of Queen Alexandra from Gibraltar was an affront to the German Emperor and to Germany such as could not lightly be forgiven or forgotten. What interest could England have in supporting France at the very moment when Russian commitments in the Far East had left France powerless to disturb the peace of Europe?

As Baron von Tucher was in personal touch with the German Emperor and Count Bülow, and acted in Vienna as a kind of diplomatic aide-de-camp to Count Wedel, the German Ambassador, I understood that his remonstrances were not intended for me alone. Count Wedel himself had already given me a semi-friendly "wigging" on account of some "terribly mordant telegrams," as he called them, in which I exposed Count Bülow's intrigues with Austrian newspapers, and had asked me not to do it again. "Not till Count Bülow begins again," I had replied; and Count Wedel had thereafter referred to me as his "*ci-devant ami*," or "former friend." Therefore I suggested to Baron von Tucher that, in his next report to the Bavarian Government, which he might communicate to the German Ambassador, he should give approximately the following answers to the questions he had put to me: "Far from encouraging the French to disturb the peace of Europe, the Anglo-French Entente tended to promote peace by diminishing causes of friction between two Great Powers and by lessening, at the same time, the tempta-

tion which other Powers might feel to foment Anglo-French differences on the principle of *divide et impera*. The Russo-Japanese War which England had striven to prevent, whereas Count Bülow, as I knew, had encouraged Russia to believe that Japan would not fight, had upset European equilibrium by neutralizing the influence of Russia in Europe. Consequently, it was necessary to reëstablish equilibrium by other means. This the Anglo-French Entente had done. As for the "foolishness" of England in standing by France at Tangier, the German Imperial Chancellor must not imagine that the fashion in which Germany had played false to the Anglo-German agreement in regard to the Yang-Tze valley in China had created a standard for the interpretation by England of other compacts into which England had entered with equal good faith. The departure of Queen Alexandra from Gibraltar was doubtless meant as a snub to her meddlesome nephew, who had richly deserved it for trying to make trouble between England and France instead of welcoming their coöperation as a bulwark of the peace which he was always declaring to be his highest aim.

Baron von Tucher did not call on me again nor was I again invited to the German Embassy. Indeed, Count Wedel himself was at pains to spread a report that I was perfidiously anti-German — with the result that, in Austrian society and even in Austrian official circles, I became almost popular. But I knew that a German diplomatist of the rank of Wedel would not have taken so much trouble to discredit me had my telegrams to *The Times* not endangered or even thwarted some German scheme; and I had reason to suspect that the scheme was a fresh application of the German axiom that Austria-Hungary and Italy must not be friends, save under German supervision. In fact, the military preparations then being made by the Austro-Hungarian General Staff on the Italian frontier were prompted by Germany. It was in order to look into this situation that I made a rapid trip to Trieste, Venice, Verona, Trent and Innsbruck towards the end of April, 1905, reaching Venice in time for the Goluchowski-Tittoni meeting.

There was no doubt as to the military preparations. They were going on actively from Trieste westward to Trent, and — as the French Ambassador simultaneously discovered during a trip through Dalmatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina — southward from Trieste to the Bocche di Cattaro on the Adriatic. On the Italian side of the border they were being feebly imitated. So strained did the situation appear to be that Signor Hortis, then deputy for Trieste in the Austrian Parliament, assured me that war between Austria-Hungary and Italy would already have broken out but for the resistance offered by the Emperor and Goluchowski to the General Staff and the military party. It hardly needed Goluchowski's assurance to the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Plunkett, that Germany had had no hand in the Venice meeting to make it clear that Germany stood behind Austrian military activity. Nor was it difficult to understand why the German Emperor came on to Venice after the Tittoni-Goluchowski interview. He wished to convince the Italian public that his protecting hand would restrain the Austrian sword — if Italy behaved herself.

In Venice, at least, Italy did not behave herself. Signor Fradeletto, the President and organizer of the biennial International Art Exhibition, declined to conduct the Emperor through the Exhibition because his Majesty wished the grounds and the Exhibition itself to be cleared of the public during his visit. "What is good enough for our King is good enough for the German Kaiser," Fradeletto had replied. "The King is not afraid of the public. If the German Emperor is less courageous, let him stay away." On the Grand Canal I saw a demonstration of gondoliers against the German Imperial launches which, rushing along at top speed, swamped gondolas or battered them against their moorings; and I had the satisfaction of sending a telegram to *The Times* that caused the Imperial launches to slacken pace in future. But, on returning to Vienna, I found the agitation for war against Italy more violent than ever. By this time, the Austrian Clericals had joined in it; and, under their influence, Francis Joseph's favourite daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valérie, was seeking to persuade him of Goluchowski's "impiety." So

menacing did the outlook seem and so strong the forces making for war, that I wrote confidentially, on May 10th, to an important public man in London:

The more one looks at the European situation and contemplates the probable displacement of influences after the Russo-Japanese War, the more one feels the need that England should be thoroughly prepared, *on land as well as on sea*, and that there should be a really strong understanding between the three Western Powers. Austria-Hungary will never be perfectly reliable, but she will always think twice before tackling Italy at the bidding of Germany if she knows that Italy is at one with us and France. Trieste is the more immediate object of German policy but the final object is the control of Austria and the complete domination of Italy, the Mediterranean, and the Near East. This, people in Italy are beginning to understand — including Victor Emmanuel.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND THE

In the summer of 1905 I spent some weeks in England, for the first time since 1901. During the Boer War a salutary change had been wrought in British public opinion by the humiliation of defeat, and there seemed ground for hope that the spirit of self-satisfied indifference which had distressed me in January, 1897, had at last been exorcised. But, in August, 1905, despite the German Emperor's visit to Tangier in March, despite the removal of M. Delcassé from the French Foreign Office at German dictation in June, I found the English public as light-hearted and as careless as though the whole world were a garden party. The lessons of the South African War seemed to have been entirely forgotten, and doubts — which German agents carefully encouraged — were freely expressed whether the policy of agreement with France were not a serious mistake. Every word of Kipling's great satire, "The Islanders," seemed justified, especially the line "Whoso speaks in your presence must say acceptable things." But in France, where I spent a fortnight before returning to Vienna, I found an entirely new spirit. After the panic to which M. Delcassé had been sacrificed, France had determined no longer to be made afraid by any German threat. Her people were convinced that death in battle would be bet-

ter than suicide from fear. So strong was my impression that a new France had arisen, or was arising, that I described it in a public letter to the editor of *The Times* on September 6th and exhorted Englishmen also to face the facts and the dangers of the international situation while there might yet be time. Luckily, German insistence upon an International Conference on the Morocco question gave an opportunity for England again to stand by France; and by the time the Conference met at Algeciras early in 1906, England, France, and Italy had drawn closely together. One of the first acts of a strong, albeit short-lived, administration which Baron Sonnino had formed in Italy had been to appoint Visconti Venosta to represent Italy at Algeciras; and, at the request of the French Ambassador in Vienna and of Goluchowski, I wrote privately to tell Visconti Venosta that Austria wished to work with Italy during the Conference. Its history and the story of the final discomfiture of Germany, thanks, in part, to the timely intervention of President Roosevelt in support of France, England and Italy, lie outside my province. In Austria-Hungary, feeling was by no means favourable to German designs upon Morocco, though Goluchowski finally authorized the Austro-Hungarian representative at Algeciras, Count Welsersheimb, to "save the face" of Germany by putting forward, as an Austro-Hungarian suggestion for a compromise, terms which Germany had found it expedient to accept. For this service Goluchowski was rewarded by a telegram in which the German Emperor thanked him for having proved "a brilliant second on the duelling ground" — an expression calculated to kill two birds with one stone. By implication, it was a reprimand to Italy for having supported France and England instead of Germany at the Conference, and it cast a slur upon Austria-Hungary by relegating her to the position of a "second." As a leading Austrian journal wrote, "The word 'second' implies, after all, a secondary position, and can only tend to confirm the opinion widely held abroad that Count Welsersheimb intervened at Algeciras under command from Germany." So embarrassed was Goluchowski that he withheld the telegram from publication for

nearly a week, and was only induced to make it public by repeated intimations from the German Ambassador in Vienna that the Emperor William wished it to be published. Count Goluchowski made no secret of his belief that the telegram had been intended to shorten his term of office by making it appear that he had exposed Austria-Hungary to humiliation. For my part I was convinced that the German Emperor had, in reality, taken his revenge for Goluchowski's policy of agreement with Italy, and that no stone would be left unturned to procure Goluchowski's downfall. He fell, in fact, six months later, ostensibly as a victim of Magyar dislike but really as the result of a persistent German intrigue which ended by turning even the Emperor Francis Joseph against him.

Of the German Emperor's animosity against Goluchowski I obtained evidence from an unexpected quarter in August, 1906. In that month King Edward came to Marienbad for his "cure." One afternoon, as I was playing golf with a secretary of the Embassy on the Marienbad course, a message came that, when the game should be over, the King wished to see me at the Club House. Hot and muddy though I was, there was nothing for it but to obey. The King thanked me for having kept him informed in 1904 of events in the Far East, scolded me for having gone to England in 1905 instead of coming to Marienbad, and asked me to report regularly to him upon current news during his stay. Then he began an animated discussion of Austrian and European affairs and told me, in general terms, of his talks with the German Emperor at Friedrichshof, near Homburg, on the way to Marienbad. The German Emperor had enquired whether King Edward would recognize the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's morganatic wife, the Princess Hohenberg, as Empress of Austria in the event of Francis Joseph's death; and the King had replied affirmatively. The German Emperor had then agreed to recognize her also.

"How would the recognition be taken in Austria-Hungary?" the King asked me.

"In Hungary, Sir, it would be taken as a matter of course." I answered. "When the Archduke Francis Ferdinand had

been crowned with the Sacred Crown of St. Stephen, he would be King of Hungary and his wife would be Queen. In Austria, things would be more complicated. The people might like it, especially in Bohemia, for the Princess Hohenberg comes of a Czech family. The German Clericals would like it, for she is very devout. The aristocracy would look upon it with mixed feelings and the Imperial Family would resent it."

"Who, in the Imperial Family?" asked the King, sharply.

"The Archduchess Maria Josefa, for one," I replied. "She is the sister of the King of Saxony and mother of the Archduke Charles, who stands next in order of succession after the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. She would not wish to see her son displaced by the son of the Princess Hohenberg."

"Maria Josefa will have to be reasonable," returned King Edward; and, changing the subject, he asked me how he could get trustworthy news of the health of the Sultan of Turkey, who was reported seriously ill. I suggested a safe and sure channel of enquiry which he authorized me to use. Then the King said abruptly, "I fear that not much reliance can be placed on Austria-Hungary. I am told that Goluchowski is a very dangerous fellow who ought to be got rid of."

"I cannot agree on that point, Sir," I replied. "Goluchowski may not be a statesman of the first order, but he is very honest and he has been steadily working for peace in difficult circumstances during the last two years. He has done what he could to improve Austro-Italian relations in the hope of creating a counterpoise in the Triple Alliance itself against German intrigues."

"Ah!" exclaimed the King. "I see why the German Emperor told me at Friedrichshof that Goluchowski was a false Pole and a danger to Europe."

"The German Emperor may have his own reasons for wishing to get Goluchowski out of the way," I said, "but it does not follow that what are good reasons for him should be good reasons for us."

"Quite right," concluded the King. "Never mind contradicting me if you think I am wrong."

CHAPTER VII

THE BEGINNINGS OF TROUBLE
1906–1908

JOURNALISTS who look upon their work as a public trust cannot allow feelings of deference to dull their critical faculty when they approach eminent men. Towards King Edward I felt dutiful loyalty as an Englishman; but, as a journalist, my mind was open. He was the recognized leader of Europe. Whither was he leading her? To some, the turn he had given to European affairs since his accession seemed statesmanship of the first order. To others, including not a few public men in England, he appeared to be an amateur diplomatist the more dangerous because he wore the British Crown. Which was the truer view? As I reflected upon my first talk with him and analyzed my impressions rather than his actual words, the reasons for his leadership and for the disquietude it had aroused became clearer. He was strongly magnetic — an essential quality in a leader; but his mind moved with a swiftness that could hardly fail to disconcert the slow-thinking among his advisers who would also be likely to find his frankness startling and his directness of purpose uncomfortable. Moreover, he accepted and even appeared to welcome contradiction — a rare trait in a sovereign. In any case, an uncommon man and a big man, I thought. Later experience convinced me that the chief secret of his power really lay in his goodness of heart and honesty of intention. He wished well to the world. While loving England with the encompassing affection that only those can feel who have looked upon England from without and know what she has meant and may mean to foreign peoples, he held her noble among the nations and desired her never to forget that *noblesse oblige*. There was in him no antecedent enmity towards any

foreign country, though he could feel fierce resentment against persons who deliberately misrepresented or sought perversely to thwart him. His purpose was to keep the peace. From it he never swerved. The notion that he wished to "hem Germany in," to surround her with a ring of hostile states, was either ignorant or malicious; but he knew, from long and intimate experience, how devious were German paths and what pitfalls might await the feet that trod them guilelessly.

FRANCIS JOSEPH

During his "cure" in 1906, the King discussed with me more than once the future of Austria-Hungary and her position in Europe. Of the Emperor Francis Joseph he spoke with affection. One bond between the two sovereigns was their joint distrust of the German Emperor. Of him they talked as often as they met. But in other respects the King of England and the Emperor of Austria had little in common. True, they both desired peace — King Edward, because he loved it for its own sake; Francis Joseph, because he feared war. But the one was jovial, confident, open-hearted, big-minded; the other sceptical, irascible and disappointed. Though he was by no means ill-natured and could be courteous with the polished courtesy of a *grand seigneur* of the old school, Francis Joseph had not the courtesy of the heart. His political character was an enigma. The more I had sought to reach definite conclusions about him, the less possible had it seemed to reach any conclusions at all. The fate of Austria-Hungary was commonly supposed to depend upon his life, and he had long since attained his threescore years and ten. So difficult did it seem for a foreigner to judge of him that, soon after settling in Vienna, I had asked the leaders of the principal parties and races in Austria and Hungary to write for me, in strict confidence and for adequate remuneration, appreciations of Francis Joseph from their several standpoints, on the understanding that in no case would their views be published during his lifetime. They had all assented. In addition, the well-known Austrian-Jewish historian, Dr. Hein-

rich Friedjung, had promised me to write a brief survey of the whole of Francis Joseph's reign. But none of them had kept their word. One and all, they pleaded the impossibility of finding chapter and verse to bear out their convictions. Even Friedjung prayed to be excused, saying that, if he wrote the full truth, it would amount to an indictment, and that, little as he loved the Emperor, he could not bring himself to put on paper what he thought.

Thus the mystery of Francis Joseph's character had deepened. If Austrian-German, Czech, Polish, Magyar, and Southern Slav leaders could not, or would not, substantiate the judgments they expressed in private conversation, how were the facts to be found? In despair, I resolved to tackle the problem myself, to examine all printed records and to enquire from the men who had known the Emperor best; and, after several years' work, I discovered that, politically, Francis Joseph was not a man at all but a dynastic institution in human form.

I turned first to Count Khuen-Héderváry who had served the Emperor continuously for thirty years. "I do not know the Emperor," he said; "that is, I have probably had more experience of him than any other minister in Austria or in Hungary, but I do not, and never shall, feel that I know him. Often, when he has been in a good humour because something had gone well, and he has begun to laugh and chaff, I have thought, 'Now I am going to see the real man.' But, at that very moment, an invisible veil has always fallen between him and me, insulating him, as it were, from any current of human sympathy. Behind the veil would be, not a man, but a monarch, persuaded of his own Divine Right, and of his responsibility to none save to the Deity. If you want to study the Emperor you must study Austro-Hungarian history in detail for the last sixty years."

This was a formidable undertaking. No consecutive account existed of Austrian or Hungarian history for the last sixty years; and no biographies or reminiscences of any moment had been published. Here and there a hint might be gleaned, now and then a former minister might speak of his

own experience or impressions on some special occasion, but there was nothing really tangible to guide me in my quest.

At length the truth dawned upon me. Francis Joseph was not one but several successive embodiments of the Hapsburg dynasty. Psychologically, he had become a compound of them all. The revolution of 1848, amid which he came to the throne, effectually neutralized the influence of a not illiberal education and led him to put his faith in the Army, the Church, and the Police. To the Church, indeed, he made an abject surrender on his twenty-fifth birthday; and before he was fifty he sanctioned drastic anti-Clerical legislation. The turning point of his life came early. In 1849 the Tsar, Nicholas I, had saved Francis Joseph's throne by sending a Russian army to crush the Kossuth revolution in Hungary. In 1854–55, when Russia was involved in the Crimean War against Turkey, France and England, Francis Joseph had a chance to requite the Tsar's service. Instead, he threatened Russia with war, sought to join the anti-Russian Alliance, and treated her adversity as a Hapsburg opportunity. Gratitude had no place in his heart; but Russia, not unnaturally, presently found means to remind him that, even in statecraft, gratitude may be advantageous. When Francis Joseph had been turned out of Italy and of Germany in 1866, Russia intervened in 1869 to prevent the conclusion of a projected Austro-Franco-Italian Alliance which might otherwise have restored the position of Austria in Europe and have averted the defeat of France by Prussia in 1870. Throughout life, Francis Joseph was to feel the consequences of his "world-astonishing ingratitude" of 1854, for they rendered him powerless to shake off the Prussian yoke and dispelled forever his dream of taking revenge for his defeat at Sadowa. A discomfited and discredited sovereign, he was left face to face with his own peoples, striving to manage them as best he could by playing them off each against the other and by making his reign a perennial exercise in dynastic opportunism. In this exercise he became highly skilled; and, by studious attention to the routine of government, he acquired an instinctive perception of what he could and what he could not do.

None could rely upon him absolutely, statesmen and peoples who served him were always liable to find themselves discarded without warning in favour of others better adapted to his immediate ends, but none of them could, in the long run, prevail against him. Again and again he showed himself incapable of gratitude. In his eyes, it was reward enough that men or peoples should have been privileged to work for him.

AEHRENTHAL

Thus, in October, 1906, he rid himself of Goluchowski no less effectually though less summarily than he had, in 1861, removed Goluchowski's father, who had found a formula of resignation awaiting signature on a writing desk. Thus, too, he was to deal with Baron von Aehrenthal whom he appointed to succeed Goluchowski as "Minister of the Imperial and Royal Household and for Foreign Affairs." Goluchowski knew the ways of Western Europe and felt at home in Paris. Though a Conservative Pole, he was aware of the force of the liberal ideas he did not share. Loquacious and easygoing, he was yet a man of his word. Ambassadors might complain of his light-mindedness, but none ever taxed him with bad faith. Aehrenthal was of a different race and school. Count Kálnoky, a former Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister and a staunch Clerical, had been his master; and the greater part of his diplomatic life had been spent at St. Petersburg, where he enjoyed the society of Grand Dukes and retrograde officials. He distrusted liberal ideas and liberal states. By birth a German-Bohemian with at least a strain of Jewish blood in his veins, he was of the type from which the Hapsburgs had often chosen their Ministers. Between Metternich who "lied without deceiving" and Talleyrand who "deceived without lying," Aehrenthal's sympathies would have been with Talleyrand; though his practice was, at times, that of Metternich. In his stressless speech a principal clause was often to be found in a very subordinate position. Hardworking, dour, refractory to outside influences and pertinacious to the point of obstinacy, he was not without character of an unpleasant sort.

His chief failings as a statesman were unscrupulousness, lack of mental elasticity and a belief in the superiority of his own cunning.

I first met Baron von Aehrenthal in December, 1906, at Budapest where the delegations from the Austrian and Hungarian parliaments were sitting to discuss foreign affairs and other matters of joint concern to the two halves of the Monarchy. Aehrenthal's statement to the delegations had included an especially warm reference to Italy, which the Italian Foreign Minister, Tittoni, had immediately reciprocated in the Italian Parliament. Since the spring the Austro-Italian situation had grown steadily worse. In September I had attended the combined land and sea manœuvres of the Austro-Hungarian Army and Navy near and off Ragusa in Dalmatia. The manœuvres were openly discussed by Austro-Hungarian military and naval officers as a "dress rehearsal" for the impending war against Italy. New maps of the whole of north-eastern Italy and of the Dalmatian seaboard had just been issued by the Austro-Hungarian General Staff. Recruits with a knowledge of Italian were being promoted from the ranks. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the soul of the war party, was present during the manœuvres which had been intended to convey a pointed lesson to Montenegro upon the folly of relying on Italian aid. Danilo, the eldest son of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, had been invited to meet the Archduke at Ragusa on the final day. Had the manœuvres gone "according to plan," Danilo would have witnessed the discomfiture of an attacking "Italian" army by "Austro-Hungarian" columns that were to converge upon the coast from two points in Herzegovina. But the converging columns were delayed by the unsuspected difficulty of the ground and, instead of being driven into the sea, the attacking "Italians" had matters all their own way — to the intense disgust of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

To make things worse, Danilo was enthusiastically applauded by the Dalmatian Slavs on landing at Gravosa, the port of Ragusa where, for reasons which will presently appear, the Archduke had been received in dead silence. During

the afternoon, while the Archduke was receiving deputations at his hotel, Danilo went to pay his respects to the Mayor of Ragusa and was given a noisy ovation by the townsfolk. The Archduke's speeches to the various deputations were drowned by the echo of the applause for Danilo in the city below. So embarrassing became the situation that the Archduke and his staff took heroic measures. There were to be illuminations and fireworks that night which the Archduke and Danilo were to witness. The danger that the Archduke might be received in silence while Danilo would be wildly cheered was too great to be faced. Therefore, when Danilo appeared at the official banquet at the Archduke's hotel, the Archduke condoled with him for looking so unwell. Danilo answered that he had never felt better in his life. "But you look very ill," said the Archduke. "You really ought to go to bed at once and send for a doctor." The Chief of General Staff, Count Beck, and other Austro-Hungarian officers, also deplored Danilo's illness and insisted that, in his condition, he ought not to run the risk of going to the fireworks. So pressing became these sympathetic attentions that Danilo allowed himself to be escorted to his quarters and put to bed. Having thus removed his rival, the Archduke Ferdinand with his suite went to the Municipality to see the illuminations and the fireworks. Not a sound was uttered as he drove through the densely crowded streets; and, when he appeared on the balcony of the Municipality to bow his acknowledgments to the thousands of spectators below, there was nothing to acknowledge. Not a soul moved a hand or uttered a cheer. Angrily scolding the Mayor and the local police authorities, the Archduke departed. He avenged himself by ordering the dismissal of all the police officials of the district, while Count Beck was retired from the General Staff for having failed to drive the "Italians" into the sea at the right moment.

SOUTHERN SLAV DISCIPLINE

The demonstration of silence against the Archduke was, in reality, a sign of Serbo-Croat or Southern Slav solidarity.

Nearly a year before, when the Hungarian Coalition was in conflict with the Crown, the Serbs and Croats of Dalmatia and Fiume and those of Croatia-Slavonia, had formed a Coalition of their own. Though of one race and tongue, the religious and political differences between them had long kept them apart, the Serbs professing the Orthodox and the Croats the Roman Catholic faith. The governments of Vienna and Budapest had constantly fomented these differences and had played off the Serbs against the Croats and *vice versa*. At length, a number of their more intelligent leaders, foremost among them my acquaintances Trumbitch and Supilo, had drawn up a resolution of agreement at Fiume in the autumn of 1905, and had formed a Serbo-Croat Coalition which received the support of the Austro-Hungarian Southern Slavs from the Dalmatian Coast to the Hungaro-Croatian border. With this Coalition the Hungarian Coalition had come to terms in order to present a united front against Vienna and to prevent Magyar "National Resistance" to the Crown from being attacked in the flank through Croatia, as it had been in 1848; and it was agreed that, if the Hungarian Coalition ever came into power at Budapest, there should be free elections in Croatia-Slavonia and that officials agreeable to the Serbo-Croat Coalition should be appointed Under Secretaries of State at Agram (or Zagreb) the Croatian Capital. In April, 1906, the Hungarian Coalition took office. It granted free elections in Croatia-Slavonia, with the result that the candidates of the Serbo-Croat Coalition swept the country; but it declined to appoint the desired officials. Suspecting that pressure from Vienna was the cause of this refusal, Supilo warned the Hungarian Prime Minister, Dr. Wekerle, that, unless the officials were appointed, the Emperor would be received in silence during his projected visit to Dalmatia in September. When this threat became known in Vienna, the Emperor's advisers remembered that His Majesty was a bad sailor and ought not to expose himself to seasickness by visiting Dalmatia. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand was consequently commanded to go in his stead. Save at Zara, capital of Dalmatia, where the Italian majority of the urban popula-

tion gave him an enthusiastically loyal welcome, the Archduke was ignored by the overwhelming Slav majority in the Dalmatian islands and on the mainland alike. By the time he reached Ragusa, these demonstrations of silence had produced their effect at Vienna. The appointment of the officials desired by the Serbo-Croat Coalition was sanctioned, but the news of their appointment did not reach Ragusa before the Archduke left. Hence the frigidity of the Ragusans and the compulsory illness of Prince Danilo of Montenegro.

A MISSION TO ITALY

As a proof of political discipline among the Southern Slavs of Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia, this episode was sufficiently striking; but, in the eyes of Budapest and Vienna, it gained almost sinister significance from the circumstance that Austria-Hungary was then involved in a political and economic conflict with the Southern Slavs of Serbia. In January, 1906, the Bulgarian Parliament had adopted by acclamation an arrangement abolishing customs barriers between Bulgaria and Serbia. The idea that Serbia should form a customs union with Bulgaria without consulting Austria-Hungary, shocked the Austro-Hungarian sense of propriety. Instead of behaving like an obedient puppet, King Peter of Serbia was becoming reprehensibly independent. Serbia was promptly called to order, but remained impenitent. Austria-Hungary consequently declared a "pig war" upon her. Swine and cattle, usually exported in large numbers from Serbia to Hungary, there to be sold for the Austrian market, were suddenly discovered to be infected, and the Hungarian frontier was closed against them and all other Serbian exports. Threatened with economic ruin, Serbia nevertheless remained stiff-necked, built slaughter-houses at Belgrade and sought markets for her meat and agricultural produce elsewhere. Germany profited by the conflict to conclude a special commercial treaty with Serbia, and Italy was suspected of wishing to follow the German example. In Vienna, people became very sore indeed. As they dared not vent their displeasure upon Germany, they redoubled their animosity against Serbia and Italy.

This was the position when I met Baron von Aehrenthal at Budapest in December, 1906. In conversation he professed a wish for friendly relations with Italy, and showed anxiety lest anti-Italian influences in Austria and anti-Austrian currents in Italy destroy the official friendship between Vienna and Rome which Goluchowski had built up. In April, 1907, when he heard that I was going to Italy for a holiday, Aehrenthal asked me whether I knew Tittoni well enough to take him a message.

"It depends what sort of message," I answered.

"Well," said Aehrenthal, "if you go to Rome and see Tittoni, you might tell him that I am very grateful for his cordial references to me in the Italian Chamber, but that I should be more grateful if he would instruct his minister at Belgrade, Count Guiccioli, not to encourage the Serbians. While Tittoni, the Foreign Minister, says nice things about me and about Austria-Hungary in Parliament, Guiccioli, his representative at Belgrade, is constantly working against us and is egging on Serbia to resist us. It would help matters considerably if Tittoni would bring Guiccioli into line."

"That is not a very pleasant message," I observed.

"No," said Aehrenthal, "it is not; and that is why I ask you to deliver it. I could not send such a message through our Ambassador to the Quirinal without causing a serious diplomatic incident; but you, who have no official position and are a friend of both sides, can deliver it without offence."

"I will deliver it," I answered, "but I shall bring back the answer."

I saw Tittoni on the evening of April 18th, after his return to Rome from Gaeta where he had been present at a meeting between King Edward and King Victor Emmanuel. The meeting, Tittoni said, had been extremely satisfactory and had strengthened the conviction of the Italian Government that British policy, as represented by King Edward, was a policy of peace and in no way the policy of adventure and aggression which the German press in Germany and in Austria-Hungary was denouncing.

This gave me an opening to deliver Aehrenthal's message.

Tittoni heard it in silence. Then he took two despatches from a drawer of his table and, handing one of them to me, said, "I did not and could not know the purpose of your visit. Read this paper."

It contained his instructions to Count Guiccioli, the Italian Minister at Belgrade, bearing the date of January, 1907. They were entirely friendly to Austria-Hungary. When I had read them, Tittoni handed me a second paper — Count Guiccioli's latest report from Belgrade. It showed that he had complied punctiliously with his instructions and proved incidentally that Aehrenthal's information about Guiccioli's activities had been entirely wrong.

"You can tell Baron von Aehrenthal," continued Tittoni, "what these papers contain. Tell him also that it would be well if his informants at Belgrade were more trustworthy. You can add, as a message from me, that if Baron von Aehrenthal really wishes to improve Austro-Italian relations he should act upon a suggestion I have already conveyed to him through another channel. When, on succeeding to Count Goluchowski, he paid a visit to Berlin, there was some question of his paying also a visit to me; and I suggested that, if he could come to see me in Rome, he would neutralize the influence of the anti-Austrian party in Italy. You may tell him that he need have no fear of complications with the Vatican since, in view of the improved relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government, I can guarantee that the Vatican will make no difficulties. He would, of course, pay his respects to the Pope immediately after having seen me and having had an audience of the King. Tell Aehrenthal that, and let me know through our Ambassador in Vienna what he says."

Signor Tittoni's object was obviously to pave the way for the removal of an old obstacle to Austro-Italian concord. Before Italy entered the Triple Alliance, King Humbert had, in 1881, visited the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna; but the Italian Government had failed to secure in advance a pledge that the Emperor would return the King's visit at Rome. Therefore the visit was never returned, King Humbert declining to receive the Emperor in any city save the capital of

United Italy, and the Pope refusing to receive Francis Joseph if he visited the King of Italy in Rome. But a visit from the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister to the Italian Foreign Minister in Rome would certainly have been accepted by the Italians as a partial satisfaction, and a solution of the major difficulty might then have been arranged.

A DANGEROUS INTRIGUE

When I got back to Vienna early in May, Aehrenthal had gone to see Count (now Prince) Bülow and the German Emperor in Berlin. While awaiting his return, I discovered that, before leaving, he had plied the French Ambassador with arguments in favour of an agreement between Germany and France, to which Prince Bülow had also made an allusion in the Reichstag. But, on his return, he dropped the subject and even affected towards Germany an attitude of independence upon which I commented sceptically in a telegram to *The Times* of May 8th.

Two days later, I happened to be playing golf with a diplomatist whose language was often frank to the point of brutality. "Your telegram about Aehrenthal and Germany is very stupid," he said. "The fellow is not only not independent of Germany but has become Bülow's lackey. You know nothing of what is going on."

"Perhaps not," I answered. "One cannot know everything. But if you read my telegram as implying faith in Aehrenthal's independence, you had better go to school again."

"Independence!" he cried, thoroughly roused. "Why, as soon as he came back from Berlin, Aehrenthal began to bombard Russia with proposals meant to break up the Anglo-French Entente and to prevent an Anglo-Russian Entente which the Russian Foreign Minister, Isvolsky, is negotiating. Aehrenthal has put forward a scheme to turn the Austro-Russian understanding about the Balkans into a Quadruple Entente consisting of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia and France. Austria-Hungary and Russia are to be the principals. Germany is to come in as a backer of Austria-Hungary

and France is to back Russia. If that thing goes through, it will be good-bye to peace in Europe."

Then, feeling that he had let the cat out of the bag with a vengeance, the diplomatist insisted that I should on no account publish the news he had, advertently or inadvertently, given me. I promised to publish nothing without his consent but said that, sooner or later, it might be necessary to throw some light on Aehrenthal's intrigues. At the Club House, the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, happened to be waiting for his carriage. I whispered to him that I had important news and asked him to wait for me at the Embassy, where, an hour later, I told him what I had heard. "I should have been more astonished," he said, "if the French Ambassador had not just told me much the same story, but I do not think that the source of his information was the same as yours. What am I to do?" he continued. "I ought to warn the Foreign Office but I cannot merely telegraph that I have heard from the French Ambassador and from you who have heard it from somebody else that Aehrenthal is engaged in a dangerous intrigue. How am I to get confirmation?" I suggested that, as he knew my informant, he should invite him to dinner at once and expatiate upon Aehrenthal's laudable independence of Germany. "Then," I added, "he may explode with you as he exploded with me."

Sir Edward Goschen took this advice and procured the desired explosion. A telegram to Sir Edward Grey then put the Foreign Office on its guard.

Next day I informed the Italian Ambassador, the Duke Avarna who, of all the diplomatists I have known, was in appearance the most timid and meticulous and, at bottom, one of the straightest and most courageous. He began by making light of my information and treating it as fantastic. Then he admitted that, under a cloak of friendliness, Aehrenthal was thoroughly hostile towards Italy and entirely in the hands of Germany, while pretending to be independent. After a long talk he concluded, "This Quadruple Entente would justify Italy in cutting adrift from the Triple Alliance."

At this juncture I thought it would be doubly interesting to

deliver the message from Tittoni to Aehrenthal. When I had given it, Aehrenthal grunted but made no articulate comment. He seemed so displeased that I rose and prepared to leave. Then his bearing changed. He assumed an air of personal cordiality but spoke despondently of the Macedonian situation, the Mürzsteg programme and the increasing strength of Turkey's position. He attributed the relapse in Macedonia to the encouragement which the Greeks had derived from a visit that the King of Italy and Tittoni had paid to Athens early in the spring and said that, in these circumstances, it would be very difficult to carry through the Judicial Reform in Macedonia contemplated by the Mürzsteg programme. In any case, nothing could be done until the autumn.

Evidently something was brewing. It was not like Aehrenthal merely to temporize. He was too energetic and too ambitious for that. Indeed, his tone convinced me that my information about the projected Quadruple Entente must be accurate.

In the meantime I had written confidentially to the foreign editor of *The Times*, Mr. Valentine Chirol, and to my colleague in Paris, Mr. Lavino; and, after consulting my diplomatic friend, I suggested to Mr. Lavino that, in a telegram from Paris to *The Times*, he should allude cryptically to what was going on so that I might observe the effect of his hints in Vienna. Consequently, the following passage appeared in a Paris message to *The Times* of May 23:

> The futility of all attempts to create divisions (between England and France) or to attract the one, independently of the other, into new groups of the Powers, must now be manifest to everybody. There are one or two European statesmen who would fain play the part of mediator between certain Powers which are, or are supposed to be, on distant terms with each other. That part was played, it is true, by Austria-Hungary at Algeciras, and to some purpose. But there is a wide difference between what was done on that occasion and the ingenious scheme now entertained in Vienna for a shuffling of the cards which would place France in a diplomatic arrangement side by side with Germany, or would even simply bring these two Powers closer together. The Entente Cordiale will remain intact. Everything that has occurred lately is of a nature to fortify and consolidate it. It does not preclude the maintenance by both parties

concerned of friendly relations with the rest of the world but it is not consistent with the entanglement of either of them in diplomatic cobwebs the peril of which is visible to the naked eye.

As I had anticipated, this message caused a stir in Vienna; and, by May 26th, additional information was forthcoming. I found that the source of the French Ambassador's information was distinct from mine. His warning to the British Ambassador had therefore the value of confirmation. The Italian Ambassador, who had been working like a ferret, discovered that important negotiations had been going on between Austria-Hungary and Russia before Aehrenthal's visit to Bülow at the beginning of May. "Something must have happened at Berlin," Avarna told me, "to alter Aehrenthal's plan of campaign. His present scheme for a Quadruple Entente, designed to exclude England and Italy from the Balkans, would be an infraction of the Triple Alliance which consists not of one but of three distinct arrangements — Austro-German, Italo-German and Austro-Italian. The Austro-Italian arrangement contains a clause to the effect that all Balkan questions shall be dealt with in agreement by the two Allies. If, therefore, Aehrenthal is dealing with these questions, directly or indirectly, without consulting Italy, he will justify Italy in calling him to order and in taking separate action unless he plays straight. As he is going to Italy soon, the matter is of the utmost importance."

From other quarters I received some indication of the general outlines of the proposed Quadruple Entente. They were, roughly, that France should be compensated for her support of Germany at Constantinople by the withdrawal of German opposition to French expansion in Morocco; and that Austria-Hungary should be compensated for similar support by German help in extracting from the Sultan a concession for an Austro-Hungarian railway from the Bosnian frontier through the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar as far as the main line of the Salonica railway. Thus the Bosnian railways would become part of an Austro-Hungarian through route to Salonica, and a direct strategic connection with Macedonia would be

created outside Serbian territory. What advantages were to accrue to Russia was not so clear. Eventual running rights over a section of the Baghdad Railway; the placing of a large Russian loan in France, Germany and Austria-Hungary, and a revision in favour of Russia of the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty in regard to the Dardanelles, were among the "compensations" suggested. But they were all largely hypothetical. Germany was to gain most. Besides giving her the support of three other Great Powers for her schemes in Turkey and, in particular, for the Baghdad Railway enterprise, the Quadruple Entente would have destroyed one of her bugbears — the Anglo-French agreement — and would have killed another — the incipient Anglo-Russian agreement — before its birth.

Aehrenthal was extremely disconcerted by the interest in his secret activities which the Paris telegram to *The Times* of May 23rd had aroused. Still greater was his annoyance when, on May 29th, the Russian Ambassador, Prince Ouroussof, delivered to him a verbal Note from M. Isvolsky, the Russian Foreign Minister, declining the proposals for a Quadruple Entente and requesting him to make the necessary communications to the other Powers.

This Note was decisive. By good fortune, its tenor became known to me on the day of its delivery; and as it seemed expedient that the fact of the existence of the Quadruple Entente scheme should be more definitely divulged than it had been in the Paris telegram to *The Times* of May 23rd, I sent, on May 31st, the following telegram which appeared in *The Times* of June 1st under the heading "The Grouping of the Powers":

Great interest has been taken in Vienna in the remarks of the Paris Correspondent of *The Times* on May 23rd on the futility of all attempts to create divisions between England and France or to attract one of them independently of the other into new groupings of the Powers. That such attempts have been made, apparently under the inspiration of a Power which believes itself to be directly interested in diminishing the cordiality of Anglo-French relations, has for some time been known in other European capitals as well

as in Paris. Although the authors of these attempts may have imagined themselves to be working in profound secrecy, there is reason to believe that the eyes of at least half Europe have been upon them, and that the failure of the attempts, which is now understood to be a foregone conclusion, will engender in more than one quarter a satisfaction all the livelier in that their success would have brought Europe within measurable distance of a disturbance of the balance of power if, indeed, it had not imperilled that very peace which is ostensibly the chief concern of all European chancelleries.

Since the danger — for danger it might have been, notwithstanding the over-ingenious character of the scheme which is said to have been mooted — seems now likely to be averted, it may not be out of place to remind all whom it may concern that the tendencies which have, during recent years, modified the European situation that existed at the end of last century are too strong and too profound to be deflected by an adroit manipulation of the diplomatic keyboard. The present European situation threatens no Power, because it gives undue prominence to none and precludes the predominance of any single State. The Anglo-French understanding may be one of its newest and most characteristic features, but it is emphatically a feature that tends to steady the whole fabric and to prevent dislocation. Before any statesmen renew their efforts to undermine this understanding by trying to attract France or England into other combinations, they should reflect that their plans will inevitably become known and that they are likely to be foredoomed to failure.

An hour after *The Times* containing this despatch — which I had deliberately written in a style so involved that it would be fully comprehensible only to the initiated — reached Vienna on June 3rd, the Russian Ambassador, Prince Ouroussof, called upon the British Ambassador. "Have you read *The Times* this morning?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," said Sir Edward Goschen. "What is there in it?"

"That telegram from Vienna on the 'Grouping of the Powers.' A terrible indiscretion has been committed somewhere. It is appalling."

"I read it," said Sir Edward Goschen, "and thought it rather obscure."

"Obscure! Obscure!!" shouted Prince Ouroussof. "Obscure for those who know nothing."

In the course of the morning Sir Edward Goschen repeated this conversation to me. "If you want confirmation of your message you have now got it," he observed, drily. "I do not think that particular pigeon will fly much further."

Yet its death flutter fanned me for some time. That evening I got a hint from a friendly quarter to be extremely cautious in my movements, in my private correspondence and in using the telephone for the next few weeks. The Austrian Secret Police, I was told, had been instructed to watch me night and day. This meant that all my letters would be opened, my telephone tapped, my comings and goings recorded and, possibly, my servants tampered with, so that political detectives might get access to my papers. Should I visit or converse too assiduously with any of my acquaintances, they might be compromised and be exposed, in their turn, to the attentions of the police.

For the next few weeks I lived, therefore, the most innocent and circumspect of lives; and was much amused by the stealthy efforts of the Austrian police to shadow me. Some joy I found in making misleading statements through the telephone, as soon as I heard the little click which showed the wire was being tapped. My letters were opened, but so cleverly that the operation could hardly be detected. In one instance only did the Austrian "Black Cabinet" bungle its work. I had been negotiating with the Austrian telegraph authorities a new contract for the hire of a special wire from Vienna to Berlin. The contract was a bulky document; and when it had been duly signed and attested, I sent the original, with a translation, to the manager of *The Times*. But it fitted the envelope so tightly that the police experts evidently found the task of extracting it, without ruining the envelope, to be beyond their powers. Consequently, it never reached *The Times* at all. Thus, the only considerable haul they made was the capture of an Austrian official document, written in the most tortuous "Amtsdeutsch," and my covering letter to the manager of *The Times*. Had it ever been necessary to negotiate another contract, the position might have been embarrassing. I could not have produced the original document

and the Austrian telegraph authorities would scarcely have dared to ask me for it.

Equally amusing were the precautions taken by my diplomatic friends. In order not to compromise them, I ceased to call upon them; but they, with greater courage than is commonly attributed to their kind, would come, strangely muffled up, to see me, sometimes in the small hours of the morning, while their carriages stood ostentatiously before the door of the nearest Embassy or Legation. Thus I continued to be informed and the Austrian police were none the wiser.

REACTION

The year 1908 is often regarded as one of the most critical years in the modern history of Europe because the groups of Powers which were ultimately to collide in the Great War of 1914 were then, for the first time, openly arrayed against each other; but I have always held that the tangible beginnings of trouble date rather from 1907. Not only did Aehrenthal, in collusion with the German Chancellor, make in that year a far more serious attempt than the German Emperor had made in 1905 to upset the new international order established by the Anglo-French Entente of 1904, but the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian Entente in August, 1907, divided Europe into liberal and reactionary camps. England, France, Russia and, despite her membership of the Triple Alliance, also Italy, were ranged on the one side. Germany, Austria-Hungary and the Vatican stood on the other. Simultaneously, the struggle in the Roman Catholic Church between "Modernist" and Orthodox tendencies culminated in the issue of a new Syllabus by the Roman Inquisition and in the condemnation of "Modernism" by Pope Pius X.

No sooner had "Americanism" been killed by the encyclical of Leo XIII in 1899, than a fresh heresy arose in the shape of a Catholic "Higher Criticism," of which the chief representative was a French priest, Father Loisy. In a series of exegetical works he had established his reputation as a biblical scholar of the first order. But his little volume,

"L'Évangile et L'Église," published in 1903, incurred the wrath of the orthodox. Presently he answered his detractors in another volume, "Autour d'un Petit Livre," of which the preface concluded thus:

> The wisest of policies, the most generous solicitude for the masses of the people, will not avail to safeguard in France the future of Catholicism, if Catholicism which, as a religion, is first of all a matter of faith, were to present itself in the guise of a doctrine and of a discipline opposed to the free flight of the human spirit, undermined by Science, isolated and isolating amid a world desirous of living, learning and progressing in everything. One ought to have the right to say these things when one's life has been spent in showing that Catholicism is compatible with the full exercise of reason and with the free research of criticism. "L'Evangile et l'Eglise" was written in order to explain how, in virtue of its inexhaustible fecundity, the Catholic principle can adapt itself to all the forms of human progress. But, in the past, this adaptation has never been accomplished without effort. So it will be in the future.

The similarity between this contention and that of the "Americanists"; the fact that eminent German Catholic theologians, like Doctor Schell of Würzburg University, had advocated views akin to those of Father Loisy; and the extreme orthodoxy of Pope Pius X, who had succeeded to the chair of St. Peter on the death of Leo XIII in August, 1903, made it certain that, sooner or later, "Modernism" would share the fate of "Americanism." In Austria, the "Modernists" found little sympathy. The new Pope owed his election to a veto which the Emperor Francis Joseph had instructed the Austrian Polish Cardinal, Puzyna, Prince-Bishop of Cracow, to pronounce at the Conclave of 1903 against Cardinal Rampolla, Leo XIII's famous Secretary of State, who was held to be an enemy of the Triple Alliance and against whom Francis Joseph had private grievances. Moreover, the new Pope, a Venetian, had been born an Austrian subject. He was fondly supposed to have retained some veneration for his former sovereign. In any case, he admired the German Emperor, to whom he once referred as "*Quel santo Imperatore*"; and he was known to favour the Triple Alliance.

My interest in Catholic questions had not ceased with my departure from Rome. At the end of 1903 *The Times* had published some account of Father Loisy's doctrines which I had written. Shortly afterwards, during a visit to Rome, I learned by chance that this account had disturbed the Vatican, and that the new Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, wished to discover its authorship. It led, indeed, to some correspondence in *The Times*. One letter, signed "Catholicus," asked a number of "leading questions" obviously intended to entangle the unknown writer on Loisy in an abstruse theological controversy. Into this obvious trap I declined to fall; and "Catholicus" was presently discomfited in *The Times* by an expert Catholic theologian calling himself "Romanus." On returning to Vienna in February, 1904, I found, however, a private letter that had been sent to me through *The Times*, drawing my attention to the trap set for me by "Catholicus" and suggesting the proper theological answers to him. The letter bore the signature of Father Tyrrell, S. J., and contained a hint that correspondence addressed to him was subject to censorship. Consequently, I left his letter unanswered. But in 1907, when I again visited Italy and spent some days at Assisi with M. Paul Sabatier, he showed me the little book "A Much Abused Letter" which had led to the expulsion of Father Tyrrell from the Society of Jesus. Since his correspondence was no longer subject to Jesuit censorship I wrote him an explanation of my silence in 1904; and, in course of time, I received from him the following letter:

Though I remember your contribution to *The Times* very well, I had quite forgotten my letter to you, so I was in no way conscious of any sort of grievance. It was just then [February, 1904] that I began to press for my release from the Society of Jesus — a tedious process which they astutely cut short in 1906 by dismissing me on the pretext of the "Much Abused Letter." When they saw I was determined to leave them, they wisely turned the tables on me and changed what would have been a censure on their "morals" into a censure on my "faith." That side of the story has not yet come out; for it would involve explanations that would be most painful to my many Jesuit and pro-Jesuit friends. I only mention

it because to some it seems that I was too curt with the General of the S. J. and might have made more efforts to come to terms. It was simply that I understood his move; and that, in some ways, it would tell against them more than against me. I had come to the conclusion, and had presented it to the General, that "Jesuitism" summed up all the maladies from which the Roman Church is slowly dying — Jesuitism in the S. J. and outside it; for it stands for a set of principles rather than for the Society which is especially devoted to their propagation. It was better to keep a man with such a conviction in the Society than to let him loose. But seeing that he was determined to break loose, the only way was to discredit him as completely as possible. That is the simple key to all that happened since. Even with Pius X at their back, they seem to be able to do nothing but discredit themselves more and more; and I trust that they are preparing a reaction in the direction of a saner and more human sort of Catholicism than the world has yet known; and that the Church in which the various diseases of religion have worked themselves out to their worst consequences for the longest time and on the largest scale, will be that in which the remedies will at length be discovered and applied. Meantime, the lot of those who need a religion and cannot find one is sufficiently deplorable. One can only trust that that condition itself has its own graces and compensations and may produce wayside fruits as rich and beautiful in their kind as those that flourish under easier conditions. One certainly meets types of a faith outside that is not often found in Israel.

It was, indeed, a moment of turmoil and travail in the Roman Church. At Rome in April, 1907, I had found the most enlightened prelates seriously perturbed. When I asked one of them whither things were drifting he said, "God alone knows. Here they understand only 'obedience,' 'obedience.' Under Leo XIII, when it was a question of obeying a learned and cultivated pontiff, obedience was possible and even easy. But now that we have to obey — the illiterate, it is terribly hard. This one," he added bitterly, jerking his thumb in the direction of the Vatican, "this one, Pius X, has turned the broad barque of St. Peter into a gondola." One of the Cardinals whom a Protestant divine had asked for an explanation of the policy of the Vatican, said solemnly, "I, a Prince of Holy Roman Church, am bound to believe that the Holy Father cannot err; but you, who have the luck to be

a Protestant, are entitled to believe that he has lost his head."

Undeterred by such mutterings, Pius X and his Jesuit advisers went steadily on until, in July, 1907, the new anti-Modernist Syllabus was issued. It was followed in September by the encyclical *Pascendi.* Of the Syllabus it is enough to quote the first two propositions which it condemned:

(1) The law of the Church which ordains that books upon the Holy Scriptures must be submitted to preventive censorship does not apply to critics or to scientific students of the Books of the Old and New Testaments. (2) Though the ecclesiastical interpretation of the Holy Books is not to be despised, it is subject to the more precise judgments of and to revision by exegesis.

In a word, it condemned the "Higher Critics" root and branch. As for the anti-Modernist encyclical *Pascendi,* one of the most vigorous documents issued from the Vatican in recent years, its substance was accurately defined by Father Tyrrell himself in *The Times* of October 1, 1907:

Religion is derived by deductive reasoning from natural and miraculous phenomena. God is not reached through inward religious experience, but by argument. The divinity of Christ and Christianity can be thus argued so as to coerce the understanding. The Roman Catholic Church, with the Papacy, the Sacraments, and all its institutions and dogmas, was, in its entirety, the immediate creation of Christ when upon earth. There has been no vital development, but only mechanical unpacking of what was given from the first. The Scriptures were dictated by God, and are final in questions of science and history. All doctrinal guidance and ecclesiastical authority are mediated through the infallible Pope from God to the Church. The Church is the purely passive recipient of the guidance so received. The Bishops are mere delegates of the Pope; the priests of the Bishops. The laity have no active share of any kind in ecclesiastical concerns; still less in the so-called growth of the Church's mind. Obedience and pecuniary succour are their sole duties. Science is subject to the control of Scholastic theology; secular government is subject to the control of ecclesiastical government in mixed matters. Their jurisdiction is in the same order; only in different departments. There has been no true enlightenment and progress in modern times outside the Church. There is no element of truth in any other religious system.

Nowhere in the Catholic world was this condemnation of "Modernism" and enthronement of mediævalism more warmly welcomed than in Austria. Save among some of the younger Jesuits, the very existence of religious problems was ignored. The practice of religion was so mechanical as to cause an eminent foreign Barnabite to exclaim, after preaching a series of Lenten sermons in a Viennese Church and making the acquaintance of the leading Austrian Catholics, "In the whole of Vienna I have not found a single soul." The younger Jesuits, indeed, felt that something more was needed than the dry husks of dogma if the Church were to hold its own against the Jews, the Freemasons and critical unbelievers generally. They had therefore begun quietly to advocate a neo-Platonic interpretation of Scholasticism and to teach that, since some of the main data of Christianity might not be susceptible of historical proof, greater prominence should be given to the Holy Spirit, which they identified with Plato's "Logos"—a tendency that caused so eminent a Jewish Freemason and anti-Clerical as the late Joseph Reinach to exclaim when I expounded it to him, "Ah! The wretched people! If they take that line we shall need another three centuries to demolish them." But the Syllabus and the Encyclical *Pascendi* fell with crushing weight upon these tendencies; and thereafter all was silence.

I remember showing Father Tyrrell's "Much Abused Letter" to one of the most distinguished and cultivated men in Austria, the Polish Leader, Count Dzieduszycki. "Tyrrell is an honest fellow," he said, "but he is mistaken if he thinks he is a Catholic. He has never got rid of his original bias. Nor does he seem to perceive what is really the matter with the Church. She is still suffering from the consequences of the Reformation and, even more, from those of the Counter-Reformation. In the Counter-Reformation she sold her soul to temporal princes in return for their help in crushing out heresy. Until then she had stood between the potentates of the earth and their peoples, mitigating tyranny, protecting the humble and curbing the power of the most powerful. Thereafter, the Altar merely became a pillar of the Throne.

From this unhappy position, with all its deadening and narrowing effects, the Church will never free herself until she finds an opportunity again to stand with the peoples, against emperors if necessary, and to win the love of the peoples as their surest guide and support. That day may come sooner than people think, for the world is within measurable distance of a great upheaval. I may not see it, for I am old. You may see it, for you are young. If you see it, think of what I have said."

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

The sequel to this conversation came nearly ten years later and belongs to another chapter. At that moment, in the summer of 1907, Count Dzieduszycki, like all Austrian political men, was trying to foresee the effects of Universal Suffrage in Austria. In a sense, the introduction of Universal Suffrage was an accident. It arose out of Kristóffy's proposal to use it in 1905 as a weapon against the Hungarian Coalition. But the Emperor Francis Joseph, ever an opportunist in method though unchanging in dynastic purpose, smiled upon the agitation of the Austrian Socialists for the extension to Austria of the Universal Suffrage promised to Hungary. So open did the understanding between him and them become that the Socialists earned the nickname of "Imperial and Royal"; and, in the course of 1906, the Emperor used his personal influence to break the resistance of the other Austrian parties, and of the Austrian Germans in particular, to the Socialist demand.

In the light of history, the meaning of the Emperor's support of Universal Suffrage was clear. Immediately after the German victory at Sedan in 1870 which rendered irrevocable the defeat of Austria at Sadowa in 1866, Francis Joseph attempted to undermine the Dual System of 1867 that had made and kept him a prisoner of Germany. He arranged to be crowned King of Bohemia at Prague as a prelude to the creation in Bohemia of an autonomous State with the help of which he could have converted the Dual into a Triple

System that would have enabled him to escape from Austrian-German, Magyar and Prussian control. The joint influence of the Austrian-Germans, of the Magyars and of Bismarck had then defeated him. He was compelled to break faith with the Bohemian Slavs, or Czechs, and to abandon his project — a betrayal for which the Czechs never forgave him. Until 1879, he bided his time; but in that year, seizing an opportunity given him by the resistance of the Austrian-German majority in Parliament to the occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina and to an increase in the army estimates, he caused the German Liberal parties to be crushed at a General Election. In their place he installed a German-Clerical and Slav Coalition which pursued an anti-German policy in Austrian home affairs until 1893, when its leader, Count Taaffe, fell in a significant attempt to introduce the principle of Universal Suffrage into the Austrian franchise. Three years later, the principle was actually introduced by Taaffe's successor, Badeni, a Polish Clerical, who succeeded in persuading the Chamber to allot seventy-two of its seats to candidates elected by Universal Suffrage. But in 1897 Badeni was overthrown for attempting to place the Czech language on a footing of equality with German in Bohemia, and an era of parliamentary chaos ensued until the Kristóffy scheme and the Socialist agitation for Universal Suffrage gave Francis Joseph another chance to undermine German predominance in Austria, which he was careful not to miss.

As a result, the German Liberal parties, mostly pan-German in tendency, practically disappeared from the Austrian Parliament, their place being taken by a combination of Christian Social anti-Semites and Conservative Clericals. Next in numerical strength were the Socialists. Racially, the Germans of all parties numbered 243, whereas the Slavs numbered 255. German predominance, in Parliament at least, was a thing of the past, and it seemed as though the dynasty were working in the direction of a Slav and Clerical policy that might, in the long run, break the power of the Dual System.

QUINTESSENCE OF AUSTRIA

Few Austrians or Hungarians understood the tendencies of Francis Joseph. Among the few was a man whom the Universal Suffrage Election of 1907 brought back into parliamentary life — Professor Thomas G. Masaryk, a Moravian Slovak, one of the most respected members of the Philosophical Faculty of the Czech University at Prague. Liberal and democratic by conviction, quiet, reserved and almost diffident in manner, honest with a crystalline honesty, he seemed at first sight too unassuming to be able to hold his own amid the intrigues and chicane of the Austrian Parliament. Yet he had hardly appeared in the lobbies when a movement arose to make him President, or Speaker, of the new Chamber — an honour which he characteristically declined. To him I felt instinctively drawn, though, in those early days of our acquaintance, we exchanged hardly more than a dozen commonplace phrases. Equally attractive was Count Dziedusyzcki, the Polish Leader, who hid an immense culture behind a mask of witty scepticism. On the rare occasions when he could be induced to talk seriously, his wisdom was as uncanny as the extent of his knowledge. A wittier man I have never met, nor a more lovable; and from his affectionate scoldings whenever I questioned him upon political matters I learned more than from any man in Austria. "You dear young fool," he would say, "why do you try to find out the guiding principles of Austrian politics? They don't exist. Austria is a sort of sultanate. The Sultan is an old man in a hurry, who hurries the more the older he gets. His guiding principle is 'more acres.' He has been turned out of Germany and turned out of Italy and will be turned out of the Balkans if he is not careful. But he wants, before he dies, to add something to his realms that posterity shall look upon as a compensation for his losses elsewhere. By 'posterity' he means his own family and his rival sovereigns. He knows that the Dual System makes him a prisoner of Germany and he is always trying to undermine it; but he is too timorous to act boldly. The only possible future for Austria-Hungary is to be a Slav

House with a German façade. This would mean a reckoning with the Magyars, who fear and hate the Slavs and who know that, if ever the Monarchy is completed by attracting to itself all the Southern Slavs, the days of Magyar hegemony will be numbered. But I doubt whether the 'Sultan' will ever have the wisdom to attract the Southern Slavs. He believes in wooing people by force so as to add 'acres' to his possessions. So, one day, unless he has greater luck than he has ever had before, he will do something or will sanction some wild scheme that will wreck the Monarchy for good and all. Incidentally, he may also wreck Europe."

Soon after the Election of the Universal Suffrage Parliament, the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, told me he wished to make the acquaintance of some of the leading Austrian politicians. He felt that, if he were to invite them to the Embassy, he would be suspected of engaging in unseemly intrigues; but, unless he knew the men, he feared that his diplomatic reports upon Austrian affairs would lack authority and savour. I suggested, as an expedient, that I should invite the principal party leaders to tea with me, one at a time, and that he should drop in by chance when they were there. I began by inviting Dziedusyzcki who, as leader of the Poles, a Privy Councillor, and therefore an "Excellency," was a considerable personage. Sir Edward Goschen dropped in according to plan and said, in substance, that diplomatists in Vienna were at a serious disadvantage because they had few opportunities of meeting the public men of the country and of gaining guidance from their conversation. Complicated though Austrian affairs were, there must be some underlying principle, some standard of judgment that might serve as a test and a touchstone to diplomatists anxious to judge Austria fairly and soundly.

Dziedusyzcki listened with a more solemn and deferent expression than I had ever seen on his humorous face. "Your Excellency is quite right," he answered. "There is such a principle, though it is hard to apply. You will have to work. You must learn the catalogue of the Austrian peoples and their history. You must study their several interests and those

of the Monarchy as a whole and, in particular, the position of the Emperor. Then you will be able to see, at a given moment, what the right policy for this country would be; and, when you have seen it — *bet on the contrary, and you will never be wrong.*"

Dziedusyzcki uttered the last words vehemently and burst into loud laughter. The Ambassador hardly knew whether to be amused or to feel insulted. Adroitly turning the conversation, he talked of other matters and presently left. He did not suggest that I should invite other Austrian political men to tea; but, during the critical weeks and months that followed, he often said to me, "At first I thought that old Dziedusyzcki was 'pulling my leg'; but the longer I stay here the more I am convinced that he was in deadly earnest and absolutely right."

HOW NOT TO DO IT

If proof had been needed that Dziedusyzcki was right, Aehrenthal was presently to furnish it. His management of Austro-Hungarian foreign policy was a standing example of "how not to do it." Though able, he preferred to be clever; where sincerity might have won him friends and the personal success for which he was imprudently eager, he relied on secretive insincerity; and when the high road lay straight before him, he chose to tread bypaths. After the failure of his and Prince Bülow's scheme for a Quadruple Entente, he pretended to revert for a moment to the Austro-Russian understanding of 1897 and to the Mürzsteg programme. On July 15, 1907, he visited the Italian Foreign Minister, Signor Tittoni, at Desio in Lombardy, discussed Macedonian Reforms with him, assured him that Austria-Hungary would be faithful to her engagements towards Italy under the Austro-Italian section of the Triple Alliance, and suggested "future possibilities" of advantage to Italy in the Balkans and elsewhere. Then, in August, he agreed with Sir Charles Hardinge at Ischl, during a visit paid by King Edward to the Emperor Francis Joseph, upon the abrogation of Clause 3 of

the Mürzsteg programme and upon the main lines of a Judicial Reform in Macedonia. But when, on August 31st, the Russian Foreign Minister M. Isvolsky, and the British Ambassador Sir Arthur Nicolson, signed at St. Petersburg the Anglo-Russian Agreement in regard to Persia, Afghanistan and Tibet, Aehrenthal determined to take revenge upon Isvolsky for the rejection of the Quadruple Entente scheme. He regarded Isvolsky's Liberal ideas with much the same aversion and contempt as he felt towards England. Moreover, he understood that, inasmuch as the Anglo-Russian Agreement had been preceded by a Russo-Japanese Treaty guaranteeing the territorial *status quo* in the Far East and the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire, it freed Russia from anxieties in Asia and allowed her to turn her attention once more to Europe and the Near East.

This was the last thing that Germany or Austria-Hungary desired. When M. Isvolsky came to Vienna towards the end of September, 1907, and was very coldly received, he asked me why Aehrenthal was so ill-humoured. "You are not wanted in Europe," I replied. "Your business is to be in Asia and to keep at loggerheads with Japan and with England. Fancy your daring to agree with England about Tibet! Did not Germany support at Peking in 1904 the Russian protest against the ratification by China of the Anglo-Tibetan Treaty which the Younghusband mission had concluded? If you now agree with us about Tibet, Persia and Afghanistan, you and we destroy so many German openings to make bad blood between us — that is to say, we damage vested German interests. And if you, in consequence, begin to pay serious attention to the Near East, the Balkan Slavs may be encouraged to resist Austro-Hungarian policy in the Balkans. How can you expect to be welcome in Vienna?"

Isvolsky smiled but seemed to think that he would be able to manage Aehrenthal. I warned him that Aehrenthal might prove a "slippery customer" — an expression of which Isvolsky often reminded me in later years. Aehrenthal, for his part, believed that he held Isvolsky in the hollow of his hand. He was in touch with the reactionary elements at St.

Petersburg, in particular with Paul de Schwanebach, and knew that they were opposed to the Anglo-Russian Agreement. In fact, they had outvoted Isvolsky and the Russian Prime Minister, Stolypin, at the meeting of the Council of State to which the Agreement was submitted before signature; and the Agreement itself had only been saved by the Tsar's personal insistence that it should be signed. Consequently, Aehrenthal imagined that, if sufficient difficulties were made for Isvolsky and if he were prevented from scoring any success in the Near East, the Tsar might be turned against him and the Anglo-Russian Agreement be destroyed. With these objects in view, Aehrenthal agreed with Isvolsky upon a draft of the Judicial Reform for Macedonia, but set a trap for him by suggesting that, before the draft were presented to the Sublime Porte, it should be submitted to a Conference of Ambassadors at Constantinople. Isvolsky assented and left Vienna somewhat reassured.

KING EDWARD'S CONFIDENCE

In his comparative optimism Isvolsky was not alone. In August, 1907, I had found King Edward at Marienbad more buoyant than he had been in 1906, or than he was to be again. He had met the German Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe on the way to Ischl; and though there had been no political conversation of any importance between them, greater personal cordiality had prevailed than at previous meetings. The German Emperor had just come from a meeting with the Tsar at Swinemünde where he had not succeeded in turning the Tsar against the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian Agreement. Hence, possibly, his cordiality towards King Edward. On August 21st, the French Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, came from Karlsbad to lunch with the King at Marienbad and convinced the King that French troubles in Morocco would not be made a starting point for another European crisis. So high were the King's spirits that he took me to task somewhat severely for suggesting that the apparent cloudlessness of the diplomatic sky might not preclude storms

in the near future — a suggestion in which the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, concurred. The only indication that the King had not revised his estimate of the German Emperor was given in an answer to a question whether he had ever been to Tangier which was tactlessly put to him one day at luncheon. "No," replied the King. "I am *not* the German Emperor."

Neither King Edward nor Isvolsky knew enough of the details of Austro-Hungarian affairs fully to appreciate the significance of minor episodes which had influenced the judgment of the Ambassador as they had influenced me. Before Aehrenthal had been six months in office, a quarrel had suddenly arisen between the Hungarian Coalition Government at Budapest and the Serbo-Croat Coalition at Agram. In defiance of the terms of the Hungaro-Croatian settlement of 1868, the Hungarian Government demanded that Magyar should be substituted for Croat as the official language of the railways in Croatia-Slavonia. It was clear that a larger purpose lay behind this demand. It had long been an axiom of Hapsburg statecraft that Croatia and Hungary must be kept at enmity with each other, so that Croatian hostility to Hungary might always be a thorn in the Magyar flesh. The agreement of 1905 between the Magyar Coalition and the Serbo-Croat Coalition had violated this axiom; and Supilo, the Serbo-Croat leader, who had been a prime mover in the agreement, became an object of Austrian official hostility. In their chauvinistic infatuation, the Magyars played the Austrian game and quarrelled so effectually with the Serbo-Croat Coalition that the permanent deputation from the Agram Diet to the Hungarian Chamber obstructed parliamentary business at Budapest. For six months this obstruction continued with growing bitterness. Ultimately, the Diet at Agram was dissolved, in the hope that the Serbo-Croat Coalition might be crushed at the polls; and, in January, 1908, a new pro-Magyar Ban, or Viceroy, was appointed to dragoon Croatia-Slavonia. But the Southern Slavs are a stubborn folk. When the Diet assembled after the election, the Serbo-Croat Coalition still held the majority. It declined to work

with the new Viceroy and, under its influence, all members of the Viceroy's administration were boycotted. The immediate object of those who had provoked the Hungaro-Croatian quarrel was thus attained. They had secured a pretext for drastic repression of "Southern Slavism" or "pan-Serbism"—an indispensable preliminary, in their eyes, to any "forward" policy in the Balkans. To the initiated, the very creation of this pretext seemed sufficient proof that such a policy was contemplated.

But Isvolsky was not among the initiated. In the late autumn of 1907 he saw the Tsar at Livadia, where he spoke of his complete agreement with Aehrenthal upon the Judicial Reform for Macedonia. By way of comment, the Tsar produced a secret despatch from Constantinople which stated that Aehrenthal had promised Turkey to drop the Judicial Reform entirely if Austria-Hungary were given a concession to build a railway from the Bosnian frontier through the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar into Macedonia. Isvolsky scouted the notion that Aehrenthal could thus have played him false and persuaded the Tsar that the despatch must be founded on a malicious rumour. The Tsar therefore threw the despatch into the fire. Yet, during December, 1907, the dragoman of a European Embassy at Constantinople actually obtained at the Porte a copy of Aehrenthal's offer; and when the Conference of Ambassadors met to consider Aehrenthal's and Isvolsky's draft of the Judicial Reform, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador joined his German colleague in obstructing it. Towards the middle of January, 1908, Isvolsky was informed by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at St. Petersburg that Aehrenthal had applied for a concession to build the Novi-Bazar railway; and despite Isvolsky's entreaties that the application should be kept secret, Aehrenthal publicly announced it at the end of the month, adding that the railway would "constitute a new and important route from Central Europe to Egypt and India." Under advice from the German Ambassador, the Sultan promptly granted the concession, well understanding that it would set Russia and Austria-

Hungary by the ears and destroy the hated Macedonian reforms.

Whether or not Aehrenthal ever believed in the value of a railway through the Sanjak may be doubted. In any case, he soon discovered that his new "route from Central Europe to Egypt and India" would be longer than the regular line of railway through Belgrade and Nish, that the building of anything but a narrow-gauge line would be impracticable and that, in case of war, the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar would be a death trap for Austro-Hungarian troops. Equally futile was his hope that, by outwitting or deceiving Isvolsky, he could turn Russian opinion against him, compel him to resign and break up the Anglo-Russian Understanding. As I wrote privately to *The Times* on February 16, 1908:

> I am beginning to see more clearly into this imbroglio and am becoming convinced that Germany wants the Novi-Bazar railway to be to the Anglo-Russian understanding what she meant the German Emperor's visit to Tangier to be to the Anglo-French understanding — a wedge inserted between the two Powers. This time, the *coup* has been more cleverly made than at Tangier; but I doubt whether it will succeed as long as Isvolsky is at the Russian Foreign Office. Practically, Bülow and Aehrenthal say to Isvolsky, "Come to terms with us on our basis in regard to the East; or stick to England and take the consequences." The question is whether Bülow and Aehrenthal have rightly calculated the state of feeling in Russia and among the Southern Slavs. I do not think they have.

The event bore out my view. Instead of turning against Isvolsky for having been duped, Russian opinion turned against Austria-Hungary and Aehrenthal for having duped him; and in France and in England indignation against Aehrenthal was almost as hot as in Russia. Isvolsky countered Aehrenthal's Novi-Bazar railway scheme by putting forward a Russian plan for an anti-Austrian railway from the Danube to the Adriatic; while France, Russia and England determined to proceed, on their own account, with Macedonian reforms more drastic than those contemplated by the Mürzsteg programme. The decade covered by the Austro-Russian understanding of 1897 was definitely closed, and a new era, preg-

nant with discord and conflict, began. In a confidential report to *The Times* on March 3, 1908, I wrote:

My own feeling is that the European situation is undergoing, if it has not undergone, a profound change. It reminds me of the Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice, in July, 1902. The guardian of the Tower wanted a few inches more elbow room in his little kitchen and took away a sort of lintel in order to enlarge the passage. Next day there was a crack in the wall above, and the week after the whole Campanile sat down upon itself. Nothing was changed; the same bricks and mortar were there; only the situation was different.

THE SALE OF "THE TIMES"

Just before the crisis — for crisis it was — brought on by Aehrenthal's trickery, a sensation was caused throughout the world by a statement in a London Sunday newspaper, the *Observer,* that *The Times* had been sold to Mr. Arthur Pearson. To me the news came as a shock almost as great as that felt by my chiefs and colleagues at Printing House Square who had received no hint of the action taken by the chief proprietor, Mr. Arthur Walter. I knew, indeed, that great efforts had been made by Mr. G. E. Buckle, the editor, Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager, and Mr. Valentine Chirol, the foreign editor, to improve and modernize the paper, for I had been repeatedly consulted and had written more than one letter or memorandum to explain why and where I thought the paper defective. In one such letter, when replying, on July 24, 1907, to a despondent account of the outlook in England, the growth of socialism and the carelessness of the public towards matters of serious interest, I had said:

In England, socialism was bound to come, but it will not, I believe, do all the damage you seem to apprehend. I know the English working classes and some of their present leaders pretty well, and am not afraid of their wrecking the country or the Empire if a paper like *The Times* faces the situation squarely and guides the public as it ought to be guided. I see a great opportunity for *The Times* and one which, if rightly used, may restore to us that inward strength and *virtus* we have seemed so long to lack. We are not, or ought not to be, bound up with any "ism" save imperialism,

i.e., care for the Empire in the right sense; we are not, or ought not to be, identified with any "vested interest," economic, political or religious, save with the one interest of the Empire in good and just government and the welfare of its citizens. We are neither Liberal nor Conservative: we are *The Times;* that is to say, we live on the threshold of events; we mould, or ought to mould, to-day and to shape to-morrow; we sit, or ought to sit, near the heart of things, shifting our seat as the centre of gravity changes. We are, or want to be, where the real power lies, understanding its nature, controlling its workings, and never allowing it to ignore its responsibilities.

Since my last visit to England two years ago, I have felt that the country is, as you say, "out of joint," not only politically but morally. That was before the last General Election. Since then I have watched for a sign of improvement but have seen none, and am convinced that no real improvement can take place until someone or something arises to lead and point the way. It is *our* business to lead. The present Government can do nothing. It obtained credit on pretences which, though specious, were believed because of the nation's disillusionment by Balfour and his adherents. The advent of Balfour was a national misfortune. He incarnates that indifference toward reality, that conception of life which sends people to Church on the strength of Hegel but has no feeling for what an Austrian poet calls "the forces eternally heaving whereby the peoples are swayed." The people, you think, care little, or seem to care little, for the Empire and its destiny. I doubt it; but if so, it is because the people have never been made to feel what the Empire is. We, as an expensive paper, cannot go direct to the masses, but we can get the ear of, and influence, those who have the ear of the masses. Little by little, we can instil into them the larger political faith, widen their horizon and group them round us. Our columns ought to be the channel to which, for instance, every Labour leader and every public man of every party naturally turns when he has something of importance to say. We cannot afford to be regarded, *as we are regarded,* with hostility or indifference by the bulk of those who count to-day and will count increasingly in future. We must at least be respected by them and they must find in us a not unfriendly censor. Otherwise we shall be condemned to wither, as the organ of a class and caste, and shall end by being a mouthpiece of impotent reaction, fit only to launch anathemas against every vital article of modern political faith.

This letter, or memorandum, arose out of a correspondence earlier in 1907 between Mr. Chirol, Mr. Moberly Bell, and me upon the best means of extending the foreign service of

The Times. I had urged that, since pressure on space prevented or deferred the publication of more serious and considered studies of foreign affairs than could be incorporated in daily telegrams, it might be well to publish periodically a small Supplement on foreign policy so as to give correspondents abroad an opportunity of placing their knowledge and experience more fully at the disposal of the paper. To this suggestion Mr. Moberly Bell had objected that *The Times* was already too big. He wrote that, in 1902, *The Times* had circularized all its regular subscribers, asking them to make suggestions as to what they liked, what they disliked, and what they thought might be improved. He added:

> We got, I think, only about 17,000 answers. They were of all sorts, but mostly laudatory, mixed with little objections to this and praise of that, but among the whole 17,000 — of which some hundreds wanted more sporting news, some more horticulture, a great many more City intelligence, and so on — only one solitary person mentioned our foreign news, and she was a lady who said that, if possible, she would like more news about Assam because she had a son who was growing tea out there ! Another deplorable sign of the times (not of *The Times*) is that the more a paper appeals to the multitude the less space it gives to foreign news. Now, of course, I don't mean to say that we have to imitate the halfpenny press or even the penny press, but we already tap the vast majority of the educated classes; and to increase circulation we have to get less educated classes. And unless we increase circulation we could not exist at all. In fact, we are in this position — the few educated intelligent people *must* read the *Times*, but there are not enough of them to make it pay. I might spend another £5,000 a year on getting more good stuff and I should not get £5 more revenue.

This was roughly still the position at the end of 1907. Mr. Arthur Walter had made an attempt to raise more capital for *The Times* among his friends and acquaintances, and had very nearly succeeded in getting the amount he asked for—£200,000. But, apparently on account of the complicated nature of the proprietorship, he abandoned this attempt and suddenly agreed to sell the paper to a syndicate of which the visible head was Mr. Arthur Pearson, founder of a half-penny paper, the *Daily Express*, and purchaser of the old Conserva-

tive organ, the *Standard.* Lord Northcliffe who, as Alfred Harmsworth, had founded the *Daily Mail* in 1896, and had acquired through it influence and wealth, had long cherished the ambition to control and to edit *The Times.* But he knew nothing of the projected sale to his rival, Mr. Arthur Pearson until, one foggy evening in December, 1907, he heard of it by a curious chance. From boyhood he had been fond of music, and he was himself a pianist of more than ordinary talent. As such, he felt intense admiration for the great Polish pianist, Paderewski, whom he went to hear as often as possible, and whose personal acquaintance he had made. A friend, at whose house Paderewski was to play, invited Lord and Lady Northcliffe to hear him; and they motored up from the country for the occasion. But so foggy was it that, on reaching Berkeley Square where they then lived, they felt it would be foolish to go further and telephoned their regret to the friend who had invited them. He, however, insisted that they should come; and, much against their will, they groped their way to his house. During an interval in Paderewski's recital, Lord Northcliffe congratulated one of his fellow guests, who was connected with the Great Central Railway, on having succeeded in amalgamating it with the prosperous Midland Railway. "We are doing something better than that," was the reply. "We are amalgamating the moribund *Standard* with *The Times.*" With characteristic swiftness and secrecy, Lord Northcliffe set to work to discover the exact state of this transaction; and, as soon as he had sufficient information, he published, early in January, 1908, a statement in the *Observer* [of which he was then the chief owner] to the effect that *The Times* had been sold to Mr. Pearson.

Nowhere did this announcement cause greater astonishment than in *The Times* office. The editor and the manager, who had been left completely in the dark, found, on enquiry, that the news was true; and they warned Mr. Arthur Walter that they were determined to do their utmost to upset an arrangement which they thought detrimental to *The Times* as an institution and to the staff that made it. The only means of

upsetting the projected sale was to put forward an alternative arrangement more favourable to the other proprietors — there were more than one hundred, some of whom had already taken legal action — than that contemplated by Mr. Arthur Walter and Mr. Pearson. Ultimately, Lord Northcliffe and his associates enabled Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Valentine Chirol (for the editor, Mr. Buckle, was incapacitated by severe illness at that moment) to put forward a scheme which justified a Judge in Chambers in upsetting the Pearson-Walter arrangement and in sanctioning the reorganization of *The Times* as a Limited Liability Company. But so critical was the position at one stage of the proceedings that Mr. Moberly Bell thought of publishing another paper on the same lines as *The Times*, with the old staff. He wrote to ask my opinion of this idea and, on March 5th, I replied:

> The only blow your opponents could not conceivably parry or return would be to announce at the right moment, before the Court or elsewhere, that the staff at home and abroad refuse to be sold like a herd of swine to the highest bidder; and that, though the name of the paper be sold, a new paper will be created by the old staff with the old spirit. The Continental public already knows that the present trouble arose out of the tangled system of ownership. It would understand a change of name provided the change were promptly and adequately explained and provided it should appear not as a mere commercial dodge or legal trick but as a *beau geste* on the part of the staff and its chiefs. If the announcement is made, no one is likely to bid for the mere name of *The Times*.

The position then was that the Pearson scheme had been killed by the exertions of Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Valentine Chirol, but that a group, supported, as Mr. Moberly Bell wrote me, "by Britons of the name of Koch and Speyer," were working hard for success where Mr. Pearson had failed. There was some danger that, if they succeeded, *The Times* would be exposed to German influence. This group represented about 15 per cent. of the proprietors. Another group, representing an even smaller percentage, was also active. Finally, Mr. Moberly Bell, with the support of General Sterling, one of the proprietors, was enabled by Lord Northcliffe

to secure acceptance of a scheme which enjoyed the support of more than two thirds of the proprietors. Against the danger of surreptitious German control I warned Mr. Moberly Bell explicitly, saying that I believed the German Government would pay, directly or indirectly, any price to silence *The Times*, and telling him that, in the summer of 1907, a clever Viennese journalist had been offered £80,000 by Vienna representatives of the Deutsche Bank to start in Austria a popular newspaper on condition that it should not oppose the foreign and commercial policy of Germany. If the German Government, through the Deutsche Bank, were ready to risk £80,000 for the control of a paper to be published at less than one halfpenny in a country where nearly every existing journal was already under German control, how much, I asked, would it not risk to capture or silence *The Times*, which it regards as its most efficient opponent?

The arrangement finally made eliminated this German danger and placed the proprietorial control of *The Times* in the hands of Lord Northcliffe and his associates. For a time, the name of the new chief proprietor was kept secret, though it was presently divulged by Mr. W. T. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*. The public, which did not know to what perils *The Times* had been exposed, received the announcement without enthusiasm; and when, later in the year, I met a number of prominent Englishmen at Marienbad, I found apprehension so lively among them that I suggested to Mr. Moberly Bell the expediency of advising Lord Northcliffe to remain in the background until there should have been a sufficient period of stability under the new proprietorship to reassure the public. In reply Mr. Moberly Bell let me know that Lord Northcliffe wished me to meet him at Frankfort in September, and added, "I think you could only gain by knowing him, for he is one of the most interesting and inspiriting men I have ever met."

"Interesting and inspiriting" I certainly found Lord Northcliffe to be, and clear-eyed in regard to German policy. He was anxious to remove any notion I might have that the character of *The Times* had changed or that he did not appreciate

the value of confidential "inside" information. Moreover, he assured me that the advice I had given from Marienbad, as to the expediency of his remaining in the background, was in accordance with his own policy, since he wished to study *The Times* thoroughly before making changes. He was obviously eager to understand *The Times* and to improve it in the spirit of its early news-getting and hard-hitting traditions; but the process of adapting himself to something he had not created was plainly irksome to his energetic temperament. He felt, as I felt, that things were moving fast, and he wished *The Times* to keep abreast of them.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM

During the first eight months of 1908, things had indeed moved rapidly. At the end of January, Aehrenthal's Novi-Bazar railway scheme had destroyed the "Concert of Europe." At the beginning of February, the King and the Crown Prince of Portugal had been assassinated by revolutionaries in circumstances which suggested that the conspiracy might have had international ramifications. In the Near East, the decision of England, France and Russia to proceed with Macedonian reforms on their own account had been used by subterranean German and Austro-Hungarian propaganda to stir up resentment in Turkey, and to accelerate a revolutionary movement among the "Young Turk" opponents of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid. In the principal German-Jewish newspapers of Austria-Hungary and Germany, and in the Jewish Free Masonic Lodges of Salonica and Macedonia which served as secret meeting places for "Young Turks," a meeting between King Edward and the Tsar at Reval on June 9th and 10th, during which Sir Charles Hardinge and M. Isvolsky had considered proposals for effective reforms in Macedonia, had been denounced as involving the danger of a Christian attack on Turkey that must be resisted at all costs. On June 19th, Isvolsky had addressed to Aehrenthal — whether spontaneously or not has never transpired — a secret memorandum upon Balkan affairs suggesting that the questions of the

Dardanelles and of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina should be settled between Russia and Austria-Hungary by mutual consent on a European basis. Thus, the modification of the Treaty of Berlin, which it had long been Isvolsky's ambition to revise in a spirit favourable to Russia, was definitely suggested; and though Isvolsky undoubtedly wished to act with caution and regularity by means of a European Conference, his memorandum played into Aehrenthal's hands. On July 24th, little more than a month later, the Young Turk revolution had broken out in Macedonia under the auspices of the "Committee for Union and Progress" which proclaimed as its chief aims the restoration of the Turkish Constitution of 1867, the establishment of a Parliament, the freedom of the Press and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Despite its democratic beginnings, the movement was essentially Nationalist. Unable to resist, the Sultan bowed before it; the "Committee for Union and Progress" assured him of its loyalty, and, for a brief space, the millennium seemed to have dawned in the Near East.

A FORWARD POLICY

Early in August, 1908, an influential official had come to see me on behalf of one of the principal members of the Austrian Cabinet. He had often consulted me upon questions of policy and wished on this occasion to ask my opinion on the expediency of an early annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary. During the summer, the Emperor Francis Joseph's Diamond Jubilee had been celebrated amid many manifestations of enthusiasm. The German Emperor, at the head of all the German Federal sovereigns, had offered him their congratulations. Aehrenthal, like the Emperor Francis Joseph himself, was anxious to mark the year of Jubilee by some positive achievement such as the conversion of the mandate to "occupy and administer" Bosnia-Herzegovina, given to Austria-Hungary by the Treaty of Berlin, into a definite title of possession. The Austrian official urged these considerations upon me and argued that, in view

of the Young Turk Revolution and the Nationalist bearing of the "Committee for Union and Progress," it was indispensable that the Emperor should prove his right to Bosnia-Herzegovina by some "act of sovereignty."

In reply I said that anything in the nature of direct and immediate annexation would probably bring on a severe European crisis. The Revolution had gained for Turkey many sympathizers in Western Europe. Even those who doubted whether the Young Turk leopard could change the Old Turk spots, thought that the Young Turks should be given a chance. The annexation of two provinces still nominally Turkish would be regarded as an unfriendly deed towards Turkey and as an affront to the other Powers which had signed the Treaty of Berlin. If an "act of sovereignty" were thought necessary, the only wise course would be for the Emperor to grant autonomy to Bosnia-Herzegovina. To such an act no serious exception could be taken, and it would sufficiently prove the Emperor's sovereignty inasmuch as none but a Sovereign could grant autonomy.

To those arguments the Austrian official objected that, if autonomy were granted, the inhabitants of Bosnia-Herzegovina might be capable of electing deputies to the Turkish Parliament and that, in this way, the authority of the Emperor would be flouted.

"In that case," I returned, "the inhabitants of Bosnia-Herzegovina would merely be playing your game. There is no desire in Europe to take the provinces from you. You have certainly improved their administrative and general economic condition during the last thirty years. There is hardly an authentic Turk among the whole population. They are all Southern Slavs, Catholic, Orthodox and Mussulman. Even if the Mussulmans had no Slav feelings they would not be strong enough by themselves to elect deputies to the Turkish Parliament. A grant of autonomy would flatter the local pride of all creeds. You have already promised to introduce communal autonomy. What could be more logical than to extend it by a grant of provincial autonomy? Such an extension might help to persuade even the Southern Slavs of

Serbia that Hapsburg rule is compatible with freedom, and might strengthen the tendencies already existing in Serbia to link up with Austria-Hungary, and to let the question of Southern Slav unity be solved within the framework of the Hapsburg Monarchy. Should, however, the Bosnians and Herzegovinians be so foolish as to elect deputies to the Turkish Parliament, the Emperor would be justified in claiming that they had abused of his magnanimity and in annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina outright. Nobody in Europe could then object to such a course, but it ought not to be taken save in the very last resort."

The official promised to report this advice to his chief. The question of annexing Bosnia-Herzegovina would, he said, be discussed and probably decided at a special council of Austrian, Hungarian and Austro-Hungarian ministers on the Emperor's birthday, August 18th. I heard afterwards that it was then discussed and that Aehrenthal and General Conrad von Hoetzendorf, the Chief of General Staff, had finally prevailed against the Ministers who advocated a policy similar to that which I had suggested, by insisting that Austria-Hungary "must show those fellows down there who is master." It appears, however, that before this decision was taken, Aehrenthal had imprudently sounded the Young Turk Committee on the subject of Bosnia-Herzegovina and had caused them to be told that it was the Emperor Francis Joseph's intention to grant a Constitution to the occupied provinces; and that the Young Turks had answered that the right to grant a Constitution belonged exclusively to the Sultan. This "impertinent" reply was cited as an additional reason for an immediate annexation. But had Aehrenthal really wished to take a statesmanlike, as distinguished from a high-handed, course, he would have seen the folly of consulting the Young Turks about the Emperor Francis Joseph's proposed "act of sovereignty." If the Young Turks had protested against so liberal a measure as a spontaneous grant of autonomy to Bosnia-Herzegovina, they would have put themselves in the wrong, whereas the grant of autonomy or of a constitution in defiance of their objections could have been represented by

them as an act of provocation. The truth was, probably, that Aehrenthal wished, by creating an accomplished fact, to forestall Isvolsky's proposed revision of the Treaty of Berlin and to strike a blow against the movement for Southern Slav Unity which he believed to have its centre in Serbia.

ANGLO-GERMAN RIVALRY

Meanwhile, King Edward had left London on August 10th to pay his Jubilee visit of congratulation to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl on August 13th, and had met the German Emperor at Kronberg. English apprehensions had been aroused by the constant increase of the German Navy which was being rapidly strengthened by battleships and cruisers of a type designed to operate against an enemy near the German coast. In England, a contest was raging between the advocates of the "Two-Power standard," and those of a smaller navy. Mr. Lloyd George, who had become Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet which Mr. Asquith had formed in April upon the retirement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was understood to be a "Little Navyite," whereas Mr. Reginald McKenna, who had been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, held that unquestioned predominance at sea was a vital British necessity. During a short visit to London at the end of July, I had been introduced by a popular member of the Conservative Party to Mr. Lloyd George and had found him disinclined to listen to arguments in favour of the Two-Power standard. He had, however, made so singular an impression upon me that I said to my Conservative friend, "That man will one day be your leader." "Nonsense," he replied. "Lloyd George is a nice fellow but an almost revolutionary demagogue. You may know a lot about foreign affairs but you do not know English politics." "Possibly," I answered. "Lloyd George may be a demagogue but he does not strike me as particularly Liberal; and I do not think his present Radicalism will stand in his way."

In London, people were also discussing a proposal for an Anglo-German naval holiday, or an agreement for the main-

tenance unaltered of the respective naval positions of the two countries — a discussion that had been stimulated by a letter which the German Emperor had written in March to Lord Tweedmouth, the First Lord of the Admiralty in the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet. It was, besides, an open secret that King Edward favoured the idea of a friendly agreement that would mitigate Anglo-German rivalry on sea; and when the King met the German Emperor at Kronberg it was surmised that the possibility of an agreement would be discussed between them.

As usual, I went to Ischl and Marienbad for the King's visit. The Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, who had travelled with the King from Linz, told me soon after his arrival at Ischl that, to his distress, he would be transferred from Vienna to Berlin in November. The King had, it appeared, suggested to the German Emperor that Sir Fairfax Cartwright, then Minister at Munich, should succeed Sir Frank Lascelles at Berlin; and, as the suggestion had not been well received on account of Sir Fairfax Cartwright's alleged anti-German tendencies, the name of Sir Edward Goschen had been put forward. The German Emperor had welcomed it. Sir Edward was almost in tears. "I shall have to go," he said. "I cannot refuse the King. But I have felt at home in Vienna and I am certain that my mission to Berlin will end in failure, for there will be no means of avoiding catastrophe. The German Emperor will not listen to our proposals for a naval arrangement, and he pretends that we, not the Germans, are forcing the pace. Germany is the innocent lamb whom we are accusing of troubling our waters. If he goes on in that way, a conflict between us and Germany is only a question of time."

Soon after King Edward left Ischl, it was evident that things had not gone much more smoothly between him and the Emperor Francis Joseph than they had gone at Kronberg. Francis Joseph had been deaf to the King's appeal that he should use his good offices to persuade the German Emperor of the danger of unrestricted naval rivalry between Germany and England. As a matter of fact, the German Emperor had

forestalled the King by informing the Emperor Francis Joseph of the Kronberg conversations, and had persuaded him that King Edward's real object was to isolate Germany. The King was sorely disappointed and, shortly afterwards, he gave me at Marienbad indirect proof of his annoyance. Late one evening a telephone message from Vienna warned me that the Emperor Francis Joseph had caught a severe chill and that pneumonia was feared. Supposing that the King would wish at once to inquire by a personal telegram to the Emperor, I informed his equerry. Next day the King thanked me for the news but added, coldly, "I have told Goschen to enquire." Then, changing the subject, he asked what I thought of the political outlook.

"This country, Sir, is getting ready to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina, and I think we ought soon to make up our minds about it," I said.

"I cannot believe that," the King replied. "It would upset the whole of Europe. What proof have you? The Emperor Francis Joseph gave me no hint of anything of the sort. No, I cannot believe that."

"I have no proof, Sir," I answered, "but it is in the air. In fact, I was sounded about it not long ago by an influential Austrian official who would not have spoken as he spoke unless the idea were pretty ripe."

"I still think you are wrong," the King replied. "Surely the Emperor would have said something to me."

This was on August 15th, two days after the King's arrival at Marienbad, and three days before the decision to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina was taken at Vienna on the Emperor's birthday. None of the Austrian dignitaries whom the King entertained to the usual Birthday Banquet on August 18th seemed to be aware of what was going on, and my only recollections of the Banquet are that the King was in an especially gracious mood, and that Sir Edward Goschen asked me to play golf with him on the morrow. Early next day I happened, however, to get a note from the secretary of M. Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister, to say that M. Clemenceau would be glad to see me at Karlsbad that morning.

An Austrian relative of M. Clemenceau whom I had met at Ischl had written to him advising him to see me. There was barely time to catch the train to Karlsbad. Therefore, I sent a message to Sir Edward Goschen to explain my absence, hurried to the station and called on M. Clemenceau at the appointed hour. I had not met him since January, 1895, when he had gruffly refused my request for an interview upon the resignation of President Casimir-Périer. On this occasion he was more courteous but equally vehement. He spoke with the force and velocity of an express train. For nearly two hours he "let himself go." He censured the British public, the British Government, Sir Edward Grey and British statesmanship in general with astonishing vigour. I defended England to the best of my ability and tried to give him as good as he sent. The hotter the fight, the more Clemenceau seemed to enjoy it; and we parted on the best of terms.

Sir Edward Goschen took me to task next day for missing my appointment with him and for "spoiling his afternoon." He had not received my message. When I explained my truancy he asked whether Clemenceau had been interesting, and I gave a rapid sketch of the conversation. "Can you make some notes of it for me?" he enquired. "Clemenceau and Isvolsky are coming to lunch here with the King on the 26th. If Clemenceau talks to the King as he has talked to you, the King ought to be primed beforehand. Let me have some notes so that I may warn the King," Thinking that my notes would be read only by the Ambassador who would tell the gist of them to the King, I wrote down the more essential part of the conversation as nearly as possible in Clemenceau's own words. On the 26th, Clemenceau and Isvolsky came. After luncheon, they had separate conversations with the King on the balcony of the Hotel Weimar. On the 27th, thinking that my notes would no longer be needed, I asked Sir Edward Goschen if he could return them to me as they were the only record I had of my talk with Clemenceau. He seemed embarrassed and said he would try to find them. I suggested that if he had torn them up or burnt them I had better write them out again. "No," he explained, "the trouble is that I

had no time to prime the King thoroughly, so I gave him your notes, and Clemenceau said to him so precisely the same things as he had said to you that the King has sent your notes to Sir Charles Hardinge at the Foreign Office as an account of his own conversation with Clemenceau. But I will see if I can get them back from Hardinge presently."

Though the Ambassador had always been frank I thought he must be teasing me. If I had made my notes for the King I should certainly have omitted from them some of M. Clemenceau's more violent expressions. But, on the afternoon of August 29th, when coming from the croquet lawn near the Golf Club, the King beckoned me and said, "If you had published your talk with Clemenceau in your paper, and if Clemenceau had learnt it by heart, he could not have said to me more exactly what was in your notes. So I have sent them on to Hardinge; but you'll get them back — you'll get them back."

"If I had known, Sir, that they were intended for your Majesty, I would have written them more carefully. I thought they were only to be an *aide-mémoire* for the Ambassador."

"They were excellent," replied the King, "and I have sent them to Hardinge. But, of course, Clemenceau speaks a little from the French standpoint."

"Quite true, Sir," I replied, "but we must remember that Clemenceau's reputation as an Anglophil is so strongly established that he feels he can talk to us with the utmost frankness; and what Clemenceau says aloud to us to-day, is what most Frenchmen whisper to themselves — and what they will all shout if a European crisis comes and we are slow to understand its importance."

"Quite my opinion — quite my opinion," returned the King. "Clemenceau is a true friend of his own country and of ours. You will get your notes back."

On September 30, 1908, Sir Edward Goschen handed me back my notes at the Embassy in Vienna. They were unchanged except in one significant particular. Two passages, which are printed below in italics, had been underlined in red ink — apparently, by the King.

NOTES ON CONVERSATION WITH M. CLEMENCEAU

Egypt

M. Clemenceau expressed strongly the opinion that some concessions of a moderately liberal-constitutional character should now be made to Egyptian Nationalist feeling. If made quickly and adroitly, such concessions would, he thought, tend to neutralize the "Young Egyptian" movement that would assuredly draw strength from the Young Turkish example; and would save England, a Liberal and constitutional country *par excellence*, from being placed in the invidious position of resisting a liberal movement or of yielding only to popular pressure.

I ventured to point out that in Egypt, an Oriental country, it was equally necessary to avoid the appearance of fright and that if concessions were to be hastily thrown at the heads of the Egyptian Nationalists, they would attribute them to fear and press for more. If the "more" could not then be granted, the situation would be worse than if no concessions had been made.

M. Clemenceau replied that this was a "question de doigté et de légéreté de main"; but that, in his opinion, the Anglo-Egyptian authorities ought soon to frame and apply a programme of liberal reform.

England, Germany and France

M. Clemenceau was already aware of the not entirely satisfactory outcome of the discussions at Friedrichshof (Kronberg) on the subject of Anglo-German naval armaments. He spoke with considerable apprehension of the international outlook and appeared to think a conflict probable.

"I believe," he said, "that the conflict will be brought about by *some imprudence on the part of English public men* or some untimely movement of English public opinion. In England the exposed position of France is very imperfectly understood. Though there is much talk of invasion by Germany, no one seriously believes it possible, and confidence in the power of the British Fleet to destroy the German Fleet in case of need has not been seriously impaired. But, for France, the danger of invasion is very real. We know that on the morrow of the outbreak of war between Germany and England, the German armies will invade France by way of Belgium, and that Germany will seek in France an indemnity for the losses likely to be suffered on sea at the hands of England. What can England do to help us? Destroy the German Fleet? L'Angleterre ferait ainsi un beau trou dans l'eau. In 1870 there was no German Fleet, but the Prussians entered Paris all the same.

"When I asked Sir E. Grey what England would do if the Germans entered and overran Belgium, he replied, 'It would make a

great stir in England.' What France would require would be not only a stir but help. One hundred thousand men in Belgium would not be much good, but 250,000 or 500,000 would change the course of the war. As it is, England could not send even 100,000 without the greatest difficulty. Your Territorial Army is a plaything. I am convinced that our position will continue to be one of extreme danger until England has a national army worthy of the name."

I observed that English opinion was becoming increasingly favourable to the creation of an efficient national army modelled approximately on the Swiss system, and that, even at present, the military value to France of the Entente with England must not be judged exclusively from the directly military help England might be able to render in an emergency, but also from the standpoint that France would, thanks to British friendship, be able to transport from Algeria and Tunis the greater part of her Colonial troops, and that good relations with England and Italy would enable France to withdraw the 250,000 men of the Armée des Alpes formerly stationed on the Italian frontier and to concentrate in the east all the garrisons from the northern and western coast towns.

M. Clemenceau replied that he had noted with pleasure the patriotic stand recently made by Mr. Hyndman and other prominent British Socialists of the Marxist persuasion in favour of a national army; but he added that the army was still far from being made, and that, even if the men were forthcoming, there did not exist the weapons or the ammunition for them to use. "These things," he continued, "cannot be improvised. I know you Englishmen do not want to be entangled in a Continental war, but I ask you, as I have asked Campbell-Bannerman, Haldane, and Grey, whether your policy is to-day what it was a century ago — to prevent the domination of Europe by any one Power? If it is, then you ought to look things in the face.

"If war comes and we are smashed for want of timely and efficient help from you, you will afterward be obliged to incur obligations vastly greater than any now requisite — or you will have to bow your necks to the victor. I have preached this in season and out of season, and recently in the *Temps* during the visit of President Fallières to London. But it is hard to get Englishmen to look at things from our point of view, or to understand the exigencies of our situation. *Some of your public men are appallingly ignorant.* The fact is that England cannot maintain her position in Europe and in the world, nor can her friendship with France be secure against surprises, unless she has an adequate army. Ce n'est pas à Trafalgar, qui était pourtant une bien brillante victoire navale, mais à Waterloo, qui était une bien petite bataille, que l'Angleterre a cassé le cou à Napoléon."

M. CLEMENCEAU'S FORESIGHT

These notes bear striking witness to M. Clemenceau's foresight. Had his advice been taken about Egypt in 1908, the Milner Commission might never have been needed in 1920. His certainty that the Germans would overrun Belgium is as remarkable as are his views of the number of British troops that would be needed really to affect the initial course of the war. He was wrong about the ultimate value of the British Territorial Army, though it was not in 1908 what — thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. Haldane — it had become in 1915. Pregnant, too, are his remarks upon the non-existence of the weapons or ammunition for the use of a British national army. "These things cannot be improvised" is a truth which we were to learn at the cost of tens of thousands of splendid lives.

Not until the spring of 1915, nine months after the war had begun, did I see M. Clemenceau again. Then, at his little flat in the Rue Franklin, I reminded him of what he had said in 1908 and told him of the sequel to our conversation, of which he knew nothing. "*Cela vous prouvera que je n'ai pas deux langages,*" was his only comment; and I could but reply, "*En effet!*"

CHAPTER VIII

THE SHADOW OF WAR
1908–1910

M. CLEMENCEAU'S warnings made a deep impression on King Edward. He discussed them earnestly with the British Ambassador and other advisers as soon as Clemenceau and Isvolsky had left Marienbad on August 26, 1908. Against those who contended that England ought not to run the risk of being entangled in a continental war by accepting any responsibility for the defence of a continental country, the King and Sir Edward Goschen urged that England had already a definite Treaty obligation to uphold the neutrality of Belgium and that, if France were attacked by Germany for standing by England, honour and interest alike would compel England to lend France military aid. Otherwise France might be obliged to cut adrift from England or to risk annihilation if she withstood Germany singlehanded. In either case, England would be more than ever obliged to create an efficient army. The British Fleet might not be able to prevent a German landing in England; and, in the event of a French defeat or even of French neutrality, German naval operations would be facilitated. The King argued also that, if England were abandoned by France on account of our unwillingness to give military help, we should be not only isolated but discredited as a nation which had been ready to take but not to give. Sir Edward Goschen supported the King's view and insisted that the proper policy would be to develop friendship with France and Russia, to undertake a thoroughgoing reform of the British Army on the basis of national service and, at the same time, sincerely to seek good relations with Germany in the hope that Germany might come to see the expediency of avoiding a catastrophic struggle. Should Germany, despite

our efforts, provoke a conflict, we should then be far better prepared for it than if we had done nothing.

In a private report to *The Times* from Marienbad I gave some account of this discussion and advocated, as strongly as I could, the views of the King and of Sir Edward Goschen. I explained also how I knew of the tenor of Clemenceau's talk with the King and added some comments. Clemenceau's remark, "Some of your public men are appallingly ignorant," had, I pointed out, been prompted by the wofully mistaken notions of the composition of the French and American Senates which Mr. Lloyd George had put forward in a conversation with M. Clemenceau upon the reform of the House of Lords in April. In the same report I summarized the views of M. Isvolsky, with whom I had lunched at Karlsbad on August 25th, upon the Austro-Russian situation; and indicated that he had spoken in substantially the same terms to the King.

ISVOLSKY AND AEHRENTHAL

I had found Isvolsky very angry with Aehrenthal. A few days before, Austria-Hungary had suddenly withdrawn her gendarmerie officers from Macedonia without consulting Russia, England, France or Italy. This action Isvolsky attributed to a selfish desire on the part of Aehrenthal to ingratiate himself with the Young Turks at the expense of other Powers; and when I suggested that Aehrenthal might have a more concrete object in view, such as the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and might wish to mitigate in advance the unfavourable impression which the annexation would make in Turkey, Isvolsky replied:

"I have no doubt that the idea of annexation is always at the back of Aehrenthal's mind, but he will scarcely venture to raise such an issue now. This is essentially a moment to avoid complications. The annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina is a European question. To decide it by creating an accomplished fact would be to go seriously beyond the Treaty of Berlin and to ignore the rights of the other signatory Powers.

Besides, the new régime in Turkey is far less likely than the old régime to tolerate such a step. Before the Turkish revolution, Austria-Hungary might conceivably have secured the assent of the Sultan to the annexation if she had promised him to impede the projected Anglo-Russian reforms in Macedonia. Now it is too late for any nefarious bargain of that sort. Indeed, in many respects, the Turkish revolution is an advantage. It would, in any case, have been difficult, not to say impossible, to carry out the Anglo-Russian reforms in the teeth of Turkish, Austro-Hungarian and German opposition. Aehrenthal's attitude has amazed me during the past year. I have been driven to the conclusion that, far from being a prudent and able statesman, Aehrenthal is simply an Austrian official, and clumsy at that."

Isvolsky may not have known on August 25th — or on August 26th, when he lunched with the King — what he knew on September 4th. On that day he informed the Serbian Foreign Minister, M. Milovanovitch (who afterwards told me), that Austria-Hungary had decided to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina and that, at the same time, the independence of Bulgaria — of which the Sultan was still suzerain — would be proclaimed. He asked Milovanovitch to suggest "compensations" for Serbia; and having received, on September 10th, some suggestions on this score, Isvolsky went, on September 15th, to meet Aehrenthal at Buchlau in Moravia, the country seat of Count Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to St. Petersburg. There Isvolsky found himself surrounded by Aehrenthal's personal staff who took careful note of all he said. Within a few days of this meeting I learned from a trustworthy Russian source that, at Buchlau, Aehrenthal and Isvolsky had agreed "upon everything." True, Aehrenthal had undertaken not to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina until "the favourable moment," and then only after Isvolsky should have been given enough notice to enable him to get the assent of France and England to the arrangements contemplated.

How Isvolsky could have trusted Aehrenthal at Buchlau after having been duped by him over the Judicial Reform

and the Novi-Bazar Railway the year before, is a mystery explicable only in the light of Isvolsky's own conviction of his superiority to Aehrenthal as a diplomatist. He seems, indeed, to have felt no suspicion. He journeyed slowly to meet the Italian Foreign Minister, Tittoni, in Italy at the end of September; had audience of King Victor Emmanuel; and, believing himself sure of the assent of the Triple Alliance to his policy, reached Paris on Saturday, October 3rd, with the intention of expounding to the French Government his plans for the revision of the Treaty of Berlin and the opening of the Dardanelles before going on to London. But in Paris he found a brief intimation from Aehrenthal to the effect that circumstances had obliged Austria-Hungary to take action without delay. Simultaneously the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Paris delivered a letter from the Emperor Francis Joseph to the President of the French Republic announcing the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina for Tuesday, October 6th. When the President asked about the proclamation of Bulgarian independence, the Ambassador, Count Khevenhüller, said, "Everything is arranged. Bulgaria will precede us by one day."

A DIPLOMATIC SCENE

Yet, on that very afternoon, October 3, 1908, Sir Edward Goschen, in pursuance of precise instructions, enquired officially of Aehrenthal whether he knew anything of an impending proclamation of Bulgarian independence. Aehrenthal — who had informed Count Khevenhüller and other Austro-Hungarian Ambassadors of it on October 1st — replied that he had no knowledge of it, that he did not think it imminent, and that there was nothing about it in Austro-Hungarian reports from Sofia. Sir Edward Goschen telegraphed this official denial to London where it arrived almost simultaneously with a telegram from the British Ambassador in Paris reporting the admission made by Count Khevenhüller to the President of the French Republic. The circumstances that — on account of the intended departure of the President of the Re-

public from Paris — Count Khevenhüller had thought right to ignore Aehrenthal's instructions not to deliver the Emperor's letter to the President before Monday, October 5th, and that, consequently, Aehrenthal was not aware of the divulgation of the secret, cannot be held to excuse Aehrenthal for having told Sir Edward Goschen a barefaced lie.

But the British Ambassador squared accounts with him before leaving for Berlin towards the end of November. One of Sir Edward's last official duties in Vienna was to attend a banquet given by the Emperor in honour of King George of Greece. Aehrenthal, who had been nettled by the hostility of public feeling in England toward his violation of the Treaty of Berlin, warned the Ambassador that the British press, and the *Daily Telegraph* in particular, was incurring very heavy responsibility by sympathizing with Serbian protests against the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Sir Edward Goschen replied that he was not responsible for the British press or for the *Daily Telegraph* but added pointedly, "As to 'responsibility,' let me say, my dear Minister, that the responsibility lies with you." Aehrenthal retorted angrily, "Responsibility for what? Our responsibility is far less heavy than that of England who committed all sorts of abominations against the Boers."

"In the first place," rejoined Goschen calmly, "England committed no abominations against the Boers. Secondly, if she had committed abominations they would have no bearing on this matter. Thirdly, she did not violate an international treaty as you have done. That is the truth — but you, my dear Minister, *do not love the truth.*"

"Ah! I knew that England was standing by Russia," exclaimed Aehrenthal loudly. "Well, if Russia wants war, she can have it."

Hearing Aehrenthal's angry voice, the King of Greece came up and put an end to the scene. The Greek Minister in Vienna, who saw and heard it, described it to me next day; and when I enquired of Sir Edward Goschen, he confirmed the accuracy of the description. Aehrenthal, for his part, showed his rancour by refraining from saying good-bye when

Sir Edward Goschen left Vienna. He had misjudged the quality of a British diplomatist who, though good-natured and easy-going, was not a man to be played with — as the German Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, was to discover, in his turn, some six years later when Germany imagined that England would regard yet another international treaty as a "scrap of paper."

THE TURMOIL IN EUROPE

Aehrenthal's allusion to war was not an empty threat. The proclamation of Bulgarian independence early on October 5th, 1908, and the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by an Imperial manifesto which Francis Joseph issued on October 6th, had been followed by extensive military preparations in Austria-Hungary where the military party, with the Heir Presumptive at its head, was eager for adventure. The whole of Europe was in a turmoil. Russia was indignant, England resentful, France annoyed, and even Germany, whom Aehrenthal had not taken fully into his confidence, was by no means pleased. Bülow was disposed to leave Aehrenthal in the lurch until the famous Herr von Holstein demonstrated the folly of such a course. Alone among the statesmen of Europe, Tittoni, the Italian Foreign Minister, seemed to look upon the annexation complacently. He had been told by Aehrenthal early in September of the general plan and had agreed to it in principle. Aehrenthal had promised him to abandon the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar and not to oppose the eventual acquisition of Tripoli by Italy. But even Tittoni was presently compelled by Italian public opinion to censure the violation of the Treaty of Berlin. Isvolsky, for his part, worked with might and main to bring about a European Conference that should sit in judgment upon Aehrenthal's delinquency; but though this policy was supported by England and France, Aehrenthal sturdily refused to attend any conference unless its work should be limited in advance to the mere registration of Bulgarian independence and of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina — a refusal in which self-interest ultimately obliged Germany to stand by

him. As a result, Austro-Russian relations became so strained that mobilization began secretly in both countries. The Austrian garrisons in Galicia were strengthened while Bosnia-Herzegovina and Croatia-Slavonia were filled with troops. The Young Turks proclaimed a boycott of all Austro-Hungarian trade and shipping; and anti-Austrian agitation in Italy — which German agents secretly encouraged — became so violent that not a single Austro-Hungarian warship could be sent to the Levant. The Serbians talked of throwing a force into Bosnia-Herzegovina to raise an insurrection, and Montenegro was equally bellicose. In fact, Aehrenthal found he had precipitated a European crisis graver than any that had arisen since 1870.

Nevertheless, Aehrenthal's action was popular in Vienna and Budapest. The Austrian Germans and the Magyars admired it as strongly as the Austrian and Hungarian Slavs, with the exception of the Poles, disliked it. The idea that, at last, "a deed had been done" and that Austria-Hungary had reminded the world of her independent existence, awoke feelings of pride that had long lain dormant. Even Count Tisza, the former Hungarian Prime Minister, thought Aehrenthal right. He asked me why England objected to the annexation; and he seemed to contemplate, without misgiving, the idea of a war against Russia on the north and Serbia or even Italy on the south. He felt sure that Germany, in her own interest, would support Austria-Hungary and that it might be an advantage for the Dual Monarchy to face and overcome the "pan-Slav danger" once and for all. These views were the more remarkable since they resembled strongly those of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Heir Presumptive, with whom Count Tisza, as a Magyar and as a Calvinist, was not usually believed to be in agreement.

ENTER THE GERMAN EMPEROR

The crisis brought the Archduke Francis Ferdinand more and more into the foreground. Until then he had played, or had seemed to play, little part in high politics. His personal

relations with his uncle, the Emperor Francis Joseph, had not been cordial. Now there was a prospect that he would command the Austro-Hungarian armies in the field. The German Emperor was quick to grasp the situation. Though he had never been on friendly terms with the Archduke, who was reputed to be an opponent of pan-Germanism, the Emperor William suddenly invited himself in November, 1908, to shoot with him at Eckartsau on the Danube. There, in a few hours, the Imperial visitor completely fascinated his host; and it soon became known that, henceforth, the Archduke was no longer to be reckoned among the opponents of German influence. The Emperor William probably understood that the road to the Archduke's heart lay through his morganatic wife, the Duchess (then Princess) Hohenberg, and through their children. His wife's position was a constant source of anxiety to the Archduke on the one hand and to the Hapsburg family on the other. In August, 1906, the German Emperor had raised, in conversation with King Edward, the question of recognizing her eventually as Empress of Austria; and it is likely that he used with effect this lever, and that of finding positions for the children, during his visit to Eckartsau. In any case, ambitious ideas of conquest in Russia and in the Balkans soon spread among important members of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff. Early in 1909, one of them assured me that there would soon be a splendid opportunity "to smash Serbia and, with German help, to march with twelve army corps into Russia." Three German generals and twelve German Staff officers visited Galicia — a sign that some scheme of military coöperation between Austria-Hungary and Germany was being studied. The main idea seems to have been that, as a first step, German troops should garrison Galicia and North East Bohemia so as to make Russia understand that, if she invaded Austria, she would find Germany in her path. At the same time arrangements were made for an Austro-Hungarian advance into Russian Poland; while Aehrenthal prepared an ultimatum to Serbia, threatening her with chastisement by a "punitive expedition" if Serbian military preparations should continue.

During those weeks of excitement, the Emperor Francis Joseph remained in the background and allowed the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and General Conrad von Hötzendorf, Chief of General Staff, to have things their own way. But, as the danger of war increased and German proposals for the partial occupation of Galicia by German troops became pressing, Francis Joseph sent for his nephew. It would be easy to get the German troops into Austria, he explained, but how were they to be got out afterwards?

As nearly as I could ascertain, this happened on March 17 or 18, 1909. In a private report to *The Times,* I wrote on April 3, 1909:

The pivot of the whole crisis has been the relationship between Berlin and Vienna. In this relationship there have been at least three elements — the intercourse between the Emperor William and the Emperor Francis Joseph, between William and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and between Bülow and Aehrenthal. The last was unsteady and uncertain. Between the Emperors William and Francis Joseph, relations were cordial enough on the surface, but this cordiality was neutralized at bottom by Francis Joseph's distrust of William's intrusiveness. The William-Francis Ferdinand relationship was created *ad hoc.* Whether it was thoroughly intimate there are no means of judging. The Archduke doubtless thought that William would be useful for the go-ahead policy he advocated; and William wished to establish a first mortgage on the Archduke's future. All went merrily until about three weeks ago. What caused the change I know not; but, about that time, Francis Joseph made a determined stand in favour of peace and the Archduke soon afterwards joined the peace party. It is desperately hard to be certain. But I think that what turned the scale was some proposal from William, or from the German General Staff, for military coöperation that would have brought Prussian troops into Galicia and eventually Saxon troops into Bohemia and Bavarian troops into Salzburg and Northern Tyrol, the ostensible object being to leave the entire Austro-Hungarian Army free to deal with Serbia and Russia.

NEWS OF PEACE

The first sign of a change in the situation came on March 18th from the Hungarian Prime Minister, Dr. Wekerle, who was reported to have said to a group of Hungarian deputies,

"I can only tell you that His Majesty is still confident that it will be possible to avoid war." But on the morrow, Dr. Wekerle denied that he had repeated words used by the Emperor. Yet, on that day, March 19th, I learned by a curious chance that the danger of European war had passed away. I had invited an Italian priest to take tea with me. He had been preaching the Lenten sermons in the Franciscan Church at Vienna and had brought a letter of introduction from a mutual friend who was one of the most eminent preachers in Italy. He came nearly an hour late and apologized for his unpunctuality. "I have only just got away from the Nunciature," he said. "To-day, March 19th, is the feast of St. Joseph, the Pope's name day, and the Nuncio gave a luncheon in honour of His Holiness. The luncheon was for one o'clock but we had to wait a long time for one of the principal guests, Father Fischer, the Jesuit who is the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's confessor. It was past two o'clock when he arrived, so everything was an hour late. It seems that Father Fischer had been kept by the Archduke at the Belvedere" (the Archduke's Palace).

"So the Archduke has not yet gone to the front?" I observed. "I thought that, after his visit to Achrenthal yesterday, he had already started for the Southern Army headquarters in Hungary?"

"No," answered the priest, "and it seems that he is not going. When Father Fischer turned up, the Nuncio said to him, 'Well, Padre, I suppose it is war?' 'No,' said Father Fischer, 'it is peace. Everything is changed. The Archduke told me this morning that there will be no war.'"

My visitor had no notion that he had given me important news. He rattled on gaily with a description of the luncheon, and continued to chat as though nothing particular had happened. As soon as I could decently get rid of him, I sent to *The Times* the following urgent telegram:

By singular good fortune I am this evening in a position to rectify, on the strength of trustworthy information, the supposition widespread in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and abroad that, while the Emperor Francis Joseph favours peace, the Heir Presumptive,

the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, believes in and favours war. The information is all the more valuable because it was not meant for publication. In conversation recently with a non-political personage who possesses his confidence, the Archduke stated his conviction that war would be avoided. That is, as far as I am aware, the first authentic intelligence concerning the private opinion of his Imperial and Royal Highness. I telegraph it in the hope that it may tend to reassure those who drew pessimistic conclusions this morning from an announcement that the Heir Presumptive yesterday visited and spent a considerable time with Baron von Aehrenthal.

Though this telegram was not published separately by *The Times* on March 20th, but was incorporated in the text of my regular message from Vienna, it reassured European public opinion. The obvious good faith of my informant and the certainty that the Archduke, who was a bigoted Clerical, would not have misled his Jesuit confessor, seemed to me sufficient ground for a positive statement; and so the event proved it to be.

March 19, 1909, was a Friday. On Saturday, March 20th, the Russian Ministerial Council at St. Petersburg also decided in favour of peace though, unless my information was, and is, inaccurate, it knew nothing of the change that had taken place at Vienna. It was influenced partly, perhaps decisively, by telegrams from Colonel Martchenko, the Russian military attaché at Vienna, in which the danger of German military coöperation with Austria-Hungary against Russia was clearly explained. Colonel Martchenko, with whom I was in close touch, was inclined to think that Germany meant to take an active part in the proposed attack upon Russia and to occupy the Baltic provinces while Austria-Hungary invaded Russian Poland and the Ukraine. On this point, I disagreed with him. In my private report to *The Times* on April 3, I wrote:

I think it more likely that the German plan was to refrain at first from active intervention and merely to "lend" troops to Austria-Hungary as substitutes for the troops to be employed against Serbia and Russia. In this way Germany might have hoped to avoid creating a clear *casus foederis* for France. Later on, when Austria-Hungary should have defeated Russia, Germany might have mediated between them and have claimed the Baltic

provinces in recompense. The leading Austrian Poles seem to have been influenced by the hope of an Austro-Hungarian occupation of Russian Poland. Even Dzieduszycki, in the last ten days before his death [he died on March 24th] seemed to think that the *coup* was worth risking; and I have since gathered from other prominent Poles that they are disappointed at the maintenance of peace. For the Hapsburg dynasty, however, the matter would have been very risky. On the best hypothesis, Austria-Hungary might have secured a large extension of Polish territory and have conquered Serbia only to be confronted, when weakened by war, with a German demand for the cession of Austrian Silesia and perhaps of German Bohemia.

Whatever German designs may have been, it is certain that, on March 20th, Russia decided so far to alter her attitude as to remove any adequate pretext for an Austrian or an Austro-German attack. The decision also involved the abandonment of Serbia in the event of an Austro-Serbian war. Aehrenthal, who undoubtedly knew of the change of atmosphere in Vienna, may have known, too, of the Russian decision. On March 23rd and 24th his attitude was certainly that of a man who expected to score a great diplomatic success. But he forgot Germany, and left out of account Bülow's wish to punish him for having kept Germany in the dark about the precise moment of the annexation. Well knowing that the danger of war was past, Bülow therefore instructed Count Pourtalès, the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg, on or about March 23, 1909, to inform Isvolsky that "unless Russia agreed to recognize the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Germany would leave Austria-Hungary a free hand." The Tsar telegraphed at once to the Emperor William that Russia would recognize the annexation and expressed the hope that "with God's help, war would thus be avoided"; and on March 24th Count Pourtalès telegraphed to Berlin a declaration he had received from Isvolsky that "Russia would formally declare her unreserved adhesion to the abrogation of Article XXV of the Treaty of Berlin [which authorized Austria-Hungary to occupy and administer Bosnia-Herzegovina] in case Austria-Hungary should apply for Russian recognition of the Austro-Turkish Convention." Prince Bülow sent to Aehrenthal, late in the evening

of March 24th, the news that Russia had made her formal submission to Germany — and Aehrenthal understood that German diplomacy had plucked from his brow the wreath of laurel he was expecting to wear.

It has never been clear whether the action of Germany was spontaneous or whether it was concerted between Isvolsky and Bülow for the purpose of depriving Aehrenthal of a personal triumph. Isvolsky afterwards described German action as a "peremptory threat" which, nevertheless, had "merely broken in an open door." He had known all along that the recovery of Russia from her losses in the Far East was not far enough advanced to permit her to face a European war; and, to do him justice, he had left Serbia no illusions on this point. But he seems to have hoped that the combined diplomatic pressure of Russia, France and England — together with the irritation of the German Government and the agitation in Italy, Serbia and Turkey against Austria-Hungary — would have compelled Aehrenthal to submit the annexation policy to a European Conference. In fact, Isvolsky misjudged the tenacity of Aehrenthal as seriously as he had underestimated his cunning; and the demand that Austria-Hungary should apply for Russian recognition of the Austro-Turkish Convention was merely a proof of Isvolsky's resentment. In January, 1909, Aehrenthal had, not without loss of dignity, escaped from his difficulties with Turkey by agreeing to pay an indemnity of £2,500,000, ostensibly for Mussulman religious properties but really in respect of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina; to abandon the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar; and to consent to an increase of the Turkish customs dues from eleven per cent. to fifteen per cent. Isvolsky wished to rub in this humiliation by obliging Aehrenthal to ask for Russian assent to it. Subsequently, Russia and Italy further annoyed Aehrenthal by securing the removal of restrictions which the Treaty of Berlin had placed upon the sovereignty of Montenegro over Montenegrin waters; but Aehrenthal obstinately and successfully withstood their demands that Serbia should be given an outlet to the sea. Indeed, the danger of war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia was only avoided on March 31, 1909,

when, thanks to British support and persuasion, Serbia recognized the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina and engaged herself to " abandon the attitude of protest and opposition " which she had maintained since the autumn of 1908, to reduce her army to a peace strength and to " live henceforth with Austria-Hungary on a neighbourly footing."

HIDDEN FORCES

This undertaking on the part of Serbia marked officially the close of the annexation crisis. Aehrenthal had " succeeded," but his " success " brought him little save sorrow and discredit. He could not forgive Germany for having filched his laurels, and he imprudently declined to show gratitude towards her. Had he been of nobler stamp, he would have been a tragic figure. But, while possessing gifts and qualities superior to those of most Hapsburg ministers, he lacked both the intelligence to understand the forces which he sought to direct, and the character to eschew unclean methods. Yet his deceitfulness proceeded less from moral cowardice than from the training he had received in a school of Clerical bureaucracy which held straightforwardness a sign of intellectual and political inferiority. Patriotic he certainly was. He believed in the Hapsburg Monarchy and resented the comparative effacement it had suffered after the formation of the German Empire. This resentment brought him into secret sympathy with the majority of his fellow subjects, including many who were not of German or Magyar race. Moreover, he had the support of two hidden forces which were moulding the destinies of Austria-Hungary if not of Europe. On the one hand, his strain of Jewish blood brought him the support of the Austrian-Jewish press as well as that of the Freemasons, who were mainly, if not entirely, Jewish; while, on the other, his Clericalism appealed to all the Catholic and Clerical parties and institutions in the Monarchy. For a time he rode astride of two horses that had been accustomed to gallop in opposite directions, biting and kicking at each other viciously as occasion might offer. But he knew the real character of neither,

nor did he understand that, though he might ride them abreast for a space, they would ultimately throw him or drag him whither he would not. Of the two, the Jewish and the Clerical, he preferred the Clerical. A passage I had written in a review of the annexation crisis — "Physically, he [Aehrenthal] is tall, slightly bent by the weight of his fifty-five years, with tired features, expressionless eyes and an air that is bland and demure; by race a German-Bohemian, descended in part from the Prophets and honouring the Law as written in international Treaties as long as the Law suits his purpose" — brought me one day a visit from one of his friends, an Austrian-German Member of Parliament, who was himself of Jewish extraction. "Aehrenthal," he said, "is not at all displeased with your article. He knows you do not agree with his policy but he recognizes that you disagreed with it and warned our people against it before it was adopted. So he does not think you a merely captious critic. But he would be really grateful to you if you could say in one of your telegrams that there is no Jewish strain in him."

"Would you write that if you were in my place?" I asked my visitor.

"Well," he said, "if I thought it advantageous for Austria, I might write it."

"If I write it, will Aehrenthal tell the *Fremdenblatt* (the official organ of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office) to reproduce what I have written?"

"I cannot promise that," replied my visitor.

"Does it not strike you as strange," I continued, "that Aehrenthal, who has most of the press of this country at his disposal, should wish me, a foreign journalist, to deny that there is Jewish blood in his veins? Why should he not let the fact, if it is a fact, be stated plainly in, for instance, the Conservative Catholic organ, *Das Vaterland?*"

"He could not do that," was the reply; "it would cost him the support of the whole Jewish press."

"Then why should you, as a friend of Aehrenthal, wish me to deprive him of the support of the Jewish press?"

"Aehrenthal thinks it would do good abroad," was the

answer; to which I objected that I was bound to be quite as careful not to misinform the foreign public as Aehrenthal might be not to misinform the public in Austria-Hungary.

THE JEWS AND THE JESUITS

Notwithstanding its amusing side, this visit made me wonder whether Aehrenthal were not beginning to feel uncomfortable. Certainly he could not afford to court the hostility of the Jews although they and their chief organ, the *Neue Freie Presse*, were more nearly pan-German than Austrian, and listened more readily to the telephone from Berlin than to the telephone from the Press Bureau at the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office. But still less could he afford to offend the Clericals and especially the Jesuits who formed the Clerical General Staff. They were supreme in the inner counsels of the Christian Social anti-Semitic party which Universal Suffrage had made the strongest party in the Austrian Parliament. They had the ear of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and of his wife, the Princess Hohenberg. Their influence with the Emperor's favourite daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valérie, was unquestioned and, in the army, their agents were numerous. Moreover, with all their faults, they were more Austrian than German, as was Aehrenthal himself. If they hated Italy and were thus, consciously or unconsciously, the allies of Berlin which was always stirring up Italian irredentist feeling against Austria in order to compel Vienna to rely on German support, they were by no means pan-German. They were also anti-Russian and pro-Polish. The Orthodox Church they loathed and combated, both in Russia and in the Balkans. Against Russia they had long favoured the propaganda of the Greek United Church which, indeed, they had originally helped to found, and they supported the efforts of the Uniate Archbishop of Lemberg, Mgr. Count Szeptycki, to bring the Ruthenes of Austria-Hungary, and the Ukrainers (or Little Russians) of Russia under the Roman Ecclesiastical allegiance. In the south they supported the Croat, or Catholic, branch of the Southern Slav people against the Serb, or Orthodox

branch. Their aim was, indeed, to extend Hapsburg sway in the Balkans so that, under its ægis, the Roman Church might triumph and Orthodox heresy be uprooted; and in their anti-Serb zeal they knew neither fear nor scruple.

In two of its main aspects this Clerical policy coincided with Jewish tendencies. Like the Jesuits, the Jews hated Russia and the Orthodox Church — Russia as the oppressor of the Russian Jews, the Orthodox Church as the inspirer of that oppression and as the strongest potential crusading agency of Christianity in the world. The Jews also favoured Hapsburg expansion in the Balkans, not indeed because they wished to spread Roman Catholicism there, but in order that the Hapsburgs might serve as pacemakers for an economic pan-Germanism of which the Jews were to be the principal agents and organizers. Toward the Serbs and Serbia, as the chief obstacle alike to Hapsburg and to pan-German expansion, the Austrian Jews felt, therefore, a hostility no less fierce than than that of the Jesuits. On other points they might quarrel with the Clericals and oppose them openly and in secret; but on the formula, *delenda est Serbia* they agreed with them heartily. During the annexation crisis there was, in fact, no perceptible difference between the attitude of the Austrian Clericals and that of the big Jewish banks and the chief Jewish organs. All supported Aehrenthal's policy and all were vigorously anti-British — the Clericals because England was supporting Russia and was supposed to be encouraging Serbia, the Jews for the same reasons and also because they held England to be a persistent hindrance to the accomplishment of political and economic pan-German designs. None of the diatribes against England in the Austrian Clerical press equalled in virulence those systematically printed by the chief German-Jewish organ, the *Neue Freie Presse,* which vilified King Edward, Sir Edward Grey and British policy in general with a vigour that could not have been excelled had England and Austria-Hungary been at war.

It was only in times of serious crisis that these and other undercurrents of Austro-Hungarian politics ran near enough to the surface to be visible. At other moments their influence

might be felt and their existence suspected, but their true part in national and international drama could not be defined with precision. Thus, but for the annexation crisis and its sequel, the inner meaning of the quarrel which the Hungarian Coalition Government had suddenly picked with the Serbo-Croat Coalition in the summer of 1907 might never have been revealed. In a previous chapter I have said that, if Isvolsky had known enough of Austro-Hungarian affairs, he might have seen in that quarrel reason to suspect Aehrenthal's sincerity about the Judicial Reform in Macedonia. To the initiated, it was even then obvious that something was brewing; a year later, the blindest could see it.

THE AGRAM HIGH TREASON TRIAL

Throughout the autumn of 1907 and the spring of 1908 the Hungaro-Serbo-Croat struggle continued, its leader on the Southern Slav side being my old acquaintance, Francis Supilo. At the end of July, 1908, a pamphlet called *Finale,* by one George Nastitch, was published at Budapest at the instance of the pro-Magyar Viceroy of Croatia, the notorious Baron Rauch. Nastitch, the servant of an Austro-Hungarian officer in the Herzegovina, had been enrolled by the Secret Police and sent into Serbia as an *agent provocateur,* where he fomented and took part in Serbian conspiracies in order to be able to denounce them afterwards. One of the subsidiary aims of Austro-Hungarian policy at that moment was to drive a wedge between Serbia and Montenegro; and a secret arrangement had been made with Prince Nicholas of Montenegro that the Austro-Hungarian political police should watch over his safety. Nastitch therefore joined in, or promoted, a plot to assassinate Prince Nicholas and helped to manufacture bombs for the purpose at the arsenal of Kraguyevatz in Serbia. When the bombs had been despatched to the Montenegrin frontier, Nastitch disappeared, reported his achievements to the Austro-Hungarian Secret Police and hastened to Cettinye where he "revealed" the plot to Prince Nicholas, arranged for the seizure of the bombs, denounced a number of innocent

people (including relatives of Prince Nicholas) as accomplices of the Serbian conspirators and, at their trial, gave evidence against them. They were condemned to long terms of penal servitude. With the money paid him by Prince Nicholas for these services, as Nastitch afterwards avowed, he went to Agram and Budapest where he published the pamphlet *Finale*. In it he denounced by name a number of Austro-Hungarian Serbs as traitors, declaring that they were members of a pan-Serb revolutionary organization called "Slovenski Yug" (the Slav South), of which the headquarters were at Belgrade; and reproduced a revolutionary statute drafted by one of them. On the strength of this denunciation the Viceroy of Croatia ordered the arrest of some fifty-three innocent Austro-Hungarian Serbs, mostly professors, tradesmen, priests and peasants, who were kept in prison at Agram without trial from August, 1908, until March 3, 1909 — a moment when the outbreak of war against Serbia and Russia was daily expected. At the opening of the trial the Public Prosecutor asked that all the accused be sentenced to death by hanging. The trial lasted seven months. So scandalous were the proceedings, which were based mainly upon the evidence of Nastitch, that an outcry arose throughout Europe. The well-known Austrian-German writer, Hermann Bahr, courageously protested against them. Professor Masaryk denounced them vigorously in the Austrian Parliament in May, 1909, and ultimately compelled Nastitch to admit that he had been paid by Nicholas of Montenegro. The judges, who had been chosen for their subservience to the Magyar political authorities, eventually feared to pronounce any death sentence, and inflicted only long terms of penal servitude. But so obvious was the injustice of even these sentences that the *Pester Lloyd*, the semi-official organ of the Hungarian Government, wrote, on October 6, 1909: "This trial was an early fruit of the annexation policy. . . . All and everything in it was politics"; and it held out a prospect that the Serbs, who had been condemned to prison, would be pardoned by the clemency of the Monarch — as they presently were. Yet, had war broken out in the spring of 1909, all the fifty-three accused would have been

hanged. Since peace was preserved, the main effects of the trial were to expose Austro-Hungarian "judicial" methods and to show the determination of the authorities to set the Catholic Croats against the Orthodox Serbs in order to break the harmony which had been established between the two branches of the Southern Slav race by the Serbo-Croat Coalition. An even worse exposure was to follow.

THE FRIEDJUNG TRIAL

In December, 1909, a libel action brought by the Serbo-Croat Coalition against the Austrian-Jewish historian, Dr. Friedjung, and the Clerical organ, the *Reichspost*, came up for hearing in Vienna. The action arose out of an article by Friedjung which the *Neue Freie Presse* had published on March 25, 1909, against the Serbo-Croat Coalition, and out of similar articles published in the Clerical *Reichspost*. All of them had been based upon documents supplied through the Austro-Hungarian Diplomatic Service; though it appeared that, while Dr. Friedjung had received his documents direct from Aehrenthal and from the head of the Foreign Office Press Bureau, the *Reichspost* had received them from the Heir Presumptive, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. I had heard of these documents before they were mentioned in public. On February 26, 1909, in the midst of the annexation crisis, Friedjung had invited me to luncheon and, in the course of conversation, had asked me if I knew any of the members of the Serbo-Croat Coalition. I named four or five with whom I was acquainted and, among them, Supilo. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "that fellow is the most dangerous traitor in the Monarchy. He has received large sums from Serbia and is working in pan-Serb interests."

"Do you know Supilo?" I asked.

"No," said Friedjung, "certainly not."

"Well," I continued, "take the next train to Fiume. I will give you a note to Supilo. Call upon him without warning. If you find in his rooms, or in his office of his newspaper, any sign of affluence; if there is a chair that does not need

mending or a table that stands on four legs; if you can get proof that Supilo spends more than a few pence a day upon himself, I will admit that he is corrupt. But if you find, as I have found, that he lives in honourable poverty in order to maintain his personal and political independence, you will agree with me that the notion of his having received large sums of money from anywhere is preposterous."

"What would you say if I told you that I have documents which show down to the last farthing how much Supilo has received from Belgrade?" enquired Friedjung archly.

"I should say that they are forgeries," I answered.

Friedjung then took from a drawer a photograph of an account, written in Serbian, showing entries of some thousands of dinars. "There," he said, "is my proof. All that money has gone to Supilo."

"I cannot read Serbian," I said, "and in any case I should like to see the original. Have you got it?"

"No," he said, "I do not need the original. This is proof enough for me."

Again I warned Friedjung to be careful, but he assured me that he was "quite sure of his affair."

On the strength of these and other "documents" of the same kind, he wrote for Aehrenthal an indictment of the Serbo-Croat Coalition, asserted that a sum of 12,000 francs had been paid to one of its members (Supilo was clearly indicated) by the Serbian Under-Secretary of State, Dr. Spalaikovitch, and accused Supilo of having invited the Serbian Prime Minister, Pashitch, to visit Croatia in 1907 in order to meet political friends. He denounced the activities of the "Slovenski Yug" Society and warned Serbia of the fate that would await her if she persisted in her criminal agitation. Indeed, Dr. Friedjung's article was conceived as a prelude to an Austro-Hungarian declaration of war against Serbia. One of its passages ran:

Should it be ordained that Austrian armies shall thoroughly purge Belgrade of the nest of conspirators and help the healthy elements of the Serbian people to triumph, this would be a civilizing deed of high value — not merely an advantage for the Austro-Hungarian

Monarchy, but also the liberation of a whole people from a company of plotters divided against themselves and sowing evil on every hand while they plunder the Serbian State during the purchase of armaments and the preparations for war.

The Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, for which Friedjung had written his article, held it in reserve for some weeks and ultimately gave it to the *Neue Freie Presse* for publication on March 25th. But, late in the evening of March 24th, Baron von Aehrenthal heard from Prince Bülow that Russia would recognize the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Feeling that Friedjung's article might now be dangerous, the Foreign Office instructed the *Neue Freie Presse* to withhold it; but the printing presses were already in motion and a large number of copies of the newspaper had been distributed. Thus the article appeared on March 25th with its libels upon the Serbo-Croat Coalition whose members at once took action against the *Neue Freie Presse* and Friedjung, and also against the *Reichspost* which had already published similar libels.

In May, 1909, I met Friedjung again. In the meantime Supilo had called upon me and had assured me that the denunciations of the Serbo-Croat Coalition were based upon sheer inventions and that no single member of the Coalition had been in communication with Serbia or had received a penny from Serbian funds. As I had long been persuaded of his honesty and single-mindedness I believed him. Therefore, when Friedjung spoke to me of the pending libel action I advised him strongly to settle it out of court and to withdraw publicly the accusations he had made; but once more he rejected my advice, saying that he was absolutely certain of his proofs and that the Serbo-Croat Coalition and, particularly, Supilo would be crushed under the weight of the documents which he would produce at the trial.

The proceedings began early in December. In view of the scandalous character of the Agram High Treason Trial, which had ended in October, they aroused intense interest. The spectacle of a political party appearing in court as plaintiff was in itself a novelty. I attended every sitting of the court,

and all the principal representatives of the foreign press in Vienna followed my example. In his opening statement, Friedjung named Supilo as the recipient of large sums paid by Serbia through the "Slovenski Yug" Association; produced a "Green Book" containing printed copies of twenty-four documents purporting to be minutes of the "Slovenski Yug," money orders in favour of Supilo, signed by the President of the "Slovenski Yug," Professor Markovitch of Belgrade University, and ostensibly official reports of the Serbian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Spalaikovitch, to the Prime Minister, Pashitch, upon Serbian propaganda against Austria.

Dr. Funder, the editor of the *Reichspost,* followed in a similar strain, and produced a "Red Book" of printed documents of the same description as those of Friedjung. Among Dr. Funder's documents was a despatch alleged to have been written by the Serbian Foreign Minister, M. Milovanovitch, to the Serbian Minister at Vienna in April, 1909, and bearing the confidential register number, 5703. After an Austrian witness had been called to swear that he had once lent Supilo a sum of £8 — evidence subsequently proved to be false — Professor Masaryk placed before the court an official telegram from the Serbian Foreign Minister declaring the Friedjung documents, and also the despatch attributed to him, to be gross forgeries. A sensation was caused by the arrival from Belgrade of Professor Markovitch, the President of the "Slovenski Yug," whose name appeared as having signed the minutes of its proceedings and the money orders in favour of Supilo in October, 1908. Professor Markovitch declared all these documents to be forgeries and alleged that, at the time when he was supposed to have been signing them at Belgrade on behalf of the "Slovenski Yug," which was a mere association of students, he was, in reality, on a visit to Berlin University, as could be proved by Berlin University professors and by examination of the Berlin police registers.

This evidence gave a severe blow to Friedjung's case, and Professor Markovitch was severely browbeaten by the Court and menaced by the presiding judge. Had he said that he

had been in Paris or London his alleged *alibi* would not have been taken seriously; but in Berlin, where the police registers were very strictly kept, his statements could be verified beyond possibility of doubt. Enquiry made in Berlin by order of the Court promptly showed that the statements were true, though the presiding judge withheld the unpleasant news for some days.

The courage of Professor Markovitch in coming unbidden to bear witness before an extremely hostile court, and the damaging nature of his testimony, shook the confidence not only of Friedjung but of Aehrenthal. Distinct signs appeared that the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office would be glad to wash its hands of Friedjung. So distinct were they that the Conservative Clerical organ, *Vaterland*, published in the largest type an emphatic condemnation of "those quarters which act as though they intend simply to leave the defendants in their not particularly agreeable position." It added, "There is more at stake than the condemnation or acquittal of the two defendants. When a wasp's nest has been seized one must hold tight to the last and not attempt to shake off, with a gesture more or less elegant, what one has helped to stir up." This was evidently the voice of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his Jesuit advisers. Friedjung himself approached me in court and asked what I thought of the situation. "If Markovitch is proved to have been in Berlin," I replied, "the bottom will have fallen out of your case and you had better withdraw your charges as honourably as you can" — advice which Friedjung once more elected not to follow. He still trusted that Aehrenthal would come forward with some crushing evidence in his favour.

Meanwhile, Professor Masaryk explained to the court the position of the "Slovenski Yug" as a society of students; demonstrated by analysis the grossness of the forgeries; urged that the Serbian question was not merely a matter of Austro-Hungarian but of European concern; and denied, on the strength of an exhaustive personal enquiry, that there had been any paid Serbian propaganda in Austro-Hungarian territory but showed that, like Austria-Hungary, Serbia had constantly

spent money for political propaganda and for the establishment of schools in Macedonia. Masaryk's bold stand against the whole tendency of the trial and of the Austro-Hungarian policy of which it was an illustration, marked him anew as the most public-spirited man in Austria-Hungary and increased the moral ascendancy which he had acquired throughout the Slav world by his teachings at the Czech University of Prague. His evidence had hardly been given when a Croat priest, a political opponent of Supilo, bore witness to Supilo's honesty and admitted that the first reports of the alleged treason of the Serbo-Croat Coalition had been spread by persons who had heard them from the Heir Presumptive, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Thereupon Friedjung, who had found that Aehrenthal had left him in the lurch, declared that all the documents he had used had been brought to the knowlege of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Aehrenthal, the Austrian Prime Minister and "all the authoritative quarters which conduct the government of the Monarchy." The delicate position in which Aehrenthal was thus placed became yet more delicate on the morrow when the Serbian Under-Secretary of State, Dr. Spalaikovitch, appeared in court, demonstrated the spuriousness of the report alleged to have been written by him, asserted that its register number, like that of the forged Milovanovitch despatch, was some thousands higher than the highest register numbers in the Serbian Foreign Office, and added, "Should it be necessary, the Serbian Government will request all the Great Powers to instruct their representatives at Belgrade to convince themselves of the accuracy of all the statements and proofs I have laid before the Court. There are clever forgeries and stupid forgeries. The forgeries in the 'Green Book' and the 'Red Book' do not belong to the former category. Let one of the judges dictate to me the text of my alleged report, the Serbian version of which I have not seen, and let my handwriting be compared with that of the original — if it exists."

The statements of Dr. Spalaikovitch rendered the whole position untenable. The Austro-Hungarian Government could not face a European enquiry into the authenticity of the

documents it had produced. A way out therefore had to be found. Friedjung was persuaded to admit that some of his documents were obvious forgeries and to declare that he would not like to base any further claims upon the remaining documents. On behalf of the Heir Presumptive, an appeal was made to Supilo's patriotism to use his influence with his colleagues in favour of an amicable settlement. It was explained to him that "the honour of the Monarchy" was at stake. "When my honour was at stake, the Monarchy cared little about it," answered Supilo; "but, if a binding guarantee is given to me that no further use will be made of any of the forged documents and that the system of corruption, oppression and delation resuscitated in Croatia under the immediate auspices of the Hungarian Ministers, Count Andrássy, Count Albert Apponyi and M. Kossuth, shall be promptly swept away, I will do all I can to save what remains of the credit of the Monarchy." Having received these assurances, Supilo was invited by the presiding judge, who had recently treated him as a convicted traitor, to make a statement in Court. It concluded as follows:

I wish only to say that all these documents which describe me as having received money or the value of money from Serbia, are malicious inventions. Were I in the bitterest need and without bread I would rather take alms from my worst enemy than from Serbia. Why? Lest it be said that I, a Croat, a former anti-Serb, had adopted a Serbophil policy for gold. I wanted to make peace between our Austro-Hungarian Serbs and Croats because the long fight between us was ruining us both. I saw that the struggle was stupid, and I succeeded in making peace. I may be destroyed, my person may disappear, but no power in the world will now be able to destroy the unity between us.

A NEST OF FORGERS

The Friedjung trial did more than vindicate Supilo and the Serbo-Croat Coalition. It caused the Southern Slav question to be recognized as one of the most explosive problems in Europe. Though it discredited Aehrenthal, he did not resign. He was then engaged in a violent press polemic with Isvolsky

and profited by the feeling in Austria that his resignation would give too much satisfaction to Russia and to Serbia. He had, besides, as I wrote at the time, "a remarkable faculty for sitting behind a transparent screen and feeling invisible." Yet even his phlegm and stubbornness would hardly have saved him had the true origin of the "Friedjung" forgeries been known in December, 1909, as it was a year later.

Early in November, 1910, Supilo, against whom the forgeries were chiefly directed, received a letter from a Serbian named Vasitch, confessing that he, Vasitch, had fabricated the Friedjung documents at the Austro-Hungarian Legation in Belgrade with the knowledge and in the presence of the Austro-Hungarian Minister, Count Forgách, and of his secretaries. The letter added that the forgeries were photographed in the Austro-Hungarian Legation, one copy of each photograph being sent to Aehrenthal and another to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Vasitch stated further that the originals of these forgeries were in Serbian hands and constituted such proof that Count Forgách would not dare to prosecute him.

Supilo published this letter in his journal, the *Novi List* of Fiume, on November 16, 1910. Before publishing it he informed Professor Masaryk of its contents and conferred with him. After making investigations at Agram and Belgrade, Masaryk divulged the authorship of the forgeries during the autumn session of the Austro-Hungarian Parliamentary delegations at Vienna, and produced some of the originals of the forgeries themselves. Vasitch was at once arrested by the Serbian authorities, tried and condemned to five years' penal servitude. Masaryk, who had left no stone unturned to discover the truth, courageously went to Belgrade to attend the trial and secured further proof of the truth of Vasitch's assertions, and of the complicity of the Austro-Hungarian Government in the whole campaign against Supilo and the Serbo-Croat Coalition.

The facts, as established by Masaryk, were that in February, 1909, when the annexation crisis was at its height, a secretary of the Austro-Hungarian Legation at Belgrade had engaged

Vasitch as a "tutor." Vasitch's chief work as tutor was to put into good Serbian and carefully to copy out, in big handwriting on paper of large size, "minutes" of the proceedings of the "Slovenski Yug" which had originally been fabricated in Croatian. Some of the sheets of paper used by Vasitch were more than a yard long. When ready, they were affixed with drawing pins to the door of a Legation servant's room and reduced to reasonable proportions by photography, the photographs alone being sent to Vienna. Hundreds of "documents" were produced in this way, and others were directly forged by a secretary of the Austro-Hungarian Legation. It appeared that the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office paid, in all, a sum of £2,500 for these services, and that Vasitch was to have been utilized as a witness for the defence in the Friedjung trial. But Vasitch became fearful for his own safety, fled from his employers, and ultimately wrote his confession to Supilo. It was shown that Vasitch had been repeatedly consulted by the presiding Judge in the Agram High Treason Trial and that his forgeries had been known to the court at Agram. Indeed, Professor Masaryk made it clear that Count Forgách, the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Belgrade, if not the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office itself, had connived at the fabrication of documents on the strength of which fifty-three innocent Austro-Hungarian Serbs would have been condemned to death, and Supilo and the leading members of the Serbo-Croat Coalition shot or hanged as traitors, if war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia had broken out in the spring of 1909.

KING EDWARD AND AEHRENTHAL

Thus, Aehrenthal's annexation policy, with its accompanying campaign against the Southern Slavs, ended miserably. Save that it secured for the Hapsburgs the formal possession of provinces which they were not in danger of losing, it failed in every respect. It began by antagonizing even Germany and by arousing against Austria-Hungary the active ill-will of the Western Powers as well as of Russia and Italy. It

ended by bringing Austria-Hungary into complete subservience to Germany, into lasting discord with Russia and, as the Young Czech leader, Dr. Kramarzh, aptly said, "by reducing Austro-Hungarian relations with France and England to a series of flirtations with their amiable Ambassadors." Against England, whose influence in the world Aehrenthal was incapable of understanding, so vicious an agitation had been carried on in the Austro-Hungarian semi-official press that, when I saw King Edward at Marienbad in August, 1909, he still spoke indignantly of it. "They lied about me; they lied about me!" he exclaimed repeatedly in so loud a voice that bystanders were startled. There had, indeed, been some doubt whether the King would come to Marienbad in 1909 at all, so strong was his resentment of Aehrenthal's behaviour. But the British Ambassador, Sir Fairfax Cartwright, who had succeeded Sir Edward Goschen at the Vienna Embassy, argued that the King's presence would ease the situation and declared that Aehrenthal had become anxious for good relations with England. Both Sir Fairfax Cartwright and his French colleague, M. Philippe Crozier, had come to believe in the possibility of accentuating the political independence of Austria-Hungary and of creating a confidential relationship between Vienna, Paris and London. I did not share their views, and told them so. Neither of them knew enough of the inner structure of the Hapsburg Monarchy, or of the strength of the German grip upon it, to estimate Aehrenthal's overtures at their real value. True, Sir Fairfax Cartwright had studied Austria-Hungary from the outside and, while still British Minister at Munich, had written upon it a despatch so attractive in form and so convincing in its apparent mastery of a complex subject that the Foreign Office had distributed it to the embassies abroad among the "confidential print." A copy had thus reached Sir Edward Goschen, whose knowledge of the externals of Hapsburg affairs may have been inferior to that of Sir Fairfax Cartwright but who knew Austria-Hungary from the inside far better; and his comments upon his colleague's despatch were singularly apt. Sir Fairfax Cartwright was nevertheless convinced that Aehrenthal was

eager to turn over a new leaf; and at Marienbad he advised the King to congratulate Aehrenthal, on August 18, 1909, upon being raised by the Emperor to the rank of Count for having carried through the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

On the evening of August 18th, two members of the King's suite consulted me on this matter. They explained that the Ambassador's advice was being supported by Prince Charles Kinsky and by two other prominent Austrians, Slatin Pasha and Sir Julius Blum Pasha; that, while the advice was distasteful to the King, he felt difficulty in resisting it; and they stated frankly that His Majesty would be glad to hear my opinion.

"My opinion is very simple," I answered. "If the King wishes to stultify himself completely in the eyes of Europe, of the East and even of Austria-Hungary and Aehrenthal, he has only to telegraph his congratulations. Thus he would lend colour to the German and the Austrian claims that there had been no serious reason for British opposition to Aehrenthal's policy and no sincerity in British defence of international Treaties. But if the King wishes to remain consistent with himself and with the policy the British Government rightly followed, he will not congratulate Aehrenthal."

"That is what the King himself feels," was the reply; "yet Cartwright, Kinsky, Slatin and Blum are all urging him to let bygones be bygones and to hold out his hand to Aehrenthal."

"Cartwright is new to this country," I said, "and he is personally fond of Aehrenthal, in whose sincerity he believes. As for Charles Kinsky, he is a personal friend of the King and a good sportsman who once won the Grand National on his own horse; but he is also an Austrian nobleman who might not be sorry to succeed Aehrenthal, and it would be a feather in his cap could he claim that any apparent improvement in Anglo-Austrian relations had been due to his influence with the King. He is a good fellow; but Aehrenthal, with all his faults, towers above him head and shoulders. Slatin Pasha is an Austrian in Anglo-Egyptian service who naturally wishes bygones to be bygones. Blum worked very loyally with us

in Egypt twenty years ago and deserved his honorary K.C.B. But he is an Austrian subject, the Managing Director of the largest Austrian bank, and is not in a position to give impartial advice."

The King did not congratulate Aehrenthal — rightly, as the Friedjung trial and the Vasitch revelations presently proved. Those who imagined that it would have been good policy for the King to discredit himself in order to gain Aehrenthal's favour, learned in time that such favour was hardly worth having, for Aehrenthal was as impotent effectively to assert Austro-Hungarian independence of Germany as Goluchowski had been. It is doubtful, even, whether Aehrenthal ever realized the extent of his own dependence upon Germany. He may have been sincere when he persuaded the British and French ambassadors that he wished to free Austria from the German grip, but he certainly over-rated his power to do so. Moreover, he found, before long, that failure to show gratitude to Germany for the trick she had played upon him in March, 1909, was an unpardonable offence.

It is a curious fact that, at the very moment when the King was being pressed to congratulate him, Aehrenthal's organs were assailing England, and King Edward personally, on account of some sage advice the King was giving to King George of Greece. If, as Aehrenthal's partisans contended, he was not really the inspirer of these diatribes, the question remained why he tolerated them. Either he was powerless to prevent them or he connived at them. The truth was probably what I had found it to be during the Morocco crisis of 1905. Soon after the German Emperor's visit to Tangier in the spring of that year, an organ of the German Foreign Office asserted that the position of Germany was quite safe because she could count in all circumstances upon the active support of Austria-Hungary; and that, if England stood by France, the *casus fœderis* would arise under the Austro-German Alliance. In reply, the Austrian Conservative Clerical *Vaterland,* which was not reckoned as an official organ, published a pointed suggestion that the Austro-German Alliance did not cover over-sea interests and that the support of

Austria-Hungary ought not necessarily to be reckoned upon in Berlin. After reading the *Vaterland* I called upon the head of the Foreign Office Press Bureau and asked him point blank why the *Vaterland* should have spoken thus instead of the official *Fremdenblatt.* "Because the poor old *Vaterland* is the only paper that I could get to print it," he answered. "All the others are under the control of Berlin, for reasons you will understand, or in virtue of an arrangement by which we are supposed to get the support of the German official organs for our foreign interests while the Germans get the support of our official press for their interests. So, if we want to criticize Germany, we have to do it in some paper that is not official. As a matter of fact, the reciprocity is all on one side. We always support Germany, and Germany supports us when it suits her."

This "press understanding" remained in force throughout Aehrenthal's term of office. In virtue of it, and also because Aehrenthal was Anglophobe, the Austro-Hungarian official organs had, as I have said, been bitterly and persistently hostile to England. As I steadily exposed in *The Times* the nature of Austro-Hungarian Anglophobia, my popularity in official quarters had not increased. Of this King Edward was well aware though he never alluded to it in conversation with me. But, with the tact that characterized him, he took occasion one Sunday afternoon to give a public hint at Marienbad which Aehrenthal and others could scarcely ignore. After a luncheon at which I had been present, the King asked what I was doing that afternoon.

"I am going to play golf, Sir," I said.

"Don't break the Sabbath. Come with me to the Wagner concert," he replied.

We drove down to the open-air Café Bellevue, where a Wagner concert, with plentiful selections from "Parsifal," was given every Sunday afternoon. A long table under some trees in a prominent position was reserved for the King and his guests. Prince Charles Kinsky, Slatin Pasha, and a number of other well-known Austrians were present. In the intervals of the music, the King chaffed us all unmercifully. No allusion

was made to any kind of politics; but when I returned to Vienna I heard that the "incident" had been fully reported through the political police — as King Edward doubtless intended it should be. Thereafter the Austrian authorities treated me with special deference. King Edward certainly understood them.

THE KING AND THE BOY SCOUTS

Equally well did he understand British boys. Two days before he left Marienbad for the last time, I was asked by a member of his suite, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, to help in fixing the handicaps for a golf tournament. When I went to the Hotel Weimar on this errand, Ponsonby said, "Never mind the handicaps, they can wait. Baden-Powell has just telegraphed to ask the King for a message to the Boy Scouts who are holding their first big rally at the Crystal Palace next Saturday. You are always writing something; so be a good fellow and draft a message."

I did my best. Ponsonby liked my draft. "That's the very thing," he exclaimed. "I will show it to the King."

Next evening, the Marquis de Soveral gave a farewell dinner for the King. Before it began, Ponsonby said to me, "I got no marks for your message to the Boy Scouts. The King said, 'It's all right for the public but there is nothing for the boys. It's like a leading article.' So he has re-written it himself — and I think he has improved it greatly."

I watched with interest for the text of the King's message to the Boy Scouts in *The Times* of the following Monday. It was an immense improvement on my own effort, of which some traces nevertheless remained. By the next post came a note from Sir Frederick Ponsonby. It ran: "You may like to know of the last end of that message to the Boy Scouts. I had no time to send it off from Marienbad so I handed it in at a telegraph office on the French frontier last Friday on our way back to England. Whether my handwriting was bad or the French telegraphist made a muddle of the English, I do not know; but when the telegram reached Baden-Powell it was

such a jumble that he had to write it all out again himself. The result was admirable, and it had a great success. They are going to put it permanently in the Boy Scout Headquarters."

THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE

The political conversations which I had with King Edward in August, 1909, made upon me an abiding impression. His grasp of the fundamentals of European politics was greater than that of any contemporary statesman whom I had met. His care for Europe was almost paternal. It sprang from knowledge acquired chiefly by personal experience and observation and from an ever-present sense that, though England was the heart and head of the British Empire, she was, and must increasingly be, an essential part of Europe. Had any one called King Edward a philosopher, he would have smiled; but no public man, certainly no monarch of recent times, has surpassed him in the practical philosophy of statecraft. Many ministers and monarchs were "cleverer" than he. He was not "clever," but able. In point of shrewdness King Leopold of Belgium was doubtless his superior, and Ferdinand of Bulgaria might have been more than a match for him in a mere contest of wits. But neither of them had King Edward's essential quality, the sympathetic insight that is born of goodwill. In August, 1909, he was perturbed. He seemed to see, in the long run, no way out of the situation which the annexation policy had created, or revealed. He felt, rather than saw, that the Emperor Francis Joseph was not master in his own house and that it would be useless to count upon Austria-Hungary as an element of stability. He was not despondent, for despondency was alien to his temperament; and though his health was obviously precarious — there were anxious moments even during his stay at Marienbad — his doubts came rather from a premonition that the task of preserving peace, to which he had utterly devoted himself, would grow harder and harder as time went on.

The outlook was certainly disquieting. So strong was

Russian resentment of the humiliation inflicted by the real or ostensible German ultimatum of March 23rd, that the Tsar would not dare to yield again. Peace was therefore at the mercy of any incident that might bring Austria-Hungary and Russia again into conflict over some Balkan issue; and the forward policy in the Balkans that Aehrenthal had inaugurated was bound, sooner or later, to create such an incident. Germany, for her part, was likely to encourage this policy and to let Austria-Hungary get into trouble so as to have an opening to repeat the tactics of March, 1909, and, if Russia should be intractable, to strike a smashing blow at France before Russia or England could lend France effective help.

Against this danger there were only two safeguards. One lay in the tightening of the Anglo-Franco-Russian Entente and in an increasing recognition by England that some degree of military preparedness on her part might act as a deterrent to Germany; the other lay in the growth of resistance among the non-German and non-Magyar peoples of Austria-Hungary to a policy which, should it succeed, would permanently enslave them all. The view held by the British Ambassador, Sir Fairfax Cartwright, and by his French colleague, M. Crozier, that the cultivation of a more cordial relationship with Austria-Hungary would serve as a check upon German designs, seemed to me at once superficial and dangerous. German control over Austria-Hungary by means of the Dual System and of the German grip upon the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, the Banks and the Press, I knew to be far stronger than the two Ambassadors dreamed; and I was further convinced that any pronounced flirtation between Aehrenthal and the Western Powers would only accentuate the German desire to be rid of him and to carry through German schemes for the mastery of Europe and of the Near East before the Austro-Hungarian Slav peoples and Serbia could offer effective resistance.

Though not fully acquainted with the details of the Austro-Hungarian internal situation, King Edward broadly understood this position; and, as was natural, his conviction that it would have been wrong for him to congratulate Aehrenthal, in August, 1909, was strengthened retrospectively by the out-

come of the Friedjung trial and by the exposure of the methods Aehrenthal had employed. Upon my mind the effect of the Agram High Treason trial, the Friedjung trial, and the subsequent confessions of the actual forger, Vasitch, was cumulative. Until then I had believed in the possibility of a regeneration of Austria-Hungary from within by virtue of the dynasty working in the direction of its own evident interests. But the proof which those trials and revelations afforded that the dynasty had no conception of its own interests and that it was prepared to sanction, as the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand had undoubtedly sanctioned, the employment of methods not only immoral but cynical, persuaded me that, if any regeneration of the Hapsburg Monarchy were ever to be feasible, it would have to be forced upon the dynasty and upon the Hapsburg bureaucracy by the Slav peoples working in conjunction with the more enlightened elements among the Austrian Germans and the Magyars. The Czechs of Bohemia, the Slovaks of Moravia and northwest Hungary, the Slovenes of Southern Austria, together with their fellow Southern Slavs, the Serbs and Croats of Croatia-Slavonia, Dalmatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina, and eventually, the Rumanes of Transylvania, appeared to be the only factors through which the transformation of Austria-Hungary into a kind of Hapsburg Switzerland might, in time, be accomplished. Upon the Poles and Ruthenes of Galicia it was impossible seriously to count. The Poles were dominated by the ideal of their national redemption and were too anxious not to forfeit, in the meantime, their own special privileges in Galicia ever to join seriously in a movement designed to create a permanent federation of the Hapsburg peoples. They were, moreover, so anti-Russian as to dispose them to look with complacency upon any Hapsburg or Hohenzollern intrigue that should seem to promise profit to Poland. The Ruthenes, on the other hand, were too divided amongst themselves and too undeveloped politically to make them a stable ingredient in any prospective combination. Far more important in this respect were the Rumanes of Transylvania. They had traditions of autonomy, and they held so compact a majority in

eastern and southeastern Hungary as to be a thorn in the flesh of the Magyars, who were a chief pillar of the system by which Germany controlled the Hapsburgs.

Consequently, I began in 1909 and 1910 deliberately to study the balance of ethnical forces in Austria-Hungary and to take counsel with the leaders of the non-German and non-Magyar races. Most of them I knew already, though I had formerly been inclined to consider their aspirations chimerical. Now, I had come to see in those aspirations the only means of saving the Hapsburgs from themselves and, incidentally, of saving Europe from a catastrophe — or, in the worst hypothesis, the only safeguard against the ultimate success of German schemes for the mastery of Europe and the East.

CHAPTER IX

TROUBLED WATERS
1910–1913

THE years between the death of King Edward on May 7, 1910, and the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, seem, in retrospect, like an intermittent obsession of coming woe. So chaotic were they that it is hard, even now, to reduce to orderly sequence the events that filled them. Yet the main line of development was, and is, clear. It was fixed by the determination of Germany to secure the mastery of Europe and of the world. The Agadir crisis of July, 1911, which was followed in the autumn by the Italian descent upon Tripoli and the Turco-Italian war and, in 1912–13, by the two Balkan wars and the consequent strengthening of Serbia, were the chief links in the fatal chain. But so intricate was their concatenation, so subtle the play of influences, clandestine and patent, so involved were intrigues and counter-intrigues and so bewildering the apparently fortuitous occurrences, that the period still defies treatment at once comprehensive and comprehensible. Therefore I shall simply describe the march of destiny as I saw it, consciously neglecting many a detail and retaining only the essential.

Undoubtedly, the death of King Edward hastened the catastrophe of 1914. By it, Europe lost her leader. The German Emperor would not have embarked on so daring a policy as that which produced the Agadir crisis had King Edward still lived. The great struggle might have been postponed — not finally averted. Those who saw Europe with open eyes knew that it was ultimately inevitable; and, after the death of King Edward, the moment of its outbreak alone was doubtful. To me, from the summer of 1910 onward, there seemed to be but one cause for deep anxiety — would England be ready for it

when it came and would she play, without hesitation, her probably decisive part in it?

Stay-at-home Englishmen hardly understood what King Edward's name and personality had meant to Continental peoples. Under him, British policy had become calculable and tangible. "Splendid Isolation" had ceased. Isolation on the part of one country is apt to induce in others the same feelings of estrangement or positive dislike that men cherish towards individuals who keep them at arm's length and live in lofty seclusion. Those who are not known cannot be loved; and, in the later decades of Queen Victoria's reign, England was not known abroad. King Edward translated her to the Continent and gained for her respect and, in some quarters, affection. He was a concrete and likeable embodiment of England. Whether he talked in English, French or German, he always spoke "European," whereas most British statesmen speak an island tongue.

So strongly did I feel the necessity of rousing people at home to a sense of the danger, that I had decided to give up work as a foreign correspondent at the close of 1910 and to return to England in the hope of doing something to this end, in and through *The Times*, if possible, but, if not, through some other agency. This decision I had communicated to *The Times* which had promised me a congenial sphere of work in London. But in the course of 1910 I was asked to stay on in Vienna for a while and afterwards to go to Paris before returning home. To this proposal I assented in principle and on condition that I should be free to deal with European as well as with French affairs. Subsequently, Lord Northcliffe wished me to come direct to London as the head of what he called the "European Department" of *The Times* after the retirement of the foreign editor, Sir Valentine Chirol, at the beginning of 1912. But the outbreak of the Balkan Wars again upset this plan and I did not actually leave Vienna until July, 1913, when I went for a while to Constantinople before starting work in London. Therefore I watched Europe, for some years, less from the standpoint of a correspondent than from that of a man who was determined to enlighten his fellow countrymen

upon the dangers ahead; and I came increasingly to regard Austria-Hungary as but one factor in the whole problem of Europe.

THE HAPSBURG RIDDLE

Knowing that my stay in Vienna was nearing its end, I made also an effort finally to read the Hapsburg riddle. In Vienna, it seemed insoluble; but in the provinces, each of which I visited in turn, it became more intelligible. By looking at the centre — or the centres, for Budapest also was a centre — from every point of the circumference, I gained a sense of proportion. One of the peculiarities of life in Vienna was its deadening influence upon the perceptive faculties. The Viennese, who had been deliberately taught for generations that their one duty was to eat, drink, and be merry and to leave affairs of State to the management of the dynasty and of its servants, tended unconsciously to ostracize, as kill-joys and marplots, all who sought to penetrate the hidden meaning of things. Austrians as well as foreigners who did not join in their merry-go-round existence, who thought theatres and concerts, ballrooms and races, festivals and flirtations the husks rather than the grain of life, were insensibly proscribed and placed in a sort of vacuum. They were out of harmony with the Hapsburgian and Viennese scheme of things which the most brilliant of Austrian German writers, Ferdinand Kürnberger, had aptly called "Asiatic." The editor of a leading Viennese journal, who had worked in western Europe, confessed to me that the longer he lived in Vienna the more foreign he became. Hermann Bahr, an Austrian of the Austrians, wrote angrily in his booklet "Vienna":

> In Europe, people know that Vienna makes holiday daily and that there the spit is always turning on the hearth. Further, that it is a Capua of the mind, where people live in semi-poetry — dangerous to the whole. Further, the names of some waltzes by Lanner and Strauss — "Life is a Dance"; "Merry and Bright"; "Mirthful even in Grave Hours," Further, maybe, a few snatches of songs — "The Viennese ne'er go under"; or "Never Downhearted"; or "Always on the Spree." They also know that Vienna is a town of fried chickens, smart two-horse cabs, and of easy-going jollity.

This repute, as a city habitually lulled in song and dance by good-natured, slightly dissolute, not very active, not very efficient but kind and dear people, Vienna has still kept elsewhere. But he who is condemned to live there cannot understand it. He is filled with wrath.

The Viennese could never see themselves as others saw them. They were a kindly, cheerfully grumpy people, ruled by a venerable "Sultan" who, to them, seemed ever benign. Still less did they know how they and their "Sultan" looked from the circumference of his realms. There, the name "Vienna" was a synonym for all that was arbitrary, politically unscrupulous and oppressive. Tendencies which, at the centre, could only be guessed at, were tangible and axiomatic in the outer marches. There, also, dry bones stirred with a breath of life whereas, in Vienna, intrigue alone qualified stagnation.

In Galicia, western and eastern, the Bukovina, Transylvania, Croatia-Slavonia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Trieste, Carinthia, Styria, the northern and southern Tyrol, Upper Austria, as well as in Bohemia, Moravia, and among the Slovaks of northwestern Hungary, there was a freshness and vigour not to be found at Vienna or Budapest. The Hapsburg Monarchy seemed like an old tree, full of sap in its branches, but with a trunk already hollow or rotting at the core. Yet some of the branches were beginning to show signs of blight — the blight of bureaucratic influence and of financial enslavement to the big banks of the capitals. Within the bureaucracy, which formed the real executive government of the country, a silent struggle was going on. It accounted, in Austria at least, for the perversion of parliamentary institutions. Since real power lay with the officials, it became a vital matter for the various Hapsburg races to secure a proportionate share of official appointments; and since officials required university degrees, the establishment of universities capable of teaching and of conferring degrees in the languages of the various races, were among the foremost demands of racial groups in Parliament. If an Austrian Government would not assent to the establishment of such universities, parliamentary obstruction was resorted to as a means of pressure by the

group demanding them, only to be met by counter-obstruction on the part of some other group. Czechs and Germans, Poles and Ruthenes, Slovenes and Italians were thus constantly at cross-purposes; and when, by dint of pressure or bargaining, one race had secured an advantage, the others promptly claimed compensation. Austrian Cabinets, composed mainly of higher officials, kept these claims and counter-claims as long as possible in suspense. Their object was to maintain a balance of dissatisfaction among the various races, and to please one of them by discontenting another in the spirit of the Dalmatian proverb that "A grievance shared is half a joy."

WHEN OFFICIALS RULE

The difference between a bureaucracy and a civil service is that the former knows it is the government whereas the latter admits to itself, in the last resort, that its function is to serve the public through the State. A community that allows officials to tyrannize over it abdicates its right to live. Conscious though they always were of their privileged position as the executive arm of the dynasty, Austrian officials long kept some sense of their obligations to the public; but in the later decades of Francis Joseph's reign a process of degeneration set in. High officials left the public service at an early age and obtained lucrative employment as directors or managers of large Jewish banks or of the industrial undertakings which those banks financed. Their knowledge of the official world enabled them insidiously to influence the course of public affairs and to procure illicit advantages for the undertakings to which they had transferred their services. Thus there came about an interpenetration of the financial and official worlds that was wholly detrimental to the public interest.

An extreme case, which showed, nevertheless, how far the degeneration had spread, was that of the famous Privy Councillor Sieghart. The son of a provincial Rabbi, named Singer, he came to Vienna as a youth and secured a minor appointment in the Austrian Premier's Press Bureau. By dint of making himself useful, he gained a hold over his superiors and was en-

trusted with the work of inspiring the press and of subsidizing journals and journalists from the secret funds. In time he rose to be head of the Press Bureau and, in that capacity, helped an impecunious nobleman, Count Stürgkh, to found a small weekly paper which the Press Bureau subsidized heavily. Having attained the point at which Austrian officials were required to take an oath upon the Crucifix, young Singer felt the call of Christianity and was baptized under the name of Sieghart, Count Stürgkh being invited to stand sponsor for him at the baptismal font. In the meantime, Singer-Sieghart had become expert in the making and unmaking of Cabinets. As soon as a Prime Minister was in danger of losing the Imperial favour, the whole press would suddenly be turned against him. Thus his downfall was hastened and the way prepared for a successor whose fall would, in the fullness of time, be similarly encompassed. So expert did Sieghart become in these tactics that he seemed all-powerful — until the unexpected return to office of one of the Prime Ministers whom he had formerly helped to "liquidate," caused him to yearn for activity of another kind. Pulling all his wires at once, he secured a princely salary and openings for profitable speculation as Governor of a leading bank which administered a part of the Emperor's private fortune. Thus he flourished exceedingly.

Shortly before Sieghart transferred his services from the State to High Finance, he secured from the Emperor the title of Privy Councillor. When the application was made, Francis Joseph exclaimed, with semi-jovial cynicism, "Why not? Nowadays nothing can be done without Sieghart." The title carried the right to be styled "Your Excellency" and to be addressed deferentially in the third person plural. Glistening with joy at this honour, Sieghart came across my old friend, Count Dzieduszycki in the lobby of Parliament and accosted him familiarly. Dzieduszycki, who had long been a Privy Councillor, affected unconsciousness of Sieghart's new rank, and in reply spoke to him as "you" instead of "they," and

omitted to style him "Excellency." Sieghart winced and departed. Next day, when I was chatting with Dzieduszycki and some other deputies in the lobby, an emissary from Sieghart approached him and began:

"Your Excellency may have forgotten, when speaking yesterday to his Excellency Sieghart, that his Excellency is now a Privy Councillor and is entitled to be addressed with due deference and in the proper style. His Excellency would be obliged to your Excellency if, on the next occasion, your Excellency would therefore remember to address his Excellency in a more becoming manner."

Dzieduszycki looked the emissary up and down, and asked,

"Were you ever in Galicia?"

"No, your Excellency," was the reply.

"I live in Galicia," continued Dzieduszycki. "In fact, I own one or two villages there, near Jesupol. At the entrance to one of these villages there used to be a fine statue of the Virgin, carved in wood, painted blue and white, with a shining crown on its head. Under its protection the whole village lived happily and in peace. As they passed the statue on the way to and from their work in the fields, at dawn and at eve, the peasants took off their caps, crossed themselves, and bowed low. Even the village Jew, David, raised his cap and bowed, so great was the respect of all for the statue. But, one summer, there was a terrible thunderstorm. Lightning struck the statue and smashed it to bits. The village was disconsolate. Its protectress was gone. At a council of the village Elders it was decided to cut down a fine old pear tree and to have a new statue carved out of the trunk. This was done. A wood-carver from Lemberg came to do the work. The statue was beautifully painted in blue and white and a glittering crown was set upon the Virgin's head. A bishop was fetched to consecrate it solemnly. Then the village was happy again. The peasants went to their work at dawn and came home at eve, doffing their caps, crossing themselves and bowing low as they passed the Virgin. Only the village Jew, David, walked by her with his cap on his head, bolt-upright.

"The village rang with the scandal. David's conduct was

nothing short of blasphemy. Again a council of the Elders was held. It sent a deputation to expostulate with David. 'How comes it, David,' said the leader of the deputation, 'that thou, who wast ever so respectful, who always bowedst before the Virgin and raisedst thy cap, shouldst now be guilty of this unseemliness?' David answered, 'Gentlemen, I beg of you, consider. Remember that I knew the old pear tree!"

And Dzieduszycki continued to call Sieghart "you."

THE AEHRENTHAL-ISVOLSKY FEUD

In Vienna there was an orchard of "pear trees," old and young. Of the younger, the lustiest grew round Aehrenthal and earned the nickname of "Aehrenthal hooligans." Aehrenthal himself made no change in the methods exposed by the Friedjung trial and its sequel, but sought rather to create a diversion by picking a fresh quarrel with Isvolsky. In October, 1909, the Tsar and Isvolsky visited the King of Italy at Racconigi, going thither by a roundabout route in order to avoid Austrian territory; and out of the annoyance which the visit caused Aehrenthal, grew a violent polemic between him and Isvolsky. So hot did their altercation become that the dismissal of both of them by their respective sovereigns was publicly discussed. Feeling that matters had gone too far, Aehrenthal invited M. de Wesselitsky, London correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya,* the leading Russian newspaper, to call upon him in Vienna, and authorized the publication of an account of their conversations in which Aehrenthal was alleged to have said, "In Russia, the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina is quite wrongly attributed to the influence of Germany. It is altogether wrong to suppose that Germany has any influence whatever upon Austro-Hungarian affairs. Germany cannot influence the Dual Monarchy. If any one can influence the Dual Monarchy, it is Russia."

The publication of this authorized statement, which was totally untrue as regards German influence over Austria-Hungary, caused the utmost irritation in Germany. Vigorous attacks upon Aehrenthal at once began. The *Zeit,* a Viennese

newspaper which had long opposed Aehrenthal, received from "diplomatic circles in Berlin," that is to say, from the German Ambassador in Vienna, a statement alleging that Aehrenthal had lost the sympathy and confidence of the German Government, that his conduct had been the sharpest conceivable departure from the methods of German diplomacy, that his controversy with Isvolsky was extremely embarrassing to German statesmen, that the German Emperor and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand were agreed in deploring his behaviour and that, in a not distant future, both Aehrenthal and Isvolsky "might be caused to retire in order to remove a poisonous element of a personal nature from Austro-Russian relations."

Under the influence of this attack, Aehrenthal professed desire for an agreement with Isvolsky who suggested that Austria-Hungary and Russia should jointly proclaim their acceptance of three principles, (1) the status quo in the Balkans, (2) support for the new régime in Turkey, and (3) the free development of the Balkan States. But, at this juncture, the German Ambassador in Vienna, Herr von Tschirschky was, intentionally or unintentionally, affronted by Aehrenthal at a Court ball. As a result, von Tschirschky received a signed portrait of the German Emperor as a special mark of favour and the German campaign against Aehrenthal was resumed with vigour in the press. To add to Aehrenthal's difficulties, a feud grew up between him and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand to whom Aehrenthal, with characteristic imprudence and ill-temper, ceased to send copies of confidential diplomatic despatches. Henceforth, the Archduke made common cause with the German Emperor against him. "Society" in Vienna became a hot-bed of intrigue and counter-intrigue, gossip and slander of all descriptions. At the end of February, 1910, Aehrenthal found it expedient to pay a visit to Berlin, "again solemnly to affirm" in the words of his chief organ, "the agreement between Austria-Hungary and Germany and to further, by personal contact, the concordance of Austro-German policy"; but when, in March, the restoration of normal diplomatic relations between Austria-Hungary and Russia was

officially announced at St. Petersburg on the basis of the principles suggested, Aehrenthal declined to issue any corresponding announcement in Vienna. A few months later Isvolsky resigned his position as Russian Foreign Minister and was appointed Ambassador to Paris, his fall being greeted by one of Aehrenthal's organs in the following language:

> The gold-braided coat of a diplomatist is usually the winding-sheet of a fallen minister, and an embassy the grave in which he slowly moulders and oozes away. M. Isvolsky has long known that a devouring political malady was pitilessly gnawing at him. Infected by failure, a man at whose touch gold turned to tinsel, he never could explain why a statesman who disposed of the resources of mighty lands should be able to achieve so little. He long felt himself feeble, but always let his personal vanity drive him into positions where a Foreign Minister, who should know no vanity but only interests, ought never to be found. . . . Perhaps he would have fallen sooner had he not hoped, by causing constant vexation, to involve Count Aehrenthal also in his fall. He wanted not to descend alone into an embassy vault. . . . His activity closes with nothing but failures. Mediocrities ought not to engage in high politics. They have their value in everyday politics; and statesmen who are more than the ordinary mixture of cleverness, courage, tenacity and knowledge of men are very rare gifts of heaven that hardly come once a century. But an ordinary barn-door fowl ought not to imagine that it can soar like an eagle; and though a gander can swim admirably, it is never comparable to a swan. . . . The path of Isvolsky is covered by the ruins of his policy. He wanted to detach Italy from the Triple Alliance, and failed; he wanted to humiliate Austria-Hungary, and had himself to bow to hard necessity; he wanted to pass with his warships before Constantinople, and was the first cause of the creation of a Turkish fleet. He leaves St. Petersburg a political beggar, is sent to Paris, and disappears from the management of politics; and he has the burning pain of seeing Count Aehrenthal survive him healthy and fresh.

Even politically, Count Aehrenthal's health and freshness were scarcely as marked as his organ imagined: physically, he was so worn out that, within eighteen months of Isvolsky's appointment to Paris, Aehrenthal was to descend into another kind of vault — hounded to death by a German campaign of

denunciation and intrigue and deprived by the Emperor Francis Joseph, at the last moment, of his heart's desire, which was to die in harness. Ten days before the churlish attack of his organ upon Isvolsky, he had received from the German Emperor a buffet comparable to the "brilliant second" telegram which overthrew his predecessor Goluchowski. During a visit to Vienna on September 21, 1910, the Emperor William was received by the Burgomaster of Vienna who, at the suggestion of the German Ambassador, alluded in his speech of welcome to the "joy of Austria-Hungary which recently had occasion once more to recognize the loyalty of the German Empire and of its exalted ruler," and announced that one of the boulevards of the city would be named after the Emperor William. The Emperor replied:

> Methinks I read in your resolve the agreement of the city of Vienna with the action of an ally in taking his stand in shining armour at a grave moment by the side of your most gracious Sovereign. This was at once an injunction of duty and of friendship; for the alliance has, to the weal of the world, passed into and pervaded as an imponderable element the convictions and the life of both peoples.

The reprimand to Achrenthal was obvious, and his annoyance was extreme. He had persistently refused to express gratitude for the action of Germany in filching from him the credit of the capitulation of Russia in March, 1909. Hardly less astonished was the Emperor Francis Joseph at the conduct of his guest; and, as one of his *aides de camp* told me on the morrow, Francis Joseph resented the "shining armour" speech as a piece of impertinence. With characteristic quickness the German Emperor had taken advantage of the death of the veteran Burgomaster of Vienna, Dr. Lueger, who was a strong Austrian and a lifelong opponent of pan-Germanism, to foist himself upon a weak-kneed successor, Dr. Neumayer, with the double object of persuading the world of his popularity in Austria and of administering a slap in the face to Achrenthal.

The death of Lueger had, indeed, removed one of the strong-

est influences against the ascendancy of Germany over Austria-Hungary. Though an Austrian-German through and through, he detested and opposed pan-Germanism. From the beginning of his political life he had combated the Dual System which, after the defeat of Austria by Germany in 1866, had made of the Hapsburgs bondsmen of Berlin. Against the early pan-German intrigue known as the "Los von Rom" movement — of which the purpose had been to detach the Austrian Germans from Roman Catholicism and thus to render them more eligible citizens of an enlarged German Empire — Lueger had fought violently with the support of the Christian Social Anti-Semitic Party which he founded. For some years he was classed as a vulgar demagogue and Jew-baiter. He assailed at once the German Liberals of Austria, who were under Jewish guidance and pan-German in tendency, and the other prop of the Dual System, the Hungarian Liberals, whom he nicknamed Judæo-Magyars. But, little by little, Lueger showed statesmanship. He proved that he wished the Hapsburg Monarchy to be habitable for the non-German and non-Magyar races. With the support of the small tradesmen, whom he protected against price-cutting by Jewish enterprises, Lueger became Burgomaster and virtual dictator of Vienna. His masterful hand broke the power of international finance over Viennese affairs and held pan-German propaganda in check. As time went on, his popularity ripened into veneration and even the Jewish press was constrained to recognize his qualities.

Had Lueger been alive, the German Emperor would hardly have ventured to make his "shining armour" speech in Vienna, notwithstanding his belief that he was master of Europe and "instrument of the Lord" — as he had called himself at Königsberg in August, 1910. As it was, he gained his point. The German-Jewish press applauded him loudly; and Aehrenthal's official organ, the *Fremdenblatt,* showed, by its stony silence, that the German Emperor's shot had gone home.

AN ACTIVE VOLCANO

There are many signs that a new phase of the German Emperor's activity had opened. For a time after King Edward's death, his behaviour had seemed exemplary. He attended the funeral in London, bore himself as a dutiful, almost too dutiful, nephew and, as a British Court dignitary wrote to me, "towered head and shoulders above everybody else." Then, having established a moral *alibi*, he presently stood forth as a claimant to the leadership of Europe revelling, almost for the first time since his accession, in freedom from any dwarfing shadow. Both Bismarck, whose figure had loomed above him till July, 1898, and King Edward, who had overshadowed him thereafter, were now happily gone. Prince Bülow, who had imposed restrictions upon him after the *Daily Telegraph* interview of 1908, had been discarded in 1909. One idea possessed him. King Edward, he believed, had laboured to surround Germany with a ring of hostile states, to encircle her, to pen her in and thus to circumscribe her movements. Had not, according to the German view, the Anglo-French Entente of 1904 and the Anglo-Russian Entente of 1907 been created to this end; and had not King Edward sought in 1908 to debauch even Austria-Hungary by asking the Emperor Francis Joseph to support the British idea of a limitation of naval armaments? This nefarious design the Emperor William had, indeed, been able to thwart by persuading Francis Joseph that British policy aimed, in reality, at the "encirclement" of Germany; while the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina had enabled her to assert her political protectorate over Austria-Hungary and to clip Aehrenthal's wings. The annexation crisis had, besides, given the German Emperor an opportunity to establish his personal ascendancy over the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Things had not gone so badly after all; and now that King Edward was dead, no serious obstacle could stand in Germany's way.

True, there was Aehrenthal, the underlying concept of whose diplomacy was the creation, or the revival, of a Conservative League of the Three Emperors in which the Emperor of Aus-

tria, under Aehrenthal's guidance, should play the leading part. Germany was quite willing to let him have his head up to a point, particularly if he could succeed in breaking up the Anglo-Russian Entente, if not the Franco-Russian Alliance — but with the mental reservation that Germany rather than Austria-Hungary should profit in the long run. The struggle between the German, the Aehrenthalian and the Anglo-Franco-Russian policies in Europe thus became extremely complicated, and its complexities were increased by the efforts of the French and British Ambassadors in Vienna, M. Philippe Crozier and Sir Fairfax Cartwright, to convince their respective governments that Aehrenthal was sincerely well-disposed toward the Western Powers, that he was ready to forsake Germany, and that they should therefore help him to renew the Austro-Russian understanding of 1897 even if it should be necessary to get rid of Isvolsky for the purpose.

The German Emperor and the German Foreign Office naturally interpreted the efforts of these two ambassadors as proof that a policy of "encirclement" was really being pursued by the French and British governments. They did not know that the ambassadors were acting entirely on their own initiative; nor did they know, as I knew, that in August, 1909, King Edward had thought of recalling Sir Fairfax Cartwright from Vienna and had only given up the idea when it was represented to him that the recall of the British Ambassador at that moment might be taken as an affront to Austria. King Edward never wanted to "encircle" Germany. He was persuaded that such an attempt would merely provide her with a legitimate pretext for cutting her way through a ring of foes and thus for disturbing the very peace which it was always his supreme object to maintain. He believed in European equilibrium as a pledge of peace, not in creating an overwhelming preponderance of strength among either group of Powers. In other words, he was a practical, humane statesman, not a visionary or a fanatic.

"Encircled" or not, the German Emperor was bent on breaking through or breaking out; and, with this end in view, on increasing German and Austro-Hungarian armaments.

With the help of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Austria-Hungary was persuaded to adopt an extensive and expensive naval programme. Yards for the construction of dreadnoughts were opened at Trieste and Fiume. Simultaneously, orders for heavy artillery were placed with the chief Austrian armament firms, the shares of which began significantly to rise in value. Despite denials that war-like preparations were afoot, Austro-Hungarian Staff officers invested heavily in the shares of the Skoda works at Pilsen, a formidable establishment financed by a bank belonging to the Rothschild financial group; and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand overcame his dislike of the Jews so far as to pay a personal visit to Baron von Rothschild in order to encourage him in advancing money for the building of dreadnoughts. Simultaneously, an agitation began in military circles for a large increase in the peace-footing of the army; and the "War Party," which had been quiescent since the annexation crisis, again raised its head. Behind these movements lay the influence of the German Emperor and of the German General Staff with whom the Chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, Baron Conrad von Hoetzendorf, was in close touch. Nor was it an accident that, in November, 1910, the German Emperor invited the Tsar and the new Russian Foreign Minister, M. Sazonof, to Potsdam where they were inveigled into the conclusion of a Russo-German convention in regard to Persia and the linking up of the pan-German Baghdad railway with the Russian and Siberian railway systems. Clearly, events in Europe were working, or were being pushed, towards a fresh crisis.

AGADIR

It came like a thunderclap in July, 1911. For months, domestic difficulties had absorbed public attention and overshadowed the more important issues of foreign politics in all European countries. In Russia, the Prime Minister, Stolypin, had put forward a comprehensive scheme of land reform of which the object was to reform the communal system of land tenure and to create, with State help, independent holdings for

competent peasants. In France, the Prime Minister, M. Briand, had fallen after being involved in a struggle with the Labour organizations; while, in England, the constitutional crisis over the Finance Bill and the rights of the House of Lords had thrust foreign policy into the background. In Turkey, the " Committee for Union and Progress " was becoming more and more nationalist and more and more determined to " Turkify " the non-Turkish races of the Ottoman Empire. A beginning had been made in 1910 by an attempt to disarm the Albanians; and in the spring of 1911 Albanian resentment of the brutalities by which this attempt was accompanied, led to a determined insurrection. In Germany, the new Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, had proved totally incapable of curbing his Imperial master's dangerous vagaries. At the end of December, 1910, the National Liberal Leader, Herr Bassermann, had protested against the visit of a French warship to the " closed " port of Agadir in South Morocco and had demanded that the German Government should turn this incident to account by supporting the concessions which a German firm, the Mannesmann Brothers, had obtained in Morocco. In reply the Foreign Minister, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, declared that no infraction of international engagements had been committed by the French, whose warship had merely entered the port of Agadir in pursuance of the rights of France and of Spain to police the sea in that region and to prevent gun-running. " Therefore I believe," he added, " that we can leave this case of Agadir completely out of account and that we have no cause for disquietude." But, in March, 1911, the German Government attempted to raise, in the French market, money for the completion of the Baghdad railway and characteristically sought to overcome French resistance by making difficulties for France in Morocco. In view of these difficulties an agitation arose in France for the despatch of a military expedition to Fez, the capital of Morocco, and on May 24th Fez was occupied by French troops.

Towards the middle of May, I had gone to stay with Lord Northcliffe in England. A section of the British press was sharply criticizing the imprudence of French policy in Mo-

rocco and a strong movement was afoot to bring about an Anglo-German understanding. In April the House of Lords had rejected, by a large majority, a resolution moved by Lord Roberts in favour of compulsory national service. On May 1st, a society for the promotion of Anglo-German friendship had been founded at the Mansion House, one of its Presidents being Sir Frank Lascelles, the former British Ambassador in Berlin, a personal friend of the German Emperor. On May 13th, Sir Ernest Cassel, the Anglo-German Jewish financier, had given £200,000 to found an institution for the relief of needy Germans in England and of needy British subjects in Germany. On May 15th, the German Emperor and Empress arrived in London to be present at the unveiling of a monument to Queen Victoria and were warmly received. On May 16th I happened to be standing at Hyde Park Corner with a diplomatic friend as they drove into Hyde Park. A crowd of some size had assembled and cheered the German visitors heartily. "Now we shall soon have trouble in Europe," I said. "The German Emperor will believe that England is with him." On May 21st the news came that the French Prime Minister, M. Monis, had been severely wounded and M. Berteaux, Minister of War, killed by an aeroplane at the start of the Paris-Madrid air race. In consequence of that accident M. Monis was obliged, five weeks later, to resign, and, on June 27th, M. Caillaux succeeded him as Prime Minister, a prefect devoid of diplomatic experience, M. de Selves, being appointed to the French Foreign Office. M. Caillaux, who was above all a financier and closely associated with international finance, was looked upon by the Germans as a man with whom it would be easy to drive a bargain of the kind they had contemplated when they had sought to secure, by intrigues in Morocco, the quotation of the Baghdad Railway securities on the French Stock Exchange. They knew, also, that his feelings towards England were not cordial and that he thought it possible to replace the Anglo-French Entente, advantageously for France, by a Franco-German economic and financial agreement to which a political agreement might eventually be added.

When M. Caillaux had been four days in office, Germany suddenly despatched the cruiser, *Panther,* to Agadir, the "closed" harbour in South Morocco which a French cruiser had visited six months earlier. By way of explanation Germany informed the Great Powers that German firms, established in the south of Morocco, had appealed for protection against turbulent local tribes and that, as soon as quiet should have been restored in Morocco, the *Panther* would be recalled. The obvious intention of Germany was to raise again the whole question of Morocco which had been provisionally settled by the Algeciras Conference in April, 1906, and by a subsequent Franco-German agreement in November, 1909; and the French by their imprudent policy had, to some extent, played into her hands. But, in sending a warship to an African port long recognized as suitable for a naval station from which trade routes in the southern Atlantic could be cut, the German Government opened a wider than the Moroccan question. Luckily, British interests were in the hands of two able and straightforward men, Sir Francis Bertie, the Ambassador in Paris, and Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary. They, like the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, felt that the sending of the *Panther* was even more a blow against England than against France. The Anglo-French Entente of 1904 bound England to give France full diplomatic support in Morocco, and the sending of the *Panther* was an attempt to test British loyalty to the Entente at a moment when the German Emperor thought it weak; but it was, at the same time, a threat to the security of British maritime communications. Sir Edward Grey handled the crisis with equal prudence and firmness. He informed the Germans that England would not recognize any arrangements made without her knowledge and consent; and he declined, as dangerous, a French suggestion that British and French cruisers should be sent to keep an eye on the *Panther* at Agadir. He addressed, further, some observations to Germany in the form of a courteous enquiry which, in courtesy, the Germans ought to have answered. When a week had passed without any sign of a German reply, Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed, on

June 21st, to refer to the situation in the course of a speech he was to make at the Mansion House that evening. He submitted the text of his remarks to Sir Edward Grey who approved of them. They ran: "If a situation were to be forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by allowing Britain to be treated, where her interests are vitally affected, as if she were of no account in the Cabinet of Nations, then I say emphatically that a peace at that price would be a humiliation, intolerable for a great country like ours to endure. National honour is no party question. The security of our great international trade is likewise no party question."

Germany heard and, for some days, affected not to understand. Then, a howl of rage broke forth throughout the length and breadth of Germany, and also in the German press of Austria. Diplomatically, Germany beat a retreat. She gave England, with as good a grace as she could muster, an assurance that Germany had not thought of creating a naval station on the Moroccan coast and had no designs upon the territory of Morocco. But the crisis lasted until the beginning of November when the German Foreign Minister and the French Ambassador in Berlin signed an agreement in which France ceded to Germany two large tracts of territory in the French Congo in return for German acquiescence in the establishment of a French protectorate in Morocco. Germany thus succeeded in extracting from France nearly 100,000 square miles of African territory, though at the cost of sanctioning French supremacy over Morocco and of reviving acute antagonism with England.

COMPENSATION

In Vienna, the Agadir crisis had a curious sequel. Aehrenthal held ostentatiously aloof from Germany during the summer and autumn of 1911, but, soon after the signing of the Franco-German agreement in Berlin, the French Ambassador in Vienna, M. Crozier, proposed to his German colleague, Herr von Tschirschky, that they should ask jointly for Aehrenthal's adhesion to it. Tschirschky replied stiffly that

he had no instructions to that effect; but when M. Crozier went alone to ask for Aehrenthal's assent, he was astonished to find the German Ambassador with him. On leaving Aehrenthal, Herr von Tschirschky said blandly to M. Crozier, "The Minister will tell you that he cannot recognize the agreement yet, because various formalities have to be gone through with the Austrian and Hungarian Governments, and there are other points to be considered." Aehrenthal himself used precisely the same words to Crozier and explained that the "other points" were an Austro-Hungarian demand for "compensation" in the form of a French loan of £40,000,000 to Austria and Hungary, each country taking £20,000,000. Such compensation, he hinted, would encourage Austria-Hungary to be more independent of Germany in future.

The French Ambassador took the hint. True, he asked for an assurance that the money would not be used for military purposes or placed at the disposal of Germany — an assurance that Aehrenthal gave the more readily because the Austrian banks had already advanced large sums to the Government for the building of dreadnoughts and for other military purposes. Without being directly applied to military or naval expenditure, the money from France would have enabled the banks to recoup themselves and to advance further sums as occasion might require; while any surplus could have been placed at the disposal of German banks, then hard pressed by the requirements of German industry and by the demands of the German Government for advances on account of military and naval armaments. Indeed, at that very moment, two French banks had advanced £11,000,000 to rescue the German banks from embarrassment.

On the advice of M. Crozier, interested quarters in Paris supported Aehrenthal's application. The French Prime Minister, M. Caillaux, was alleged to favour it. I informed *The Times* privately of what was going on and waited for an opportunity to inform the public. The danger was that the French Government might assent to the loan before French opinion or the British Government could be consulted. Towards the middle of December, 1911, an indiscretion com-

mitted by the *Neue Freie Presse* enabled me to give a public warning; and on December 26th, a courageous French writer, M. André Chéradame, whose exposures of pan-Germanism had done much to educate his fellow countrymen to a sense of the German danger, published in the *Petit Journal* a strong protest against the policy of placing French savings at the disposal of Austria-Hungary and Germany. One effect of placing a large Austro-Hungarian loan in Paris, M. Chéradame contended, would be to make it impossible for France to persist in her official refusal to allow Germany to raise money for armaments in the French market.

This protest aroused public opinion in France, much as my warnings had put people in England on their guard. Enquiries made by *The Times* in London showed British financiers to be unfavourable to the issue of any part of an Austrian loan in England. In short, the whole scheme fell through — greatly to the annoyance of Aehrenthal, Caillaux, and of the French financial and diplomatic circles which were interested in it. But French financial resentment against M. André Chéradame presently cost him his position on the *Petit Journal*, while so black a mark was put against my name that I found it had not faded, in the minds of sundry French financiers, even in 1916.

A MYSTERY

Aehrenthal's assurance that a French loan to Austria-Hungary would not be used for military purposes or placed at the disposal of Germany revived the old question whether he was knave, fool, or a victim of patriotic hallucinations. He cannot have been so ignorant of international finance as not to know that the Austrian and the German banks habitually played into each other's hands and formed, indeed, one vast financial consortium under German leadership. He knew also — for the Austrian Finance Minister had just announced it — that Austria alone had been making debts at the rate of £40,000 a day for several years; and that the demands of the Austro-Hungarian military and naval authorities were con-

stantly aggravating this position. On the other hand, the German and Austrian banks were so pressed for cash that they had been obliged to borrow considerable sums from the Italian Treasury; and the German State Bank presently put forward a scheme to link up its insufficient gold reserve with the large gold reserve of the Austro-Hungarian State Bank — a scheme which I helped also to upset by giving judicious publicity to a report of a sitting of the Austrian Budget Commission at which it had been ventilated. Yet, at the moment when Aehrenthal attempted to extort the loan from France as "compensation" for his assent to the Franco-German agreement, there was some excuse for superficial or interested observers to suppose that he wished to emancipate himself from German tutelage. While Germany was raging against Italy for her sudden descent upon Tripoli in October, 1911, and, what my colleague in Berlin aptly called "Prusso-Semitic" organs were everywhere following the lead of the German Foreign Office, Aehrenthal showed patient friendliness towards Italy and went so far in his resistance to the pressure of the Austro-Hungarian War Party for an attack upon Italy as to induce the Emperor Francis Joseph to remove General Conrad von Hoetzendorf from the Austro-Hungarian General Staff. Against this change the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, head of the War Party, appealed in vain to the German Emperor who, however, declined to intervene. Probably Aehrenthal wished to show that though he had taken no part in the Agadir crisis, he had used it to secure large financial "compensation" for Austria-Hungary; and he may have intended that "compensation" to serve as the basis for a bargain with Germany. But he never realized the strength of the German grip upon Austria-Hungary or understood that he was as powerless to loosen it by the methods he favoured as a child would be to loosen an iron clamp that had been hammered into position by a giant. Ready though he always was to deceive others, he was his own chief dupe. Those whom he duped might be able to make out on paper a fair case for their faith in him, until, as was bound to happen, events smashed him, their case and them.

Nothing could have been more fatal than for France to have supplied Austria-Hungary and — at least, indirectly — Germany with large sums of ready cash at the end of 1911 or the beginning of 1912. Financial embarrassment alone prevented them from perfecting the military preparations which had been in full swing since the annexation crisis. Moreover, an infallible sign pointed to an early resumption of an Austro-Hungarian "forward policy" in the Balkans. The constitutional autonomy of Croatia-Slavonia had suddenly been suspended, and the Southern Slavs of the Monarchy were again being dragooned as they had been before and during the annexation crisis of 1908–09. The Italian expedition to Tripoli and the ensuing Turco-Italian war threatened to set the Balkans ablaze and to offer Austria-Hungary an opportunity of military intervention either on her own account or as a forerunner of Germany. These circumstances were in my mind when I opposed and sought to defeat the French loan; but they weighed less heavily with me than the effect of an audience which King Charles of Rumania had given me a few weeks before.

At the invitation of a Rumanian friend I had gone to Transylvania in August, 1911, and, after attending a great gathering of the Hungarian Rumanes, had visited practically the whole of Rumania from the Black Sea to the Carpathians, with the exception of the Dobrudja. On my way through Sinaia, I had lunched at Court; and the King had asked me to report to him my impressions of the country after I should have visited it. This I did at a special audience which he gave me at mid-day on September 15th, the morning after the assassination of M. Stolypin, the Russian Prime Minister, at Kieff. Evidently perturbed by the outrage and its possible consequences, King Carol spoke more freely than he might otherwise have done upon the position in Russia, upon the unrest in the Balkans, and upon the European outlook in general. For a full hour he poured out his thoughts in Ger-

man, his mother tongue, which he spoke elegantly and with precision. When luncheon was announced he was still in the heat of his argument, which he resumed after luncheon and continued till 4 P.M. Many of his views are now ancient history; and amusing as were his strictures upon his fellow sovereigns, they served chiefly to spice the shrewdness of his political judgments. But when he referred to the Agadir crisis and to the policy of Germany, his tone grew grave and his words were carefully chosen. His manner convinced me that he was fully aware of German schemes and that, though he was by no means indifferent to the territorial advantages Rumania might gain in a European conflict if she fought on the German side, he really desired peace. As a Hohenzollern, he understood the policy which the German Emperor and the Austro-Hungarian War Party were pursuing; but, as King of Rumania, he saw its perils. On the threshold of his study, after more than three hours' discussion, he whispered earnestly in my ear, "*England hat eine schöne, kleine Armee; hat aber keine Feldarmee; muss sich eine schaffen; der Friede Europas kann davon abhängen. Auf Wiedersehen!*" (England has a fine little army, but no field army. She must make one. The peace of Europe may depend upon it. Good-bye.)

I thought of Clemenceau's warning to me and to King Edward in August, 1908, and of Lord Roberts's campaign for national service. Soldier though he was and linked to the Triple Alliance, King Carol would not, I reflected, have urged the creation of a British field army did he not foresee that the prospect of its being used against Germany on the Continent would help to keep the peace. The danger to peace was therefore real. Consequently, when I heard of Aehrenthal's demand for a big loan from France, I felt bound to oppose it lest, directly or indirectly, it provide the wherewithal for a rapid completion of Austro-Hungarian and German armaments.

Before the loan had been killed by publicity, German tactics changed. Soon after I returned to Vienna with King Carol's warning in my ears, overtures were made to me by a prominent Austrian-Jewish financier who was in close touch with the Berlin banks and with the German Foreign Office.

He descanted at great length on the dangers of the European situation and urged that the only way to avert them would be to form an Anglo-German World Trust as a preliminary to an agreement for the limitation of naval armaments. His main idea — which, as I afterwards found, was being assiduously propagated at the same time by international financiers in Berlin, at Frankfort and in London — was that England should dispel German distrust by giving Germany some slight proof of good-will. This proof would consist in the sacrifice of some fragments of the vast colonial possessions with which England was "saturated"; in a guarantee that no British markets would be closed to German trade or limited by the adoption of preferential tariffs; and in a general acceptance by Great Britain of the principle that Germany was entitled to a "place in the sun" commensurate with her population and military strength. On this basis, I was assured, an Anglo-German understanding might be negotiated. Otherwise the position of England would grow more and more difficult. The Entente with France was a snare. At the critical moment, France would either leave England to fight her own battles or be overwhelmed by Germany despite English assistance. The British system of banking and credit was represented to me as an inverted pyramid of which the apex was the ridiculously insufficient gold reserve of the Bank of England — a reserve less than half that of the Austro-Hungarian State Bank. The weakest points in the British defences were "money, beef, and wheat." Why, in such circumstances, should England be so blind as to risk irremediable disaster when peace and prosperity might be assured to her at the cost of the trifling insurance premium she would have to pay for an agreement with Germany? Of course it would be expedient to remove so obstinate a dog-in-the-manger as Sir Edward Grey, whom Germany thoroughly distrusted.

"IS IT WAR?"

Of these overtures I made some mention in telegrams to *The Times*. They helped me to understand the origin of a

campaign against Sir Edward Grey which was then being carried on in some English Radical newspapers. "Grey must go," they cried; and the German-Jewish organs of Vienna answered, "Grey will go." At last, I thought it well to throw a stone into the pond of these quacking ducks. At the suggestion of Lord Northcliffe and with the assent of *The Times* I had written annually, albeit anonymously, a review of the European situation for the *Daily Mail Year Book*. The chance of telling approximately the truth through this popular publication at the beginning of 1912 seemed too valuable to be missed. Therefore I wrote for it an article entitled, "Is It War?" of which the main passages ran:

The shadow of war lies over Europe, a shadow cast less by the strife in Tripoli than by the conflicting aims of European Powers; never, since Colonel Marchand reached Fashoda in September, 1898, has it seemed so real, so opaque.

. . . The goal of German policy is unchanged — to break, by menace or persuasion, the Anglo-French Entente that has, for seven full years, curtailed German power to reap, with unsheathed sword, the fruits of armed victory.

. . . Now, the position is that France, schooled by six years of humiliating pressure, no longer quails before Germany, nor fears the arbitrament of war. Her national spirit has risen to the point of saying and meaning, that to commit national suicide out of cowardice is worse than to risk national death in war — a state of feeling not foreseen by lucid prophets of eternal peace, who glibly define emotional problems in intellectual terms.

. . . Six months after King Edward's death, Russia, still smarting under the diplomatic defeat of March, 1909, was lured to Potsdam and plied with temptations. Before the British year of mourning was over, a decisive blow was planned against the Anglo-French Entente.

"King George is not King Edward," wrote the German press. "England is dissatisfied with French action in Morocco, and will not resent German intervention," reported the German Ambassador in London. The cordial reception accorded to Queen Victoria's grandson was thought to substantiate this report; and, six weeks later, the *Panther* was sent to an Atlantic harbour of Morocco.

Then England spoke by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's mouth. His words were, for the moment, equivalent to action. . . . But unless the Chancellor of the Exchequer enunciated at the Mansion House a settled policy which England is prepared to support with

every ship and every man to her last penny, on sea and land, his speech was dangerous and delusive.

If it denotes a settled policy, is England in a condition duly to support it? She has "the men and the money"; but have the men the training, the organization, the weapons, the ammunition?

One of the wisest crowned heads in the world said recently, "England has a fine little army but no field army. She must make a field army; the peace of Europe may depend upon it." He who spoke thus knew why he spoke.

Why should Germany dream of action against the Entente when she has just extorted an extensive territorial "tip" from France? The internal condition of Germany supplies the answer. For forty years the German Empire has thriven on the prestige of being the latest victor in Europe. Her war with France brought her gold and more than gold—the self-confidence that comes of victory. This self-confidence which, in course of time, grew overweening, became the motive force of her military, maritime, industrial, commercial and financial development. It inspired her creation of a powerful navy, and has crystallized into a world policy of territorial aggrandisement. Her population doubled itself, emigration decreased, wealth succeeded to indigence, luxury to raw simplicity; a new industrial and financial class sprang up, eager for power and influence in public life, but debarred from both, at least in Prussia, by the Prussian gentry that has long enjoyed a monopoly of administrative functions and of military command.

. . . Against all pacific influences and tendencies in Germany must be set off the plight of the Prussian landed gentry, which sees its influence circumscribed by the progressive transformation of Prussia from an agricultural into an industrial state, but is determined not to yield without a struggle or to suffer its proud penury to be overshadowed by the mushroom wealth of merchant and Jew. The sword of the gentry that guided the Prussian armies to victory in 1870 is likely to strike a desperate blow in defence of its privileges before resigning itself to rust in the scabbard or to hang, gilded with plebeian gold, on ancient walls. In no section of the German people is the policy of aggressive war and the plan of holding France hostage for England so warmly and generally supported as among the Prussian gentry.

Is, then, all hope of peaceful agreement with Germany to be abandoned? Must the next phase of European civilization be inaugurated by a bloody and pitiless struggle between the most advanced nations? Germany, say her spokesmen, needs only a place in the sun, a colony for her overflow population, markets for her goods, a voice in the councils of the world. Denied these, she must perforce be morose and her ill-humour a danger to peace. Grant

her reasonable demands, and halcyon days will dawn. . . . What are the causes of her discontent, and how can they be removed?

. . . German discontent is as the discontent of a speculative business man who, having built beyond his means and mortgaged his buildings, manufactured beyond the needs of his market without knowing where else to sell his produce, and speculated beyond his and his friend's resources, is fearful lest every pay-day involve him in ruin. Such men and such countries are doomed to discontent until, through crisis or disaster, they are driven to place their enterprises on sounder bases.

. . . At every business crisis in Germany — a crisis is menaced regularly at each quarterly settlement — the French banks advance to the German banks, without the knowledge and against the will of the French people, the millions required to square German accounts and to bolster up the great gamble for three months more. Thus, for many years, France has financed German industry and rendered possible the maintenance of the huge army and navy which could not have been kept up without the taxes levied on German industry.

As long as France was isolated, or bound only by a defensive alliance to Russia, Germany well knew that the German sword, the greatest commercial asset of the country, would ensure French pliancy. When, however, France, having strengthened her military, naval and colonial position by agreement with England, began to show less terror of the German sword, there arose in Germany the doctrine that France must be held hostage for England and that, if England destroyed the German fleet, France must be bled afresh and made to provide such an indemnity as to place German industry and commerce beyond the risk of catastrophe.

. . . Does it therefore follow that German overtures for agreement should be rejected? By no means. What must be rejected is the pretension that, since Germany is "discontented," other Powers should mulct themselves to pay insurance premiums against being attacked by her. If this pretension be admitted, German "discontent" will grow apace and, with it, the peace premiums payable by neighbours at recurring intervals. German overtures for agreement should be tested even more by their compatibility with the interests and susceptibilities of France than by the immediate interests of England, for the supreme British interest is the maintenance, intact, of the Anglo-French Entente, which it has been the constant endeavour of Germany to break.

The aim of German policy has not changed, will not change, cannot change until Germany puts her own affairs in order and lives, manufactures, trades and arms within her own means. Until then it behoves England to take counsel of France and to keep her store of powder not only dry but large.

This article caused the German and pro-German "ducks" in London, financial and diplomatic, to quack lamentably. The German Ambassador made representations to Lord Northcliffe about it and sought to find out who had written it. Even Count Albert Mensdorff, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, was mobilized to assist in the investigations — but in vain. Lord Roberts, whose patriotic agitation for national service was being resisted openly and secretly in the most unexpected quarters, expressed his delight. For a while, the campaign against Sir Edward Grey died down. Of this I knew little or nothing at the time. I had simply told the truth as I saw it as frankly as I could tell it; and against the truth it is hard for interested misrepresentations long to prevail. Even Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin in February, 1912, failed to bring about an Anglo-German agreement. The German Government prepared to increase army and navy, and the chief Viennese organ of the German Foreign Office wrote, "Despite Lord Haldane's journey there remains in England something that his honeyed words cannot sweeten. The persons who toyed light-mindedly with war last summer, are still in office. Lord Haldane, as a philosopher, knows that what has once been may be again, and this shadow dogs his steps in Berlin."

THE DEATH OF AEHRENTHAL

But, in Austria-Hungary, all other topics were overshadowed at this juncture by the fatal illness of Count Aehrenthal. Worry and strain had aggravated the septic anæmia from which he had been suffering, and the vicious attacks of the pro-German organs and those of the War Party redoubled as soon as it was seen that he could not recover. Neither the Archduke Francis Ferdinand nor General Conrad von Hoetzendorf could forgive Aehrenthal for his resistance to their designs or for his — belated — friendliness towards Italy. The Emperor declined Aehrenthal's offer of resignation at the beginning of February, 1912, and let it be understood that his wish to die in harness would be granted. On February 16th

it was actually announced that the Emperor would not even consider the appointment of a new Foreign Minister as long as Aehrenthal lived; but on February 17th he gave the appointment to Count Berchtold, formerly Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and conferred upon Aehrenthal the brilliants to the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen. This decoration, together with an Imperial rescript accepting his resignation, was brought to Aehrenthal's bedside at the moment when he was reciting prayers with the auditor of the Nunciature who had brought him the Pope's benediction *in articulo mortis*. A few minutes later, Aehrenthal became unconscious and died. But, as I telegraphed to *The Times*, "One question is on all lips and in some journals — could not Count Aehrenthal have been allowed to die in harness? Why snatch from death the sorry privilege of relieving him of office? What are brilliants, even though they be the highest accessory to the highest distinction in the gift of the Crown, to a man already in sight of eternity? The answer given is that the Emperor was anxious to fulfil the last wish of his minister who desired above all things to go hence with the knowledge that a successor — whom he himself had indicated — would carry on his work with the approval of his Imperial Master." But the explanation whispered in Vienna at the time was that, for dynastic reasons, it was expedient that no minister should be regarded, even retrospectively, as having been indispensable.

GERMAN ARMAMENTS

I spent the Christmas holidays of 1911 at Strasburg with my old friend Paul Sabatier whose wife is an Alsatian by birth. Through them I came into touch with the leaders of the Alsatian opinion — a trustworthy barometer of the atmosphere in Germany — and was enabled to judge how far the Prussian administration had succeeded, after forty years of annexation, in weaning the Alsatians from their allegiance to France. I got the impression that the Prussians had failed definitely; and that, while the Alsatians were anxious for peace and might have accepted some form of autonomy even

within the German Empire, their loyalty to French ideals was unshaken. As one of the Alsatian leaders had said in a public lecture:

> Prussia made German unity, and it is Prussia who, by her predominance in the German Empire, means to do as she likes with Alsace. Now, Prussian institutions are the antipodes of what pleases and suits Alsace. Alsatians are profoundly democratic not only in opinion but in temperament. Their new masters, on the other hand, have grown up in monarchical and aristocratic ideas. . . . During the last two centuries the Alsatian mind and the German mind have been completely transformed and have constantly developed in divergent directions.

In short, my impression confirmed that of the Germanophil Zionist leader, Dr. Max Nordau, who wrote in the *Neue Freie Presse* on December 31, 1911:

> One thing seems clear; the people of Alsace-Lorraine is disposed in present circumstances — which it cannot change by its own strength — to develop its interests and to live for itself; but one has watched in vain for a single word that should imply an express renunciation of memories and hopes, or an unreserved inward adhesion to the German Empire or to the German people or a confession of Germanism. . . . In the forty years since the annexation, there has grown up a new generation that knew not the French, a generation that has received all its knowledge of the world and of life in German schools, universities and regiments. . . . This new generation rejects, even more decidedly than its predecessor, the German style of culture and civilization. In the struggle between the French and the German modes of thought and life, the German has been defeated.

Yet forty years of Prussian compression and compulsory training had left a mark on the Alsatians; and had, without weakening their attachment to the France their fathers knew, severed them from the France of the Third Republic. Moreover, they were exposed to formidable pressure from German industry. Alsatian manufacturers were being tempted to sell old-established undertakings for high prices to German or German-Jewish firms which "developed" them at breakneck speed, debased the quality of their output and invested

annually every penny of profit in further extensions of plant. This process of frenzied industrial expansion was then going on all over Germany — as I found at the beginning of January, 1912, when, at the request of the *Times* I visited the whole of Southern Germany on the eve of the General Election to the Reichstag. Though I had watched German affairs from Vienna for nine years, I had not studied Germany on the spot since leaving Berlin at the end of 1896; and the effect of my investigations at Frankfort, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Munich and other centres, in January, 1912, was to convince me of two things:

(1) That it would be a matter of industrial and financial life and death for Germany to secure, before they should lapse in 1915, the renewal of her commercial treaties on terms not less favourable than those she had extorted from Russia in 1904 as the price of her sympathy during the Russo-Japanese War and had thereafter imposed upon other countries; and

(2) That, despite the strong current of discontent with Prussian Conservatism in Southern Germany and in a large part of Prussia, hatred of England was even fiercer than it had been during the Boer War.

This feeling of hatred varied between what one German Liberal called a "permanent paroxysm of rage against the English nation" among the Prussian aristocracy, and what a leading Socialist described as a "mania of persecution by England" amongst the middle classes. As I wrote in *The Times* of January 11th:

> The interests that make for armaments are too powerful and affect quarters too exalted for any notable slackening of the pace to be feasible. The impending elections will yield a strong majority for armaments and would certainly have yielded a majority almost equally strong had there been no Morocco crisis and no Mansion House speech.

And, in referring to the attitude of the German Socialists, who were to secure 4,000,000 votes and one third of the seats in Parliament at the General Election, I added:

Strong as is the anti-Conservative tendency of the present campaign, no sign of unconditional hostility to armaments is noticeable; the old Socialist cry: "Not a man! Not a penny!" for the army, no longer resounds; and, next to the certainty of Socialist successes at the polls, lies the almost equal certainty that, in the new Reichstag, there will be a considerable majority for armaments.

This prediction was speedily fulfilled. Bills to increase the German Army and Navy were promptly introduced and, a year later, the Reichstag voted a special levy of £50,000,000 for military purposes. Thus, in Germany at least, the writing on the wall was plain for all to read.

THE AUSTRIAN WAR PARTY

Though less plain in Austria-Hungary, it was growing clearer month by month. The death of Aehrenthal removed a stumbling block from the path of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, General Conrad von Hoetzendorf and the War Party which they led. Even had Aehrenthal's successor, Count Berchtold, possessed Aehrenthal's obstinacy instead of being merely a weak and wealthy Austro-Hungarian magnate of irreproachable manners and leisurely temperament, he would have been no match for the forces which his predecessor had thwarted but could not control. Austro-Hungarian naval and military preparations were pushed forward with determination. They met with some resistance in Hungary where, however, a belief that the Heir Presumptive was determined once for all to break Magyar opposition, and a public threat on the part of the Emperor to abdicate in favour of Francis Ferdinand, ended by inducing Count Tisza to accept the presidency of the Hungarian Chamber and to force through a Bill raising by one third the annual levy of first-line recruits. Undeterred by the attempt of a Jewish deputy to shoot him in the Chamber — and by the almost simultaneous attempt of a Bosnian law student at Agram to shoot M. de Cuvaj, the High Commissioner who was ruling Croatia as a Dictator on behalf of Hungary — Count Tisza gradually regained complete ascendancy over Hungarian political life. By securing Hun-

garian assent to an increase of the army he hoped at once to strengthen the position of the Monarchy and to appease the Archduke Francis Ferdinand whose emissaries were fomenting the discontent of the non-Magyar peoples of Hungary.

THE "SOKOLS"

These peoples — especially the Slovaks, the Southern Slavs, and the Rumanes of Transylvania — whom the Coalition Government, in which Counts Apponyi, Andrássy, and M. Francis Kossuth held sway, had misgoverned and oppressed from 1906 to 1910 — were not alone in their dissatisfaction. Among the Slavs of Austria and of the Balkans feeling ran quite as high. The "Sokol" or Slav movement for physical culture which had been started in Bohemia fifty years before and had gradually extended thence throughout the Slav world, received a strong impetus from the humiliation which Russia and the Slavs had suffered at the hands of Germany during the annexation crisis of 1908–09. At the end of June, 1912, an immense "Sokol" Jubilee Festival was held at Prague, the home of the movement. Thirty-five thousand uniformed "Sokols" from all Slav lands gathered in the Bohemian capital and offered, by their physical "fitness" and by the rhythmic beauty of their athletic drill, an incomparable spectacle. It moved me to say to Dr. Kramarzh, the Young Czech leader, "These are not gymnasts; they are an army." "Yes," he answered; "with proper weapons they would count in a European war." Next day, when the whole 35,000 gathered in the ancient square before the Prague Municipality, they spontaneously sang the "Hei Slovane" — a stirring air which had become a kind of inter-Slav hymn. The vigour and harmony of the singing were overwhelming. Turning to Professor Masaryk, who was by my side, I expressed amazement. He replied, characteristically, "Yes, it is stupendous, but I wish our Czechs would sing words less jingo. The Poles sing 'Poland is not yet lost' to the same air and the other Slav peoples sing other words, but our people sing, as you know, 'Thunder and lightning, Thunder and lightning,

the Russians are with us, and those who withstand them, the French will sweep away.' That is not quite the right spirit for a national revival." Right or not, the spirit was there and, as the sequel will show, the impression it made upon me yielded results not unimportant during the Great War.

THE BALKAN LEAGUE

In a sense, the Sokol Festival at Prague was symbolical of a movement then maturing in the Balkans. The presence, at a joint Slav celebration, of "Sokol" contingents from Serbia, Bulgaria and Macedonia, typified a desire for union against Turkey which had begun to be felt in 1911. How far a knowledge of this movement stimulated Austro-Hungarian armaments and the oppression of the Hungarian Southern Slavs, can only be surmised. The policy of forcible "Turkification" of the Balkan Christians which the Young Turk "Committee for Union and Progress" had adopted in 1910 — partly under the influence of an "Introduction to the History of Asia" which had been written in 1894 by my old friend Léon Cahun, Librarian of the Mazarin Library in Paris — had provoked sanguinary revolts among the Christian Albanians in 1910 and 1911 and had aroused resentment throughout the Balkans. My famous colleague, Mr. J. D. Bourchier, correspondent of *The Times* in the Balkans, had long urged Balkan Governments to come to terms with each other; and early in 1911, he had been commissioned by M. Geshoff, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, to discuss the possibility of a Bulgaro-Greek alliance with the Greek Prime Minister, M. Venizelos. Bourchier, with whom I had long worked in close accord, let me know that important negotiations were afoot; and from Athens, where he and M. Venizelos prepared a draft Treaty, he sent me the draft under seal with a request that I arrange for it to reach M. Geshoff without allowing the Bulgarian Minister in Vienna or any one else to know what it was. This was no easy matter. I could not take the draft to Sofia without arousing suspicion, nor could I risk sending it by an ordinary messenger. Neither, for the same reason,

was it possible to use any of the European diplomatic bags. Fortunately the Bulgarian Minister in Vienna knew that I was on friendly terms with M. Geshoff, who invariably spent some hours with me when he passed through Vienna; and by mingled pressure and persuasion I induced the Minister to send a special courier to Sofia without divulging the nature of the missive. Thus it reached Geshoff safely in April, 1911; but not until May 29, 1912, when the Italo-Turkish war had been going on for seven months, was the Treaty actually signed, a Serbo-Bulgarian Alliance having been concluded in the meantime. Ultimately Montenegro joined the Balkan League thus formed, and a potent instrument was created against further "Turkification" of the Balkan Christians.

THE FIRST BALKAN WAR

The Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, heard of the existence of the League in the early summer of 1912 and informed the German Imperial Chancellor; but neither Austria-Hungary nor Germany took steps to upset it. Towards the middle of August, Berchtold proposed, indeed, to the Great Powers that they should exchange views on the Balkan question with the object of encouraging the Turks, on the one hand, to decentralize their administration, and of persuading the Balkan peoples, on the other, not to insist upon demands incompatible with the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire. But the proposal came to nothing and was probably intended as a blind. In reality Austria-Hungary welcomed the prospect of a Balkan war in which the Turks were expected to smash Greece and, particularly, Serbia, however successful the Bulgarians might be. Faith in the military superiority of the Bulgarians was as strong in the Austro-Hungarian General Staff as contempt for the Serbians; and Conrad von Hoetzendorf repeatedly scouted warnings that the Serbian Army, with its equipment of French artillery, might prove formidable. But neither he nor any Austro-Hungarian Staff officer of my acquaintance could answer the question why the Serbians of Serbia should be bad fighters

seeing that their fellow Southern Slavs, the Serbs and Croats of Austria-Hungary, had for centuries been the sturdiest defenders of the Hapsburg Monarchy.

Therefore, when King Nicholas of Montenegro broke loose in October, 1912, and made war on Turkey without waiting for his Allies — the cause of his haste being his desire to make money by "bearing" the stock markets in Vienna and elsewhere — the Austro-Hungarian authorities gave themselves up to pleasant anticipations. They had crammed Bosnia-Herzegovina with troops and ordered a partial mobilization in Croatia-Slavonia and southern Hungary in readiness to "protect" Serbia, by a military occupation, against the hypothetically victorious Turks. The Bulgarian victories at Kirk-Kilissé and, subsequently, at Lulé-Burgas were accepted with satisfaction — but Vienna and Budapest alike were filled with rage and apprehension at the news that the despised Serbians had routed the Turks at Kumanovo and Monastir and that 50,000 Serbians had gone to help Bulgaria in the siege of Adrianople. It was as though the Hapsburg Monarchy had received a mortal wound. In a private report to *The Times* on November 16, 1912, I wrote:

The fundamental fact about the present situation is that Austria-Hungary is squeezed, as in a vice, between the Balkan States and Russia, and that she cannot move without risking her very existence . . . . I hear conflicting accounts of the military readiness of Russia and think the truth is that, while not absolutely ready for war, Russia is in an incomparably better position than she was in 1909 and that the Tsar will not swallow another humiliation like that which ended the annexation crisis. The Tsar said a fortnight ago to Michael Suvorin of the *Novoe Vremya* that he would never forget or forgive that humiliation. Hitherto, in this crisis, Russia has scored very heavily off Austria-Hungary and has almost "got level" with her for the sharp practice of Aehrenthal in 1908. But she should not praise the day before evening; and much tact will be necessary if Russia and the Balkan League are to win the impending diplomatic battle without giving Austria-Hungary a chance to score a point or two.

A LIVING FORGERY

In its alarm, Austro-Hungarian diplomacy had recourse to a fabrication. Just as the Friedjung documents were forged in the Austro-Hungarian Legation at Belgrade as a pretext for an Austro-Hungarian attack on Serbia during the annexation crisis of 1908–09, so, late in November, 1912, the officials of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office whom Aehrenthal had bequeathed to Berchtold, invented reports that M. Prochaska, the Austro-Hungarian Consul at Prizrend in Albania, had been imprisoned, tortured and mutilated by the Serbians. For weeks Europe rang with lurid stories of the indignities suffered by the unfortunate Prochaska, who was alleged to be kept in strict confinement if, indeed, he had not been murdered. An Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia was actually in course of preparation when military stirrings on the Russian frontier caused the Viennese War Party to hesitate. It became necessary strongly to reinforce the Austrian garrisons in Galicia and to take counsel of Germany. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand met the Emperor William and was advised by him to be prudent. Germany was not yet ready. Simultaneously, Italy who had suddenly made peace with Turkey, was pressed to renew the Triple Alliance, eighteen months before the date of its expiration. It was renewed on December 5th, after a declaration by the German Imperial Chancellor on December 2nd, that, "if the Allies of Germany should be attacked from a third quarter when giving effect to their interests and should thus find their existence menaced, we, in loyalty to our duty as Allies, should have to take our stand firmly and decidedly by their side." The Austro-Hungarian War Party, of which Count Berchtold had become a mere tool, kept the Prochaska agitation alive and warned Serbia that on no account would her troops be allowed to march beyond Prizrend in the direction of the Adriatic — a warning which Serbia ignored. But towards the end of December the truth leaked out. Consul Prochaska had suffered no indignities and still less mutilation. The

Serbians had merely forbidden him to communicate with the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office in cipher because of his attempts to stir up the Albanians against them. In fact, he was a living forgery. Nevertheless, the War Party announced that Austro-Hungarian warships would bombard the Serbian forces if, in their march toward the sea, they should occupy Durazzo or any other point of the Adriatic coast; and when the Serbians occupied Durazzo after a terrible crossing of the Albanian mountains, the peace of Europe seemed to hang by a thread.

A PROPHECY

So grave was the outlook that I sent an urgent private warning to London that, if the Serbians were bombarded at Durazzo, England must get ready to land troops on the Continent within ten days; and that in order to forestall such a contingency strong diplomatic representations should at once be made to all concerned. In reply, I received from an influential British quarter an expression of horror at the idea of England being involved in European complications over a subordinate Adriatic question. "How are people in England, and still more in the oversea Dominions," it ran, "to be made to understand that we can possibly have any interest in the destiny of this or that Albanian village of whose very existence most of us were, until yesterday, unaware? We can only fight for clearly defined British Imperial interests."

My answer was simple. I explained that bombardment of the Serbians would immediately bring on an Austro-Russian war which would entail a Russo-German and a Franco-German war, with the result that, within ten days, a German army might seize the mouths of the Scheldt and even Calais with a view to their conversion into anti-British naval bases. Would these developments, I asked, affect no clearly defined British Imperial interests?

My correspondent admitted that I had "put the question in a nutshell," but added that hardly a soul in England had any notion that the consequences of an Austro-Serbian con-

flict might be so grave; which merely showed that people in England were living in a fool's paradise.

Yet, at that moment, Germany was convinced that England would take part, without hesitation, in a European war should it break out. Count Henry Lützow, formerly Under-Secretary of State at the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office and afterwards Ambassador to the Quirinal, told me, in January, 1913, the result of a secret mission to Berlin from which he had just returned. The German Government had assured him that, in the event of a European war, England would stand firmly by France and Russia. "*England wird glatt marschieren*" (England will march without hesitation) was their expression. In communicating this news privately to London — whither Count Lützow was about to go on another secret mission — I added:

> Personally, I feel, for the first time since I came to Vienna, that the existence of the Monarchy is really in danger and that only an (apparently impossible) series of brilliant victories or a difficult and patient policy of peace and internal reconstruction can avert the danger.

THE SECOND BALKAN WAR

In the ensuing months, the danger waxed and waned by turns. Austria-Hungary mobilized nearly a million men, produced from the Skoda works at Pilsen new twelve-inch howitzers of unprecedented range and destructive power (guns of the type afterwards used by Germany to destroy the forts of Liége, placed General Conrad von Hoetzendorff once more at the head of the General Staff, prepared another increase in the peace footing of the army, and spent some £40,000,000 in preparation for war. In December, 1912, the Balkan belligerents had concluded an armistice, and their delegates had gone to London to negotiate peace; but, after six weeks' futile bickering, during which a revolution in Turkey placed Enver Bey at the head of affairs, the principal Balkan delegates left London and war was resumed. Adrianople was taken by the Bulgarian and Serbian forces, Scutari

by the Montenegrins and Serbians, and Janina by the Greeks. Tension between Austria-Hungary and Russia was relieved by an interchange of letters between the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Tsar; but, despite the efforts of a permanent Conference of Ambassadors under the chairmanship of Sir Edward Grey at the British Foreign Office, an Austro-Hungarian attack upon Montenegro and Serbia was not finally prevented until May 10th, 1913, when Montenegro agreed, under threat of expulsion by Austria-Hungary, to evacuate Scutari. The Balkan delegates then assembled again in London and were induced, by strong pressure from Sir Edward Grey, to sign a Treaty of Peace on May 30th.

Yet no sooner had they returned to their respective countries than war broke out between Bulgaria and Serbia. Austro-Hungarian intrigues had aggravated the rivalry between them; and despite a telegram from the Tsar, warning the Kings of Serbia and Bulgaria that whoever of them declared war upon the other would forfeit Russian sympathy, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who had concluded a secret convention with Austria-Hungary, attacked Serbia without warning in June. Joyful expectations that, this time, the Serbians would be utterly vanquished, revived in Vienna and Budapest; and initial reports of sweeping Bulgarian victories were received with enthusiasm. But authentic tidings that Serbia had again been victorious, and that the rout of Bulgaria had been completed by Greece from the south and by Rumania from the north, soon turned mirth to sadness and confidence to dismay.

A SINISTER OUTLOOK

At that moment, July, 1913, my work in Vienna came to a close. Never had I seen the Hapsburg Monarchy in so sorry a plight. It had to make a hard choice — either to attack Serbia in the near future at the risk of bringing on a European war, or to allow an aggrandized and strengthened Serbia to exercise a potent attraction upon the Austro-Hungarian Southern Slavs whom Serbian victories had elated. To this

dilemma a sinister complication was superadded by the illness of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Rumours that he was seriously unwell had spread during the spring. He had gone to recruit at Brioni, an island near Pola, in the Adriatic, whence I had received circumstantial accounts of his fits of ungovernable rage. Early in May the British Foreign Office had enquired confidentially of the Vienna Embassy about the Archduke's reported illness, and had hinted that it was believed to be incurable; but the Ambassador, Sir Fairfax Cartwright, had merely asked a formal question at the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office and had naturally been assured that the Archduke was quite well. On May 15th, however, Professor Masaryk called to tell me secretly, on the strength of information from friends who lived near the Archduke's castle of Konopisht in Bohemia, that Francis Ferdinand was suffering from general paralysis and that the malady was already so far advanced as to cause serious doubt whether he were sane. According to their account the Archduke was often terror-stricken and frequently fired a revolver in his rooms. On a Sunday morning he had caused a herd of deer to be driven together in one of the Imperial estates, had massacred some 200 of them with rifles and had ended by shooting a beater. Consequently, two Bohemian magnates by whom he had been invited to shoot capercailzie in their preserves, had suddenly withdrawn their invitations. The Archduke's lawyer, when called to Konopisht on some legal business, had been shown into a large unfurnished room where he found the Archduke sitting on the floor playing with his children. The Archduke motioned to the lawyer to sit likewise on the floor, and, on seeing him hesitate, flew into a violent passion, abused him roundly, and drove him from the castle. In the neighbourhood of Konopisht it was currently stated that several of the Archduke's manservants were, in reality, male nurses in livery.

Professor Masaryk's information reminded me of a hint I had received some years before of the real state of the Archduke's health; and, in view of the importance of the matter, I sought at once to verify it. I soon learned that in Court

circles he was believed to be "very ill," and that a visit he was to have paid to Berlin had been abandoned. Through an Austrian political friend I sounded the Prime Minister, Count Stürgkh, who answered, "the state of my information does not permit me to contest the accuracy of your information." If the Archduke were really ill, the Emperor's extraordinary patience with some of his violent outbursts — during one of which the Emperor had fainted — became easier to understand, and also the haste with which the marriage of the second Heir Presumptive, the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, with the Duchess Zita of Bourbon-Parma, had been arranged in the autumn of 1911. Should the Emperor die — he was then in his eighty-third year — the destinies of the Hapsburg Monarchy and the control of the Hapsburg Family Fund, on which most of the Archdukes and Archduchesses lived, seemed in danger of passing into the hands of an incipient madman with a morganatic wife and with children excluded from the order of succession. I learned also on good authority that some members of the Imperial family had consulted the Crown lawyers upon the possibility of preventing the Archduke Francis Ferdinand forthwith from succeeding to the Throne, but that they had been informed that neither Austrian Constitutional Law nor the Hapsburg Family Law sanctioned such a course, and that nothing short of a "palace revolution" could prevent him.

This information I communicated privately to *The Times* and also to the British Embassy. When, towards the middle of July, 1913, I left Vienna after a residence of more than ten and a half years, I felt that things in Austria-Hungary and in Europe were moving so swiftly toward a cataclysm that only a miracle could avert it. Had Italy accepted, in August, the suggestion of Austria-Hungary that she should join in a "defensive" war against Serbia, the cataclysm would have come at once. Her refusal postponed it for one year.

CHAPTER X

ON THE BRINK
1913–1914

TOO little attention has been paid to the refusal of Italy in August, 1913, to be enticed by Austria-Hungary into making war upon Serbia, for it is a main link in the chain of evidence that convicts Austria-Hungary and Germany of having deliberately brought on a conflict which was to involve them both in disaster. Once before, in the spring of 1913, Austria-Hungary had invited Italy to join her in expelling the Montenegrins and the Serbians from Scutari in Albania; and Signor Giolitti, the Italian Prime Minister, has recorded the disappointment of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Rome, M. de Mérey, when the Serbians withdrew from Scutari spontaneously on May 8th. But on August 9, 1913 — the day before the signature of the Peace of Bukarest which closed the Second Balkan War and definitely sanctioned the aggrandizement of Serbia and the possession of Salonica by Greece — the Italian Foreign Minister, the Marquis di San Giuliano, telegraphed to Signor Giolitti:

> Austria has informed us and Germany of her intention to take action against Serbia and defines such action as defensive, hoping to apply the *casus fœderis* of the Triple Alliance which I think inapplicable. I am seeking to concert with Germany efforts to prevent this Austrian action; but it may be necessary to declare frankly that we do not think it defensive and that, consequently, the *casus fœderis* does not, in our opinion, exist.

To this telegram Giolitti replied:

> If Austria attacks Serbia it is evident that there is no *casus fœderis*. It would be action on her own account, not defensive, because nobody thinks of attacking her. It is necessary to declare this to Austria in the most formal manner, and it is to be hoped

that Germany will take action to dissuade Austria from this most perilous adventure.

What advice Germany gave to Austria is not known. But had Italy, who was then involved in a dispute with Greece over the question of the Corfu Channel, been tempted to take part in a "defensive" war against Serbia, I think it probable that Germany would have joined her Allies or would, at least, have sought to prevent Russia from opposing them. This supposition is not altogether gratuitous. In April, 1913, I received a visit from an old friend, Sir Julius Blum, the Managing Director of the Austrian Creditanstalt, the largest Austrian financial institution, and the head of what was known as "the Rothschild group" of banks. Its connection with the Deutsche Bank and other big German banks was intimate. He asked me in confidence whether I believed a European war to be imminent; and when I said that I saw no reason for war, he replied, "You may be right, but we are very anxious. Germany has enquired through the German banks whether we are financially ready for war; and as we are holding a large number of foreign drafts and securities, she has advised all of us to convert them into gold as soon as possible."

I had never known Blum to be alarmist and he had frequently consulted me about difficult situations. His enquiry seemed the more important in view of a series of articles on financial mobilization for war which had recently been written — anonymously — for a German banking review by Dr. Walter Rathenau, the German economist and industrialist. If Blum were right, it was clear that the duration of peace might depend upon the time required by the German and Austrian banks to turn their foreign paper into gold.

"THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY"

On leaving Vienna towards the middle of July, 1913, I went for what I intended to be a holiday on the island of Lussin in the Adriatic near Pola. I hoped also to revise the manu-

script of a book upon Austria-Hungary which I had dictated at moments of leisure during the Balkan wars. So many writers, British and other, had asked my advice and help in making books upon the Dual Monarchy that I wished to record my own impressions of it and to reveal its hidden realities. When reviewing some of these books at the end of 1909 I had written:

> The book that shall render the Dual Monarchy readily intelligible to a foreign public is not yet, and may never be, written. Often enough the Monarchy is not intelligible even to its own most experienced and perspicacious citizens. Between the two poles of dynastic interest and popular welfare there lies such a maze of intermediate machinery, governed by traditions, individual and corporate rights, centrifugal and centripetal tendencies, that the most searching gaze is frequently baffled. And underlying, or overlying, all, is the truth which many feel but few understand — that in Austria-Hungary, with the exception of the Monarch and, possibly, of the Army, appearance differs from reality in a degree scarcely observable outside Oriental States. To describe the reality, or realities, would be a task worthy of a patient and fearless writer; but, after performing it, he might find it prudent to enjoy from afar the gratitude of those subjects of the Hapsburg Crown who would rejoice to hear a clear word said and a true tale told.

Had I not been certain of "enjoying from afar" the gratitude of my Austrian and Hungarian friends, I could not have written "The Hapsburg Monarchy." Its closing passages, which were to prove almost prophetic, were actually added after I had left Austria and had — at the request of *The Times* — cut short my stay at Lussin and taken ship from Trieste to Constantinople. In one of them I said:

> Should a European conflagration ever arise out of the numerous unsolved international issues in Europe or the Near East, the Monarchy might hope, in the event of victory, to obtain with German help a considerable slice of Russian territory. In the event of defeat, its existence, like that of the German Empire in its present form, might be endangered. But catastrophic hypotheses are best left out of account in these days of intertwined interests and of armies so colossal that defeat could hardly fail to be attended by revolutions fatal to thrones and to the existing social order; and calm consideration of the complicated factors involved leads

rather to the conclusion that the Hapsburg Monarchy has but one sure way of escape from its difficulties into a more prosperous and tranquil future — a way of evolution, gradual or rapid, as circumstances may permit, towards a form of internal organization better adapted than the Dual System to the permanent needs of its peoples. . . . If the Hapsburg Dynasty is to retain the power it has hitherto wielded and, while remaining indispensable to its own peoples, to become a centre of attraction and a symbol of good government to peoples outside its dominions, it must rise superior to the lower expediency represented by the line of least resistance and comprehend the perennial efficacy of the higher expediency represented by the principle of Justice.

In writing thus I had little hope that the Hapsburgs would ever comprehend the "higher expediency" of Justice or, indeed, that they would have the vision and the courage to prepare a situation in which they could rid themselves of the Dual System that kept them in servitude to Germany. But I had the satisfaction of seeing those who knew Austria recognize the general accuracy of my diagnosis; and none of the published opinions upon "The Hapsburg Monarchy" gave me as much satisfaction as that signed by Professor Ottokar Weber, of the German University of Prague, in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of April 5, 1914:

Steed has observed keenly, has studied also the previous history of Austria, and, as a result of his studies, observations and research, he gives us this book which can be described as one of the wisest ever written on Austria. Without party or race prejudice, he judges clearly the complicated conditions of our Fatherland.

This judgment, written in a leading German-Jewish organ, by a competent Austrian German whom I did not know, was ampler recompense than I could have expected for my effort to make Austria-Hungary known to the outside world and to the peoples of the Monarchy itself; and the keen demand for my book in Germany, Austria, Hungary and the Balkans showed that I had underestimated the "gratitude" that would be felt for "a clear word and a true tale."

CONSTANTINOPLE

I found Turkey in a confident mood. The smashing of Bulgaria by Serbia, Greece and Rumania in the second Balkan War, and their imposition of a rigorous peace upon her at the Peace Conference of Bukarest, emboldened the Turks to insist on retaining far more European territory than they could have hoped to hold after their overthrow in the first Balkan War. Encouraged also by the differences between the Great Powers, they succeeded in obliging Bulgaria to accept as her eastern frontier the line of the river Maritza and to evacuate Adrianople, thus accentuating the grievances and the soreness of the Bulgarians at their fall from the high estate they had attained at the end of the first Balkan War. Yet the Bulgarians had chiefly themselves and their immoderation to blame. They had aspired to the mastery of the Balkans and had actually sought to secure outlets to four seas — the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, the Ægean, and the Adriatic. Though I saw much of the Bulgarian peace negotiators at Constantinople in those days, few of them were disposed to admit that the misfortunes of their country were due in part to its rapacity and in part to the duplicity of its vulpine ruler, King Ferdinand, who had lent a ready ear to interested suggestions from Vienna. The only Bulgarian of truly statesmanlike vision was the venerable Exarch, Mgr. Joseph, head of the Bulgarian Church, who had even better reason than his fellow countrymen to resent the fate that had befallen them. The realization of Bulgarian dreams of national unity by the first Balkan War had been principally due to the patient work he had done during forty years. It had been destroyed in a night; yet not a word of recrimination against Greece, Serbia, or even Rumania, escaped his lips. Though well over eighty years of age when I saw him, he was determined to leave Constantinople for Sofia in order to teach the Bulgarian people that their misfortunes were a result of moral delinquency. "Nothing save the condign punishment of the criminals who are truly responsible for the national disaster," he said, "can educate our people to

an understanding of the truth that trickery is reprehensible, however profitable it may promise to be; and I intend to devote the remaining years of my life to the exposure and punishment of the delinquents, no matter how exalted their positions."

TALAAT

In this task he failed. King Ferdinand, the chief culprit, outlived him and was destined to lead his country into yet greater disaster. Meanwhile the Turks, among whom the influence of the — largely Jewish — Committee of Union and Progress was still powerful, were accentuating the "national" policy which had provoked the first Balkan War and were dreaming at once pan-Islamic and "New Turanian" dreams. Many of the Young Turkish leaders I knew already. Talaat, Minister of the Interior and afterwards Grand Vizir, I had met in Paris in 1909. Others had visited me in Vienna. Upon Talaat I called soon after reaching Constantinople. He received me with almost affectionate cordiality and began at once a magniloquent dissertation upon high politics.

"I am glad you have come," he said. "You will now be able to see how much we have been maligned. In England, people seem to think that we wish to control India. That is quite false. We do not intend to turn the English out of India. All we desire is to maintain close relations of friendship and of culture — the word "culture" sounded strange in the mouth of this ignorant, semi-gipsy ex-postal official — with the Mussulman peoples of India; and if the British Government treats us as friends there is no reason why trouble should arise."

"Talaat, my friend," I answered, "let me give you a piece of advice. You do not seem to know much about Englishmen. They are very strange creatures. In the belly of each one of them sleeps a small beast with powerful jaws. It is best to let it sleep, for, if you and your fellows play the fool, it will wake and bite your Empire to bits."

We had more discourse of this amiable sort and parted on

the best of terms. Next morning Djemal Bey, afterwards Djemal Pasha, called upon me. He was then military Governor of Constantinople and was always escorted by an armed bodyguard, or Fedais who, on occasion, also did duty as assassins. "I have heard," he said, "that you had yesterday an important conversation with Talaat. Would you repeat it to me?"

I repeated it; and Djemal gently said that Talaat was too ignorant to know what he was talking about. "We do not wish to have trouble with the British Empire," he added, "but it would be very kind of you to tell our people frankly, while you are in Constantinople, more about the situation."

I found Djemal very attractive. His obvious villany was redeemed in part by his quick intelligence; and his knowledge was far wider than that of most Young Turks. Though he had been implicated in more than one political murder and a cruel flash in his eye showed he could be pitiless towards opponents, there was an elegant suavity about him that made him pleasant company. He had, moreover, like many Turks, a strong sense of humour. Among the distinguished blackguards of my acquaintance I have always remembered him as the most agreeable.

Less agreeable but equally interesting was Emmanuel Carasso effendi, the Salonica Jew who had helped to dethrone the Sultan Abdul Hamid. He looked like an efficient and ruthless brigand, a bold buccaneer, frank and fearless. Though he and his fellows of the Salonica Committee for Union and Progress had been responsible for the atrocious policy of "Turkification" which had led to the formation of the Balkan League and to the Balkan wars, their power was apparently still as great as their information was prompt and accurate. Carasso knew even then, September, 1913, of the Austrian attempt to make war upon Serbia a month before, and, as he explained to one of my friends, he was convinced that though the big war had not quite "come off" that time, it would come before long and that Turkey would then have her chance. One Sunday, in September, I was at Prinkipo in the company of Carasso's cousin, Maître Salem, a Salonica

Jew who had become, under Young Turk auspices, the leading lawyer of Constantinople. When not gambling at the Casino, Carasso joined our party and talked freely. Answering the question what he and his like were going to do with Turkey he said:

"Have you ever seen a baker knead dough? When you think of us and Turkey you must think of a baker and of his dough. We are the bakers and Turkey is the dough. The baker pulls it and pushes it, bangs it and slaps it, pounds it with his fists until he gets it to the right consistency for baking. That is what we are doing. We have had one revolution, then a counter-revolution, then another revolution and we shall probably have several more until we have got the dough just right. Then we shall bake it and feed upon it."

Carasso's nephew, who was manager of a bank, looked at his uncle in terrified amazement. "What is to become of business with all these revolutions?" he asked.

Carasso patted him affectionately on the head and replied, "Don't worry, my boy. Things will come out all right."

Maître Salem, overhearing this conversation, turned to Carasso and said sharply, "What *are* you saying, Emmanuel?"

"Shut up, Salem," retorted Carasso. "What would *you* have been without the revolution? A pettyfogging little Salonica lawyer." And Salem held his peace.

This was the amiable prospect held out for Turkey by her Jewish guardians. Before I left Constantinople I had an opportunity of seeing the prospect from another angle. It was towards the end of Ramazan, the Moslem month of fasting — and Talaat, though an atheist, was wise enough to keep up appearances and not to smoke, eat or drink till after sundown. One evening, he invited me to dine with him at the Cercle d'Orient in Pera. I arrived punctually but found him already at table, "doing himself well." The other guests — they included his friend Hussein Djahid Bey, editor of the *Tanin*; Ismail Hakki Babanzadé, a Kurd, who was Minister of Education; and Haladjian effendi, an Armenian, Minister for Public Works — were more courteous or less

hungry. They had not yet begun to feed. Talaat, whose big chest and fat paunch were covered with an enormous napkin, explained between mouthfuls of caviare — he had just swallowed a pound of it — that he had been too ravenous to wait, and begged us all to follow his example. Two tumblers of raki (Oriental brandy) had already disappeared down his wide throat, and he was tackling a bottle of claret which he promptly emptied. Then, as he demolished course after course of excellent food, he fell upon the champagne, two quart bottles of which quickly foamed into his glass. While we ate and drank less efficiently, Talaat, at peace with the world and none the worse for the slight refreshment he had taken, discoursed picturesquely upon the future of the Ottoman Empire. Islam, he explained, was a great force. Its teachings were more valuable than many Young Turks had at first imagined. The difficulty was to reconcile Freedom and Progress with Islam. That had been and would be the Young Turkish task; and sympathetic and enlightened strangers — he bowed as elegantly as possible in my direction — might greatly assist in its accomplishment.

At this point one of the guests, who carried his liquor less lightly than Talaat, remarked that the regeneration of Turkey would have been easier had it not been for the abominable barbarism and cruelty of the Christian Balkan peoples, who were sadly deficient in culture.

"Doubtless," I observed humbly. "They have been five hundred years in the Ottoman school."

This was taken as a good joke. Then I said to Talaat, "It is very gratifying to hear your profession of faith in Islam. My ignorance of the Koran is profound; but what little I know of it makes me think that, like other Holy Books, it is susceptible of interpretation. You fellows have tried to marry the Goddess of Reason to Mahomet. That union is bound to be barren. The Ottoman Empire is a theocracy. If you try to run it on the principles of the French Revolution, with a dash of Freemasonry thrown in, you will wreck it and yourselves in the process. Why cannot you teach your ulemas [clergy] to interpret the Koran, and persuade the Sheikh-ul-

Islam to interpret the Sheri Law in a liberal sense, so as to get the sanction of religion for your reforms? Hitherto, you have pretended to be democratic and progressive and have really been nationalist and fanatical. That road may lead to destruction."

Talaat grinned and professed entire agreement with my views. Hussein Djahid also thought them sound but despaired of carrying out any policy of the kind. "What will happen if we fail?' he asked.

"You will probably all go smash and be shot or hanged," I said, cheerfully.

"You don't know the strength of our modern progressive ideas," broke in Haladjian effendi, the Armenian Minister of Public Works. "Look at our tramways. See what a fine Post Office we have built. We are putting in electric light everywhere. If you come back in a few years' time you will not recognize Constantinople. It will be brighter than Paris, midnight as light as mid-day."

"*Nuri Osmanié*" (the light of the Osmans), I answered, playing upon the name of the famous Constantinople Mosque; whereat the laughter turned against Haladjian.

Thus the evening wore on. As we parted, Talaat, replete and imperturbable, asked me to call on him again at the Sublime Porte before I left Constantinople as he wished still to say many things. When I called he was closeted with another amiable ruffian who had just been appointed Governor of Adrianople. Talaat introduced me to him, praised him highly and, when he had gone, presented me to a crippled Armenian, Vartkes effendi who, Talaat explained, had once saved his life and towards whom he felt as a brother. Another Armenian presently appeared and was treated by Talaat with every sign of affection. After all, I thought, there must be something good in this fat and jovial rascal who, with all his defects, certainly possessed good humour and courage. But my opinion was modified during the war when I learned that Talaat had caused Vartkes and the other Armenian to be murdered in cold blood, and that an Armenian reporter who had helped me in Constantinople and was on good terms with

Talaat had been deported to Asia Minor and chopped to pieces with hatchets — a fate even more merciful than that which Talaat prepared for hundreds of thousands of Armenian Christians, men, women and children. If ever a man deserved assassination, that man was my friend, His Excellency Talaat Pasha, sometime Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire, whom an Armenian presently shot dead in the streets of Berlin.

ENGLAND

From Constantinople I returned by sea to Marseilles and thence to London where, in November, 1913, I began work for *The Times* in an undefined capacity. Mr. Buckle, who had edited the paper for nearly a generation, had been succeeded, in August, 1912, by Mr. Geoffrey Robinson, a scholar of Eton and Oxford, formerly secretary to Lord Milner in South Africa and afterwards editor of the Johannesburg *Star*. Sir Valentine Chirol had retired at the beginning of 1912, leaving his duties to an assistant editor. Lord Northcliffe, who had originally suggested that I should take charge of the "European department" (which did not exist) seemed to have changed his mind. He told me that he had no notion what my abilities were and that I should have to travel a great deal. This, I afterwards discovered, was his characteristic way of preventing people from getting "swelled head." I replied that, after twenty-one years abroad, I wished to study England as I had studied foreign countries, that I should be glad to treat London as I had treated foreign capitals and to be, in fact, London correspondent of *The Times*. I said also that I knew a European war to be within measurable distance and that I intended to do my best to make English people understand the position. If *The Times* did not want me I would do the work elsewhere, but do it I would.

Therefore I accepted invitations to lecture in various places, including Cambridge and Oxford and the Royal Institution in London. In these lectures I showed how dangerous the European situation had been and still was, and more than once urged the need of supporting Lord Roberts's campaign

for National Service. At the Royal Institution on January 30, 1914, I referred to the correspondence in the autumn of 1912 (mentioned in a previous chapter) which had arisen out of my warning that, if Austria-Hungary bombarded the Serbians at Durazzo, England would need to land an army on the Continent within ten days; and asked:

> Why is it that British comprehension of foreign affairs should lag so far behind that of other countries? Why should the British Government be deprived of the strength that comes from the support of an awakened and well-informed public opinion? Why should our diplomatic action be hampered by the inability of our people to understand the bearings of issues that may drag us, willy-nilly, into a life-and-death struggle, whereas appreciation of the dangers involved might enable us to exercise our influence discerningly and in time? . . . The corner stone of diplomacy, as I conceive it, is living knowledge in the service of an ideal, a set and clearly understood purpose — not merely the knowledge contained in geographic manuals, in handbooks of International Law, in historical Treatises or in statistical annuals. The knowledge I refer to is that which places its possessors a day ahead rather than a day behind the times. If *gouverner c'est prévoir,* diplomacy *c'est savoir d'avance.*
>
> On returning to England after an absence of more than twenty-one years spent chiefly among the highly organized States of the Continent, I have been struck by nothing so much as by the ignorance, insularity and sleepy carelessness of the British nation. . . . True, our slumber is not tranquil. It is broken by uneasy memories of past "scares," of shrieks of "Wolf!" when no wolf appeared. The public to-day seems hardly to believe in the survival of "wolves," and professors of political zoölogy are ever ready with the soporific assurance that predatory animals are extinct or are, at worst, chained up with international chains of gold. But neither recurrent panic nor recurrent somnolence can do duty for a positive, conscious purpose. At the present moment, our nation seems to have no positive purpose, no ideal.

And, after explaining the position of Germany and the rise in Germany of a school of politicians and diplomatists who reasoned thus: "Bismarck was a great man; he was unscrupulous; therefore the unscrupulous are great," I added that the current belief in "interests," as a sufficient justification for all things, was as misleading as the advice of bankers and economists upon international affairs.

In point of fact there are few worse guides in foreign policy than international money-lenders. While nations are losing their moral impulses, they are piling up against each other the most terrific armaments the world has yet seen, and have, by thought and labour, attained a point of progress at which a battleship, stationed in mid-Channel, could effectively and simultaneously bombard both Calais and Dover, unless it were blown up by an invisible submarine from below or sunk by explosives dropped from an almost invisible aëroplane above. . . . I would not have it thought that small importance is to be attached to the possession of arms and to efficiency in their use. The doctrines known as "pacifism," and cognate apologies for national unreadiness based upon faith in the pure intentions of others, are, I believe, the surest pledge of disaster. . . . The problem we have to consider is what constitutes, in the modern world, effective force — and to what extent physical power is valueless without the coefficient of moral strength used in the light of knowledge. . . . Though I speak for myself alone, you will not, I think, refuse some weight to the testimony of a witness who has been obliged, for more than twenty-one years, continuously to observe the development of European affairs, if I declare it to be my profound conviction that no shrewd calculation of interests, no canny avoidance of moral responsibilities, avails to replace a sane ideal in the management of foreign affairs; and that if our nation is to come safely through the trials that may be in store for it, our people must again be taught a sound ideal — not, indeed, an ideal divorced from reason, but such as to inspire it and those who control its affairs with the belief that the thing chiefly needful is to know what is just and right, and to be ready and able to do it because it is just and right.

THE ZABERN TRIAL

Shortly before this lecture, or "discourse," which was incorporated in the proceedings of the Royal Institution, I had, by chance, received a pertinent reminder of the precarious quality of European peace. During December, 1913, I had been temporarily placed in charge of the foreign department of *The Times* — to which I was appointed permanently as "foreign editor" towards the middle of January, 1914 — and, at the New Year, I had gone to spend a short holiday with Paul Sabatier at Strasburg. But on arriving there I found that Colonel von Reuter, the officer commanding the garrison of Saverne, or Zabern, in Alsace, was about to be tried by a

military court for illegal treatment of the population. As this trial formed a sequel to the misdeeds of a young German officer, Lieutenant von Forstner, whose use of his sword against a crippled Alsatian cobbler had caused an outcry throughout Europe and even in Germany, I resolved to report it for *The Times*. Though the immediate issue was whether civil law or military caprice were supreme in Germany, behind it lay the question whether the behaviour of Colonel von Reuter and his staff officers at Saverne had not been intended to provoke France into making a protest on behalf of the Alsatians and thus to give Germany a pretext for war. Unluckily, I had gone to Strasburg without journalistic credentials, and had no title to claim admission to the space in court reserved for the press. Nor did I wish to attract attention by applying to the military or civil authorities. Count (now Prince) Wedel, the former Ambassador of Germany in Rome and Vienna with whom my relations had ceased at the time of the German Emperor's visit to Tangier in March, 1905, was then Statthalter, or Viceroy, of Alsace-Lorraine; and I had a shrewd suspicion that he would not approve of my presence in court were he aware of it. Nevertheless, I managed to persuade a well-disposed sergeant to admit me to the press box immediately behind the defendants. There I sat during the greater part of the five days' trial, my companions being local German journalists. As the bloom had not yet worn off my Viennese accent, they took me for an Austrian. I was careful also not to send telegrams direct to London but to Berlin, prefacing them by instructions in German that they should be forwarded to London by *The Times'* special wire. Thus my identity was not suspected until I left Strasburg, a few hours before judgment was given. With the exception of the Friedjung trial in December, 1909, which revealed Aehrenthal's methods, I had never attended judicial proceedings more enlightening than the trial of Colonel von Reuter. Not even the Leckert-von Lützow trial of December, 1896, in Berlin had seemed so pregnant. I sat just behind Colonel von Reuter himself, of whom I telegraphed a description that moved a London evening newspaper to produce an as-

tonishing likeness of him — "a tall, narrow-chested, small-headed man, with close-cropped grey hair, heavy moustache, small forehead, large nose, protruding cheek bones and large outstanding ears." He was accused of unwarranted assumption of police functions; of the incarceration of twenty-seven private individuals in a cellar without food for a whole night; and of violation of the clauses of the military penal code thereto referring. One of his officers, Lieutenant Schad, a mere boy, was also charged with the unjustified arrest of civilians, with having inflicted bodily coercion by punching a civilian's head and with repeated violation of civilian domiciles.

The scene in court would have stimulated the dullest imagination. In the place of civilian judges sat a brilliant crescent of senior officers of all arms, ensconced behind a hedge of spiked helmets. Before the privileged spectators in the back of the court stood a double row of infantry and their officers. One hundred and five witnesses were summoned and admonished to tell nothing but the truth, one batch of them being officially designated as "the seven-and-twenty from the cellar." In self-justification, Colonel von Reuter made a statement which ended by the declaration, defiantly delivered in a tone of command, "I acted according to Law and Right, Duty and Conscience — and I may add that, in like circumstances, I should not in future act otherwise."

How he had acted appeared from his own evidence. He had been annoyed by the civilian judicial authorities who had actually acquitted civilians after a street scuffle between them and soldiers. Hence he had demanded that the police should protect the soldiers rather than the civilians. He had instructed the soldiers to use their weapons so energetically that there might be no difficulty in establishing the identity of civilians with whom they might have trouble. He had, indeed, been too patient. Crowds had collected in the streets and had whooped like Red Indians. He had ordered Lieutenant Schad with a squad of men to "fetch" some of these rowdies, but the police had afterwards liberated them. He felt he was being made a fool of and was determined to stand

no nonsense. As to the question whether he had exceeded his functions, he said, "I am a Prussian officer. I command Prussian troops and I execute the orders of my King." It was true that he had said it would be good if blood were shed, because it was a question not only of protecting military prestige but of restoring a sense of government authority. He had also ordered machine-guns to be prepared for action. Though the police had maintained that it was impossible to prevent people from walking about in the streets, he had insisted that they must be driven away and had given orders that, if civilians stood about and laughed, the troops should open fire.

From the evidence of Lieutenant Schad — who "rowed" the court as though it were an awkward squad of recruits — it appeared that the whole "crowd" at Saverne, including women and children, had numbered between fifty and eighty persons. He was not certain that the crowd had hooted; but five school children had cheered ironically when a patrol arrested a workman in the street. These children Lieutenant Schad had dispersed with his drawn sword. He had arrested several civilians whom he suspected of having laughed at the soldiers. He had not seen them laugh but he suspected it; and, he added in a tone of command, "him whom I suspect of laughing, I arrest." It was necessary to make people understand the gravity of the situation. One man whom he wished to arrest had even run away. His flight was evidence of guilt. As to his action in arresting the judges of the Civil Tribunal, the judges had remained standing in the streets after orders had been given that people should move on. One judge had said to him, "I take no orders from you." That judge was, of course, arrested. On the charge that he had punched a civilian's head, Lieutenant Schad explained that, as an officer, he stood too high above the people to come to fisticuffs with them in the streets. Wherever he suspected people of laughing he had them arrested; and, if he broke into houses, it was in order to catch them in the act of laughing.

Despite the testimony of an old police sergeant who had

been stationed for thirty years at Saverne and declared that there had been no trouble until the military grew excited, prepared machine-guns and rushed about the town with fixed bayonets, Colonel von Reuter and Lieutenant von Schad were, of course, acquitted. The Alsatians received the verdict with the utmost indifference. It was merely one more illustration of the character of Prussian rule. As I wrote in *The Times* of January 12, 1914:

> In Prussia the army is supreme and, through Prussia, the army rules Germany. This is the first lesson of the trial for those who lightly imagine the German Empire to be even as other States. Another lesson is the fragility of a European peace that may depend upon the escapades of a boy Lieutenant in an Alsatian town. The trial established the extreme probability that, but for the ludicrous accident of the arrest of civilian judges by Lieutenant Schad, machine-guns would have come into play against the laughing "crowd" at Saverne. How French public opinion would have taken a massacre of Alsatians is a delicate question, not to be answered offhand, notwithstanding the self-control and reticence displayed by the French press. The Alsatians are among the most pacifically minded peoples in Europe. . . . What little progress may have been made since the annexation toward a *rapprochement* between the Alsatian and the South German — not the Prussian — standpoint has been undone by the Saverne incidents. Henceforth the Alsatians will trust alone to the inherent justice of their cause.

GERMAN ACTIVITIES IN LONDON

Though I left Strasburg before my identity with the "Special Correspondent of *The Times*" had been detected, my despatches had made so much noise in London that the secret soon leaked out. One result was that the Counsellor of the German Embassy, Herr von Kühlmann, took steps to make my acquaintance; while the German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, asked Mr. John Walter, the second largest proprietor of *The Times*, to present me to him. Herr von Kühlmann I found to be a very interesting type of the superficially jovial, cynically friendly, and wholeheartedly intriguing German diplomatist. He and his colleague, Herr von Schubert, were the real German Embassy, the Ambassador

being an amiable and comparatively straightforward, not undistinguished figurehead. Kühlmann proceeded, with more haste than subtlety, to "rope me in"; and I submitted to the process with open eyes and some amusement. Incidentally, it helped me to discover how many of the more important British journalists were already in Kühlmann's net and to guess the origin of many an apparently innocent but really envenomed criticism of France in English newspapers. Kühlmann, I think, was much too shrewd to trust me; and I certainly distrusted him, though we fenced with each other smilingly and maintained courteous relations. Prince Lichnowsky, on the other hand, struck me as a well-meaning man. The version of his appointment to London which was current in Vienna before I left — that he had been chosen to succeed Baron Marschall von Bieberstein in order that he might throw, more or less unconsciously, dust in the eyes of the British Government — did not appear less credible after I had met him; nor were his wits so acute as to warrant belief that he would have been chosen as an expert in dissimulation. He began his first conversation with me, in March, 1914, by saying:

"There is one thing of which I hope you will do your utmost to persuade the British public — the policy of Germany is entirely peaceful. The idea that a war can ever again break out in Europe is so nonsensical that only madmen can entertain it. I am sure you agree with me that the era of European wars is past and gone. Commercial relations between great peoples are so intricate and intimate that they would, by themselves, prevent hostilities, even should any Government dream of them."

"Doubtless, your Excellency," I answered. "That is as true to-day as when our philosopher, Herbert Spencer, wrote it, in much the same words, towards 1867."

"I did not know Herbert Spencer had said that," replied Lichnowsky; "but how does it bear on the present situation?"

"After 1867 came 1870," I observed.

The Ambassador snorted and turned away. But despite this inauspicious beginning, he invited me more than once to dine at the German Embassy, and I called upon him at in-

tervals. Yet a blight fell upon our relations after a piece of wickedness of which he suspected me, not altogether without reason, of being guilty.

A CRITICAL ANNIVERSARY

During the winter of 1912–13, while Sir Edward Grey was presiding with dignity and impartiality over the conference of the European Ambassadors at the Foreign Office, active negotiations had been going on for an Anglo-German agreement in regard to the Baghdad railway. Simultaneously with these negotiations, which had been brought to a successful and, for British interests, by no means an innocuous conclusion, other negotiations had been pursued for the amendment of an old Anglo-German arrangement in regard to the Portuguese colonies. In 1898, the Salisbury-Balfour-Chamberlain administration had accepted a German suggestion that, should Portugal ever wish to dispose of her Colonies, Great Britain and Germany should acquire them in proportions to be determined. On these lines, a treaty was concluded with Germany by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury being unwell and absent from England at the time. When he heard of it, he denounced it as disloyal towards Portugal, England's oldest ally, inasmuch as it put a premium on German intrigues to force Portugal to sell her Colonies; and he made with Portugal a treaty known as the Treaty of Windsor, which engaged England to protect her and her possessions. But the equipoise of the Balfour-Chamberlain arrangement with Germany was upset by the discovery that Holland had long possessed the right of preëmption over the Portuguese half of the Island of Timor in the Dutch East Indies, the other half of which belonged to the Dutch. Thus the arrangement remained in abeyance until, in the course of 1912, Germany suggested that it should be amended; and the British Government ultimately went so far as to initial an amended treaty in the summer of 1913. But when Germany began to press for the signing of a formal treaty, Sir Edward Grey declared that he would sign no treaty unless it were submitted to Parliament and

published simultaneously with the Treaty of Windsor. Though Prince Lichnowsky recommended the German Foreign Office to accept these conditions, Germany feared publicity and refused. Consequently, the matter was again dropped, until the very eve of the war. The Germans did not understand that, while Sir Edward Grey felt bound to honour engagements into which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain had unwisely entered, he was equally determined not to be disloyal towards Portugal; and that what seemed to them insincerity was, in reality, the pursuit of two concurrent, though eventually incompatible, honesties.

I learned of these Anglo-German negotiations by chance. In May, 1914, the King and Queen of England were to pay their visit of accession to Paris. Owing, in part, to German intrigues, the temperature of the Anglo-French Entente had fallen perceptibly, and it was not certain that King George and Queen Mary would find in the French capital a cordial reception. Feeling that something ought to be done to warm the atmosphere, I thought that, in connection with the tenth anniversary of the Entente on April 8, 1914, it would be well if some prominent non-political Frenchman would frankly review in *The Times* the working of the Entente and suggest improvements. To this, I imagined, either Mr. Balfour, who had been Prime Minister, or Lord Lansdowne, who had been Foreign Secretary when the Entente was concluded, might reply; and, in the discussion which would follow, misunderstandings might be cleared up and the atmosphere prepared for the King's visit.

Before taking definite steps I sounded both the Foreign Office and some dignitaries at Court, and in both quarters received strong encouragement. Therefore I communicated with the eminent French historian, Professor Ernest Lavisse, perpetual Secretary to the French Academy, and asked him to write to *The Times*, in the form of a letter, the frank review I had in mind. He assented in principle but asked me in turn to prepare in French a draft of the kind of letter I wanted, and to bring it to him in Paris. It might then be combined with a draft he would prepare, and be published, provided

that the final version should receive the assent of M. Poincaré, President of the Republic. When I had written my draft — not without trepidation — and was about to start for Paris, I was dismayed to learn, from a well-informed source, that a private message had just come unofficially from Paris to say that, should the conclusion of the Anglo-German agreement about the Portuguese Colonies be divulged in London or in Berlin before or during the King's visit, the French Government might not be able to guarantee the cordiality of the King's reception. I enquired at once into the nature of this agreement, the very existence of which had been unknown to me, and found, to my relief, that, at the request of Germany, the question of signing the Treaty had been shelved. On reaching Paris I ascertained that the private message sent to London had not been an exaggeration; and it was only after I had assured M. Lavisse that the Treaty was unlikely to be signed, that he consented to proceed. When the final draft was ready, we went together to submit the result to the President of the Republic who sanctioned its publication.

I had not before met M. Poincaré who, though personally amiable, appeared nettled by what he believed to be the sale of battleships to Italy by a British shipbuilding firm, and claimed that this would seriously upset the balance of naval forces in the Mediterranean. Before leaving London, I had investigated the truth of this reported sale, of which there had been some criticisms in the French press, and had found the story to be false. M. Poincaré nevertheless maintained his belief in it with so much vigour that I pressed him to tell me the source of his information.

"Our source is unexceptionable," he replied. "We have intercepted a telegram announcing the sale."

"Are you sure the telegram did not come from a German source?" I asked.

"It was from a German source," he replied.

"Then," I asked, "may it not have been sent on purpose to mislead you and to create bad blood between you and us, and between you and Italy? Bismarck constantly did things like that."

M. Poincaré admitted that this possibility had not occurred to him.

The Lavisse letter served to test the state of English public opinion. It defined, with the lucidity peculiar to great French historians, the respective positions of Germany and of England and France. Its main passages ran:

> France is evidently more exposed than England to the perils of the great conflict that is always possible. Upon our open frontier the enormous German force presses and grows. Our honour, our independence, our life are at stake. France, the whole of France, knows it; and our national spirit rises to the height of our danger.
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> But England, for her part, well knows that, were she to ignore so great a fact as the coming of German force into the world, she would compromise her whole future. Germany, having attained in a few years the rank of so great a Power, after centuries of weakness and wretchedness in which her virtues and vigour decayed, demands in the world the place to which she declares herself entitled by reason of her strength; for, placing a hyphen between the two words "Might" and 'Right," she makes of them one word expressive of a single and indivisible idea. . . . Thus we may answer the question — to which of our two countries is the Entente of greater value? — It is as useful to England as to France; the community of interests seals the union prepared by the community of feeling. Interests form the positive sanction of the Entente; sentiment ennobles it and makes it cordial.

After alluding to the "vagueness, dispersion, and pulverization" of public opinion in England, M. Lavisse added:

> From this disintegration of public feeling [in England] and from other causes, proceeds a sort of apathy which shows itself in a disinclination to dwell upon unpleasant ideas, to foresee grave events, to entertain anxiety, whereas, in the present state of Europe, it is imprudent to "drive dull care away." . . . We may be sure that everything has been foreseen and calculated by the Triple Alliance in view of a possible war. The German General Staff is wont to look far, far ahead, and to examine beforehand every hypothesis. . . . Unless we, [France, England and Russia] are agreed upon eventual defensive military action in common, are we a Triple Entente?
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> . . . We believe the Entente to be lasting, because we know it to be necessary. Nor are we really troubled that a part of English opinion, represented in the Government, should accept it as a

kind of *pis aller* to be held in reserve. We in France might be apprehensive if we asked of the Triple Entente more than it can give us — that is to say, more than the maintenance of peace. . . .

Have we not heard German voices declare that the hour has come for Germany to put forth her strength — that in three or four years it would be too late? This thought has certainly come to the minds of her statesmen who, perhaps, reproach themselves for not having, like Bismarck, the courage to choose the moment. Hence the Triple Entente must be on its guard against the possible danger of a "preventive war." . . . The Great Powers, armed to the teeth, say and repeat that they mean to keep the peace. It is possible that not one of them is lying at present.

At present; and that is enough. The task of the Triple Entente is to prolong this present. Let us practise and counsel all pacific combinations. . . . Let us take the Hague Tribunal very seriously — it has thrice prevented war. Let us gain time. The régime of armaments *à outrance* will end by being intolerable to the peoples it oppresses. Then we shall see that it is absurd, and a blot on our civilization. Then we may be able to speak of the limitation of armaments.

This letter was published in *The Times* on April 16, 1914, that day being chosen because I was to dine at the German Embassy in the evening and wished to observe its effect. The Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, was so annoyed that, after protesting against the publication of the letter, he hardly spoke to me. But von Kühlmann took it laughingly. "What a stupid letter that fellow Lavisse has written to your paper," he said. "Fancy talking of the limitation of armaments!" More serious, and symptomatic of the state of British public opinion, was the fact that neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Lansdowne could be persuaded to answer M. Lavisse, though they were asked to do so by the Foreign Office. Nevertheless, it had its effect and, by the discussion it caused in the French and British press, contributed noticeably to warm the atmosphere for the visit of the King and Queen to Paris in May. Their visit was a great success. The attitude of the people of Paris showed that France was bent on peace, despite all the efforts of German propagandists and of British pacifists to make out that she was bellicose. M. Clemenceau

afterwards told me that Sir Edward Grey had said to him during the visit, "Now I am convinced that France is pacific."

Sir Edward Grey's position was, and had for some years been, difficult. A section of the Liberal Party, then in office, was under German influence. Another section favoured peace at any price. Ignorance of the true situation was general and profound. In the Cabinet, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, was credited with pro-German leanings while his colleagues, Lord Morley, Mr. Charles Trevelyan and Mr. John Burns, were opposed to war on any consideration and were thus pro-German in effect. The Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, with Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and a few others, were intelligently devoted to peace but were determined not to buy it at the price of national dishonour or insecurity. The position was complicated by the existence of a serious crisis in Ireland over the application of the Home Rule Bill. In Ulster, a volunteer army had been formed to resist it, and arms were being obtained for them with the willing connivance of Germany. German officers came to England and seemed, one and all, possessed by a strange desire to buy horses in Ireland. Herr von Kühlmann went to visit Irish friends, and reported, on his return, that Civil War was inevitable. The German Emperor's chief political spy, Professor Schiemann, the well-known historian, also found it opportune to visit London — I met him at the German Embassy and elsewhere — and to investigate the condition of Ireland in the company of Professor Kuno Meyer who had long been engaged in stimulating the revival of the Irish language and in founding Gaelic schools. The British public was utterly blind to the meaning of these activities; the Irish leaders of all parties gaily played the German game, as did some British officers at the Curragh among whom there were signs of insubordination.

THE SARAJEVO ASSASSINATIONS

While things were thus moving — and being pushed — in Ireland towards a conflict that would have paralyzed England,

the news came, on Sunday, June 28th, that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, had been assassinated by Bosnian Serbs at Sarajevo. On that day I had, for the first time since January, gone out of London instead of working as usual at *The Times* office on the Sunday afternoon. When I returned, about 7 o'clock, I found the whole office in a turmoil; for, beyond an obituary notice of the Archduke, there was little material on hand and no clue to the meaning of the crime. Until early on the Monday morning I worked without a break, feeling strongly that there might be far more behind the assassinations than could be prudently said and that it was necessary to be prepared for any contingency. Throughout the spring there had been constant friction between Austria-Hungary and Serbia on the one hand and between Austria-Hungary and Russia on the other. A number of alleged Russian spies had been condemned by Austrian courts, and the Austro-Hungarian press had written violently against the "Russian peril." In March, the German Emperor had visited the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Miramar, near Trieste, where the Archduke was staying for reasons of health, and in June he had seen him again at Konopisht in Bohemia, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz being present on the latter occasion. In April, the Emperor Francis Joseph had been so ill that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was commissioned to open the session of the Austro-Hungarian Parliamentary Delegations on his behalf. A German Prince, William of Wied, had been installed in Albania as Mpret, or Ruler, and Austria-Hungary had sought to take advantage of local disturbances as a pretext for military intervention in support of Albania against Montenegro and Serbia. The very visit of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand to Bosnia-Herzegovina had been undertaken in his capacity as Inspector-General of the Army to ascertain the readiness of the Austro-Hungarian forces for action. To me, who had been present at the Emperor Francis Joseph's visit to Sarajevo in 1910, it seemed remarkable that the Archduke should have been assassinated there, for I had rarely seen a town that lent itself better to the police pre-

cautions usually taken in Austria-Hungary in such circumstances. And when it transpired, on the morrow, that the Sarajevo police had received orders to take no special measures for the protection of the Archduke, since the arrangements would be in military hands, and that the military authorities had, nevertheless, failed to provide him with an escort, my suspicion of foul play hardened into something like certainty.

STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES

In such a matter absolute proof is hard, if not impossible, to obtain; and though I did not, until the beginning of 1916, analyze in writing the evidence in support of my conviction, I warned my colleagues at *The Times* from June 29, 1914, onwards, that it would be prudent to restrain our expressions of horror at the Sarajevo murders, because the Austro-Hungarian authorities, if not some members of the Imperial family, might be disposed not to deplore them and might, in any case, seek to make capital out of them. At that moment, the chief danger was that the Austro-Hungarian War Party, with the support of Germany, would use the assassinations as a pretext for the attack upon Serbia which had long been planned; and it seemed to me that, if British newspapers were hastily to adopt the Austrian hypothesis that the murders were a dastardly crime on the part of Serbia which merited prompt and condign punishment, they might be playing into the hands of war mongers in Vienna and Berlin. Naturally, I did not know, in July, 1914, that a letter from the Emperor Francis Joseph had been delivered to the German Emperor by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Potsdam on July 5th, or that the German Emperor's subsequent interviews with Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg (the Imperial Chancellor) and other important personages on that day had resulted in a German decision to give Austria-Hungary a free hand against Serbia. But even without this knowledge the whole position seemed so perilous as to make it imprudent for the British press to indulge in unqualified sentimentality about the Sara-

jevo murders. Nor did the German Emperor's departure on a cruise to Norway convince me that the situation had really improved.

The evidence of the German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, as given in his Memorandum, or pamphlet, on his London Mission, is conclusive as to the situation after the Potsdam interviews of July 5th. (On that day Lichnowsky was travelling back from Germany to London where he arrived on July 6th.) He writes (pp. 27, 28 of the authorized German edition):

At the end of June I was commanded by the Emperor to go to Kiel. . . . On board the *Meteor* (the German Emperor's yacht) I learned of the death of the Austro-Hungarian Heir Presumptive. His Majesty regretted that his efforts to win the Archduke over to his ideas were thus frustrated. Whether the plan for an active policy against Serbia had already been settled at Konopisht, I do not know. . . . In Berlin I saw the Imperial Chancellor and told him that I thought our [German] foreign situation very satisfactory, since we stood with England on a better footing than for long past. In France also a pacific Government was in office. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg did not seem to share my optimism and complained about Russian armaments. . . . I was naturally not told that General von Moltke [the German Chief of Staff] was pressing for war. I heard, however, that Herr von Tschirschky [the German Ambassador in Vienna] had been reprimanded because of his report that he had advised Vienna to be moderate towards Serbia.

On my way back to London from Silesia I stayed only a few hours in Berlin [July 4], where I learned that Austria intended to take action against Serbia in order to put an end to an intolerable state of things. Unfortunately I underestimated at the moment the importance of this news. I believed that it would again come to nothing and that, should Russia threaten, it would be easy to arrange matters. Now I regret that I did not stay in Berlin and declare immediately that I would have nothing to do with such a policy.

Subsequently I heard that, during the decisive discussion at Potsdam on July 5th, the enquiry from Vienna [about the attitude of Germany] recited the unconditional assent of all the authoritative personages, with the addendum that no harm would be done if a war with Russia should arise out of it [Austro-Hungarian action against Serbia]. This, at least, is what was said in the Austrian protocol which Count Mensdorff received in London.

Had I known, early in July, 1914, of the Potsdam interviews and of their results, my conviction that war was imminent would naturally have been strengthened; but so probable did I feel something of the kind to be that I acted as though I had known it. In order to explain why my conviction was so strong, it is expedient to interrupt the chronological sequence of this narrative and briefly to recapitulate the account of the singular circumstances attending the assassination of the Archduke and his wife which I published subsequently, in the *Nineteenth Century* of February, 1916.

"THE PACT OF KONOPISHT"

In October, 1914, I had contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* an article entitled "The Quintessence of Austria" in which I wrote:

> Much light might be shed on the tragedy of Sarajevo and on the preparation of the European war, could it ever be known exactly what passed at Konopisht amid the Archduke's rose gardens during the visit paid to him there by the German Emperor and Grand Admiral von Tirpitz in June, 1914. We know only the externals of those fateful days.

Towards the end of December, 1915, an acquaintance belonging to the Austrian-Polish aristocracy who was, as a young man, attached to the Austro-Hungarian Court and had been intimately acquainted with the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, but who had not seen my *Edinburgh Review* article, brought to me an account of the Konopisht meeting which he had recently received from an exalted Vatican source. He told me of the antecedents of the story which had reached the Vatican through the Papal Nunciature at Vienna; and he offered it to me for publication in *The Times*. Had I been less familiar with the atmosphere of Vienna and with the difficulties to which the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's morganatic marriage had given rise, I should have scouted the story as wildly improbable. But since I knew that, as early as November, 1908, the German Emperor had captivated the Archduke by discussing with him the future

of the Hohenberg children—rumours that they would be eventually created Dukes of Alsace and of Lorraine were then current in Austrian Court circles—and that the Archduke's prevailing passion had been to secure for them positions corresponding to their birth-rank, I thought that my acquaintance's account needed careful consideration. Therefore I submitted it to the editor of *The Times* and to Lord Northcliffe, who asked whether there were any evidence to substantiate it, even indirectly. For their guidance I wrote a memorandum setting forth the ascertained facts. My memorandum was thought more interesting than the story itself; but, as the one could not be published without the other and the whole was too long for publication in *The Times* in those days of severely limited space, it was suggested that I should offer it to the *Nineteenth Century*. This I did, making, however, the condition that the honorarium should be paid to my acquaintance. My article, which treated the story as an interesting hypothesis—it was and could be nothing more—appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and attracted so much attention that the whole issue was sold out in a very few days.

Briefly, my acquaintance's story recapitulated the conditions of the Heir Presumptive's marriage, on July 1, 1900, with the Countess Sophie Chotek, a member of an ancient Bohemian family who had been lady-in-waiting to the Archduchess Isabella, wife of the Archduke Frederick. The Emperor's consent to the marriage had been extorted by the Heir Presumptive with great difficulty, since the whole Imperial Family, as well as the Emperor, had been opposed to it. The opposition of the Archduke Frederick and of the Archduchess Isabella had been particularly violent because they confidently expected the Archduke Francis Ferdinand to wed one of their daughters instead of the Archduchess Isabella's lady-in-waiting. The conditions on which the Emperor's assent was finally given were especially stringent. Not only was the marriage to be morganatic but the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was compelled to swear solemnly before all the other Archdukes and the dignitaries of Austria

and of Hungary, in the presence of the Emperor, that, after succeeding to the throne, he would never attempt to change the Hapsburg Family Law or seek to open for his children the succession to the throne. By the Emperor's decision, this solemn oath of renunciation was recorded in the proceedings of the Austrian Parliament and incorporated by the Hungarian Parliament in Hungarian Constitutional Law.

After the birth of his three children, Sophie, Maximilian, and Ernest, in 1901, 1902, and 1904 respectively, the Archduke's resentment of this humiliation became intense. He attempted repeatedly to induce the Emperor to modify the terms of his renunciation and to raise his wife, who had received on marriage the title of Princess Hohenberg, to the rank of an Archduchess; but the Emperor was inexorable. He would go no further than to raise the Princess Hohenberg to the rank of Duchess, and this only after the annoyances to which she had been subjected by the members of the Imperial family had led to an open breach between the Archduke and the Court. Indeed, the Archduke's relations with the other members of the Imperial family degenerated into fierce reciprocal hatred. Upon this situation the German Emperor played astutely. He paid great attention to the Duchess of Hohenberg, and, first among the great sovereigns of Europe, invited her with the Archduke to Potsdam in 1909. At Konopisht, in June, 1914, according to my acquaintance, the German Emperor suggested to the Archduke that after a war, in which France was to be rapidly defeated by a few smashing strokes and Russia thereafter to be vanquished, provision should be made for the Archduke's two sons by the creation of a new Empire consisting of two new Kingdoms, over which the Archduke would reign during his lifetime but which his sons would inherit. One would include a Poland stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea; and the other, Bohemia, Hungary, the Southern Slav lands and Salonica. These kingdoms were to be federated with the German Empire, while the Archduke's nephew, Charles Francis Joseph, the second Heir Presumptive to the Hapsburg throne, would

retain German Austria and Trieste, also as a federal sovereign within a greater German Empire.

This, ran my acquaintance's story, was in substance the "Pact of Konopisht." Its nature was known to very few, though the Austrian Imperial family is believed to have heard of it, at any rate after the assassination of the Archduke when his papers were immediately seized at Konopisht. To me, notwithstanding its apparent improbability, it seemed not inherently impossible, given the semi-madness of the Archduke and the ambitions of the German Emperor. I had made a point of watching the Archduke closely during his visit to London in November, 1913, and had been struck by his faded appearance. I had also heard, at third-hand but on the authority of M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador in London (who had been informed by a member of a European Royal family in whom the Archduke himself had confided), that Francis Ferdinand expected never to reign. At Blankenberghs, in Belgium, just before coming to England in November, 1913, he had discussed with M. Cambon's informant the health of the Emperor Francis Joseph, which was then precarious; and had said: "I shall never be Emperor. When my uncle is seriously ill, something very bad will happen to me." In the memorandum upon my acquaintance's story, I reviewed the personal history of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and of his wife, alluded to the scenes at Court which had been of public notoriety in Vienna, pointed out that the Pragmatic Sanction of 1722–23 (which regulated the succession to the Hapsburg throne) had ordained that it must be occupied by legitimate descendants of Austrian Archdukes and of wives of equal birth-rank, and explained that, as long as the Duchess of Hohenberg was denied the rank of Archduchess, this provision must exclude her children from the order of succession. I referred to the Archduke's avidity in the accumulation of property, and to the explanation I had received in Vienna from one of the closest friends of the Duchess of Hohenberg that the Archduke lived in terror of dying before he should be able to make adequate provision for his children. Politically, I showed that the Archduke's

favourite project had been the solution of the Southern Slav question in favour of the Hapsburgs by incorporating Bosnia-Herzegovina, Serbia, and, if possible, Salonica, in the Hapsburg Monarchy, and alluded to the attempts repeatedly made by the Austrian War Party to this end. Finally, I pointed out that, in the spring of 1914, Austrian agents had stirred up the Albanians to attack Serbia and that, at the end of June, the moment when the Archduke went to Bosnia-Herzegovina, a movement had been started in Vienna under official auspices to send a battalion of Austrian "volunteers" to support the Albanians.

Coming then to the actual circumstances of the assassinations, I showed that no arrangements had been made to protect the Archduke and his wife at Sarajevo and that, even after a bomb had been thrown at his motor car by a youth named Cabrinovitch, the son of an Austrian police official, no effort was made to organize an escort for them. After this first attempt on their lives, the Archduke and the Duchess of Hohenberg drove on to the Town Hall. There the Archduke protested violently against the outrage and exclaimed, within the hearing of the correspondent of *The Times* at Sarajevo, "Now I understand why Count Tisza [the Hungarian Prime Minister] advised me to postpone my journey." Accompanied by General Potiorek, the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and by the Chief of Police but with no other protection, the Archduke and the Duchess left the Town Hall in their car; and as the car slowed down at the corner of a street, they were shot at and mortally wounded by another assassin, named Prinzip. Neither General Potiorek nor the Chief of Police was wounded, nor were they afterwards punished for failing to protect the Archduke. So cynical was Potiorek's conduct that, when the bodies had been carried to the Government Konak, Potiorek remained alone with them, removed the Archduke's papers, and presently emerged saying to his officers, "Gentlemen, this is a terrible misfortune. Nevertheless, one must eat. Let us go to luncheon." Potiorek retained command of the Austro-Hungarian forces in Bosnia during the first campaign against Serbia. After

suffering defeat, he was alleged to have become mentally deranged and was placed for a time under restraint. Whether or not he was ever really mad, this episode was sufficient to destroy the credibility of any "revelations" he might subsequently be tempted to make.

I showed further that, on the morrow of the assassinations, Mgr. Stadler, the Catholic Archbishop of Sarajevo, declared to the representative of an Austrian journal that "the crime was a consequence of historical developments" and that "it must have taken place sooner or later." In the *Neue Freie Presse* of July 2nd, Mgr. Stadler's view was confirmed and it was stated that the Archduke could not have escaped, because he would have had to pass through "a regular avenue of bomb-throwers." The *Neue Freie Presse* also published a statement from a competent police authority saying that there were only one hundred and twenty police available to watch over the whole distance of four miles to be covered by the Archduke's car.

Yet, when the Emperor Francis Joseph had visited Sarajevo in June, 1910, more than one thousand uniformed police and probably double the number of "plain clothes men" were employed to protect him. In June, 1914, when the Heir Presumptive went there, the police were warned off. Equally strange were the arrangements made for the Archduke's funeral. It was at first announced that foreign sovereigns would be represented by special envoys and that the German Emperor would be present in person. These arrangements were suddenly countermanded. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was to have gone from England, did not start; and, on July 2nd, it was announced in Berlin that "owing to a slight indisposition" the German Emperor had abandoned his journey to Vienna. Nevertheless, he gave audiences as usual on that day. The Kings of Bavaria and Saxony, who wished to be present, were told that it was intended to keep the funeral ceremonies as private as possible. No reception of the bodies would have taken place on their arrival in Vienna had not the new Heir Presumptive, the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, broken bounds and gone to the station to do honour

to his dead uncle in defiance of the official Court arrangements. The High Chamberlain of the Court, Prince Montenuovo, ordered the body of the Duchess of Hohenberg to be sent straight to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's vault at Artstetten on the Danube, instead of being brought, with that of her late husband, to the Imperial Chapel at the Hofburg; but this arrangement caused so great a scandal that it was altered. The two coffins were therefore placed in the Hofburg Chapel, that of the Archduke being large and that of the Duchess small. On a cushion by the Archduke's coffin were placed his two jewelled coronets. By that of the Duchess were only a pair of white gloves and a black fan. No wreaths were sent by the Emperor Francis Joseph or by any member of the Austro-Hungarian Imperial Family. The Hohenberg children sent wreaths but were not allowed to attend their parents' funeral.

Inasmuch as the Archduke had been the acting Head of the Army and Navy, it was presumed that he would be buried with full military honours. Only after a protest from the chief members of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy did the Emperor, at the last moment, allow the troops of the Vienna garrison to line the streets. Even then, the aristocracy were not invited to the funeral. Some hundred and fifty of them therefore assembled in full uniform near the Hofburg and followed the bodies to the railway station without authorization. Only at the station were the bodies met by the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph and some other archdukes. Subsequently, the Emperor Francis Joseph wrote to the High Chamberlain of the Court thanking him for the way he had performed his responsible duties "in accordance with His Majesty's intentions." On reaching Poechlarn, opposite Artstetten, on the Danube, the coffins were deposited on the floor of the public waiting-room, where the local firemen in charge of them squatted about until they could be ferried across the Danube. In short, the Heir Presumptive to the Austrian and Hungarian thrones, and his consort, were buried with as little honour as possible.

These and other considerations I set forth in the *Nineteenth*

Century. The reasons for the extraordinary behaviour of the Emperor and of the Austro-Hungarian Imperial Family may never be precisely known. Of the state of the Heir Presumptive's health and mind they were certainly aware. It seems improbable, to say the least, that the Sarajevo police should not have suspected the existence of a plot, or plots, to assassinate him and the Duchess of Hohenberg. No one acquainted with the completeness of the police arrangements in Bosnia-Herzegovina could doubt it. In any case, the assumption seems justified that the possibility of a "removal" of the Heir Presumptive and his consort, by Bosnian or Serbian conspirators, was not thought entirely deplorable from the point of view of the Hapsburg Family. It removed the serious danger that, in the event of the demise of the Crown, the vast Hapsburg "Family Fund," upon which most of the eighty archdukes and archduchesses depended financially, would pass under the absolute control of a monarch of unsound mind and possessed by the fixed idea of assuring great positions to his children. Moreover, after the assassinations, the War Party, to which several archdukes and archduchesses belonged, certainly felt that an excellent pretext had been provided for the long-desired attack upon Serbia.

The Emperor Francis Joseph himself seems not at first to have thought of war. In a rescript to the Austrian and Hungarian Premiers on July 5, 1914, he declared that the murders were an outcome of "the fanaticism of a small band of misguided men," and expressed "the resolve to follow to the last breath the way I know to be right for the welfare of my peoples." But, on that very day, his letter was delivered to the German Emperor at Potsdam; and, by July 14th, the Austro-Hungarian Government had decided, after receiving from the German Emperor promises of the fullest support even against Russia and France, to address to Serbia such an ultimatum as to make war inevitable.

THE "SUICIDE OF AUSTRIA"

Of this decision there is contemporary evidence. On July 15th, Count Henry Lützow, the former Austro-Hungarian

Ambassador to the Quirinal, told the British Ambassador in Vienna, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, that, on July 14th, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office was already in possession of such assurances of support from Germany in all directions that it had decided to "go ahead." On July 15th, Baron von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, told his Italian colleague, the Marquis Garroni, that Austria-Hungary had been explicitly assured of German support if she wished to settle accounts with Serbia. Further, on July 16, 1914, Professor Kuno Meyer wrote from Berlin to a British friend a statement, which I have seen, to the effect that the Austrian Emperor would shortly sign an ultimatum to Serbia after having received from the German Emperor an encouraging letter which Kuno Meyer's friend, Professor Schiemann, had read before it was sent off. Kuno Meyer therefore advised his British friend not to come to Germany for a holiday in August. This evidence became known later. My own knowledge of Austro-Hungarian plans was gained independently.

On the afternoon of Thursday, July 16th, I was very pressingly invited by the London correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* of Vienna, Max Goldscheider, to come to supper with him next evening in order to meet "some Austrian friends" who wished to renew my acquaintance. I had known Goldscheider for several years in Vienna, and his appointment to London as the correspondent of his paper had been made partly on my advice. He was an intelligent man of Polish-Jewish origin who, unlike most Jews from Austrian Poland, was free from pan-German tendencies and devoted to the Polish national cause. So disappointed did he seem when I declined his invitation on account of pressing work, that I made an effort to get away on the Friday evening and to attend what he called his "little supper" or "informal, men's party." At his modest house I found, to my surprise, an elaborate dinner to which all the chief members of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in London, except the Ambassador, had been invited and at which two other journalists, Sir (then Mr.) Sidney Low and M. Condurier de Chassaigne,

the President of the Foreign Press Association in London, were also present, together with the Austro-Hungarian Consul-General, Count Sizzo-Noris, a personal friend of the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand. At table I was placed between Count Trauttmannsdorff, the Counsellor of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, and Count Dubsky, one of the Secretaries, son-in-law of Count Henry Lützow. My astonishment at finding these nobles at a meal in the house of a Polish-Jewish journalist was extreme. In Vienna, it would have been inconceivable. Conversation naturally turned upon the Sarajevo assassinations, and Count Trauttmannsdorff began to expound the Austro-Hungarian official view in language worthy of the *Fremdenblatt*, the official organ of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign office. He descanted upon the wickedness of the "Serbian murders" and urged that, in the interests of humanity and civilization, it was the duty of Austria-Hungary to put an end to Serbia's misdeeds once and for all. His self-righteous tone was too much for me, and I said:

"You talk like the *Fremdenblatt*. Let us talk Austrian. I am as expert an Austrian as you. It will be time enough to be indignant when you have proved that the Austro-Hungarian authorities did not know of the plot to murder the Archduke and the Duchess and that the members of the Imperial Family were equally ignorant."

I recapitulated the suspicious circumstances that were then known and, addressing Count Sizzo-Noris, who was opposite me, concluded, "You, Count Sizzo-Noris, were a friend of the Archduke. Can you explain to me why no effort was made to protect him at Sarajevo, why the police were warned off and why he has been buried like a dog?"

Had Count Sizzo-Noris thrown his glass at my head or denounced my language as infamous, he would have had some excuse. But he shook his head and answered, "All these things are hard to explain."

"These things" I discussed in German with the Austrian diplomatists for the greater part of the evening. Far from appearing to resent my views they treated them dispassion-

ately and, towards midnight, Count Sizzo-Noris drove me home with Count Dubsky in his car.

Next morning, Saturday, July 18th, Count Dubsky telephoned to me from the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. He gave me a pressing invitation from the Ambassador, Count Albert Mensdorff, to come to luncheon at the Embassy that day, saying that the Ambassador was very anxious to discuss the situation with me. Had the King invited me to luncheon at Buckingham Palace I should have been less surprised. Though I had known Count Albert Mensdorff since 1904 and had met him casually from time to time, I had never cultivated his acquaintance, nor had I ever called at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. Moreover, in April, 1914, the Austrian police had suddenly confiscated my book "The Hapsburg Monarchy" for "the crime of insult to Majesty," on the ground that in it I had said that Francis Joseph, as a ruler, had often seemed callous to the point of cynicism and "constitutional" to the point of injustice. The word "cynicism" had been translated into German by the much stronger expression "*Zynismus*," and my book had been condemned. It was obviously difficult for an English writer guilty of this "crime" to maintain close relations with the Emperor's representative in London.

Yielding to a foolish impulse, I declined the Ambassador's invitation to luncheon. Count Dubsky asked me to wait at the telephone and presently returned to enquire whether I could lunch with the Ambassador on Sunday, July 19th. This insistence made me think that the Ambassador was eager to "get hold of me," or to placate me by a luncheon, and I was not in a mood to be placated. So, again foolishly, I told a lie, said I was going into the country and should not be back till Monday. "Wait a minute," replied Count Dubsky; and a minute later he returned to say that the Ambassador would be very glad if I would come to luncheon with him on Monday. "No," I answered, "I have people lunching with me on Monday"—which was true. "Then the Ambassador wants you to come on Tuesday," was the answer; and this time I accepted because I felt that there

must be some imperative reason for Count Albert Mensdorff's persistence in the face of three rebuffs.

Thus I lost three precious days, and have never ceased to regret it. On Tuesday, July 21st, I lunched alone with the Ambassador and Baron von Frankenstein, the Commercial Attaché. During luncheon, the conversation ran on King Edward — of whom Count Albert Mensdorff had been a distant relative — on Marienbad, and on reminiscences generally. But, after luncheon, in his study, Count Albert Mensdorff said:

"Although our people have been so foolish as to confiscate your book, which they did not understand, I know you are a friend of Austria and that you are too high-minded to let your feelings be affected by an incident of that sort, and I wish to appeal to you as a friend of Austria, to use your influence in the British press to make the position of Austria-Hungary in this crisis rightly understood. It is impossible for us longer to tolerate Serbian provocation. Serbia must be punished; but if *The Times* will give the lead, the rest of the press will follow, British public opinion will remain friendly to us, and the conflict may be localized."

"I am a friend of Austria," I answered, "and have proved it by warning your people for years that your policy has been fatally wrong. I can only say that I am too good a friend of Austria to help her to commit suicide."

"Suicide?" exclaimed the Ambassador. "Do you think that we, a country of fifty million people, are so weak as not to be able to deal with a little people of three or four millions like the Serbians?"

"You can certainly crush Serbia," I replied, "if you are left alone to do it; but even in that case you will be committing suicide. You must reckon on a war of eight or nine months, you will be obliged to mobilize at least 600,000 men, you will lose some 200,000 killed and wounded, and will spend not less than £120,000,000. That will complete the ruin of your finances. You are not unaware that Austria alone has, on the confession of your Finance Minister, been making debts at the rate of £40,000 a day for the last ten years. Taxation

is already so high that it cannot be increased. I have paid taxes in Austria, and I know. When you have conquered Serbia, you will be confronted with the problem of a costly military occupation, which will require an army of 200,000 men; and should you annex the country, you will create a solid block of 12,000,000 Southern Slavs, whose weight will so upset the Dual System that, in order to keep her hold on you, Germany will demand and obtain such military, political and economic pledges of control over you that your independence will vanish."

"But that," I continued, "is *not* what will happen. At the first shot you fire across the Save, Russia will cry, 'Hands off!' Germany will summon Russia not to intervene, and Russia will refuse, because compliance would cost the Tsar his throne. Germany will then mobilize and will bolt through Belgium into France; and when England sees German troops in Belgium, she will intervene against Germany and against you."

"You will never intervene," cried the Ambassador.

"We shall certainly intervene," I returned.

"I have the assurance that you will not intervene," replied Count Mensdorff.

"I care nothing for your assurance," I answered; "you do not know the strength of English public feeling."

"Then you will not help us?" said Count Mensdorff.

"On no account whatever," I answered; and took leave of the Ambassador immediately.

For a moment I stood on the steps of the Embassy wondering what to do. One thing was clear. Austria-Hungary had decided to attack Serbia. This she would not have done without a definite promise of German support; nor would Count Albert Mensdorff have insisted upon my lunching with him after the language I had used to members of his staff on the Friday evening, had he not received definite instructions to get hold of me at all costs. (During the war, Count Albert Mensdorff informed a trustworthy friend of mine in Vienna, Dr. Joseph Redlich, that he had been instructed to get hold of me.) If *The Times* were to support Austria-Hungary and

to argue that the conflict must be localized it would, in effect, be arguing in favour of British neutrality should hostilities extend to Germany and Russia and Germany and France. This would be exactly what Germany desired and what she had been working for in London. Where could Count Mensdorff have received an "assurance" that England would not intervene? Sir Edward Grey would hardly have gone to such a length, notwithstanding his sincere devotion to peace. In any case, I felt that the Foreign Office must be warned at once.

Hailing a passing cab, I drove to the Foreign Office and asked to see Sir Edward Grey; but as one Ambassador was with him and another was waiting, I spoke instead to a permanent official.

"I wish to give you a message for Sir Edward Grey," I said. "Austria is bent on war and Germany is behind her. Mensdorff is convinced that England will not intervene. If the Government wish to prevent war they must rouse the country and make it clear that, if European complications arise, we shall intervene. Unless they do it they will have a terrible crisis on their hands in ten days' time and will not know on which leg to dance because they will not be sure of the country, which knows nothing of what is going on."

"What proof have you?" asked the official.

"Conclusive proof," I answered. "Mensdorff has invited me to luncheon."

"That proves nothing at all," was the reply.

"To my mind that proves everything," I said. "Mensdorff would never have invited me to luncheon or talked as he has just talked unless he had been instructed to get hold of the British press through *The Times*. He has told me that Austria-Hungary means to make war on Serbia and has asked me to help in localizing the conflict. Austria would not make war unless she were backed by Germany. I think Sir Edward Grey or somebody ought to stump the country at once and make it clear that, if Austria-Hungary and Germany try to use the Sarajevo murders as a pretext for war, we shall be dead against them."

"You are off your head," observed the official. "We have no proof whatever that Germany is not pacific; rather the contrary. And a public agitation now would spoil the whole diplomatic atmosphere."

"A fig for your diplomatic atmosphere," I retorted. "Will you give my message to Sir Edward Grey?"

"Yes, but he will not do what you suggest."

"That is his business," I answered. "My business was to warn him; and if he will not rouse the country, I will."

"What are you going to do?" the official enquired anxiously.

"I am going to *The Times* office and, as soon as I have explained the situation to the editor and to Lord Northcliffe, there will be a leading article in *The Times* entitled 'A Danger to Europe' which will tell the Austrians and the Germans that they must not count upon the neutrality of this country if they bring on a European conflagration by making war upon Serbia."

"I tell you, you will ruin the whole diplomatic atmosphere," declared the official emphatically.

"The welfare of this country is more important than atmosphere," I answered. "I have given you fair warning; and if your people will not let the country know what is afoot, we must. Otherwise, when war comes, nobody will know what it is about."

When I had explained the situation to the editor and to Lord Northcliffe they agreed that *The Times* ought to speak, carefully and cautiously, but very firmly. On the morrow, July 22d, the day before the presentation of the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia, a leading article appeared, entitled "A Danger to Europe"—the first of a series that warned the country of the true position. It said:

> The growing tension between Austria-Hungary and Serbia has created a situation in European politics too serious to be ignored. . . . We have no wish to exaggerate the dangers which exist. A cool perception of their greatness may enable the Powers to conjure them before it is too late. There is no time to lose. Italy has suddenly recalled over seventy thousand men to the colours; incidents are occurring daily between certain of the Balkan States;

Albania appears to be in process of dissolution; "important negotiations," we are told, are pending between Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey. The Government of the Dual Monarchy has not yet spoken, but the belief is general that, when the enquiry into the Sarajevo murders is complete, they will present certain demands to Serbia of a peremptory kind. . . . Every State has the right to put down sedition within its own borders and the right to require other States not to tolerate conspiracies against it. . . . These rights are inseparable from sovereignty, and the refusal by others to acknowledge them may be a just cause for extreme measures and even for war. Yet, while we conceive these legal rights to be absolute, they are subject in practice to severe limitations. The Power who resolves to exercise them is in justice bound to show that the alleged conspiracies really exist and that they are a real danger to her internal tranquillity. . . . She must make out her charge to the reasonable satisfaction of European opinion, or incur the reprobation of that opinion as an aggressor and a danger to the general peace. . . . The Government of Austria-Hungary have acted hitherto with comparative moderation. . . . We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the indications that a wholly different attitude is now finding favour in influential quarters. It is satisfactory to perceive that even in these quarters there is a strong desire to secure the support of European opinion. . . . But the Agram trial, the Friedjung trial, and the Prochaska incident should warn Austria-Hungary of the loss of credit inseparable from making charges which cannot be proved. . . . We do not dwell upon the demands which an expedition into Serbia would make upon the military resources of Austria-Hungary. Soldiers know them. . . . We do not enlarge upon the money cost or upon the unwisdom of incurring it in the present deplorable condition of Austro-Hungarian finance and credit. These dangers would be grave even were it possible that the struggle should be "localized," as the *North German Gazette* (the organ of the German Government) is ready to suggest. But it is not clear that Austria-Hungary, did she draw the sword, would localize the conflict if she could, and it is clear that the decision would not rest with her alone. That at once makes her action a matter of European concern. . . . What chance is there, in these circumstances, of "localizing" a war between German and Slav, between a Roman Catholic and an Orthodox Power in the Balkans; what prospect that such a war would end without disaster to the Dual Monarchy?

This article, and those that followed it, made a profound impression in England and abroad. Though members of the Government protested privately against them, it was thanks

chiefly to them that, when the crisis reached its height at the end of July, the British people knew broadly what was at stake and were, in some measure, prepared for the fateful choice awaiting them. In accordance with its best traditions, *The Times* led the country; and, as I shall show, those who would fain have withheld the country from the path of honour, made desperate efforts at the supreme moment to silence a voice which they thought too strong and too clear.

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