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THE BIRTH OF YUGOSLAVIA

BY

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NEW FOES FOR OLD

With the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian army, the Serbs and Croats and Slovenes saw that one other obstacle to their long-hoped-for union had vanished. The dream of centuries was now a little nearer towards fulfilment. But many obstacles remained. There would presumably be opposition on the part of the Italian and Roumanian Governments, for it was too much to hope that these would waive the treaties they had wrung from the Entente, and would consent to have their boundaries regulated by the wishes of the people living in disputed lands. Some individual Italians and Roumanians might even be less reasonable than their Governments. If Austria and Hungary were in too great a chaos to have any attitude as nations, there would be doubtless local opposition to the Yugoslavs. And as soon as the Magyars had found their feet they would be sure to bombard the Entente with protestations, setting forth that subject nationalities were intended by the Creator to be subject nationalities. A large pamphlet, *The Hungarian Nation*, was issued at Buda-Pest in February 1920. It displayed a very touching solicitude for the Croats, whom the Serbs would be sure to tyrannize most horribly. If only Croatia would remain in the Hungarian State, says Mr. A. Kovács, Ministerial Councillor in the Hungarian Central Statistical Office, then the Magyars would instantly bestow on her both Bosnia (which belonged to the Empire as a whole) and Dalmatia (which belonged to Austria). That is the worst of being a Ministerial Statistical Councillor. Another gentleman, Professor Dr. Fodor, has the bright idea that "the race is the multitude of individuals who inhabit one uniform region." ... Passing to Yugoslavia's domestic obstacles, it was impossible to think that all the Serbs and Croats and Slovenes would forthwith subscribe to the Declaration of Corfu and become excellent Yugoslavs. Some would be honestly unable to throw off what centuries had done to them, and realize that if they had been made so different from their brothers, they were brothers still. For ten days there was a partly domestic, partly foreign obstacle, but as the King of Montenegro did not take his courage in both hands and descend on the shores of that country with an Italian army, he lost his chance for ever.

ROUMANIAN ACTIVITIES

There was indeed far less trouble from the Roumanian than from the Italian side. On October 29, 1918, one could say that all military power in the Banat was at an end. The Hungarian army took what food it wanted and made off, leaving everywhere, in barracks and in villages, guns, rifles, ammunition. Vainly did the officers attempt to keep their men together. And scenes like

this were witnessed all over the Banat. Then suddenly, on Sunday, November 3, the Roumanians, that is the Roumanians living in the country, made attacks on many villages, and the Roumanians of Transylvania acted in a similar fashion. With the Hungarian equipment and with weapons of their own they started out to terrorize. Among their targets were the village notaries, in whom was vested the administrative authority. At Old Moldava, on the Danube, they decapitated the notary, a man called Kungel, and threw his head into the river. At a village near Anina they buried the notary except for his head, which they proceeded to kick until he died. Nor did they spare the notaries of Roumanian origin, which made it seem as if this outbreak of lawlessness—directed from who knows where—had the high political end of making the country appear to the Entente in such a desperate condition that an army must be introduced, and as the Serbs were thought to be a long way off, with the railways and the roads before them ruined by the Austrians, it looked as if Roumania's army was the only one available. On the Monday and the Tuesday these Roumanian freebooters, who had all risen on the same day in regions extending [10] over hundreds of square kilometres, started plundering the large estates. Near Bela Crkva, on the property of Count Bissingen-Nippenburg, a German, they did damage to the sum of eight and a half million crowns. At the monastery of Mešica, near Veršac, the Roumanians of a neighbouring village devastated the archimandrate's large library, sacked the chapel and smashed his bee-hives, so that they were not impelled by poverty and hunger. In the meantime there had been formed at Veršac a National Roumanian Military Council. The placard, printed of course in Roumanian, is dated Veršac, November 4, and is addressed to "The Roumanian Officers and Soldiers born in the Banat," and announces that they have formed the National Council. It is a Council, we are told, in which one can have every confidence; moreover, it is prepared to co-operate in every way with a view to maintaining order *în lăuntra şi în afară* (both internal and external). The subjoined names of the committee are numerous; they range from Lieut.-Colonel Gavriil Mihailov and Major Petru Jucu downwards to a dozen privates. The archimandrate, who fortunately happened to be at his house in Veršac, begged his friend Captain Singler of the *gendarmerie* to take some steps. About twenty Hungarian officers undertook to go, with a machine gun, to the monastery on November 7; at eleven on the previous night Mihailov ordered the captain to come to see him; he wanted to know by whom this expedition had been authorized. The captain answered that Mešica was in his district, and that he had no animus against Roumanians but only against plunderers. After his arrival at Mešica the trouble was brought to an end. Nor was it long before the Serbian troops, riding up through their own country at a rate which no one had foreseen, crossed the Danube and occupied the Banat, in conjunction with the French. The rapidity of this advance astounded the Roumanians; they gaped like Lavengro when he wondered how the stones ever came to Stonehenge.... When the Serbian commandant at Veršac invited these enterprising Roumanian officers to an interview he was asked by one of them, Major Iricu, whether or not they were to be interned. "What made you print that placard?" [11] asked the commandant; and they replied that their object had been to preserve order. They had not imagined, so they said, that the Serbs would come so quickly. "I will be glad," said the commandant, "if you will not do this kind of thing any more."

THE ITALIAN FRAME OF MIND

Italy was not in a good humour. She was well aware that in the countries of her Allies there was a marked tendency to underestimate her overwhelming triumphs of the last days of the War. Perhaps those exploits would have been more difficult if Austria's army had not suffered a deterioration, but still one does not take 300,000 prisoners every day. Some faithful foreigners were praising Italy—and she deserved it—for having persevered at all after Caporetto. That disaster had been greatly due to filling certain regiments with several thousand munition workers who had taken part in a revolt at Turin, and then concentrating these regiments in the Caporetto salient, which was the most vulnerable sector in the eastern Italian front. How much of the disaster was due to the Vatican will perhaps never be known. But as for the uneducated, easily impressed peasants of the army, it was wonderful that all, except the second army and a small part of the third, retreated with such discipline in view of what they had been brooding on before the day of Caporetto. They had such vague ideas what they were fighting for, and if the Socialists kept saying that the English paid their masters to continue with the War—how were they to know what was the truth? The British regiments, who were received not merely with cigars and cigarettes and flowers and with little palm crosses which their trustful little weavers had blessed, but also with showers of stones as they passed through Italian villages in 1917, must have sometimes understood and pardoned. Then the troops were in distress about their relatives, for things were more and more expensive, and where would it end? In face of these discouragements it was most admirable that the army and the nation rallied and reconstituted their *morale*. [12]

SENSITIVENESS WITH RESPECT TO THEIR ARMY

Of course one should not generalize regarding nations, except in vague or very guarded terms; but possibly it would not be unjust to say that the Italians, apart from those of northern provinces and of Sardinia, have too much imagination to make first-class soldiers. And they are too sensitive, as you could see in an Italian military hospital. Their task was also not a trifling one—to stand for all those months in territory so forbidding. And there would have been more sympathy with the Italians in the autumn of 1918 if they had not had such very crushing triumphs when the War was practically over. What was the condition of the Austrian army? About October 15, in one section of the front—35 kilometres separating the extreme points from one another—the

following incidents occurred: the Army Command at St. Vitto issued an order to the officers invariably to carry a revolver, since the men were now attacking them; a Magyar regiment revolted and marched away, under the command of a Second-Lieutenant whom they had elected; at Stino di Livenza, while the officers were having their evening meal, two hand grenades were thrown into the mess by soldiers; at Codroipo a regiment revolted, attacked the officers' mess, and wounded several of the people there, including the general in command. Such was the Austrian army in those days; and it was only human if comparisons were made—not making any allowances for Italy's economic difficulties, her coal, her social and her religious difficulties—but merely bald comparisons were made between these wholesale victories against the Austrians as they were in the autumn of 1918 and the scantier successes of the previous years. In September 1916 when the eighth or ninth Italian offensive had pierced the Austrian front and the Italians reached a place called Provachina, Marshal Boroević had only one reserve division. The heavy artillery was withdrawn, the light artillery was packed up, the company commanders having orders to retire in the night. Only a few rapid-fire batteries were left with a view to deceiving the enemy. But as the Italians appeared to the Austrians to have no heart to come on—there may have been other reasons—the artillery was unpacked and the Austrians returned to their old [13]
front. In May 1917, between Monte Gabriele and Doberdo, Boroević had no reserve battalion; his troops, in full marching kit, had to defend the whole front: they were able to do so by proceeding now to this sector and now to that. No army is immune from serious mistakes—"We won in 1871," said Bismarck, "although we made very many mistakes, because the French made even more"—but the Yugoslavs in the Austrian army could not forget such incidents as that connected with the name of Professor Pivko. This gentleman, who is now living at Maribor, was made the subject of a book, *Der Verrath bei Carzano* ("The Treachery near Carzano"), which was published by the Austrian General Staff. His battalion commander was a certain Lieut.-Colonel Vidale, who was a first cousin of the C.O., General Vidale; and when an orderly overheard Pivko, who is a Slovene, and several Czech officers, discussing a plan which would open the front to the Italians, he ran all the way to the General's headquarters and gave the information. The General telephoned to his cousin, who said that the allegation was absurd and that Pivko was one of his best officers. The orderly was therefore thrown into prison, and Pivko, having turned off the electricity from the barbed wires and arranged matters with a Bosnian regiment, made his way to the Italians. The suggestion is that, owing to the lie of the land and the weak Austrian forces, it was possible for the Italians to reach Trent; anyhow the Austrians were amazed when they ceased to advance and the German regiment which was in Trent did not have to come out to defend it. Everyone in the Austrian army recognized that the Italian artillery was pre-eminent and that the officers were most gallant, especially in the early part of the War, when one would frequently find an officer lying dead with no men near him. But such episodes as the above-mentioned—it would be possible, but wearisome, to describe others—could not but have some effect on the opposing army, and would be recalled when the Italians sang their final panegyric. The reasons for the Austrian *débâcle* on the Piave are as follows: when the Allied troops had reached Rann, Susegana, Ponte di Piave and Montiena, the Austrian High Command decided on [14]
October 24 to throw against them the 36th Croat division, the 21st Czech, the 44th Slovene, a German division and the 12th Croat Regiment of Uhlans. However, the 16th and 116th Croat, the 30th Regiment of Czech Landwehr and the 71st Slovene Landwehr Regiment declared that they would not fight against the French and English, and, instead of advancing, retired. The 78th Croat Regiment, as well as three other Czech Regiments, abandoned the front, after having made a similar declaration. At the same time the 96th and 135th Croat Regiments, in agreement with the Czech detachments, made a breach for the Italians on the left wing at Stino di Livenza, while Slav marching formations revolted at Udine. The Austro-Hungarian troops consequently had to retreat.... No one expects of the Italian army, as a whole, that it will be on a level with the best, but when the British officers who were with the Serbs on the Salonica front compare their reminiscences with those of the British officers on the Italian front, it is improbable that garlands will be strewn for the Italians. Towards the end of October a plan was adopted by the British and Italian staffs for capturing the island of Papadopoli in the Piave; this island, about three miles in length, formed the outpost line of the Austrian defences. On the night of October 23-24 an attack was to be made by the 2nd H.A.C., while three companies of the 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers were to act as reserve. This operation is most vividly described by the Senior Chaplain of the 7th Division, the Rev. E. C. Crosse, D.S.O., M.C.;[1] and he says nothing as to what occurred on that part of the island which was to be seized by the Italians. Well, nothing had occurred, for the Italians did not get across and when the water rose they said they could do nothing on that night. These are the words of Mr. Crosse's footnote: "The obvious question, 'What was going to be done with the farther half of the island?' we have purposely left undiscussed here. This half was outside the area of the 7th Division, and as such it falls outside the scope of this work for the time being. The subsequent capture of the whole island (on the following night) by the 7th Division was not part of the original plan." Afterwards, when a crossing was made to the mainland, the [15]
left flank was unsupported, as the Italians did not cross the river, and thus the 23rd Division had its flank exposed. A belief is entertained that the Italian cavalry is one of the best in the world; evidently it is not the best, for on that Piave front, where thousands of Italian cavalry were available, the only ones who put in their appearance early in the battle were three hundred very war-stained Northampton Yeomanry.

"The record of the Italian troops in the field renders unnecessary an assertion of their courage," says Mr. Anthony Dell;[2] "for reckless bravery in assault none surpasses them." But when you have said that you have nearly summed up their military virtues, for discipline is not their strong suit, and they have little sense of responsibility. On the other hand, we must remember their admirable patience, but the great mass of the people have not attained the level

of Christianity; they are savage both in heart and mind, with no outlook wider than that of the family. It is the Italian proletariat which is judged by the Yugoslavs, whose otherwise acute discernment has been warped by the unhappy circumstances of the time. Indifferent to the fact that he himself is a compound of physical energy and oriental mysticism, the Yugoslav has become inclined to contemplate merely the physical side of the Italian, and for the most part that portion of it which has to do with war. The Italian long-sightedness and prudence and business capacity are ignored save in so far as they delayed the country's entrance into the Great War. The sensitiveness and artistic attributes of the Italians, who gaze with aching hearts upon the glories of a sunset, are but rarely felt by Serbs, who gather brushwood for the fire that is to roast their sucking-pig and who sit down to watch the operation, haply with their backs turned to the sunset. The Yugoslav, especially the Serb, is a man from the Middle Ages brought suddenly into the twentieth century. With his heroic heart and his wonderful strength he fails to understand those people who, on account of one reason or another, have no passion for war. And as the military deeds of the Italians have had such effect upon the minds of the Yugoslavs, we have [16] alluded to them at a greater length than would otherwise have been profitable. The Yugoslavs despise the Italians. Also the Italians, who concern themselves with diplomacy, are conscious that their keen wits and their long training in the wiles of the civilized world, their old traditions and their prestige give them a considerable advantage over the Yugoslav diplomat, so that this kind of Italian despises the Yugoslav. He knows very well that the French or British statesmen do not, amid the smoke of after-dinner cigars, esteem his case by the same standard as that which they apply to the case which the ordinary Yugoslav diplomat presents to them in office hours. As for the wider Italian circles, one must fear that the old hatred of Germany, because the Germans seemed to despise them, will henceforward colour the sentiments with which they regard the Yugoslavs. It is a state of things between these neighbours which other people cannot but view with apprehension.

AN UNFORTUNATE NAVAL AFFAIR

There was in Yugoslav naval circles no very cordial feeling for the Italians. The Austrian dreadnought, *Viribus Unitis*, was torpedoed in a most ingenious fashion by two resolute officers, Lieutenant Raffaele Paolucci, a doctor, and Major Raffaele Rossetti. In October 1917 they independently invented a very small and light compressed-air motor which could be used to propel a mine into an enemy harbour. They submitted their schemes to the Naval Inventions Board, were given an opportunity of meeting, and after three months had brought their invention into a practical form. The naval authorities, however, refused to allow them to go on any expedition till they both were skilled long-distance swimmers. Six months had thus to be dedicated entirely to swimming. At the end of that time they were supplied with a motor-boat and two bombs of a suitable size for blowing up large airships. To these bombs were fixed the small motors by means of which they were to be propelled into the port of Pola, while the two men, swimming by their side, would control and guide them. Just after nightfall on October 31, 1918, [17] the raiders arrived outside Pola.

Were they aware that anything had happened in the Austro-Hungarian navy? On October 26 there appeared in the *Hrvatski List* of Pola a summons to the Yugoslavs, made by the Executive Committee of Zagreb, which had been elected on the 23rd. This notice in the newspaper recommended the formation of local committees, and asked the Yugoslavs in the meantime to eschew all violence. When Rear-Admiral (then Captain) Methodius Koch—whose mother was an Englishwoman—read this at noon he thought it was high time to do something. Koch had always been one of the most patriotically Slovene officers of the Austrian navy. On various occasions during the War he had attempted to hand over his ships to the Italians, and when some other Austrian commander signalled to ask him why he was cruising so near to the Italian coast he invariably answered, "I have my orders." He found it, however, impossible to give himself up, as the Italians whom he sighted, no matter how numerous they were, would never allow him to come within signalling range. Koch had frequently spoken to his Slovene sailors, preparing them for the day of liberation, and he was naturally very popular among them. Let us not forget that such an officer, true to his own people, was in constant peril of being shot.

WHAT WAS HAPPENING AT POLA

On the afternoon of that same day, October 26th, when the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with its army and navy, was collapsing, Admiral Horthy, an energetic, honest, if not brilliant Magyar, the Commander of the Fleet at Pola, called to his flag-ship, the *Viribus Unitis*, one officer representing each nationality of the Empire. Koch was there on behalf of the Slovenes. The Admiral announced that a wholesale mutiny had been planned for November 1st, during which the ships' treasuries would be robbed, and he asked these officers to collaborate with him in preventing it. Koch, at the Admiral's request, wrote out a speech that he would deliver to the Slovenes, and this document, with one or two notes in the Admiral's writing, is in Koch's [18] possession. "If you will not listen to your Admirals, then," so ran the speech, "you should listen to our national leaders." He addressed himself to the men, of course in the Slovene language, as a fellow-countryman. He begged them to keep quiet. He deprecated all plundering, firstly in order that their good name should not be sullied, and also pointing out that the neighbouring population was overwhelmingly Slovene. Out of 45,000 men only 2000 could leave by rail; he therefore asked them all to stay peacefully at Pola. Meanwhile the local committee had been formed; Koch was, secretly, a member of it, and on the 28th, Rear-Admiral Cicoli, a kindly old

gentleman who was port-commandant, advised Koch to join it as liaison-officer. It was on the 28th at eight in the morning that the officers who had been selected to calm the different nationalities started to go round the fleet. That officer who spoke to the Germans declared that one must not abandon hopes of victory, and that anyhow the War would soon be over. Count Thun, who discoursed to the Czechs, was ill-advised enough to make the Deity, their Kaiser and their oath the main subjects of his remarks, so that he was more than once in great danger of being thrown overboard. Koch went first of all to the *Viribus Unitis*, but the mutiny had begun; a bugle was sounded for a general assembly; it was ignored, and the crew let it be known that they were weary of the old game, which consisted of the officers egging on one nation against another. This mutiny had not yet spread to the remaining ships, and on them the speeches were delivered. At the National Assembly that evening Koch was chosen as chief of National Defence; he thereupon went to Cicoli and formally asked to be allowed to join the committee. When Vienna refused its assent, Koch resigned his commission. By this time all discipline had gone by the board, no one thought of such a thing as office work and, amid the chaos, sailors' councils appeared, with which Koch had to treat. The situation was made no easier by the presence of large numbers of Germans, Magyars and Italians, of whom the latter also formed a National Council. On the 30th, Koch, as chief of National Defence, asked Admirals Cicoli and Horthy to [19]
come at 9 p.m. to the Admiralty, with a view to the transference of the military power. At 7.30, in the municipal building, there was a joint meeting of the Yugoslav and the Italian National Councils, and so many speeches were made that the Admirals had to be asked to postpone their appearance for two hours; and at eleven o'clock, with the street well guarded against a possible outbreak on the part of any loyal troops, the whole Yugoslav committee, accompanied by one member of the Italian committee, went to the Admiralty. Horthy had gone home, but Cicoli and his whole staff were waiting. The old gentleman was informed that he no longer had any power in his hands; he was asked to give up his post to Koch, and this he was prepared to do. "It is not so hard for me now," he said, "as I have meanwhile received a telegram from His Majesty, ordering me," and at this point he produced the paper, "to give up Pola to the Yugoslavs." The affair had apparently been settled between nine and eleven o'clock. Cicoli was ready to sign the protocol, but out of courtesy to a chivalrous old man this was left undone; after all there were witnesses enough.

During the night of October 30th-31st, a radiogram, destined for President Wilson, was composed. "Together with the Czechs, the Slovaks and the Poles, and in understanding," it said, "with the Italians, we have taken over the fleet and Pola, the war-harbour, and the forts." It asked for the dispatch of representatives of such Entente States as were disinterested in the local national question. But now a telegram was received from Zagreb, announcing that Dr. Ante Tresić-Pavičić, of the chief National Council, would be at Pola at 8 a.m. and that, pending his arrival, no wireless was to be sent out. Dr. Tresić-Pavičić,[3] poet and deputy for the lower Dalmatian islands, had always been, in spite of his indifferent health, one of the most strenuous fighters for Yugoslavia. Two years of the War he spent in an Austrian prison, but on his release he managed to travel up and down Croatia and Dalmatia, inciting the Yugoslav sailors to revolt; many of them had already read a speech by this silver-tongued deputy in the Reichsrath, a speech of which the reading and circulation had been forbidden as a crime of high treason. About [20]
9 a.m. of the 31st there was a meeting, on board the *Viribus Unitis*, between Tresić-Pavičić and Koch. There was a brief ceremony, the leader of the Sailors' Council handing over the vessel to the deputy, as representing the National Council of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Admiral Horthy, in his cabin, likewise drew up a *procès-verbal* to the same effect, saying that he was authorized to do this by the Emperor, and he supported his statement by the production of a wireless message. Koch urged on the doctor the necessity of sending the above-mentioned wireless to Wilson. "The news of this great event," says Tresić-Pavičić in an article in the *Balkan Review* (May 1919), "was dispatched to all the Powers by wireless." But unfortunately he seems, whether on his own responsibility or that of Zagreb, to have prevented Koch from sending it on that day. Captain Janko de Vuković Podkapelski was then placed in command of the fleet, though the Sailors' Council at first declined to accept him. He was at heart a patriot, but had taken no active part in Yugoslav propaganda and, unluckily for himself, he had been compelled to accompany Count Tisza in his recent ill-starred tour of Bosnia, when the Magyar leader made a last attempt to browbeat the local Slavs. Yet, as no other high officer was available, Koch told the Sailors' Council that they simply must acknowledge Vuković, and at 4 p.m. he took over the command, the Yugoslav flag being hoisted on all the vessels simultaneously, to the accompaniment of the Croatian national anthem and the firing of salutes.

THE STORY OF THE "VIRIBUS UNITIS"

Three hours previously to this a torpedo-boat, with Paolucci and Rossetti on board, had sailed from Venice; and at ten o'clock in the evening, as Paolucci tells us,[4] he and his companion, after a certain amount of embracing, handshaking, saluting and loyal exclamations, plunged into the water. The first obstacle was a wooden pier upon which sentries were marching to and fro; this was safely passed by means of two hats shaped like bottles, which Paolucci and Rossetti now put [21]
on. The bombs were submerged, and thus the sentry saw nothing but a couple of bottles being tossed about by the waves. A row of wooden beams, bearing a thin electric wire, had then to be negotiated, and the last obstacle consisted of half a dozen steel nets which had laboriously to be disconnected from the cables which held them. It was now nearly six o'clock; the two men cautiously approached the *Viribus Unitis* and fixed one of their bombs just below the water-line, underneath the ladder conducting to the deck. Paolucci simply records, without comment, that

the ship was illuminated; perhaps he and his friend were too tired to make the obvious deduction that the hourly-expected end of the War had really arrived. A number of officers from other ships had remained on the *Viribus Unitis* after the previous evening's ceremony; but the look-out, seeing the Italians in the water, must have thought it was eccentric of them to come swimming out at this hour to join in the festivities. A motor-launch soon picked them up and they were brought on board the flag-ship. "Viva l'Italia!" they shouted, for they were proud of dying for their country. "Viva l'Italia!" replied some of the crew to this pair of allied officers. When they were conducted to Captain Vuković they told him that his vessel would in a short time be blown up. The order was given to abandon ship, and Paolucci and his friend relate[5] that when they asked the captain if they might also try to save themselves he shook them both by the hand, saying that they were brave men and that they deserved to live. So they plunged into the water and swam rapidly away, but a few minutes later they were picked up by a launch and taken back, the captain having suddenly begun to suspect, they said, that the story of the bomb was untrue. They were again made to walk up the ladder, under which lay the explosives. It was then 6.28. The ladder was crowded with sailors who were also returning to their ship. "Run, run for your lives," shouted Paolucci. At last his foot touched the deck, and then he and Rossetti ran as fast as they could to the stern. Hardly had they got there than a terrific explosion rent the air, and a column [22]
of water shot three hundred feet straight up into the sky. Paolucci and Rossetti were again in the water, and looking back they saw a man scramble up the side of the vessel, which had now turned completely over, with her keel uppermost. There on the keel stood this man, with folded arms. It was Vuković, who had insisted on going down with his ship. About fifty other men were killed.

When Koch came out of his house, feeling that there must be no more delay in sending the radiogram to President Wilson, a young Italian Socialist ran up to him in the street and told him of the fate of the flagship. As the news spread everyone thought it must be the work of some Austrian officers. It was feared that they would explode the arsenal, and that would have meant the destruction of the whole town. Amid the uproar and chaos, Koch had placards distributed, saying that the *Viribus Unitis* had been torpedoed by two Italians, who were in custody. And then the wireless was sent to Paris.

The two officers were taken to the Admiralty and then placed on the dreadnought *Prince Eugene*, it being rumoured that the Italians of Pola intended to rescue them. Subsequently Koch and other officers, together with Dr. Stanić, President of the Italian National Council, went out to see the prisoners. Stanić was left alone with them for as long as he wished. And when Koch saw them—he did not then shake hands—and asked if they knew what they had done, "I know it," replied Rossetti rather arrogantly. Paolucci's demeanour was more modest.

"I was your friend all through the War," said Koch, "and now you sink our ships. I can only assume that you were ignorant of what had taken place."

They said that that was so.

"But if you had known," said the Admiral to Rossetti, "would you have done this?"

"Yes," he answered. "I am an officer. I had my orders to blow up the ship and I would have obeyed them."

Koch had undertaken that if it turned out that they were unaware of the ship's transference to the Yugoslavs he would kiss them both. He did so, and allowed them to communicate with Italy by wireless.

Never, says Koch, will the unpleasant taste of those kisses leave his mouth. The men were [23]
officers; their words could not be doubted. But as they must surely have been in Venice for at least a day or two before October 31, it seems extraordinary that they did not hear, via Triest, of what the Emperor Charles was doing with his navy. If only they had perfected their invention and learned to swim a trifle sooner there would be no shadow cast on their achievement, but the Yugoslavs—who had never seen any sort of Italian naval attack on Pola during the War—could not be blamed for thinking that the disappearance of their *Viribus Unitis* would be viewed with equanimity by the Italians.... With regard to the other vessels, it was arranged in Paris that they should proceed, under the white flag, to Corfu with Yugoslav commanders; but this was found impossible, as they were undermanned. Part of the fleet arrived at Kotor and was placed at the disposal of the commander of the Yugoslav detachment of the Allied forces which had come from Macedonia. A serious episode occurred at Pola, where on November 5 an Italian squadron arrived and demanded the surrender of the ships. The Yugoslav commander succeeded in sending by wireless a strong protest to Paris against this barefaced violation of the agreement. The Italian commander, Admiral Cagni, likewise sent a protest, but Clemenceau upheld the Yugoslavs. They were absolutely masters of the ex-Austro-Hungarian fleet; it rested solely with them either to sink it or hand it over to the Allies in good condition. The Yugoslavs did not sink the fleet, because they wished to show their loyalty to, and confidence in, the justice of the Allies. They never suspected at that time that the ships would not be shared at least equally between themselves and the Italians. But in December 1919 the Supreme Council in Paris allotted to the Yugoslavs twelve disarmed torpedo-boats for policing and patrolling their coasts.

HOW THE ITALIANS LANDED AT POLA

Admiral Cagni was invited by the Yugoslavs to enter the harbour of Pola. But for two and a half

days he hesitated outside and heavily bombarded the hill-fortress of Barbarica, which had been abandoned. At last he made up his mind to risk a landing. The Italian girls of Pola, dressed in white, came down in a procession to the port; their arms were full of flowers for the Italian sailors. And the first men who disembarked were buried in flowers and kissed and kissed before the girls perceived that, by a prudent Italian arrangement, this advance guard consisted of men of the Czecho-Slovak Legion. The first care of the Italians at Pola was not to ascertain the whereabouts of the munition depots; they made for the naval museum, where trophies from the battle of Vis in 1866 were preserved. These they removed, as well as whatever took their fancy at the Arsenal. Among their booty was a silver dinner service which it had been customary to use on occasions of Imperial visits. An Italian officer appeared on the *Radetzky*. Very roughly he asked an officer who he was. "I am the commander," said this first-lieutenant. "No! no!" said the other, "I am that." But the Italians for the most part avoided going on board the ships.... Admiral Cagni himself was very ill at ease, but grew noticeably more confident as he observed the utter demoralization of Pola. His correspondence likewise underwent the appropriate changes. While Koch was in command of 45,000 men, Cagni wrote to "His Excellency the most illustrious Signor Ammiraglio"; when the numbers were reduced to 20,000 the style of address was "Illustrious Signor Ammiraglio"; when they fell to 10,000 it became "Al Signor Ammiraglio"; when only 5000 remained a letter began with the word "Ammiraglio!" and when the last man had left Pola and Koch was alone, Cagni sent word through his adjutant that he knew no Admiral Koch but merely a Signor Koch. [24]

THE SEA-FARING YUGOSLAVS

Talking of numbers, one may mention that the Yugoslavs formed about 65 per cent. of the Austro-Hungarian navy, as one would naturally expect from the sea-faring population of Dalmatia and Istria. In the technical branches of the service only about 40 per cent. were Yugoslavs, for a preference was given to Germans and Magyars. Out of 116 chief engineers only two were Yugoslavs. Serbo-Croat was an obligatory language; but German, as in the army, was the language of command. Thus one sees that, in spite of not being favoured, the Yugoslavs of the Adriatic, who are natural sailors, constituted more than half the personnel of the navy. "These Slav people," writes Mr. Hilaire Belloc,[6] who took the trouble to go to the Adriatic with a view to solving the local problems, "these Slav people have only tentatively approached the sea. Its traffic was never native to them." If he had continued a little way down the coast he would have seen many and many a neat little house whose owners are retired sea-captains. "They are not mariners," says Mr. Belloc. If he had made a small excursion into history he would have learned that Venice—since it was to her own advantage—made an exception of Dalmatia's shipping industry, and while she was placing obstacles along the roads that a Dalmatian might wish to take, allowed the time-honoured industries of the sea to be developed. Such fine sailors were the Dalmatians that Benedetto Pesaro, the Venetian Admiral against the Turks in the fifteenth century, deplored the fact that his galleys were not fully manned by them, instead of those "Lombardi" whom he despised. "They are," says Mr. John Leyland,[7] the naval authority—they are "pre-eminently a maritime race. The circumstances of their geography, and in a chief degree the wonderful configuration of their coast-line, with its sheltered waters and admirable anchorages, made them sea-farers.... The proud Venetians knew them as pirates and marauders long ago." And "there has never been a better seaman," adds Mr. Leyland, "than the pirate turned trader." In 1780 the island of Brač had forty vessels, Lussin a hundred, and Kotor, which in the second half of the eighteenth century quadrupled her mercantile marine, had a much larger fleet than either of them. The best-known dockyards were those at Korčula and Trogir, while the great Overseas Sailing Ship Navigation Company at Peljesac (Sabioncello) occupied an important position in the world of trade. The company's fleet of large sailing vessels was of native construction; both crews and captains were natives of the country, so that it was in every way the best representative of the Dalmatian mercantile marine of the period. When the Treaty of Vienna in 1815 gave Venice, Istria and the Eastern Adriatic to the Habsburgs the vessels plying in those waters were very largely Slav. And with the substitution of steam the Dalmatians are still holding their own, with this difference, that the ships are now built, even as they are manned, not by nobles and the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, but by men who come from modest sea-faring or peasant families. In the Austrian mercantile marine German capital formed 47·82 per cent., Italian capital 19·37 per cent. and Slav capital 31·80 per cent. One of these Dalmatian Slavs, Mihanović, going out in poverty to the Argentine, has followed with such success the shipbuilding of his ancestors that he is now among the chief millionaires of Buenos Aires. With regard to fishing, there are along the Istrian and Dalmatian coast more than 5000 small vessels which give employment to 19,000 fishermen, of whom only 1000 are citizens of Italy. But Mr. Belloc says that these Slav people have only tentatively approached the sea, that its traffic was never native to them, and that they are not mariners. It is marvellous that you can be paid for writing that sort of stuff.... By Mr. Belloc's side is the Marchese Donghi, who in the *Fortnightly Review* of June 1922 says: "It is superfluous to add that everything which has to do with navigation [in Dalmatia] is entirely in the hands of the Italians." But I think it is superfluous to contradict a gentleman who ingenuously believes that Dalmatia is largely Italian because on our maps we have hitherto used Italian place-names. Will he say that the population of Praha is not Czech because on our maps that capital is commonly called Prague? It pleases the Marchese to be facetious about what he describes as "that queer thing called the Srba Hrvata i Slovenca Kralji (Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes)"; he should have said "Kraljevina Srba, Hrvata i Slovenaca." He says that in Serbia "no industry is possible," whereas in one single town, Lescovac, there are no less than eleven textile besides other factories. He says that one-third of the population of Dalmatia is Italian, and [25] [26] [27]

"almost exclusively the nobility and the upper *bourgeoisie*." I suppose that is why more than 700 of Dalmatia's leading citizens were deported by the Italians after the Great War. He says many other nonsensical things, and sums it all up by telling us of the "bewildered incomprehension" of the Adriatic problem!

WHO SET A STANDARD THAT WAS TOO HIGH

Whether rightly or wrongly, the Yugoslavs had formed their opinion of the Italian sailors, an opinion which dated from the time of Tegetthoff and had not undergone much modification by the incidents of this War. They remembered what had happened when they cruised outside Italian ports; they knew very probably that the British had on more than one occasion to break through the boom outside Taranto harbour, and they may have read[8] of the experience of some French ladies who came to the Albanian coast on the *Città di Bari* towards the end of 1915 with 2000 kilos of milk, clothing and medical supplies for the Serbian children who had struggled across the mountains. These ladies write that after the torpedoing of the *Brindisi* their own crew ran up and down without appearing to see them; the crew had life-belts, those of the ladies were taken away. Ultimately they succeeded in having themselves put ashore, and the *Città di Bari* fled in the night without landing the stores. And in Albania, the ladies say, one witnessed the "stoic endurance of the noble Serbian race, of which every day brought us more examples. In that procession of ghosts and of the dying there was no imploring look, there was no hand stretched out to beg." ... The Yugoslavs may have known what happened to Lieutenant (now Captain) Binnos de Pombara of the French navy. This officer, in command of the *Fourche*, had been escorting the *Città di Messina* and, observing that she was torpedoed, had sent to her, perhaps a little imprudently, all his life-boats and belts. A few minutes later, when he was himself torpedoed, the Italians did not see him; anyhow they made for the shore. De Pombara encouraged his men by causing them to [28] sing the Marseillaise and so forth; they were in the water, clinging to the wreckage, for several hours, until another boat came past. The next day at Brindisi, when he met the captain of the *Città di Messina*, this gentleman once more did not see him; but the French Government, although de Pombara was a very young man, created him an officer of the Legion of Honour.

AN ELECTRICAL ATMOSPHERE AND NO PRECAUTIONS

There was thus a certain amount of tension existing between the military and naval services of the Yugoslavs and those of Italy. Other Yugoslavs were apprehensive as to whether the Italians would not demand the enforcement of the Treaty of London. But the United States was not bound by that agreement, which was so completely at variance with Wilson's principle of self-determination. One presumed that, pending an examination of these matters, the disputed territories would be occupied by troops of all the Allies. But unfortunately this did not turn out to be the case. France, Britain and America stood by, while the Italians and the Yugoslavs took whatsoever they could lay their hands on. As the Yugoslav military forces had to come overland, while the Italians had command of the sea, it was natural that in most places the Italians got the better of the scramble; and where they found the Yugoslavs in possession, as at Rieka, they usually ousted them by diplomatic methods. And in one way or another they managed to make their holdings tally, as far as possible, with the Treaty of London, and even to go beyond it. Baron Sonnino declined to make a comprehensive statement as to the Italian programme. Of course he desired in the end to exchange Dalmatia—the seizure of which would entail a war with Yugoslavia —against Rieka. But as Italian public opinion had scarcely thought of Rieka during the War, he made it his business to cause them to yearn for that town. His compatriots were asking why Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points should be waived for France in the Sarre Basin, for Britain in Ireland and Egypt, but not for them. And some of his would-be ingenious compatriots pointed out—their [29] contentions were embodied in the Italian Memorandum to the Supreme Council on January 10, 1920—that as the Treaty of London was based on the presumption that Montenegro, Serbia and Croatia would remain separate States, this instrument had been altogether upset by the merging of those Southern Slavs into one country, Yugoslavia; it followed, therefore, that the Treaty which attributed Rieka to the Croats could no longer be invoked. But the other parts of the Treaty which gave the Slav mainland and islands to Italy were absolutely unassailable. The reader will resent being troubled by this kind of balderdash, but Messrs. Clemenceau, Lloyd-George and Wilson may have resented it even more.

ITALIAN MILDNESS ON THE ISLE OF VIS

On November 3 the Italians arrived outside Vis (Lissa), the most westerly of the large islands, where the entire population of 11,000 is Slav, except for the family of an honoured inhabitant, Dr. Doimi, and three other families related to his. Dr. Doimi's people have lived for many years on this island—his father was mayor of the capital, which is also called Vis, for half a century—and now they have become so acclimatized that, as he told me, three of his four nephews prefer to call themselves Yugoslavs. This phenomenon can be seen all down the Adriatic coast. It has often, for example, been pointed out to Dr. Vio, the very Italian ex-mayor of Rieka, that he has a Croat father and several Croat brothers. Thus also the Duimić family of the same town has one brother married to a Magyar lady and very fond of the Magyars, a second brother who is a Professor at Milan, and a third who lives above Rieka and is a Yugoslav. The terms "Yugoslav" and "Italian" have now come to signify not what a man is, but what he wants to be, applying thus the admirable principle of self-determination. Well, in the old days on the isle of Vis between two and

three hundred people belonged to the Autonomist party, owing to their great regard for Dr. Doimi; but these say now that they are Yugoslavs, and the Italians—at all events Captain Sportiello, their chief officer at Vis—acknowledged that they must base their demand on strategic reasons. A day or two before the Italians arrived the population had arrested several Austrian functionaries, including the mayor and three gendarmes, who had maltreated them during the War. None of these persons were Italian; and when the Italian boats were sighted a committee went to meet them joyfully and brought the officers ashore upon their backs. The officers explained that they had come as representatives of the Entente and the United States, and for the object—which appeared superfluous—of protecting Vis from German submarines. If the Italians had been everywhere as inoffensive as at Vis, it would be more agreeable to write about their doings. Captain Sportiello, a naval officer, showed himself throughout the months of his administration to be sensible; he frequented Yugoslav houses. The greatest divergence occurred on June 1, 1919, when the Italians planned to have a demonstration for their national holiday, and asked the inhabitants to come to the bioscope, where they would be regaled with cakes and sweets; the inhabitants replied that they preferred to have Yugoslavia.... But there is a monument in the cemetery at Vis to which I must refer. It is a very fine monument of white marble, erected by the Austrians to commemorate their victory in these waters over the Italian navy in 1866.[9] On the top there is a lion clutching the Italian flag, while on two of the sides there are inscriptions in the German language. One of them, some feet in length, relates that this memorial is placed there for the officers and men who on July 20, 1866, gave their lives in the service of their Emperor and country. The Italians screwed two marble slabs across the upper and the lower parts of this inscription, so that the German lettering of the central part remained visible; on the lower slab one read: "Novembre 1918" and on the upper one "Italia Vincitrice" (Victorious Italy). We were taken by several Italian officers to look at this. They were so proud of it that they presented us with photographs of the monument in its altered state. I fear that the Italian mentality escapes me. I should not have written anything about them. [30] [31]

THEIR TRUCULENCE AT KORČULA

They landed on the same day, November 3, on the beautiful and prosperous island of Korčula (Curzola), putting ashore at Velaluka, the western harbour. With the exception of five families, all the people are Yugoslavs; and the Italians, who sailed in under a white flag, announced that they had come as friends of the Yugoslavs and of the Entente, to preserve order and to protect them against submarines. On the 5th, they went to the town of Korčula, where one of the two officers, Lieutenant Poggi, of the navy, put his assurances in writing, as he had done at Velaluka. He protested against the word "Occupation." On the 7th they returned to Velaluka and on the 12th went back, with about a hundred men, to Korčula. Once more he wrote that he had not come to occupy the island; he added, though, that the district officials should act on the opposite peninsula of Sabioncello in the name of the Yugoslavs, but over Korčula and the island of Lastovo (Lagosta) in the name of Italy—not of the Entente. He wanted to remove the Yugoslav flags from public buildings and substitute Italian flags. When he was reminded of what he had said with regard to the Entente, he exclaimed: "No, no! This is Italy!" The chief district official protested, and refused to carry out Lieut. Poggi's injunctions, nor were the Italians able to do so. This officer remained at Korčula, requisitioning houses and hoisting as many Italian flags as he could. He issued an order that after 6.30 p.m. not more than three persons were allowed to come together in the streets. His men used to offer food to the women of the place, who declined it; after which the food was given to the children, who were previously photographed in an imploring attitude. There was some trouble on December 15 when the *Leonidas*, an American ship, came in with a number of mine-sweepers. Apparently the Yugoslavs contravened the Italian regulations by omitting to ask whether their band might play in the harbour, but, on the supposition that this would not be accorded to them, went down to the harbour just as if they were not living under regulations. They waved American, Serbian and Croatian flags, all of which the Italians attempted to seize; the most gorgeous one, a Yugoslav flag of silk with gilt fringes, they tore up and divided among themselves as a trophy. When the *Leonidas* made fast, a lieutenant leaped ashore and placed himself, holding a revolver, in front of an American flag. The captain, according to some reports, had his men standing to their guns, while others of the crew are said to have been given hand-grenades; but whether by this method or another, the turbulence on shore was calmed and the Italians seem to have invited the captain to step off his boat. He preferred, however, to go to another port; the populace came overland. One need not say that there was jollification.... When the other American boats departed, a small one remained at Korčula. One day a steamer came from Metković, having on board a few men of the Yugoslav Legion. The people of Korčula, not being allowed to take the men to their houses, came down quietly to the harbour with coffee and bread, but the carabinieri drove them away. These legionaries were emigrants to Australia and Canada, who had come back to fight for the Entente, including Italy. The Italians wanted to arrest them all on account of a small Croatian flag which one of them was holding, but at the request of the American ship they refrained. A certain Marko Šimunović, who had gone to Australia from the Korčula village of Račišca, went over to speak to the sailors on the American boat. Because of this the carabinieri took him to the military headquarters. He was interned for several months in Italy. [32]

The long island of Hvar (Lesina) was not occupied until November 13. It is interesting, by the by, to note how this island came to have its names. In the time of the Greek colonists it was known as ὁ φάρος, which subsequently became Farra or Quarra, leading to the name Hvar, by which it is known to the Slavs. They also, in the thirteenth century, gave it an alternative name: [33]

Lesna, from the Slav word signifying "wooded," for the Venetians had not yet despoiled the island of many of its forests. Lesna was the popular and Hvar the literary name; and the Italians, taking the former of these, coined the word Lesina, the sound of which makes many of them and of other people think that this is an Italian island.[10] The question of Slav and Italian geographical names in Dalmatia has been carefully investigated by a student at Split. Taking the zone which was made over to the Italians by the Treaty of London, he found that with the exception of a reef called Maon, alongside the island of Pago, every island, village, mountain and river has a Slav name, whereas out of the total of 114 names there were 64 which have no names in Italian; and this is giving the Italians credit for such words as Sebenico, Zemonico and so forth, which in the opinion of philologists are merely modifications of the original Šibenik, Zemunik, etc.

AND ON HVAR

At Starigrad on Hvar the Italians also said that they were representatives of the Entente, but soon they prohibited the national colours. Being perhaps aware that in the whole island, with its population of about 20,000, there were before the War only four or five Italians who were engaged in selling fruit, their countrymen in November 1918 did their best, by the distribution of other commodities—rice, flour and macaroni—to make some more Italians. They succeeded at Starigrad in obtaining fifteen or twenty recruits. And they made it obvious that it would be more comfortable to be an Italian than a Yugoslav. The local Reading-Rooms, whose committee had received no previous warning, fell so greatly under the displeasure of the Italians that one night after ten o'clock—at which time curfew sounded for the Yugoslavs; the Italians and their friends could stay out until any hour—the premises were sacked: knives were used against the pictures, furniture was taken by assault, and mirrors did not long resist the fine élan of the attacking [34]
party. Old vases, other ornaments and books were thrown into the harbour near the *Sirio*, the Italian destroyer which was anchored ten yards from the Reading-Rooms. Of course there was an inquiry; the result of it was that several Yugoslavs (and no others) were imprisoned. The *Sirio's* commander was a gentleman of some activity; he sent a telegram to Rome and another one to Admiral Millo, the Italian Governor of the occupied parts of Dalmatia, saying that the people of the island longed for annexation. These telegrams he read aloud before the islanders, with all his carabinieri in attendance.... The old-world capital of the island, which is a smaller place than Starigrad, was occupied on the same day. The first serious encounter took place on December 4, when the Italians, who were quartered on the upper floor of the Sokol or gymnastic club, observed that furniture was being taken from the rooms below them and was being carried out into the street. If they had asked the people what they were about they would have heard that these things had been stored in the gymnasium during the War and that the place was now to be devoted to its original purpose. What they did was to believe at once the yarn of a renegade, who told them that the people were preparing to blow up the house. The Italians opened fire, wounded several persons and killed one of their own carabinieri.

HOW THEY WERE RECEIVED AT ZADAR

On the mainland the Italians were received at Šibenik with some suspicion. They announced, however, that they came as representatives of the Allies, and begged for a pilot who would take them into Šibenik's land-locked harbour, through the mine-field. The Yugoslavs consented, and after the Italians had installed themselves they requisitioned sixty Austrian merchant vessels which were lying in that harbour. (They left, as a matter of fact, to the Yugoslavs out of all the ex-Austrian mercantile fleet exactly four old boats—*Sebenico*, *Lussin*, *Mossor* and *Dinara*—with a total displacement of 390 tons.) On the other hand, at Zadar, they were received in a very [35]
friendly fashion. In this town, as it had been the seat of government, with numerous officials and their families, the Autonomist anti-Croat party had been, under Austria, more powerful than in any other town in Dalmatia. With converts coming in from the country, which is entirely Slav, the Autonomists in Zadar had become well over half the population,[11] which is about 14,000, that of the surrounding district being about 23,000. Zadar was thus a place apart from the rest of Dalmatia, and although the Dalmatian Autonomists were unable to claim any of the eleven deputies who went to Vienna, they managed to be represented in the provincial Chamber—the Landtag—by six out of the forty-one members. The Landtag was not elected on the basis of [36]
universal suffrage; four out of these six members were chosen by large landowners, one (Dr. Ziliotto, the mayor) by the town of Zadar and one by the Zadar chamber of commerce. Out of the eighty-six communes of Dalmatia, Zadar was the solitary one that was Autonomist. Some very few Autonomists were wont to say that they aspired to union with Italy, but it was generally thought that most of them agreed with Dr. Ziliotto when he said in the Landtag in 1906: "We, separated from Italy by the whole Adriatic—we a few thousand men, scattered, with no territorial links, among a population not of hundreds of thousands but of millions of Slavs, how could we think of union with Italy?" And Dr. Ziliotto was one of those who always regarded himself as an Italian. But whether the Zadar Autonomists were sincere or not when Austria ruled over them, the large majority of them hung out Italian colours after the War, and in this they were undoubtedly sincere, although the motives varied; in some it was the love of Italy, in some it was ambition and in some a thirst for vengeance.

[Although both Yugoslavs and Italians criticize the Austrian figures, it is probable that they are pretty accurate. The census of 1910 gave for Dalmatia: 610,669 Serbo-Croats, 18,028 Italians, 3081 Germans and 1410 Czecho-Slovaks. The Autonomist party claimed that they were not 18,028 but 30,000; and that 150,000 persons in Dalmatia speak Italian. But the Orlando-Sonnino

Government really did try its utmost to improve these figures. At the end of November 1918 the Italians, who had charge of the police at Constantinople, put up notices asking all Austrian subjects from Dalmatia to inscribe themselves with the authorities and thus receive protection. In addition to the ordinary large Yugoslav population, the Austrian army was still there, and two of its officers, in uniform, inscribed themselves. The Italians had to endure not a few rebuffs, for they applied to people at their houses—they had found the nationality lists at the police offices. The Dutch were looking after Yugoslav interests, but received no instructions.] [37]

WHAT THEY DID THERE

It was thought at Zadar that the Italians would be followed in the course of days by the other Allies. Anyhow the Yugoslavs were in no carping spirit; about 5000 of them assembled to greet the Italian destroyer; they were, in fact, more numerous than the Italians. And perhaps one should record that on this memorable occasion—it was at an early hour—Dr. Ziliotto had to complete his toilette as he ran down to the quay. Soon the Italian captain, shouldered by the crowd, was flourishing two flags, the Italian and the Yugoslav—although his country had, of course, not recognized Yugoslavia. For a little time it was the colour of roses, and the worm that crept into this paradise seems to have been a Japanese warship in whose presence each of the two parties wished to demonstrate how powerful it was. The carabinieri resolved to maintain order, and as an inmate of the seminary made, they said, an unpolished gesture at them from a window they went off and, with some reinforcements, broke into the Slav Reading-Room and damaged it considerably. The Italian officers and men at Zadar went about their duties for some time without permitting themselves to be drawn into local politics, but they were told repeatedly that the Slavs are goats and barbarians, so that at last the men appear to have concluded that strong measures were required. Some of them mingled, in civilian clothes, with the unruly elements, and Zadar's narrow streets became most hazardous for Yugoslav pedestrians. Girls and men alike were roughly handled; thrice in one day, for example, a professor—Dr. Stoikević—had his ears boxed as he went to or was coming from his school. Yet Zadar is a dignified old place; the chief men of the town and the Italian officers did what they could to keep it so. But away from their control some deeds of truculence occurred. The prison warders, as the spirit moved them, forced the Slavs there to be quiet, or to shout "Viva Italia!" Most of the Slavs were in the gaol for having had in their possession Austrian paper money stamped by the Yugoslav authorities; these notes were subsequently declared by the Italians to be illegal; but if a man came from Croatia, for example, and had nothing else, it was a trifle harsh to lock him up and confiscate the money. [38] Eight good people went to Zadar prison owing to the fact that near the ancient town of Biograd they had been sitting underneath the olive trees and singing Croat folk-songs. Nor was it much in keeping with Zadar's dignity when the "Ufficio Propaganda" put out a large red placard which invited boys between the ages of nine and seventeen to join in establishing a "Corpo Nazionale dei giovani esploratori"—that is to say, an association of boy scouts. It is superfluous to inquire as to why these boys were mustered.... When the Austrians collapsed, a few old rifles were seized by the Italians and the Croats, the latter having fifteen or twenty which they hid in various villages. A priest and a medical student were privy to this fearful crime. A hue and cry was raised by the carabinieri—the priest vanished, the student jumped out of a window of his house and also vanished. But the carabinieri would not be denied. They suspected that the Albanians of the neighbouring village of Borgo Erizzo were abetting the Slavs. It was necessary, therefore, to castigate them. The 2500 inhabitants of Borgo Erizzo, nearly all of them Albanians who speak their own language and Serbo-Croat, while 5 per cent. also speak Italian, used to be divided in their sympathies before the War—75 per cent. being adherents of the Slavs in Zadar and 25 per cent. of the Autonomists. Now they have, excepting 5 per cent., gone over to the Slavs, and as they have retained some of the habits of their ancestors, they were not going to let the hostile forces win an easy victory. A student marched in front of the Italians, then about ten carabinieri, then a few ranks of soldiers, and then the mob of Zadar. The Albanians were in two groups, twenty sheltering behind walls to the right of the road and twenty to the left; they were armed with stones, their women folk were bringing them relays of these. The encounter ended in three carabinieri and seven or eight soldiers being wounded. In order to avenge this defeat one Duka, who is by birth an Albanian and is a teacher at the Italian "Liga" school, which was built a few years ago at Borgo Erizzo, determined on the next afternoon to attack the Teachers' Institute, which is situated 400 steps from his own establishment, and which on the previous day had [39] shown a strong defence. He led the attack in person, firing his revolver. But the casualties were light. The Teachers' Institute was, after this, occupied by the military, and Admiral Millo paid a complimentary visit to Duka at his school.

PRETTY DOINGS AT KRK

Proceeding up the Adriatic we come to the Quarnero Islands, of which the most considerable is Krk (Veglia). The whole district had, at the last census, 19,562 inhabitants whose ordinary language was Serbo-Croat, and 1544 who commonly spoke Italian. Of these latter the capital, likewise called Krk, contained 1494, and only 644 who gave themselves out as Slavs. The town, with its tortuous, rather wistful streets, was the residence of the Venetian officials, and five or six of those old families remain. The rest of the 1494 are nearly all Italianized Slavs, who under Austria used to call themselves either Austrians of Italian tongue or else Istrians. However, if they wish to be Italians now, there is none to say them nay. They include five out of the twenty officials, and these five gentlemen seem to have boldly said before the War that it would please

them if this island were to be included in the Kingdom of Italy. They did not give their Austrian rulers many sleepless nights; this confidence in them was justified, for during the War they placed themselves in the front rank of those who flung defiant words at Italy, and one of them enlarged his weapon, copying upon his typewriter some Songs of Hate, which probably were sent to him from Rieka or Triest. These typewritten sheets were then circulated in the island. One of them—"Con le teste degli Italiani"—had been specially composed for children and expressed the intention of playing bowls with Italian heads. The songs for adults were less blood-thirsty but not less cruel. The Yugoslavs of the island must have been engaged in other War work; no songs were provided for them.... When Austria collapsed, some youths came from Rieka, flourishing their flags and sticks, and crying, "Down with Austria!" "Long live Italy!" "Long live Yugoslavia!" "Long live King Peter!" There was, in fact general goodwill. A Croat National Council was formed, [40]
and was recognized by the Italian party; it introduced a censorship, but as the postmaster's allegiance was given to the minority he sent a telegram to Triest, asking for bread and protection; and on November 15 the *Stocco* arrived. Other people soon departed; the Bishop's chancellor and his chaplain, two magistrates and a Custom-house official, were shipped off to Italy or Sardinia, while the owner of the typewriter flew off as a delegate to Paris, having persuaded the town council of the capital to vote a sum of 36,000 crowns for his expenses—but a crown was now worth less than half a franc. However, two members of the town council thought that it was a waste of money; but when they were threatened with internment in Sardinia they withdrew their active opposition, and the delegate set out. On the way he granted an interview to an Italian journalist, and depicted the spontaneous enthusiasm with which the islanders had called for Italy. But the journalist had heard of the National Council and he asked, very naturally, whether it shared these sentiments. "Ha parlato da Italiano!" ("I have spoken as an Italian"), replied the delegate; and when the newspaper reached the island, this cryptic saying was interpreted in various ways, his critics pointing out that, as he had diverged from truthfulness, this was another little Song of Hate. The Bishop, Dr. Mahnić,[12] did not go to Italy for several months. He was a learned Slovene, an ex-Professor of Gorica University, known also as a stern critic of any poetry which was not dogmatically religious. He gave vent to his dislike of the poetry of Gregorčić and Aškerc, both of them priests. The former, being of a mild disposition, bowed before the storm; but Aškerc wrote a cutting satire on his critic. The Austrians, disapproving of his religious and patriotic activities, thought they would smother him by this appointment to a rather out-of-the-way diocese. But his influence spread far beyond it, and in the islands he was so solicitous for the people's material welfare that, for example, he founded savings-banks, which
were a great success. It was unavoidable, as he was a man of character, that he should come into [41]
conflict with the Italians, for their commanding officer, a naval captain of Hungarian origin, was not a suave administrator. He charged a priest with making Yugoslav propaganda because he catechized the little children in their own language; another priest on the island of Unie, which forms a part of the diocese, was accused of making propaganda, because he has had in his church two statues—which had been there for years—of SS. Cyril and Methodus. They were removed from the church, he put them back; finally he was himself expelled and Unie remained without a priest. The naval captain was irritated by the old Slavonic liturgy, which is used in all except four churches of the diocese, but if he could not alter this—Dr. Mahnić referring him to the Pope—he and the Admiral at Pola, Admiral Cagni, could manage with some trouble to rid themselves of the bishop. This gentleman, who was in his seventieth year and an invalid, said that he would perhaps go to Rome after Easter. On March 24 the captain told him that the admiral had settled he should sail in three days, but the bishop was ill. On the 26th the captain returned with a lieutenant of carabinieri to ask if the bishop was still ailing; the admiral, it seemed, had ordered that two other doctors—the officer of health for the district and an Italian army doctor—should verify the report of the bishop's own medical attendant. The three of them quarrelled for two hours, but finally they all signed a memorandum that the bishop was ill. On the 31st the captain came to say that a destroyer would arrive and that it would take the bishop wherever he wanted to go, for the Italians had made up their minds that go he must. He had objected far too vigorously to their methods—not approving, for example, of the written permit which was given in the autumn to the people of two villages in Krk, on which it stated that these people could supply themselves with timber at Grdnje. This was a State forest, rented by a certain man; but the Italians acknowledged that what they wanted was adherents, and these grateful villagers, if there should be a plebiscite, would vote for them. The man appealed to justice, but the judge
received a verbal order not to act. The villagers were given a general amnesty on January 1, an [42]
Italian flag was hoisted at the judge's office—the judge had gone away. Another transaction which the bishop had resented was after a visit paid by the captain and another officer of the French warship *Annamite* to the Yugoslav Reading-Rooms at Lošinj mali (Lussinpiccolo); a priest and two other gentlemen had escorted their guests to the harbour at 11 p.m.; during the night all three were arrested and the priest deported. When the *Annamite* put in at the lofty island of Cres (Cherso) and a couple of officers went to the Franciscan monastery, it resulted in the monastery being closed and the monks removed. Their simple act of courtesy was, said the Italians, propaganda. From Lošinj mali and Cres five ladies were collected, four of them being teachers and one the wife of the pilot, Sindičić. They were guilty of having greeted the French, and on account of this were taken to the prison at Pola. Afterwards in Venice they were kept for six weeks in the company of prostitutes and from there they passed to Sardinia, on which island they were retained for nine months. As for Dr. Mahnić, he set sail on April 4 at 6 a.m. Being asked whither he would like to go, he said he wished to be put down at Zengg on the mainland. "Excellent," said the Italians; but after a few minutes they said they had received a radio from Pola that the bishop must be taken to Ancona. He was afterwards allowed to live in a monastery near Rome.

UNHAPPY POLA

The Italians had not been two days in Pola—in which arsenal town the population, unlike that of the country, mostly uses the Italian language—when they made themselves disliked by both parties. The President of the Italian National Council was told by the Admiral that an Austrian crown was to be worth forty Italian centesimi. This, said the Admiral, was an order from Rome. The President explained that this meant ruin for the people of the town. He asked if he might telegraph to Rome. "I am Rome!" said the Admiral, or words to that effect. Thereupon the President and the colleagues who were with him said they would never come again to see the [43] Admiral "If I want you," said the Admiral, "I will have you brought by a couple of carabinieri." On the next day red flags were flying on the arsenal and on the day after the Italian troops were taken elsewhere, while 10,000 fresh ones came from Italy. And Pola, in exchange for troops, gave coal. For some time the Italians carried off two trainloads of it every day. This absence of coal from their own native country, which rather places them at the mercy of the coal-producing lands, seems to be more their misfortune than anybody's fault, yet the Italian party of Rieka added this to their grievances against France and Great Britain. Those two countries ought, they said, in very decency, to correct the oversights of Providence; but no very practical suggestions were put forward.

WHAT ISTRIA ENDURED

According to the Austrian census of 1910 Istria contained 386,740 inhabitants, of whom 218,854 (or 58·5 per cent.) habitually used the Serbo-Croat language, while 145,552 (or 38·9 per cent.) used Italian. The Yugoslavs cannot help regarding the Istrian statistics with suspicion, and believing that here, more than in Dalmatia, they were made to suffer on account of Austria's alliance with Italy and with the Vatican: one of the wrongs which Strossmayer fought against was that Istria had been entrusted to an Italian Dalmatian bishop who could not speak a word of Slav. This prelate appointed to vacant livings a number of Italian priests whom the people could not understand; a Slav coming to confess had to be supplied with an interpreter. As to the statistics in the commune of Krmed (Carmedo), for example, of the district of Pola, the census of 1900 gave 257 Croats against three Italians, whereas in 1910 it was stated that 296 inhabitants spoke habitually Italian and six spoke Croatian. Nevertheless, if one accepts the Austrian figures, the 58·5 per cent. should not be treated as if they did not exist. Perhaps the Italian officials could find no interpreters to translate their proclamations and decrees; if the Yugoslavs could not read them that was a defect in their education. If they were unable to write to the authorities or to send private telegrams in Italian, let them hold their peace. At any rate, said Vice-Admiral Cagni, [44] we will not encourage the Croatian language, and on November 16, 1918, he commanded the Yugoslav schools to be shut at eleven places in the district and also two schools in the town. The Austrians had allowed these schools to remain open during the War; but of course if you wish to prevent people from learning a language this is one of the first steps you would take. Thirteen Yugoslav schoolmasters at Pola were thus deprived of their means of livelihood. The Admiral said that he really did not want to let matters remain in this condition, but all these schools had been at the expense of the State; let the Yugoslavs support their own schools. They were, as a matter of fact, entitled by reason of their numbers to have State-supported schools. Yet that was, of course, in the time of Austria; and why should Italy be bound by Austrian laws? Italy would do what she saw fit. In various places the teachers were, in the presence of Italian officers, compelled to use Italian for the instruction of purely Yugoslav children. Slav schoolmistresses were, in several cases, taken out of bed in the middle of the night and conducted on board Italian ships. The clergy were ordered to preach in Italian in churches, such as that of Veprinac, where the congregation is almost entirely Slav[13]—and so on, and so on. Well, there are several ways of governing a mixed population, and this is one of them.... "Zadar and Rieka," said Pribičević in November to an Italian interviewer at Zagreb—"Zadar and Rieka will enjoy all liberty of culture and municipal autonomy. And we are convinced that an equal treatment will be accorded to the Slav minorities who will be included in your territory. We understand and perfectly recognize your right to Triest and to Pola, and we would that in Italy our right to Rieka and Dalmatia were recognized with the same justice."[14]

[45]

THE FAMOUS TOWN OF RIEKA

Rieka is a place concerning which a good deal has been written, but I doubt if there have been two words more striking than the phrase which the Consiglio Nazionale Italiano applies in a pamphlet to the last Hungarian Governor. This official, appreciating that his presence in the town would serve no useful end, dissolved the State police on October 28, 1918, and departed. "Hôte insalué, il disparut...." says the pamphlet. After all the years of kindness, all the million favours showered on the Autonomists by their beloved friends the Magyars, after all the dark electioneering tricks and gutter legislation which for years had been committed by the Magyars to the end that the Autonomists and they should have all the amenities of some one else's house, it surely is the acme of ingratitude to call this tottering benefactor "Hôte insalué." If the Autonomists did not desire to reap advantages from any Magyar corruption, they might at any time since November 17, 1868, have torn the swindling piece of paper, the "krpitsa," from the Agreement made between the Magyars and the Croats. Then the Croat would not have been kept for all these years a slave in his own home.... But on October 28, 1918, the "krpitsa" had no more weight, the iniquitous Agreement was obsolete, the Croats came into possession of their own.

The Compromise of 1868, which gave the administration of Rieka provisionally to the Magyars, was formally denounced on October 29, so that the *status quo ante* returned, and Rieka was again an integral part of the Kingdom of Croatia. The Croatian Government (that is, the National Council) had then every right to depute its adherents at Rieka to undertake the affairs of that town. Dr. Vio was too much of a lawyer to dispute the legality of any of these statements....

THE DRAMA BEGINS

Some of the leading citizens of Rieka formed themselves into a Croat National Council; Dr. Bakarčić and Dr. Lenac went up to the Governor's palace, and with them went Dr. Vio, as delegate of the town council. He said they recognized the Croatian Government, on condition that [46] the town's municipal autonomy was guaranteed. To this they readily consented, with respect to the Italian language, to their schools and to the existing town administration, thus agreeing to every suggestion which Dr. Vio made. Moreover they gave him the town register (of births, etc.), which the Magyars had appropriated and which was now discovered at the palace. This was at 9 a.m. on October 30. Dr. Vio said that he was glad that everything had been arranged so amicably. But on the same evening the Italian National Council elected itself, for a large number of the Autonomist party had now become the Italian party. There still remained, however, an Autonomist party, which was no longer inspired, like the old Autonomists, by despotic sentiments towards the Croats, but by a feeling that in consequence of this long despotism the Croats were, as yet, not fit to govern such a place as Rieka. This is a matter of opinion. These Autonomists considered that, at any rate for several years, the town should not belong to Yugoslavia or to Italy, but be a free town under Allied, British or American, control. After five or six years there could be a plebiscite, and during that period the population would be encouraged to devote itself more to business and less to politics. This would tend to make them a united people, with the interests of the town at heart. But the Italian party, said the Autonomist leader, Mr. Gothardi, did not appear to think these interests important; when it was argued that Rieka would not flourish under Italy, because of the competition with Italy's other ports and especially Triest, because of the vast Italian debt, and for other reasons, the Italian party answered that even if the grass grew in Rieka's streets it must belong to Italy. "Very well," said the Slavs, "then we will develop the harbour at Bakar" a few miles away. "Infamous idea!" exclaimed the Italianists; "Rieka is the harbour for the hinterland." There the Autonomists agree with them, that the town should finally belong to the State which has the hinterland. Mr. Gothardi's party gathered strength and he himself became so obnoxious to the Italianists that when I saw him in the month of May 1919 he had been for several weeks a prisoner in his flat, on account of some thirty individuals with sticks [47] who were lurking round the corner. His figures were as follows:

6,000 Socialists.
3,000 Autonomists.
1,500 Yugoslavs.
——
That is, 10,000 voters out of 12-13,000.

One may mention that he, like some others of his party, belongs to a family which has been at Rieka for two hundred years, whereas of the fifteen gentlemen who called themselves the Italian National Council, only one—a cousin of Mr. Gothardi's—is a member of an old Rieka family. Most of the others we are bound to call renegades.

It may be asked why the Italian National Council was established, and why its members swore that they would give their lives if they could thus give Rieka to the "Madre Patria." Some of them believed, I am sure, that this was for Rieka's good, cultural and economical; others entertained the motives that we saw at Zadar—personal ambition and the desire to satisfy some animosities. And there were others who remembered what occurred in the great harbour warehouses. They hoped, they thought that if the town fell to the lot of Italy no questions would be asked.[15] There must also have been some who could not bear to contemplate the loss of their old privileged position.

[48]

THE I.N.C.

For a considerable time it was not known who were the members of the Italian National Council. From internal evidence one saw that they were not particularly logical people, for they made much play, in their announcements, with "democratic principles" in spite of the undemocratic fog in which they wrapped themselves. Of course they had not been elected by anyone except themselves; but there was a vast difference between them and the self-elected Croat National Council, since the latter derived their authority from the Croatian Government at Zagreb, which Dr. Vio, in the name of the Rieka municipality, had recognized—whereas the Italian National Council was destitute of any parent, though they would, had they been pressed, have claimed, no doubt, the blissfully unconscious "Madre Patria." Subsequently it turned out that the I.N.C. consisted of Dr. Vio and of fourteen persons who had hitherto not taken part in public life. They were fourteen worthies of the background, the most remarkable act in the life of their President, Dr. Grossich, for example, dating from twenty years ago when he was the medical attendant of the Archduchess Clothilde, and decorated, so they say, his consulting-room with black and yellow festoons. The I.N.C. appeared at its inception to be different from a Russian Soviet because it had no power.

THE CROATS' BLUNDER

A number of deplorable transactions ensued, and they were not all committed by the Italianists. The proclamations which were sent from Zagreb, exhorting the people to be tranquil, were printed in the two languages, but some Croat super-patriots at Rieka tried to make the town mono-lingual. At the railway station and the post office they removed the old Italian inscriptions and put up Croatian ones, they wrote to the mayor in Croat, which, although Dr. Vio has a Croat [49] father and visited a Croat school and a Croat university, was tactless; they wrote that Croat would now be the language of the town, which was a foolish thing to do. They even seem to have demanded the evacuation of the town hall within twenty-four hours. And the irresponsible persons who made this demand were very properly snubbed by the municipal authorities.

MELODRAMA

These excited patriots, delirious with joy that at last their own town was in their hands, did not set Rieka on fire, nor did they murder women and children; but the Italianists forthwith sent wireless messages to Venice, screaming that all these enormities were taking place. A few of them rushed off in motors to Triest, where they made themselves into a Committee of Public Safety, picked up some Triest sympathizers and flew on to Venice, where they related breathless stories of foul deeds. One, which appeared in the Italian Press, was that three children of Rieka had been publicly committed to the flames.

FARCE

On November 4 an Italian destroyer, the *Stocco*, shortly followed by the *Emanuele Filiberto*, a cruiser, came on their errand of humanity. The I.N.C. at once organized a plebiscite—by which is meant not a dull giving and counting of votes in the usual election booths. A plebiscite, at all events a plebiscite at Rieka, signifies for the Italianists a mob assembled in a public thoroughfare; photographs of such assemblies illustrate their pamphlets and are entitled "plebiscito." At the harbour the Italian Admiral, whose name was Raineri, told the joyous I.N.C.—who now had flung aside their anonymity—that he had come to bring them a salute from Italy, and that he had been sent to shield Italians and to protect Italian interests. The plebiscite threw up its hats and waved its flags, and shouted its applause and sang its songs. Flowers fell upon the Admiral, and on his men and on the guns; the ships, as we are told, were changed to floating [50] gardens. But the sailors did not disembark. Some ladies, members of the plebiscite, besought the Admiral to come ashore, and hoping to persuade the men, they climbed on board and playfully seized many sailors' caps, which in the town, they said, could be redeemed. Then shortly afterwards, the Yugoslav officials came to greet the Admiral, as did the commandant of the Yugoslav troops which had been for several days guarding the town. Meanwhile some unknown persons had been up in the old clock-tower and, for reasons known perhaps to themselves, had taken in both the Croatian and Italian flags; the Admiral drove up to see the Governor, Dr. Lenac, and requested that his country's flag should be rehoisted, which of course was done. And until November 17 the Admiral was nearly every day up at the Governor's palace, as a multitude of details had to be discussed. A French warship arrived on the 10th, followed by a British vessel on the 12th or 13th. Perfect calm prevailed. Croatian and Italian flags flew everywhere, as well as French ones, British and American. The name of the Hotel Deak was altered to Hotel Wilson.... But the men of the *Emanuele Filiberto* and the *Stocco* did not land. Colonel Teslić assured the Admiral that if anyone started to set fire to an Italianist child or to indulge in any other crime he would prevent it.

PAROLE D'HONNEUR

All this was very disconcerting to the I.N.C. They knew that on the hills outside Rieka were large numbers of Italian troops, which had come overland from Istria. But how to get them in? Rieka had not been ascribed to the Italians by the London Treaty.[16] ... On November 15 a [51] detachment of Serbian troops arrived, under Colonel Maximović, and were given a magnificent reception. Thousands of people accompanied them, and in front of the French destroyer there was a manifestation. Some of the Serbs, old warriors who had been under arms since the first Balkan War, were moved to tears. The Italianists were furious; Admiral Raineri called on the Governor for an explanation of the Serbs' arrival. A conference was held between the Admiral, the Colonel and two Yugoslav officers. If the Serbs remained at Rieka, said the Admiral, he would land his marines. Maximović said he had come in obedience to his orders, and that he would have to prevent by force the disembarkation of the Italians. At this moment a Serbian officer entered to announce that Italian armoured cars were approaching from Abbazia. Maximović immediately ordered his troops to mobilize, but the Admiral said a mistake had been made and that the cars would be sent back. (The Government Secretary, Dr. Ružić, had been told at three o'clock by a telephone operator that the Admiral had himself telephoned to Abbazia for the cars.) It was decided at this conference that on Sunday, November 17, the Yugoslav troops would evacuate the town, that it would be occupied by Serbian and American troops, and that, to mark the alliance, a small Italian detachment would be landed. As Admiral Cagni, of Pola, ordered that Italian troops should be disembarked at Rieka, another conference was held between Admiral Raineri, Colonel Maximović, Colonel Teslić and Captain Dvorski (of the Yugoslav navy), as well as French and

British officers. It was arranged *sous parole d'honneur d'officier* that at 4 p.m. the Serbian troops should leave Rieka and go to Porto Ré, an hour's sea journey, that the Yugoslav troops should remain, and that the Italians should not land. No other steps would be taken till November 20 at noon, and the Supreme Command would be asked to settle the difficulty. As soon as the Serbian troops were out at sea, the Italian army, under General di San Marzano (attended by a kinematograph), marched in from the hills, entering the town simultaneously from four directions, in accordance with a strategic plan. The General was told what Raineri had agreed to do; he replied that he was Raineri's senior, that the final decision rested with him, and that he [52] intended to proceed into the town. (One of the British officers is said to have addressed him rather bluntly.) At 4.30 Raineri landed his marines, and afterwards he was dismissed from his post—not, indeed, for having broken his word given at the inter-Allied conference, but for having delayed so long before disembarking troops in the town. He said he had received a written order from the Entente; if only Maximović had not left he might have shown it him. With twenty carabinieri the General went to the Governor's palace and asked Dr. Lenac to vacate it. He was so excited that he almost pushed the doctor out. "There is no room for the two of us," he said. And that is how the Italian occupation began. The French and British brought some troops in at a later date, but when they had six hundred each the Italians had 22,000. With the Italians came fifty Americans, so that the force might have an international appearance. These Americans were given broad-sheets, printed by the town Italianists in English; they welcomed the Americans as liberators, and informed them that the population had by plebiscite declared for annexation to the Motherland. On the same night the Yugoslav troops were turned out of their barracks into the street by the Italian army.... These are, I believe, the main facts as to the occupation which has been the subject of much heated argument. I had the facts from eye-witnesses and documents: I exposed the evidence of each side to the criticism of the other.

Very soon the disorders began. On the evening of the occupation Italian troops ran through the town, accompanied by some of the plebiscite, and compelled the people to remove the Yugoslav colours from their button-holes. In cases they surrounded their victim and used force. When this was used against women, after the arrival of the French and British, it produced some serious international affrays. The Italians, who invariably outnumbered the others, did not scruple to employ their knives; thus in the middle of December two French soldiers were stabbed in the back and their murderers were never found. [53]

THE POPULATION OF THE TOWN

But there had been at Rieka an Englishman for whom I have an almost inexpressible admiration. This was Mr. A. Beaumont who, a couple of days after the Italians occupied the town in the above-mentioned curious fashion, sent from Triest a long message to the *Daily Telegraph*. How can anyone not marvel at a gentleman who travels to a foreign town which is in the throes of unrest and who, undeterred by his infirmity, sits down to grasp the rather complicated features of the situation? I am not acquainted with Mr. Beaumont, but he must be blind, poor fellow, for he says that the Yugoslavs occupied with ill-concealed glee a town entirely inhabited by some 45,000 Italians. Perhaps somebody will read to him the following statistics made after the year 1868, when Rieka came under Magyar dominion. The statistics were made by the Magyars and Italianists combined, so that they do not err in favour of the Yugoslavs. He might also be told that the Magyar-Italian alliance closed the existing Yugoslav national schools for the 13,478 Yugoslavs in 1890, while they opened Italo-Magyar schools for the 13,012 "Italians" and Magyars. They would not even allow the Yugoslavs to have at Rieka an elementary school at their own expense. Everything possible was done during these decades to inculcate hatred and contempt for whatsoever was Slav, hoping thus to denationalize the citizens. In view of all this it speaks well for Yugoslav steadfastness that they were able to maintain themselves. Here are the figures:

	Yugoslavs.	Italians.	Magyars.
1880	10,227 (49%)	9,237 (44%)	379 (2%)
1890	13,478 (46%)	13,012 (44%)	1,062 (4%)
1900	16,197 (42%)	17,354 (45%)	2,842 (7%)
1910	15,692 (32%)	24,212 (49%)	6,493 (13%)

Assuming for the moment that these figures are correct—and it is an enormous assumption[17] —are not the Autonomists to be found chiefly among the Italians and Magyars? It is claimed that [54] the Autonomist, Socialist and Slav vote exceeds that of those who desire annexation to Italy. One need not treat *au sérieux* the great procession organized by the Italianists, when they could not scrape together more than about 4000 persons, including many schoolboys and girls, the municipal clerks, visitors from Italy, Triest and Zadar. One need not gibe the Italianists with the numbers who followed Dr. Vio on that famous day when, weary of palavering, he summoned round him his supporters and strode off to the Governor's palace, where General Grazioli, who had succeeded General di San Marzano, was installed.[18] Arrived there, Dr. Vio with a superb gesture begged the General to accept the town in the name of Italy. It is not often in the lifetime of a man that he has the opportunity of giving a whole town away. Dr. Vio made the most of that occasion; if the crowd which followed him was disappointing, there may be good explanations. The allegiance of a town, one may submit, should be settled in another fashion. The house-to-house inquiry, conducted in the spring of 1919 by the Autonomists—resulting in an anti-annexionist majority—was much impeded by the police; and it is of course the business of the

authorities and not of any one party to hold elections in a town. Had the Italian National Council, bereaving themselves of Italian bayonets, held a real plebiscite—secret or otherwise—the result would doubtless have given them pain, but no surprise.... And this will happen even if the Magyar system of separating Rieka from the suburb of Sušak is perpetrated. Sušak contains about 12,500 [55] Yugoslavs and extremely few Italianists; and, by the way, to show how the Magyars and the Italianists worked together, it is worth mentioning that the Magyar railway officials who lived at Sušak were allowed a vote at Rieka, while if a Croat lived at Sušak and carried on his avocation at Rieka he could vote in Sušak only. One must not imagine that Sušak is a poor relation; most people would prefer to live there. Dr. Vio was intensely wrathful because the British General resided in a beautifully situated house there by the sea. Not only is Sušak about twenty yards, across a stream, from Rieka, but from a commercial point of view their separation seems absurd, since half the port, including the great wood depots, is in Sušak. One of these timber merchants presented an example of Italianization. His original name was E. R. Sarinich and this was painted on his business premises at Sušak, while in Rieka he called himself Sarini. It must have caused him many sleepless nights.... Counting Sušak with Rieka as one town, the total population in the autumn of 1918 was about 51 per cent. Yugoslav, 39 per cent. Italian and 10 per cent. Magyar. These Magyars, by the way, seem not to have been noticed by Mr. Beaumont. There were still a good number of them in the town. "Whilst Italy might have consented," says Mr. Beaumont, "to a compromise with Hungary, had that State continued to exist as part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, she certainly never contemplated handing over"—["handing over" is rather humorous]—"Fiume and its exclusively Italian population to the Jugo-Slavs." Underneath Mr. Beaumont's dispatch there is printed a semi-official statement, sent by Reuter, from Rome. "Yesterday afternoon," it says, "our troops occupied Fiume. The occupation, which was made for reasons of public order, was decided upon in view not only of the urgent and legitimate demands of the Italian citizens of Fiume, but also of the insistent appeals of eminent foreigners...." [56]

THE TALE CONTINUES ON THE NORTHERN ISLES

"Italy's reward," says Mr. Beaumont, "must be commensurate with her sacrifices, and this is the attitude assumed here. It is quite apart from the mere question as to whether the Jugo-Slavs are in a majority in certain districts or not. Those districts form a part of old Italian territory, of Italian lands once peopled and occupied by the Italian race and into which, with Austria's encouragement, Slav populations have filtered." [I should love to know what are Mr. Beaumont's sources.] "The question must not be left to local ambition and antipathies. It must be decided authoritatively and quickly in strong counsel to the Jugo-Slav leaders." ... Let us leave Rieka and see how the Italians decided authoritatively and quickly on the island of Cres (Cherso). It is a large but not thickly populated island; having 8162 inhabitants for 336 square kilometres. The Yugoslavs, according to the census of 1910, number 5714 or 71·3 per cent., while the Italian-speaking population amounts to 2296 or 28 per cent. About the middle of November the Italian authorities placed in the village of Martinšćica, which is in the south-western part of the island, 17 soldiers, 3 carabinieri and a lieutenant. Let me say at once that I have never been to Cres, all my knowledge of this case comes from a Franciscan monk who lives there, the Rev. Ambrose Vlahov, Professor of Theology. At Martinšćica, he says, there is not a single Italianist; the entire village is Yugoslav. When the Italian military arrived the lieutenant insisted that the priest, Karlo Hlaća, should cease to sing the Mass in Old Slav, and that for the whole service he should use Italian, the only language, said the lieutenant, which he (the lieutenant) understood. It was futile for the priest to demonstrate what a ridiculous and unreasonable demand this was; the lieutenant always came back to the subject, being sometimes merely importunate and sometimes using menaces. As Hlaća was a model ecclesiastic, highly esteemed by his parishioners, the lieutenant comprehended that as long as this priest remained, he would be foiled in his endeavours; he therefore sought an opportunity to turn him out. On January 5, 1919, the priest had, by order of [57] his bishop, to read during the service a pastoral letter on the duties of the faithful towards the Church and towards their fellow-men; he had also to add a simple and concise commentary. In this letter there was a passage dealing with schools, and the priest on that topic remarked that "by divine and human law every nation may ask that its children should be instructed in their mother tongue." When Mass was finished, the mayor of the village assembled the parishioners and notified them that henceforward, by order of the lieutenant, there would no longer be in the village a Croatian but an Italian school. And in order to mollify the people he added that the lieutenant proposed to give subsidies to such as stood in need; they had only to present themselves before that officer. But, though the people often found it hard to satisfy their simple wants and were at that period in very great distress, they walked away from this assembly without making one step in the lieutenant's direction. This incited him to such fury that he ran, accompanied by soldiers and carabinieri, to the priest, and publicly, in a loud voice, insulted him, calling him an intriguer, a rebel, an agitator. On the following day the lieutenant had him conducted to the village of Cres by two soldiers and a carabiniere, who were all armed.... At Cres the priest was brought before the commanding officer of the Quarnero Islands—our old acquaintance, the naval captain of Krk—who happened to be in this village. He started at once to bellow at the priest and, striking the table with his hand, exclaimed: "This is an Italian island, all Italian, nothing but Italian and evermore it will remain Italian." About a score of parishioners had come to Cres behind their priest and his escort; they begged the commandant to set him free. As an answer he harangued them with respect to the Italian character of the islands, told them that they would have to send their children to the Italian school and that the whole village would be Italianized and that *only in their homes* would they be permitted to speak Croatian.... On January 8 the priest was taken from Cres to the island of Krk, where he was informed that he would have

to leave his parish, but that he might go back there for a day or two to fetch a few necessities. It [58]
was raining in torrents when Father Hlaća, wet to the skin, arrived at his village on the 11th at seven o'clock in the evening. As he suffers from several chronic ailments—which was known to the lieutenant—this bad weather had a grave effect upon him. When he reached his house he went to bed at once with a very high temperature. After about a quarter of an hour the lieutenant appeared with two carabinieri and shouted at him that he must get up. This draconian injunction had to be obeyed, the more so as the lieutenant was labouring under great excitement. He looked at the priest's permit which allowed him to come back to the village, and said, "If I were in your shoes I wouldn't venture to come back here." These words gave Father Hlaća an impression that his life was in danger. The lieutenant then ordered him not to go out among the people, but to stop where he was until he was taken away. Five days after this the priest was taken to Rieka, so that the villagers were left with nobody to guard them against the violence and the temptations offered them by the Italians. The Croat inscription outside the school was replaced by one in Italian and, with the lieutenant acting as teacher, the doors were thrown open. But the only children who went there were those of the lieutenant himself and those of the mayor, who was a renegade in the pay of the Italians. It was announced that heavy fines would be inflicted if the other children did not come. The villagers were in great trouble and in fear, with nobody to give them advice or consolation.... There may be some who will be curious to know concerning the "Italian" population of this island, which, according to the 1910 census, reached the large figure of 28 per cent. At a place called Nerežine it was stated, in the census of 1880, that the commissioner had found 706 Italians and 340 Yugoslavs. Consequently an Italian primary school was opened; but when it was discovered that the children of Nerežine knew not one traitor word of that language, the school was transformed into a Yugoslav establishment. This is one case out of many; the 28 per cent. would not bear much scrutiny.... But the Italian Government, at any rate the "Liga Nazionale" to whose endowment it contributes, had been taking in hand this [59]
question of elementary schools in Istria and Dalmatia among the Slav population. The "Liga" made gratuitous distribution of clothing, of boots, of school-books and so forth. Some indigent Slavs allowed themselves in this way to become denationalized.

When, however, you examine the embroideries of these islands—particularly beautiful on Rab and on the island of wild olive trees, the neighbouring Pag—you will be sure that such an ancient national spirit as they show will not be easily seduced. The Magyars, by the way, whose culture is more modern, borrowed certain features that you find on these embroideries—the sun, for instance, and the cock, which have from immemorial times been thought appropriate by these people for the cloth a woman wears upon her head when she is bringing a new son into the world, whose dawn the cock announces. Older than the workers in wood, much older than those who carved in stone, are these island embroiderers. In this work the people reproduced their tears and laughter.

RAB IS COMPLETELY CAPTURED

What will it avail to put up "Liga" schools in these islands, where the population is 99·67 per cent. Yugoslav and 0·31 per cent. Italianist—that is, if we are content to accept the Austrian statistics? What ultimate advantage will accrue to Italy from the doings of her emissaries, in November 1918, on the isle of Rab? It was Tuesday, November 26, when the *Guglielmo Pepe* of the Italian navy put in at the venerable town which is the capital of that island. The commander, with an Italianist deputy from Istria, climbed up to the town-hall with the old marble balcony and informed the mayor and the members of the local committee of the Yugoslav National Council that he had come in the name of the Entente and in virtue of the arrangements of the Armistice; he said that in the afternoon Italian troops would land, for the purpose of maintaining order. It was pointed out to him that no disturbance had arisen, and that, according to the terms of the Armistice, he had no right to occupy this island. The commander announced that he must disarm [60]
the national guard, but that the Yugoslav flags would not be interfered with; the Italian flag would only be hoisted on the harbour-master's office and the military headquarters. On the next day, after he had been unable to induce the town authorities to lower their national flag from the clock-tower, he sent a hundred men with a machine gun to carry out his wishes. Filled with confidence by this heroic deed, he marched into the mayor's office and dissolved the municipal council. Armed forces occupied the town-hall, over which an Italian flag was flown. An Italian officer was entrusted with the mayoral functions and with the municipal finances, while the post office was also captured and all private telegrams forbidden, not only those which one would have liked to dispatch, but those which came in from elsewhere—they were not delivered. All meetings and manifestations were made illegal. The commander, whose name was Captain Denti di —— (the other part being illegible), sent a memorandum to the municipal council which explained that he dissolved it on account of their having grievously troubled the public order; he did this by virtue of the powers conferred upon him and in the name of the Allied Powers and the United States of America. The islanders did not pretend to be experts in international law, but they did not believe that he was in the right.

"I have every confidence," said the Serbian Regent, when he was receiving a deputation of the Yugoslav National Council a few days after this—"I have every confidence that the operations for the freedom of the world will be accomplished, that large numbers of our brethren will be liberated from a foreign yoke. And I feel sure that this point of view will be adopted by the Government of the Kingdom of Italy, which was founded on these very principles. They were

cherished in the hearts and executed in the deeds of great Italians in the nineteenth century. We can say frankly that in choosing to have us as their friends and good neighbours the Italian nation will find more benefit and a greater security than in the enforcement of the Treaty of London, which we never signed nor recognized, and which was made at a time when nobody foresaw the crumbling of Austria-Hungary." [61]

AVANTI SAVOIA!

It would be tedious to chronicle a thousandth part of the outrages, crimes and stupidities committed on Yugoslav territory by the Italians. Where they were threatened with an armed resistance they yielded. Thus on November 14, when they had reached Vrhnica (Ober-Laibach) on their way to Ljubljana (Laibach), they were met by Colonel Svibić with sixteen other officers who had just come out of an internment camp in Austria. Svibić requested the Italians to leave Vrhnica. He said that he and the Serbian commander at Ljubljana would prevent the advance of the Italians into Yugoslav territory. They would be most reluctant to be obliged to resort to armed force should the Italians continue their advance, and they declined responsibility for any bloodshed which might ensue.... The colonel of the Italian regiment which had been stationed for some days at Vrhnica informed the mayor of that commune that he had received orders to depart; he retired to the line of demarcation fixed by the Armistice conditions.

THE ENTENTE AT RIEKA

It was ironical that a young State, struggling into life, should be hindered, not by former enemies but by friends of its friends. The Italians complained that the French, British and Americans were not fraternizing with them. In the first place, it was repugnant to the sense of justice of these nations when they saw that General di San Marzano, after having fraudulently seized the town of Rieka and turning its absolutely legal Governor into the street, did not ask the citizens to organize a temporary local government, in which all parties would be represented, but delivered, if you please, the town to fifteen gentlemen, the I.N.C., who—at the very utmost—represented half the population. On November 24, the local newspaper *Il Popolo* announced in a non-official manner that the I.N.C., in full accord with the military command, had taken over the administration—*i poteri pubblici*. This, by the way, was never confirmed by the representatives of the other Allies. The I.N.C. furthermore declared null and of no effect any intervention of the [62] Yugoslav National Council in the affairs of the authorities of the State of Rieka. When the Yugoslavs appealed to the French, British or Americans they were naturally met with sympathy and urged to have patience. Case after case of high-handed dealing was reported to these officers. They sometimes intervened with good effect; far more injustice would have happened; far more Croats and Autonomists, for instance, would have been deported if the Allies had not interceded. It was now, of course, impossible for Yugoslavs to wear their colours; nor could they prevent the C.N.I. from hanging vast Italian flags on Croat houses. One of the largest flags, I should imagine, in the world swayed to and fro between Rieka's chief hotel and the tall building on the opposite side of the square—and both these houses, mark you, were Croat property. But the Allied officers knew very well (and the C.N.I. knew that they knew) that more than thirty of the large buildings on the front belonged to Croats, whereas under half a dozen were the property of Italians or Italianists. The ineffable Mr. Edoardo Susmel, in one of his pro-Italian books, entreats certain French and British friends of the Yugoslavs to come for one hour to Rieka and judge for themselves. But twenty minutes would be ample for a man of average intelligence. In many ways the presence of the Allies grieved the C.N.I. The Allies looked without approval at the "Giovani Fiumani," an association of young rowdies of whose valuable services the C.N.I. availed itself. But if these hired bands could not be dispersed they could have limits placed upon their zeal. One of their ordinary methods was to sit in groups in cafés or in restaurants or other places where an orchestra was playing, then to shout for the Italian National Anthem and to make themselves as nasty as they dared to anyone who did not rise. If everybody rose, then they would wait a quarter of an hour and have the music played again. The Allied officers persuaded General Grazioli to prohibit any National Anthem in a public place. It was distasteful to the Allied officers when a local newspaper in French—*l'Echo de l'Adriatique*—which had been established to present the Yugoslav point of view, was continually being suppressed. For example, on [63] December 14, it printed a short greeting from the Croat National Council to President Wilson. The most anti-Italian phrase in this that I could find was: "Their fondest hope is to justify to the world, to history and to you the great trust you have placed in them." This was refused publication. It is unnecessary to say that Yugoslav newspapers were confiscated and their sale forbidden—after all, one didn't buy German or Austrian newspapers in England during the War, and the Italians now regarded the Croats as very pernicious enemies. *La Rassegna Italiana* of December 15 called its first article—printed throughout in italics—"I Prussiani dell' Adriatico," and took to its bosom an "upright American citizen" returning from a visit to "Fiume nostra," who defined the Yugoslavs "on account of their greed and their brutality and their spirit of intrigue and their lack of candour as the Prussians of the Adriatic." Personally I should submit that the Prussian spirit was not wholly lacking in those two Italian officers who penetrated on November 25 into the dining-room at the quarters of the Custom-house officials and informed them that they wanted their piano. No discussion was permitted; the piano "transferred itself," as they say in some languages, to the Italian officers' mess. The Prussian spirit was not undeveloped in a certain Mr. Štiglić—his name might cause his enemies to say he is a renegade, but as my knowledge of him is confined to other matters, we will say he is the noblest Roman of them all.

He likewise had a dig at the Custom-house officials; I know not whether he was wiping off old scores. Appointed by the I.N.C. as director of the Excise office, he communicated with the resident officials—Franjo Jakovčić, Ivan Mikuličić and Grga Mažuran—on December 5, and told them to clear out by the following Saturday, they and their families, so that in the heart of winter forty-one persons were suddenly left homeless.

A CANDID FRENCHMAN

This and innumerable other manifestations of Prussianism were brought to the attention of the French, so that it was not surprising when a Frenchman made a few remarks in the *Rijeć* of [64] Zagreb. His article, entitled "Mise au point," begins by a reference to the Yugoslav cockades which were sometimes worn by the French sailors. This, to the Italians, was as if an ally in the reconquered towns of Metz and Strasbourg had sported the colours of an enemy. "The cases are not parallel," says the Frenchman. "You have come to Rieka and to Pola as conquerors of towns that were exhausted, yielding to the simultaneous and gigantic pressure of the Allied armies. These towns gave themselves up. Are they on that account your property, and are we to consider as a dead-letter the clauses of the Armistice which settled that Pola should be occupied by the Allies? I am not so dexterous a diplomat as to be able to follow you along this track; let it be decided by others. But we who were present perceived that your occupation, which you had regulated in every detail, had a close resemblance to the entry of a circus into some provincial town, whose population is known beforehand to be of a hostile character. It is needless to say that this masquerade, these vibrating appeals to fraternity that were placarded upon the walls gave us in that grey, abandoned town an impression of complete fiasco." ["It is significant," writes Mr. Beaumont the Italophil, "that the Slav population ... observe an attitude of strange reserve and diffidence. They are silent and almost sullen. When the Italian fleet first visited Pola there was hardly a cheer...."] "Now let me tell you," says the Frenchman, "that our entry into Alsace was different. Foch was not obliged to send emissaries in advance in order to decorate the houses with flags and to erect triumphal arches. The French cockades had not nestled in the dark hair of our Alsatian women since 1870, for forty-eight years the tricolors had been waiting, piously folded at the bottom of those wooden chests, waiting for us to float them in the wind of victory—nous rentrions chez nous tout simplement. Or, vous n'êtes pas chez vous ici, messieurs." ["Common reserve and decency should have induced the Jugo-Slavs to abstain," says Mr. Beaumont, "from rushing to take a place to which they were not invited ... an exclusively Italian city."] "Whatever you may assert," says the Frenchman, "everything seems to contradict it. Your [65] actors play their parts with skill, but the public is frigid. Now the decorations are tattered and the torches on the ramparts have grown black.... Permit me, following your example, and with courtesy, to call back the glories of old Italy, to remind myself of the great figures that stride through your history and that give to the world an unexampled picture of the lofty works of man. Our sailors, who are simple and often uncultured men, have no remembrance of these things; the brutal facts, in this whirling age in which we live, have more power to strike their imagination. What is one to say to them when they see their comrades stabbed, slaughtered by your men as if they were noxious animals—yesterday at Venice, the day before that at Pola, to-day at Rieka. Englishmen and Americans, your Allies, receive your 'sincere and fraternal hand' which holds a dagger. As a method of pacific penetration you will avow that this is rather rudimentary and that the laws of Romulus did not teach you such fraternity. We have also seen you striking women in the street and disembowelling a child. What are we to think of that, *fratelli d'Italia*? Excuse us, but we are not accustomed to such incidents. Is it not natural that the legendary, gallant spirit of our sailors should infect the crowd? Our bluejackets have looked in vain for the three colours which are dear to them and which you have excluded utterly from all your rows of flags. Well, in default of them, they had no choice but to array themselves in the cockades which dainty hands pinned on their uniforms.... And our 'poilus,' in their faded, mud-smeared garments walk along 'your' streets, disdainfully regarded by your dazzling and pomaded Staff. Do you remember that these unshaven fellows who thrust back the Boche in 1918 are the descendants of those who in 1793 conquered Italy and Europe with bare feet? Therefore do not strike your breasts if now and then a smile involuntarily appears upon their lips. O you who henceforth will be known as the immortal heroes of the Piave, if our fellows see to-day so many noble breasts, it was not seldom that they saw another portion of your bodies." [66]

ECONOMIC CONSIDERATIONS

"Yes, but that has nothing to do," some people will say, "with Rieka's economical position. We admit that Croatia has the historical right to the town, but we wish to be satisfied that the Croats are not moved by reasons that would cause Rieka's ruin. It may be nowadays, owing to the unholy alliance between Magyars and Italians, that the town, with respect to its trade, is more in the Italian sphere than in that of Yugoslavia." The answer to this is that Italy's share of the value of the imports into Rieka in 1911 was 7·5 per cent. of the total, while her share of the value of the exports amounted to 13 per cent., which proves that Italy depends commercially more on Rieka's hinterland than does that hinterland upon Italy. It seems to be of less significance that the millionaires of Rieka are mostly Croats, for they might conceivably have enriched themselves by trade with Italy. But of the nine banks, previous to the War the Italianists were in exclusive possession of none, while the Croats had four; of the eight shipping companies three were Croat, three were Magyar, one British, one German—not one Italian. It is true that some Italian writers lay it down that Rieka's progress should be co-ordinated with that of Venice, to say nothing of

Triest, and should not be exploited by other States to the injury of the Italian Adriatic ports. Their point of view is not at all obscure. And all disguise is thrown to the winds in a book which has had a great success among the Italian imperialists: *L'Adriatico et il Mediterraneo*, by Mario Alberti (Milan, 1915—third edition). The author says that Italy, having annexed Triest and Rieka, will be "assured for ever"; her "economic penetration" of the Balkans "will no longer be threatened" by the projected Galatz-Scutari (Danube-Adriatic) railway; Italian agriculture which, he says, is already in peril, "will be rescued"; the Italian fisherman will no longer have the ports of Triest and Rieka closed (for exportation to Germany and Austria); the national wealth will be augmented by "several milliards"; new fields will be open to Italian industry; her economic (and military) domination over the Adriatic will be absolute. There will, he continues, be no more [67] "disturbing" competition on the part of any foreign mercantile marine; the Adriatic will be the sole property of Italy, and so on. It would be worth while, as a study of expressions, to photograph a few Rieka Italianists in the act of reading these rapturous pages.... But lest it be imagined that I have searched for the most feeble pro-Italian arguments in order to have no difficulty in knocking them down, I will add that their strongest argument, taken as it is from the official report of the French Consul in 1909, appears to be that the commerce of Croatia amounted then to only 7 per cent. of the total trade of the port of Rieka. I am told by those who ought to know that wood alone, which comes almost exclusively from Croatia, Slavonia, etc., represents 16 per cent. If other products, such as flour, wine, etc., are considered, 50 per cent. of the total trade must be ascribed to Croatia, Slavonia, etc. And that does not take into account the western Banat and other Yugoslav territories. Serbia, too, would now take her part, so that there is no need to fear for the position of a Yugoslav Rieka based solely—omitting Hungary and the Ukraine altogether—on her Yugoslav hinterland. Rieka without Yugoslavia would be ruined and would degenerate into a fishing village, with a great past and a miserable future. This could very well be seen during the spring of 1919 when the communications were interrupted between Rieka and Yugoslavia. At Rieka during April eggs were 80 centimes apiece, while at Bakar, a few miles away, they cost 25 centimes; milk at Rieka was 6 crowns the litre and at Bakar one crown; beef was 30 crowns a kilo and at Bakar 8 crowns. Italy was calling Rieka her pearl—a pearl of great price; the Yugoslavs said it was the lung of their country. It is within the knowledge of the Italianists that the prosperity of Rieka would not be advanced by making her the last of a chain of Italian ports, but rather by making her the first port of Yugoslavia. What has Italy to offer in comparison with the Slovenes and the Croats? The maritime outlet of the Save valley, as well as of the plains of Hungary beyond it, is, as Sir Arthur Evans points out, the port of Rieka. And, in view of the mountainous nature of the country which lies for a great distance at the back of Split [68] and of Dubrovnik, it would seem that Rieka—and especially when the railway line has been shortened—will be the natural port of Belgrade.

THE TURNCOAT MAYOR

One cannot expect in a place with Rieka's history that such considerations as these will be debated, calmly or otherwise, but at all events on their own merits. They will be approached with more than ordinary passion, since so many of the people of Rieka have been turncoats. Any man who changes sides in his religion or his nationality or politics—presuming, and I hope this mostly was so at Rieka, that his reasons were not base—that man will feel profoundly on these matters, more profoundly than the average person of his new religion, nationality or politics. He will observe the ritual, he will give utterance to his thoughts with such an emphasis that his old comrades will dislike him and his new associates be made uneasy. Thus a convert may not always be the most delightful creature in the garden, and he is abundant at Rieka. As an illustration we may study Dr. Vio. Many persons have repeated that he has a Croat father, yet they should in fairness add that his father's father came from Venice. But if he came from Lapland, that ought to be no reason why the present Dr. Vio should not, if he so desires, be an Italian. If he had, when he arrived at what is usually called the age of discretion, inscribed himself among the sons of Italy—*à la bonheur*. But he took no such step. He came out as a Croat of the Croats, for when he had finished his legal studies he became a town official, but discovered that his views—for he was known as an unbending Croat—hindered his advancement. The party in possession of the town council, the Autonomist party, would have none of him. At last he, in disgust, threw up his post and went into his father's office. He was entitled, after ten years' service, to a pension; the Autonomists refused to grant it for the reason that he was so dour a Croat. Very often, talking with his friends, did Dr. Vio mention this. He made a successful appeal to the Court at Buda-Pest and a certain yearly sum was conceded to him, which he may or may not be still obtaining. Then, [69] to the amazement of the Croats, he renounced his nationality and became—no, not an Italian—a Magyar. He was now one of those who called Hungary his "Madre Patria," and as a weapon of the ruling Hungarian party he was employed against the Italianists. In the year 1913 the deputy for Rieka died and Dr. Vio was a candidate, his opponent being one of the Italianist party, Professor Zanella. Dr. Vio had the support of the Government officials, railway officials and so forth, and was elected. Now he was a Magyar of the Magyars: Hungarian police officials were introduced, and Magyar, disregarding the town statutes, was employed by them as sole official language. The citizens still speak of those police.... The War broke out, and Dr. Vio donned a uniform, serving chiefly on the railway line between Rieka and Zagreb. Gradually he seems to have acquired the feeling that it was unnatural for him to be a Magyar of the Magyars, even though he was compelled, like so many others, to wear this uniform. But one day in 1916 when his friend and fellow-officer, Fran Šojat, teacher at the High School at Sušak, walked into his room at Meja, when he happened to be putting little flags upon a map, he prophesied—King Peter and the Tzar would have been glad to hear him. Presently, he had himself elected as the mayor, which enabled

him to leave an army so distasteful to him. How long would he wait until he publicly became a Croat once again? He did not doubt that the Entente would win, and told that same friend Šojat that Rieka on the next day would be Croat. To another gentleman in June of 1918 he said he hoped that he would be the first Yugoslav mayor of the town, and on that day, out hunting, he sang endless Croat songs. In September, to the mayor of Sušak, "You will see," he said, "how well we two as mayors will work together." When the Croat National Council entered into office at the end of October he again met Mr. Šojat, just as he was going up to that interview in the Governor's Palace. "Jesam li ja onda imao pravo, jesi li sada zadovoljan?" he said. ("Was I not right that time? Are you satisfied now?") Joyfully he pressed Mr. Šojat's hand and greeted the two other persons who were with him. And Mr. Šojat was pleased to think that Vio would now be a [70] good Croat, as of old. But on the following day he was an Italian.

HIS FERVOUR

When I went up to see this variegated gentleman—whose personal appearance is that of a bright yellow cat—he purred awhile upon the sofa and then started striding up and down the room. As he sketched the history of the town, which, he said, had always been Italian and would insist on being so, he spoke with horror of the days when Jellačić was in control, and then, remembering another trouble, he raised both his hands above his head and brought them down with such a crash upon the desk where I was writing his remarks that—but nobody burst in; the municipal officials were accustomed to his conversation. He was reviling at that moment certain Allied officers who had not seen fit to visit him. "I care not!" he yelled. "We are Italian! I tell you we are Italianissimi!" (He was glad enough, however, when his brother Hamlet, who had remained a Yugoslav and was on friendly terms with the chief of the carabinieri, managed to obtain for the mayor a passport to Italy, concerning which the carabinieri had said that they must first of all apply to Rome.) The doctor was sure that Yugoslavia would not live, for it had two religions; and another notable defect of the Croats—"I speak their language quite well," he said—was that in the whole of Rieka not one ancient document was in Croatian. I was going to mention that everywhere in Croatia until 1848 they were in Latin—but he saw what I was on the point of saying and—"Look here! look here!" he cried, "now look at this!" It was a type-written sheet in English, whereon was recounted how the mayor had offered to four Admirals, who came to Rieka on behalf of their four nations, how he had, in order to meet them in every way—"They asked me," he said, with blankness and indignation and forgiveness all joined in his expression—it was beautifully done—"they asked me, the Italian mayor of this Italian town, whether it was truly an Italian town!"—well, he had offered to take a real plebiscite, on the basis of the last census, and [71] the Admirals, while appreciating his offer, had not availed themselves of it. (Maybe some one had told them how the census officials, chiefly members of the "Giovani Fiumani," had gone round, asking the people whether they spoke Italian and usually filling in the papers themselves. Presumably the mayor did not propose to allow anyone who had then been described as an Italian now to call himself Croat.) I was just calculating what he was in 1910 when he played a trump card and begged me to go up to the cemetery and take note of the language used for the epitaphs. Then let me return to him on the morrow and say what was the nationality of Rieka. There seemed to be the question if in such a town where Yugoslavs so often use Italian as the business language, many of them possibly might use it as the language of death; as it happened the first Yugoslav to whom I spoke about this point—a lawyer at whose flat I lunched the following day—produced a little book entitled *Regolamento del Cimitero comunale di Fiume*, and from it one could see that in the local cemetery the blessed principle of self-determination was in fetters. Chapter iii. lays down that all inscriptions must have the approval of the civic body. You are warned that they will not approve of sentences or words which are indecent, and that they prohibit all expressions and allusions that might give offence to anyone, to moral corporations, to religions, or which are notoriously false. No doubt, in practice, they waive the last stipulation, so that the survivors may give praise to famous or to infamous men; but I am told that they raised fewer difficulties for Italian wordings, and that the stones which many people used—those which the undertakers had in stock, with spaces left for cutting in the details—were invariably in Italian.... I hope I have not given an unsympathetic portrait of the mayor who has about him something lovable. Whatever Fate may have in store for Rieka, Dr. Vio is so magnificent an emotional actor that his future is assured. I trust it will be many years before a stone, in Croat, Magyar or Italian, is placed above the body of this volatile gentleman.... And then perhaps the deed of his administrative life that will be known more universally than any other will be the [72] omission of an *I* from certain postage stamps. When the old Hungarian stamps were surcharged with the word Fiume, the sixty-third one in every sheet of half an edition was defective and was stamped Fume.[19]

THREE PLEASANT PLACES

In the immediate neighbourhood of Rieka, across the bay, lies Abbazia, which Nature and the Austrians have made into a charming spot. By the famous "Strandweg" that winds under rocks and palm and laurel, you go to Volosca in the easterly and to Lovrana in the westerly direction. Just at the back of all these pretty places stands the range of Istria's green mountains. More than twenty years ago a certain Dr. Krstić, from the neighbourhood of Zadar, conceived the happy thought of printing, in the peasant dialect, a newspaper which would discourse on Italy in articles no peasant could resist. He was given subsidies, and for some time the newspaper was published [73] at Volosca. But perhaps the peasants did not read it any more than those near Zadar would take

in the *Pravi Dalmatinac* ("The Real Dalmatian"), which attempted a few years previous to the War to preach sectionalism to the Serbo-Croats. The Italians who came to the Abbazia district in November 1918 did not try such methods. In the combined commune of Volosca-Abbazia the population at the 1910 census consisted of 4309 Yugoslavs, 1534 German-Austrians, and 418 Italians. Most of the 418 had never seen Italy; the only true Italians were some officials who had come from other parts of Istria. The official language was Italian, which was regarded as more elegant. The district doctor was Italian, but all the other 29 non-official doctors were either Germans, Czechs or Croats. At Volosca eighteen years ago there was no Croat school; when one was opened the Italian school at once lost half its membership and before the War had been reduced to 25 pupils. Before the War at Abbazia the Croat school had six classes, while the Italian had ceased for lack of patronage. The German school had 160 pupils; this has now been dissolved, the pupils being mostly sent to the re-opened Italian school. Thus it will be seen that efforts were required to Italianize these places. The efforts were continued even during the War, it is said by the ex-Empress Zita. At any rate the people who had altered their Italian names saw that they had been premature and reassumed their former ones. They reassumed the pre-war privileges: at Lovrana, for example, they "ran" the village, not having allowed any communal elections since 1905 and arranging that their Croat colleagues in the council should all be illiterate peasants. Some Italians were interned in 1915, as the Croats had been in 1914, but the council came again into their hands. At the meetings they had been obliged, owing to the council's composition, to talk Croatian; but their own predominance was undisturbed. On their return to power during the War they displayed more generosity, and admitted even educated Croats to the council. And if such out-and-out Italians as the Signori Grossmann, Pegan, etc. of Lovrana were kinder to the Yugoslavs than the Signori Grbac, Korošać and Codrić of Rieka it may [74] be because the gentle spirit of the place affected them. The leading families would even intermarry; Signor Gelletich, Lovrana's Italian potentate, gave his sister to the Croat chieftain. But, as we have said, idylls had to end when in November 1918 the Italian army came upon the scene. Abbazia and Volosca and Lovrana were painted thoroughly in the Italian colours. Public buildings, private houses—irrespective of their inmates—had patches of green, white and red bestowed upon them. Everything was painted—some occupation had to be found for the military, who appeared to be more numerous than the inhabitants. Meanwhile, their commanding officers had other brilliant ideas: an Italian kindergarten was opened at Volosca, and the peasant women of the hills around were promised that if they came with their children to the opening ceremony, every one of them would be rewarded with 1 lb. of sugar. So they came and were photographed—it looked extremely well to have so many women seizing this first opportunity of an Italian education for their babies. Some one at Rieka most unfortunately had forgotten to consign the sugar. The Italian officer who was appointed to discharge the functions of podestà, that is, mayor, of Abbazia was a certain Lieut.-Colonel Stadler. He sent to Rome and Paris various telegrams as to the people's ardent hope of being joined to Italy. The people's own telegrams to Paris went by a more circuitous route. But Stadler did not seem to care much for the French, nor yet for the English. About a dozen of the educated people, thinking that the French might also come to Abbazia and wishing to be able to converse with them, took lessons in that language; another dozen, with a similar motive, had a Mr. Pošcić, a naturalized American subject, to give them English lessons. Away with these baubles, cried Stadler; on January 10 he stopped the lessons.

ITALY IS LED ASTRAY BY SONNINO

While the Italians were thus engaged, what was the state of opinion in their own country? Would Bissolati's organ, the *Secolo*, and the *Corriere della Sera*, which had been favourable to [75] the Slavs since Caporetto, have it in their power to moderate the fury of the anti-Slav papers? Malagodi of the *Tribuna* said on November 24 that the position at Rieka had been remedied. But was the public fully alive to what was happening at Zadar and Šibenik? "While these cities have been nominally occupied by us and are under the protection of our flag, the Italian population has never been so terrorized by Croat brutality as at this moment." The *Mattino* disclosed to its readers in flaring headlines that "Yugoslav oppression cuts the throats of the Italian population in Dalmatia and terrorizes them." Would the people of Italy rather listen to such thrills or to the *Secolo*, which deprecated the contemptuous writings of Italian journalists with regard to the Slavs—the *Gazzetta del Popolo's* "little snakes" was one of the milder terms of opprobrium. The *Secolo* recalled Italy's own illiterate herds and the fact that the Italian Risorgimento was judged, not by the indifferent and servile mass, but by its heroes. It explained that the Treaty of London was inspired by the belief that Austria would survive, and that for strategic reasons only it had given, not Rieka, but most of Dalmatia and the islands to Italy.

It was calamitous for Italy that she was being governed at this moment not by prudent statesmen such as she more frequently produces in the north, but by southerners of the Orlando and Sonnino type. The *Giornale d'Italia* would at a word from the Foreign Minister have damped the ardour of those journalists and other agitators who were fanning such a dangerous fire. Sonnino once himself told Radović, the Montenegrin, that he could not acquiesce in any union of the Yugoslavs, for such a combination would be fraught with peril for Italians. And now that Southern Slavs were forming what he dreaded, their United States, it would have been sagacious—it was not too late—if he had set himself to win their friendship. Incidents of an untoward nature had occurred, such as those connected with the Austrian fleet; nine hundred Yugoslavs, after fighting side by side with the Italians, had actually been interned, many of them wearing [76] Italian medals for bravery;[20] the Yugoslavs, in fact, by these and other monstrous methods had been provoked. But it was not too late. A Foreign Minister not blind to what was happening in

foreign countries would have seen that if he valued the goodwill of France and England and America—and this goodwill was a necessity for the Italians—it was incumbent on him to modify his politics. The British Press was not unanimous—all the prominent publicists did not, like a gentleman a few months afterwards in the *Spectator*, say that "if the Yugoslavs contemplated a possible war against the Italians, by whose efforts and those of France and Great Britain they had so recently been liberated, then would the Southern Slavs be guilty of monstrous folly and ingratitude." Baron Sonnino might have apprehended that more knowledge of the Yugoslav-Italian situation would produce among the Allies more hostility; he should have known that average Frenchmen do not buy their favourite newspaper for what it says on foreign politics, and that the *Journal des Débats* and the *Humanité* have many followers who rarely read them. And, above all else, he should have seen that the Americans, who had not signed the Treaty of London, would decline to lend themselves to the enforcement of an antiquated pact which was so grievously incongruous with Justice, to say nothing of the Fourteen Points of Mr. Wilson. But Sonnino threw all these considerations to the winds. He should have reconciled himself to the [77]
fact that his London Treaty, if for no other reason than that it was a secret one, belonged to a different age and was really dead; his refusal to bury it was making him unpopular with the neighbours. One does not expect a politician to be quite consistent, and Baron Sonnino is, after all, not the same man who in 1881 declared that to claim Triest as a right would be an exaggeration of the principle of nationalities; but he should not in 1918 have been deaf to the words which he considered of such weight when he wrote them in 1915 that he caused them to be printed in a Green Book. "The monarchy of Savoy," he said in a telegram to the Duke of Avarna on February 15 of that year, "has its staunchest root in the fact that it personifies the national ideals." Baron Sonnino was rallying to the House of Karageorgević most of those among the Croats and Slovenes who, for some reason or other, had been hesitating; for King Peter personified the national ideals which the Baron was endeavouring to throttle. As Mr. Wickham Steed pointed out in a letter to the *Corriere della Sera*, the complete accord between Italians and Yugoslavs is not only possible and necessary, but constitutes a European interest of the first order; if it be not realized, the Adriatic would become not Italian nor Slav, but German; if, on the other hand, it were brought about, then the language and the culture, the commerce and the political influence of Italy would not merely be maintained but would spread along the eastern Adriatic coast and in the Balkans in a manner hitherto unhoped for; if no accord be reached, then the Italians would see their whole influence vanish from every place not occupied by overwhelming forces. But Sonnino, a descendant of rancorous Levantines and obstinate Scots, went recklessly ahead; it made you think that he was one of those unhappy people whom the gods have settled to destroy. He neglected the most elementary precautions; he ought to have requested, for example, that the French and British and Americans would everywhere be represented where Yugoslav territory was occupied. But, alas, he did not show that he disagreed with the *Tribuna's* lack of wisdom when it said that "the Italian people could never tolerate that [78]
beside our flag should fly other flags, even if friendly, for this would imply a confession of weakness and incapacity."

THE STATE OF THE CHAMBER

The Government was in no very strong position, for the Chamber was now moribund and the many groups which had been formed, in the effort to create a war Chamber out of one that was elected in the days of peace, were now dissolving. An incident towards the end of November exhibited not only the contrivances by which these groups hoped to preserve themselves, but the eagerness with which the Government rushed to placate the powerful. A young deputy called Centurione, a member of the National Defence group (the Fascio), made a furious attack on Giolitti, under cover of a personal explanation. He had been accused of being a police spy. Well, after Caporetto, convinced that the defeat was partly due to the work of Socialists and Giolittians, he had disguised himself as a workman and taken part in Socialist meetings. He was proud to have played the spy for the good of his country, and he finished by accusing Giolitti and six others of treason. The whole Chamber—his own party not being strongly represented—seems to have made for Centurione who, amidst an indescribable uproar, continued to shout "Traitor!" to anyone who approached him. Sciorati, one of the accused, was at last able to make himself heard. He related how, at Turin, Centurione had made a fool of himself. (But if Lewis Carroll had been with us still he might have made himself immortal.) "I have seen him disguised," said Sciorati, "as an out-porter at the door of my own house." Giolitti appeared and demanded an immediate inquiry, with what was described as cold and menacing emphasis. And Orlando, the Prime Minister, flew up to the Chamber and parleyed with Giolitti in the most cordial fashion. Centurione's documents were at once investigated and no proofs of treason were found, no witnesses proposed by him being examined. He was expelled from the National Defence group for "indiscipline," his colleagues frustrating his attempts to sit next to them by repeatedly changing their seats. The attitude of the Fascio was humble and apologetic, and the other [79]
significant feature of the incident was the haste with which Orlando reacted to Giolitti's demand for an inquiry.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY

Baron Sonnino had to take into account not only the unsteadiness of the ground on which the Government stood, owing to these parliamentary regroupings, but the general effects that would ensue from the country's financial position. When, in spite of the victory and the approach of

peace, the exchange price of the lira dropped 2 to 3 points towards the end of November, this may have had, contrary to what was thought by many, no connection with a revolutionary movement. The fact that in Triest the authorities had been obliged to isolate Italian ex-prisoners on their return from Russia, since they were imbued with revolutionary principles, at any rate were uttering loud revolutionary cries, may have been the mere temporary infection caught from their environment. But that of which there was no doubt was the entire truth of Caroti's statement when that deputy declared at Milan that while Italy had been triumphant in the military sphere, she had been economically overthrown. Bankruptcy had not been announced, though it existed. Sonnino may therefore have been impelled not only by imperialism, by his inability to adjust himself to the new international situation, but by the hope that through his policy the new internal situation might be tided over. If the thoughts of his fellow-countrymen could be directed elsewhere than to bankruptcy and possible revolution, it might be that in the meantime adroit measures and good luck would brush away these disagreeable phenomena. And he would then be rightly looked upon as one who had deserved well of his country. So he set about the task with such a thoroughness that he turned not alone the thoughts of men, but their heads. Professor Italo Giglioli addressed a letter to *The New Europe* in which he said that he was claiming now not the territories given by the Treaty of London, but considerably more. He wanted all Dalmatia, down to Kotor. In foreign hands, he said, Dalmatia would be an eternal [80]
danger, and besides: "What in Dalmatia is not Italian is barbaric!" It was a melancholy spectacle to see a man of Giglioli's reputation saying that Dubrovnik, the refuge of Slav culture in the age of darkness and the place in which Slav literature so gloriously arose, was, forsooth, throughout its history always Italian in culture and in literature. "Among thinking people in Italy," proclaims the Professor, "there are indeed but few who will abandon to the Balkan processes a region and a people which have always been possessed by Italian culture and which constitute the necessary wall of Italy and Western Europe against the inroads of the half-barbaric East." He protests that it is ridiculous of *The New Europe* to assert that the secret Treaty of London is supported by a tiny, discredited band of Italians; and indeed that Review has regretfully to acknowledge that many of his countrymen have been swept off their feet and carried onward in the gale of popular enthusiasm. Giglioli ends by asking that his name be removed from the list of *The New Europe's* collaborators. In vain does the *The New Europe* say that the Professor's programme must involve a war between Italians and Yugoslavs. "We must be prepared for a new war," said the *Secolo* on January 12. "The Italians who absolutely demand the conquest of Dalmatia must have the courage to demand that the demobilization of our Army should be suspended, and to say so very clearly." And the *Corriere della Sera* warned Orlando of the consequences if he took no steps to silence the mad voices. "No one knows better," it wrote, "than the Minister of the Interior, who is also Premier, that on the other coast Italy claims that part of Dalmatia which was assigned to her by the Treaty of London, but not more.... If the Government definitely claims and demands the whole of Dalmatia, then the agitation is justified; but if the Government does not demand it, then we repeat that to favour and not to curb the movement is the worst kind of Defeatism, for it creates among Italians a state of mind tending to transform the sense of a great victory into the sense of a great defeat ... quite apart from the intransigeance which this provokes in the Yugoslav camp." It was in vain. And when Bissolati, having resigned from office on the issue of Italo- [81]
Yugoslav relations, attempted to explain his attitude at the Scala in Milan on January 11, his meeting was wrecked, for though the body of the hall and the galleries were relatively quiet, if not very sympathetic—it was a ticket meeting—the large number of subscription boxes, which could not be closed to their ordinary tenants, had been packed by Bissolati's adversaries, who succeeded in preventing him from speaking. After a long delay he managed to read the opening passage, but when he came to the first "renunciation"—the Brenner for the Teutons—disturbance set in finally and he left the theatre. Afterwards the rioters adjourned to the *Corriere* and *Secolo* offices, where they broke the windows. And thus the first full statement of the war aims of any Italian statesman could not be uttered. It was spread abroad by the Press. Bissolati claimed to speak in the name of a multitude which had hitherto been silent.... The masses, he said, demanded, that their rulers should devote all their strength to "the divine blessing of freeing mankind from the slavery of war." ... "To those," he said, "who speak of the Society of Nations as an 'ideology' or 'Utopia' which has no hold over our people, we would reply: Have you been in the trenches among the soldiers waiting for the attack?" [Signor Bissolati had the unique record, among Allied or enemy statesmen, of having volunteered for active service, though past the fighting age, and of having served in the trenches for many months before entering the Orlando Cabinet.]

A FOUNTAIN IN THE SAND

The speech was an admirable expression of that new spirit which the Allies had been fighting for. "Each of the anti-German nations," he said, "must guard itself against any unconsciously German element in its soul, if only in order to have the right to combat any trace in others of the imperialism which had poisoned the outlook of the German people." With regard to the Adriatic: "Yugoslavia exists, and no one can undo this. But to the credit of Italy be it said, the attainment of unity and independence for the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes was and must be alike the reason and [82]
the certain issue of our War.... Italy felt that if Serbia had been swallowed up by that monstrous Empire—itself a vassal of the German Empire—her own economic expansion and political independence would have received a mortal blow. And so she was on Serbia's side, first in neutrality, then in intervention.... Those who only see, in the formation of the Yugoslav State, a sympathetic or antipathetic episode of the War, or a subsidiary effect of it, have failed to detect its inner meaning." As for the Treaty of London which was concluded against the enemy, it was

not to be regarded as intangible against a friendly people. By special grants of autonomy, as at Zadar, or by arrangements between the two States, he would see the language and culture of all the trans-Adriatic sons of Italy assured. He warned his countrymen lest, in order to meet the peril of a German-Slav alliance against them, they should have to subordinate themselves to France and England, and be their protégés instead of their real Allies—a situation not unlike that of the Triple Alliance when Germany protected them against the ever-imminent attack of Austria.... "But perhaps the Yugoslavs will not be grateful or show an equal spirit of conciliation? Certainly they will then have no vital interests to push against Italy, and in the long run sentiments follow interests." There was, in fact, throughout the speech only one questionable passage, that in which he said that "if Italy renounced the annexation of Dalmatia she might obtain from Yugoslavia or from the Peace Conference the joy of pressing to her heart the most Italian city of Rieka, which the Treaty of London renounced." This may have been a sop to Cerberus. But Bissolati's appeals to justice and to wisdom fell upon the same stony ground as his demonstration that Dalmatia's strategic value is very slight from a defensive point of view to those who possess Pola, Valona and the outer islands. There is a school of reasonable Italians, such as Giuseppe Prezzolini, who for strategic reasons asked for the isle of Vis. Mazzini himself, after 1866, found it necessary, for the same reasons, that Vis should be Italian, since it is the key of the Adriatic. Some of us thought that it might have been feasible to follow the precedent of Port Mahon, which [83]
Great Britain occupied without exercising sovereignty over the rest of the island of Minorca. The magnificent harbour of Vis, perfectly protected against the bora, would have satisfied all the demands of the Italian navy. Vis is to-day practically as much Slav as Minorca was Spanish, and if the Slavs had been left in possession of the remainder of that island it would have proved the reverse of a danger to the Italians, since with a moderate amount of good sense the same relations would have existed as was the case upon Minorca.... The solution which was ultimately found in the Treaty of Rapallo was to allocate to the Italians in complete sovereignty not the island of Vis, but the smaller neighbouring island of Lastovo.

While the vast majority of Italians would not listen to Bissolati they delighted in Gabriele d'Annunzio. The great poet Carducci[21] had his heart full when he thought about the ragged, starving Croat soldiers, pitiable victims of the Habsburgs, exploited by them all their lives and fighting for them in a foreign land—and they fought bravely; but as they were often clad in miserable garments, they were called by those who wanted to revile them "Croat dirt." And that is what they are to Gabriele d'Annunzio. When the controversies of to-day have long been buried and when d'Annunzio's works are read, his lovers will be stabbed by his *Lettera ai Dalmati*. And if the mob had to be told precisely what the Allies are, it did not need a lord of language to dilate upon "the thirty-two teeth of Wilson's undecipherable smile," to say that the French "drunk with victory, again fly all their plumes in the wind, tune up all their fanfares, quicken their pace in order to pass the most resolute and speedy—and we step aside to let them pass." No laurel will be added to his fame for having spoken of "the people of the five meals" [the English] which, "its bloody work hardly ended, reopens its jaws to devour as much as it can." All Italy resounded with [84]
the catchword that the Croats had been Austria's most faithful servants, although some Italians, such as Admiral Millo, as we shall see, when writing confidentially, did not say anything so foolish. Very frequently, however, as the Croats noticed, those who had been the most uncompromising wielders of Austria's despotism were taken on by Italy, the new despot. For example, at Split when the mayor and other Yugoslav leaders were arrested at the beginning of the War, one Francis Mandirazza was appointed as Government Commissary, after having filled the political post of district captain (Bezirkshauptmann) which was only given to those who were in the entire confidence of the Government. As soon as the Italians had possession of Šibenik they took him into their service.

THOSE WHO HELD BACK FROM THE PACT OF ROME

The New Europe, whose directors had taken a chief part in bringing the Italians and the Yugoslavs together, which congress had resulted in the Pact of Rome, of April 1918, pointed out that in those dark days of the high-water mark of the great German offensive, this Pact—which provided the framework of an agreement, on the principle of "live and let live"—was publicly approved of by the Italian Premier and his colleagues, but was rejected now when the danger was past and Austria was broken up. Those who brought about the Pact reminded Italy that she was bound to it by honour and that the South Slav statesmen never had withdrawn from the position which it placed them in with reference to Italy.... Everyone must sympathize with the disappointment of those gentlemen who—Messrs. Franklin-Bouillon, Wickham Steed and Seton-Watson were associated in this endeavour—had striven for a noble end, had achieved something in spite of many obstacles, and now saw that one party simply would not use the bridge which they had built for it. This party had, however, shown such reticence both while the bridge was being made and afterwards that one could scarcely be astonished at their attitude. The Congress at Rome was in no sense official, but a voluntary meeting of private persons, who were got [85]
together with a certain amount of trouble. So unofficial, in fact, was the Congress that those Serbs who worked with the representatives of the Yugoslav Committee belonged to the Opposition; the Serbian Government, then in Corfu, not giving their adhesion to the Congress, which was perhaps a very clever move on the part of Pašić. Whether it be true or not that Signor Amendolla, the General Secretary—he is the political director of the *Corriere della Sera*—was asked by the Yugoslav Committee not to admit any Serbian deputies except those of the Opposition, it appears that no other Serbs took a part in the proceedings. The Italian Government adopted an ambiguous attitude, for while Orlando publicly endorsed the resolutions, as did

several other Ministers, notably Bissolati, the Premier gave no confirmation to those who interpreted his attitude as implying the tacit abandonment of Italy's extreme territorial claims. Sonnino was so reserved that he took no share at all in the Congress and refused to receive the Yugoslavs. He made no secret of his determination to exact the London Treaty. Nothing was signed by the Italian Government; and if Orlando's honour was involved it certainly does not seem possible to say the same of Sonnino. It may be that Pašić foresaw what would happen and was therefore unwilling to be implicated. He is an astute statesman of the old school—"too old," says *The New Europe*, which regards him as an Oriental sultan. But respecting the Pact of Rome they were rather at issue with the Italians. What the Italians gained was that the various clauses of the Pact were used as the basis for propaganda in the Austrian ranks on the Piave. And when once the Austrian peril had vanished the old rancour reappeared, particularly when, by the terms of the military armistice with Austria, Italy obtained the right to occupy a zone corresponding with what she was given by the London Treaty. Whereas in that instrument the frontiers were exactly indicated, there was in the Pact of Rome no more than a general agreement that the principles of nationality and self-determination should be applied, with due regard to other "vital interests." Bissolati's group was in favour of something more definite, but to this Orlando was not [86] well disposed; and Trumbić, the President of the Yugoslav Committee, did not avail himself of the, perhaps rather useless, offer of some Serbs who were not participating in the Congress, but suggested that while he worked with the Government they would keep in touch with the Bissolati group; even as Bismarck who would work openly with a Government, and through his agents with the Opposition.

GATHERING WINDS

As the Serbian Society of Great Britain observed in a letter of welcome which they addressed to Baron Sonnino on the occasion of a visit to London, they were convinced "after a close study and experience of the Southern Slav question in all its aspects and some knowledge of the Adriatic problem as a whole, that there is no necessary or inevitable conflict between the aspiration of the Southern Slav people towards complete unity and the postulates of Italian national security and of the completion of Italian unity; but that, on the contrary, there exist strong grounds for Italo-Southern Slav co-operation and friendship." The Italian Government, however, had now got almost their whole country behind them, and in the months after the War so many Italians had become warlike that they were enchanted with the picture drawn by Gabriele d'Annunzio: "And what peace will in the end be imposed on us, poor little ones of Christ? A Gallic peace? A British peace? A star-spangled peace? Then, no! Enough! Victorious Italy—the most victorious of all the nations—victorious over herself and over the enemy—will have on the Alps and over her sea the *Pax Romana*, the sole peace that is fitting. If necessary we will meet the new plot in the fashion of the Arditi [units of volunteers employed on specially dangerous enterprises], a grenade in each hand and a knife between our teeth." It is true that the other poor little ones of Christ, the Franciscans, who are greatly beloved by the people of Dalmatia, from whom they are sprung, have hitherto preached a different *Pax Romana*. The Dalmatian clergy, who are patriotic, have been rather a stumbling-block in the way of the Italians. A very small percentage of them—about [87] six in a thousand—have been anti-national and opportunist. At one place a priest whom his bishop had some years ago had occasion to expel, returned with the Italian army in November 1918 and informed the bishop that he had a letter from the Pope which reinstated him, but he refused to show this letter. He was anxious to preach on the following Sunday; the bishop declined to allow him. Then came unto the bishop the chief of the Italian soldiery and he said unto him: "Either thou shalt permit this man to preach or I will cause thine office to be taken from thee." Unfortunately the bishop yielded, and the sermon, as one would imagine, was devoted to the greater glory of the Italians. Sometimes the Italians, since their occupation, have made a more humorous if not more successful use of the Church. On Palm Sunday, after the service a number of peasants, in their best clothes, were walking through a village holding the usual palm leaves in their hands. They were photographed, and a popular Italian newspaper printed this as a full-page coloured illustration. It was entitled: "Dalmatian Peasants on their way to pay Homage to Admiral Millo."

This policy of a grenade in each hand and a knife between the teeth makes a powerful appeal to the munition firms. And others who feed the flame of Italo-Slav hatred are, as Gaetano Salvemini, the anti-chauvinist, pointed out in the *Unità* of Florence, those professional gladiators who would lose their job, those agents of the Italo-German-Levantine capitalism of the Triest Chamber of Commerce who want to be rid of the competition of Rieka and think that this can only be obtained by annexation, and also those Italian Nationalists who believe that the only path to national greatness is by acquiring territory everywhere. No light has come to them from the East; the same arguments which are now put forward by such societies as the "Pro Dalmatia" could be heard in Italy before she possessed herself of Tripoli. One heard the same talk of strategic necessities; one heard that nearly all the population was waiting with open arms for the Italians; one heard that from a business point of view nothing could be better; one heard that the Italians [88] without Tripoli would be choked out of the Mediterranean. And what have been the fruits of the conquest of Tripoli? No economic advantages have been procured, as Prezzolini wrote, no sociological, no strategic, no diplomatic benefits. A great deal of money was thrown away, a vast amount of energy was wasted, and thousands of troops have to be stationed permanently in the wilderness. That expedition to Tripoli, which was one of the gravest errors of Italian politics, was preceded by clouds of forged documents, of absurdities, of partial extracts out of consular reports, of lying correspondence which succeeded in misleading the Italians.

"The Italian Government," said the *Morning Post*,[22] "is well qualified to judge of the interests of its own people." Here the *Morning Post* is not speaking of the Italian Government which dealt with Tripoli, but that which has been dealing with Dalmatia. The reasons which have been advanced for an Italian or a partly Italian Dalmatia are geographical, botanical, historical, ethnical, military, naval and economic. As for the geographical reasons: even in the schools of Italy they teach that the Italian natural frontier is determined by the point of division of the waters of the Alps and that this frontier falls at Porto Ré, a few miles to the south of Rieka—everything to the south of that belonging to the Balkan Peninsula. We may note the gallant patriotism of an Italian cartographer mentioned by Prezzolini; this worthy has inscribed a map of Dalmatia down to the Narenta with the pleasing words: "The new natural boundaries of Italy." As for the argument that the flora of Dalmatia resembles that of Italy, this can equally well be employed by those who would annex Italy to Dalmatia. Historically, we have seen that Venice, which held for many years the seacoast and the islands, did not alter the Slav character of the country. It is not now the question as to whether Venice deserved or did not deserve well of Dalmatia, but "the truth is," says M. Emile Haumant,[23] the learned and impartial French [89] historian, "the truth is that when Marmont's Frenchmen arrived they found the Slav language everywhere, the Italian by its side on the islands and the coast, Italian customs and culture in the towns, and also the lively and sometimes affectionate remembrance of Venice; but nowhere did a Dalmatian tell them that he was an Italian. On the contrary, they all affirmed that they were brothers of the Slav beyond, in whose misfortunes they shared and whose successes they celebrated." The Italians themselves, in achieving their unity, were very right to set aside the undoubted historical claims of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, those of the House of Este and those of the Vatican, seeing that they were in opposition to the principle of nationality and the right of a people to determine its own political status. With regard to the ethnical reasons, we are flogging another dead horse, as the statistics—even those taken during the Italian occupation—prove to the meanest intellect; and now the pro-Italians, despairing to make anyone believe that the 97·5 per cent. of the people of Dalmatia are truly Italians who by some kink in their nature persist in calling themselves Slavs, have invented a brand new nationality, the Dalmatian, after the classic style of the late Professor Jagić who at Vienna, under the pressure of the Austrian Government, began talking of the Bosnian language in order not to say that it is Serbo-Croat. He was drowned in laughter. With respect to the military reasons, the Dalmatian littoral cannot be defended by a State which is not in possession of the hinterland. In time of peace a very strong army would be needed; Italy would, in fact, have to double her army for the defence of a frontier 700 kilometres long. And in the event of war it would be necessary either to abandon Dalmatia or to form two armies of operation, one on the frontiers of Julian Venetia, the other in Dalmatia, and without any liaison between them. From the military point of view it is incomparably more to the interest of Italy that she should live on friendly terms with the people of the eastern shore of the Adriatic than that she should maintain there an army out of all proportion to her military and [90] economic resources—an army which in time of war would be worse than useless, since, as M. Gauvain observes, the submarines, which would find their nesting-places in the islands, would destroy the lines of communication. An Italian naval argument is, that if she had to fight on the eastern side of the Adriatic her sailors in the morning would have the sun in their eyes; but the Yugoslavs would be similarly handicapped in the case of an evening battle. With regard to the economic reasons, the longitudinal lines will continue to guarantee to the Germans and Magyars the commercial monopoly of the East, and Italy will perceive that she has paid very dearly for a blocked-up window. The sole method by which Italy can from the Adriatic cause her commerce to penetrate to the Balkans is by concluding with a friendly Yugoslavia the requisite commercial treaties, which will grow more valuable with the construction of the lateral railways, running inland from the coast, which Austrians and Magyars so constantly impeded.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE TREATY OF LONDON

If, then, it is difficult to see where the Italian interests will be profited by the possession of Dalmatia, there remains the argument that, irrespective of the consequences, she must have a good deal of it since it was allotted to her by the Treaty of London,[24] although the engagements entered into by Italy, France and Great Britain when they signed the Treaty with Germany caused the earlier instrument to be subject to revision where its terms had been disregarded. Signor Orlando, in an interview granted in April 1918 to the *Journal des Débats*, eagerly insisted [91] that the Treaty had been concluded against the Austrian enemy, not against the Yugoslav nation; and if this be more than a mere phrase it is clear that with the disappearance of Austria-Hungary the Treaty automatically fell to the ground. By this Treaty of April 1915, France and Great Britain are bound—if necessary, by force of arms—to assist Italy in appropriating what, I believe, will be acknowledged to be some one else's country, at all events a country the vast proportion of whose inhabitants have determined that on no account will they come under the Italians. Would it not have been advisable if those who signed this document had made a few not very recondite researches into eastern Adriatic questions? They must have felt some qualms at the cries of indignation and amazement which arose when the provisions of the Treaty were disclosed, for it did not remain a secret very long. They had imagined, on the whole, that as Dalmatia had been under alien rulers, Venetian, Austrian and so forth, for so many years it really would not matter to them very much if they were governed from Vienna or from Rome. Perhaps a statesman here and there had heard that the Dalmatian Diet had petitioned many times since 1870 that they

should be reunited to their brothers of Croatia and Slavonia in the Triune Kingdom. But all the calculations seem to have been made upon the basis that Austria-Hungary would survive, as a fairly formidable Power at any rate. The union of the Southern Slavs was too remote, and the Italians would be kindly masters. When the howl of indignation rose, the statesmen seem to have conceived the hope that the Italians would be generous and wise. The chief blame for the Treaty does not rest, however, on the Frenchmen and the Englishmen, but on the Russians; it was naturally felt that they should be more cognizant of Slav affairs, and if they were content to sign the Treaty, France and England might well follow their example. When Dr. Zarić, the Bishop of Split, saw the former Russian Foreign Minister, M. Sazonov, in Paris in the spring of 1919, this gentleman was in a state of such dejection that the Bishop, out of pity, did not try to probe the matter. "Sometimes," said Sazonov, "sometimes the circumstances are too much opposed to you [92] and you have to act against your inclinations."[25] The French and British statesmen gave the Bishop the impression that they were ashamed of the Treaty. He read to them in turn a memorandum in which he suggested that the whole Dalmatian question should be left to the arbitration of President Wilson, who was well informed, through experts, of the local conditions. And was it, in any case, just that an Italian, both claimant and judge, should sit on the Council of Four, to which no Yugoslav was admitted? To President Wilson the Bishop said, "You have come to fight for the just cause."

The President made no reply.

The Bishop, a native of the island of Hvar, a great linguist, was a man who made you think that a very distinguished mind had entered the body of the late Cardinal Vaughan. To him the most noticeable features of the President were the clear brow, the mystic eyes and the mouth which showed that he stood firmly on the ground.

"You have come to work and fight for the peace," said the Bishop.

"Yes, indeed, to fight," said Dr. Wilson. "And I will act with all my energy. You," he said, "you must help me."

"I will help you," said the Bishop, "with my prayers."

The Yugoslav Delegation in Paris had, on the authority of the Belgrade Cabinet, suggested that the question should be arbitrated.

"The Italians have declined the arbitration," said Dr. Zarić, "just as in the War Germany and Austria declined yours."

The President nodded.

"They have committed many disorders in our fair land," said the Bishop.

"I know, I know," said the President.

But, it will be asked, why did not Dr. Wilson insist on a just settlement of the Adriatic question, [93] taking into his own hands that which Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau were so chary of touching? These two statesmen, with the London Treaty hanging over them, wanted Wilson's assent for matters in which British and French interests were more directly concerned, while they required Sonnino's co-operation in the Treaty with Germany. It would have suited them very well if Wilson had taken such energetic steps with Italy that they themselves could, suitably protesting to Sonnino, be swept along by the presidential righteousness. But Dr. Wilson was disappointing those who had—in the first place because of the lofty language of his Notes—awaited a really great man. He was seen to be out of his depth; strenuously he sought to rescue his Fourteen Points and to steer the Covenant of the League through the rocks and shallows of European diplomacy. Sonnino, playing for time, involved the good Wilson in a maze of confused negotiations, while nearly every organ of Italian official and unofficial opinion was defaming the President. On April 15 Dr. Wilson in a memorandum suggested the famous "Wilson Line" in Istria, which thrust the Italian frontier westwards, so that Rieka should be safeguarded from the threat of an Italian occupation of Monte Maggiore. Italy was to give up northern Dalmatia and all the islands, save Lussin and Vis; in return she was to be protected by measures limiting the naval and military powers of Yugoslavia. When Wilson appealed over the head of the Italian Government to the people, their passions had been excited to such a degree that much more harm was done than good. It is said that he had promised Messrs. Lloyd George and Clemenceau that he would not publish his letter for three hours, but that—pride of authorship triumphing over prudence—it was circulated to the Press two hours before this time was up, and a compromise which had been worked out by Mr. Lloyd George had perforce to be abandoned. This was one of the occasions when the President's impulsiveness burst out through his cold exterior, when his strength of purpose, his grim determination to fight for justice were undermined by his egotism. [94]

ITALIAN HOPES IN MONTENEGRO

For months the Italians had been consoling themselves with the thought that such a hybrid affair as Yugoslavia would never really come into existence. Some visionaries might attempt to join the Serbs and Croats and Slovenes, yet these must be as rare as Blake, who testified that "when others see but the dawn coming over the hill, I see the sons of God shouting for joy." One only had to listen, one could hear already how they were growling, how they were quarrelling, how they were killing each other. In Montenegro, for example, and Albania the Italians were

greatly interested—not always as spectators. If you tell a hungry Montenegrin peasant in the winter that there is a chance of his obtaining flour and—well, that he may have to fight for it, but he will get good booty at Cetinje, he will go there. In January 1919 there was a battle. "The Montenegrin people rose in rebellion against the Serbians to recover their independence," said an Italian writer, one Dr. Attilio Tamaro in a weekly paper called *Modern Italy*, which was published in London. "This intensely popular revolt, animated by the heroically patriotic spirit of the Montenegrins, was relentlessly suffocated in blood. In the little city of Cetinje alone, where there are but a few thousand inhabitants, over 400 were killed and wounded. The Serbians and the French together accomplished this sanguinary repression. We repeat, it is painful to see the French lend their men, their blood and their glorious arms to the carrying out of the low intrigues of Balkan politics." The money and the arms that were found on the dead and captured rebels were Italian. If the schemes of the Italians had not been upset by the timely arrival of the Yugoslav forces, with the few Frenchmen, they would have occupied Cetinje and restored the traitor king. As it was, they occupied Antivari, from which place they smuggled arms and munitions into the country. They conspired with the adherents of the old régime, a very small body of men who were enormously alarmed at the loss of their privileged position. The chief of them was Jovan Plamenac, a former Minister whom the people at Podgorica had refused to hear, [95]
a few weeks previously, when he attempted to address them. He was hated on account of the most ruthless fashion in which, as Minister, he had executed certain of his master's critics at Kolašin. There was a time, during the first Balkan War, when he advocated union with Serbia and on April 6, 1916, he wrote in the *Bosnische Post* of Sarajevo that Nikita, owing to his flight, "may be regarded as no longer existing." But his unpopularity remained and, with vengeance burning in his heart, he went from Podgorica to the Italians. They concocted a nice plan—he was to raise an army of his countrymen and the Italians would bring their garrison from Scutari. On January 1 Plamenac and his partisans tried to seize Virpazar, on the Lake of Scutari—the Commandant of the Italian troops at Scutari, one Molinaro, had asked the chief of the Allied troops, three days before this attempt, whether he might dispatch two companies to that place for the purpose of suppressing the disorders which had not yet come to pass. Another rising was engineered at Cetinje, where twenty or thirty of the poor peasants who had let themselves be talked over by Plamenac were killed; the rest of the misguided fellows were sent home, only their leaders being detained. Plamenac himself escaped to Albania.[26] On the side of the Montenegrin Provisional Government no regular troops were available, as the Yugoslav soldiers who had lately arrived were engaged in policing other parts of the country. Volunteers were needed and a body of young men, mostly students, enrolled themselves. They were so busy that they omitted to inform Mr. Ronald M'Neill, M.P., that they really were Montenegrin students. That indignant gentleman insists that they were Serbs, armed with French and British rifles, against which, he tells us (in the *Nineteenth Century*, January 1921) the insurgents could not do much. Eleven of these
volunteers were killed and they were buried underneath the tree where Nikita used to administer [96]
his brand of justice. All kinds of incriminating documents were found upon the dead and captured rebels, as also a significant letter from the Italian Minister accredited to Nikita, which was addressed to the chancellor of the Italian Legation at Cetinje. An inter-Allied Commission, over which General Franchet d'Espérey presided, issued their report on February 8 at Podgorica. "All the troops," it said, "in Montenegro are Yugoslavs and not Serbs; there are not more than 500 of them." It further stated that the rebellion had been provoked by certain agents of the ex-King, assisted by some Italian agents. As for the ridiculous Italian charge which I quoted, accusing the French of a share in the low intrigues of Balkan politics, this participation consisted in their General at Kotor demanding of Darković, the leader of the Montenegrin deputies, that his followers and the rebels should not come to blows. The reply, which annoyed the General, was to the effect that if the rebels made an attack, then Darković with his scratch forces would defend himself—and the battle lasted for two or three days. A junior French officer, who had been in command of a small detachment at Cetinje, told me that the noise of firing had awakened him every night and he had not the least idea what it was all about. But the French had a pretty accurate idea of the nationality of the "brigands" who on December 29 fired on the ss. *Skroda* and *Satyre* near the village of Samouritch when it was carrying a cargo of flour up the Bojana for the Montenegrins. These vessels were sailing under the French flag and the "brigands," about fifty in number, were armed with machine guns. An International Commission established these facts, as also that the Italian ship *Vedeta* passed up the river just before the outrage and the *Mafalda* just after it, and neither of them was molested. In consequence of what occurred and as practically all the supplies for Montenegro had at that time to be sent by the Bojana, General Dufour, in the absence of French troops, authorized the Serbs on February 12 to occupy the commanding
position of Tarabosh. [97]

WHAT HAD LATELY BEEN THE FATE OF THE AUSTRIANS THERE

These Yugoslav troops had been detached from the left wing of the Salonica forces and had come overland in order to deal with the situation in Montenegro. The Austrians had been in a woeful plight; it was regarded as a punishment to serve in Montenegro and Albania, not only because of the lack of amenities and the unruly spirit of the people, but also for the reason that the officers who came there—many managed to avoid it—were too often causes of dissatisfaction. More complaints had gone up from this front than from any other. The supplies allotted by the High Command in Austria were ample, as the Rieka depots testified, but a great deal did not reach its proper destination. Some officers took down their wives or other ladies, loading up the army motor-cars with luxuries of food and grand pianos, while the men were forced to tramp enormous distances; if anyone fell out, the natives in Albania would emerge from where they had

been hiding and would deprive the wretched man of his equipment and his clothing, and perhaps his life. The sanitary section of that Austrian army was not good; it happened frequently that victims of malaria and wounded men were told to walk—if they arrived, so much the better. These poor fellows did not know that if they ultimately got back to Vienna they might be the objects of Imperial solicitude—the least to be dreaded was the Archduke Salvator, who was wont to come to a hospital, with his wife, and to bestow on every man a coloured picture-postcard of their Imperial and Royal persons, with a sentence printed underneath respecting their paternal and maternal love; it was officially reported in Vienna, of another hospital, that those who lay there had been spending "happy hours" in "the circle of the exalted Family"—this referred to the Archduchess Maria Immaculata, whose compositions for the piano are said to be beyond all criticism; she herself did not play them, but would sit there while they were inflicted by a courtier on the helpless men. Not very enviable was the lot of those Magyar officers who were taken to [98] that hospital in Buda-Pest over which the Archduchess Augusta, a strikingly ugly woman, presided. It was a regulation that no wounds were allowed to be dressed until the Archduchess, arrayed in uniform and armed with a revolver, made her appearance of an evening. The officers were told that it was etiquette for them to broach a pleasant conversation with their benefactress. But the most dangerous Habsburg was the Archduchess Blanka, who was interested in medicine; she had thought out for herself a remedy which human ailments never would withstand, but which was more especially effective in cases of tuberculosis, of malaria and of kidney diseases. At the hospital in the Kirchstetterngasse she had a ward entirely devoted to kidneys. Her treatment consisted in hot bandages of corn-flowers; the patients were packed in these bandages and that was all that was done to them. With regard to the diet, there were no particular regulations. Some of the men were sent from there to another and less original hospital, but it was often too late.

AND OF THE NATIVES

The Montenegrins who had been for so long—some of them for three years—leading a congenial life among their rocks, descending now and then to kill an Austrian and to gather booty, were most active when the ill-starred Imperial army was retiring. Six hundred Austrians, for instance, took the road from Kolašin with the intention of marching to Lieva Rieka, a distance of 45 kilometres. Thirty-five of them arrived there. Thus the population avenged such incidents as the hanging by the Austrian authorities of the brother of the ex-Minister General Vešović,[27] the General having taken to the hills and his brother being executed by way of reprisal. The Austrians had now to pay the penalty of ruthlessness; on September 1, 1917, Count Clam Martinić, the Military Governor, issued Order No. 3110 which stated that: "In consequence of the recent inquiry having revealed the fact that telegraph and telephone wires have been cut by [99] civilians, we make the following order:

> "1. Persons caught red-handed in acts of sabotage will be summarily shot, their houses will be razed to the ground and their property confiscated by the Military Administration Authorities.
>
> "2. If the author of the outrage cannot be found, the procedure will be as follows:—
>
> > "(*a*) The commune where the act of sabotage has taken place will be condemned to a heavy fine. If the sum demanded is not paid within forty-eight hours, the cattle will be seized.
> >
> > "(*b*) Hostages will be taken who, if the cases of sabotage are repeated, will be executed in their commune."

Life under the Austrians had become unendurable. Typhoid fever, marsh fever, typhus and dysentery assumed such proportions that in the towns and villages one saw—apart from such notices as Order No. 3110—no other bills posted up on the walls but those containing advice as to the correct way of nursing the sick. While poor wretches were dying of hunger in the hospitals and on the high road for want of bread, the authorities published a recipe for the making of wheat-butter, which was a recent discovery of German science, reputed to be very nourishing for debilitated organisms. But the price of a kilo (2 lb.) of wheat was 12 crowns (about 10s.). When the epidemic of typhus, which broke out in Cetinje and in the Njeguš clan, reached alarming proportions and spread to other districts, the medical authorities advertised that household effects and linen should be washed with water and potatoes. A kilo of potatoes, in the autumn of 1917, cost a price equivalent to 6s., a quart of oil cost £2, 10s., a quart of milk 5s., a kilo of coffee £2, 18s. 4d., a yard of cloth £4, 4s. to £6, 6s., a pair of boots £8, 7s. An average of 200 persons—mainly women and children—were dying every day of starvation.

The Austrian army in retreat was incapable of action. It occupied a line east of Podgorica: Bioce-Tuzi-Lake of Scutari, with very few guns. The troops were scanty, they were weakened by malaria, etc.; but the Italians pursued them with great caution. The chief enemies were Albanians [100] and Montenegrins. The wily Austrians gave rifles to the Albanians in order that they should attack the Montenegrins, but they were often used against their former owners. Then the contingents of the Salonica army came across the mountains, and when the Austrians went north, as best they could, the Yugoslavs of the Imperial and Royal army—Bosniaks were well represented—pinned on their tunics the national colours and were greeted by the inhabitants. Arriving at Cetinje they heard the incredible news that a Yugoslav State had been founded, that the Austrian navy had been handed over to the Yugoslavs, that French and Italians were already at Kotor. During the journey to that port the commanders were depressed, but the rank and file

rejoiced at the idea of going home. Discipline was at an end. Thousands of rockets were fired into the air. It was the end of the Habsburg monarchy.

NOW NIKITA IS DEPOSED

The next thing for the Montenegrins to do was to depose Nikita. By a futile proclamation that personage had tried in October to resist the union of the Yugoslavs; he had made a last desperate attempt to save his crown. "I am ready to do," he said, "what my people desires." He plaintively protested that all his life had been dedicated to their service and now he wanted to go back to ascertain precisely what they wished. "Montenegro," he had said, "belongs to a nation of heroes, who fought with honour for the highest ideals." But when on November 24 the Great National Skupština met, and when on the 26th it unanimously deposed him—the old gentleman was wise enough to follow the advice of some French statesmen and remain where he was. "Here am I amongst you, dressed in our beautiful national costume," he said at Neuilly to his supporters, on one of the occasions when he denied that he had been a traitor or anything so dreadful. But being a prudent old gentleman he refrained from uttering these words at Podgorica, where the Skupština had met; a better plan was to communicate with the Press Association, in the hope that many editors would print his words. If it was a final anti-climax for a mediæval prince—ah well, [101] what is life but one long anti-climax? He would protest against the constitution of the Skupština. He had by no means given his approval to the new election laws; and if, contrary to his own practice, the gendarmes were having nothing to do with the urns, that was merely in order to curry favour with the Western Powers. The deputies were chosen by the people indirectly—that is to say, every ten men elected a representative, and these in their turn elected the deputies. This was not done by ballot, for Montenegro, like Hungary, had never known the ballot. An absurd outcry was raised by Nikita's band of adventurers and their unhappy dupes in this country; they called the world to witness this most palpable iniquity on the part of the Serbs, whose armed forces had rushed across the mountains, and the moment they arrived in Montenegro had so overawed the population that this pro-Serb, pro-Yugoslav Skupština was duly chosen. Go to! Of course it was a sad disappointment to Nikita that a Yugoslav instead of an Italian army should occupy Montenegro. He had telegraphed at the beginning of the War to Belgrade that: "Serbia may rely on the brotherly and unconditional support of Montenegro, in this moment on which depends the fate of the Serbian nation, as well as on any other occasion"; and since he knew, without any telegram, that Serbia would in her turn support Montenegro—but not the tiny pro-Nikita faction—he was reduced to the appalling straits of a plot to force himself upon his own people by means of a foreign army. Now the composition of the aforementioned Yugoslav forces should be noted—after more than six years of heroic fighting against the Turks, the Bulgars, the Austro-Germans, the Albanian blizzards, and again the Bulgars and the Austro-Germans there did not survive a very large number of the splendid veterans of Marshal Mišić, and in Macedonia the ranks were filled by Yugoslav volunteers from the United States. Many of these Yugoslavs (over half of them Dalmatians and Bosnians) were included, in the army which entered Montenegro. The whole force at the time of the National Skupština consisted of about 200 men, ten of whom were Serbs from the old kingdom—and if anyone maintains that 200 men could impose their will [102] upon a population of 350,000 which has arms enough and is skilful in the use of arms, he makes it clear that he knows little of the Montenegrins.

THE ASSEMBLY WHICH DEPOSED HIM

The Podgorica Skupština was not elected by these troops. No one will pretend that in the excitement of those days the voting was conducted in a calm and methodical fashion. Here and there a dead man was elected; the proceedings—though they were not faked, as in Nikita's time—were rough-and-ready. But if the deputies had been selected in a more haphazard fashion, say according to the first letter of their surnames, the result would have been identical—they would, with a crushing majority, have deposed their King and voted for the merging of their country in the rest of Yugoslavia. If the former Skupština had been convoked, as some people advocated—it would have most effectively nonplussed the pro-Nikita party here and elsewhere (it might even have silenced Mr. Ronald M'Neill, M.P., who asserted[28] that this "packed assembly" consisted of "Serbian subjects and bought agents in about equal numbers")—but then two-fifths of the country—those territories acquired in the Balkan War—would not have been represented. Observe, however, that the Skupština in Nikita's time was for union with Serbia. Even then—although of the 76 deputies the king nominated 14, while the other 62, of course, were people whom he pretty well approved of—even then they had passed resolutions in favour of an economic union, a common army and common representatives abroad. The Podgorica Parliament had 168 members, of whom 42 were from the new areas. The Constitution did not provide for such an assembly; but Nikita's friends who clamoured for the Constitution evidently had forgotten that under Articles 2 and 16 a king who deserts his country and people is declared to have forfeited his legal rights. Those foolish partisans who cried that it was monstrous not to wait until all the interned Montenegrins had come back from Austria and Hungary, may be reminded of Nikita's Red Cross [103] parcels which these prisoners had refused to take. Moreover, certain of them were elected, after their arrival, as vacancies occurred, and they were also represented among the dozen deputies whom the Skupština chose for the Belgrade Parliament. No disorders happened during the elections, the best available men were chosen—76 of them having enjoyed a university education. It is worthy of remark that while 20 of the Podgorica deputies had sat in Nikita's former parliaments, another 150 of these ex-deputies survive, and yet out of the total number of past and

present deputies (*i.e.* over 300), only 15 declared for a kind of autonomy, but were in favour of Yugoslav union. The Metropolitan of Cetinje, the Bishops and five of the six pre-war Premiers gave their unreserved support to the new régime. With them was the Queen's brother, the Voivoda Stephen Vukotić, a grand-looking personage who has remained all his life a poor man; he was questioned by General Franchet d'Espérey as to whether he had also voted against his brother-in-law. "If I had seven heads and on each of them a crown," answered the Voivoda, "I would give them all for the union of the Southern Slavs." ... Where was the opposition to Yugoslavia? "The Black Mountain," said Nikita at Neuilly—"the Black Mountain, as well as her national King, has always pursued the same path, the only one leading to the realization of our sacred ideal—that of National Unity." One might object that a national King should really not have written to his daughter Xenia on October 19, 1918, that he would propose a republic for all the Serbs and Yugoslavs, with the abdication of the two kings and the two dynasties. He added that the Serbs were not ripe for a republic, but that in advanced circles his suggestion would be enthusiastically received, and in a short time he would reap the benefit. "That," he wrote, "is my impression—it may be that I am wrong—but I do not know what else I can do." And a truly national King—but the world, as Sophocles remarked, is full of wonders, and nothing is more wonderful than man—a truly national King should not have supported those twenty Montenegrins who in the summer of 1919 assembled at the monastery of Dečani with the design of establishing [104] a Bolševik republic. Before the Yugoslav troops could reach the spot these men were surrounded by Albanians and overpowered, so that another wild dream of the old intriguer was dissipated.... When Mr. Leiper, the *Morning Post's* acute representative, was in Montenegro during the summer of 1920 he found only one person in three weeks who pined for the return of Nikita. "Presently," he says, "we were accosted by an ancient, wild-looking 'pope,' with a face rugged and stormy as the crags among which he lived, and long, straggling hair tied in behind by an old leather boot-lace.... The talk turned to politics. My friend wailed over times and morals. Food was scarce, the wicked flourished like green bay trees, honest folks were oppressed, starved, neglected; for example, his own self that sat before me—would I believe it?—after forty years' service he had not so much as attained the dignity of Archimandrate.... They were a rascal lot, those at present in power, ripe for hanging, every man-jack of them. And oh for the days of good King Nicholas, who would have given them short shrift!" Mr. Leiper subsequently learned that Nikita's panegyrist had spent his life in the wilds of Macedonia, where he acted as agent and decoy of the then Montenegrin Government. One murder, at least, for which he received a good sum of money, could be laid to his charge. Now he was living in retirement, hoping no doubt for better days, and meanwhile winked at by the tolerant authorities.

After the assembling of the Podgorica Parliament a proclamation was issued by the joyous Montenegrins at Cetinje. "Montenegrins!" it began, "the great and bloody fight of the most terrible world war is over! Despotism has been smothered, freedom has come, right has triumphed.... Montenegrin arms and the heroic deeds of our Homeland have distinguished themselves for centuries. The fruits of these great deeds and colossal sacrifices our people must realize in a great and happy Yugoslavia.... Let us reject all attempts which may be made to deprive us of our happy future and put us in a position of blind and miserable isolation henceforth to work and weep in sorrow.... Before us lie two paths. One is strewn with the flowers of a [105] blessed future, the other is covered with dangerous and impenetrable brambles." If any disinterested and intelligent foreigner, say a Chinaman, had been asked whether he thought that it was more to the advantage of Montenegro that she, like Croatia, Bosnia and the rest, should merge herself in the Yugoslav State or whether he considered that the sort of federation which the ex-King had suggested would assist more efficaciously the welfare—social, economical and national—of the Montenegrin, he would not have thanked you for asking so superfluous a question.... Nikita then asserted that those terrible Serbian bayonets had caused the Podgorica Skupština to vote as it did. Anyone who has spoken to one of those Bocchesi or Dalmatian volunteers who were at that time in Montenegro will quite believe that they applauded the result, but to pretend that they drove the Skupština with bayonets to do what every reasoning creature would have done is so farcical that one might have thought it would not even form (as it did form) the subject for questions in the British House of Commons.... The only part played by bayonets was when on November 7 (one day previous to that fixed for the elections) a detachment of the Italian army landed at Antivari and another marched to within about six kilometres of Cetinje, where they were met by the Montenegrin National Guard, were told that bigger forces, which it was difficult to restrain, would shortly arrive and were given one hour in which to depart. Of this they availed themselves, announcing that they were all Republicans. They left behind them an elderly man who was sick and requested the Montenegrins not to murder him. The Italians and Nikita's friends soon afterwards spread a report of horrible murders in Montenegro. Certain Allied officers went up to investigate the matter and found that the charges were baseless. They were told by Mr. Glomažic, the prefect of Cetinje, that the Allies, apart from the Italians, could go anywhere in Montenegro, but that the Italians would be opposed by force of arms and that if the Allies came up together with the Italians, then they too would be attacked. Thereupon the Allied officers invited Mr. Glomažic to lunch. [106]

NIKITA'S SORROW FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Nikita had no hopes that any good would come from such a Skupština. In 1912 it had been different; with a budget of some 6,200,000 perpers (or francs), including the Russian subsidies and the revenues from the Italian tobacco monopoly, the royal civil-list comprised 11 per cent. of the expenses, while the police accounted for 12 per cent., agriculture and commerce 1½ per

cent., public works 4 per cent. and education 5 per cent. The Skupština of that period had not caused him to pay more attention to the people's requirements. The darkness in which they lived was so profound that when Montenegro had to pay the interest on a six-million-franc loan from Great Britain no one in Cetinje could calculate how much was due; a telegram was therefore sent to London asking for this information and the date when payment should be made. If his people did not prevent him from allocating merely 11,000 francs to the Ministry of Justice for the increase of salaries and so forth, while the Ministry of the Interior received 700,000 francs for the work of spying, the expense of killing people and various propaganda—both these items being labelled "special expenses"—then Nikita had no fault to find with his Skupština. Things were almost as satisfactory as before 1907, when for the first time a budget was issued and the people were told how their contributions were spent. The personal property of the sovereign had indeed been formally separated from that of the State in 1868; but Nikita's manipulations were so little supervised that, even when he had established the Skupština, he could say with truth, "L'état c'est moi." The Skupština of 1918 was going to make vast changes.

THE STATE OF BOSNIA

In Bosnia, for some time after the Austrian collapse, it was inconvenient to travel. If you went by rail you were fortunate if you secured a good berth on the roof of a carriage; by road you went less rapidly and therefore ran a greater risk of being waylaid by the so-called "Green Depot," who were deserters from the Austrian army—either through national or other reasons—with their [107] headquarters in the forests. Some of them were simply men who had gone home on leave and stayed at home. Here and there a National Guard of peaceful citizens, irrespective of nationality, was formed against them. But it was some time before they were induced to lead a less romantic life. What happened afterwards in Bosnia between the Serbs, the Croats and the Moslems was so much a matter of routine that the Italians should not have run off with the idea that this imperilled Yugoslavia. Of the 1,898,044 inhabitants in 1910 the proportions were as follows: Orthodox, who call themselves Serbs, 43·49 per cent.; Moslem, 32·25 per cent.; and Catholics, who call themselves Croats, 22·87 per cent. (The remainder are miscellaneous persons, such as 850,000 Jews, who speak the usual Balkan Spanish; they play an inconsiderable part in public life.) The Serbs, the Moslems and the Croats are identical in race and language, but have hitherto been much divided. Those who joined together in the Turkish days were led to do so as companions in distress; the rule of Austria, or to speak with greater accuracy the rule of Hungary —no one knew exactly who possessed the land, but the Magyars took it for granted that it was theirs—this rule, of course, did nothing to unite the various religions. The Moslems, especially after their complete isolation from Turkey, were the most favoured, while the Serbs, owing to the proximity of Serbia, were the most oppressed. And during the War it was the Serbian population which was chiefly tortured. Besides all those who were dragged away to such places as Arad, hundreds and hundreds were hanged in their own province. Not satisfied with using, as we see in so many of those ghastly photographs, their own army as the executioners, the Austro-Hungarians also organized local bands among the lower classes of the towns, and in so doing they availed themselves of any latent religious fanaticism among the Moslems. From the day of the Archduke's assassination it was the Serbs who suffered most; and many onlookers must have expected in the autumn of 1918 that they would take a very drastic revenge. For some weeks the people were left very much to their own devices, with no troops or police—the Austrian *gendarmerie* having to be protected by the better classes, who explained to the peasants that it [108] was not right to regard only the uniform of those who had so often maltreated them; yet the gendarmes took the earliest opportunity of getting into mufti. There was also for several months a dearth of detectives. Many of those who had worked under Austria and were more or less criminal, fled at the collapse; others continued to act, but in a half-hearted way. Sixty new detectives were taken on by the Yugoslav authorities, and fifty-six of them had to be dismissed. After all, if one can judge a person's character from his face, the detective who allowed you to do so would be so incompetent as not to warrant a trial. And after six or seven months of Yugoslav administration only thirty-three out of fifty-two detective appointments in Sarajevo had been definitely filled. So there was not much restriction on the peasants in their dealings with each other. A few of them were murdered. In Sarajevo the National Guard was largely composed of well-meaning street boys; the Serbian troops did not arrive until November 6, and in many parts of Bosnia not until the end of the month. And yet in the whole country, with people on the track of those who in the pay of Austria had denounced or murdered their relatives, and with the poor *kmet* at last able to rise against the oppressive landlord, there were in the first six months under fifty murders, and these were mostly due to the desperate straits of the Montenegrins, who came across the frontier in search of provisions, during which forays they assassinated various people. In the Sandjak of Novi Bazar there was no doubt less security; but to anyone who knew, say the Rogatica district, under Austria's very capable administration, it will seem that Bosnia, after the collapse, was singularly tranquil. Anyhow the population, in the summer of 1919, were living on much more amicable terms with one another than for many years. The Government met with some criticism, for it was alleged to be reserving all the lucrative appointments for the Serbs; one had to take into account, however, that it was the Serbs who had been chiefly ruined by the War, and it was just that the concessions for the sale of tobacco, for the railway restaurants and so forth, should be, for the greater part, given to them. Nevertheless it may interest travellers to [109] know that the restaurateurs at the stations of Ilidže and Zenica are Catholics—the Moslems are not yet very competent in such affairs. They are, as their own leaders sadly confess, the least cultured and the least progressive class. As elsewhere in Islam there has been a total lack of female education—the mothers of the Sarajevo Moslem *intelligentsia* can neither read nor write,

while their sons are cultivated people who speak several languages. A change is being made—there are already five Moslem lady teachers employed in the mixed Government schools; this a few years ago would have been thought impossible. It is to be deplored that these divisions into Moslem and Orthodox and Catholic should be perpetrated—the Moslem leaders look forward to the time, in a few years, when their deputies will no longer group themselves apart on account of their religion; but it is unwise to introduce too many simultaneous innovations, considering that the illiterates of Bosnia number about 90 per cent. of the population. The Yugoslav idea will prosper in this country; and, by the way, while you meet an occasional Serb who hankers for a Greater Serbia, an occasional Croat who would like a Greater Croatia, the Moslems have no aspirations save for Yugoslavia. [They speak of "our language," since the word "Serbian" has for them too much connection with the Orthodox religion, the word "Croatian" with Roman Catholicism.] They are not indifferent to the fact that to their own 600,000 in Bosnia they will add the 400,000 of Macedonia and Old Serbia, together with the 200,000 of Montenegro and the Sandjak.... One was inclined to think that the least desirable person of the new era in Sarajevo was the editor of the *Srpski Zora* ("Serbian Dawn"); his methods had a resemblance to those of Lenin, for he printed lists of persons whom he called upon the Government to prosecute, and when he was himself invited to appear in court and answer to some libel charges he declined to go, upon the ground that the laws were still Austrian and the judge a Magyar. He disapproved of such tolerance, he disapproved of the Croats because they declined to recognize that the Serbs had more merit than they, and as for Yugoslavia—it was a thing of emptiness—he laughed at it and called it Yugovina, the south wind. The only chance of life it had was if you left the whole [110]
affair to the Serbs and then in two years it would be a solid thing. It may be thought that the local Government, since they left him at large, endorsed his theories; but they were reluctant to give him a halo of martyrdom. They imagined that he was nervous because he was losing ground—they acknowledged, though, that he still gave pleasure to a great many Serbs, who were carried away by his appeals to their old prejudices. It is undeniable that with the peculiar traditions and customs of Bosnia, that province must for some years have a Government—whatever method is evolved for the other parts of Yugoslavia—whose eyes are not turned constantly to Belgrade. It might even be well to set up a local Chamber in which all classes would be represented. The Moslems and Croats would thus lose any lurking fear that they were being swamped, and by coming into contact with other political parties even the less cultured classes would gradually tend to discard these fatal religious, in favour of political, divisions. A somewhat primitive Balkan community cannot be expected of its own accord to love henceforward in the name of politics those whom hitherto it has hated in the name of religion. And as yet they are much more interested in the harvest than in politics; from day to day they change their views, according to the views of the last orator from Belgrade, Zagreb or Ljubljana. Only the Socialists appear to be well disciplined. Of course the present political parties in Yugoslavia are not wholly free from religious prejudices, an important party, for example, among the Slovenes being based on Roman Catholicism. But as the Slovenes are, as yet, the best upholders of the Yugoslav idea, it is obvious that education covers all things, and that with the increase of education in Bosnia the religious differences will be less important. Anything that can be done against this tyranny is beneficial, whether the St. George be a political orator or a schoolmaster. And as the effects produced by the former are more rapid, so should he be encouraged. He is, in fact, appearing in Bosnia, he will carry away, more or less, the *clientèle* of the *Srpski Zora*, and the shattered nervous organism of its editor, Mr. Čokorilo, will be, one trusts, reconstituted and devoted, as it can be, to a nobler purpose. One of its deplorable effects has been that the organ of the Croat party, a [111]
paper called *Jugoslavija*, has been compelled to write in a similar strain, whereas the editor, a dapper little priest, assures one that he would prefer a more elevated tone.

RADIĆ AND HIS PEASANTS

Those who wished that Yugoslavia would be an idle dream have had their hopes more centred in Croatia. They told the world that horrible affairs took place, that there has been a revolution, several revolutions, that castles have been sacked and that the statesman, Radić, was imprisoned. If you met this little pear-shaped man, who is a middle-aged, extremely short-sighted person, with a small, straggling beard, an engaging smile and a large forehead, you would say that surely he had spent a good many hours of his life in some university garden where the birds, knowing that he could not easily see them, were in the habit of alighting for their dinner on his outstretched hands. He is a very learned little man, who started his career by obtaining the first place at the famous École des Sciences Politiques in Paris. But Stephen Radić happens also to be very much interested in politics and extremely impulsive, so that his wife and daughter have often had to look after the bookshop, since the Government—that of Austria-Hungary and afterwards that of Yugoslavia—had consigned him to prison. He probably expected nothing else, for his eloquence—and he is an orator in several languages—has frequently carried him along and swept him round and round, like a leaf, not only in a direction opposite to that which he previously travelled but flying sometimes in the face of the most puissant and august authorities. So, for example, he began to agitate in 1904 against the vast territorial possessions of the Church in Croatia. This resulted in the then Archbishop issuing an interdict against him and his meetings—a measure which, I believe, is still in force. He was described as Antichrist, with the consequence that his audiences, out of curiosity to see what such a personage might look like, became larger than ever. For many years he was the only Croat politician who gave himself the [112]
trouble to go amongst the peasants. "In politics," said Radić to me—he said a great many other things in the course of our first conversation, which lasted for four hours, though it seemed a good deal shorter—"In politics," said he, "one should not, as in art, try to be original. One should

interpret not only the living generation but the ancestors." The peasant, who feels what Radić expresses, has repaid him well, for there is now no party in Yugoslavia which is more devoted to its leader. He has taken the place once occupied by the clergy—he is by no means hostile to the Roman Catholic Church, but he is the foe of clericalism. "Praised be Jesus Christ! Long live the Republic!" is the usual beginning of one of his orations, so that his enemies accuse him in the first place of being a hypocrite, and in the second of holding views which cannot possibly amalgamate with those of monarchical Serbia. But the reference to Christ appears perfectly natural to the Croat peasant—at an open-air meeting of 10,000 of them I saw their heads uncovered, and all bowed in prayer for a few minutes on the stroke of noon. As for the Republic, this first came into the picture on July 25, 1918, when the cry was raised at a meeting of the Peasants' party. A large number of peasants had imbibed this idea in America—those who emigrated have been in the habit of returning, and even if their home is in the desolate parts of Zagorija or among the rocks of Primorija, the coastal region. And thousands of Croats had spent part of the War as prisoners in Russia—having deserted from the Austro-Hungarian army—so that they had seen how the Great White Tsar, previously regarded as an almost divine being, could be dethroned. Four months after this famous meeting a Convention was held, in the American fashion, with 2874 delegates, who represented some 100,000 people. They pronounced themselves to be Republicans and Yugoslavs. It is quite true that many of the farmers in Croatia have a pretty vague idea of the Republic. "Long live Mr. Republic!" has been heard before now at one of their meetings, while a landowner of my acquaintance was asked by two of his aged tenants whether in the event of this Republic being established they should choose as President King Peter or the Prince-Regent or King Charles. But we should remember that in 1907 a printing [113]
press was founded by the Peasants' party at Zagreb, and those who gave their money for this cause were, to a great extent, illiterate. The people are groping towards the light, and they are willing to be told by those they trust that they have much to learn as to the nature of the light. Republicanism was fanned into flame by Radić's imprisonment and other causes, so that he says he is uncertain whether he can now persuade them to modify their demands. But if he tells them that in his opinion a constitutional monarchy will meet the case, they will probably still consent to accept his view—and this has of late come to be his own opinion. It may very well be that he adopted the republican idea with no other purpose than to obtain for the peasants the social and economic legislation which they would otherwise not have secured. And, after all, there was something of a republican nature in Croatia's autonomy under the Magyars. As for his imprisonment, it was strange that the Belgrade Cabinet, who should have known their man, treated him as if he were a De Valera; and perhaps the conduct of a subsequent Cabinet, that of Mr. Protić, who came out for Croatian Home Rule, was also strange in appearance, for while Radić was still in prison he was invited to decide as to whether the Ban, Croatia's Governor, should or should not remain in office. But Mr. Protić understood that at this period Radić's republicanism was somewhat academic.

His party had, in years gone by, been small enough in the Landtag; but the fact that his followers then numbered only two is anyhow of no importance, as his very real power was derived from the peasants, who were largely voteless. How often in his prison he must have yearned for those old Landtag days—apart from his advocacy of the peasants, he loves to speak. In two hours he would traverse the whole gamut of human thought, expressing opinions to which John Hampden and Jack Cade and Montaigne and Machiavelli would in turn assent. The words used to rush from his lips in a torrent, while to many of his faithful peasant followers he seemed, throughout his discourse, to be in direct contact with the Almighty. Next to the Almighty the Croatian peasant had been taught to revere Francis Joseph, so that when the heir to the throne [114]
was murdered in 1914 it was not very difficult to make the Croat peasants rise against this sacrilege by plundering the Serbian shops at Zagreb—Austrian officers coming with their children to look on—just as in other parts of Croatia and Bosnia. There is as yet within the Croat peasant a certain hostility against the Serb and for various reasons: one of them is that he was always taught by Austria to detest the adherents of the Orthodox religion, another reason is that for centuries they have had a different culture; and so, since Austria's collapse, when it has been explained to them what is a republic and what is a monarchy, they have often demanded the former for no better reason than that the Serbs prefer the latter. They were taught by Austria to look forward to a Greater Croatia, which would eliminate the Slovenes by delivering them to the Germans, for that celebrated corridor to the Adriatic. And it is from the Slovene Socialists that the peasants of Croatia might very profitably learn.... The Slovene influence, coming from a more highly organized province, would be beneficial both for Serbs and Croats, for the industrial workers and for the peasants. The nature of the Southern Slavs, say these Socialists, is democratic, and the State mechanism might be made more so. Now that the various parts of Yugoslavia have liberated or are liberating themselves from various yokes, they have approached one another with a different mentality; they will become much better known to one another. And it was hoped that when Mr. Radić regained his freedom and his book-shop he would find that his devotees preferred to hear him not as a Croat Jack Cade but as a Yugoslav Hampden. In his absence the party was leaderless.

As for the other Croats, only Frank's Clerical party, which numbered five or six deputies, and did not hide its persistent sympathies with the House of Habsburg, kept up Separatist tendencies. All the Coalition (now the Democrat) party and two-thirds of the so-called Party of Croatian Right were for a close union with Serbia and the regency of Prince Alexander. That is not to say that there was perfect unanimity with regard to the interior arrangements of this union; in fact Dr. Ante Pavelić, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Yugoslav National Council, who [115]
was received in special audience by the Prince at Belgrade, is also the leader of the old Starčević

party and as such an opponent of complete centralization. The *Obzor*, Zagreb's oldest newspaper, maintains this point of view, not paying much attention to the form of the State, monarchic or republican, so long as it is organized in a manner which would prevent the Croats being subordinated. Zagreb, it thinks, is destined to play the New York to Belgrade's Washington—but nowadays it looks very much as if Zagreb's rôle were to be that of Yugoslavia's Boston.

Among the Slovenes this anxiety for decentralization—which is very proper or exaggerated, according to the point of view—is less accentuated. It appears as if the Christian-Socialist party of Monsignor Korošec[29] is rather centralist in its Belgrade words and decentralist in its Ljubljana deeds. This party has shed some of its extremist clerical members, who to the cry, "The Church is in danger!" were very good servants of the Habsburgs. Such of them as were unable to accept the new order of things—elderly priests, for the most part—retired from the political stage.

THOSE WHO WILL NOT MOVE WITH THE TIMES

There remains the Voivodina (Banat, Bačka, etc.) party, some of whom are as much frightened of Croat predominance as the *Obzor*, for instance, is of Serb. The argument of these Voivodina politicians is that Serbia has lost so many of her *intelligentsia* during the War that she must have special protection; they also found it hard to swallow the old functionaries whom the State took over from Austria. Of course it does not follow that if a Slav has been a faithful servant of Austria he will be an unsatisfactory servant of the new State. Obviously the circumstances of each case must be considered; and, as a barrister, a dissentient member of this party told me at Osiek, one [116] must often put personal feelings aside; he himself had been arbitrarily imprisoned during the War by an official who was then an Austrian and is now a Yugoslav functionary. The most extreme exponent of this anti-Croat party seems to be a well-known editor at Novi Sad, Mr. Jaša Tomić. In his opinion you cannot join by means of a law in twenty-four hours people who have never been together; let it be a slower and a surer process. He is ready to die, he says, but he is not ready to lose his national name. Let the Serbs and Croats and Slovenes retain what is most precious to each of them. Let them not be asked to give up everything. In the matter of the flag Mr. Tomić is justified, for now their former flag has been taken from each of them and a totally fresh one created, which is particularly hard on the Serbs after the sublime fashion in which their old colours were carried up the Macedonian mountains in the Great War. It would not have required much ingenuity—as they all three share the colours, red, white and blue, differently arranged—to have devised, not a mere new and unmeaning arrangement of the simple colours, but a method on the lines of the Union Jack or of the former Swedish-Norwegian flag, wherein all three would have remained visible. Mr. Tomić believes that a real *intelligentsia* would demand of the people what it can execute, and he regrets to think that at least two-thirds of the *intelligentsia* want the people to call themselves Yugoslavs. But Mr. Tomić has a far greater majority than two-thirds against him, because while his arguments would be admirable if the Serbs and Croats and Slovenes had no neighbours, they must be—and the vast majority of Yugoslavs feel that they must be—superseded on account of this imperfect world. By all means let each one of the three retain every single custom that will not interfere with the national security and will not interfere too much with the national welfare. If Mr. Tomić, who is much respected but generally looked upon as rather old-fashioned, is going to die sooner than give up something which the State considers essential he will be following in the footsteps of those whom Cavour, in the course of the welding of Italy, had to execute.

It may be said without fear of contradiction—in fact I was given the figure by one of the decentralization leaders of Croatia—that at least 90 per cent. of the Croat *intelligentsia* wants the [117] union with Serbia, and if a republic is decided upon they will mostly vote for King Alexander as President. While they discuss their internal organization—no simple matter when one considers their varied antecedents, their different legal systems and so forth—they will not let Yugoslavia go to pieces. The work of construction and of more or less strenuous, but necessary, criticism occupies by far the greater number of the politicians. They have not yet, all of them, given their adherence to this or that group, while new groups are arising—such as the Agrarian, which being far more interested in the peasant's material welfare than in anything else will give their alliance to that political party which is prepared to assist the villages towards improving their cleanliness and their manure.

THE YUGOSLAV POLITICAL PARTIES

The chief parties which in the new State's first two years evolved themselves out of those that previously existed in the various parts of Yugoslavia were:

(*a*) the Pašić party, consisting chiefly of the Serbian Old Radical party, together with Serbian parties from the Voivodina and Bosnia.

(*b*) the Pribičević party, consisting chiefly of the Croatian Coalition party, together with the Slovene Liberal party and the Serbian parties in opposition to Pašić.

(*c*) the Christian Socialist party, under Korošec, consisting chiefly of Slovenes, together with a young group in Croatia and other Clerical groups that are forming in Dalmatia and Bosnia.

(*d*) the Starčević party, under Pavelić, consisting of decentralizing parties in Croatia and Slavonia, and some Croats in Bosnia.

(*e*) Socialists:

(1) the Slovene non-communistic Socialists.

(2) Korac's party, chiefly from Slavonia and Serbia. This remarkable man, whose mind floats serenely in a body that is paralysed, has twice been included in the Cabinet. [118] By many he is looked upon as too subversive, but he believes that a revolution will come unless his department acts in a revolutionary fashion. His programme includes old-age pensions from the age of sixty—the people being now enfeebled by the wars —and obligatory insurance with regard to all those, including State employees in the railway service and the post office, who do not enjoy an independent existence, half the insurance being paid by the employer and half by the employee, while with regard to accidents the whole would be paid by the employer. He has also very firm ideas for the safeguarding of the human dignity of the pensioners.

(3) Dr. Radošević's party. This gentleman was said to adore Lenin, on whom he lectured. His party had no strength except such as it derived as a protest against any forced centralization.

(*f*) Republican party, consisting of 90,000 Croat peasants under Radić.

Of these by far the most important were the first two. In Serbian political parties the personal question used to be nearly always uppermost, and now, in the case of parties (*a*) and (*b*), it was most difficult to understand what aims the one had which the other did not share. One may say that each of them was a group under a wily politician who was able, not only to forge out of various elements a homogeneous group, but to persuade them that there was a fundamental difference between their group and any other. Here one has not so much the Western system, under which a man enters a Cabinet as the exponent of party principles, but the Eastern system under which a Minister uses his influence to found a party, which is based inevitably on the disappearing relics of the past. In the spring of 1919 many foreign observers fancied that new parties were surging up like mushrooms and proving, no doubt, that the people's vitality was [119] strong, although one would have waited willingly for this evidence until the country's external and internal affairs were more settled. As a matter of fact these rather numerous parties, of which the outside world now heard for the first time, had been in existence or semi-existence for years. There was, however, a certain bewildering vacillation on the part of some of the deputies. The Bosnian Moslems, for instance, could not make up their minds whether they would be Serbs or Croats and belong to (*a*) or (*b*). Finally most of them settled down in (*b*), while two others formed an independent group. It must be remembered that they, like all the other deputies, were not really deputies but delegates, since it was not yet possible to hold elections. There would naturally be many changes after the first General Election; for one thing, the Moslems intend to join in one group with their brethren from Macedonia and Novi Bazar.... As we shall see, later on, the changes produced by the first General Election—which was the election held in November 1920, for the Constituent Assembly—were extremely sweeping. While the Radicals and Democrats returned with close on one hundred members each, the Korošeć party met with comparative disaster, and the Starčevic group was overwhelmed. With about fifty members apiece, the Communist and the Radić parties gave expression, roughly speaking, to the discontent produced by the unsettled conditions—unavoidable and avoidable—of the new State's first two years. The Moslems came back with nearly thirty members, and a healthy phenomenon for a country in which the peasant so largely predominates was the success, apart from the Radić Peasant party, of the Agrarians with some thirty deputies, and the Independent Peasant party with eight.

The Italian Press disposed in five lines of the historical Act of Union which occurred when the delegates of the Yugoslav National Council were received by the Prince at Belgrade on December 1, 1918. In the address, which was read by Dr. Pavelić, it is recorded that "the National Council desires to join with Serbia and Montenegro in forming a United National State of Slovenes, Croats and Serbs, which would embrace the whole inseparable ethnographical territory of the [120] South Slavs.... In the period of transition, in our opinion, the conditions should be created for the final organization of our United State." And there is a dignified protest against the Treaty of London and the Italian encroachments which even went beyond that which the treaty gave them. In his reply the Prince, among other remarks, said that "in the name of His Majesty King Peter I now declare the union of Serbia with the provinces of the Slovenes, Croats and Serbs in an indivisible kingdom. This great moment should be a reward for the efforts of yourselves and your brothers, whereby you have cast off the alien yoke. This celebration should form a wreath for the officers and men who have fallen in the cause of freedom.... I assure you and the National Council that I shall always reign over my brothers and yours, and what constitutes the Serbs and their people, in a spirit of brotherly love.... The first task of the Government will be to arrange with your help and that of the whole people that the frontiers should comprise the whole nation. In conjunction with you I may well hope that our powerful friends and Allies will be able justly to appreciate our standpoint, because it corresponds with the principles which they themselves have proclaimed and for the achievement of which streams of their precious blood have been poured out...." The Prince spoke of Italy in phrases to which we have already alluded.[30] He reminded her of the Risorgimento and of the principles with which her great sons had then been inspired. But the Italian Press preferred to moralize in column after column on the variety of the political groups of Yugoslavia, with the object of showing to the world that they were a people of no cohesive capacities and of no real national consciousness.

This matter of the frontiers had been very lucidly set before the Allies with regard to Dalmatia and Rieka; it now remained for the Slovenes to formulate their case. From the statement given by Dr. Trumbić to the Council of Ten in Paris we will take these extracts: "The province of Gorica-Gradišca may be divided into two different parts, both from an ethnical and economic point of view. The western part, up to the line Cormons-Gradišca-Monfalcone, is economically self-supporting. If we estimate the population on a language basis, there are about 72,000 Italians and 6000 Slovenes. Geographically it is simply the prolongation of the Venetian plain. We do not claim this territory called Friuli, which belongs ethnologically to the Italians. The rest of this province to the east and the north of the Cormons-Gradišca-Monfalcone line, which comprises the mountainous region, is inhabited by 148,500 Slovenes and 17,000 Italians, of whom 14,000 are in the town of Gorica, where they constitute half the population.... The Slovenes are an advanced and civilized people, acutely conscious of their racial solidarity with the other Yugoslav peoples. We therefore ask that this district should be reunited to our State.... Istria is inhabited by Slavs and Italians. According to the latest statistics, there were in it 223,318 Yugoslavs and 147,417 Italians. The Slavs inhabit central and eastern Istria in a compact mass. More Italians live on the western coast, particularly in the towns. They inhabit only five villages north of Pola, and their populations have no territorial unity. Istria is territorially linked with Carniola and Croatia, whereas it is separated from Italy by the Adriatic, and therefore it ought to belong to the Yugoslav State.... Triest and its neighbourhood is geographically an integral part of purely Slav territories. The majority of this town—two-thirds, according to statistics—is Italian and the rest Slav. These statistics being on the language basis, include Germans, Greeks, Levantines, etc., as Italian-speaking, among the Italians. The Slav element plays an important part in the commercial and economic life of Triest. If the town were ethnically in contact with Italy we would recognize the right of the majority. But all the hinterland of Triest is entirely Slav. Yet the commercial and maritime value of Triest is what chiefly counts, and it is a port of world trade. As such it is the representative of its hinterland, which stretches as far as Bohemia, and chiefly of its Slovene hinterland, which forms a third of the whole trade of Triest and is inextricably linked with it. Should Triest become Italian it would be politically separated from its trade hinterland, and would be prejudiced in a commercial respect. Since Austria has crumbled as a State, the natural solution of the problem of Triest is that it should be joined to our State." [121] [122]

THE SENTIMENTS OF TRIEST

It would be futile to talk of Triest without considering the relations between Italians and Germans. We have seen already how at the elections they combined against the "common enemy." But in commerce the Germans were in need of no alliance, for the Italians have relatively so little capital to dispose of that they were unable to keep the Germans from attaining that very dominant position in Italy. As the Italians have, as a general rule, a lack of initiative and enterprise with respect to modern industry, it was to German efforts that the great industrial and commercial awakening of Italy and of Triest were largely due. In that town the Italians were principally agents; and it is to be feared that if it ultimately falls into their hands it will become a German town under the Italian flag. It would be the object of the Italians to emancipate Austria from the Yugoslavs, giving them an outlet to Triest over Italian territory; and it would be to the Italian advantage if Austria were joined to Germany. Therefore it is preferable for all the Allies, except the Italians, that Triest should be international. Conditions could then be offered to the Austrians that would cause them to prefer these rather than to join themselves to Germany. But, in the opinion also of many enlightened Italians, it is not in that country's interest that she should hold Triest. Apart from the older publicists and statesmen, including Sonnino, who might wish to modify their opinions, one of the best-informed writers on Triest and Istria, A. Vivante, a native of Triest, in his *L'irredentismo adriatico* (1912) is a most determined adversary to an Italian occupation of Istria or Triest; his book has been withdrawn from circulation by the Italian Government. Other resolute opponents have been all the inhabitants of Triest, except the extreme Nationalists. The town's prosperity dated from the time when the Habsburgs were driven out of Italy. Triest has not forgotten what occurred when she and Venice were under the same sceptre; and this it was which brought about, at Austria's collapse, the autonomous administration in which practically all the elements of the town participated. Only the Irridentists then thought that Triest's liberation need involve union with Italy and economic separation from the hinterland on which it depends.... When the occupation started, in November 1918, the Chief of the Italian police summoned before him the members of the Yugoslav National Council of Triest. Only two of them answered the summons, whereupon a lieutenant read them the following order from the Italian Governor: "In view of the fact that the Italians troops have occupied the line of demarcation and that traffic over this line is suspended for the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, it is ordered that, for strategical reasons, the South Slav National Council in Triest be dissolved and its offices closed." The Slovenes demanded a copy of this order, which, however, was refused. They were not allowed to depart until the books and national emblems had been removed from the premises of the National Council, the doors sealed and a guard stationed. "We others, Italians," an Italian writer had said in the *Edinost*, the Slovene paper of Triest, on August 18, 1918, "should understand that if we want our freedom we must see that this is likewise given to our neighbours." And the *Mercure de France* of October remarked that these wise words would be listened to at Rome. In the realm of navigation the Italians were not idle. They started at once to negotiate with the Austrians for the sale to themselves of the Lloyd Steamship Company, the Austro-Americana and the Navigazione Libera, the three largest Austrian companies. By the end of February 1919, a Mr. Ivan Švegel related in a well-informed article,[31] the Italians had, by acquiring a large portion of their shares, obtained the decisive influence in [123]

these companies. The deal which was carried through with the assistance of the Austrian Government and which, according to the *Neue Freie Presse* of February 22, "fully satisfied the needs of Austrian commerce," was transacted during the Armistice and behind the back of public opinion. Surely the Austrian mercantile marine, to which the Yugoslavs contributed the majority of the personnel and which they, with the other nationalities of the late Empire, helped to build up with the aid of considerable subsidies, should not have been permitted to fall an easy prize into the lap of Italy, but ought rather to constitute an asset in the liquidation of the late Austrian State and a subject of public discussion.... In consequence of the Italian attitude towards Austria on the one hand and the Slovenes on the other, the Austrians made an attack from northern Carinthia near Christmas and despoiled the Slovenes of about half the territory they had occupied. An American mission asked both sides to cease from hostilities, saying that the question of frontiers would be decided by Paris in a few weeks. Two Americans, who unfortunately could speak neither German nor Slovene, motored through the country, made some inquiries, especially in the towns, and departed for Paris. It would have been as well if, like the French farther to the east, they had deliminated between the two people a neutral zone. Sooner or later the troubles were bound to recommence. [124]

MAGNANIMITY IN THE BANAT

Meanwhile, of all the lands which the Yugoslavs were inheriting from Austro-Hungary, that which was passing through the period of transition with the least disturbance was the Banat. Those Magyars who stayed were saying wistfully that it had been Hungarian for a thousand years, but considering what they had done they could not have brought forward a worse reason for their reinstatement. Here and there at places near the frontier, such as Subotica, they waylaid and murdered lonely Serbian soldiers; after which, with the complicity of Magyar officials whom the Serbs had not removed, they managed to escape to Hungary. But as a rule they thought it wiser to stay peacefully in the Banat than seek their fortunes in a land so insecure as Hungary was then. While Count Michael Károlyi's Government was doing its utmost to cultivate good relations with France, England and America—printing in the newspapers cordial articles in French and English, surrounding the Entente officers even in their despite with the old, barbaric hypnotizing Magyar hospitality, assuming in a long wireless message to President Wilson that the Hungarians were among those happy people who at last had been liberated from the yoke of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire—("I beg you, Mr. President, to use your influence that no acts of inhumanity or abuses of authority may threaten our new-born democracy and freedom from any quarter. They would cruelly wound the soul of our people and hinder the maturing of that pure pacifism and that mutual understanding between the peoples without which there will never be peace and rest on earth.... We will not discredit or delay with acts of violence the new-born freedom of the peoples of Hungary or the triumph of your ideas....") —at a place called Nagylak the free Hungarian people requested the authorities to give them an official document permitting them to plunder for twenty-four hours; at a place called Szentes there was a car which had been stolen from a man at Arad, sixty miles away; hearing where it was he telegraphed to the authorities and nothing happened; so he hired another car and went himself to Szentes where the Magyar Commissary confiscated this one also. It was better to remain in the Banat if one had anything to lose. The treatment which the Magyars received was such that Mr. Rapp, Commissary of the Buda-Pest Government, published a proclamation on the generous conduct of the Serbian troops occupying southern Hungary: "Our nationals," he declared, "though vanquished and in a minority, are safe. The Serbian officers in command treat them in a most humane and chivalrous fashion."[32] At Pančevo, for example, the Magyar officials were placed, for their protection, on board a boat by the Serbian authorities and kept there, provided with food and cigars, for twelve hours, after which, as the danger was past, they were set at liberty. In the same town, forty years earlier, the language used in the law courts had been Serbian; no one, in fact, spoke Magyar, except the cab-drivers—if you spoke it people said you must have been in prison. Yet, although the Magyar judges had, to put it mildly, not been too considerate towards the Serbs, they were retained in office on the understanding that they would learn Serbian within a year; nor were they asked, as yet, to administer the law in the name of King Peter, but in the name of Justice. This magnanimity was not displayed because, as with the railway employees, the Serbs were short of people for those posts, since they had barristers well qualified to be employed, as they were, for example, at Sombor, in the position of temporary judges. Even the town advocate was not dismissed, although this healthy gentleman had superseded a Serb forty-two years of age, considerably older than himself, who had been compelled to join the army. Not alone were all these functionaries left in office, but the papers sent to them were in their own language, Magyar or German. And in return they generally were loyal to the Yugoslavs. [125] [126]

TEMEŠVAR IN TRANSITION

An extraordinary state of things was to be seen at Temešvar, where the Magyar mayor was one of the most worried men in Europe. Until February 1919 he was being asked to serve not two but several masters. Some uncertainty existed as to whether the town was under French or Serbian military command, but that was not a very serious question. There was at Novi Sad a temporary Government for all the Voivodina, this was the "Narodna Uprava" (National Government), consisting of eleven commissaries, each over a department, who had been appointed by the Voivodina Assembly of 690 Serbs, 12 Slovaks, 2 Magyars and 6 Germans—one deputy for every [127]

thousand of the population. The mayor of Temešvar could have reconciled the wishes of the Narodna Uprava and the military authorities, but there was a Magyar Jewish Socialist, a certain Dr. Roth, who had elected himself to be head of the "People's Government," and was subsequently appointed by telephone from Buda-Pest the representative of the Hungarian Government. Roth organized a civil guard, mostly of former Hungarian soldiers, who—although he paid them well (since Buda-Pest had given him 12 million crowns for propaganda purposes), yet had a way of borrowing a coat or cap from Serbian soldiers and, arrayed in these, holding up pedestrians after nightfall. Roth had therefore been granted the right to rule, but—save for the dubious guard—his power was only that which the Serbian or French authorities would give him. He issued many orders to the mayor, some of which were very questionable, as for instance when he sent provisions out of the Banat to Hungary. This produced so great a scarcity that the flour-mill employees thought it was the time to go on strike; they demanded 80 per cent. increase in wages, without undertaking to go back to work if they received it. "I am not a politician," said the harassed mayor, "I only want to save the town from starving." But the Narodna Uprava would send no food, since the town (that is to say Roth) would not acknowledge its authority. There were many rumours as to how Roth spent the sums from Buda-Pest, and a weekly Socialist sheet, which he himself had founded, but had now made over to a couple of his friends (likewise Magyar Jews), called Fürth and Isaac Gara, started to bring charges against its founder. Roth, whose previous resources were not large and were well known to Fürth and Gara, used now to frequent the fashionable café and indulge, night after night, in potations of champagne, inviting to his [128] table not Fürth nor Gara, but the French General. This officer, in the advance through Serbia, had captured a great many prisoners and a very large number of guns, arousing everybody's enthusiasm by his personal bravery, his dashing tactics and the skill with which he executed them. He was a most original person, who would sometimes about midnight in that café at Temešvar leap on to one of the marble tables and there perform a *pas de seul*. Dr. Roth succeeded in worming himself into this merry warrior's good graces, and Fürth and Gara looked with jaundiced eyes on the carouses of these two. And in their newspaper, the *Temešvar*, they said very biting things. Thereupon Roth complained about them to the Serbian authorities, asking that they should be sent to Belgrade. When the Serbs did nothing he made application to the French, and they—not aware of all the circumstances—sent the couple under guard to Belgrade, where they were interned. The mayor continued to receive the orders of the various parties, and then suddenly Roth organized a strike which lasted for two days—the railways, the electric light, the water-supply and the shops all joining in the movement. There was even a Magyar flag on the town hall, and cries were raised by a procession for the Magyar Republic. But this time he had gone too far. An order came from Belgrade, from General Franchet d'Espérey, and Roth was taken in a car to Arad, where he was deposited on the other side of the line of demarcation.

A SORT OF WAR IN CARINTHIA

But the German-Austrians in Carinthia, seeing how the Slovenes were being treated by the Italians, could not resist attacking on their own account; and here the most tragic feature was that in the German ranks were many Germanized Slovenes. This had been the case at Maribor in Styria, where the population rose against the 70 Slovene soldiers during the visit of an American mission. Many of those who were afterwards questioned were obliged to admit that they were of Slovene or of partly Slovene origin, but Austria had taken care of their national conscience. Had [129] they been freely left to choose between the two nationalities, and had they, out of admiration for the German, selected that one—you would not endeavour now to make them Slovenes; but of course these people were never given the choice, and therefore every effort should be used to make to dance that portion of their blood which is Slovene, and sometimes all your efforts will be fruitless. That those who fought in Carinthia against the Slovene troops were of this origin can be seen by the names of the officers of the so-called "Volkswehralarmkompagnien" (*i.e.* the People's Emergency Defence Companies). A document, marked W. No. 101, and signed by a Captain Sandner, fell into Slovene hands on February 21. It gives very full arrangements for these companies in Wolfsberg and the neighbourhood. At St. Paul, for instance, men are to gather from three other regions, to wit 40 from St. Paul itself, 120 from Granitzthal, 60 from Lagerbuch and 30 from Eitweg; the officers of this St. Paul contingent are called Kronegger, Andrec, Klötsch and Gritsch—the last three are of Slovene origin. These Defence Companies consisted largely of ex-soldiers, under the command, very often, of a schoolmaster or some such person; and if they had done nothing more than to defend their own soil, one would have less to say about them; but as a matter of fact they sent arms across to their adherents in the territory occupied by the Slovenes. Thus at Velikovec (Völkermarkt) and Donji Dravograd (Unter-Drauburg) shots were fired from houses which had been armed in this way. Incursions were made into Yugoslav territory, where the people were urged to rise; and as these Defence Companies did not wear any uniform their members could, if captured, protest their innocence. The officers were given 20 crowns a day, the men six crowns, with 5.44 a day for their keep during the time of emergency, and four crowns daily in addition if they went outside the garrison town. As it would not be possible to get the commissariat at once into working order the men were asked to bring at least sufficient bread with them for a few days. Most of the men had their own guns; those who had not would be lent one at the village office on the understanding that it was brought back there when the emergency was over. These Defence Companies were joined in the spring by 2000 of the proletariat of [130] Vienna who, at the railway station before they started, were cheered by speeches on the subject of plunder; at Graz they were joined by some students who proposed to maintain order.... It was in April that the Germans began nearly every day to fire on the Yugoslav troops, regardless of the Americans, who said that any infringement of the Armistice would be severely punished. The

Slovene bridgehead around Velikovec was, towards the end of April, bombarded for several days with heavy artillery, and the local commander, on his own initiative, crossed the Armistice line in order to seize this artillery; he did, in fact, carry off some twenty pieces, with which he returned to his old positions. This caused the Germans to send through Zurich most indignant telegrams to the Entente Press, denouncing the Yugoslavs for having flagrantly crossed the Armistice line by 10 kilometres (cf. *Le Journal*, for example, of May 5). In the same report they were held up as villains for having crossed the river Drave at several points and cut the railway line; as a matter of fact their infantry was at least 11 kilometres to the south of the Drave, and the artillery, of course, still farther off. This railway line, which was the means of communication between Austrians and Italians, was the subject of very fierce talk on the part of the latter. All this time, be it remembered, the Slovenes had feeble forces; and their own officers do not pretend that they approach the Serbs as combatants. After centuries of servitude—a more insidious servitude than if their masters had been Moslem—they have now awakened to devote themselves, and with great success, to agriculture and industry. Nevertheless the old fighting spirit of the Slav has not been quite extinguished in them. Their opponents on May 2 made a big attack upon Celovec (Klagenfurt) and Beljak (Villach), where they had at their disposal the munitions of the entire 10th Austrian army. Several battalions had come down from Vienna, as well as 340 unemployed Austrian ex-officers, who were clothed as infantry privates. These officers were serving for the love of their country—up to May 1 at all events they were in receipt of no pay. The Slovene ranks were somewhat depleted by Bolševik tracts, telling them to go home, as there would be no more [131] war; and yet at Gutenstein sixty men with three machine guns, under Lieut. Maglaj, a Slovene from Carinthia, kept 1500 men at bay from 9 a.m. till 3.30, after which they slowly withdrew until the fighting ceased at six; a corporal and two men of a machine-gun detachment were cut off and concealed themselves in the shrubs of a defile. Suddenly they heard a German company come down the road, singing as they marched. The three men opened fire—the Germans in perplexity stood still and then retired in disorder. The whole German-Austrian movement was checked by General Maister. And when the Serbian veterans, men of all ages, with uniforms of every shade, marched through the streets of Maribor, it was felt that there need be no more anxiety as to that particular frontier of Yugoslavia.

YUGOSLAVIA BEGINS TO PUT HER HOUSE IN ORDER

It was not until now that Great Britain (on May 9) and France (on June 5) formally recognized the new Serbo-Croat-Slovene State.[33] As the *Times* said, two years afterwards,[34] "it was not the Allies who created Czecho-Slovakia or brought about the establishment of Yugo-Slavia. These events were the inevitable result of the previous history which the Allies could not, even if they had desired to do so, prevent." The Americans had not been so extremely considerate to Italy, for they had recognized the Yugoslav State on February 7, a few days after Norway and [132] Switzerland.... And how necessary it was for the Yugoslavs to have some leisure for their home affairs, which presented so many complications. Here one system of laws and there another—with the best will in the world and waiving to the uttermost one's own idiosyncrasies, the Serbs and Croats and Slovenes were faced, at the beginning of their union, by most arduous problems. The Agrarian question was regarded generally as one of the most urgent. In Serbia itself, with practically the whole country in the hands of small peasant proprietors, this question did not arise; but in the provinces which had been lately under Austria-Hungary no time was to be lost, and yet a good deal of time would be needed to cope with a problem so full of complications. One difficulty was that each political party was inclined to solve this matter in accordance with its own interests. Among the three Slovene parties, for example, the Socialists would naturally work for their own principles, the Christian-Socialist party, whose supporters were chiefly the small farmers, would prefer to legislate for them, while the Liberal party, having in its ranks the larger landowners, would wish that all, except the very largest, should if possible be left intact; the very large landowners, moreover, will with the spread of democratic ideas lose their influence over the voters. There are several points on which all parties are agreed: thus, it is most undesirable that a man's holdings should, as now, be separated from each other, often by considerable distances, so that half his time may be spent in going to and from his fields and a good deal of the other half in the disputes which naturally spring from such a scattered ownership.... In Bosnia, where the Agrarian troubles had produced such frequent outbreaks and savage repression, the Austrians were given the mandate in 1878 in the hope that they would regulate this matter. They did not do very much; all that they really did was to modernize a little. They wrote down in a book who was the landlord and who were the kmets, and a copy of these details was available for each one of the kmets. He had the right to remain where he was—unless his conduct was exceptionally bad—and to retain two-thirds of the produce of the land. This kmet-right was not hereditary in [133] the female line; but the kmet could buy his portion—this was an old right, which Austria regulated—and become a free man, a beg. He would sometimes be a free man in one place and a kmet in another. In Bosnia there are, of course, some extremely large landowners; but most of the begs are poor folk, who live on the third part of a few farms. It would be better if these men were not compensated with cash, but rather that they should be established on farms which they would work themselves, the distinction between the small begs and the kmets thus disappearing.

THE PROBLEM OF AGRARIAN REFORM

A special Ministry was created to supervise, throughout Yugoslavia, the question of Agrarian Reform; but the Cabinet was frequently engaged in discussing this important topic and, many

months afterwards, when the ownership of a good deal of the land had been changed, it was acknowledged that the problem had been attacked more often than it had been solved. Mr. Pašić, who does not believe in hasty legislation, pointed out that the Austrians had in forty years done really very little in Bosnia. He was told, however, that in Croatia, for example, the revolutionary spirit at the end of the War was so intense that if the Government were to postpone the necessary reforms then the people would simply seize whatever land they wished to have. It is true that violence was rampant in those parts—the peasants believed that with Austria's collapse there would arrive the Earthly Paradise, and in order to bring this about they ravaged a good many fine estates and set fire to various castles. They were going to stand no nonsense. At a place called Lubišica in Croatia—where the 350 families lived in 260 houses—the landowner, out of the goodness of his heart, bestowed twenty "joch" of meadowland on the village in 1864. A law was passed which obliged him to devote a certain amount of land to the support of the church and the school—he gave the identical twenty joch. And at the end of the War the peasants maintained that at last this land was going to be restored to them; they drove their cattle on to it, but the [134]
priest with the help of *gendarmerie* drove them off again. Once more the cattle came back and then the priest seized a gun; he fired at his parishioners and wounded in the head a sixteen-year-old boy, as well as three other persons. This so enraged the village that they went in a body and slew the priest.... And the authorities, although at that period they were faced with so many problems, attempted to settle right away this very complicated question. The Dobrovoljci—volunteers with the Yugoslav forces who had come home from the United States, Canada and Australia or who had managed to escape from the Austro-Hungarian army—had been promised so many acres, each of them, after the War. And these Dobrovoljci and the agitated peasants found that the land was, so to speak, thrust upon them. A lawyer-politician would take a map, would assign a certain area to A, another to B, and imagine he had done a good morning's work; but unhappily the lawyer often forgot that a farm, to be of any use to its tenant, must have a road leading to it, must have a well, a cart, a horse, some oxen and so forth—to say nothing of a dwelling-place. Thus it would happen that the new tenant would go to look at his holding and in disgust would go away, or—contrary to law—would sublet it or sell it back to the original owner. If, on the other hand, he remained the State would, from an economical point of view, only benefit in those regions where the land had hitherto been more or less uncultivated; where it had been cultivated by the moderately large or the very large landowner it always returned a harvest more considerable than that which the new tenant, insufficiently equipped and experienced, was able to achieve. Not only would there be this diminished production—frequently in the proportion of six to ten—but a large number of employees were thrown out of employment: sometimes a clever Czech overseer, whose family of six children had almost become Croat, and sometimes a native farmer whose house was wanted for the Dobrovoljci. The Czech would return to his own country and the dispossessed farmer would become a Communist. Yet these material and human losses to the State might have been endured if there had been a compensating political [135]
advantage, that is to say if the new tenants had been satisfied. But in far too many instances they were not. And one cannot help thinking that, in the vast majority of cases, they themselves would have preferred to wait until the Peasants' Co-operative Associations—such as flourish in Denmark—had been established. It need scarcely be said that, from the point of view of the peasant and of the State, these associations are an absolute necessity. The most deplorable example of the measures that were taken in such haste is seen, of course, in a model-property, such as that of Count Čekonić in the north of the Banat, where the new tenants, seeking as elsewhere to satisfy only their own wants and paying no heed to any possible exports, allow a highly developed property to go in a retrograde direction. If the Dobrovoljci had been skilled agriculturists there would have been no harm in settling them on this excellent estate; and with a Co-operative Association the 3000 joch of sugar that were grown there during the War would not now be reduced to 88 joch. But as it is, what with the unfortunate inexperience of most of the new tenants and their lack of means, and what with the stupidity of the local authorities who left to the previous owner one field here and one field there in the most absurd fashion, it would have been better both for Count Čekonić and for the State if he had simply presented to the Dobrovoljci half his land. A great many mistakes have been made in this question of Agrarian Reform, one of the most cardinal being—as Radić, the spokesman of the Croat peasants, has pointed out—to bestow the land not on people because they can farm it, but because they were heroes in the War.[35] It is a matter for congratulation that the measures now in force are not [136]
definite—the final dispositions will be taken in two or three years.[36] And perhaps then some part of the counsel of Radić may be adopted—Radić, whose critics are never weary of denouncing him for being a demagogue, a firebrand and various other things, but who by that time may very likely be a Cabinet Minister. He advises that there should be a compromise, that the ownership of land in Yugoslavia should not be strictly individualist nor strictly communist, but that while preserving the spirit of the *zadruga* (ownership by the community) there should also be the mobility of individual ownership.

But in the field of Agrarian Reform there has been one excellent plan, the transference of men from the unfertile districts of Montenegro and Lika, also of landless men from the Banat and Bačka, as also Serbs from Hungary and Slovenes from Istria, to those parts of Kossovo and Macedonia which were lying ownerless. The Albanians in Kossovo are mostly shepherds, and the land, which by Turkish law had belonged to "God and the Sultan," was now at the disposal of the Yugoslav authorities. Down to the spring of 1922 they had placed some 35,000 persons in these regions, the Montenegrins being generally allocated to an Albanian neighbourhood, for they are accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of the Shqyptart. At first the Albanians viewed the new settlers with disfavour, but now so great a sympathy has developed between them that on various [137]
occasions the Montenegrins have remonstrated with the gendarmes for the excessive order they

enforce and which, the Montenegrins say, you really cannot ask of an Albanian. Against the Montenegrins the Albanians do not care to use their rifles, since the custom of blood-vengeance is in the Montenegrin blood. In fact, these Albanians are very fair neighbours, the most unruly of them living in the mountains of the frontier. And the Montenegrins have been showing that when they are not compelled to live with weapons in their hand they can be quite industrious. There has, till now, been more colonization of Kossovo than of Macedonia; but there are wide tracts of country around Skoplje which will be settled, once they have been freed from malaria. The political consequences that this will have on Macedonia, by the stabilization of economic conditions, the supersession of the wooden plough by the steam plough—in fact, the advent of a new European spirit need scarcely be enlarged upon. In Serbian Macedonia, or South Serbia as it is now officially called, more than seven million acres of good soil are as yet not being used.

FRENZY AT RIEKA

As the months rolled on at Rieka the Italianists became more frantic. Their telegrams to Rome, in which they begged for instant annexation, were in vain, and after all, what was the use of adopting the system of Lieut.-Colonel Stadler, their energetic podestà at Abbazia, who would go into the hills, accost the peasants and instruct them that they must not say: "It will be settled by the Paris Conference," but rather—"It has been settled by the Paris Conference." All the world was learning what was the position of affairs at Rieka; one of the most important of these plaguy Allied officers had said that when he first came to the town he thought it was Italian, but he had soon perceived that it was all a comedy, and the Italianists were dreadfully afraid that memoranda and statistics and what not had been dispatched to Paris and that there was the faintest, awful possibility that one could say: "It has been settled by the Paris Conference." [138] Everyone, alas! was studying the case—one heard that Cardinal Bourne, in the course of being fêted at Zagreb, was reported to have shown himself quite intimate with Croatian history and to have discussed especially the story of Rieka. But by far the shrewdest blow to the Italianists was Wilson's Declaration. What had his emissaries, who had listened with such care to everybody, told him? One must have a grand procession through the town to show the whole world what the people wanted! As for Wilson, it was good to hear the lusty shouts of the "Giovani Fiumani": "Down with Wilson! down with redskins!" Some of the demonstrators, after shouting that Wilson was a donkey, a horse, a ruffian, would acclaim the new suggestion, that their enemy was not Wilson at all but Rudolf of Austria, who was still alive. Another very good idea would be to have great posters made with Wilson's head crowned by a German helmet, and now, of course, the Hotel Wilson must become the Hotel Orlando. Let them put a large black cross on all the Croat houses of Rieka—well, on second thoughts, next morning, that was not a very brilliant idea, because the crosses were too numerous; so let the soldiers rub them out again. And where the Croat names on banks and shops and elsewhere had been effaced, demolished—one could hide them by long strips of paper which they were so busy printing: "Either Italy or death!" "Viva Orlando!" "Viva Sonnino!"—those papers were the best reply to people who were asking if the entire Italian Cabinet was in harmony with Sonnino. Not merely in harmony—the Cabinet *was* Sonnino and more particularly Orlando was Sonnino. An Italian major came out on to a balcony one evening, in uniform, and opened his Italian heart to the crowd. What would the Allies say to that? The *Dante Alighieri*, the great dreadnought, manœuvring with her searchlights, let them rest awhile upon the *Schley*, an American destroyer. What would the Yankees do? "Avanti Savoia!" Perhaps in the old days they would have sent a shot or two into the searchlights, just for luck, but now they did nothing. And what a scene at the Opera when *André Chenier* was performed and one of the singers came to the word "Traitor!" and some one shouted "Wilson!" [139] and the whole house shouted "Wilson!" and the singer, forced to repeat the blessed word, added amid indescribable enthusiasm the name of the President, that ignominious President concerning whom it was revealed by one of their newspapers that he must obviously have pocketed Yugoslav money, perhaps a million, and who most probably had a Yugoslav mistress—when that opera-singer had emended the phrase, did that very exalted Italian officer leave his box? Why, no—he stayed until the end of the performance.... Did any Italian in Rieka read to the end a small and lucid American book, *Italy and the Yugoslavs, A Question of International Law*, by C. A. H. Bartlett of the New York and United States Federal Bar? "It is an admitted fact," says Mr. Bartlett, "that Italy at the outbreak of hostilities had no rights to, or in, the territory to which she now makes claim. Her title, therefore, has arisen since the commencement of the War, and must be founded on either effective possession legally acquired or on documentary evidence or some other right recognized by international law." And quoting Professor Westlake (*International Law*, Part I. p. 91) as to the four grounds on which a State may vindicate its sovereignty over new domain, he discusses the position in the Adriatic, and concludes that Italy can claim no title by occupancy, cession, succession or self-determination. We refer elsewhere to Mr. Bartlett's commentary on the London Treaty, which is the instrument invoked by the Italians for their claims to Dalmatia. With regard to Rieka, which, as everybody knows, was not included even in the London Treaty, Mr. Bartlett says that while "admitting, for the purpose of argument, that the seizure has since resulted in an effective possession, yet, as that is not sufficient in itself to give title, it has no legal or effective force, but can be compared with nomads squatting on the roadside and then claiming a right to the soil. Italy was ashamed to assume the responsibility for the original appropriation of Rieka, which was made in violation of every legal right of those to whom it belongs, and she might well be, for a more audacious, unjustifiable proceeding in violation of every principle of international law it is difficult to imagine." ... As for the Italian [140] National Council, listen to the stirring sentences of Mr. Grossich, its old President, after they had unanimously voted on May 17, and with passionate conviction, an order of the day directed to

Orlando. In that order it was stated that they looked upon the plebiscite of October 30, 1918, as an indestructible, historical and legal fact. Grossich exposed the situation and was then for some instants mute. His voice was trembling when he spoke: "The sacrifice which circumstances may demand is tremendous, but if it is required by the supreme interests of Italy we will know how to support it. More than a citizen of Fiume, I feel myself an Italian" ("Primo che fiumano mi sento italiano"). At this point the old patriot broke into tears. "Fiume will defend herself with arms against all those who desire to violate her will, her national conscience. Seeing that her tenacious, indestructible Italianity is a grave impediment for Italy in the attaining of other objects, let Fiume be left to look after herself, sure as she is of her sons, prepared as she is, to-day more than ever, to sacrifice herself. She will defend herself against all and from wherever they come." Those who listened thought that this must mean that either the *Pester Lloyd* of April 29 was lying when it printed an official message stating that General Segré, the Italian representative at Vienna, had in the name of his Government requested the Hungarian Soviet Republic to undertake the care of Italian subjects in Rieka, or else that the Magyars had told him that the 22,000 or 23,000 Italian soldiers in Rieka ought to be sufficient, as this was practically one soldier for every person who had been described as an Italian. But the I.N.C. had now resolved to take no risks; they entered into negotiations with Sem Benelli, a well-known poet of the school which some critics call enlivening and other critics call inflammatory. Anyhow, on the afternoon of June 13, Mr. Benelli was made a citizen of Rieka, a member of the central committee and was entrusted with the portfolio of Minister of War, that is to say Commissary for Defence. He thanked the I.N.C. in a long speech, and declared that his appointment was the wedding of Rieka and Italy. Then Dr. Vio proposed a law, respecting the defence to the uttermost of Italian [141] rights—that an army should be created and that the expenses should be met by the issue of bonds for a hundred million lire. The citizen Benelli was asked to undertake the organization and the command of the army.

ADMIRAL MILLO EXPLAINS THE SITUATION

Farther down the coast and on the islands the Italians seemed, with few exceptions, to have relinquished every effort to make themselves popular with the Slavs. Of course one naturally hears more of the cases of tension than of those where friendliness prevails; but in the towns or villages where the Slav *intelligentsia* appreciated that an officer was doing his best, they were obliged invariably to add that he was doing it in spite of his men, and that his control of these men was more or less defective. Numbers of the soldiers, marines and carabinieri may have been animated, when they landed in Dalmatia, with excellent intentions, but their months amid an alien population had produced in them too often a deplorable effect. It must be taken into account that many of them had an almost insurmountable desire to be demobilized. At Gradišca, where many Slovenes were interned, with fences round them but with no roof other than the sky, their guards with other soldiers had risen in revolt. This outbreak was suppressed, certain soldiers—some say sixty, but the number is doubtful—being shot; and all the others took an oath that on the first occasion of a deserter being shot at, they would, down to the last man, leave the barracks. This movement had been growing since the withdrawal of Bissolati from the Cabinet. As for the young officers, they had been exhorted, in a communication from Admiral Millo, the Governor, that they must realize the position they were in. The Admiral's memorial, which was marked with wisdom but also with a too-sweeping air of superiority, was labelled "Secret Document: No. 558 of Register P. Section of Propaganda. Sebenico, March 21, 1919." A copy was found by the Yugoslavs under an officer's mattress, was transcribed and replaced. Since it made admissions with regard to the Croats the contents were telegraphed to Paris. It is a lengthy and [142] to us at times a rather rhetorical exposé, of which it will suffice to make some extracts. "The Officer," says Admiral Millo, "should place himself in a calm and dignified fashion outside and above the disputes which divide the sentiments of the local population. And in accounting, psychologically and historically, for the detestations and the aspirations of either party, he must regard the situation with the serene mind of a judge.... The position of officers is extremely delicate, more particularly in the small centres. It is known that outside the towns the population in its great majority and often its totality consists of Yugo-Slavs or Slavs of the South, that is to say, Croats or Serbo-Croats. It is a people of another race, of that formidable Slav race which for centuries has been pressing against the West, athirst for liberty and eager for the sea; a people with a psychology, a mentality, a civilization, habits, traditions, a national consciousness and a quite special individuality. This population is fundamentally good, good as simple and primitive people are. But the simple and primitive peoples are also extremely sensitive and suspicious and violent in their impulses.... May Heaven preserve the officers from not taking these things into account and from letting themselves be guided solely by their Italian feelings.... Firm nerves, sangfroid and an evenly-balanced mind are required in order to prevent the hostility of the population from causing, as a reaction, resentment and a spirit of revolt, of vengeance and of oppression on our part. The officer must ... become an element of moderation and pacification, with the object of assuaging and obviating the bitter feelings which have been created and fed by a past that is and must be wiped out for ever; and of dissipating that hostility which, determined by a political situation and events, has been and is being incited and strengthened by blind passions and an artificially created campaign of interested parties (*da artificiose interessate campagna*).... It must be remembered that this is the first contact (*il primo contatto*) which the population, as yet primitive and uncultured in its mass, has had with Italy, where it instinctively sees the enemy and the new oppressor. We must do our best to make them see in Italy their [143] friend and liberator.... It is evident and it leaps to the eyes of all how delicate and important is the moment of this first contact. Nothing more than a superficial knowledge of the circumstances

is needed for the officer to understand that in all his official and personal acts he must behave in such a manner that the population, which is primitive and simple and therefore all the more susceptible to suggestions, should regain the impression that Italy is a great country, the country of liberty and right, that its people is educated and civilized, that its officers and soldiers are here to fulfil a work of civilization and education, of love, in a country which must be Italian on account of historic rights and for the exigencies of Italy's defence: in which the Slavs, who have been introduced by the course of events and as an effect of the expansive potentiality of their race and the artifices of those who dominated the country, will find in the independence and development of their nationality a great fatherland which is civilized, powerful, humane and free.... In estimating the enmity of the Croats the fact must be taken into account that the Croatian world, I mean to say the Croat people, with its action in the interior of Austria while the Italian army was acting outside, resolutely and victoriously, has co-operated in precipitating the downfall of Austria and in freeing itself from a detested régime; particularly in the last year of the War this sentiment of nationality became accentuated with the fervent aspiration for liberty.... These are the circumstances which have determined a special psychology composed of joy and ecstasy—both elements which, in minds that are laden with all the influences of the East, produce a facile and dangerous excitement. On the other hand there survives in the Italian population the hatred against the Croatian supremacy, a hatred which is comprehensible but which in time must give place to other sentiments, rendering possible a fair coexistence of the two populations, whose aim should be common—the prosperity and development of Dalmatia, in the prosperity and for the prosperity, in the greatness and for the greatness of Italy. From this picture it must be instantly clear to every officer that his duty here is ... a truly lofty mission of civilization.... Especially the officer who is in charge of administrative work must awaken [144] impressions that are naturally caused by the sense of justice for all; his severity must be good and his goodness must be severe, and from every act there must transpire the dignity which comes from the might and right of Italy, the kindness and generosity which come from the virtue of the race.... There is already an impression on the part of the Croats that the Italians are good, that Italy is strong. There must also be born and reinforced the other conviction that we are not oppressors but liberators.... The best propaganda, the most efficacious, because spontaneous and unexpected, is done by the officer and his men. The Italian officer ... with the harmony of manners which distinguishes him, obtains very easily the sympathies of this population, a sympathy, however, which for an optimist may become dangerous. Young officers must not forget that the propagators of the great Yugoslavia still exercise with their megalomania a potent influence over the primitive population and that a gesture of theirs, a word, an attitude, may even yet indirectly favour the Croat cause and make difficulties for us in exhibiting our mission of civilization."

HIS MISGUIDED SUBORDINATES AT ŠIBENIK

It is strange that this order should have been so scurvily treated in the town of Šibenik, where it was issued and where the Admiral resided until the beginning of June, after which he transferred the seat of government to Zadar. At Šibenik, by the way, the population comprises 13,000 Yugoslavs and 400 Italianists. On February 20, 1919, there arrived from Zadar, in consequence of an invitation from Admiral Millo, the Italian professor Domiakušić who, according to the sixth clause of the Armistice, was justified in assuming the functions of school-controller, but was not authorized to become the inspector or in any way to interfere in didactic matters. Two inspectors existed in Dalmatia, one for the elementary and one for the secondary school, but the chief school authority of the province and the two inspectors under him were not informed of Professor Domiakušić's nomination. If the Governor intended him to abide by the stipulations of the Armistice, he must have been astonished at the schools being shut on the day after his [145] arrival. And they remained shut, both the modern school and the middle-class girls' school for months, because the Professor's quite illegal attempt to usurp the inspectorship was resented. The secondary school was closed and the teachers who had come to Šibenik with their families, but whose permanent domicile was elsewhere, received an order, delivered by carabinieri, that they would have to leave the town in four days. A few Italians were brought from Split and the school was reopened, but the attendance, which had been about 200, was now 24, and of these only two were the sons of Yugoslavs—but Yugoslavs who had taken office under the Italians, one as President of the Court of Justice and the other as prison inspector; these gentlemen took their boys by the hand and led them to school. Perhaps the Admiral was unaware of these transactions; but various Yugoslav officials, whose salaries had been withheld because they would not sign a paper asking to be made Italian officials, continued, notwithstanding, at their posts for two months; after which the Government perceived that by the clauses of the Armistice they were compelled to pay them. Each of them received exactly what was due, while some Italian teachers who had signed the paper were given a war bonus, extending over five months, of 80 per cent. Whether the Admiral knew of this or not, it does not harmonize with his exalted sentiments. And the town-commandant spoke very darkly[37] on various occasions to the leading citizens of what [146] would come to pass if the Italians by any chance were told to leave the place. His brave fellows, the arditi, so he said, had plenty of machine guns and of ammunition. But this fair-haired German-looking officer was a rampageous sort of person who discharged, according to his lights, the Admiral's "truly lofty mission of civilization." It was not he, but another of the Admiral's subordinates at Šibenik, who, when approached by a certain Mr. Ivaša Zorić with the request that something might be done to release his son, a prisoner of war in Italy, replied: "Your son shall be released in eight days, provided that you declare, in writing, that you are content with the Italian occupation." On Mr. Zorić saying that he was unable to do this, "Very well," said the

officer, "then your son will be one of the last to be set free."

THE ITALIANS WANT TO TAKE NO RISKS

Altogether one might say that the schoolmasters were being treated in a manner that was at variance with the Admiral's document. To give a few examples: Ivan Grbić, the schoolmaster at Sutomišcica, was arbitrarily imprisoned and was afterwards removed to another school at Privlaka. The Government school at the former place was closed, an Italian private institution being opened in the same building, with a teacher who was devoid of professional qualifications. The pupils of the school which had been dissolved were compelled by soldiers to attend the new Italian school. The elementary schools at Zemunik were likewise closed and the schoolmasters, after a period of imprisonment, taken to another village. If in the rather dreary little Zemunik, [147] where there is not one Italian, the schoolmaster was very dangerous to the might of Italy, let us compare with this the conduct of the Slovene authorities who permitted more than one priest of the old régime to remain in office—one of them at a village four or five miles from Ljubljana—though they knew that these clergy were wont from the pulpit to utter disloyal sentiments. Maybe the Slovene Government was unwise, but they had scruples in removing a priest; and moreover, they had not given up the hope that these gentlemen would by and by change their opinions. On the island of Pag the schoolmaster Buratović and his wife, who was also a teacher, had to fly in order to escape imprisonment. The schoolmaster Grimani of the same place was obliged, with his wife, to follow the example of Buratović, so that the school was necessarily closed; and an Italian school was started in this island with its 0·31 per cent. of Italians. The same edifying scenes must have taken place as in so many Magyar schools where the pupils—Serbs, Slovaks, Roumanians and so forth—did not understand what the teacher was saying. The Government of the occupied part of Dalmatia appointed to the elementary schools at Rogoznica and Primošten two young Italian law-students from Zadar, who had no pedagogic qualifications; and whereas the legal annual salary was 1080 crowns, these lucky young men were in receipt of 625 crowns a month, which covered more than handsomely any depreciation in the currency. But now to another subject:

	Per cent. Yugoslavs.	Per cent. Italians.
1. Zadar	with 80·25	with 18·61
2. Hvar (Lesina)	" 92·94	" 6·75
3. Korčula (Curzola)	" 94·89	" 5·08
4. Šibenik (Sebenico)	" 95·66	" 1·31
5. Starigrad (Cittavecchia)	" 97·98	" 1·91
6. Vis (Lissa)	" 98·98	" 0·92
7. Skradin (Scardona)	" 99·36	" 0·57
8. Knin	" 99·48	" 0·31
9. Drniš (Dernish)	" 99·49	" 0·41
10. Benkovac	" 99·60	" 0·30
11. Tijesno (Stretto)	" 99·61	" 0·35
12. Biograd (Zaravecchia)	" 99·66	" 0·23
13. Pag (Pago)	" 99·67	" 0·31
14. Obrovac (Obrovazzo)	" 99·84	" 0·12
15. Kistanje	" 99·88	" 0·12
16. Blato (Blatta)	" 99·93	" 0·05

The London Treaty had conferred on Italy the foregoing Judiciary Districts, whose population, [148] according to the last Austrian census, was as given on page 147.

Italy was also to receive portions of the following Justiciary Districts:

	Per cent. Yugoslavs.	Per cent. Italians.
1. Trogir (Traù)	with 99·12	with 0·32
2. Sinj	" 99·29	" 0·24
3. Imotski	" 99·84	" 0·11
4. Vrlika	" 99·95	" 0·04

In the early part of 1919 a plebiscite was organized by a delegation which the representatives of the occupied communes elected at Split on January 11. According to the census of 1900 the occupied territory contained 35 communes, divided into 398 localities, with 297,181 inhabitants. In 35 localities, with 14,659 inhabitants, the census was prevented by the Italians, who also confiscated the results of the plebiscite in the commune of Obrovac.[38] The delegates were therefore successful in canvassing 95·07 per cent. of all the inhabitants. In 34 communes the majority for union with Yugoslavia was over 90 per cent., while in 24 it exceeded even 99 per cent. At Zadar (the town) out of 14,056 inhabitants 6623 (= 47 per cent.) voted for Yugoslavia, while in the suburbs, with a larger population, the majority was 89·57 per cent. In the islands the majorities ranged from 96 per cent. to 100 per cent. And if any doubts were entertained as to these figures, the delegates were authorized to propose another plebiscite under the control of a disinterested Allied Power.

Dalmatia, as is shown by the number of emigrants, is not a wealthy province; and one would have supposed that if the Italians thought it necessary to occupy a country whose inhabitants [149] were so unmistakably opposed to them, it would have been—to put it at the lowest—politic to hamper no one in the getting of his livelihood. Austria had established fourteen military fishing centres (besides others in Rieka, Istria, etc.), and these the Croats joined most willingly, as a means of avoiding service in a hated army. After the war, when their nets were worn out, Italy supplied her Chioggia fisherfolk with new ones. Owing to the conditions of the Triple Alliance, the Italians enjoyed the right to "high-sea" fishing, that is to say, the fishing up to three miles from the Dalmatian coast; but now the Italian boats occupied all the rich fishing grounds among the northern islands. These dispossessed natives were originally more preoccupied with fish than with Italians. Is it strange that they refused to see that Italy was, in the words of Admiral Millo, the friend and liberator?... A German firm, the Steinbeiss Company, had built in Bosnia a very narrow-gauge line for the exploitation of its forests; during the War this line was continued to Prijedor, and with great difficulty it had served for the transport of food-stuff and passengers from Croatia: on the Croatian lines up to Sissak normal gauge; from there to Prijedor narrow gauge; from there to Knin very narrow gauge, and from there to Split or Šibenik narrow gauge. Thus with the loading and unloading between 30 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the goods were lost; but when Italy sat down at Rieka the inhabitants of Dalmatia looked to this line. At Prijedor hundreds of waggons of wheat and corn were waiting to be forwarded, and with Italy blocking the road at Knin they simply perished.

ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS

The Italian administration of Dalmatia—economically, politically, scholastically, ecclesiastically and financially (as we will show)—was thoroughly mistaken. Wherever one goes one is overwhelmed with evidence; it is impossible to print more than a tithe of it. But the mention of Knin recalls the case of Dr. Bogić, who was deported to Sardinia for political reasons. On January 1 he was arrested, together with a Franciscan monk, a schoolmaster and others, transported to [150] Šibenik and put into a cell devoid of bed, light or a window. Thence, with nothing to eat, although the weather was wintry, he was taken on to the s.s. *Almissa*, bound for Ancona. Near Šibenik the boat collided with the isle of Zlarin; he and the other prisoners attempted to get out of their cabin, but carabinieri kept them there by flourishing revolvers in their faces. At Ancona, Spoleto, Perugia, Florence and Leghorn the doctor was always lodged in prisons, had his finger-prints taken, had to stand up to salute the warders, had to look on while his things were stolen—at Ancona, for instance, they despoiled him of eighty cigars. His wrists were always bound; he was attached not only to his fellow-travellers but to Italians who were under life-sentences. The carabinieri cut up their bread, put it on their knees and then, without unbinding the ropes, left them to eat it as best they could. The journey was very slow; thus from Perugia to Florence—being all the time attached to one another—it took sixteen hours. Dr. Conti, the prison doctor at Florence, said that Dr. Bogić was ill, but as he declined to give him a certificate the journey was resumed. From Florence to Leghorn he was bound so tightly that his wrists were very much swollen. From Leghorn in the s.s. *Derna* he was shipped to Sardinia, where he had experience of several prisons, including that of Terranuova-Pausania, where water flows down the walls and vermin are everywhere. He received 2.75 lire a day with which to buy his food, and although he is a doctor they refused to let him read any medical books. When I asked him of what he had been guilty, he began by recounting his war work. Over 6000 Italian prisoners were at Knin, and he was there as military doctor for more than two years. These Italians were employed on the railway line and—as is clear from the letters they wrote to him after their release—letters some of which I read—they had very friendly recollections of the doctor. Once in the summer of 1918 a group of Italians arrived who had been, in the doctor's words, "bestially maltreated at Zala-Egerseg by the Magyars." Dozens died on the way to Knin, others while they were being got out of the station, others on the way to the hospital. They were nothing but skeletons, dressed almost [151] exclusively in paper clothes. General Wucherer happened to be at Knin and to him the doctor reported that the Italians had been treated in an absolutely criminal fashion. Wucherer, who was a decent fellow, ordered the doctor to dictate the whole affair and said that if nothing else could be done he would go direct to His Majesty. Then standing up he struck the table, in the presence of his staff, of Dr. Grgin of Split and of the railway commandant Captain Bergmann, and "Wir sind doch die grössten Schuften!" he exclaimed ("After all, it is we who are the biggest scoundrels!").... When the Yugoslavs overthrew the Austrian Government at Knin, the doctor, a kindly-looking, little, bald man, made a speech to the prisoners from the balcony of the town hall. He armed two of the Italians and ten French prisoners, whom he told off to guard the magazine. The two Italians (Cirillo Tomba and Mario Favelli) vanished after a couple of days; the French remained for a week, and when a French destroyer arrived at Split they were taken there, not as prisoners but as soldiers, bearing arms. Dr. Bogić was a member of the National Committee at Knin, and as such he wrote to a colleague at Drniš to ask him whether the Italian troops were coming up from Šibenik. This letter was his undoing. The reason he wrote it was because the population at Knin was extremely agitated by the prospective occupation and begged him to ascertain the latest news. He should have remembered, no doubt, that the Italians regarded this as enemy country and that to make inquiries with regard to the movement of troops was a crime. An officer came and asked him, in the General's name, if he would kindly take part in a conference; on reaching the place which was indicated he found himself surrounded by

carabinieri. Their captain, a certain Albano, said that he and two or three others must go to Šibenik to undergo a short interrogatory, and that as he would return in two days at the latest it was unnecessary for him to take any money, clothes or linen. As a matter of fact the doctor had, on the previous day, been warned from Split that the Italians meant to intern him; but he laughed —he had done so much for them and he felt so innocent that it seemed absurd to run away. He [152] could have gone, because he had a written permit issued to him on January 10 by the 144th Italian infantry regiment at Knin, which stated that he and his wife might go, whenever they wished, to Split.

SEVEN HUNDRED OTHERS

During the winter and spring over seven hundred persons, chiefly belonging to the clerical, the legal and the medical professions, had been deported from Dalmatia. The leader of the Italian party at Zadar told me that two of them had written him from Nocera Umbra, saying that this, their place of interment, was a health resort and that they were getting fat. He scouted the idea that they were under any sort of compulsion when they wrote or that they were pulling his leg. One must anyhow congratulate them in not being taken to Sardinia, as were the vast majority. Those who managed to return from that island—among them Dr. Macchiedo of Zadar, through the intervention of Bissolati, on account of Mrs. Macchiedo being at death's door—said that they found in Sardinia what they had expected of a penal establishment. Many priests were deported, on account of crimes which varied in enormity. A very frequent cause was that they refused to preach in Italian to a congregation which only understood Serbo-Croat. One must say that the Italians exhibited no religious partiality, for they treated the Roman Catholic Church just the same as the Orthodox. Some of the persecutions were so fatuous that one could only suppose they must be due to a misunderstanding. To mention only one which came under my observation at Skradin, not far from Šibenik, where the Orthodox priest in his sumptuous vestments had led his congregation out of the old town in order to perform an annual ceremony in connection with the fertility of the fields. In what way was the Italian cause assisted when carabinieri broke up that procession and refused even to allow the people to walk back on the road, so that all of them, including the priest and the other church officials with the sacred emblems, were forced to [153] go back to Skradin as best they could by wading through the marshes?

A GLIMPSE OF THE OFFICIAL ROBBERIES

An allusion has been made to the Italian financial methods. More than one Italian officer, including Admiral Millo, spoke to me about the Austrian currency, which seemed to them one of the gravest problems. In Yugoslavia these notes were only legal tender if they had the Government stamp, and the Italians resolved that in the territories which they occupied the notes must have no stamp upon them. So far, so good. But when some poor peasant came across the line of demarcation from Croatia or else landed somewhere in a boat the Italians were not making good propaganda for themselves when they seized the notes, tore them up and refused to give their victim a receipt. One poor fellow whom I know of came with his mother along that wonderful road which the Austrians built over the mountains and down to Obrovac. He had some serious affection of the eyes and was compelled to go to Zadar to consult an oculist. He took with him practically all his fortune, as he and his mother did not know what otherwise to do with it. They had never yet made use of a bank. Well, the Italians tore up the notes and told him testily to go about his business. The same thing happened to the following persons:

					Crowns.
1.	March 22, 1919.	Bogdan Babović, son of Radovan, of Montenegro,	was robbed of		1,348
2.	" 22, "	Peter Lukšić, son of Stephen of Spić,	"	"	1,800
3.	" 30, "	Marijan Ševelj, of Tučepa,	"	"	3,530
4.	" 31, "	Frano Frankić and Ivanica Petričević,	"	"	12,000
5.	April 8, "	Stephen Vukušić, son of Peter, of Katuna,	"	"	4,758
6.	" 8, "	Nikola Cikeš, son of Mate, of Žeževice,	"	"	3,071
7.	" 8, "	Martinis Jozo, son of the late Nikola, of Komiža,	"	"	6,332
8.	" 8, "	Jure Rubić, son of the late Peter, of Zadvarje	"	"	6,030
9.	" 8, "	Mato Škaričić, son of Stephen, of Podgrazza,	"	"	500
10.	" 8, "	Mihovil Šarac, son of the late Crowns. Marko, of Split,	"	"	300 [154]
11.	" 11, "	Ilika Kutljača, son of the late Peter, of Čista,	"	"	600
12.	" 13, "	Marko Čaljkušić, son of the late Ante, of Šestanova,	"	"	11,000
13.	" 14, "	Damjan Udovičić, son of Jakov, of Imotski,	"	"	3,200
14.	" 16, "	Antun Radić, son of Peter, of Trogir,	"	"	62,000
15.	" 16, "	Madalena Kugmić, widow of Nikola, of Split,	"	"	1,000
16.	" 17, "	Pero Jurić, son of Abram, of Ostrozac,	"	"	2,285
17.	" 19, "	Jakov Jurković, son of Miško	"	"	
18.	" 19, "	Mate Rajić, son of Ilija,	"	"	} 8,140
19.	" 19, "	Jerko Rejić, son of Luke,	"	"	
20.	" 19, "	Josip Kolumbur, son of Marko, of Livno,	"	"	25,000
21.	" 25, "	Zorka Aljinović, of Split,	"	"	600
22.	" 28, "	Ana Žižak, of Split,	"	"	1,900

23. "	29, "	Nikolina Rastor, of Split,	"	"	1,800
24. "	30, "	Antica Milić, of Split,	"	"	5,000
25. "	24, "	Tomislav Novak, son of Mate, of Hvar,	"	"	3,000
26. "	24, "	Gjuran Arif, of Livno,	"	"	2,200
				Total	136,794

These were the complaints over a period of a month, which were received by the Provincial (Yugoslav) Government at Split. One has to take their word for it that the list is not fictitious. I did not investigate any of the cases; the Italian officers to whom I showed the list said that they were persuaded I would find that in every case the person culpable was an officious, ignorant N.C.O. The list is, of course, no more than a fragment. At Starigrad, on the island of Hvar, I was told that from the people, who were searched both on landing and on leaving, 40,000 crowns had been confiscated, and at first they had been told that the money should be stamped. A merchant whom I happened to meet during the few hours I was at Metković told me that he had gone to the island of Korčula to his brother and, on landing, had been relieved of 34,000 crowns.

AND HARSHNESS AND BRIBERY

In Asia Minor we have another disastrous example of the Allied policy of allowing a disputed zone to be occupied *ad interim* solely by the troops of one interested country. The chronic state of [155]
war which followed the landing of the Greeks at Smyrna, the atrocities, the charges and the counter-charges, were investigated by an Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry; and their report, which was issued early in 1920 and was signed by an American Admiral and French, Italian and British Generals, laid the responsibility at the door of the Greek Higher Command. The Commission considered that an inter-Allied occupation was necessary, because the Greeks, instead of maintaining order, had given their position all the characteristics of a permanent occupation, the Turkish authorities being powerless. They also considered that order should be maintained by inter-Allied troops other than Greek.... No such Commission visited Dalmatia, chiefly because the Yugoslavs, in spite of endless provocations, displayed greater self-control than the Turks. But an Inter-Allied Inquiry would have reported that the Italian régime had not the marks of a permanent occupation simply because such methods could never be permanent: everywhere in the occupied territory it was forbidden, under severe penalties, to have any Serbo-Croat newspaper. On one island I found about fifteen gentlemen gathered round a table in a sort of dungeon, reading the newspapers which had been smuggled into their possession. This they had been doing for more than six months. Every letter was censored, all telegraphic and telephonic communication between the occupied territory and the outside world was prohibited. All flags, of course, except that of Italy, were vetoed. Admiral Millo told us that this prohibition did not extend to the flags of France, Great Britain and the United States; considering that it is on record when and where the flags of these nations were, if flown by civilians, ordered to be taken down at Rieka, despite the presence of Allied contingents, it seems scarcely worth saying that, as we were often told, the Admiral's permission, which was in accordance with the Armistice, was disregarded by his subordinates. Another thing that was very rigorously forbidden, especially on the islands, was for any Yugoslav to go down to the harbour, if a boat
came in, and carry on a conversation with somebody on board. It would be tedious to enter into [156]
all the questionable and tyrannical Italian methods, such as the requisitioning of Yugoslav clubs, schools, etc., sometimes leaving them empty because they found they did not want them, the requisitioning of private houses, with no consideration for their owners, the wholesale cutting-down of forests, the closing of law-courts, the demand that other courts should pronounce no judgment before first submitting it to them. But, above all, what the Yugoslav Government at Split complained of were the methods they employed in the gratuitous or semi-gratuitous distribution of food, clothing and money:

I

GOVERNMENT OF DALMATIA AND OF THE DALMATIAN ISLANDS AND OF THE CURZOLA ISLANDS

SUBJECT: *Question of Food Supplies for the Civil Population.*

No. 43. *March* 18, 1919.

To all subject authorities:

I have heard that several commanding officers who have to distribute food to the civilian population have, by virtue of an authorization that they may save part of the entered amounts for the purpose of using that sum for propaganda, saved a conspicuous quantity without having the possibility of using it later. As it has been ascertained that the only effective means of propaganda is the distribution of food supplies ... amounts which are useless [for other purposes] and absolutely necessary for purposes of propaganda.

THE VICE-ADMIRAL
THE GOVERNOR,
E. Millo.

II

ROYAL GOVERNMENT OF DALMATIA AND OF THE DALMATIAN ISLANDS AND OF THE CURZOLA ISLANDS

STAFF.
NO. PROT. "P."

SECTION OF PROPAGANDA,
SEBENICO, *April* 18, 1919.

The section of propaganda of the Government of Dalmatia, whose object is the rapid

diffusion of Italianity in this noble region which gives at last to Italy the complete dominion over the most bitter Adriatic, has set before itself a vast programme of truly Italian action ... it is therefore necessary to give these latter certain advantages ... it has been suggested that Italian schools be favoured ... that offices be opened for the gratuitous or semi-gratuitous distribution of food, that presents be given to the indigent population, that fêtes and spectacles be organized. [157]

[Signature illegible.]

These two documents give some indication of the plan of campaign. One might mention, by the bye, that during this period there was a great shortage of food-stuffs in Italy; large quantities were being sent from the United States. The Yugoslav Government at Split complained of the disastrous social and moral results of these proceedings. It gave rise to many abuses and to a clandestine trade. On the young it had, for example, at Split a most unhealthy influence; all they had to do was to go on board the *Puglia*, the Italian flagship, whether their parents allowed them or not, and there they were given both provisions and cash. As elsewhere in the world there are at Split a number of idlers and scamps, who seized this opportunity; another class of person, who had erstwhile been regarded as Austrian spies, did not hesitate a moment to proclaim that they were the most ardent Italian patriots. All these people were ready enough to give their signatures to anything in return for the Italian bounty, and to endeavour to persuade others to do so; in that way the Italians collected 6000 signatures, whereas the Italianists of Split were, at the outside, 1800; at Trogir, where the Italianists numbered 80 to 100, they collected more than 1000 signatures.

THE ITALIANS IN DALMATIA BEFORE AND DURING THE WAR

To grasp the conditions at Split we must go back to the years just before the War. From the reports of the Austrian Intelligence Officer, Captain Bukvich, we shall see what was the attitude [158] of the Slavs and the Italianists respectively towards the Government, and hence towards each other. It may be that the very loyal, some would call it cringing, attitude of the Italianists was forced upon them by the great inferiority of their numbers. What they were aiming at, with very few exceptions, were the benefits of the moment, rather than those others of which here and there an isolated Italianist would dream, when between the smoke of his cigarette he saw the Italian tricolour flying over Dalmatia. If this lonely dreamer had gone to Italy before the War with the purpose of awakening in people an interest in what some day might happen, he would have found that most of the Italians had never heard of Dalmatia. But among those who had heard were the officials of the "Liga Nazionale," which assisted the Dalmatian Italians to support those famous schools. In a report (Information No. 668) which Padouch, the successor of Bukvich as Intelligence Officer, sent from Split on September 25, 1915, to the Headquarters at Mostar, we are told that "an Italian of this place, with whom I confidentially spoke on the subject before the outbreak of the War, openly and candidly told me that in their Liga school one-third of the children, at the most, have parents whose nationality has always been Italian. The others are children of the people, of that class which on account of its humble social position has lost its national consciousness. He told me that the parents received subsidies and the children clothes, school-books, etc., gratuitously."

The reports of Captain Bukvich were sent to his superiors at Mostar. No doubt a great many documents were destroyed just before the Austrian collapse, as the Government had ordered to be done—three boxes, presumably containing copies, are known to have been committed to the flames at Split, while at Zadar there was a wholesale destruction on October 31. Yet a fair number of interesting papers survived, principally at Mostar, Castelnuovo, Metković and Dubrovnik. In 1913 Captain Bukvich sent many reports to the effect that Split was completely anti-Austrian and that the Italian party were the only loyal people. On September 16 he said that [159] the inhabitants believe in the coming of a great Serbia, and he substantiates this with numerous instances. "The students over thirteen years of age," he says, "are all Serbophil, and most of the masters, professors and State clerks.... The chief paper in Split is Serbophil and has been confiscated twenty-seven times between October 1912 and September 1913." He reported on August 19, 1913 (Information No. 211), to the General Staff of the Imperial and Royal 16th Corps at Dubrovnik with reference to the Francis Joseph celebrations of the previous day: "... only the public buildings and a few other houses were beflagged. One must notice the satisfactory conduct and the finely decorated houses of the autonomous Italian party." On February 27, 1914 (Information No. 62), he narrates that a big dinner was given at the bishop's palace to celebrate the centenary of the incorporation of Dalmatia into the Habsburg monarchy; all the chief citizens were invited to this dinner, but the Croat deputies, Dr. Trumbić, Dr. Smodlaka and other Croats declined with thanks. Dr. Salvi, however, of the autonomous Italian party, put in an appearance. On July 31 (Information No. 267) he refers to the mobilized men who marched through the town and were put on board ship. "The attitude," he says, "of the Slav *intelligentsia* was quite passive. The Italian band waited for the troops, a procession was improvised, great ovations took place, and enthusiasm was shown by the Autonomous party, who called: 'Hoch Austria! Hoch the Emperor! Hoch the War! Down with Serbia! Down with the Serbian municipality!'" A certain Demeter, an Austrian naval lieutenant, was a spectator of these scenes. He made some notes for the typist, afterwards embodied in a report to the Military Command at Mostar and marked "Secret No. 147." He relates, with unconcealed fury, how the Slavs not merely displayed no raptures when the War proclamation was read, but walked away in the midst of the recital and refrained from following the band, which later on paraded the town. Only the Italians, he said, exhibited the proper feeling. They did more than that; for with the same date, July 31, one finds

an interesting letter from the "Società del Tiro al Bersaglio" of Split, which called itself a shooting club, but was not in possession of arms; it was, as a matter of fact, a gymnastic society with a [160] political object. The secretary, Luigi Puisina, wrote on the 31st to the authorities, to say that they had determined to offer themselves in uniform for any service of a military nature ("per quei qualsiasi servizi di carattere militare"). Bukvich reported on August 3 (Information No. 268) that for the present these gymnasts will be used as special constables, and he adds, to one's astonishment, that this has caused the Slav *intelligentsia* to be still more profoundly depressed. Nothing could elude the eagle eye of Bukvich: on December 17, 1914, he noted that the small boys in the streets were winking and smiling at each other in consequence of the news that the Austrians had been driven out of Belgrade.

When Italy entered the War a handful of Dalmatian Italians—I believe six from Zadar and two from Split—went to serve in the Italian army. Five others, four of them from Zadar, were interned at Graz; with these exceptions the Italians and Italianists were very much more faithful to the Austrian Empire than were the Croats, hundreds of whom were hanged or shot or lodged in fortresses. The Italians, however, persist in charging the Croats with unbounded fidelity; in fact, it is one of their most powerful arguments. They themselves in Split continued to do what the Austrians expected of them: those who were of military age became units of the army, while the rest of them, with one exception, were not incommoded. The President of their club, the "Cabinetto di Lettura," that Dr. Salvi of whom we have heard, was not only most assiduous in addressing letters of devotion and fidelity to the Emperor, in promoting all kinds of patriotic Austrian manifestations, but as the particular friend of Mr. Tszilvas, the Austrian sub-prefect, he was wont to go down with him to the harbour and watch the embarkation, in chains, of the Slav *intelligentsia*. The only Italian who suffered this fate was a Mr. Tocigl, with whom Dr. Salvi had had a personal difference.

CONSEQUENT SUSPICION OF THIS MINORITY

One cannot therefore be surprised if the Slavs, on the collapse of Austria, regarded the Italian party, and especially Dr. Salvi, with some suspicion. Since they had always placed themselves at [161] Austria's disposal, it would be most natural if they attempted by a *coup d'état* to save the Empire. Yet this was the moment when they joined the Slavs and helped to turn the Austrians out. There was no notion then that the Italian army would succeed the Austrian; and it was not until Christmas that this army tried to enter Split. When they proposed to come ashore they were prevented by the French, Americans and British; thereupon they threatened to come overland—although the town was not included in the London Treaty—but again they were prevented. In February, on the occasion of a conference between the four Admirals, there was a demonstration against Italy, the commandant of the *Puglia* being struck and Admiral Rombo's chief of staff insulted. There was a widespread feeling of resentment at the way in which the *Puglia* was, as we have seen, availing herself of the baser elements in the town for the furtherance of her propaganda; but what put the match to the bonfire was the omission of certain Italians in uniform to salute the Serbian National Anthem. The Admirals held an inquiry, found that "officers belonging to an Allied nation have been molested." They announced that they would not tolerate a repetition of such acts, and that inter-Allied patrols, acting with Serbian troops and the local police force, would take measures to prevent them. On March 8, however, there was a renewal of the troubles; and again the Admirals made an inquiry. The Italian member of the Commission added to his signature that he disapproved of the findings and that he would present a special report.

ALLIED CENSURE OF THE ITALIAN NAVY

"By general conviction," says the Admirals' summing up, "there exist at Split two political parties which are in sharp contradiction as to the future status of Dalmatia. The presence of Allied ships, and especially the Italian ones, has increased this contradiction rather than diminished it. On the day when disorders broke out at Split a few Italian sailors had made a small demonstration a little before the incidents. Certain movements and words on the part of youths, [162] sympathizers with Yugoslavia, offended the Italian sailors. They were bold enough to arrest two of these youths.... This procedure of arresting them naturally and inevitably moved the great majority of the bystanders and was the actual cause of outrages. This act was approved by the Italian Naval Authorities, who accordingly are to be considered responsible for these disorders.... Several civilians and Serbian soldiers were wounded." The report adds that some Italian sailors were armed with knives and revolvers, contrary to the regulations of the Italian Naval Authorities, and concludes with these words: "By arresting some citizens the Italian sailors have committed an illegal act, which they carried out according to instructions that were given them by the Italian Naval Authorities. Accordingly the Commission considers these authorities responsible for the injuries inflicted on the Serbian soldiers."

NEVERTHELESS THE TYRANNY CONTINUES

But in many parts of Dalmatia and the islands the Italians had no fear of such a Commission. Let us see what they had been doing in the neighbourhood of Zadar, the old capital. Apart from the usual prohibitions with respect to newspapers and so forth, the municipalities were dissolved and an Italian commissary installed. Their first task was to introduce the Italian language and

make it obligatory, although the commissary's own employees would often be not more acquainted with it than with Hindustani. Eighty-five per cent. of the civil servants in the occupied territory were Yugoslavs; during March and April 1919 they were deprived of their salaries because they had declined, in accordance with the existing laws and particularly in accordance with the terms of the Armistice, to make a request in Italian to the Provisional Government that they should be confirmed in their posts. This outrageous order, which left hundreds of families without the means of subsistence, was not merely illegal—let alone inhumane—but was in contradiction with an earlier order issued by Admiral Millo, which was placarded throughout the [163] territory and which confirmed in their posts all the civil employees. However, the Italians were unsuccessful in their efforts to obtain these signatures, though they did not abandon their watchword: "Either Italy or starvation!" They never ceased to persecute the peasants of the surrounding country and islands. Commands, menaces, blows inflicted by carabinieri and officers, houses searched night after night, and so on.... In the second half of February it was intended to conduct a number of peasants, accompanied by Italian flags, to Zadar, so that they might thank the Admiral, who chanced to be there, for the benefits which Italy had bestowed upon them. An officer who in this branch achieved particular distinction was Lieutenant de Sanctis, the Commandant of Preko, a village opposite Zadar. Bread and Italian promises were dangled before these poverty-stricken fisherfolk and peasants; they refused to take part in the ridiculous demonstration, and in order to avoid being made to go they concealed themselves and even went to the length of sinking their boats. In the possession of a peasant at Preko, Šime Šarić Mazić, were found some banknotes with a Yugoslav stamp on them and a very small French flag; for these transgressions de Sanctis ordered first that he should receive a box on the ears, after which he was bound, thrown into prison, and there flogged by carabinieri who, as two doctors afterwards certified, inflicted serious injuries upon his hands, which they beat with chains. For the same reasons and at the same place a peasant called Mate Lončar was imprisoned and wounded with a bayonet. On March 2 at Preko the Italians, enraged because the people had not come to their demonstration, dispersed with sticks all those who were assembled in front of the church, and prevented the Mass from being celebrated. On March 29 the aforementioned Lončar was condemned to three years' imprisonment because 11,780 crowns, unstamped notes, had been found on him; the notes, of course, were confiscated. Such notes, by the way, were given or received in payment by Italian merchants at a discount of 10 per cent., 15 per cent. or 20 per cent. Even the military used these forbidden notes, and compelled the peasants at the market to accept them. In the night of March 15-16 six of the leading Yugoslavs of Zadar, who had not [164] ceased to advise the people to bear their present misfortunes in patience, were suddenly arrested and deported to Italy; they included Mr. Joseph de Tončić, President of the Yugoslav Club and formerly the Deputy-Governor of Dalmatia; he was a man seventy-two years of age and in precarious health. During this same night forty persons were deported from Knin, three from Drniš, three from Obrovac, four from Skradin, nine from Šibenik and four from Benkovac.... On the populous island of Olib (Ulbo) the abuses connected with the distribution of food were exceptionally flagrant; here the Italian officers compelled everyone to stand still, bare-headed, when they passed; they would not allow anyone to leave the island, and forbade the peasants to speak Croatian! On the opposite island of Silba (Selve) the schoolmaster, Matulina, and the priest, an old man of seventy-five, called Lovrović, were imprisoned. The latter had told his parishioners, in the course of a sermon, to behave well during Lent and keep away from the Italian sailors. He was thereupon shipped to Zadar and thrust into a moist and dirty dungeon, where for two days and nights he was at the mercy of six criminals.... After having seen at Zadar a number of persons belonging to each party, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Boxich. It was indeed a pleasure, because this thin, highly-strung Italianized Slav, the former chief of the Radical Italian party, was full of the most fraternal sentiments towards the Slavs. If, he said, their peasants lacked education, one ought to assist them; not to do so was a sin against humanity. It had been the desire, he said, of his party, both before and during the War, to work openly against the Austrian Government, unlike the Moderate Italian party, of Ziliotto, which feigned to be very pro-Austrian. While Ziliotto was receiving high Austrian decorations, he was an object of persecution, and was obliged to go away and live for two and a half years in Rome. Ziliotto, he said, was Zadar's evil spirit, seeing that he had thoroughly deceived and betrayed Italy—so many of those who now called themselves good Italians had been very good Austrians, and would as readily have turned into good Americans or Frenchmen. So petty and local was Ziliotto's party, [165] with no idea of the world or of freedom. In fact, I thought that if a Yugoslav had listened to the doctor's eloquence he would have overlooked a recent lapse or two, when Boxich, in order to prove to Admiral Millo that he was a much better Italian than Ziliotto, was alleged by the Yugoslavs to have committed various dark deeds in connection with a hunt for hidden arms. The Admiral also had told me that he was not pleased with Dr. Boxich. "At present," said the doctor to me, "I am isolated, and I am proud of it. This is not the time to found a party of ideas; the atmosphere is too morbid, too passionate. This is the time," he said, "for an honourable man to remain isolated and to stay at home." ... Several weeks after this at Sarajevo, I read in a Zagreb newspaper, the *Rijeć S.H.S.*, that Dr. Boxich, on account of having—exceptionally, the paper said —spoken the truth to a passing foreigner, had been deported to Italy.

A VISIT TO SOME OF THE ISLANDS

It was impossible to be at Split without meeting people who had fled from the occupied islands. It was also, in consequence of what they told one, impossible to set out with an unprejudiced mind. But, after all, we have our preconceived ideas on Heaven and Hell, and that will be no reason for us not to go there. I had become acquainted at Split with Captain Pommerol, of the

British Army, a Mauritian of imposing physique and, as I was to see, of a lofty sense of justice. He had recently been spending several months in Hungary on a mission from the War Office. They had now dispatched him to Dalmatia and Bosnia with a very comprehensive programme; and, as I secured a little steamer, he came with me to the islands. [We hesitated to embark on this expedition, since the islanders whose national desires had been choked for so many months would probably display their sentiments in such a way as to bring down grave penalties upon themselves. But the Yugoslavs, both on the mainland and on the islands, were anxious that we should go; they doubted whether Western Europe had any knowledge of the Italian methods of administration. And if the immediate result of our journey would be to call down upon themselves [166] —as indeed it did—a savage wind, they were optimistic enough to feel that it would eventually produce a whirlwind for their oppressors.] ... The s.s. *Porer*, 130 tons, was flying at the stern the temporary flag of white, blue, white in horizontal stripes which had been invented for the ships of the former Austro-Hungarian mercantile marine; on the second mast they displayed the flag of one of the Allies, and the *Porer* happened to be sailing under the red ensign. She had a Dalmatian crew of eight, including the weather-beaten old captain and the still older and equally benevolent gentleman who combined the functions of cook and steward. In addition to Serbo-Croat, they had among them some knowledge of Italian, German and even English. The scholar was the mate who, having had his headquarters at Pola during the War, spoke Viennese-German. His wife had died at Split after an illness of several months, brought on by the idea that her husband had been killed at Pola in an air-raid.

The large, rather waterless island of Brać, which is nearest to the mainland, seems to be chiefly remarkable on account of its chrysanthemums, from which an insect-powder is produced; and the number of changes, no less than twenty, that occurred in the ownership of the island from the beginning of the Middle Ages down to the Congress of Vienna. During that period it was sometimes under the Byzantines, sometimes the Venetians, the Holy Roman Empire, its own autonomous Government, the Hungarians, the Bosnians, the French, the Russians (one year, in 1806) and the Austrians. It was not occupied by Italy after the end of this War, and Baron Sonnino did not ask for it when he was negotiating, before the War, with Austria.

WHICH THE ITALIANS HAD TRIED TO OBTAIN BEFORE, BUT NOT DURING, THE WAR

The Italian Government put forward the question of the islands for the first time in April 11, 1915. There had been no previous discussion, passionate or otherwise, as in the case of the [167] Trentino and Triest. But now they demanded various Dalmatian islands, the chief of which were Hvar, Korčula and Vis, with a total population (in 1910) of 57,954. The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador reported (cf. Red Book, concerning April 14, p. 133) that a conversation between Baron Sonnino and Prince Bülow with respect to these islands had been extremely animated, and that Sonnino had pointed out that the Navy and the whole country expected of him that he would alter Italy's unfavourable position on the Adriatic, where from Venice to Taranto she had not one serviceable harbour, that is to say serviceable war-harbour. And Sonnino added that he thought this was an opportune moment in which to rectify that state of things. On April 28 the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, besides drawing the Italians' attention to the nationality of the islanders—1·62 per cent. calling themselves Italian—pointed out that not only would there no longer be any question of a strategic equilibrium in the Adriatic if Austria were to lose these islands, but that the adjacent coast would always be threatened. On May 4, the Ambassador asked whether an arrangement with Italy would be impossible if the Austrians agreed to every one of Italy's other conditions, showing thereby what the value of these islands was in Austrian eyes. When Sonnino did not reply to this question, the Ambassador understood that Italy's participation in the War had been determined. But on May 10, the Austrian Government made up its mind to give up Pelagosa "on account of its proximity to the Italian coast." As a matter of fact it lies 42 miles from Vis and 33 miles from the nearest point in Apulia. As a strategic base this group of rocks would have no value, since the water is too deep for the construction of a harbour, and the sirocco rages with such ferocity that it flings the foam over the top of the lighthouse, which is 360 feet in height. This inhospitable place, with its population of 13 human beings, some sheep and goats, was inhabited in prehistoric days; when the excavations were being made for the lighthouse a variety of implements from the Stone Age were discovered, including a stone arrow that was found between the ribs of a skeleton.... But the Austrian Ambassador let it be [168] known at the same time that he would be prepared to make a further friendly examination of the Italian demands with reference to the other islands. His Government also on May 15 (Red Book, No. 185, p. 181) announced that they were quite disposed to reopen the discussion. However, on the 23rd of the month, Italy came into the War. The Italians had been explaining that if only Austria would give up these islands—which was as if you were to invite a person whose designs you suspected to come and camp in the hall of your house—then, said the Italians, there would be an excellent prospect of permanently amicable relations between the two States.

OUR WELCOME TO JELŠA

As soon as the War was over, Italy disembarked on the islands which she had obtained by the Treaty of London. Something has been said on previous pages of the way in which she introduced herself and made herself at home. As we were sailing towards the pretty town of Jelša (Gelsa) on the island of Hvar, we left Vrboška on our right. The Bishop of Split had told me of a grievance which the Italian troops at that place had lodged with his brother, the mayor. Some of them had visited, for the fêtes of carnival, both the Yugoslav Club, where they found many persons who

could speak Italian, and the Italian Club, where they were annoyed to find that it was spoken by very few. As we came into the little port of Jelša, with the green shutters of its white houses harmonizing with the foliage of the cypresses and oleanders, we could see a crowd of people running round—and carabinieri running with them—to that part of the harbour where we were unexpectedly going to stop. There was some confusion, the carabinieri pushing the people back, evidently to prevent them shaking hands with us; and one small boy who did not hear or did not understand what they were shouting received a terrific blow in the back from the fist of a furious Italian. Some cries were raised in honour of Yugoslavia, Wilson, France and England, which may have been imprudent; but when a place in which there is not one single Italian has been held [169] down for months, has been forbidden to show the slightest joy on account of the birth of Yugoslavia, has been savagely punished for having a copy of a Yugoslav newspaper, has repeatedly been cursed and cuffed and ordered, at the bayonet's point, to execute some wish of the carabinieri—one cannot be astonished if in the presence of some non-Italian foreigners they could no longer repress their feelings. Some of the people had brought flowers with them, and as Pommerol and I plunged into the whirlpool and made our way towards the Italian commander's office, we had many flowers either thrust into our hands while the carabinieri were looking the other way or else we had them thrown at us, in which case some of them would usually descend upon the shoulders or the three-cornered hats of the carabinieri. Whenever anybody uttered one of the forbidden exclamations one or more of the carabinieri would fling themselves into the crowd and attempt, with the help of vigorous kicking, to reach the culprit. Thus, in the midst of a series of scrimmages, we got to the captain's quarters. We found him a very pleasant young man, keenly conscious of the difficulties of his position; as we afterwards heard, he was such an improvement on his predecessor that the carabinieri were convinced he was a Yugoslav and had been heard to mutter threats against his life. He had apologized to the inhabitants, and had dismissed one of his men who had hauled down a Yugoslav flag and blown his nose on it. For these men an extenuating circumstance was that they had been very drunk on the night before our arrival, as they had heard—it was in the first half of June 1919—that the islands had been definitely given to Italy, and this they had been celebrating. We knew that after an American and an Englishman had visited Jelša, in the time of the other commandant, some of the people were interned; the young captain assured us that he would do no such thing. And one could see that he would never imitate the brutality of his predecessor, who had caused a frail old man of sixty-six, Professor Zarić, to be pulled out of his bed in the middle of a winter's night and taken across the hills on a donkey to Starigrad, afterwards on a destroyer to Split, from where—but for the intervention of the American Admiral—he would have been deported to Italy; and all on account [170] of his having written, in English and French, a scientific ethnographical treatise on the islands.

PROCEEDINGS AT STARIGRAD

At Starigrad on our arrival the harbour and its precincts looked like the scene of an opera, with an opening chorus of carabinieri. They were posted at various tactical points and no one else was visible. One of them advanced, however, and conducted us at our request to the office of the Commandant, a major who must have played a very modest part in the War, as I believe he only had three rows of ribbons.[39] He gave us some vermouth and informed us that the population was very quiet, very happy. When I said that I would like to see the mayor he sent an orderly, and in less than one minute his worship stood before us. He immediately confirmed what the major had said with regard to the population. In fact the picture which he drew brought back to memory the comment of the Queen of Roumania who, when an American lady at a reception in Belgrade told her that she lived at a place called Knoxville or Coxville in the States, replied "How nice!" The good Italians, quoth the mayor, were distributing supplies among the natives, and with the exception of the Croat *intelligentsia* they all wished for union with Italy. I asked him if he did not think that, looking at it from the economic point of view, there would be some difficulties when the island's exports—wine and oil and fish—would have to compete with the products of Italy. But he said that one must think of the other benefits—no longer would the island have to bear the hated Austrian. It was all the fault of Austria, he continued, that after 1885 the Starigrad municipality had been Croat; since then the Italians had lost their school and their orchestra. But now it would all be changed. He was clearly a product of the new dispensation; and he told me [171] that as the ex-mayor was an Austrian of course he had to be discharged. Nothing else did this gentleman tell me, which was a pity, as in a message, presumably sent by him, to an Italian newspaper, *La Dalmazia*,[40] of Zadar, it was stated that in this conversation I had displayed a supreme ignorance of local questions.... Then we all stood up and the major said that he would accompany us down to the boat. I told him that I would join him there after I had seen some Yugoslavs, and Pommerol was good enough to walk away with him while I went round the ancient little town—it even has some Cyclopæan walls—with certain Yugoslavs, two lawyers and a doctor. One of the lawyers turned out to be the ex-mayor, whose Austrianism had apparently taken a less active form than that of his successor, for he had only been an Austrian subject, while the actual mayor—Dr. Tamašković—had served, until the end of the War, in the 22nd Austrian Regiment. With regard to the events of 1885, they told me that this was the time when the Croatian national consciousness awoke, so that an insufficient number of people had remained either to support an Italian school or yet an orchestra. And now the number of Italian adherents was about 200 (out of 3600), and might increase if ice-creams were handed round in all the schools. One of my companions happened to live in the house of Hektorović, the sixteenth-century poet, and we spent a few minutes in the perfectly delightful garden with its palms and shady paths and bathing tank, like that one in the Alcazar at Seville. Then we went on to the harbour where a number of the people were collected. Pommerol was in the middle of a group of military and naval officers

and civilians, these latter being partly visitors from Istria and Zadar. Suddenly a woman, standing near me, threw her head back and cried: "Viva Italia!" when other people joined her she redoubled her efforts. I should say that about thirty people were gathered round the major, shouting for Italy, and he was obviously gratified. But then a much larger number of persons who had different sentiments began to shout for Wilson, Yugoslavia and so forth. The carabinieri rushed among them, howling vengeance. A Mrs. Politeo, who was holding a bouquet, was flung [172] down by them and trampled on. The lawyers and the doctor with whom I had been walking were all three struck over the head or on the shoulders with the butt end of muskets. (*La Dalmazia* wrote that I had been filling their heads with idle tales.) Children were screaming. I saw another woman, hatless, being dragged off by a couple of carabinieri—and a naval officer, who was disgusted, sternly ordered them to let her go—and they obeyed reluctantly. Four Dominican monks were next attacked—they had not taken part in the demonstration; it was enough for the carabinieri that they belonged to the Yugoslav party. One of them, Father Rabadan—an elderly gentleman with gold spectacles—was thrown down, struck until his face was covered with blood, and then dragged off to prison. The carabinieri were being helped by soldiers—one of these I saw in the act of loading his rifle—and the noise was tremendous. Here one would see a Yugoslav trying to tell one of the warriors that he had done nothing; then another ardito would go swooping on to his prey: one or two of the officers looked awkward—one or two actually looked exultant. As we steamed out of the harbour four or five carabinieri and arditi were running along the road parallel with us, others were climbing over the stone walls—apparently it was a man-hunt. "There are places in Dalmatia," Signor Luzzatti, an Italian ex-Premier, had been saying in the *Temps*,[41] "where Yugoslavs and Italians are mingled; but it is clear that in those circumstances the oldest and serenest civilization should prevail. Italy in her relations with other races has continued the traditions of ancient Rome.... It is their palpitating desire [*i.e.* that of Fiume, Sebenico, Zara, Traù, Spalato, etc.] to live under the direct protection of Italy." And on the next day a telegram was sent to Split from the unoccupied island of Brać, giving the names of twenty-one persons who were arrested, and the name [Semeri] of an officer who had helped to beat Father Rabadan and continued: "The carabinieri are still looking for Yugoslavs. On the occasion of the arrestment of the clerk Nikola Pavičić, the musket of an ardito went off and an [173] eye was blown out to Mr. Pavičić. Great terror prevails among the Yugoslav population." A later message, to the newspaper *Jadran* at Split, said that twenty-eight persons had been arrested and imprisoned in two narrow cells, which were overlooked from the neighbouring houses. There they were being maltreated, and for the first day being given nothing to eat. Everyone felt surprise that among the arrested was a certain Mr. Vladimir Vranković, as he was one of those who had betrayed their nationality. But after ten minutes this clumsiness on the part of a carabiniere was rectified and, by command of Major Penatta, he was released. All those who could get away from Starigrad were taking refuge in the villages. The message ended by asking for the intervention of the Entente, as the people's life was being made intolerable, and for the reason that they would not trample under foot everything which they regard as holy. But, according to *La Dalmazia*, the indignant Italian population sent to the Paris Conference a vibrating telegram, which begged for immediate annexation to Italy, and protested against those who in an unworthy and ugly manner had disturbed the place's beautiful tranquillity.... The prisoners were court-martialled at Zadar and condemned to terms that varied from four to eight months—seven of the accused, including Father Rabadan and two other Dominicans, receiving the severest sentence.... I hope the indignant Italian population dispatched, later on, a telegram of thanks to the Paris Conference for having ordered Yugoslavia to guarantee the position of the handful of Italians to be left in Yugoslav territory, and even their special commercial interests in Dalmatia; while the half million Slovenes and Croats whom Italy proposed to annex were not to be protected by an equivalent guarantee. It would be ridiculous to bind with such conditions a Great, Liberal Power.

After this it was no great surprise to hear, on reaching Hvar, the capital of the island, that our further progress was impeded. The pale Commandant of sinister aspect, this time a naval officer, Lieut. Vincenzo Villa, showed us a telegram from the Vice-Admiral at Korčula, which said that we were not to be allowed to speak to any of the inhabitants. "To explore the islands there is some [174] little difficulty," said Burton in a lecture on the ruined cities, which he visited when he was Consul at Triest. Early in the morning our cook, who went ashore to see what he could buy, was immediately arrested by the carabinieri, who were keeping order very much like those "bravissimi citadini" who in the autumn of 1870, when many of the citizens of Rome were at loggerheads with the Vatican, arrested and disarmed all those adherents of the Papacy who showed their noses outside the Vatican's portals. Our cook was afterwards released by the Commandant, who allowed him to visit the market, escorted by carabinieri. After that we returned to Split, and from there to Zadar, in order to see Admiral Millo.

One would like to know what the Admiral would have said if this interview had taken place a few months later when, in alliance with Gabriele d'Annunzio, he was in open, armed revolt against the Government of Italy. The dark-bearded, stately Admiral, Senator of the Kingdom, had not begun as yet to make that series of buccaneering speeches, and he courteously told us, more than once, that he could permit of nothing which would outrage public order. He was much afraid that if we went back to the islands we would be the cause of lamentable scenes; in fact he could not let us go without an order from his Government. "These islands," he said, "are not yet ours; we are occupying them, as you know, in the name of the Entente and the United States. You have the right," he said, "to go there; but, unfortunately, if you do, the population will give way, as they have done already, to excesses." Since the last thing that we wished was for the islanders to bring us flowers and cheer the name of Wilson—in view of what these crimes entailed—we

suggested that a small number, four or five of each party—those who desired to be with Yugoslavia and those who preferred Italy—should in succession come to us on board. Naturally we should be unable to do so if we had to visit any inland place; and after a prolonged argument the Admiral agreed to this plan. We returned to Hvar. [175]

THE AFFAIRS OF HVAR

The subordinate Admiral, from Korčula, had come across on a destroyer and was kind enough to tell us at considerable length what were his views on local and international affairs. He frankly appealed to us—and his humorous blue eyes were radiating frankness—to survey the whole matter in a broad, statesmanlike fashion. But we were less ambitious; we desired merely to be the mouthpiece of both parties. Those who first came on board were the Italianists, and I hope I shall not be considered unfair if I employ this word rather than "Italians" for a body of men, most of whom are admittedly devoid of any Italian blood and whose Italian sympathies are of very recent growth. This class numbers 9 per cent. of the population of the town. Their chief point seemed to be that the Church was opposed to them, because there was no room for clericalism in Italy (!); and the only other point worth mentioning was that Austria was to blame for the phylloxera which had played havoc with their vines. Among the Yugoslavs who succeeded these gentlemen there was an elderly priest, a canon, who related that some carabinieri—no doubt in order to display to all men that Italy had shaken herself free from clerical obscurantism—entered the church while the bishop was officiating, and hoisted on the roof an Italian flag. This canon, Dom Ivo Bojanić, could scarcely be blamed if the Italian innovations did not appeal to him. He chanced to be looking out of his window on a moonlit night and noticed that an agile policeman was climbing up to his balcony for the purpose of decorating it with an Italian flag. The old gentleman protested, and was thereupon taken to the barracks, where he remained for one day. The Yugoslavs told us that the state of things was worse than in Africa—but that was a figure of speech; the facts were that the different societies and clubs had been closed, that all persons going down to the harbour had been forbidden to speak their own language to their friends on board ship, that three Croat teachers had fled to escape being interned, while an Italian soldier who did not know a word of Croatian had been appointed in their place. [176]

FOUR MEN OF KOMIŽA

When we departed from Hvar the Admiral sent his destroyer to accompany us on our tour. She had on board a Roman journalist, Signor Roberto Buonfiglio, who was travelling in Dalmatia and the islands on behalf of the clerical *Corriere d'Italia*. The situation at Vis, the historic palm-shaded capital of the island of the same name, has already been described. The Italian Commandant, Sportiello, was a tactful and popular person; moreover the Yugoslavs were on the best of terms with Dr. Doimi, the head of one of the very rare Italian families. At Komiža, the other little town on that island, the relations between Yugoslavs and Italianists were not so cordial. But the deputation which represented the latter party comprised one man whom the Austrians had put in gaol for several years for forgery; a father and son, of whom the one had sold himself for the sake of rice, while the other had also been imprisoned by the Austrians for uttering false documents; the fourth and most innocent member—his name happened to be Innocent Buliani—had nothing to conceal except his fickleness, for in a short period he had called himself an Austrian, a Yugoslav and an Italian. None of these four was a native of the place, whereas the Yugoslavs who came to see us were natives who had risen to be the chief doctor, lawyer, priest and merchant. One of the Italianists, Antonio Spadoni, told us that the people were afraid of expressing their real wishes for union with Italy. This hypothesis might seem to demand some elucidation, but Signor Spadoni insisted on passing on to the "Workers' Society," which the young Commandant had founded for the purpose, according to Spadoni, of helping the people to find work and of looking after their interests. We were subsequently told by the Yugoslavs that the Commandant himself called the members his "Rice Italians," for many of them did not speak the language and did not even sympathize with Italy. But on joining they had committed themselves to something that was printed at the top of the paper, which part had been turned over. It really doesn't sound very worthy of a Great Power. When some of the members, [177] discovering to what they were committed, sent in their resignation, it was refused. At Komiža all the municipal officers had been discharged by the Italians, the reading-rooms and places of amusement had been closed, and the Food Administrator at Split was forbidden to send any food, lest he should interfere with the Italians' object in distributing rice, etc. Once he was permitted to forward some American flour, and the people had to pay forty crowns of duty on each hundredweight.

THE WOMEN OF BIŠEVO

From Komiža, the next morning, we steamed over on the destroyer to the wonderful blue grotto of Biševo (or Busi), which surpasses Capri. An Austrian Archduke, we were told, had once waited a week at Komiža, but had been compelled to leave without seeing the cave. We were more fortunate—the wind, the water and the sun were kind to us; we entered in a rowing-boat the little pearl-grey Gothic chapel which Nature has constructed underneath a hill, and as we gazed into the blue-green waters, through which from the rocks below a fountain of most brilliant blue was rising, every time an oar was dipped the waters painted it a silvery white. The population of Biševo consists of about 150 people, who mostly live around the little church of Saint Sylvester,

two hundred feet above the sea. They occupy themselves with sheep and fruit and bees and fish, and with the vines that are even more famous than those of Vis. A good part of the population had assembled on a grassy platform high above the entrance to the cave, and as we climbed out of the rowing-boat on to the destroyer a much larger rowing-boat came round a promontory. Sixteen women formed the crew. They sang their national Croatian songs, and when they approached us some of them stood up and, while the wind played with their straw-coloured and golden hair, they laughingly threw flowers at us. As we left Biševo the men and women high above us and the women in the boat were waving their hands; some of them were singing, others were shouting a farewell. Here and there on the sunlit waters, rising and falling, were the flowers [178] which had woven on the sea a gorgeous carpet. "Well," said the lieutenant-commander, "I admit that this is a Yugoslav island."

I forget whether Signor Buonfiglio made any remark, but a few hours later at Velaluka he was most incensed. As our boat—we had returned to the old *Porer* at Komiža—sailed into the harbour a huge Yugoslav flag was flying from the summit of a hill, with French, British and American flags around it. The destroyer had arrived before us and the burly journalist was striding up and down the quay. "I protest," he exclaimed, as he saw us, "and not as a journalist but as an Italian citizen! I protest!" Between us and the front row of houses, which included the town-major's office, there was a large empty space—the inhabitants could be descried up the side-streets and behind the windows. De Michaelis, the town-major, was evidently a superior young man; as he poured out the champagne he told us with perfect frankness that the educated people at Velaluka were Yugoslavs. Suddenly there was a terrific noise just underneath us. We hurried downstairs and found that the soldiers in their excitement had fired off a machine gun into the wall. Half an hour later the firing could be heard from the top of the hill, but we never ascertained whether anyone was wounded. In this place the Italianist party sent to us an ex-publican who had now joined the police, a small trader and a municipal clerk who had recently been imported from Zadar. The Yugoslavs were a large landowner, a doctor and a priest, who told us that the people for the most part were refusing to accept gratuitous food from the Italians.

ON THE WAY TO BLATO

We were anxious to visit Blato, an inland village of 8000 inhabitants. De Michaelis regretted very much that he had no carriage, but a Yugoslav had a quaint little car on which he was learning how to drive and he was kind enough to take us—for which he was afterwards deported [179] to Italy. The good man made so much noise in changing his gears that our progress was advertised in the uttermost fields, and very few of those who bore down upon us came unprovided with flowers. Several of the bouquets hit Pommerol or myself in the eye, and the Dutch say that the best cause has need of a good pleader. But the people were so gay, waving their hats and running after us (they did not always have to run) and shouting for the various Allies and for President Wilson. I remember two small round-eyed boys who were not old enough to run; they were standing hand in hand by the side of the road, panting the magic word "Wilson! Wilson! Wilson!" There was a sudden contrast when we jerked into the village. People were not rushing towards us, but away from us—with furious carabinieri behind them. We got into the garden in front of the *gendarmerie*; one of the men was so enraged that he kept on muttering "Bestia! Bestia! Bestia!" In the Commandant's office we met Major Federico Verdinois, the town-major, who said that if he had only known of our coming this wretched scuffle would not have happened. Even as he spoke it started again; we leaned out of the window and saw two or three persons who were being prevented by soldiers from going down the street or from going anywhere. An officer was slashing with a riding-whip at a soldier who was particularly rough. "One can do nothing with the marines; they are brutal," said Major Verdinois. At last there was peace, and the major said that an Italian deputation would come to see us. It consisted of six individuals. The Austro-Hungarian census of 1910 said that the Blato district contained 13,147 Serbo-Croats, 3 Germans and 6 Italians; but these six were not all in the deputation, for two of its members had come from Hvar, one from Zadar, two were ex-Austrian spies and one was a Yugoslav, who hoped in this way to help his people. One gentleman deplored that he had not been told about our journey; had he known he would have told his peasants to appear. Another gentleman assured us that the peasants were afraid of declaring their real wishes. Of course a country whose friends call it the most liberal in the world could not allow such a state of things to continue, and a short time after this the following Order was issued by the staff of the 66th [180] Division of Infantry:

No. 46. Confidential—Personal. VERY URGENT.

June 23, 1919.

TO THE COMMANDERS AT BENKOVAC, OBROVAC, NOVIGRAD, ERVENIK, KISTANJE, SKRADIN, BIOGRAD, NIN, GJEVERSKE, SUKOŠAN AND KARIN.

TO THE COMMAND OF THE ROYAL DIVISIONS.

It is necessary to bring about, with no delay and very discreetly, the dispatch of messages to the Prime Minister Nitti and to the Minister of Foreign Affairs Tittoni from the mayor, from societies, etc., of this garrison, expressing the people's keen desire to be annexed to Italy.

A copy of said telegram should be transmitted to me.

THE MAJOR: THE MAJOR-GENERAL:

To return to the events at Blato—while we were waiting for the Yugoslavs a woman made her way as far as the corridor, flung herself down on her knees and entreated us to protect her. Major Verdinois gave us his word of honour that no Yugoslav with whom we spoke would, for that reason, be arrested. Perhaps he was overruled by his superior officers—at all events he arrested and deported to Italy, in the night of June 19, no less than ten persons, that is, all the Yugoslavs who spoke to us at Blato, with two exceptions. [We cabled this to the Paris Conference, and after some delay the unfortunate men were repatriated.]

WHAT THE MAJOR SAID

For what happened before our arrival I am indebted to the chemist Radimiri, from whose report the following is an extract: "At ten in the morning Major Verdinois had summoned to his office the communal doctor, Moretti, and the secretary, Dragunić, both of them Yugoslavs. He told them that two Englishmen who were cruising about in the *Porer* would very likely be coming up that afternoon to Blato and he would permit no sort of demonstration. The doctor, he said, would be held responsible for any disorder; and as Moretti was about to make this known to the [181] people, who were just coming out of church, the Italian adjutant approached him with a paper and ordered him to read it to the Yugoslavs. This document—it has been preserved—is in the Serbo-Croat language and was given to the doctor because the adjutant, who did not know the language, mistook it for another one. It was an exhortation to the people, urging them to have nothing more to do with the Yugoslav *intelligentsia*, which had made a great deal of money during the War. 'And you have given your blood for four and a half years and what has been your benefit?' Dr. Moretti made a personal appeal for the maintenance of order, and the people, having called out 'Long live Wilson!' went their divers ways in peace. Nevertheless three platoons appeared, each with one officer and one N.C.O. The adjutant's platoon distinguished itself, for while the arditi attacked anyone they saw, including women and children, with the butt end of their muskets, Lieut. Giovanoni laid about him with a dog-whip. Several of the soldiers made for a group of four young fellows; three of them escaped and the fourth, Peter Kraljević, was struck with a rifle so severely across the face that he was bathed in blood. As he tried to defend himself he was shot at from a distance of three paces: one bullet went through his nose, another wounded him in the forehead. He fell to the ground, and a teacher, Mrs. Maria Grubisić, who had witnessed the whole incident, sank down unconscious at his side and was covered with his blood. Various other people were injured—three little girls received rifle shots in their bodies. All the main streets were shut off and eight machine guns were placed in readiness. But the people were not to be intimidated, and when the Englishmen arrived their national consciousness was displayed. As a result Peter Čarap was knocked unconscious with a mighty blow of a musket, the fourteen-year-old Joseph Suležić had a similar experience, and among many others who were assaulted we will only mention an ex-official, Anthony Pižtulić, a man of sixty, who was struck twice with a rifle on his stomach and then prevented from going home but chased out into the fields.... It seemed as if it would be impossible for our people to have a conversation with the [182] Englishmen, but at last twenty men and twelve girls managed to reach that house...."

THE PROTEST OF AN ITALIAN JOURNALIST

I would also give Signor Buonfiglio's dispatch from this island—it appeared in the *Corriere d'Italia* of June 16—but more than three-quarters of it is devoted to an account of some Dalmatian delegates who were received, during the War, by Francis Joseph and expressed their loyalty. The deputation was introduced by Dr. Ivčević, a Croat; and if Signor Buonfiglio wants us to deduce from this how ardently the Croats loved the Habsburgs he will have to give some other explanation for the very loyal speeches of his countryman, Dr. Ziliotto of Zadar. But I presume that his editor did not send Signor Buonfiglio on this journey to the end that he should write of what official speakers saw fit to say during the War. As for the incidents we witnessed and the islanders' aspirations, he merely says that their welcome to us was an artificial affair which the Yugoslav committees, with extreme effort, had organized—and I don't think that that is a very illuminating observation.

We learned that on arriving in Blato the Italians dissolved the town council, on account of its incapacity to do the work. However, a military man to whom it was handed over gave his opinion that he had never seen a better administration.... Out of all that we were told, I will relate the following: some Italian soldiers were playing football, and when they kicked the ball into a maize-field and continued to play amid the maize, the farmers asked them to desist. Two officers and forty men were present; they fell upon the three farmers, and when finally the major commanded them to stop, they dragged them to the barracks and thrashed them so that the people in adjacent houses heard them all the night.

On our way to the minute harbour of Pregorica, where the *Porer* was waiting for us, we had a repetition of the scenes enacted between Velaluka and Blato; and a number of young men, heedless of the risks they ran, rushed down the mountain-side to Pregorica by the shortcuts. In [183] the harbour were some carabinieri, as well as our escorting destroyer. We therefore had to leave without delay, lest the young patriots should come into contact with the carabinieri. So very hastily and in a very illegible scrawl I copied the original letter given on November 4, 1918, by Lieut. Poggi to the people of Velaluka: "We Italians," it said, "have come to Velaluka as the

friends of Yugoslavia and of the Entente. We have come as friends and not as foes, and as such I ask you to accept us. We are hoisting our flag together with that of Yugoslavia, and with your friendly consent we will keep it there until the question of the general peace is definitely arranged, according to your and our ... according to the principles of ..." The two missing words are illegible.

INTERESTING DELEGATES

Lying off Korčula, that evening, we received the usual delegates. One of the Italians, Dr. Benussi, said in a trembling, tearful voice that the Italians were far too good. And while we were hearing from one of his colleagues what were his views on the subject of a plebiscite, Dr. Benussi moaned unceasingly, "I wish I had not come! I wish I had not come!" He considered that it was outrageous of us to allude to plebiscites. The Yugoslavs did not tell us anything very thrilling; the Italian authorities persisted in writing to the peasants in Italian, of which they scarcely understand a word. What a pity that this is not their most serious fault! A barrister called Dr. Pero Cviličević came, with a companion, to see us the next day, before breakfast. He said that they, like most people on the island, were Croats; and he and his friend belonged to the Serbo-Croat party, which was, he said, a righteous, though rather a small party, as the island had been gravely handicapped by the support which Austria gave the Serbs. "And now," he added—it seemed a trifle illogical—"the people are all very contented. Believe me," he said. Furthermore, he volunteered the information that the law was being administered in the name of the Entente and the United States. It may show a distinct bias on our part, but I fear we asked him whether [184] the blows from the butt end of muskets were being applied under the same sanction.... When we paid our formal visit to the Commandant at his office on the quay he did not ask if we would care to go to one of the Italian schools. An American journalist had made a speech in Rome, describing how he had been taken to a school at Korčula, how the mistress had allowed him to ask the children if they knew Italian, how they had raised their hands, and how this had convinced him that Dalmatia should become Italian. Apparently that journalist had not been told that prior to the War this town of some 2000 inhabitants was provided with five schools in which not a single child spoke Italian, and with one school subsidized by the Liga Nazionale which—as in Albania—lured its pupils by gifts of clothing, books, etc. The teachers, from the Trentino, knew not a word of Serbo-Croat and the children not a word of Italian. But not very much harm was done, as the population considered it shameful to attend this school, and the bribes never succeeded in attracting more than thirty pupils, even when money was paid to the parents. This institution was reopened by the Italian army after the War, and presumably it is the one which the American visited. I do not know whether the schoolmistress, forewarned of his visit, had told the children in Serbo-Croat that a gentleman would come and say something in Italian, whereupon they would hold up their hands.

A DIGRESSION ON SIR ARTHUR EVANS

Seeing that the Adriatic problem, after all these months, had not been solved but on the contrary had been allowed to spread its poison more and more, one naturally wonders what was being done in Paris. The Conference was fortunate enough to have at its disposal, after the Armistice, the famous ethnologist and archæologist Sir Arthur Evans. This gentleman, whose distinctions are too numerous to mention (Fellow of Brasenose; twice President of the British Association; Keeper during twenty-four years of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; D.Litt.; LL.D.; [185] F.R.S.; P.S.A., and so forth), has for many years devoted himself to the eastern Adriatic—the second edition of his *Through Bosnia and the Herzegovina on Foot* appeared in 1877, his *Illyrian Letters* in 1878, his *Slavs and European Civilization* in the same year. He never ceased from that time onward to study these matters. "I think," he says in a letter to me from Youlbury, near Oxford, of which he kindly permits me to make any use I like, "that in some ways I have more title to speak on the Adriatic Question than any other Englishman, as Dalmatia was my headquarters for some years. Neither did I approach the question with any anti-Italian prejudices. I was so far recognized as a competent and moderate authority that I was asked by the Royal Geographical Society to give them a paper on the subject.... Anxious, with others friendly to both sides, to secure an equitable agreement between the Italians and Yugoslavs, I took part in a series of private conferences in London which led to a preliminary Agreement forming the basis on which the Congress at Rome approached the question. There the Agreement was ratified and publicly approved by Orlando. How Sonnino proceeded to try to wreck it, you will know. Finally (just before the Armistice, as it happened) there was to have been a new Congress of Nationalities at Paris, which I was asked to attend. It was stopped by the big Allies, as matters were thought too critical, owing to the submission of Bulgaria. But I thought it would be useful if I went to Paris all the same, and I obtained from the Foreign Office, War Office, etc., a passport viséd 'British War Mission.' Shortly after I arrived in Paris the Armistice was declared. Soon afterwards, owing to the departure of Mr. Steed and Dr. Seton-Watson, there was left literally no one among our countrymen at Paris who knew the intricacies of the Adriatic Question and the relations of Italy with the Yugoslavs, and the Yugoslav-Roumanian difficulties, etc. That being the case, Lord Derby asked me to be his go-between, and I had an immense lot of work thrown on my shoulders. I had gone to the expense of taking a large salon at the Hotel Continental, where I had private Conferences—the Yugoslav and Roumanian leaders there, for instance, discussed the Banat frontier question, and the conciliatory proposals made no doubt furthered the final solution, with [186] which they harmonized. When there was a serious danger of a clash between the Italian army

and the Serbian forces at Ljubljana, knowing the imminence of the danger I made such strong representations to Lord D., which he forwarded to Balfour, that immediate pressure was exercised at Rome, and the Italians just drew back in time. I also was able to convey strong monitions to the other side. I used to let our Ambassador have a short précis almost daily of affairs connected with those regions.... With great trouble I prevailed on the Yugoslav representatives to agree to a scheme, which I drew up, for the neutralization of the East Adriatic coastal waters, and this was taken up by the Americans—Colonel House inviting me to an interview on the subject, in which he expressed his approval. A copy was also sent to the F.O., and for this and for several other bits of work useful to the F.O. I received Balfour's official thanks. I had also many friendly conversations with prominent Italians in Paris, and in every way ingeminated agreement between them and the Southern Slavs. But, meanwhile, I exposed the Nationalist Italian campaign, to which Sonnino was privy, in the *Manchester Guardian*. Finally I went, at the end of 1918, for a short holiday to England, Lord Derby (with whom I always had the friendliest relations) giving me a diplomatic pass. When, however, early in January 1919 I prepared to return to Paris, where I had kept on my expensive rooms, I found difficulties in my way. Italian intrigue had apparently been on foot. I was advised to write to Lord Hardinge, and I told him briefly the circumstances. This great man never answered or acknowledged my letter, and it was only by making urgent personal representations at the F.O. that I finally got the answer that they refused me a passport.... I gather that it was not only Italian intrigue but the feeling that they did not want 'damned experts.' And so they blundered on, and to this day"—the letter is dated July 17, 1920—"nothing is settled on the Adriatic but unsettlement." [187]

THE DUPES OF NIKITA IN MONTENEGRO

Meanwhile at intervals during this year there had been troubles in Montenegro. On three occasions the Italians at Antivari had endeavoured to extend their sphere of influence, but the armed civilian population had been equal to these emergencies and had each time thrust them back to the coast. At Gaeta, between Rome and Naples, a very well-paid corps was stationed—almost every man was either a commissioned or a non-commissioned officer. The Italian Government was asked by Signor Lazari, the Socialist deputy, for what purpose it allocated 300,000 lire a month to support these peculiar troops. They were mostly Montenegrins—relatives of Nikita, members of the five favoured families, persons who were stranded and so forth; likewise at Gaeta were a number of other Yugoslavs who had been liberated from their Italian internment camps, but many of them, when they discovered what was expected of them, revolted. Thirty or forty of them managed to escape to France, and others to Montenegro, as for example the man who for twelve years had been Nikita's porter. He and three others reached Cetinje one day in August 1920 when I was there. They had with them a picture-card of the sixty-nine officers of the Gaeta army. Every one knows every one else in Montenegro and only two of these officers had held a previous commission. According to Nikita's Premier, Jovan Plamenac, the Italian Government considered this as the Montenegrin army and regarded (rather optimistically) as a loan the money it contributed to keep it up. In driblets the non-revolting part of this Gaeta army was taken to the eastern shores of the Adriatic, for the purpose of making "incidents" in Montenegro. There was a regular scale—so much in cash for the murder of a prefect, so much for a deputy. One day the father of Andrija Radović, a man of over seventy, was cut down; they waited until everyone had left the village to go to some fête in a neighbouring village, and the old man defended himself to the last.

These emissaries from Gaeta, misguided Montenegrins, other Southern Slavs and Italians, made considerable use of the mischievous speeches that were sometimes heard in the British [188] Parliament. They would explain to some poor, ignorant mountain-dweller that such great people in England were still discussing Nikita's return, and if he did return and they had listened to the voice of Radović, woe be to them. Some of these wretched dupes would follow their seducers, who—I have no doubt—would not only have declined his decorations if they had been better informed, but would have placed the matter in the hands of their solicitor, as Gabriel Rossetti threatened to do if he were ever elected to the Royal Academy. And yet, after the character of the scoundrel King was fully exposed, his advocates, so far as I know, had not the grace to own their error. Of course there was in Montenegro a certain amount of uninstigated unrest; the wine of politics, which they were now for the first time freely quaffing, had gone to their heads—it was youth against age, the students were enthusiastic Democrats, the peasants were sturdy Radicals and they did not always restrict themselves to dialectical arguments. A certain number of people had gone to live "u shumi"—"in the woods." But the reasons that impelled them were not so much their devotion to the ex-King, as their own criminal past or their poverty. Others again had taken to this life for what may be called reasons of "honour."[42] Among the brigands was a man who was captured on the borders of Herzegovina, and before his execution—he had murdered seven people—he declared that he was a patriot and had done all this for the sake of King Nicholas, his victims being members of the domineering party. But when reminded that one of them was a [189] baby, he hung his head and said no more.... There was discontent produced by the high cost of living—as the Italians not only held Antivari but even fired on French boats that were taking supplies up the river Bojana, it was necessary to revictual all except the new parts of Montenegro from Kotor. The lack of petrol, from which even the American Red Cross units were suffering, compelled the authorities to fall back on ox-waggons, which at any rate are not expeditious. By the way, it was the staff of another mission, calling itself the International Red Cross, which was to blame for adding to the country's troubles; after they had been installed for a month or two at Cetinje the people themselves, and not the authorities, turned them out, on the ground that they

had used the Red Cross to conceal their machinations in Nikita's interest. The Yugoslav Government was held up to reprobation in the British Parliament and press for having hampered more than one British mission in the work of relieving the Montenegrins. The resources of these missions appeared to be moderate—the head of one of them had a meeting with Colonels Fairclough and Anderson of the American Red Cross and suggested that they should provide him with the wherewithal for carrying on. But even if their resources had been scantier their co-operation would have been very welcome if they had satisfied the authorities that they were as non-political as the Americans. It was curious that those who in the British press ventilated the grievances of these missions were the same people who championed Nikita.

The Italians persevered in their manœuvres—Nikola Kovačević, the police commissary of [190] Grahovo, sent in the month of May a confidential man of his to the Italian General at Dobrota, near Kotor. This man, who speaks perfect Italian, told the General that ever since 1916 he had haunted the forests as the leader of a band. Fifty persons, he said, had attached themselves to him; and he had now come in for a supply of arms and money, also for instructions. It would be impossible, said he, to endure the Serbian troops much longer in the country.

ITALIAN ENDEAVOURS

"You must hold out for a couple of months longer," said the General. "I can give you no money at present, but I can take you on a steamer to San Giovanni, where we have a camp of the King's friends; and from there you can easily go to Italy."

"I have given my word of honour," said the man, "that I will not go without my people. So I must first of all go back to ask them."

"In a military way," said the General, "the Serbs can now do nothing. They had tremendous losses in the war; and in two months the King of Montenegro will return or else there will be an Italian occupation. Work hard, my friend. I want you, in the first place, to set houses on fire; then to shoot officers and officials who are for Yugoslavia. You should also rob the transports."

Thereupon the man returned to Grahovo and soon afterwards the French General Thaon, who happened to go there, spoke with him for two hours and invited him to his headquarters at Kotor.

The disturbances in Montenegro did not cease; a country through which you could formerly drive with less risk than in Paris, was now infested by outlaws and those who pursued them. And Count de Salis, who had served as H.B.M.'s Minister at Cetinje, was sent back to Montenegro on a mission of inquiry. His report was not published, for the reason that he did not beat about the bush in his references to the Italians and for the further reason that he gave the names of those persons from whom he culled his information. This was a fine opportunity for the foreign [191] busybodies who were thrusting their silly little knives into Yugoslavia. "Count de Salis reports clearly and unmistakably," said Mr. Ronald M'Neill in the House of Commons, "that in his judgment the wish of the Montenegrin people is to retain their own sovereign and their own independence." When Sir Hamar Greenwood subsequently, speaking for the Government, threw out a hint that this was not the case, it was amusing to see how the pro-Nikita party lost their interest in the report. A certain Mr. Herbert Vivian sent from Italy in April 1920 a most ferocious indictment against the Serbs in Montenegro to a London paper called the *British Citizen*. He said that the Countess de Salis, while at Cetinje, was in danger of her life. But the lady has been dead for many years. I presume this is the same Mr. Vivian who in a book, *Servia, the Poor Man's Paradise*, trembles with rage whenever a Serb speaks admiringly of Gladstone.

VARIOUS BRITISH COMMENTATORS

Count de Salis's impartial methods did not always please the population, which was by a large majority against the former king's return and—as he clearly stated—heart and soul for Yugoslavia. Balkan people do not yet, to any great extent, appreciate your desire for truth or even your honesty if you should give a hearing to their antagonists. The Cetinje public, therefore, organized a demonstration or two against the Count. They would have preferred that he should reach the afore-mentioned conclusions without such an exhaustive study of the case. He noted that there had been certain irregularities in the Yugoslav administration, but it was inevitable that in those unsettled times the inexperienced officials would not prove equal to every emergency. These officials, by the way, in 1919 were not Serbs from Serbia, but for the most part native Montenegrins. "The country is occupied and administered by foreigners," said[43] Mr. Ronald M'Neill, M.P. "Montenegro," said he, "is full of Serb officials." I suppose one must receive it more with sorrow than with anger if a man like Mr. Massingham of *The Nation* says that the [192] Serbs "have deposed the Montenegrin judges, schoolmasters, doctors, chemists and local officials, and set up their own puppets." While he might have assumed that the long years of War had left the Serbs with a very inadequate supply of officials for the old kingdom, he would have ascertained, if his sources had been more trustworthy, that Glomažić, the very human prefect of Cetinje, is a native of Nikšić, that Miloš Ivanović, the mayor, is from the Kuči, near Podgorica—and he was a magistrate under Nikita; that Bojović, the prefect of Podgorica, is a barrister of the Piperi, while Radonić, the mayor, was an artillery officer, then a political prisoner and then the food administrator under Nikita; that Jaouković, the prefect of Nikšić, was a magistrate under the old régime—he comes, I believe, from the Morača; Zerović, the mayor and an ex-magistrate, is a native of Nikšić; that the prefect of Antivari, Dr. Goinić, is a doctor of law whose home is between

Antivari and Virpazar; that Boško Bošković, the prefect of Kolačin, won great fame as an officer under Nikita, while Minić, the mayor, was Nikita's chief of the Custom-house. As for the doctors who left the country, these consisted of Matanović and Vulanović, who have gone to Novi Sad and Subotica respectively, as it is easier to make a living in those towns than in Montenegro. There are now three Yugoslav doctors at Cetinje (Odgerović, Radović—both of whom were doctors in the time of Nikita—and Matanović, a young man); they are all Montenegrins. So, too, with the chemists and the schoolmasters and the post and telegraph officials—I am sure that Mr. Massingham will excuse me if I do not mention all their names.

Since there are quite a number of Montenegrins in the Serbian administration and army, all the officers and men, for example, of the 2nd—the so-called "iron"—Regiment being of Montenegrin origin, one fails to see for what reason a Serb should be debarred from posts in Montenegro. It is unfortunate when people use the word "Montenegrin" without knowing that there is no separate Montenegrin nation, in the sense that there is a French or Italian nation. The Montenegrins are a small section of the Serbian nation, which sought a refuge among the bare, precipitous [193] mountains and, unlike the other Serbs, maintained its independence. One should, therefore, to avoid confusion, speak of Serbs of Serbia and Serbs of Montenegro rather than of Serbs and Montenegrins. The purest Serbian is spoken in western Montenegro, on the borders of Herzegovina; those districts are ethnically different from the southern region, centring round Cetinje, which is the real old Montenegro, and the north and north-eastern parts, called the Brda, which in speech and customs are akin to the south. In western Montenegro, as in Herzegovina, the people, who live among their mountains on milk and its products, are very prolific, having families of eight or ten children. They are a very healthy, moral race.

Another pro-Nikita, anti-Serbian writer, excusable only on account of his insignificance, is Mr. Devine, who teaches, I am told, at a school near Winchester and seems very unwilling to be taught. If he wishes, by producing a book on the subject, to show other people that he knows painfully little about Montenegro, that is his own affair. But he is just as ignorant with regard to his hero. He says that he "is in a position to state that there is not one single word of truth in the insinuations and charges impugning the absolute integrity and loyalty of King Nicholas towards his Allies." The King was, according to Mr. Devine, a defenceless old man whom it was very bad form to attack. But the King had been defending himself at considerable length not only in a harangue to his adherents in a Paris suburb, but also on various occasions in a newspaper, the *Journal Officiel*—and both the speech and long extracts from the newspaper are quoted, with approval, in Mr. Devine's book. This quaint person is so frantically keen to pour whitewash over Nikita that he has no time to listen to the main treacheries of Nikita's career. "Malicious falsehoods!" he splutters—and they can be traced to horrible pan-Serbians. He has reason to believe that they wish to make Serbia the Prussia of the new Federation; well, the Croats and the Slovenes and the Bosniaks and all the others cannot say that Mr. Devine has not warned them. My Montenegrin friend Mr. Burić stated in the columns of the *Saturday Review* that this odd [194] gentleman had nourished the ambition of becoming Montenegrin Minister to the Court of St. James, but that the plan did not succeed. I never saw Mr. Devine's denial—perhaps it fell into the clutches of a ruthless pan-Serbian printer. Naturally, Mr. Devine would not care to be the diplomatic representative of a villain; therefore, when he is brought face to face with certain definite charges he persists in replying "not in detail, but from the broad point of view." He is so exceedingly broad that when an accusation is levelled against the King he sees in this an accusation against the entire country—a country which unfortunately, as he says, "alone of all the Allies has no diplomatic representative in this country." Mr. Devine continues unabashed to repeat and repeat his pro-Nikita stuff in various newspapers. "Il y debvroit avoir," says Montaigne, "quelque corection des loix contre les escrivains ineptes et inutiles, comme il y a contre les vagabonds et fainéants...." Not long ago I happened to see that this egregious person described himself as "Hon. Minister Plenipotentiary for Montenegro," but another gentleman, Sir Roper Parkington, a pompous wine-merchant, announced in the Press that he had become "Minister (Hon.) of Montenegro." Perhaps one of them has resigned, and our poor overworked Foreign Office will not be invited to decide between a Minister (Hon.) and an Hon. Minister.

THE MURDER OF MILETIĆ

The Italians' stay at Kotor was drawing to an end. "We have no aggressive intentions," said Signor Scialoja, the Foreign Minister, "and we shall be glad if we are able to establish with our neighbours on the other side of the Adriatic those amicable relations"—and so forth and so forth. This he said on December 21, but if the Government was imbued with the same principles in August it is unfortunate that it omitted to instruct the responsible officers in Dalmatia. The Yugoslav commander, Lieut.-Colonel Ristić, heard one night that the Italian General at Dobrota was harbouring at his residence no less than twenty-one Montenegrin pro-Nikita komitadjis. They [195] were clad in Italian uniforms, and, as a torpedo-boat and a motor-launch were always kept with steam up, could be shipped off at a moment's notice to Italy. Colonel Ristić sent his adjutant to make inquiries, and the Italians gave their word of honour that no Montenegrins were in the house. In order to avoid a conflict Colonel Ristić then requested the French General to send an officer; but this gentleman was not received by the Italians. Four or five Montenegrins, with an Italian lieutenant, came out of the house and fired at the twenty gendarmes who now encircled it. The fire was returned—all the Montenegrins and the Italian were killed. After this the French police disarmed the remaining Montenegrins and imprisoned them; and on the following day, much to his chagrin, the Italian General was told to take up other quarters at Mula, so that he was separated by the French and the Yugoslavs from Montenegrin territory.... Not long after this

a certain Captain Miletić was cycling late one afternoon on the road to Mula. Five or six Italian soldiers lay concealed, and so expertly did they murder him that his friends who were cycling a hundred paces ahead and other friends who were fishing very near the spot in a boat heard nothing whatsoever. It was eight days after this when the Italians had to go from Kotor and the neighbourhood.

D'ANNUNZIO COMES TO RIEKA

The question of Rieka had not yet been settled. The more suave Tittoni, who had succeeded Sonnino, was hoping with the help of France to hold his own against Wilson. Monsieur Tardieu thought that the town with a large strip of hinterland should become a separate independent State under the League of Nations. An arrangement was also proposed by which the city was to be administered by Italy, while the Yugoslavs should have a guarantee of access to the sea. These negotiations were still in a nebulous state, but certain proposals were going to be put into force which were suggested by the Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry. With French, American, Italian and British representatives this commission had visited Rieka. One of the recommendations was [196] to the effect that public order should be maintained by British and American police; on the very day (September 12) that the British military police were to inaugurate their service, Gabriele d'Annunzio took matters into his own hands. He rose, he tells us, from a bed of fever and, refusing to recognize the Nitti Government, he marched with the appropriate theatrical ceremonies, into his "pearl of the Adriatic." What he called the 15th Italian victory, or, alternatively, the *Santa Entrata*—the Holy Entry—was accomplished without the shedding of a drop of blood. Rieka, the stage of many fantastic scenes, witnessed one of the quaintest in the simultaneous arrival at the Governor's palace of a General to whom the Allies had entrusted the command of the town and a rebel Lieut.-Colonel who refused to recognize his authority. They seemed to be on the best of terms. The General (Pittaluga) informed the Allies that he was still in supreme command. Being invited on the following morning to explain the situation at a conference on board the U.S.S. *Pittsburg*, at which were present the Allied naval and military commanders, General Pittaluga informed them that he would be responsible for the maintenance of order and that nothing was to be considered altered in the government of the town. Forty minutes later, without consulting the Allies, he had handed over the town to a rebel and he himself, in his private car, had vanished. In a subsequent message to the Turkish Minister in Berne, sympathizing for the Allied occupation of Constantinople, d'Annunzio's Foreign Department informed him that "the Legionaries of the Commandant d'Annunzio put to flight the English police-bullies who were biding their time to snatch the tortured city." Opinions vary as to whether the poet-pirate was at that time acting in collusion with Rome—his defiance and their thunders being included in the stage directions—or whether he was a real rebel. We may assume that Signor Nitti did not countenance the buccaneer and that if officers and civil servants diverted Government cargoes into his hands they were not acting as Government agents. As for large numbers of these officials, their secret understanding with d'Annunzio received many [197] proofs. On September 29 the *Era Nuova* reported that, two days before, Major Reina, d'Annunzio's Chief of Staff, was invited to Abbazia, where he had an interview with the Chief of Staff of the 26th Corps. Illuminating also is the report, in the *Era Nuova* of October 27, of a test case at Genoa, when a sergeant was tried for leaving his regiment and going to Rieka. The prosecutor demanded four months' detention and degradation. The court accepted the plea of the defence, which was that the court could not condemn or dishonour a soldier who was only guilty of patriotic sentiment. Moreover, it transpired that those who returned from Rieka, after receiving there a salary from both parties, were granted three weeks' leave and a reward of 100 lire. One observed that when the s.s. *Danubio* left Šibenik for Rieka with sixty waggon-loads of coal, the captain received his sailing orders from the Royal Italian port-officer. When d'Annunzio seized Rieka there was on that same night a solemn demonstration at Zadar, led by Vice-Admiral Millo, who was supposed to be governing Dalmatia in the name of the Entente.

The Consiglio Nazionale Italiano of Rieka, that self-elected body which had so often told the world that Rieka was unshakeably determined to be joined to the Motherland, now took to its bosom the modern Rienzi, regardless of that which happened to the mediæval one. The C.N.I. could now devote itself to serious executive work, for d'Annunzio—in spite of or because of his fever—relieved them of the rather exhausting task of issuing proclamations. In three months he sent out something like a thousand. He did a great many other things—he ruined, for instance, the economic life of the town. Everything had for a time gone swimmingly. The Chief of the Republic of San Marino was voicing the sentiments of numberless Italians when he saluted the poet as a great Italian patriot. Such was the feeling of the majority of the army and navy, so that the Government in Rome was made to look ridiculous. "Mark well what I am telling you," said the poet to the special correspondent of the *Gazzetta del Popolo*. "I have received a call from a superior hidden force, and though the fever burns within me I am consoled, because the War has [198] made me a mystic and I feel I am inspired from on high in this mission." D'Annunzio and his cohorts refused to have anything to do with the Cabinet. Signor Nitti, supported by the Parliament and the more responsible people, was openly attacked by the Nationalists and secretly by the profiteers and the newly rich on account of his bold taxation programme, by which he hoped to bring 30 milliards of francs into the Exchequer. The Nationalists assisted d'Annunzio to win over the army; and in northern Italy there were many who realized that an army which can be moved by such an appeal can, on the next day, rally to Bolševism. No other troops remained in Rieka, the small French and British detachments having been withdrawn.

Before this happened there occurred a repetition, on a larger scale than usual, of a few French soldiers being attacked by a body of Italian warriors who greatly outnumbered them. Some of the French were Annamites, than whom no more harmless persons can be imagined.[44] And it was in order to avoid such untoward incidents that the Franco-British troops were evacuated. [199] D'Annunzio was left to do his worst. Rieka was one of the problems which the Peace Conference had failed to solve, and now they were in much the same inglorious position as the Great Powers who in 1913 warned Turkey not to mobilize, since they would not allow the Balkan Confederation to make an attack, and after the attack gave it out that the Balkan States would not be permitted to acquire any new territory. The Supreme Council in Paris was losing its prestige very rapidly. "A little patience," begged Tittoni, "and my Government will turn out d'Annunzio." "What we want," exclaimed Clemenceau, "is a Government in Italy!"—and the Italian delegates, with flushed faces, pointed out that it was not Italy which wanted Rieka, but Rieka which wanted Italy. They would do their best, although so many men in Italy were now convinced that Rieka would sooner die than give up d'Annunzio. Presently, under his administration, it began to die. But this [200] was not altogether distasteful to certain intriguers who were interested in the future of Triest. There might also arise, to the satisfaction, of other intriguers, an armed conflict with the Yugoslavs. But nothing could be calmer than the Yugoslavs' attitude. Perhaps these barbarians—as they are often styled in Italy—were confident that justice would prevail. Perhaps they thought that they could bide their time, and certainly what happened at Trogir was not calculated to reassure the Italians.

THE GREAT INVASION OF TROGIR

The little, ancient town of Trogir lay some twelve miles to the south of the demarcation line. Its inhabitants, with the exception of five Italophil families, are Yugoslav; and in the month of September 1919 the Yugoslav army was represented by eight men. Truth compels us to mention that on a certain night these men, instead of doing patrol duty, were sleeping off the effects of a carouse; and when the townsfolk looked out of their windows in the morning they saw machine guns and Italian soldiers. At 4 a.m. they had crept into the town with the help of a certain Conte Nino di Fanfogna, who had assembled a National Guard of thirty peasants, the employees of those five families. Conte Nino was striding to and fro; he muttered threats of death. Some of the chief men, such as Dr. Marin Katalinić, Dr. Peter Sentinella and others, came together and were at a loss for some effective means to chase out the Italians, since they had not even a revolver. An American boat appeared, but the captain, when appealed to, said that he was only cruising and could not come ashore. In the town hall Count Nino, labouring under some excitement, dismissed the mayor; and when Ferri, the mayor, told him to go about his business, he protested that he was the dictator and would, if necessary, use force. Outside in the square the Italians and the people stood face to face, and suddenly a few Yugoslav flags were fluttering, and then an old man, Dr. Sentinella's father, climbed up to the place in the town hall where the Italian flag had [201] been hoisted. He tore it down. The soldiers were for shooting him, but the people began pulling the rifles out of their hands. Other soldiers, full of apprehension, dropped their rifles; the people picked them up, and those who were unacquainted with the mechanism cried out certain awe-inspiring sounds. Women and children—I fear this will not be believed; it is none the less true—women and children removed some of the men's helmets, and one group of children turned a helmet into a football. "I am a father of a family!" cried a soldier. "I am innocent, I have been deceived!" cried another. "O, Mama mia!" cried a third. They wept, they bolted into the courtyards, and the women showed them little mercy, for they tore off the men's belts and even struck them with their fists. A Mrs. Sunjara routed four men and went home with their machine gun on her back. In a few minutes the square was free of soldiers, and forty rifles were stacked in the town hall. Fifty soldiers on the quay were dealt with by a butcher who started firing at them; when they heard the shouts of the approaching crowd they threw down their weapons and fled. Two large motors escaped; the third was intercepted at the bridge, and although young Sentinella, who ordered them to stop, had forgotten his own rifle, they all—thirteen men and two officers—threw theirs away. It was suggested that the running soldiers should be pursued. "No," said an old man, "for we would kill them all. Let them rather go back without arms or helmets. It will frighten the others." ... Two hours later a party of Serbian soldiers arrived, but they were not needed, save for the protection of those who had thrown in their lot with the Italians. From Split, a few miles away, 1500 volunteers, who speedily assembled, came with knives or agricultural implements or any other weapon. "The Yugoslavs must realize," said Nitti, "that it is to their interest to maintain sincere relations of friendship with Italy."

THE SUCCESSION STATES AND THEIR MINORITIES

The Yugoslav Government—as if it had not sufficient problems to solve—was ordered now by the Peace Conference to accept sundry regulations as to the rights of minorities, the transit of [202] goods, and an equitable régime for international commerce. The other States which had inherited the Habsburg Empire were, all of them, faced with the same demands; and they objected that to sign such Articles was inconsistent with their sovereignty. The most onerous item—relating to the racial and religious minorities—had been imposed—at America's instance, owing to the manner in which the Jews were treated in Roumania, despite King Charles' promises in 1878. The Yugoslavs, with a far smaller number of Jews and no Jewish outcry, were concerned only for the principle of independence. Not having persecuted the Jews they resented having to undertake that for the future they would act in a liberal spirit. "I will have nothing to do with tolerance,"

said the Orthodox Bishop of Veršac to a deputation of Jews, when he made his formal entry into the town of Pančevo. And when they stared at him, "It is not tolerance that I will show," said he, "but love." Perhaps the Opposition in the Yugoslav Skupština might have exhibited more kindliness in its attitude towards the Government and have refrained from rousing a storm against the signature of the obnoxious Articles. The Government and the Opposition being practically of equal strength, the Ministers, who in a calm atmosphere could have explained the realities of the situation, found themselves at a grave disadvantage. They could have shown that they would be assuming obligations which they had assumed already. In Macedonia, as any traveller could see, the time-honoured custom of persecuting him who happened to be the under-dog was abandoned; the authorities preferred to ignore the religious difference between themselves and the Bulgarian party, and as the difference consisted in praying for the Exarch instead of the Patriarch in the liturgy there was not the slightest persecution needed to persuade the Exarchists to become Patriarchists. Many who had been unaware of this new spirit which informed Yugoslavia and had fled with the Bulgarian army, afterwards came back to Macedonia. Nor did the Moslems complain: two Bosnian Moslems were expressly included in the Cabinet, and every consideration was shown to them—at Ghevgeli, for instance, where building material [203]
was, after the War, so scarce that many of the inhabitants had nothing but a hole in the ground, the prefect caused the two mosques which had been destroyed by shell-fire to be reconstructed.

OBLIGATIONS IMPOSED ON THEM BECAUSE OF ROUMANIAN ANTISEMITISM

If the Serbs were to express their grievance against the Roumanian ruling class for having landed them in this position, the Roumanians would reply that the Serbs do not run the same risk as themselves of being swamped by the undesirable Galician Jew. The Roumanians argue that their peasants will go under if they are not shielded. "In our last great manœuvres," said the late King Charles to M. de Laveleye,[45] "it was proposed to entrust the supply of food to Christians. On the first day the provisions came; on the second everything was late; on the third day the whole army was dying of hunger. I was forced to make a hasty appeal to the Jews. They have great qualities—they are intelligent, energetic, economical; but these very qualities make them dangerous to us on economic grounds." Roumanians acknowledge that the agrarian policy of a few vast landowners and a submerged peasantry did not admit of peasants being made more formidable by increased education, and they doubt whether their country-folk, so fond of music and dancing and drinking, have it in them to rival those Serbian non-commissioned officers who, early in 1919, became millionaires by skilful operations on the money market in the Banat. Yet the Serbs are as much addicted as anyone to the aforementioned delights, and it is probable that the Roumanian boyars do their own people an injustice. But while the people were favoured at the expense of the immigrants—not always very effectively: the Jews have been prohibited from owning land, yet a fifth of the whole of Moldavia belongs indirectly to a single Jew—one would suppose that some distinction might have been made between the more or less pernicious alien [204]
who is apt to get the village into his toils and that other Jew whose family has lived perhaps two hundred years in the country, who feels himself a Roumanian but is legally a foreigner. One Magder, a Jewish barrister, performed such exploits at the front during the Great War that he was mentioned in the communiqué, a distinction only conferred upon two other soldiers. For one and a half years the official publications insisted on Roumanizing his name into Magdeu, after which three Cabinet meetings occupied themselves with the subject and finally announced that the error was not intentional but typographical. A French officer wished the Roumanian Croix de Guerre to be given to him, but Headquarters refused the request on the ground that he was a Jew. One cannot blame the United States for taking the initiative in compelling the Roumanians to modify their legislation, since the clauses of the Treaty of Berlin were merely carried out to the extent of naturalizing a maximum of fifty Jews a year, each case having to undergo innumerable formalities, accompanied with payments to deputies and others that rose to 30,000 francs. Many Jews volunteered for the army in 1913 for the sake of thus obtaining the naturalization that was promised them as a reward; but these promises were frequently not kept. A good deal of injustice occurred during the Great War: the *Moniteur Officiel*, No. 261 (of February 2, 1918), printed a decree relating to one Kaufman, who together with two Christian soldiers had been away from his corps for twelve days in the previous September. Kaufman was condemned to death, and the others to five years' hard labour. When the King was asked to deal more equitably with the three men, Kaufman's sentence was commuted to "hard labour without limit," *i.e.* for life. It is superfluous to give many illustrations: at Falticeni seventy-two Jews were imprisoned without a trial for four months, though twelve of them were Roumanian citizens and veterans of 1877, while most of the others had sons at the front; at the village of Frumusica a major caused the Jews to come out of their synagogue in order to listen to a speech in which he advised the Christian soldiers to watch them well, as they were worse than the Germans. No doubt there [205]
were Jews in the Roumanian army whose patriotism was less than ardent—and who can blame them? In the 69th Regiment a special corps of Jews was clothed in the discarded, dark uniform that was more visible to the enemy. In the 65th Regiment Jon Dumitru was paid 14 francs a month for spying on his Jewish comrades. At the battle of Savarat, to cover the retreat of three battalions, a special corps of Jews was formed—one hundred and twenty-two men under a Jewish second lieutenant; all but three of them were killed or wounded. After this retreat the General, who lost his head, commanded that the survivors should be killed wholesale on account of self-inflicted wounds; but seeing that they were so numerous (and innocent) he pardoned them, and only executed two Jews, Lubis Strul and Hascal Simha, *pour encourager les autres*. A young doctor, 2nd Lieutenant Cohn, who came back from Paris, contracted typhus at the hospital where he was serving; afterwards he was sent to the 26th Regiment and kept under observation; it was

most suspicious, said the authorities, that a Jew should return from France for his military service. A reward of 2000 francs was offered to anyone who could supply incriminating evidence against the doctor, but this was offered in vain. The Jews, by the way, were told that while they would be removed from menial positions in the hospitals they "would be tolerated" as doctors—and nearly a hundred of these doctors died on active service.

The better class of Roumanians, such as Take Jonescu, is opposed to such methods—he was therefore charged with being in the pay of the Jews, although he was a wealthy man (a very successful barrister) whom politics made poorer. It remains to be seen whether the Roumanians—whose position with regard to the Jews is, partly through their own fault, not without peril—will be willing to put into effect those reforms to which the Supreme Council compelled them to subscribe. The Article in question will probably become a moral weapon, since the Roumanians regard themselves as on a higher level than the Balkan peoples, and will not desire that continual complaints should be made against them. One does not expect their prejudices and their [206] apprehensions to be suddenly renounced—instead of judging each case individually, the railway administration, after the Government had agreed that the Jews *en bloc* could become citizens, barred them *en bloc* from that particular service by requiring that candidates should present their certificates of baptism. The Agricultural Syndicates have also introduced a statute which limits their organizations to Roumanian citizens who profess the Christian religion. Gradually—one hopes, for the sake of their country—the Roumanians will bring themselves to adopt a less timorous spirit, and to acknowledge that it is more dangerous to the Fatherland if a Jew as such is prevented than if he is permitted to hold the office of street-sweeper. From such lowly public offices, or from that of University Professor, no citizen should be excluded on religious grounds or admitted to them "by exceptional concession." And if a Jewish cab-driver at Bucharest is so severely flogged by his passengers outside the chief railway-station that he succumbs in the hospital to his injuries—a fate that overtook one Mendel Blumenthal, a man fifty-three years of age, in September 1919—one trusts that a newspaper article asking for an inquiry will henceforward not be censored. "It is true," said Dr. Vaida-Voevod, then the Prime Minister, "that the Jews still evince some reluctance to assimilate intellectually with our people or to identify their interests with those of the Roumanian State. But goodwill should be shown on both sides, and the overtures should be reciprocal." Thanks very largely to the former Liberal Premier, M. Bratiano, whose party was responsible for much illiberal legislation—one of his powerful brothers was popularly said to eat a Jew at every meal—the Supreme Council acted in such a manner as to produce a particularly unwanted crisis in the Yugoslav political world. Neither Roumanian nor Yugoslav need, in the opinion of Take Jonescu, have considered that their dignity was being slighted, for the tendency of the League of Nations is to limit the free will of each of them. The cardinal doctrine of the League, as Lord Robert Cecil has pointed out, is that its members are *not* masters in their own house, but must obey the decision of the majority. However, the Opposition [207] in the Belgrade Skupština could not resist from using the delicate situation for what many of the deputies thought was a patriotic course of conduct, and nearly all of them regarded as an admirable party cry.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] *The Defeat of Austria, as seen by the 7th Division.* London, 1919.

[2] *Contemporary Review*, February 1920.

[3] Afterwards Yugoslav Minister at Madrid and then at Washington.

[4] *Fortnightly Review*, June 1919.

[5] Cf. *Manchester Guardian*, December 13, 1918.

[6] *Land and Water*, May 29, 1919.

[7] *Nineteenth Century and After*, November 1920.

[8] *Au Secours des Enfants Serbes.* Paris, 1916.

[9] Several old wooden warships, such as the *Aurora*, the *Schwartzenberg* and the *Vulcan*, were lying for years in Šibenik harbour, where they were used as repair-ships, store-ships, etc. When the Italians evacuated Dalmatia they took these vessels with them, but whether on account of their contents or their history we do not know.

[10] Cf. *Die Handelsstrassen und Bergwerke von Serbien und Bosnien wahrend des Mittelalters*, by Dr. Constantin Jireček. Prague, 1879.

[11] It is instructive to examine the attendance figures at the schools of this the only Italian town of Dalmatia, as the Italians call it. The figures are those of the school year 1918-1919, and refer both to elementary and secondary schools:

Yugoslav Schools.		
Elementary School for Boys	Pupils,	342
Elementary School for Girls	"	331
Combined Elementary School	"	222
Higher Elementary School for Girls	"	121
Teachers' Training College	"	70

Classical College	"	469
	Total of Yugoslav Pupils,	1555

Italian Schools.		
Elementary School for Boys	Pupils,	250
Elementary School for Girls	"	221
Higher Elementary School	"	93
Classical College	"	157
Technical College	"	181
	Total of Italian Pupils,	902

I do not know what were the facts ascertained on the spot by Mr. Hilaire Belloc which enabled him, without any reservations, to inform the readers of *Land and Water* (June 5, 1919) that "Zara is quite Italian." He added that "Sebenia is Italian too." If this be so, how comes it that in 1919 the Italian authorities found it necessary to terrorize Sebenico (Šibenik)—which is presumably the town Mr. Belloc refers to—with machine guns and hordes of secret police and the very lurid threats of Colonel Cappone, the town commandant? I believe it is nearer the truth to say that the population of this town consists of some 13,000 Yugoslavs and 400 *Italianists*.

[12] This prelate died in December 1920. With fearless patriotism, said the *Tablet* (January 1, 1921), he "had defended his flock from the Germanizing influence of the Habsburgs and the more insidious encroachments of the Italians."

[13] The population of Veprinac, according to the last census, is: Yugoslavs, 2505 (83·7 per cent.); Italians, 24 (0·8 per cent.); Germans, 422 (4·1 per cent.).

[14] Pribičević issued a statement to the effect that the interviewer, Magrini, had put into his mouth the precise opposite of what he had said with regard to Triest and Pola. Pribičević had told him that the whole of Istria, with Triest, should be Yugoslav. He reminded Magrini that a third person was present at the interview.

[15] The supplies for the Austro-Hungarian army in Albania had been concentrated at Rieka. These had to be guarded by Yugoslav troops, as the Hungarian watchmen at the port had disappeared, and the Russian prisoners employed there—about 500 men—had also vanished. In order to keep off nocturnal plunderers, the Yugoslav troops were told to fire a few shots now and then into the air. Is it not possible that the two Italian boys who, as Mr. Beaumont reported, were hit during the night by stray bullets and succumbed in hospital to their injuries—is it not possible that they were out for plunder and that this incident should not be used to illustrate what Mr. Beaumont (of the *Daily Telegraph*) calls "the worst characteristics of Balkan terrorism" on the part of the troops? During the twenty days of the Yugoslav régime their authorities sold, as they were justified in doing, tobacco from these warehouses to the value of 120,000 crowns. It was generally said in Rieka that the Italians in four days had given away six million crowns' worth, that large quantities of flour were removed until the British put a stop to this, and that the robberies were flagrant. These allegations may have been untrue or exaggerated, but individuals were pointed out who in a mysterious manner had suddenly become affluent; it would at any rate have been as well if the I.N.C. had ordered some investigation. Since they failed to do so, it is natural that gossip flourished. In Triest, by the way, even the Italian population is reputed to have been disgusted when about forty waggon-loads of flour and twenty of sugar were taken from the stores of the former Austrian army and shipped to Italy.

[16] Most people have assumed that this was done in order that Rieka should be left to Austria-Hungary, although they should have taken with some grains of salt this Italian generosity which presented the Habsburgs with a good harbour instead of one of those others in Croatia which the Italians of to-day are never weary of extolling. The real reasons why Rieka was omitted from the Treaty of London are, as the *Secolo* (January 12, 1919) remarks, perfectly well known. "In order," it says, "to claim Fiume it is necessary to make appeal to the right of the people to dispose freely of themselves. In this case the same principle must be admitted for the people of Dalmatia, who are Slav in a crushing majority. But this is precisely the negation of the Treaty of London."

[17] The Italianist employés of the Rieka town council who took the census in 1910 asked the humbler classes if they were acquainted with the Italian language; those from whom they received an affirmative reply were put down as Italians. Had they, on the other hand, asked the people if they spoke Croatian and put down as Croats those who answered yes, there would, in the opinion of an expert, Dr. Arthur Gavazzi, have remained not one single Italian—certainly not the members of the Italian National Council—as everyone, he says, speaks and knows Croat. This is a fairly emphatic proof that the fortunes of Rieka are bound up with those of its suburbs and the hinterland.

[18] Being the senior in rank of the Allied Generals, General Grazioli claimed supreme command of all the Allied troops, but this the French General refused, maintaining—much to the disgust of the Italians—that he was under the orders of Franchet d'Espérey, who was then in command of the Army of the Orient. The Italians were so determined to preserve in their own hands the military supremacy that a very senior General, one Caneva, was kept in the background of the palace with the sole object of stepping forward if any Allied officer senior to General Grazioli should by chance be posted to the town. The disrespectful Allies used to call Caneva "the man in the cellar."

[19] The town of Yugoslavia which, after Austria's collapse, was stirred the most profoundly by its postage stamps was Zagreb. In order to commemorate the establishment of the new State the Croatian Post Office published four stamps, which were on sale on November 29. The whole edition consisted of 100,000 stamps, of which 24,000 were allotted to Zagreb, the rest going to other parts of the province. It was obvious that there would be a great demand for these

stamps, and in order to check any abuses or clandestine traffic it was decided that they should be sold nowhere but at the post offices, also that each purchaser would only be allowed to buy a limited quantity. At 8 a.m. the sale began, but at seven many hundreds of people were waiting outside the chief post office, the post office at the station and another in the Upper Town. The face value of the four stamps, added together, was one crown. At first they were resold for between 4 and 20 crowns, then the price jumped to 30, and by 10 a.m. the 45-heller stamp (of which only 15,000 had been printed) was sold out. Collectors were paying 8 or 10 crowns for it, in order to complete their sets. At noon the offices were all shut, as the rush was considered too dangerous. More than 1000 persons were in the great hall at the Head Office and another 2000 were gathered outside. Nearly all the windows where the stamps were being sold were broken. At the Station Post Office the people began to fight with the sentries. The National Guard had to be sent for. At 4 p.m. the post offices had no stamps left (and citizens who had been waiting all day to buy an ordinary stamp could not be served). At 5 p.m. people who for the first time in their lives were taking an interest in philately, wanted 300-500 crowns from collectors for a whole series. Between 5 and 6 p.m. a stamp exchange was held in the entrance hall. Eight hundred to one thousand crowns were being demanded for the series. Soldiers were willing to give the four stamps in exchange for a pair of boots, others were asking for sugar, coffee or petrol. The price which was ultimately established was 250 crowns.

[20] Out of the hundreds of available documents it will suffice if I print one. It is the report, given in his words, of a Dalmatian, a native of Sinj, who having been an emigrant could write in English. "On July 1915 I came to the Italian front, and on the morrow I went across the lines and deserted to the Italians. As soon as I arrived at the station of internment I requested the Command to be admitted as a voluntary into the Serbian army. This petition of mine was answered by Italian authorities in the negative. After the Congress of Rome in 1918 I and some of my comrades who had recently applied for admission were permitted to join the Yugoslav legion on June 1. I was right away sent to the front of the Tyrol, where on August 7 I was wounded in a hard bayonet fight. On this occasion I was decorated by the Italian Commander for valour. After 45 days of hospital by my own request I was sent to the front, where I remained up to the break-up of Austria or until we Yugoslav legion were disarmed by Italians and as a reward for our participation in the war we were interned as prisoners of war at Casale di Altamura in the province of Bari. Four days after my internment I succeeded in sliding away, so that on the Christmas Eve I was again in Dalmatia. (Signed) JAKOV DELONGA."

[21] "In tra 'l gregge che misero e raro
L'asburgese predon t' ha lasciato,
Perche piangi, o fratello croato,
Il figiul che in Italia mori."

("There among the woebegone where the most contemptible Habsburger has abandoned his prey, so that, O my Croat brother, it weeps for the dear son who died in Italy.")

[22] April 23, 1919.

[23] Cf. *La Slavisation de la Dalmatie.* Paris, 1917.

[24] The Italians are very poorly served by some of their advocates. For years they persisted in demanding the execution of whatever in the Treaty or Pact of London was obnoxious to the Serbs, while they regarded as obsolete another clause, respecting the formation of a small independent Albania, which was distasteful to themselves, and—if I rightly understand the Italophil Mr. H. E. Goad—they were justified because, forsooth, Bulgaria had entered the War on the other side. To say that the idea of this small Albania, with corresponding compensations to the Serbs and Greeks, was held out as a bribe to the Bulgars does not seem to me a very wise remark. However, "ne croyez pas le père Bonnet," said Montesquieu, "lorsqu'il dit du mal de moi, ni moi-même lorsque je dis du mal du père Bonnet, parce que nous nous sommes brouillés." Let the reader trust in nothing but the facts, and I hope that those which I present are not an unfair selection.

[25] When Supilo, the late Dalmatian leader, heard about the secret Treaty, he went to Petrograd and saw Sazonov. The interview is said to have been stormy, for the Russian Minister, according to the *Primorske Novine* (April 23, 1919), "had not the most elementary knowledge of the Slav nature of Dalmatia, still less of Istria, Triest, Gorica and the rest." Mr. Asquith, whom Supilo afterwards visited in London, is said to have been no better informed than Sazonov.

[26] And appearing subsequently in London, as Nikita's Prime Minister, was the central figure of a reception given by Lord Sydenham at the Savoy. But out of fairness to his lordship I must add that in an hour's conversation he impressed me with the fact that he was even less acquainted with Plamenac's antecedents than he was with other Montenegrin affairs, which he raised on more than one occasion in the House of Lords, endeavouring there—until Lord Curzon overwhelmed him—to play the part that was assumed by Mr. M'Neill in the Commons.

[27] We shall see that the subsequent history of this officer was less laudable.

[28] Cf. *Nineteenth Century and After*, January 1921.

[29] This very able priest became Vice-President of the Council of Ministers when the first Yugoslav Cabinet was formed. When Cardinal Bourne visited Belgrade in the spring of 1919 a Mass was celebrated by the Yugoslav Cabinet Minister, the British Cardinal and a French priest who was an aviation captain in the army. Monsignor Korošec's position reminds one that in the early days of Bulgaria's freedom her Premier was the Archbishop of Trnovo.

[30] Cf. p. 60, Vol. II.

[31] Cf. *The New Europe*, March 27, 1919.

[32] There are in the Banat some ultra-patriotic Magyars, such as the man at Antanfalva (Kovačiča) who, having lost something between his house and the post office, insisted on advertising for it in the Buda-Pest papers. But the Yugoslav rule was so satisfactory that, two or three years after the Armistice, I found in the large Hungarian village of Debelyacsa—where the *intelligentsia*

called the sympathetic Serbian notary by his Christian name—not one of the inhabitants proposed to remove to Hungary. No doubt the goodness of the soil had something to do with this decision, but, more, the liberal methods of the Serbs. No military service was as yet exacted—all that the Magyars had been asked to do was to work for two months in obliterating the ravages of war. The priest and the schoolmaster who had come from Hungary before the War still exercised their functions, and—in contrast with what had previously been the case—both the Magyar and the Serbian language were taught, the latter from the third class upwards. Altogether there was perfect harmony between the Magyars and the Serbs; when I was there the only racial question which occupied the Magyar farmers was the resolve of their *intelligentsia* to have, as centre-half in the football team, not a Magyar but a more skilful Jewish player.

[33] The Southern Slavs generally acknowledged that the Foreign Office was bound to behave to Italy, one of the Great Powers, with a certain deference. They also recognize that the Foreign Office is not actuated by malevolence if she treats Belgrade as she did Morocco, when in place of the strikingly appropriate and picturesque appointment of Sir Richard Burton our Legation there was occupied by one of a series of diplomatic automata. After all, these automata, who have spent more or less laborious years in the service, have to be deposited somewhere. But if one does not demand of the Foreign Office that she should make a rule of sending to the Balkans, where the personal factor is so important, such a man as the brilliant O'Beirne, who during the War was dispatched too late to Bulgaria, yet a moderate level should be maintained—it has happened before now that we have been represented in a Balkan country by a Minister who, some time after his arrival, had not read a Treaty dealing with those people and of which Great Britain was one of the high contracting parties; when taxed with this omission the aforesaid Minister hung his head like a guilty schoolboy.

[34] October 13, 1921.

[35] This has been done, but to a much more limited extent, in Hungary where several hundred men who distinguished themselves in the European War have been granted the Gold Medal for Bravery, which entitles each of them to a goodly portion of land. This the recipient may not sell, but he need not leave it to his eldest son if a younger one is more interested in agriculture. Each medallist, by the way, is authorized to exhibit outside his house a notice which informs the world that he possesses this most treasured decoration; but perhaps to our eyes the strangest privilege the Medal carries with it is the permission to write "Vitez" (which is the Hungarian for "brave") in front of the name. Thus if Koranji Sandor is decorated he is to call himself henceforward Vitez Koranji Sandor, and that is the correct address on an envelope. Not only is the honorific awarded to him, but is to be used by all his sons and by their sons. We might imagine that a man would shrink from permanently calling himself Brave John Smith, especially if he has been very brave, but the average Magyar will not feel excessively awkward, since he is not altogether repelled by that which is garish.

[36] The Czechs believe that Agrarian Reform should be the work of a generation. They are beginning on the very large estates, those which run to more than 50,000 hectares, and in calculating the price to be paid, 40 per cent. is deducted for the State on properties of this size. On those of between 20,000 and 50,000 hectares 30 per cent. is deducted, and so on down to the 5 per cent., which is appropriated from the holdings of from 1000 to 2000 hectares. It is also the Government's intention in Czecho-Slovakia to take in hand such properties as are badly administered, and, by a wise proviso, when a denunciation arrives to the effect, for example, that the proprietor is not using manure and that thus the State is suffering injury, a dozen men, belonging to the various political parties, go down to investigate. If they find that the accusation is not justified and that the place is satisfactorily worked, then the man who made the charge is obliged to pay the examining committee's expenses.

[37] The trouble arose at the end of May when a number of citizens of Šibenik, men and women, donned the American colours as a compliment to the sailors of the U.S. warship *Maddalena*, who had taken to wearing those of Yugoslavia. The Šibenik ladies and men, relying perhaps on the words of Admiral Millo with regard to Allied colours, never dreamed that any objection would be made. But suddenly one evening everybody with these colours was attacked by Italian soldiers, who tore them off and explained that it was done by the General's order. Italian officers did not interfere while ladies were being very roughly handled. A certain Jakovljević, a shopkeeper, who had sold an American flag, was imprisoned. On the same evening a number of prominent citizens were summoned before the town commandant, Colonel Cappone, who spoke as follows: "A Croat, a Croat has dared to display a flag before an ardito!" [An American flag.] "This fool! instead of giving him a black eye, the ardito pulled off his flag. This is Italy! Mind you don't go to the *Maddalena* to-morrow! Whatever it costs me, I shall prevent it! You are the leaders who will be responsible for anything that happens to-morrow." [This was the eve of the Italian national celebration of June 1.] "Our arditi are blood-thirsty; do not be surprised if some lady of yours receives a black eye.... We are the masters here! This is Italy! This is Italy! We have won the War, we have spent milliards and sacrificed millions of soldiers." On this Mr. Miše Ivanović remarked: "I beg your pardon, but the Paris Conference has not yet decided the fate of these territories." And the Colonel replied, "It has been decided! But even if we had to leave, remember that on taking down our flag we shall destroy everything, with 5000 machine guns, 2000 guns and 40,000 men! Good night, gentlemen." This declaration made by the town commandant, presumably a responsible officer, was testified by the signature of all those who were present.... When, in 1921, the Italians were leaving Šibenik they destroyed a large number of young trees in the park and elsewhere. The Venetians, in the Middle Ages, had cut down millions of Dalmatian trees, but always with a utilitarian purpose.

[38] In view of what the census said with regard to this place it is superfluous to add that when an Italian officer in my hearing asked one who was stationed there if there was any social life, the other answered: "None at all; the whole population is Slav." I find that *Modern Italy* (published in London) quoted with approval the following telegram which appeared, it said, in the *Tempo* of May 9: "A remarkably enthusiastic celebration took place at Obrovazzo. Several thousands, including representatives of the neighbouring villages, formed a procession and marched through the town. In the principal piazza, the President of the National party, Bertuzzi,

delivered a stirring speech, which was enthusiastically applauded."

[39] It is customary for Serbian officers to wear but one decoration, the highest among those to which they are entitled. To illustrate this Serbian modesty regarding honorifics, I might mention that one evening at the house of a Belgrade lawyer I heard his wife, a Scotswoman, to whom he had been married for more than a year, ascertain that he had won the Obilić medal for bravery and several other decorations which—and his case was typical—he had not troubled to procure.

[40] June 24, 1919.

[41] May 15, 1919.

[42] Mr. Leiper in the *Morning Post* (June 23, 1920) scouts the idea of these malcontents being the supporters of Nikita, who "were all laid by the heels or driven out of the country long ago—largely by the inhabitants themselves." He observes that the land is one land with Serbian soil—its frontiers are merely the artificial imposition of kings and policies. The nations, he points out, are not two but one—one in blood, in temperament, in habits, in tradition, in language; round the fireside they tell their children the same stories, sing them the same songs: the greatest poem in Serbian literature, as all the world knows, was written by a Prince-Bishop of Montenegro. Since the day when the Serbian State came into existence it has been, he says, the constant, burning desire of the Montenegrins to be joined to it. We may well rub our eyes at a letter in the same newspaper from Lord Sydenham, who makes the perfectly inane remark that this constant, burning desire was never probable. "Montenegro already *is* Serbia," says Mr. Leiper, "and Serbia Montenegro, in every way except verbally." But Lord Sydenham has set himself up as a stern critic of the Serbs in Montenegro; therefore he cannot countenance the Leiper articles, which give him "pain and surprise." Is he surprised that Mr. Leiper, a shrewd Scottish traveller, who is acquainted with the language, should disagree with him? "The great mass of the people," says Mr. Leiper, "are as firm as a rock in their determination that Nicholas shall never return." Listen to Lord Sydenham: "I am afraid," says he, "that your correspondent has been misled by the raging, tearing Serbian propaganda with which I am familiar." And he quotes for our benefit an unnamed correspondent of his in Montenegro who says that the people there are terrified of speaking. It is much to be desired that a little of this terror might invade a gentleman who plunges headlong into matters which he does not understand.

[43] Cf. *Morning Post*, November 17, 1920.

[44] A most vivid account of this affair was contributed to the *Chicago Tribune* (July 13, 1919) by its correspondent, Thomas Stewart Ryan, one of the two neutral eye-witnesses. He came to the conclusion that as Italy was an interested party and was exasperated by the long delay in the decision, an outbreak even more violent might occur unless her forces were brought down to the level of the other Allies. In alliance with the city rabble, the Giovani Fiumani, Italian soldiers attacked the French: "I can state emphatically," says Mr. Ryan, "that the French guards did nothing whatever to provoke the assault, some details of which would blot the escutcheon of most savage tribes. I saw soldiers of France killed, after surrender, by their supposed Allies.... I could scarcely believe my ears when Italian officers rapped out the order to load. But they seemed to remember that Frenchmen can fight." However, he also saw an Italian officer who "prevented this murder and held back the civilians who were trying to reach their victim. I must record it to the credit of this officer that his was the only Italian voice to defend the game little soldier. 'A hundred against one! Shame on you, soldiers of Italy!' I wish I knew this officer's name." At another part of the harbour, "A British naval officer, fearing that the wounded Frenchman would be stabbed inside the court to which he was dragged, followed the body and defied the captain of carabinieri, who ordered him to leave." And at the close "I was no longer alone with my friend as a neutral eye-witness. The British Admiral Sinclair appeared, causing much perturbation to the Italian officers, who though some of them had just taken part in the shambles, were already glib with excuses. 'The British Admiral wants to know' was enough to bring the Italian officer running and bowing, with 'I beg of you....' 'We are willing to explain all....' American naval officers of the destroyer *Talbot* were also among this post-mortem crowd. In a French motor bearing two Italian officers who stood up to ward off possible shots, came a French captain. He was of that calm, splendid type that makes you think of the Chevalier Bayard, a knightly figure. Quietly he moved among his dead. Not by the flicker of an eyelid did he give token of what was working deep down in that French heart of his. I heard an Italian officer tell him that the French had started the most regrettable affair by firing on the Italian ships. The officer spoke this falsehood under the glazed stare of the French dead and the protesting gaze of the wounded. The French captain nodded his head, remarked, 'Oh yes! of course. Now we must only pick up the wounded,' and, with all the gentleness of a mother beside her child's sick-bed...." A very good account of this shocking episode is contained in *A Political Escapade: The Story of Fiume and d'Annunzio*, by J. N. Macdonald, O.S.B. (London, 1921). His narrative is extremely well documented—he appears to have been a member of the British Mission. "It is incomprehensible," says he, "how officers and men could attack the very post that they had been sent to defend. Moreover, they were over 100 strong and fully armed, whereas the French garrison was small and had no intention of putting up a defence." One of the lesser outrages described by Father Macdonald, since it was not attended with fatal results, was that which happened to Captain Gaillard, who from his window saw an Italian lieutenant shoot and kill with his revolver an unarmed Annamese. The captain cried out with rage, and when his room was entered by fifteen men carrying rifles with fixed bayonets and they ordered him to go with them, Madame Gaillard tried to intervene and received a blow on the arm dealt with the butt end of a rifle. At this juncture an Italian officer appeared and roughly told Gaillard to come without further delay. A mob of civilians and soldiers who were outside greeted Gaillard with a shower of blows, and while they went along the street, the officer escorting him kept up a volley of abuse against France and England. Very fortunately for Gaillard he was brought into the presence of an Italian officer to whom he was personally known. This gentleman, looking very uneasy, refused to give the name of his brother-officer, but caused the Frenchman to be released.

[45] Cf. *The Balkan Peninsula* (English translation). London, 1887.

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FURTHER MONTHS OF TRIAL

D'Annunzio spreads himself—The wave of Italian Imperialism—Their wish for Rieka, dead or alive—Fruitless efforts of Italy's allies—Some of Rieka's scandals—Progress of the Yugoslav idea—Despite the new phenomenon of Communism—The rise and fall of Communism in Yugoslavia—Other lions in the path—The nadir of Devine and Nikita—A General—Two comic pro-Italians in our midst—The belated Treaty of Rapallo—Its probable fruits—New forces in the first Yugoslav Parliament—(*a*) Marković, the Communist—(*b*) Radić, the much-discussed—The Serbs and the Croats—The sad case of Pribićevič—Lessons of the Montenegrin Elections—Which one gentleman refuses to take—Mediæval doings at Rieka—The stricken town—Hopes in the Little Entente.

D'ANNUNZIO SPREADS HIMSELF

When the Serbian army came, during the Balkan War, into the historic town of Prilep a certain soldier sent his family an interesting letter, which was found a few years afterwards at Niš and printed in a book. One passage tells about a conversation as to a disputed point of mediæval history between the soldier and a chance acquaintance. "Brother," said the Serb, "whose is this town?" And the man of Prilep recognized at once that his catechist was not referring to the actual possessor but to Marko of the legendary exploits. When the same question was asked of Gabriele d'Annunzio he said that Rieka was Italian then and for ever, and that he who proclaimed its annexation to Italy was a mutilated war-combatant. Most of the citizens, as time went on, began to think that they would sooner hear about Rieka's annexation to another land, which was the work of Nature. Those who did not entertain this view were the salaried assistants of d'Annunzio [209] and the speculators who had bought up millions of crowns in the hope that Italy, as mistress of Rieka, would change them into lire, even if she did not give so good a rate as at Triest. The poet addressed himself to the France of Victor Hugo, the England of Milton, and the America of Lincoln, but not to the business men of Rieka, who would have told him that 70 per cent. of the property, both movable and immovable, was Yugoslav, while 10 per cent. was Italian and the rest in the hands of foreigners. Not waiting to listen to such details, d'Annunzio sailed, with a thousand men, to Zadar, had a conference with Admiral Millo, and won him over. Whether he would have persuaded Victor Hugo, Milton or Abraham Lincoln, we must gravely doubt. "I am not bound to win," says Lincoln, whom we may take as the spokesman of the trio, "but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong." In view of the wilful trespass committed by Italians on the property and rights of the Yugoslavs and the oft-repeated guarantees of protection given to the Slavs by the American Government against such invasion, it is passing strange that d'Annunzio should have appealed to Abraham Lincoln of all people. As for Admiral Millo, he telegraphed to Rome that he had thrown in his fortunes with those of d'Annunzio, and he made to the populace a very fiery speech. It is not known whether he communicated with the France of Clemenceau, the England of Lloyd George and the America of Wilson, whose representative he apparently continued to be for the rest of Dalmatia, while relinquishing that post with regard to Zadar, his residence.

THE WAVE OF ITALIAN IMPERIALISM

If Admiral Millo's rebellion had been published in the press of November 16th, it is most likely that 250, instead of 160, Socialists would have been successful at the General Election—an election which Signor Nitti, that very able parliamentarian, had brought about for the purpose, [210] amongst other things, of testing the forces and popularity of the Nationalist party. The old Chamber had—voicing the wishes of the people—voted for the open annexation of Rieka, without war or violence; the Nationalists, in order to gain their ends, would seemingly have stopped at nothing. Military adventures, the breaking of alliances, agrarian and industrial upheaval—it was all the same to them. They scoffed at the common sense of the imperturbable Nitti when he said that the Italians, like their Roman ancestors, must return to the plough. Furiously they harped upon the facts that bread was dearer now, that coal was nearly unprocurable. And Giolitti, who in 1915 had strenuously tried to keep the country neutral, said in a great speech before this 1919 election that the War had been waged between England and Germany for the supremacy of the survivor and that Italy should never have participated. He enlarged upon the fearful sufferings of his countrymen, and he compared the gains of Italy with those of her Allies. Nor was he deterred when Signor Salandra, the former Premier, called him Italy's evil spirit who, devoid of any patriotism, would have sold the Fatherland to the Central Powers for a mess of pottage. Giolitti, on whom 300 deputies had left their cards in the tragic hours before the declaration of war, had good reason to know that even if Giolittism had melted away, the House had secretly remained Giolittian.

A new electoral system was introduced, whereby the people voted for programmes and parties

rather than directly for individual candidates. This, it was hoped, would render corruption more difficult by enclosing the individual within the framework of the list, and it was also hoped that there would be less violence than usual. As a matter of fact there probably was a diminution with respect to these two practices, but only because of the large number of abstentions—merely 29 per cent. voted in Rome, 38 per cent. in Naples, and in Turin scarcely more. The people were tired of the excessive complexity and dissimulation of Italian politics. There was a good deal of violence—in Milan, Florence, Bologna and Sicily the riots were sometimes fatal—and with such an electorate, more extensive than heretofore, so that symbols had often to be used instead of the [211] printed word, it was to be expected that there would not be an atmosphere of even relatively calm discussion. At Naples 132 candidates struggled for eleven seats—their meetings were indescribable. And it may be thought that in such conditions the victorious parties would not necessarily reflect the wishes of the country. The Nationalists were dispersed, the Giolittians were routed—the Socialists increased from 40 to 156, and the Catholics from 30 to 101. Gabriele d'Annunzio had been the Socialists' chief elector.

THEIR WISH FOR RIEKA, DEAD OR ALIVE

There was now a fair hope that the Government would be in a position to solve the Adriatic problem. The Italian delegates in Paris had suggested that, in the independent buffer State, Rieka should have a separate municipal status, and that a narrow strip of land should join the buffer State to Italy. On December 9, a memorandum was signed by the representatives of Great Britain and America, which was the best compromise which anyone had yet proposed. The strip was dismissed as being "counter to every known consideration of geography, economics and territorial convenience." [Nevertheless this very dangerous expedient of the strip, after having been thus roundly rejected by the Allies, formed a part of the Treaty of Rapallo in November 1920—the Yugoslavs had most generously given way rather than leave this exasperating Adriatic problem still unsolved.] Rieka with her environment was to be a *corpus separatum*—and this was the chief point which made the proposals inacceptable to Italy. That Socialist group which is represented by the *Avanti* seemed to be the only one whose attitude was not intransigeant. The question of Rieka, it argued, was not isolated, but should be considered as one of the numerous questions of Italian foreign politics. It laughed at those who every moment cry "Our Fiume," because there are in the town many people who speak Italian. Other groups of Socialists had altered very much from the day when the three delegates—Labriola, Raimundo and Cappa— [212] spoke of the Adriatic at the Congress which Kerensky summoned to Petrograd. Labriola was considered the most arrogant and chauvinist of the trio, but not even he demanded Rieka—there was no question of it at the time. Still less did he dream of Zadar or Šibenik; what he pleaded for was Triest, Istria and an island.... In December 1919 some Italian Socialist papers were printing reports on the economic life of Rieka, which was in a disastrous condition. But the great majority of Italians were so bent upon securing Rieka that they did not seem to care if by that time she were dead. And they threw a little dust into their eyes, if not into the eyes of the Entente, by declaring that if they did not annex Rieka that unhappy, faithful town would annex them. The self-appointed Consiglio Nazionale Italiano of Rieka was, however, at this time less preoccupied with the Madre Patria than with her own very troublesome affairs; she had no leisure to organize those patriotic deputations to Rome, which sailed so frequently across the Adriatic and which, as was revealed by Signor Nitti's organ *Il Tempo*,[46] were too often composed of speculators who liked to receive in Italy the sum of 60 centesimi for an unstamped Austrian paper crown that was barely worth ten. The disillusioned C.N.I. would have given a good many lire to be rid of d'Annunzio; the citizens were invited to vote on the following question: "Is it desirable to accept the proposal of the Italian Government, declared acceptable by the C.N.I. at its meeting of December 15, which absolves Gabriele d'Annunzio and his legionaries from their oath to hold Rieka until its annexation has been decreed and effected?" On December 21, in the Chamber, Signor Nitti announced that more than half the citizens had voted and that four-fifths of them were in favour of the suggestion of the C.N.I. But d'Annunzio, whose adherents by no means facilitated the plebiscite, proclaimed it null and void. Yet, after all, Italy had likewise, on every occasion when the Yugoslavs suggested a plebiscite under impartial control, refused to sanction it.

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FRUITLESS EFFORTS OF ITALY'S ALLIES

Then suddenly a ray of light shone through the clouds. The ever-cheerful Signor Nitti, after a conference with Lloyd George and Clemenceau—no Yugoslav being present, whereas Signor Nitti was both pleader and judge—was authorized to say that the December memorandum had been shelved. Terms more favourable to Italy were substituted and the Yugoslav Government were told they must accept them. One of these terms was to modify the Wilson line in Istria, ostensibly for the protection of Triest and in reality to dominate the railway line Rieka-St. Peter-Ljubljana; another of the terms was to present Italy with that narrow corridor which in December the Allies had so peremptorily disallowed. No wonder the American Ambassador in France gave his warning. "You are going," he said, "much too far and much too quickly. President Wilson cannot keep pace with you." The French Government was passing through a period of change, and these new proposals, as was underlined in the *Temps*,[47] emanated from London. Mr. Lloyd George, who may have wished for Signor Nitti's aid in his offensive against France in the Russian and Turkish questions, was this time very badly served by his intuition. The Yugoslavs were ordered to accept the new proposals or to submit to the application of the Treaty of London, that secret

and abandoned instrument which—to mention only one of the objections against it—provided for complete Yugoslav sovereignty over Rieka, a solution that, in view of Italy's inflamed public opinion, was for the time being impracticable. And while the Yugoslavs were told that Rieka would, under the Treaty of London, fall to them, no details were given as to how d'Annunzio was to be removed. "Nous sommes dans l'incohérence," as Clemenceau used to say of the political condition of France before the war. Seeing that the Italian Government and the C.N.I. had shown themselves so powerless, were France and England going to turn the poet out? But Mr. Lloyd George was more fortunate than Disraeli, whose error in the question of Bosnia and Herzegovina [214] had had such dire results; on February 13, a very firm note was issued by President Wilson, which compelled France and Great Britain to withdraw from the position they had taken up. Wilson would have nothing to do with the notorious corridor, though Clemenceau had said on January 13, to the Yugoslav delegates: "Si nous n'avions pas fait cette concession, nous n'avions pas eu le reste." "The American Government," said Wilson, "feels that it cannot sacrifice the principle for which it entered the war to gratify the improper ambition of one of its associates, Italy, to purchase a temporary appearance of calm in the Adriatic at the price of a future world conflagration." The rejoinder of the French and British Premiers was a trifle lame, and when they ventured to add that they could not believe that it was the purpose of the American people, as the President threatened, to retire from the treaty with Germany and the agreement of June 28, 1919, with France unless his point of view was adopted in this particular case, which, in their opinion, had "the appearance of being so inadequate," they were not caring to remember that while their own countries and Italy were suffering from a lack of food-stuffs and provisions were being imported at a disastrous rate of exchange from the United States, the products of Yugoslavia, such as meat and meal, could not be obtained because Rieka, which ought surely to serve its hinterland, was at that moment not available, owing to d'Annunzio. At the same time the President did not go to the opposite extreme of simply allocating the port to Yugoslavia, which the application of the Treaty of London would involve. He preferred to act on the principle that the differences between Italy and the Yugoslavs were inconsiderable, especially as compared with the magnitude of their common interests. And direct negotiations between the two parties were to be recommended, with the proviso that no use be made of France and Great Britain's immoral suggestion that an agreement be reached on "the basis of compensation elsewhere at the expense of nationals of a third Power." It had indeed been proposed that the Yugoslavs should be bribed by concessions in Albania, but this idea was very explicitly rejected and on more than [215] one occasion by the Yugoslav delegates in Paris.

While, in the following months, the Yugoslavs and the Italians negotiated, the task of their delegates was impeded by the occasional Cabinet crises in Belgrade and in Rome. It was made no easier by those Italians who clamorously objected to the remark of Clemenceau, when he said that both Yugoslavs and Italians had been compelled to fight in Austria's army. The *Corriere d'Italia* told him that he displayed the zeal of a corporal to defend the Yugoslavs. After alluding to his "historical inexactitudes," it reminded him of the Italians who were slain at Reims and the Chemin des Dames, but as usual omitted to speak of the French soldiers who fell in Italy. And, while the negotiations were being carried on, Gabriele d'Annunzio clung to his town. The compromise of a mixed administration seemed to have small chance of being realized. It had been proposed by that Inter-Allied Commission which was set up to investigate the circumstances of the French massacre; and the Italian delegate, General di Robilant, not only said in his report[48] to the Senate that this compromise was most favourable for Italian aspirations but he is alleged also to have included some very drastic criticism of the actions of the high military authorities, whom he charged with unconstitutional interference. Nevertheless neither the poet nor the Premier were as yet in a tractable mood with regard to the Rieka problem. Signor Nitti, parading his bonhomie, championed the cause in a more statesmanlike fashion; he did not, like d'Annunzio, evoke the world's ridicule by his footlight attitudes and those of his faithful supporters who, when his "Admiral" Rizzo abandoned him, when Giorati his confidant withdrew, when even Millo advised moderation, took certain piratical steps in order to keep the garrison supplied with food,[49] and composed an anthem which on ceremonial occasions was chanted in [216] the poet's honour. But when Signor Nitti observed, with the utmost affability, that Rieka had, after the fall of the Crown of St. Stephen, become mistress of her own fate and as such, regardless of the Treaty of London, asked for inclusion in Italy, he, the Prime Minister, was vying in recklessness with d'Annunzio. The prevailing sentiment both in Triest and Rieka, said the *Times*,[50] was that both these towns should become free ports in order to serve their hinterlands, which are not Italian. "Italy is neglecting Triest in favour of Venice," says the dispatch. In Rieka, where the situation was even worse, "an honest plebiscite, even if confined to the Italian part of the city, would give a startling result. The Italians of Rieka are convinced that their existence depends on good relations with the Yugoslavs. They wish the town and port to be independent under the sovereignty of the League of Nations. This I have recently been told by a large number of Italians in Rieka who are obliged, in public, to support d'Annunzio." Signor Nitti must have been aware that the voice of the C.N.I. was very far from being the voice of Rieka. The C.N.I. had reasons of their own for wishing to postpone the day when their arbitrary powers would come to an end and a legal Government, whether that of the League of Nations or of the people's will or of Italy or of Yugoslavia, be established.

SOME OF RIEKA'S SCANDALS

Owing to the complaints of innumerable citizens the C.N.I. had nominated a Commission to inquire into the pillage of the former Austrian stores at Rieka—this town, as we have mentioned, [217]

had been the base for the Albanian army—and the findings of that Commission displayed the culpability of the most prominent members of the C.N.I. This document was for a long time unknown to the general public, but was afterwards published in Italy by Signor Riccardo Zanella, himself an Italian and an ex-deputy and ex-mayor of Rieka. There was, by the way, an article in the Triest paper, *Il Lavoratore*, at the beginning of September 1920, wherein one Tercilio Borghese, a former member of d'Annunzio's army, confesses that on June 21, he was ordered by d'Annunzio, as also by Colonel Sani and Captain Baldassari, to get Signor Zanella in some way out of the world. Hinko Camero and Angelo Marzić, his fellow-workers, had likewise to be removed; and for this purpose Borghese says that the Colonel provided him with a revolver. He was also to try to seize any compromising documents. But he was forced by his conscience to reveal everything to Zanella.... Now this confession may be true or false, but the Triest "fascisti" (Nationalists) believed in it, for they issued a placard on which they called Borghese a traitor and threatened him with death. "He who after November 1918 returns to the martyred town," writes Signor Zanella, "is simply stupefied in beholding that those personages who now strut on the political scene, burning with the most ardent Italian patriotism, are the same who until the eve of Vittorio Veneto were the most unbending, the most eloquent and the most devoted partisans and servants of the reactionary Magyar régime." And around them a number of more or less questionable persons were assembled, whose conduct with regard to the disposal of the Austrian stores has now been so severely censured. That organization which, dependent on the C.N.I., was supposed to administer the stores, was known as the Adriatic Commission. "We all knew," said the Commission of inquiry, "that the eyes of the whole world were gazing at our little town." It was, therefore, very desirable that nothing irregular should be done; whereas the judges give a most unfavourable verdict. Nobody, they say, would rejoice more than themselves if their conclusions should be shown to be completely or partly erroneous, for they are all of them penetrated with love for the fatherland Italy. But they relate, with chapter and verse, a large number of peculiar transactions which show that the goods were very improperly and very hastily [218] auctioned, and that those who reaped the benefit were nearly always the same people. To give one instance, some of the wine, said to have been damaged, was sold at 260 crowns the thousand litres, while undamaged wine brought 320 crowns, and the firm of Riboli, the only one which appeared at the so-called auction, was only asked to pay 30 crowns. Thus a considerable number of people in Rieka were anxious that the town should not come under any Government which might punish the culprits or make them disgorge. And Nitti and d'Annunzio agreed with these interested parties in opposing a solution other than the overlordship of Italy. "The Yugoslavs should understand," said the amiable Premier, "that Italy has no intention of acting in a manner distasteful to them, but is struggling for a national ideal." And meantime what of the conditions in the poor distracted town? "D'Annunzio," says an Italian paper, "is no longer the master of Rieka. He has become the prisoner of his own troops.... While he amuses himself and organizes the worst orgies, his troops quarrel in the streets and discharge their weapons.... A great many of them have their mistresses in the hospital, where they make themselves at home. When the doctors, after some time, protested, the arditi, with bombs in their hands, threatened to blow up the hospital if they were not allowed to enter it." On the other hand the pale, weary-looking poet succeeded in impressing on a special correspondent of the *Morning Post* that he was "master of his job." He told this gentleman—and was apparently believed—that with the consent and approval of the C.N.I. he had had the whole place mined, city and harbour, and was prepared to blow it up at a moment's notice. The means by which d'Annunzio, according to his interviewer, worked on those who were depressed with gazing at the empty shops, the silent warehouses, the grass-grown wharves, so that the overwhelming majority of the town supported him, was by simply making to them an eloquent speech. D'Annunzio would indeed be the master of his job if with some rounded periods in Italian he could cause the very numerous hostile business men to [219] forget so blissfully that they were men of business. Under his dispensation the town is said to have been turned into a place of debauchery. Accusations were brought against his sexual code, and with regard to men of commerce: "those who are not partisans of d'Annunzio are expelled, and their establishments handed over to friends of the ruling power.... Woe to him who dares to condemn the transactions of the poet's adherents. There and then he is pronounced to be a Yugoslav, is placed under surveillance and is persecuted." These Italian critics of the poet do not in the least exaggerate. One instance of his conduct towards a British firm will be sufficient. The "Anglo-Near East Trading Company" shipped sixty-seven cases (5292 pairs) of boots to private traders in Belgrade, and on the way they reached Rieka just before d'Annunzio. In March 1920 they were still detained there, and on the 13th of that month a certain Alcesde di Ambris, who described himself as the Chief of the Cabinet, wrote a letter saying that the boots were requisitioned, and that they would be paid for within thirty days at a price fixed on March 5 by experts of the local Chamber of Commerce. The company was offered forty lire a pair, but they declined to accept so inadequate a sum. Señor Meynia, the Spanish Consul, who was also representing Great Britain, attempted in various ways to help the firm; he was finally told by an officer that the "exceptional situation of Rieka compels the Authority to suspend the exportation or transport of such goods as are thoroughly needed here." And the Consul could do no more than protest. One might presume, from this officer's reply, that d'Annunzio required the boots for his army. As a matter of fact, they were simply sold to a couple of dealers, one Levy of Triest and Mailänder of Rieka. It is alleged that the prices paid by these receivers of stolen property was a good deal higher than forty lire. When Signor di Ambris travelled to Rome in the merry month of June and enjoyed a consultation with the Prime Minister, who by this time was Signor Giolitti, it was not in order to explain any such transactions as that one of the boots, but for the purpose, we are told, of offering the services of d'Annunzio and his legionaries in Albania. The regular Italian [220] army was just then being roughly handled by the natives.... It may be that Signor di Ambris wanted guarantees that if the d'Annunzian troops were to come to the rescue, they would not

suffer the fate of the Yugoslavs who in the Great War had managed to desert to Italy, had valiantly fought and won many decorations and—after the War—been ignominiously interned. And they had given no grounds for charges of financial frailty.

PROGRESS OF THE YUGOSLAV IDEA

The months go by and Yugoslavia still survives. At the post-office of a large village in Syrmia, not far from Djakovo, where Bishop Strossmayer laboured during fifty-five years for the union of the Southern Slavs which he was destined not to see, a bulky farmer told me that in his opinion Yugoslavia, created in 1918, was now in 1920 "kaput." He deduced this from the fact that a telegram used to travel much more expeditiously in Austrian days; but he did not remember that the Yugoslavs, in the Serbian and in the Austro-Hungarian armies, had suffered enormous losses in the War, and that while French, Dutch and Swiss doctors have been obtained by the Belgrade Government, one cannot use telegraphists who are ignorant of the language. An excellent province in which Yugoslavia's solidity can be studied is Bosnia. At the outbreak of the War the Moslems and Croats were not imbued with the Yugoslav idea; it seemed to them that the Serbs, one of whom had slain the Archduke, were traitors to Southern Slavdom. During the War the Croats and Moslems were taught by their Slav officers to be good nationalists and were given frequent lessons in the art of going over to the enemy. After the Armistice one did not see every Serb, Croat and Moslem in Bosnia forthwith forgetting all the evil of the past. Among the less enlightened certain private acts of vengeance had to be performed; but these were not as numerous as one might have expected. And very soon the population of Bosnia came to be interested far less in the old religious differences—the two deputies Dr. Džamonia and Professor Stanojević smilingly remembered the day when, as schoolboys at Sarajevo, they had been [221] persuaded by the Austrians to pull out each other's hair for the reason that one was a Croat and one was a Serb—and now it was the engrossing subject of Agrarian Reform which claimed the attention of Catholic, Orthodox and Moslem. This is not a religious question, for while the landlords are mostly Muhammedan begs about half the peasants are of the same religion; and the negotiations have been marked by a notable absence of passion. Most of the begs acknowledge that the old régime was unprofitable, for with the peasant paying one-third to one-fifth of his production to the landlord the land only yielded, as compared with the sandy districts of East Prussia, in the proportion of five to twenty-two. Under the new order of things, with the State in support of the "usurping" peasant—so that there are said to be in Bosnia about a thousand peasants who are millionaires (in crowns)—there is no longer any dispute with regard to the "kmet" land, where the peasants with hereditary rights have become the owners; and with regard to the "begluk," which the beg used to let to anyone he pleased, it is only a question as to the degree of compensation. Thus, it is not among the landowners and the peasants that one must look in searching for an anti-national party. Bosnia contains various iron works and coal mines, where profession is made of Communism. But when the Prince-Regent was about to come to pay his first official visit in 1920 to Sarajevo the Governor received a communication from the Communists of Zenica, which is on the railway line. They asked for permission to salute "our Prince" as he came past; and a deputation of these Communists, who are very like their colleagues in other parts of Yugoslavia, duly appeared and took part in a ceremony at the station.

DESPITE THE NEW PHENOMENON OF COMMUNISM

Just as innocuous—whatever the enemies of Yugoslavia may say—are the Communists in the old kingdom of Serbia. Perhaps in the whole State of Yugoslavia they number 50,000 in a population of about 12,500,000. But they are so well organized that in the municipal elections of [222] 1920 they were victorious in most of the towns. In Belgrade they secured 3600 votes, as compared with 3200 for the Radicals, 2800 for the Democrats—both of whom were not only badly organized but very slack—and 605 for the Republicans. However, the Communists refused to swear the requisite oath, and in consequence were not permitted to take office, the Radicals and Democrats forming a union to carry on. It was agreed to have a new election and the other parties, being now awakened, determined that the Communists should not again top the poll. But in the provincial towns they have not by any means shown themselves a disintegrating influence. At Niš, for example, they conducted the municipal affairs quite satisfactorily, while at Čuprija they perceived that it would be impossible to put into effect their entire programme, and so, after fourteen days, they resigned.

THE RISE AND FALL OF COMMUNISM IN YUGOSLAVIA

... As for the Communists in the Skupština, it may be argued that though this party of over fifty members has ceased to exist we should have said not simply that they are innocuous but that they have been rendered so. They were in principle against any State which violated their somewhat hazy ideas on the subject of Capital: while professing to aim at the holding of wealth in common they secured a great deal of their success at the polls through the bait of more land for the individual, which they dangled before the eyes of the most ignorant classes. Some of the electors who supported them were prosperous farmers unable to resist the idea of a still larger farm; but the majority of their adherents were as ignorant as they were gullible. Yet one should remember that for most of them this was practically their first experience of an election: the constituencies which had formerly been in Austria-Hungary had always seen the booths under the supervision of the police, while the Macedonian voter (three Communists were returned for

Skoplje) had only known the institutions of the Turkish Empire. Being told by the Communists that their box at the polling-station was really the box for the poor, the Fukara, all the gypsies [223] and so forth of Skoplje, who had never voted in their lives, hastened to claim the privilege, under the impression that a Communist Government would liberate them from taxes and military service. Other reasons for the success of the Communists in Yugoslavia, an essentially non-industrial State, were the general discontent with post-war conditions, and the virus which so many of the voters had acquired in Russia or on the Dobrudja front during the War. The activity in the Skupština of this very indigestible party—largely composed of Turks, Magyars, Albanians, Germans and others—their activity in and out of Parliament was not confined to words. In June 1920 they only refrained from throwing bombs in the Skupština because one of their own members would have been in peril, and in December a plot against the Prince-Regent and some of the Ministers was foiled. Thereupon the Emergency Act of December 27, the so-called Obznana, came into existence. It suspended all Communist associations. This Act was issued for the good of the country, but was not previously presented to the Constituent Assembly or provided with the royal signature. How justified were the authorities in thus putting a stop to this party could be seen when some of the Communist deputies were interrogated, for either they were dangerous fanatics or else very ignorant individuals, who knew no more about any other question than about Communism, and had only been elected because they professed dissatisfaction with things in general. A few months later Mr. Drašković, the very able Minister of the Interior, who had drawn up the Obznana, but who by that time had laid down the seals of office, was murdered by Communists at a seaside resort in the presence of his wife and little children. The object of this particular outrage was to persuade the authorities in panic to withdraw the hated Obznana, whereas the previous attempts on various personages seem to have been greatly due to the desire to show some positive result in return for the cash which came to them from Moscow. (One of the leaders of the party, the ex-professor of mathematics, was arrested last summer in Vienna on his return from Moscow, with a large and very miscellaneous [224] collection of English, French, American, Russian and other money.) After the murder of Mr. Drašković the mandates of the Communist deputies were suppressed; seven or eight of them were detained, for speedy trial, and the rest were told to go to their homes. The Communist parliamentary party was at an end—it was established that their Committee room in the Skupština had been used for highly improper purposes—but there was nothing to prevent these ex-deputies from being elected as members of any other party, and it was rather beside the mark for an English review, the *Labour Monthly*,[51] to talk of the "White Terror in Jugo-Slavia," as if there prevailed in that country anything comparable with Admiral Horthy's régime in Hungary.

OTHER LIONS IN THE PATH

The behaviour of the Communists was far from being the only clog in Yugoslavia's parliamentary machine. After the first General Election of November 1920—delayed until then on account of Italy's attitude, which made it impossible to demobilize the army—no single party nor even one of the large groups was possessed of a real working majority. Fierce and determined was the Opposition;[52] to carry on the business of government it became necessary to secure the coalition of several parties. The Radical and Democrat *bloc* had to attract to its side one or two other parties, and it was truly difficult to make concessions to anyone of these without rousing the righteous or the envious wrath of another group. In principle it was proper that the Bosnian [225] Moslems should receive compensation for their estates; the question is whether the very large sum was less in the nature of a fair price than of a bribe. The Radical party was no longer under its happy triumvirate of Pašić, the old diplomat, Protić, the executor of his ideas, and Patchoù, a medical man from Novi Sad, the real brain of the party. We shall give an example of Patchoù's prudence; the long views which he possessed may be illustrated by what occurred at a meeting of Radical deputies two days before the outbreak of the second Balkan War. The Tzar's proposed arbitration was being discussed and certain deputies, such as the late Dr. Pavlović, who was the first speaker of the Yugoslav Parliament after the Great War, raised their voices in opposition; they were supported by the army. "Can we have Bitolje (Monastir)?" they asked. "It is not known what the Tzar will decide," said Pašić. "Then we can't accept arbitration," said Pavlović. And Patchoù spoke. "I would be very glad to know," said he, "what Mr. Pavlović would say if we could get, by possibly now sacrificing Bitolje, not only Bosnia, but Dalmatia and other Slav countries." "All that," said Pavlović, "is music of the future." "For you perhaps," said Patchoù, "but not for us." And the vote in favour of arbitration was carried. Patchoù died in 1915 at Niš. Besides being an expert in finance and foreign affairs he was less arbitrary in his methods than Protić. That very erudite man—no sooner does an important book appear in Western or Central Europe than a copy of it goes to his library—has not been much endowed with patience. This brought him into conflict with his Democratic colleague Mr. Pribičević, the most prominent man in that party. It would have been well if Dr. Davidović, the gentle, tactful leader of the party, could have taken into his own composition one-half of his lieutenant's excessive combativeness. Pribičević and Protić find it impossible to work together, and we can sympathize with both of them. One day at a more than usually disagreeable Cabinet meeting Pribičević reminded the then Prime Minister that he was the first among equals, a point of view which did not square with the methods of Protić, who gives his support to those Ministers who bend before him. And as Pribičević has [226] hitherto insisted on being in every Cabinet, Protić has withdrawn and has started a newspaper, the *Radical*, in which he attacks him with great violence and ability. One charge which he brings against this Serb from Croatia is perfectly true, for he has succeeded in alienating the Croats. Only two or three Democrat deputies come from Croatia, and they are elected by the Serbs who live in that province. It would seem that the Croats will remain in more or less active opposition

so long as Pribičević, the arch-centralizer who scorns to wear the velvet glove, stays in the Government. There is also much doubt as to whether Protić can break down their particularism, which, of course, is not an anti-national movement. But luckily, through other men, it will be stayed. For other reasons one regrets that Mr. Protić is not now in power; as the Finance Minister he knew how to introduce order, preferring the interests of the State to those of his party. Both Radicals and Democrats have been reluctant, for electoral purposes, to tax the farmer; and Mr. Protić would probably have the courage to impose a direct tax, as the Radicals did, without losing popular favour, in the old days. In this respect and concerning the numerous posts that have been created for party reasons it is thought that Mr. Pašić has not displayed sufficient energy.

There was in Yugoslavia a heavy war deficit, both economic and financial. Communications were out of order and the State, owing to the adverse exchange (which was not justified by the economic potentialities of the country, but was probably caused by the unsettled conditions both internal and external), the State could not obtain the necessary raw products for industrial undertakings such as iron-works, tanneries, cloth factories, etc. The Yugoslavs did not borrow from abroad, as they might have done, in the form of raw materials. The agricultural products which were exported should have been sold for the needful manufacturers' material and not for articles of luxury and not for depreciated foreign, especially Austrian, currency.[53] The Yugoslav public is slow to learn economy, that it should restrict the importation of luxuries. What makes it [227] particularly unhappy, in which frame of mind it listens to the voices prophesying woe for Yugoslavia, is the knowledge that for increased production and for many other necessary aims more capital is wanted, whereas under present conditions it has been difficult to borrow. But happily in this respect the corner has been turned, and in the spring of 1922 a considerable loan was negotiated with an American syndicate.

THE NADIR OF DEVINE AND NIKITA

However, the principal disintegrating force in Yugoslavia, we were often told in England, was Montenegro, where, it seems, the natives were yearning to cast off their yoke. The British devotees of the former king told us of the ghastly state of Montenegro, and our Foreign Office was bombarded with reports which ascribed these evils to the wretched Government of Yugoslavia. "There is nothing anywhere," says a memorandum from the ineffable Devine. "The shops are empty, the town markets are deserted. The peasants, who may not travel from one village to another without a Serbian 'permit' ... etc. etc." Well, I visited Cetinje market on a non-market day, and passing through the crowd of people I admired the produce of various parts of the country—melons, tomatoes, dried fish, onions, peaches, nuts and cheese, lemons from Antivari and so forth. I happened to ask a comely woman called Petriečević from near Podgorica whether she had a permit; she looked surprised at such a question. It is very true that the more mountainous parts of Montenegro are far from prosperous, but to insinuate that this is the fault of the Government is childish. Hampered by the lack of transport—practically everything has to be brought on ox-carts up by the tremendous road from Kotor—they have recently given away 38,000 kilos of wheat and many mountain horses at Cetinje. I suppose it was all in the game for Devine and his assistants to throw mud at the Yugoslav Government if they believed that they would—for the happiness of the Montenegrins and themselves—help to restore Nikita. But what [228] was the use of saying that "the poor people have no money and have nothing to eat; they are said to be living on a herb of some sort that grows wild in the mountains"?... A very satisfactory feature of the past year has been the migration of 7000 Montenegrins to more fertile parts of Yugoslavia. And as for Nikita's partisans, they were such small beer that when they wished to hold a meeting at Cetinje the Government had not the least objection; it also allowed them to sing the songs that Nikita wrote, but that was more than the population of Cetinje would stand. It is only at Cetinje, where he reigned for sixty years, and at Njeguš, where he was born, that Nikita has any adherents at all. As for his adherents at Gaeta, the Cetinje authorities were perfectly willing to give a passport to any woman who desired to spend some time in Italy with her husband or brother or son. She might stay there or come back, just as she pleased. And very likely when she got to Gaeta she would relate how in the cathedral, at the rock-bound monastery of Ostrog, and in other sacred places, one could see the Montenegrin women cursing their ex-king.

A GENERAL

The sinister shadow of d'Annunzio had fallen across Dalmatia and beyond it: for instance, on November 20, 1919, the King of Italy's name-day, a general holiday was proclaimed in the occupied districts. The director of the school at Zlosela, a Slav who had never been an Italian subject, gave—perhaps injudiciously—the usual lessons. He and his wife were arrested and for months they were in prison, their six-months-old child being left to the mercy of neighbours; and the local commandant, Major Gracco Golini, told Dr. Smolčić, the President of the National Council, that the slightest action on the part of the Yugoslavs would provoke terrible measures on the part of d'Annunzio's arditi, who would spare neither women nor children.... The reader may remember the Montenegrin General Vešović, who took to the mountains and defied the Austrians. On the accession of the Emperor Karl he surrendered and, much to the surprise of his [229] people, he travelled round the country recommending every one to offer no more opposition, to be quiet and obedient to the Austrians. When the war was over the authorities at Belgrade gave him, as they did to other Montenegrin generals, the same rank in the Yugoslav army; but the

numerous Montenegrins who resented his unpatriotic behaviour persuaded the War Office, after two or three months, to remove him from the active list. This exasperated the ambitious man to such an extent that he withdrew to his own district and began to work against Yugoslavia. A major with a force of 200 gendarmes was sent to fetch him back and, after conversations that lasted ten days, induced him to return to Belgrade. There he was not molested; he used to sit for hours in the large café of the Hotel Moscow in civilian clothes. But one day a policeman at the harbour happened to observe him talking for a long time to a fisherman; he wondered what the two might have in common. When the fisherman was interrogated he refused at first to give any information, but he finally divulged that he had agreed, for 1500 francs, to take the General down the Danube either to Bulgaria or Roumania. That evening at nine o'clock the General appeared, with his son and a servant; he was captured,[54] and among his documents were some which proved, it was alleged, that he was in communication with d'Annunzio.

TWO COMIC PRO-ITALIANS IN OUR MIDST

Month follows month. The reading public and some of the statesmen of the world begin to recognize that, whatever may be the case on other portions of the new map, there is nothing unreal or impossible or artificial about Yugoslavia. This State is the result of a national movement, having its origins within and not without the peoples whose destiny it affects. The various Yugoslavs, after being kept apart for all these centuries, have now—roughly speaking—come to that stage which the Germans reached in 1866. They cannot rest until they reach the [230]
unity which came to the Germans after 1870. And here also, it seems, the unity will not be gained without the sacrifice of thousands of young men. "Go, my son," said Oxenstiern the Swedish Chancellor, "and observe by what imbeciles the world is governed." It is pitiable that the leaders of the nations, in declining month after month to give to Yugoslavia an equitable frontier, should apparently have been more impressed by the arguments of Mrs. Lucy Re-Bartlett[55] than by those of an anonymous philosopher in the *Edinburgh Review*.[56] "Nationality?" says the lady, speaking of the country people of Dalmatia, "nationality? These people of the country districts—the great mass of the population—are far too primitive to have any sense of nationality as yet, but if some day they call themselves Italian...." That is what she says of a people which through centuries of persecution and neglect have preserved their language, their traditions, their hopes; a people which, more than forty years ago, won their great victory against the Habsburg régime of Italian and Italianist officials, so that with one exception every mayor in Dalmatia and all the Imperial deputies and hundreds of societies of all kinds, such as 375 rural savings-banks, were exclusively Yugoslav. Out of nearly 150,000 votes at the last general election, which was held in 1911 on the basis of universal suffrage, the Yugoslav candidates received about 145,000 against 5000 to 6000 for the Italians. It is indisputable that the Dalmatian peasants are backward in many things, but one is really sorry for the person who declares in print that they possess no sense of nationality. Let her visit any house of theirs on Christmas Eve and watch them celebrate the "badnjak"; let her listen any evening to their songs. Let her think whether there is no sense of nationality among the priests, who almost to a man are the sons of Yugoslav peasants. And let her recollect that these are the days when the other Yugoslavs are at last uniting in their own free State. She has the hardihood to tell us of the poor Dalmatians who were being bribed with
waterworks and bridges and gratuitous doctoring. I daresay that the little ragged Slav children of [231]
Kievo whom she saw clustering round the kindly Italian officer were glad enough to eat his chocolates,[57] but I think that we others should pay more attention to those secret societies, the *četasis* (which is Slav for komitadjis), who have sworn to liberate all Istria from the Italians. We may also consider the proposals made by the Southern Slavs whom Signor Salvemini, the distinguished Professor of Modern History at Pisa, called "extreme Nationalists" (see his letter of September 11, 1916, to the editor of *La Serbie*, which was being published in Switzerland). Well, it appears that the "extreme Southern Slav Nationalists," as the utmost of their aspirations, claim the Southern Slav section of the province of Gorica with the town Triest and the whole of Istria, that is to say, a territory which, with a population the majority of whom are Slav, contains also 284,325 Italians, whereas the smallest programme ever proposed by moderate Italians, including Professor Salvemini, covets some 364,000 Southern Slavs. Thus the extreme Southern Slav elements, in their widest demands, are more moderate than the moderate Italians in their most limited programme. "Without distinction of tribe or creed," says that Edinburgh reviewer, "all the Yugoslavs are waiting for their 1870. This will fix and perpetuate their unity.... The preparation is going forward silently—almost sullenly—and without demur or qualification the Yugoslavs are accepting the Serb military chiefs' guidance and domination." He was much impressed by the
silence and controlled power of the Serbian General Staff. There was in Europe a general war- [232]
weariness; but not in Yugoslavia. There was a hush in this part of Europe, broken only by the shrill screams of Italian propagandists and outbursts of suppressed passion on the other side.

THE BELATED TREATY OF RAPALLO

And the Rapallo Treaty of November 1920, when at last the statesmen of Italy and Yugoslavia came to terms regarding all their frontiers! This Treaty was received with much applause by the great majority of the French and British Press; in this country of compromise it was pointed out by many that as each party knew that the other had abated something of his desires the Treaty would probably remain in operation for a long time to come. And column after column of smug comment was written in various newspapers by the "Diplomatic Correspondent," whose knowledge of diplomacy may have been greater than his acquaintance with the Adriatic, since

they followed one another, like a procession of sheep, in copying the mistake in a telegram which spoke of Eritto, the curious suburb of Zadar, instead of Borgo Erizzo. They noted that each side had yielded something, though it was true that the Yugoslavs had been the more generous in surrendering half a million of their compatriots, whereas the Italians had given up Dalmatia, to which they never had any right.[58] "The claim for Dalmatia was entirely unjustified," said Signor Colajanni in the Italian Chamber on November 23—yet it was not our business to weigh the profit and loss to the two interested parties. After all, it was they who had between themselves made this Agreement, and one might argue that it surely would be an impertinence if anybody else was more royalist than the king. These commentators held that it was inexpedient for anyone to ask [233] why the Yugoslavs should now have accepted conditions that were, on the whole, considerably worse than those which President Wilson, with the approval of Great Britain and France, had laid down as a minimum, if they were to realize their national unity. And, of course, these writers deprecated any reference to the pressure which France and Great Britain brought to bear upon the Yugoslavs when the negotiations at Rapallo were in danger of falling through. If we take two Scottish newspapers, the *Scotsman*[59] was typical of this very bland attitude; it congratulated everyone on the harmonious close to a long, intricate and frequently dangerous controversy. The *Glasgow Herald*,[60] on the other hand, was one of the few newspapers which took a more than superficial view. "Monstrous," it said, "as such intervention seems, no student of the Adriatic White Paper—as lamentable a collection of documents as British diplomacy has to show—can deny its possibility, nay its probability. It is precisely the same game as was nearly successful in January 1920 and again in April 1920, but both times was frustrated by Wilson. We are entitled to ask, for the honour of our nation, if it has been played again; indeed if the whole mask of direct negotiation—a British suggestion—was not devised at San Remo with the express purpose of making the game succeed. If it be so—and if it is not so it is imperative that we are given frankly the full story of British policy in the Adriatic, for instance the dispatches so carefully omitted from the White Paper—then our forebodings for the future are more than justified.... It is emphatically a bad settlement."

"We shall not establish friendly and normal relations with our neighbour Italy unless we reduce all causes of friction to a minimum," said M. Vesnić, the Yugoslav Prime Minister, who during his long tenure of the Paris Legation was an active member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres and other learned societies; he excelled in getting at the root of the worst difficulties in international law, and he was particularly admired for his ability to combine legal [234] and historic knowledge. Because he studied history minutely—with a special fondness for Gambetta who, racially an Italian, had something of the generous and sacred fervour that distinguished the leaders of the Risorgimento—M. Vesnić could not bring himself to hate Italy, despite all that d'Annunzio and other Imperialists had made his countrymen suffer. "Neither the Government nor the elected representatives of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes," said he courageously in his first speech as Prime Minister, "ought to look upon Italy as an enemy country. We have to settle important and difficult questions with Italy.... We must reduce all causes of friction to a minimum."

The Treaty of Rapallo gives Zadar to Italy, because in that little town there is an Italian majority; but central and eastern Istria, with their overwhelming Slav majority, are not given to the Yugoslavs—a fact which Professor Salvemini deplored in the Roman Chamber. By the Treaty of Rapallo Rieka is given independence,[61] but with Italy in possession of Istria and the isle of Cres, she can at any moment choke the unprotected port, having very much the same grip of that [235] place as Holland has for so long had of Antwerp; and the sole concession on Italy's part seems to be that in the south she gives up the large Slav islands of Hvar, Korčula and Vis, and only appropriates the small one of Lastovo.... "It has cost Italy a pang," says Mr. George Trevelyan, "to consent, after victory, to leave the devoted and enthusiastic Italians of the Dalmatian coast towns (other than Zara) in foreign territory." The truth is that henceforward Yugoslavia will contain some 5000 Italians (many of whom are Italianized Slavs), as against not less than 600,000 Slavs in Italy. And while the former are but tiny groups in towns which even under Venetian rule were predominantly Slav and are surrounded on all sides by purely Slav populations, the latter live for the most part in compact masses and include roughly one-third of the whole Slovene race, whose national sense is not only very acute, but who are also much less illiterate than their Italian neighbours. One cannot be astonished if the Slovenes think of this more than of Giotto, Leonardo, Galileo and Dante. But one may be a little surprised that such a man as Mr. Edmund Gardner [236] should allow his reverence for the imperishable glories of Italy to becloud his view of the modern world. It is certainly a fact that the Slovenes are to-day less illiterate than the Italians, but because Dr. Seton-Watson alludes to this, Mr. Gardner (in the *Manchester Guardian*, of February 13, 1921) deplores the "Balkanic mentality that seems to afflict some Englishmen when dealing with these problems."

ITS PROBABLE FRUITS

Now it is obvious that the Treaty of Rapallo has placed between the Yugoslavs and the Italians all too many causes of friction. Zadar, like other such enclaves, will be dear to the heart of the smuggler. She cannot live without her Yugoslav hinterland—five miles away in Yugoslavia are the waterworks, and if these were not included, by a special arrangement, in her dominion, she would have no other liquid but her maraschino. She cannot die without her Yugoslav hinterland—but so that her inhabitants need not be carried out into a foreign land, the cemetery has also, by stretching a point, been included in the city boundaries. It remains to be seen how Zadar and the hinterland will serve two masters. We have alluded to the questionable arrangements at Rieka, in

which town there had for those years been such an orgy of limelight and recrimination that even the most statesmanlike solution must have left a good deal of potential friction. In Istria the dangers of an outbreak are evident. Italy has now become the absolute mistress of the Adriatic and has gained a strategical frontier which could hardly be improved upon, while Yugoslavia has been placed in an economic position of much difficulty. Sooner or later, if matters are left *in situ*, trouble will arise. Perhaps an economic treaty between Italy and Yugoslavia, as favourable as possible to the weaker State, would introduce some sort of stability; but no good cause would be served by crying "Peace" where there is no peace, and while Yugoslavia has a grievance there will be trouble in the Balkans. [237]

The most serious phase of the Adriatic crisis is now ushered in, for a new Alsace has been created; and those who point this out cannot be charged with an excessive leaning towards the Yugoslavs. It also seems to me that one can scarcely say they are alarmists. If Yugoslavia, in defiance of that most immoral pressure, had declared for war, Vesnić at the general election would have swept the country with the cry of "War for Istria!" To his eternal honour he chose the harder path of loyalty to the new ideas which Serbian blood has shed so freely to make victorious. A momentary victory has now been gained by the Italians, but not one that makes for peace. It poisons by annexations fundamentally unjustifiable, however consecrated by treaty, the whole source of tranquillity in the Near East. "Paciencia!" [Have patience] you say, in refusing to give alms to a Portuguese beggar, and he follows your advice. But when the Yugoslavs ask for a revision of the Treaty—if the Italians do not wisely offer it themselves—it would be rash if in attempting to foretell the future we should base ourselves upon the premise that their patience will be everlasting. A new Alsace has been created, an Alsace to which, in the opinion of competent observers, all the Yugoslavs will turn until the day comes when it is honourable to set the standards forth on a campaign of liberation.

NEW FORCES IN THE FIRST YUGOSLAV PARLIAMENT

When the Yugoslavs were at last in a position, late in 1920, to hold the elections for the Constituent Assembly the Radicals and the Democrats were the most successful, but even if they made a Coalition they would still have no majority. [Now and then the Democrats asserted themselves against the Radicals, but when the Opposition thought they could perceive a rift the Democratic Press would write that the two parties were most intimately joined to one another, and especially the Democrats.] The small parties were very numerous, the smallest being that of M. Ribarac, the old Liberal leader, who found himself in the Skupština with nobody to lead; the clericals of Slovenia came to grief, a fact which appeared to give general satisfaction, and a similar mishap befell the decentralizing parties of Croatia. On the other hand the Croat Peasants' [238] party, whose decentralization ideas were more extreme, had a very considerable success, and the Communist party, whose fall we have already described, had come to the Skupština with some fifty members.

(*a*) MARKOVIĆ THE COMMUNIST

The temporary triumph of the Communists was admittedly due to the exceptional position in which the country found itself. They had in Sima Marković an enthusiastic leader who has abandoned the teaching of mathematics in order to expound the gospel of Moscow, and in the Skupština the shrill, voice of this kindly, bald-headed little man had to be raised to its uttermost capacity, for most of his fellow-members were unwilling to be taught. It so happens that he is Pašić's godson, and on one occasion when the little Communist was talking with great vehemence the old gentleman, who was turning over the pages of some document, was heard by an appreciative House to murmur: "Oh, be still, my child, be still!" But the most unfortunate episode in Marković's oratory was when he expressed the hope that Communism would rage through the country like an epidemic, forgetting for the moment that those municipalities which had gone over to Communism had won general praise for their improvements in the sanitary sphere. Largely on account of this infelicitous simile he was replaced in the leadership by another, a less vigorous and less entertaining person. And this party stood in particular need of attractive champions.

The Croat Peasants' party, or the Radić party, as it came to be called, gave to its beloved chief more than half the seats in Croatia, forty-nine out of ninety-three; and the whole party refused to go to Belgrade.

"Would it not have been better," I asked him, "if you had gone? The Constitution will be settled without you."

(*b*) RADIĆ, THE MUCH-DISCUSSED

"We had various reasons," said he, "for not going. One of them was that the Assembly which laid down the Constitution was not sovereign. For example, it was not permitted to discuss [239] whether Yugoslavia should be a monarchy or a republic. I admit that three-quarters of the members would very likely have voted for a monarchy, and in that case we should have accepted the situation very much as do the royalist deputies in the French Parliament."

"What are your own views on this subject?"

"Well," said he, "for this period of transition I believe—mark you, this only applies to myself—that a monarchy is not merely acceptable but preferable. On the other hand the Croat peasant was so badly treated by the Habsburgs that he will now hear of nothing but a republic."

I ventured to say that this sudden conversion to republican ideas in one who for centuries had lived in a monarchy was peculiar, and Radić acknowledged that when the first republican cries were raised at a meeting of the Peasants' party on July 25, 1918 they came to him as a revelation, one which he accepted.

"You don't accept everything that your peasants shout for?"

"I do not," said he. "There was a gentleman who asked them at a meeting whether they would kill him if he, elected as their representative, were to go to Belgrade. They shouted back that they would do so. And when the prospective candidate came to tell me this story, thinking that I would be delighted, I told him that a ship's captain cannot have his hands bound before undertaking a voyage and he must therefore withdraw his candidature.... When the time comes we will go to Belgrade."

"And those who say that you are longing for the return of the Habsburgs?"

He gripped my arm. "They are fools," said he. "We are looking forward as eagerly as the great Bishop Strossmayer to the union of the Southern Slavs. According to the spirit of his time he began at the top, with academies, picture galleries and so forth. We prefer to begin with elementary schools." And bubbling with enthusiasm he told me of the efforts his party was making. It was plain to see that what lies nearest to his heart is to improve their social and [240]
economic status. And those observers are probably in the right, who believe that he merely uses this republican cry as a weapon which he will conveniently drop when it has served its purpose.

"If only Yugoslavia had a great statesman," said I, "who would weld the new State together, so that the Croats remain with the Serbs not alone for the reasons that they are both Southern Slavs and that they are surrounded by not over-friendly neighbours. The great statesman—perhaps it will be Pašić—will make you all happy to come together."

"From the bottom of my heart I hope he will succeed," said Radić, "and he will be remembered as our second and more fortunate Strossmayer."

We generally imagine that the statesmen of South-Eastern Europe are a collection of rather swarthy, frock-coated personages who, when not engaged in decrying each other, are very busily occupied in feathering their own nests. If any one of them, at the outset of his career, had a sense of humour we suppose that in this heated atmosphere it must have long ago evaporated. But strangely enough, the two most prominent politicians in Yugoslavia, the venerable Pašić, the Prime Minister of this new State of Serbs and Croats and Slovenes, even as he used for years to be the autocrat of Serbia, and his opponent Stephen Radić are, both of them, by the grace of God, of a humorous disposition. Outwardly, there is not much resemblance between them: Pašić, the picture of a benevolent patriarch, letting fall in his deep voice a few casual words which bring down his critics' case, hopelessly down like a wounded aeroplane, and Radić the fervid little orator, the learned man, whose life has been devoted to the Croat peasants and who is said to find it difficult to make a speech that is under eight hours in length. Last year when the vigorous Pribičević, then Minister of the Interior, who is determined to compel the Serbs and the Croats straightway to live in the closest companionship, whereas Radić, supported by most of the Croat *intelligentsia*, argues that in view of their very different culture, the Serbs having enjoyed a Byzantine and the Croats an Austrian education, it would be advisable for these two branches of [241]
the South Slav nation to come gradually and not violently together,—last year when Radić was lying in prison on account of his subversive ideas Pribičević sent a message to say that he was prepared to adopt half his programme. And Radić sent back word regretting that the Minister could not adopt the whole of it and thus obtain for himself the Peasants' party. It is wrong to assert that this party is unpatriotic; the enemies of Yugoslavia, who welcome in Radić a disruptive element, are totally in error. Years ago he was working for the eventual union of Serbs and Croats—the Austrians imprisoned him because in 1903 he went to Belgrade at the accession of King Peter and made an admirable speech to this effect—and his present attitude is due to the impatient manner in which Mr. Pribičević and his friends are endeavouring to bring the union about. His peasants are a conservative people; they cannot instantly dispel the anti-Serb ideas which the Austrians for ever inculcated, nor the negative anti-Serb frame of mind which they learned from their own *intelligentsia*. It will take a little time before the Catholic peasant realizes that the Orthodox Serb is his brother and that now his military service will not be in an alien army, but in his own. "Let us go slowly," says Radić, "with our peasants"; and he knows them very well.... One is told that he changes his opinions from hour to hour; he is certainly very impetuous, very much under the influence of his emotions; but in one thing he has never varied—he has always struggled for the Croat peasant, and he has been rewarded by the unbounded devotion of that faithful, rather incoherent, creature.

Now the Serbs are a democratic people; they are by their nature in opposition to any force, civil or military, which might attempt to make the monarchy more absolute. The wisest Serbs do not forget that in the peasant lies their principal wealth, and although as yet the Serbian Peasants' party does not hold many constituencies in the old kingdom, nevertheless it appears to have a brighter prospect than any other Serbian party, for in that country the revolt against the lawyer-politician is likely to be more efficacious than in France or England. One may look forward to an understanding between Radić and this Serbian party, which is only two or three years old, [242]

although its founder, the excellent Avramović—an elderly gentleman who sits behind vast barricades of books in various languages—has devoted himself for many years to agrarian co-operative societies, of which in Serbia there are more than 1500.

The most uncertain factors seem to be the moderating hold of Radić over his peasants and over himself. No one doubts but that he has the interests of the peasant very much at heart, and if he succeeds in improving the peasant's lot then that grateful giant will presumably not sink again into the sleep which he enjoyed when he was under the Habsburgs. The circulation of Radić's weekly paper *Dom*[62] ("The Home") has risen from 2000 before the elections and 9000 during the elections to 30,000. One enterprising vendor, a Serb from the Banat, takes 500 copies a week and tramps over the countryside, disposing of his wares either for cash or for eggs, the latter of which he sells at the end of the week to a Zagreb hotel. The peasant is making great efforts to raise himself—a case has recently been brought to light of a farmer in Zagorija who, as a hobby, has taught more than 700 persons to read and write. The peasant perceives that he has been assisted far less by the Catholic Church than by the work of Radić. It is not unfair to say that the Church desired, above all things, to keep the peasant under her control. If a parish priest was [243] disliked by his flock, so a prominent Croatian priest tells me, that was all the more reason why the Bishop refused to remove him. And the clergy, except for an enlightened minority, have been very much opposed to Radić's policy of democratizing the Church.... In return for his unceasing labours he has now secured the peasant's love and confidence. He will retain them if he satisfies his client, and it seems to be within his power—gaining for him a better position and dissuading him from fantastic demands. He can be of immense assistance in the task of building up the State. But will the brilliant flame within him burn with steadiness? Has he got sufficient strength of will? With all his qualities of heart and brain he has not managed to discard his zig-zag impetuosity. The peasants, who recognize his talents, ask him to captain the ship; but he runs down too often into his cabin and leaves the unskilled sailors on the bridge. Down in the cabin he is feverishly and with great skill writing a contradiction of a pronouncement he made yesterday.

Those who are openly sailing in Radić's boat are for the most part the hard-headed peasants. Yet a number of the *intelligentsia* are coming on board—some of them, no doubt, with a view to their own advancement, but others on account of their convictions. And a still greater number of [244] the Croat *intelligentsia* look on him with sympathy—municipal officials, barristers, doctors, merchants, schoolmasters and military officers. It is most foolish to pretend that all these people are thinking regretfully of the old Habsburg days—they are, in the vast majority, sincere and loyal Yugoslavs who have certain grievances. They do not believe that Croatia has fared very well since the institution of the new State and it would seem wise to give them as much autonomy as is consonant with the interests of the whole country, for then they will only have themselves to blame if there is no improvement. Maybe they are unduly sensitive, but they were for many years in political warfare with the Magyars and this should be taken into consideration. Even if all the grievances are based on misconceptions, on the difficulties of the moment, on the circumstances of the fading past—the new generation of Croats, say their teachers, are growing up to be excellent Yugoslavs—yet an effort should be made to sweep them away.

When Belgrade makes a statesmanlike gesture then Radić will probably be able to persuade the peasants to abandon their republican slogan—both they and the *intelligentsia* will abandon their reserved attitude towards the Government which they were far from entertaining when the State was first established. It seems as if the role of conciliator may well be filled by that wise old man, Nicholas Pašić, who is now no longer a mere Balkan Premier. When he was that he very properly used Balkan methods, despite the stern remarks of a few Western critics.

THE SERBS AND THE CROATS

We have alluded to the relations between Serbs and Croats. This is a subject of such importance that it will be well to consider it more fully. When Yugoslavia sprang into existence at the end of the War—70 per cent. of this State having previously been under the rule of the House of Habsburg—it was met in various quarters with a grudging welcome. Soon, we were told, it would dissolve again, and every symptom of internal discontent was treated as a proof of this. On the other hand there were those who told us that the Southern Slavs, having come together after [245] all these hundreds of years, were tightly clasped in each others' arms and that all reports to the contrary came from very interested parties.

Little was said of the Slovenes; their language, as we have mentioned, is not the same as that spoken by Serbs and Croats, and—what is of still greater importance—they have Slovenia to themselves. If Croatia were equally immune from Serbs, then by this time the Southern Slavs would be a more united nation. Those people were wrong who fancied that the presence of the Serbs in Croatia—they form between one-fourth and one-third of the population—would be of service in welding together the new State. They forgot that for many years the Austro-Hungarian Government had in Croatia played off the Roman Catholic Croats against the Orthodox Serbs. The two Slav brothers were incited to mutual hatred, and though such a propaganda would naturally have more effect among the uneducated classes, yet all too often the *intelligentsia* responded to these machinations. More favour, of course, was shown to the Croats, whose obedience could largely be secured by means of the Church, whereas no similar pressure could be brought to bear upon the Orthodox Serbs. Even if the Government approached the Orthodox clergy, these latter had only a very moderate control over their flock. A Serb is always ready to subscribe towards the erection of a new church, which he regards as most other nations regard

their flag; but when it is built he rarely enters it. This being so, the Austro-Hungarian Government tyrannized over the Serbs in Croatia by measures taken against their schools, the Cyrillic alphabet and so forth. It was natural that the suffering Serbs were apt to compare these restrictions with those that were imposed upon the Croats. However, among the *intelligentsia* an effort—a fairly successful effort—was made to nullify this dividing policy; the Serbo-Croat Coalition was formed, one of the protagonists being Svetozar Pribičević, that very energetic Serb of Croatia, and in 1906 this party obtained no less than sixty-eight seats, while the power of the older Croat parties was correspondingly diminished and Radić had his very small following in the Zagreb Lantag. [Those who represented Croatia in the central Parliament at Buda-Pest were [246] chosen by the Ban, Khuen-Hedérváry. Those forty members had practically no acquaintance with the Magyar language, so that some of them drew their 8000 annual crowns and only went to Pest if an important division was expected, others who spent more time in the capital wasted their lives amid surroundings just as riotous as and more expensive than the Parliament, while only those did useful work who managed to confer, behind the scenes, with the authorities. To some extent this was done by Pribičević and to a greater extent by another Serb, Dr. Dušan Popović, who surpassed him in capacity and geniality. It was he, by the way, who demonstrated in the Buda-Pest Parliament that if the average Croat deputy was ignorant of the Magyar language, there was a greater ignorance of Serbo-Croatian on the part of the Magyars. One day when he had started on a speech in his native tongue he was howled down after he had explained that he was talking Serbian. He promised to continue in Croatian, and did so without being interrupted.]

At Zagreb the fusion of the Croat and Serb *intelligentsia* was still very incomplete at the outbreak of the War—the Croat Starčevist party and others going their own way. During the War the Austro-Hungarian Government ruled by means of the Coalition party; but the latter had no choice, and throughout Croatia they were never charged with infidelity to the Slav cause. They did whatever their delicate situation permitted; and in October 1918, when the Slavs of Croatia and Slovenia threw off the yoke of centuries and joined with the Serbs of Serbia and Montenegro, one hoped that the simultaneous arrival in Belgrade of the Coalition and the Starčevist leaders heralded in Croatia a cessation of the ancient hostility. Pribičević became Minister of the Interior in the new State, and very soon it was obvious that he meant to govern in a centralizing fashion, despite his earlier assurance that no such steps would be taken without the sanction of the Constituent Assembly. No doubt his motives were unimpeachable; he feared lest the negative, anti-Serb mentality, which for so long had flourished among the Croats, would not, except by drastic methods, be removed. He was met with opposition. Now you see, he cried, there are still [247] in Croatia a number of disloyal Slavs, great landowners, Catholic clergy and others whom the Habsburgs used to favour. And he continued, with hundreds of edicts, to try to weld the State together. Consumed with patriotism, his great black eyes on flame amid the pallor of his face—his luminous and martyred face, to use the expression of his friends—he never for a moment relaxed his efforts; if those who opposed him were numerous it was all the more reason why he must be resolute. The rôle fitted him very well, for he is the dourest politician in Yugoslavia—a perfectly honest, upright, injudicious patriot. His Democratic party had now taken the place of the Serbo-Croat Coalition and it saw the other parties in Croatia gradually drifting back again from it or rather from the dominating man; if his place had been occupied by his afore-mentioned colleague, the burly and beloved Dušan Popović, there would have been in Zagreb a very much suaver atmosphere. But unfortunately Popović is a wealthy man, a highly successful lawyer who cares little for the tumult of politics.... It was a thorny problem, whether the State should be constituted on a federal or a centralized basis.[63] The federation of the United States depends on the centralization of political parties, whereas in Yugoslavia the parties have only just begun to combine. Feudalism in the German Empire rested on the predominance of Prussia, a position which the Serbs are, under present conditions, loth to occupy in Yugoslavia. In Germany, moreover, many of the States used to be independent, while in Yugoslavia this was only the case with Serbia and Montenegro. Centralism would tend to obliterate the tribal divisions, but on the other hand it brings in its train bureaucracy, which is slow, cumbrous and often corrupt; it demands unusually good central institutions and first-rate communications, neither of which are as yet in a satisfactory state. The constitution has arrived at a compromise between the federal and the centralized systems. A writer in the *Contemporary Review* (November 1921) said that the division of the whole of Yugoslavia into some twenty administrative areas [he should have said [248] thirty-three] to replace the racial areas, was a very drastic proposal to put forward; and he added that when the historic provincial divisions of France were broken up into departments, the nation had been prepared by nearly 200 years of centralization under the monarchy. It is a flaw in his argument to say that the previously existing areas were racial, whereas populations of identical race were divided from one another by the course of events. And in the proposed obliteration of these divisions—to be effected in a less arbitrary fashion than in France, where no account was taken of the former provinces—it can scarcely be maintained that, of itself, this part of the centralizing programme in Yugoslavia is so very drastic.

Whatever one may think about the Balkan peoples it is a fact that the essential Serb, the Serb from Šumadia, is a pacific person, rather lazy perhaps, but certainly more devoted to dancing than to battle. And some of the wiser Serbs were dubious in 1919 and 1920 as to whether the most sagacious methods were being employed in Croatia. Radić was in prison, but they were told that this impetuous demagogue was insisting on a republic, and the Croat *intelligentsia* were far from happy. It is true that in the elections of November 1920 the National party, as the Starčevists now called themselves, had no great success; but the Radić party had more than half the seats. Surely this had not been brought about merely by the chief's imprisonment? There seemed to be in that province some wider, some growing dissatisfaction. And in the spring of

1921 most of the Catholic Croats, those within and those without the Radić party, were nourishing a score of grievances. No doubt a large proportion of these were unavoidable (in view of the state of Central Europe) or were rather trivial (the mayor of an important town told me that he, who was under the Minister of the Interior, had received an order from the Belgrade Minister of War, with respect to the detention of deserters—conditions, said he, were not so primitive in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy) and sometimes the grievances were against the Habsburgs (for not having made them more fit to assume these new responsibilities), and [249] sometimes they were against the Serbs for being less civilized—though they might be more moral—than themselves, and sometimes the grievances were personal: now and then after the Austrian collapse a Serbian officer or his men, uncertain of the feelings of the population, had acted with unwise, or rather with inexpedient, vigour—instead of shooting those who in the general anarchy were laying waste and plundering, they merely flogged them, and this was for a long time remembered against them, although the Croat *intelligentsia* who had taken service in the police flogged in a far more wholesale fashion. But down at the bottom of all the grievances there is the fundamental fact that the Southern Slavs yearn to be comrades, to shake off the differences which in the course of ages have grown up between them. These fraternal sentiments may be crudely expressed—it has happened that a Slav from Bosnia (whose ancestors adopted Islam some centuries ago) finds himself in a Serbian village. He strikes up acquaintance with some native. "What is your name?" asks the latter. "Muhammed." The Serb has never heard of such a name; he is puzzled. "Well, never mind," says he, and takes his new friend back to dinner. They sit down to the sucking pig. Muhammed refuses to partake of it, and informs the Serb that Allah would be angry. "Don't be afraid," says the Serb; "I'll tell him that it's my fault," and after a time he overcomes the Bosniak's scruples.... In more cultured circles the wonderful union of the Southern Slavs is manifested after a different fashion, and those neighbours who imagine that the afore-mentioned grievances are going to dissolve the new State will one day see how much they are mistaken. The Southern Slavs intend to quarrel with each other, to quarrel like brothers.

THE SAD CASE OF PRIBIČEVIĆ

As between the Catholic and the Orthodox in Croatia the sole uncertainty is whether this fusion will shortly take place or after an interval. It is agreed by the most malcontent schoolmasters that their pupils are growing up to be excellent Yugoslavs who will have no more fear of what they [250] call "Serb hegemony" than have the Scots of that of England. As for the present generation of Croats and Serbs, if they were Occidentals they would be old enough to laugh at each others' peculiarities and each others' statesmen. But South-Eastern Europe is still under the morning clouds, and they are inclined to take seriously what we in the West make fun of. However, there is one man whose presence in the Cabinet the Croats cannot be expected to regard with good-humour or with nonchalance. The reconciliation of Croatia will be much more easily effected if Mr. Pribičević resigns. His merits as a demagogue and political writer are undeniable. He would make an excellent Whip. But he prefers to be a Minister, and most unfortunately he is not a statesman. A zealous patriot, he is as yet unable to conceive that the business of the State could be more successfully managed without him. The sweets of office appear, if anything, to have made him more bitter; and even among the Serbs of the old kingdom his withdrawal is considered advisable. A friend of his has told me that in the middle of a laughing conversation he threw out a hint of this, and like a cloud blown suddenly across a summer sky, Pribičević's face grew black. Unhappily he is not even Fortinbras and yet imagines he is Hamlet. A good many people in Yugoslavia call him *un homme fatal*, most of the others *l'homme fatal*. It is said that in the Democratic party he is actively supported by not more than ten deputies, but that the others, to preserve the party, take no steps. He himself, however, would probably have not the least hesitation in choosing another party, if he could otherwise not stay in the Cabinet; for his permanence in office is the one idea that crushes every other from his mind. If he cannot be Minister of the Interior—a post from which he has been more than once, and happily for Yugoslavia, ejected—then he insists on being Minister of Education. What are his qualifications? Years ago he gave instruction at a school for elementary teachers, and so faint a conception has he of the educational needs of his country that one day when a Professor of Belgrade University asked him if no steps could be taken to diminish the prohibitive cost of books, especially foreign books, the Minister simply stared at him as if he had been talking Chinese. And yet in a recent [251] book of national verses, published by his brother Adam, we are told that:

> "At the table also sat the sage Pribičević,
> Who can converse with Emperors...."

There are some who, curiously, have compared Radić's party with the Sinn Feiners; Radić may have announced that he would approach the Serbs as the representative of an independent country, but he never proposed, even when his views were most extreme, to realize them with physical force. At a great open-air meeting of his adherents the speeches were so mild that only twice did the Chief of Police, who was next to me, raise a warning finger, and on each occasion to keep the orator from very innocent digressions. Nevertheless, there is no concealing the fact that even in these unsatisfactory times—"It seems to me," said a philosophic peasant recently at Valjevo, in the heart of Serbia, "it seems to me that if we had a plebiscite then Valjevo might not wish to remain with Serbia!"—even in a world that is so awry the Croats are more reserved towards the union than is good for the State. Perhaps they would cherish fewer grievances if they had gained their freedom with greater difficulty; and surely they need have no more uneasiness than have the Scots that their name and nationality will be swamped, for what the Magyars were unable to do, that the Serbs do not wish to do. There are among the Serbs a few extremists, such

as a pernicious editor or two, but their anti-Croat tirades find extremely little favour anywhere. Last autumn when the Prince-Regent (now King Alexander) visited the Croat capital his reception was most enthusiastic. "Let us keep him here!" cried the people, "and let King Peter stay in Belgrade!" The Prince by his tact brought the Croat out of his tent; he must not be allowed to go back again—let the Southern Slavs observe what each of their provinces can bring towards the common good. The Croats acknowledge that the military system of Serbia is more endurable—only one son is taken out of each family—and that whereas in Slovenia a lawsuit can be settled in fourteen days it has been wont in Croatia to take as many years. Unfortunately human nature, in [252] Serbia, Croatia and everywhere else, finds that the bad points of other people are more worthy of comment than the good. When two brothers have been brought up in very different circumstances there will be so many points on which they differ; and when a Serb taking part in a technical discussion of scientists wishes to say that he differs from the previous speaker he will commonly observe that that person has made a fool of himself. When an editor alludes to a political opponent he may call him an assassin and be much astonished if this is resented. "Je suis un ours," said a Serbian savant of European repute; occasionally he behaves like one and is rather proud of it. The Serbs of Croatia have been imitating, nay exaggerating, the emphatic manners of their countrymen in the old kingdom. And Pribičević, as Minister of Education, has not attempted to give the Croats a tactful course in courage, patriotism and morality, where they have much to learn from the less civilized Serbs, but scowling at them he has made up his mind that, in and out of school, they must straightway be the closest of companions.

However, the Serbs and Croats have a man whose counsel is more worthy of attention. Dr. Trumbić, formerly the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had been elected at the head of four different lists in his native Dalmatia but had entered the Constituent Assembly without giving his allegiance to any party. And in April 1921 he made a speech as memorable as it was long, for it occupied the whole of one sitting and was continued the next day. Careless of the applause and the antagonism which he excited, the serene orator pointed out that the conflict between Serbs and Croats was based on their different psychology. Croatia had had her independent life and must be considered as a factor in Yugoslavia; but having come in, like Montenegro, of her own accord, she had not wished to be a separate factor. Traditions should not be so lightly set aside; and while there was perhaps no people more homogeneous than the Yugoslavs it should be remembered that none was more ready to resist the application of force. [253]

LESSONS OF THE MONTENEGRIN ELECTIONS

Except at Kolašin, where a few friends of Nikita tried their brigand tactics, there was perfect calm in Montenegro during the elections. As elsewhere in Yugoslavia, there was a general amnesty and a prohibition, for the three preceding days, to sell wine or rakia. The ten elected candidates, all of them for the Yugoslav union and against Nikita, were equally divided between Radicals and Democrats on the one hand and Communists and Republicans on the other. The authorities took not the slightest step to favour any candidate; various prominent deputies, such as Dr. Yoyić, the Minister of Food Supply, were beaten. And in a letter to the Press we were told by Mr. Ronald M'Neill, M.P., that these elections were certainly both "farcical and fraudulent." He is contradicted by Mr. Roland Bryce, who, after his excellent work on the Allied Plebiscite Commission in Carinthia, was sent by the Foreign Office with Major L. E. Ottley to report on the Montenegrin elections. He says (in Command Paper I., 124) that "in actual practice the method of voting prescribed by the electoral law was found to ensure absolute secrecy (the system adopted being the only feasible one in a country where the proportion of illiterates is great), and the manner in which the ballot was supervised and carried out was unimpeachable and proof against the most exacting criticism." Mr. M'Neill is also contradicted by the Republican candidate, M. Gjonović, who in a manifesto drawn up after the election declares that "none can say that the elections were not free, or that anyone who wished could not make up a list. At the elections only the lists and boxes of the Republicans, Democrats, Independents, Radicals and Communists were represented. All of these parties had in their programmes the motto 'The people and State union,' with, of course, different points of view and different opinions as to the organization of our national and State forces, except the Communists, who go further and desire the union of all peoples." [254]

WHICH ONE GENTLEMAN REFUSES TO TAKE

It will thus be seen that the friends of Nikita were altogether wrong in suggesting that those who voted for the Republicans or Communists were opposed to the union with Serbia in Yugoslavia. Both Republicans and (paradoxical though it sounds) the Communists resented this insinuation very bitterly; and considering that the leaders of both parties are pronounced antagonists of the old régime, and were indeed severally condemned to death by Nikita, it would have been strange if they now supported him. Thus every single programme put forward by the different parties included, in some form or other, union with Serbia. The candidates themselves explicitly said so; but Mr. M'Neill knows better, and informs us how very hostile to the Serbs they really were. He is a wonderful man, Mr. M'Neill. Standing up in the House of Commons he directs his penetrating gaze upon the Black Mountain, and with such effect that he can see in the minds of Montenegrin politicians what they themselves had never dreamed of. Since we have such a man as Mr. M'Neill in the country, one would think that the Foreign Office might have saved itself the expense of sending out Mr. Bryce and Major Ottley.

But since we have it, let us look at Mr. Bryce's very interesting and detailed report. After explaining that both Republicans and Communists were in favour of union with Serbia, he tells us how it happened that so many people voted for these two lists instead of for the orthodox Radical and Democratic parties. The Communists, according to Mr. Bryce, were benefited by a party organization, a vigorous canvass and a better discipline than that of any of their opponents. Their policy won the support of many ardent and very patriotic Nationalists, who voted in many cases for Communism on the ground that it was the Russian policy—out of gratitude for what the Tzars had done for Montenegro in the past! Major Temperley, assistant military attaché, in another report (Command Paper I., 123) observes that some local discontent had arisen in Montenegro because the native does not understand, and has never experienced before, a really efficient [255] system of government, and because the introduction of conscription was not well adapted to the national tradition of lawless and untrained vigour. Major Temperley testifies that the Republican party gained the suffrages of numerous returned emigrants who admired the state of things in America. He shares Mr. Bryce's opinion as to the insignificance of the pro-Nikita party. "Even making large allowances," says he, "there seemed to me to be no doubt that the pro-Nicholas party were the weakest in Montenegro." Certain of his devotees were simply brigands who, like the Neapolitan miscreants after 1860, sought to cast a glamour over their depredations by affecting to be in arms on behalf of their former King. This personage himself was so well aware of his unpopularity that he was prudent enough to tell his supporters to abstain from voting. Those who did abstain were altogether only 32·69 per cent. of the electors, though one would have been justified in expecting a much higher proportion, since the people have not yet fully grasped their rights and duties with respect to the franchise; the distances to the booths were often very great, and the peasants were often indifferent as to whether one candidate or another with a very similar programme should be elected. The tribal or family system is still so prevalent in the villages that one member of a family would be sent to express the considered views of his fellows. The effect of the elections being held on a Sunday was to increase rather than diminish the number of abstainers, for although Sunday is a public holiday the Christian Montenegrin is under no obligation to hear Mass and for that reason travel to the village. The churches are practically deserted, for he is accustomed on that day to remain at home; while the Moslem voters largely declined to vote because there were no Moslem candidates. That is why it would appear that those of the 32·69 per cent. who abstained because they were in favour of Nikita were extremely few. Their simple-mindedness has its limits, while that of good Mr. M'Neill believes that because France, Great Britain and America undertook to restore Montenegrin independence, they were still obliged to do so after they perceived at the conclusion of the War that an overwhelming majority of Montenegrins did not desire it. This majority dethroned its [256] traitor-king; but Mr. M'Neill maintains that France and England have dethroned "a monarch who was a friend and an ally."[64] Because M. Poincaré, in the days before the Montenegrins had rejected Nikita, addressed him as "Very Dear and Great Friend"—the ordinary form of words for a reigning monarch—Mr. M'Neill actually seems to think that France was for evermore compelled to clasp Nikita to her bosom. He clearly admires those who, since the end of the War, have risen in the cause of their old King; and I suppose that in consequence he disapproves of the Omladina, the voluntary association of men who banded themselves together to resist the terrorism of the pro-King komitadjis. If he had been in Montenegro during the years after the War he would possibly agree that komitadji is the proper name for the many lawless elements who have found the traditional fighting life more congenial than the thankless task of tilling their very barren land. The moral effect of opposing to these the Montenegrin Omladina instead of Serbian troops was to destroy all pretence of the movement being a national Montenegrin insurrection against the union, and the cessation of assistance from Italy resulted in the complete suppression of the movement. The few outlaws who still remain at large, said Mr. Bryce in December 1920, are in no sense political, but are merely bandits. And as the Omladina has now no *raison d'être* they have disbanded themselves. Much now depends on the Constitution. If it gives them equal rights —and naturally it will—with the other inhabitants of Yugoslavia the Montenegrins will be content.

In August 1921 the *Secolo* of Milan sent a famous correspondent to Montenegro. He came to much the same conclusions as Messrs. Bryce and Temperley. Not a single political prisoner was to be found, and not one of the ex-soldiers who returned from Gaeta had been molested. The correspondent thought that the Serbs had been ill-advised at the beginning to employ forcible methods against the pro-Nikita partisans who were opposed to Yugoslavia; they should, said he, [257] have let the pear ripen spontaneously and fall into their lap. But now their policy had become one of conciliation: during the last two and a half years Montenegro had received from Belgrade for public works, pensions and subsidies, 93 million dinars, and had paid in taxes only 5 millions. Secondary education had been increased, and 700 Montenegrin students (of whom 500 are allotted a monthly grant) frequent Yugoslav universities. The fertile lands of Yugoslavia were open to Montenegrin emigration. In fact an isolated, independent Montenegro was no longer needed. With the disappearance of the Turk from all Serbian territory in 1913 a return to the union of the Serbs, as in the days of Stephen Dušan, was only hindered by historical, sentimental and, above all, by dynastic reasons. It was sad, quoth the correspondent, that the glorious history of Montenegro should have come to such a tame end, but her historic mission was closed in 1913, even as that of Scotland in 1707, to the benefit of both parties. Now the Serbs were leaving them to manage their own affairs; many ex-Nikita officials had been confirmed in their posts, while officers were given their old rank in the Yugoslav army. It is unfortunate for itself that the "Near East" (of London) does not employ so discerning a correspondent. We should then hear no more of such folly as that which—to select one occasion out of many—caused it in November 1921 to speak about "the forcible absorption of Montenegro." And the world may be pardoned if it is more

ready to accept the observations made on the spot by an expert Italian correspondent rather than the futile remarks sent by the Hon. Aubrey Herbert from the House of Commons, also in November 1921, to the *Morning Post*. This gentleman informs us that "it was probably because the Yugoslav Government was allowed to annex the ancient principality of Montenegro, exile its King, and subjugate its people, without any interference from the Great Powers, that M. Pasitch thought that he could do as he liked in Albania." That is the sort of statement which one may treat with Matthew Arnold's "patient, deep disdain." [258]

MEDIÆVAL DOINGS AT RIEKA

On July 14, 1920, a letter marked "urgent" (No. 2047) was written by Colonel Sani, the Chief of d'Annunzio's Cabinet, in which he confirmed the orders which he had already given verbally, to the effect that all the foreign elements, especially the Serbs and Croats, who "exercise an obnoxious political influence," should be expelled from Rieka at the earliest possible date; he mentions that this is the command of d'Annunzio, who is in full accord with the President of the Consiglio Nazionale. This was the continuation of a practice which the Italian authorities had carried on in a wholesale manner. Father J. N. Macdonald, in his unimpeachable little book, *A Political Escapade* (London, 1921), gives us numerous examples of persons who in the most wanton fashion were expelled from the town. Thus a merchant called Pliskovac was arrested by the carabinieri, while talking to some English soldiers. After three days, spent under arrest, he was told that he would have to depart "from Italy" (*sic*). He was given a *faglio di via obligatorio* by the carabinieri, according to which he was banished on the ground of being "unemployed." Yet this man had had a fixed residence in Rieka for thirty-six years, was employed as a merchant, and furnished with a regular industrial certificate.... His name had been found on one of the lists in favour of annexation to Yugoslavia. When the world in general turned its attention away from Rieka, very much relieved to think that there would be an end to all the turmoil now that an agreement had at last been reached and the poor harassed place was to be neutral, it presumed that those among her citizens who had been openly in arms against the other party would as soon as possible resign. They would have been astonished to be told that the notorious self-elected Consiglio Nazionale Italiano, under the selfsame President, Mr. Grossich, cheerfully remained in office. It is true that they now called themselves the "Provisional Government"; in Paris and London this change of title made a good deal more impression than upon the local Yugoslavs, whose treatment did not vary. A decree was printed on January 21, 1921, in the *Vedetta*, which [259] laid it down that the expulsions ordered by the previous Government retained their force, but that appeals might be addressed to the Rector of the Interior. A deputation was received by this gentleman, and was told that the procedure would be so complicated and so lengthy that it would not permit any one to return until after the elections. These elections had been fixed for the end of April, and it seemed as if France and England were so blinded by the blessed words "Provisional Government" that they could see nothing else. That over 2000 arditi, clothed in mufti, had either stayed from the d'Annunzian era or been since introduced was surely gossip, and how could anyone believe that those men had been granted citizenship on the simple declaration of a Rieka shopkeeper, or some such person, that the applicant worked under him? These declarations, by the way, must have refrained from going into details, for there was an almost total lack of work—except in the political department of the police. Rieka was to all intents in the possession of Italy, and she was learning what that meant. The town was like a dead place, shops were only open in the morning, and if the shopkeepers had not been compelled by the authorities to remove their shutters they would have strolled down to the quays where the grass was growing—"but, thank Heaven," cried Grossich, "thank Heaven, it is Italian grass!" (If he ever recalls that long-distant day, when, as a student, he fought for his fellow-Croats, and when, as a young doctor, he was an enthusiastic official of the Croat Club at Castua near Rieka, perhaps this gentleman thanks his God for having led him to Rieka and turned him into an Italian.) Cut off from its Yugoslav hinterland the population of Rieka, which consisted more and more of arditi and fascisti, less and less of Yugoslavs, the population had nothing to do save to speculate in the rate of exchange (but not in the local notes which no one wanted) and to prepare for the elections. Thus, with time very heavy on their hands, there was a great deal of corruption; cocaine could be obtained at nearly all the cafés. The elections drew nearer, and one wondered whether the Entente was going to look at the lists of voters and to inquire how it came that many natives of the town were not inscribed. What was likely to happen if the place was delivered [260] altogether to the C.N.I. could be seen when the harbour of Baroš, given by the Rapallo Treaty to Yugoslavia, was demanded, simply demanded, by the Italian Nationalists; those ultra-patriots the fascisti, in Italy and in Rieka, when they saw that in the "holocaust city" everything was going just as well for them as in the brave days of d'Annunzio, persisted loudly in claiming Baroš as an integral part of Rieka. The Yugoslavs must be prevented, wherever possible, from approaching the Adriatic—this being the furious policy of the Italian capitalists who had succeeded in sweeping most of the Italian people off their feet. With Baroš, a port of limited possibilities, in the hands of the Yugoslavs, it would mean that the adjacent Rieka through its Yugoslav commerce would prosper; but anything that savoured of a Yugoslav Rieka was obnoxious to the capitalists and their wild followers, since they feared that in the first place it would raise a grievous obstacle to their penetration of the Balkans, and secondly it would involve the ruin of Triest, where German capital still plays a predominant part. So in their folly they strenuously fought for the Germans, spurred on by the terrible thought that Rieka might become predominantly Yugoslav. They refused to listen to their wiser men, who pointed out that the possession of an odd town or island was to Italy of not so much importance as friendship with their Slav neighbours. When, at the beginning of April 1921 a large sailing boat, the *Rad* (Captain Vlaho Grubišić) came into

Baroš, the first ship to bring the Yugoslav flag to that port, there was intense commotion among the fascisti. Forty of them with weapons ran down to the harbour, but Grubišić told them that he saw no reason why he should not fly the flag of his State. A number of workmen, Italians and Yugoslavs, then appeared and made common cause against the fascisti, so that the latter withdrew. And the captain of the Italian warship *Carlo Mirabello* sent to ask Grubišić if he had removed the flag. On hearing that he had not done so the captain said that he had acted perfectly correctly. It seems to be too much to hope that such honourable Italians as this captain and these workmen will be able, without certain measures on the part of France and England, to prevail [261] over those elements who have dragged Rieka down to death and to dishonour.

At last, on April 25, the elections were held. There were two parties, that of the C.N.I., swollen with arditi and fascisti, who would have nothing to do with the Treaty of Rapallo—their programme consisted in annexation to Italy—and the other party, whose object was to carry out the provisions of the Treaty. Professor Zanella was its chief. There did not seem to be much hope that it would be successful, although it contained what was left of the Autonomists, who in 1919 were the largest party—desiring that the town should be neither Yugoslav nor Italian—and these Autonomists were now reinforced by the Yugoslavs. But so numerous had been the expulsions that many of the survivors feared that it would be futile to vote, and on the other hand the Annexionist party was quite confident that it would win. During the afternoon of the election day, however, they perceived that the impossible was happening, and that Zanella was marching to victory. Thereupon the enraged fascisti had recourse to violence. "Zanella's victory was intolerable to these patriots," said *La Nazione*,[65] "because they remembered the two years of tenacity and of splendid Italian spirit and of suffering which the town had lived through." Most of the electors remembered the suffering. The fascisti seized a number of urns and made a bonfire of them; there was presented the spectacle of Signor Gigante, d'Annunzio's obedient mayor, bursting with armed companions into that room of the Palace of Justice where the votes were being scrutinized. "I yield to violence," said the presiding official; and twenty minutes afterwards the contents of the urns were burning merrily. But these measures did not help the cause of the fascisti, no more than did their screams that they had been betrayed. And if Zanella had to fly from Rieka because, as the Nationalist paper put it, he could not stand up against the vehement indignation of so many of the citizens, yet he and his party have triumphed. "Fiume or Death," used to be the device dear to d'Annunzio. He placarded the long-suffering walls with it, and it was on the lapels of the coats of his adherents. "Fiume must belong to Italy or be blown up," [262] cried the poet. But, strange to say, a majority of the inhabitants prefer that their town should continue to exist, and this it can only do if, in accordance with the Treaty of Rapallo, it becomes a neutral State on friendly terms with both its neighbours, Italy and Yugoslavia. The Italian Government desires, of course, to execute its Treaty obligations,[66] and if it finds too painful the task of moderating the ardours of its own super-patriots, it will no doubt be glad to have this done by an International force. That method, which was only prevented by d'Annunzio's arrival in 1919, offers the speediest and most efficacious solution of Rieka's troubles.

THE STRICKEN TOWN

If anyone imagined that they would be ended with the installation of Zanella he was wrong. At the municipal elections 90 per cent. voted for the Autonomist party, the Yugoslavs having had the good sense to join them. But the Italian Nationalists were not going to yield to moderation, and immediately after the elections Zanella was obliged to flee for his life, so that he was not installed in office until October 5. He struggled manfully to clear away the chaos and to make such economic arrangements as would eventually convert Rieka into a prosperous port. This the fascisti of Triest and Venice could by no means tolerate, and on January 31 an unsuccessful attempt was made by them on his life as he was leaving the Constituent Assembly. On February 16 the Anai (Assoziazione Nazionale fra gli Arditi d'Italia) sent out a very urgent message from their headquarters in the Via Macchiavelli in Triest. They informed the subsections that not only was Zanella preparing to deliver Rieka to the Croats, but that the army of the "globe-trotter" Wrangel was waiting in Sušak to seize the wretched town. Therefore Gabriele d'Annunzio had commanded that every loyal servant of the cause was to be mobilized. And after a few rhetorical sentences it continued, "I will give the marching orders by telegram as follows: 'Send the [263] documents. Farina.' If only a small number of people are needed I will telegraph, 'Send ... Quintal. Farina.'" The men were to assemble at the Italian Labour Bureau, 9 Via Pozza Bianca in Triest. They were to be clad in mufti, to be armed so far as it was possible and to have with them three days' provender.... The subsections are asked to telegraph the approximate number of those on whom they can rely. And this memorandum should be acknowledged. It is signed, "With brotherly greetings. Farina Salvatore." About ten days later—between February 26 and 28—there was a meeting at the Hotel Imperial in Vienna, under the presidency of Vilim Stipetić, formerly a major of the Austrian General Staff. Some dissident Croats—among them Dr. Emanuel Gagliardi, Captains Cankl and Petričević, Gjuro Klišurić, Josip Boldin and Major-General Ištvanović—two dissident Montenegrins, Jovo Plamenac and Marko Petrović, together with two Italian officers, adherents of d'Annunzio, Colonel Finzi of Triest and Major Ventura of Rome, ... assembled for the purpose of stirring up trouble for the Yugoslavs in the spring. They referred with pleasure to the presence of sundry Bulgarian komitadjis in Albania, Finzi declared that the Italian Government would satisfy the Croats and give them Rieka as soon as Croatia had achieved her independence and a less visionary promise was made of disturbances in Rieka. On March 1 the two Italian officers left for Triest and on March 3 Rieka was confronted with another *coup d'état*. The fascisti of Triest and of Gulia Venetia descended on the town in two special trains of the Italian State

Railway. They had not the slightest confidence in Zanella, who was an honest man, working on the basis of the Treaty of Rapallo, whereby Italy and Yugoslavia recognized the Free State of Rieka. In their eyes it was a monstrous thing that Italy should be expected to observe this instrument. So let the town be freed, let Zanella be expelled. And as he only had at his disposal a force of about three hundred local gendarmes, with rifles but without munition, it was not particularly difficult for the fascisti heroes to accomplish their task. Zanella had to fly once more.

[264] "If Italy were to offend against the freedom and independence of the State of Rieka she would deprive herself," said Signor Schanzer, the Italian Foreign Secretary "she would deprive herself of the name of a Great Power and in the Society of Nations she would retain no authority." Thus did the successor of the relentless but unavailing della Torretta try, with eloquent and noble words, to wipe the blot from Italy's scutcheon. She could scarcely have the nations coming to the Congress of Genoa, there to debate with regard to the economic re-establishment of Europe, while her own conduct was so very much under suspicion. It would have been rather curious, so the *Zagreber Tagblatt*[67] pointed out, for a robber to invite you to his house with a view to taking steps against robbery. Something drastic had to be done, so that Europe would not look askance at the Italian Government. Zanella, it was true, had been thrown out—but why should not the world be told that this had been effected by the people of the town? A very excellent idea! And so a certain Lieut. Cabruna of the *gendarmerie* made a plan to get together the Constituent Assembly and then—well, there are always methods by which resolutions can be passed. Perhaps it would not even be necessary for a single rifle to be fired at the deputies from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. But most of the deputies succeeded in escaping from the town, although frantic efforts were made to prevent them. Out of the threescore only thirteen poor devils were held fast and came to the futile meeting. The others, with Zanella, assembled on Yugoslav territory at a place called Saint Anna.

And Signor Schanzer went on talking. Officers and men of the Italian army and navy, said he, had shown perfect discipline. Signor Schanzer may not be an expert on discipline, but as a humorist he wins applause. One's ordinary notions of discipline do not include the seizure of a warship by a handful of bandits, the cannons of the vessel being afterwards directed against the Government palace of a neutral State. The fascisti, with the help of Italian troops and accompanied by several Italian deputies, eject the legal Government of Rieka. One of these
[265] deputies, Giuratti, is chosen by his friends to be President of the Free State—Giuratti of the fascisti, Giuratti who most barbarically had ill-treated the Istrian Slavs, but—for we will be just—this was when he believed they were barbarians, savages, quite common, brutal men; well, he had learned, he wrote,[68] that this was not the case, they had adopted Western culture, they had raised the revolutionary flag against the dynasty of Karageorgević and if Yugoslavia's dismemberment should ever come to pass, "then, as I confidently hope," said he, "the Croats with their righteous national aspirations will unite with their great neighbour Italy. We salute the Croat Revolution with sincerest sympathy..." and so on and so on. That was the kind of calm, impartial personage to have as Governor of the distracted Free State, where in one point anyhow most of the population think the same, and that is that their union with Italy would be an absolute disaster. Behold this Giuratti posing his candidature, Giuratti whose patriotism and idealism are, says the Italian Government, fully appreciated by them; nevertheless it has advised him to refuse the suggested honour. That he should be punished did not occur to them; but what would they have said if a Yugoslav—surely with more right than an Italian and certainly with a larger following of townsfolk—had been selected as President? "The proceedings of the Italian Government," said Schanzer, "are clear, speedy and determined." But did anything unpleasant happen to Commandant Castelli, an officer sent to make order, when he quite openly placed himself on the side of the fascisti? Would degradation be the lot of any officer or soldier who "mutinied" and joined the fascisti?... Apparently it was due to the unhappy political condition of Europe that the whole civilized world did not launch an indignant protest against the baseness and cynicism of the Italians. But how utterly they failed to persuade others that the wishes of Rieka were as they represented them! Rieka desires to remain independent and this desire the Italians will have to respect. And the later they make up their mind to keep their promises, so much the worse for them. The Yugoslavs can wait, for theirs is the future. A cartoonist in the [266] Belgrade *Vreme* depicted a rough old Serbian warrior holding on his open hand a very neat little Italian soldier. "Now listen to me," he was saying, "and I will tell you a story. Once upon a time there was a country called Austria...."

There was a characteristic little affair at Saint Anna on March 23. A few minutes after Zanella had left the Lubić Inn a suspicious-looking person appeared. He began observing the customers and their surroundings, when the Police-Commissary Peršić came up to him and asked for his passport. "Take yourself off!" shouted the intruder, as he pulled a bomb out of his trouser pocket. Peršić grappled with him and soon overpowered him. And outside the house four other fascisti, Armano Viola, Carpinelli, Bellia and Murolo, were captured. They claimed to be journalists, and it is quite true that Viola is on the staff of the notorious *Vedetta Italiana*; but when he comes into a foreign country as a special correspondent and is teaching others how to go about that business —for until then they had been otherwise engaged, Murolo being charged with numerous thefts and attempted murders, while Bellia and Carpinelli were accused of breaking into the Abbazia Casino—if Viola was teaching them how to be journalists he would on this occasion have been better advised if he had restricted them to the conventional tools of the profession instead of bombs, revolvers and daggers. Little use did they get out of them, for a trio of these armed individuals were seized and disarmed by one Yugoslav gendarme, who was himself very meagrely equipped. With tears in their eyes they begged for mercy. "Pietà, Pietà!" they exclaimed. So long as their own lives were spared they were very willing to forgo the 60,000 lire which had been put

on Zanella's head.

Unfortunately it seems obvious that this exploit, if not ordered by the Italian Government was, at any rate, permitted by them. How otherwise could the automobile containing these men have got past the sentries at the Sušak bridge and two other Italian sentry posts? Moreover, these men were in possession of documents which proved that official Italian circles at Rieka were privy to their undertaking, and that they proposed to investigate the Yugoslav military positions on the [267] frontier.... These five fascisti brigands—who were also lieutenants of the Italian army—would therefore have to be tried not only for attempted murder but for attempted espionage. They were put into a train and transported to the prison at Zagreb. "If once we begin to march," so the Italian soldiers at Rieka had over and over again been telling the Croats, "then we shall not halt before we come to Zagreb, your capital." Those five will perhaps some day explain to their comrades how quickly Zagreb can be reached.... As yet those whom they left behind them had not lost their bombast: a manifesto was issued by them which declared that five true patriots had sallied forth to Saint Anna, for the purpose of parleying with the Constituent Assembly, and that in a barbarous fashion they had been arrested, maltreated and possibly killed. Let the people avenge the shedding of such noble blood. Everything, everything must be done in order to liberate the captured brethren. And so, towards eleven at night, about sixty fascisti and legionaries came together. Armed to the teeth, they designed to cross over into Yugoslav territory, but when they noticed that the sentry posts had been strengthened they went home to bed.

A number of American and European journalists rushed out to Belgrade, under the impression that the Yugoslav-Italian War could now no longer be avoided. But they did not realize how great a self-control the Yugoslavs possess. It may be, as a commentator put it in the *Nation*,[69] that Italy "is practically at war with Yugoslavia," for she is obsessed by the "Pan-Slav menace"; but if they insist on the arbitrament of arms they will have to wait until the Yugoslavs have time to deal with them.... The Free State of Rieka owes its existence to a Treaty between Italy and Yugoslavia; both of them should therefore guarantee its freedom. Italian and Yugoslav *gendarmerie* and troops should resist together the incursions of fascisti; and if the two races cannot work in harmony, then let the administration of the town be entrusted to neutral troops; and as High [268] Commissioner one would suggest Mr. Blakeney, the British Consul at Belgrade. If this imperturbable and most kindly man were to fail in the attempt at repeating in Rieka what has been accomplished in Danzig, then, indeed, one might despair; but he would brilliantly and placidly succeed. All the other qualifications are his; an intimate knowledge of every Near Eastern language—and, of course, Italian; a perfect acquaintance with the mentality of all those peoples; common sense of an uncommon order, and the whole-hearted confidence of those with whom he comes into contact. Great Britain and France compelled the Yugoslavs, at enormous sacrifices, to sign the Treaty of Rapallo; they are, therefore, morally obliged to see that it is executed. For too many months the Italians were saying that they would carry out their part of it and leave the third zone in Dalmatia if the Yugoslavs would agree to a few more concessions, commercial and territorial, that were not in the Treaty. During the Genoa Conference in the spring of 1922 the Italian authorities confessed to the Yugoslav delegates that their hands were bound by the fascisti. These elements would certainly object to the execution of that part of the Treaty of Rapallo which refers to the port of Baroš. Accurately speaking, the arrangements with regard to Baroš are embodied in a letter from Count Sforza, the then Foreign Secretary, and are added to the Treaty as an appendix. Both were signed on the same day, and apparently this plan of an appendix was adopted on account of the fascisti. Yet if Count Sforza had not signed that letter it is safe to say that the Yugoslavs would not have signed the main body of a Treaty which to them was the reverse of favourable. And at Genoa the Italians started haggling about a strip of land near Baroš, in the hope that some success would stay the zeal of the fascisti. Furthermore they pleaded that Zadar could not live if Yugoslavia did not, in addition to supplying it with water, give it railway communication with the interior. The Yugoslavs were thus invited to construct at great expense a railway to a foreign town which their own Šibenik and other Adriatic towns did not possess. This, naturally, they refused to undertake, as also to agree to the Italian suggestion that a free zone of some twenty kilometres should be instituted at the back of Zadar. One might [269] safely say that the Italian agents in this region would not have confined themselves to salutary measures for the welfare of the town. It is stated in the Treaty of Rapallo that in case of disagreement either party could invoke an arbitrator, and the Yugoslavs, who happen now to be the weaker party, have been contemplating application to the League of Nations. Well, in Genoa it was proposed by Italy that Yugoslavia should renounce the clause which deals with an eventual arbitration. If you make a large number of demands—never mind that they should be in opposition to a Treaty you have signed—then you may gain a few of them—and Italy was hoping that the Free State would repay the costs which she incurred there on account of her unruly son d'Annunzio, and, likewise, that the good Italianists who at the end of the Great War committed wholesale thefts from the State warehouses should not be made to pay for it. With all their guile and strength the Italians were endeavouring to avoid the execution of her Treaty of Rapallo. "Italy is the one Power in Europe," says Mr. Harold Goad[70] who thrusts himself upon our notice, "Italy is the one Power in Europe that is most obviously and most consistently working for peace and conciliation in every field."

HOPES IN THE LITTLE ENTENTE

The complicated troubles, avoidable and unavoidable, that have been raging in Central Europe after the War are being met to some extent by the Little Entente, an association in the first place

between Yugoslavia and the kindred Czecho-Slovakia, and afterwards between them and Roumania. The world was assured that this union had for its object the establishment of peace, security and normal economic activities in Central and Eastern Europe; no acquisitive purposes were in the background, and since these three States now recognized that if they try to swallow more of the late Austro-Hungarian monarchy they will suffer from chronic indigestion, we need not be suspicious of their altruism. It is perfectly true that the first impulse which moved the [270] creators of the Little Entente was not constructive but defensive; their great Allies did not appear, in the opinion of the three Succession States, to be taking the necessary precautions against the elements of reaction. Otherwise they, especially France (which was naturally more determined that Austria should not join herself to Germany), would not have favoured the idea of a Danubian Federation, in which Austria and Hungary would play leading parts. The Great Powers would also, if they had been less exclusively concerned with their own interests, have handled with more resolution the attempts of Charles of Habsburg to place himself at the head of the present reactionary régime at Buda-Pest; and if it had not been for certain energetic measures taken by the members of the Little Entente it may well be doubted whether the Government of Admiral Horthy, which does not conceal the fact that it is royalist—the king being temporarily absent—would have required Charles to leave the country. The Little Entente pointed out to their great Allies what these had apparently overlooked, namely, that the return of the Habsburgs was not opposed by the Succession States out of pure malice but for the reason that it would inevitably strengthen the magnates and the high ecclesiastics in their desire to bring about the restoration of Hungary's old frontiers. As the frontiers are now drawn there dwell—and this could not be prevented—a number of Magyars in each of the three neighbouring States (the fewest being in Yugoslavia), just as the present Hungary includes a Czech-Slovak, Roumanian and Yugoslav population.[71] But the Great Powers agree that if this frontier is to be changed at all, every precaution should be taken against having it changed by force. It is no exaggeration to say that there can be no real peace in Central Europe until normal intercourse with Russia is re- [271] established, but let it in the meantime be the task of the Little Entente to guard the temporary peace from being shattered.

Apart from this defensive object the countries of the Little Entente have the positive aim of a resumption of normal economic conditions and the institution of a new order of things in accordance with the new political construction of Central and Eastern Europe. It is obvious that these three States have numerous interests in common which make their co-operation very natural, if not indeed indispensable.

FOOTNOTES:

[46] April 16, 1920.

[47] January 22, 1920.

[48] According to the Rome correspondent of the *Petit Journal*.

[49] But the wind was considerably tempered for him: vessels laden with his precise requirements sailed over from Italy and said they had been captured by d'Annunzio's arditi. General Badoglio, in command of the royal troops outside the town, ascertained in November 1919 that Rieka's coal-supply was nearly exhausted and 7000 tons per month were required for the public services alone. He accordingly informed a syndicate of coal merchants in Triest that he would be personally responsible for the first consignment of coal to d'Annunzio. A month earlier, when the town was supposed to be blockaded, it was announced that a limited supply of food-stuffs would, nevertheless, be introduced, through the Red Cross, for very young children. This amounted, as a matter of fact, to 21 truckloads a week. It is significant that there was no rise in the prices charged in the public restaurants of Rieka, and that persons living outside the line of Armistice found it cheaper to do their shopping in the besieged city.

[50] February 20, 1920.

[51] September 1921.

[52] However, in the Yugoslav Parliament, although some of the deputies have spent their lives in far-off, primitive places—by no means all of those who represent the Albanians can read and write—one does not hear such deplorable language as that which, according to the *Grazer Volksblatt* of January 19, 1922, disgraced the Austrian Assembly. A certain Dr. Waneck, of the Pan-German party, wished to criticize the Minister of Finance, Professor Dr. Gürtler of the Christian Socialists. He remarked that one could not expect this Minister to be sober at four o'clock in the afternoon, and went on to say that no less than five banks, whose names he would give, had received early information from the Minister, which enabled them to speculate successfully. He repeated this accusation several times and with great violence, but when he was invited to reveal the names of these banks—"No, sir!" he cried. "I will not do so, because I don't want to."

[53] Cf. "The Tri-Une Kingdom," by Pavle Popović and Jovan M. Jovanović, in the *Quarterly Review*, October 1921.

[54] He was kept for some time in confinement at Mitrovica, in Syrmia, and in November 1920 he was liberated in consequence of the great amnesty.

[55] Cf. *Spectator*, July 17, 1920.

[56] Cf. *Edinburgh Review*, July 1920.

[57] A few months after this, in the course of a little controversy in the *Saturday Review* (which

arose from an unsigned and, I hoped, rather reasonable article of mine on the Adriatic Settlement) I quoted from memory this passage of Mrs. Re-Bartlett's and said that the Italian captain was giving chocolates to the children at Kievo. Thereupon Mr. Harold W. E. Goad of the British-Italian League wrote a highly indignant letter to the editor, and in the course of it he denounced me for having egregiously invented the chocolates "for the sole purpose of throwing her testimony into ridicule.... What do you, Sir, think of such methods as that?" And he concluded by declaring that I wallowed in a "truly Balkan slough of distortion and calumny." Well, on referring to Mrs. Re-Bartlett's article I find that there is no mention of chocolates, and I apologize; presumably the children were crowding round their adored *Capitano* in order to thank him for the bridges and waterworks which were being built in Dalmatia.

[58] During the Italian occupation, said Professor Salvemini, teachers, doctors and priests were deported or expelled from the country, while the Italian Government had to dissolve 30 municipal councils out of 33, so that at the head of the communes were Italian officials and not properly elected mayors. Moreover, all liberties were suppressed. No Slav newspapers, no Slav societies were permitted, and 32 out of 57 magistrates were dismissed—these methods being due not to cruelty or folly, said the Professor, but to the necessity of keeping order by forcible means in a country which was wholly hostile.

[59] November 13, 1920.

[60] November 15, 1920.

[61] This, of course, did not meet with the approval of Signor d'Annunzio. He made numerous pronouncements with regard to his inflexible desires, saying that, if necessary, he would offer up his bleeding corpse. And his resistance to the Italian Government did not confine itself to rhetoric. During his usurpation of Rieka this man had done his country grievous harm. It was not only that he held her up to the smiles of the malicious who said that she could not keep order in her own house, but he was guiding the people back to barbarism. When sailors of the royal navy deserted to his standard, he knelt before them in the streets of Rieka at a time when from Russia Lenin was inciting the Italian Communists to revolution and to the conquest of the State. He refused to deal with Giolitti, even as he had rejected the advances of Nitti. But the aged Giolitti grasped the problem with more firmness, which was what one might expect from the statesman who, after his return to power, had leaned neither on the industrial magnates of Milan nor on their Bolševik antagonists. Giolitti was resolved to put an end to the nuisance of d'Annunzio; in no constitutional State is there room for a Prime Minister and such a swashbuckler. The Nationalists of Italy were furious when they perceived that the Premier was in earnest and that force would be employed against their idol. And it had to come to that, for the utterly misguided man continued to resist—hoping doubtless for wholesale desertions in the army and navy—with the deplorable result that a good many Italians were slain by Italians. Orders were issued by the Government that all possible care should be taken of d'Annunzio's person; and eventually when Rieka was taken by the royalist troops the poet broke his oath that he would surely die; he announced that Italy was not worth dying for and it was said that he had sailed away on an aeroplane. He had accomplished none of his desires; the town had not become Italian, though he had bathed it in Italian blood. His overweening personal ambitions had been shipwrecked on the rock of ridicule, for as he made his inglorious exit he shouted at the world that he was "still alive and inexorable." But yet he may have unconsciously achieved something, for his seizure of what he loved to call the "holocaust city" provided the extreme Nationalists with a private stage where—in uniforms of their own design, in cloaks and feathers and flowing black ties and with eccentric arrangements of the hair—they could strut and caper and fling bombastic insults at the authorities in Rome, until the Government found it opportune to take them in hand. The greatest Italian poet and one of the greatest imaginative writers in Europe will now be able to devote himself—if his rather morbid Muse has suffered no injury—to his predestined task. Those—the comparatively few that read—whose acquaintance with this writer's work usually caused them to regret his methods, could not help admiring his personal activities, his genius for leadership and his vital fire during the War. But, once this was over, he relapsed; and expressing himself very clearly in action, so that he became known to the many instead of the few, he lived what he previously wrote, and now it is generally recognized that Gabriel of the Annunciation, as he calls himself, who produced a row of obscene and histrionic novels, is a mountebank, a self-deceiver and a most affected bore. When he came to Rieka he thought fit to appeal to the England of Milton. And, like him, Milton lived as he wrote. Milton, Dante and Sophocles—to mention no others of the supreme writers—were as serious and responsible in their public actions as in the pursuit of their art.

[62] Whatever be the limitations of the *Dom* as a newspaper—it is almost exclusively occupied with the person and programme of Mr. Radić—yet that brings with it the virtue, most exceptional in Yugoslavia, of refusing to engage in polemics. This would otherwise take up a good deal of its space, as Radić has become such a bogey-man that nothing is too ridiculous for his opponents to believe. A Czech newspaper not long ago informed the world that this monstrous personage had told an interviewer that not only had Serbian soldiers in Macedonia been murdering 200 children but that they had roasted and consumed them. Furthermore Radić had said that the British Minister to Yugoslavia had called upon him and had asked his advice with some persistence, not even wishing to leave Radić time to reflect, as to whether the Prince-Regent should rule in Russia, while an English Prince should be invited to occupy the Yugoslav throne. The first of these remarks proved conclusively, said a number of Belgrade papers, that Radić was a knave and by the second he had demonstrated that he was an imbecile. And my friend Mr. Leiper of the *Morning Post* speculated as to whether he was more likely to end his days in a lunatic asylum or a prison. But Radić was caring about none of these things; his birthday happened at about this time and some 30,000 of his adherents came to do him honour at his birthplace, over 500 of them on decorated horses having met him at Sisak station the previous evening. When I asked him what he had to say about the two afore-mentioned remarks he gave me an amusing account of how the interviewer had appreciated the various samples of wine which he (Radić) had just brought down from his vineyard. The conversation lasted for about four hours, and in the course of it Radić mentioned that a certain Moslem deputy from Novi Bazar, irritated by the fact that Mr. Drašković, Minister of the Interior, found no pleasure in his

continued presence on a commission of inquiry in the region of Kossovo, had been throwing out very dark hints about a child which he accused the Serbs of killing in the stormy days of 1878, and then relating to the Tsar that this dastardly deed had been committed by the Turks. This was the basis of that part of the interview. As for the other absurdity, it was mentioned that some courtiers had told the Prince-Regent that he alone could establish an orderly Government in Russia, whereupon Radić observed that England and France were not likely to allow one person to reign both there and in Yugoslavia. And when I asked why he had not published this explanation in his paper, he said that he couldn't very well charge a guest with having liked his wine too much.

[63] Cf. *The Quarterly Review* (October 1921), in which Messrs. Pavle Popović and Jovan M. Jovanović published a very able survey of Yugoslav conditions.

[64] Cf. *Nineteenth Century and After*, January 1921.

[65] April 26, 1921.

[66] Unhappily it became apparent that the Italians were not disposed to have the Treaty put in force

[67] March 23, 1922.

[68] Cf. an article in a fascisti newspaper, quoted by the *Zagreber Tagblatt* of May 14, 1922.

[69] Cf. "The Rise of the Little Entente," by Dorothy Thompson. April 1, 1922.

[70] *Fortnightly Review*, May 1922.

[71] The magnates of Hungary and their friends do not grow weary of lamenting the sad fate of the Magyar minorities. Whatever may be happening in Transylvania, they have a very poor case against the Serbs. In the Voivodina there are, according to Hungarian statistics, about 382,000 Magyars out of 1·4 million inhabitants. These Magyars have their primary and secondary schools, their newspapers and so forth, whereas in the spring of 1922 the schools in various Serbian villages near Budapest were forcibly closed, the lady teachers being told that if they stayed they would have to undergo the physical examination which is applied to prostitutes.

VIII

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YUGOSLAVIA'S FRONTIERS

Introduction—(*a*) The Albanian Frontier: 1. The Actors—2. The audience rush the stage—3. Serbs, Albanians and the Mischief-makers—4. The State of Albanian culture—5. A method which might have been tried in Albania—6. The attraction of Yugoslavia—7. Religious and other matters in the border region—8. A digression on two rival Albanian authorities—9. What faces the Yugoslavs—10. Dr. Trumbić's proposal—11. The position in 1921: The Tirana Government and the Mirditi—12. Serbia's good influence—13. European measures against the Yugoslavs and their friends—14. The region from which the Yugoslavs have retired—15. The prospect—(*b*) The Greek frontier—(*c*) The Bulgarian frontier—(*d*) The Roumanian frontier: 1. The state of the Roumanians in eastern Serbia—2. The Banat—(*e*) The Hungarian frontier—(*f*) The Austrian frontier—(*g*) The Italian frontier.

INTRODUCTION

Nobody could have expected in the autumn of 1918 that the frontiers of the new State would be rapidly delimitated. Ethnological, economic, historic and strategical arguments—to mention no others—would be brought forward by either side, and the Supreme Council, which had to deliver judgment on these knotty problems, would be often more preoccupied with their own interests and their relation to each other. It would also happen that a member of the Supreme Council would be simultaneously judge and pleader. The mills of justice would therefore grind very slowly, for they would be conscious that the fruit of their efforts, evolved with much foreign material clogging the machinery and with parts of the machinery jerked out of their line of track, would be received with acute criticism. When more than two years had elapsed from the time of the Armistice a considerable part of Yugoslavia's frontiers remained undecided. We will travel along the frontier lines, starting with that between Yugoslavs and Albanians.

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(a) THE ALBANIAN FRONTIER

1. THE ACTORS

Those who in old Turkish days lived in that wild border country which is dealt with on these pages would have been surprised to hear that they would be the objects of a great deal of discussion in the west of Europe. But in those days there was no Yugoslavia and no Albania and no League of Nations, and very few were the writers who took up this question. It is, undoubtedly, a question of importance, though some of these writers, remembering that the fate of the world was dependent on the fraction of an inch of Cleopatra's nose, seem almost to have

imagined that it was proportionately more dependent on those several hundred kilometres of disputed frontier. It would not so much matter that they have introduced a good deal of passion into their arguments if they had not also exerted some influence on influential men—and this compels one to pay them what would otherwise be excessive attention.

Let us consider the frontier which the Ambassadors' Conference in November 1921 assigned to Yugoslavia and the Albanians. We have already mentioned some of the previous points of contact between those Balkan neighbours who for centuries have been acquiring knowledge of each other and who, therefore, as Berati Bey, the Albanian delegate in Paris, very wisely said, should have been left to manage their own frontier question. A number of Western Europeans will exclaim that this could not be accomplished without the shedding of blood; but it is rather more than probable that the interference of Western Europe—partly philanthropic and partly otherwise—will be responsible for greater loss of life. If it could not be permitted that two of the less powerful peoples should attempt to settle their own affairs, then, at any rate, the most competent [274] of alien judges should have sat on the tribunal. A frontier in that part of Europe should primarily take the peculiarities of the people into account, and I believe that if Sir Charles Eliot and Baron Nopsca with their unrivalled knowledge of the Albanians had been consulted it is probable they would, for some years to come, have thought desirable the frontier which is preferred by General Franchet d'Espérey, by a majority of the local Albanians, and by those who hope for peace in the Balkans.

2. THE AUDIENCE RUSH THE STAGE

A battle which took place near Tuzi, not far from Podgorica, in December 1919, may assist the study of the difficult Albanian question. At the first attack about 150 Montenegrins, mostly young recruits, were killed or wounded; but in the counter-attack the Albanian losses were much greater, 167 of them being made prisoners. On all of these were found Italian rifles, ammunition, money and army rations. On the other hand, a few Montenegrins, with three officers, were also captured and were stripped and handed over, naked, to the Italians. But these declined to have them, saying that the conflict had been no concern of theirs, and the unfortunate men—with the exception of one who escaped—remained among the Albanians. The fact that Tuzi would be of no value to the Italians neither weakens nor strengthens the supposition that they were privy to the Albanian attack; but it may very well be that the natives had taken their Italian equipment by force of arms. It would, anyhow, seem that the Italians have little understanding of this people: during the War, when General Franchet d'Espérey was straightening his line, he paid some hundreds of Albanians to maintain his western flank, and they were very satisfactory. (It troubled them very little whether they were holding it against the Austrians or against other Albanians.) When Italy took over that part of the line she employed a whole Division, which—to the [275] amusement, it is said, of Franchet d'Espérey—provided the local population with a great deal of booty, and in particular with mules. There was constant trouble in those regions of Albania which were occupied by the Italians,[72] and in June 1920 things had come to such a pass that the Italian garrisons, after being thrown out of the villages of Bestrovo and Selitza, were actually retiring with all the stores they could rescue to Valona. Their retreat, said Reuter, in a euphemistic message from Rome, was "attended by some loss." As Valona was their last stronghold in Albanian territory, it seemed that very few, if any, of the tribes were in favour of an Italian protectorate. And since it was calculated that during the first six months of 1920 the Italian Government was paying from 400 to 500 million lire a month for corn, and the year's deficit might be enough to lead the State to the very verge of bankruptcy, one was asking whether from an economic, apart from any other, point of view, it would not be advisable for the Italians to cut their losses in central Albania. And this they very wisely determined to do. Would that their subsequent policy in northern Albania had been as well-inspired.

It would also seem as if the affair of Tuzi shows that the Albanians have no wish for a Yugoslav protectorate, and there are a good many Serbs, such as Professor Cvijić, who view with uneasiness any extension of their sway over the Albanians. Many of the tribes are prepared, after very small provocation or none, to take up arms against anybody; and those who, in the north and north-east of the country, are in favour of a Yugoslav protectorate would undoubtedly have opposed to them a number of the natives, less because they are fired with the prospect of "Albania for the Albanians" than on account of their patriarchal views. We must, however, at the [276] same time, acknowledge that those Albanians who are impelled by patriotic ideals, and who would like to see their countrymen within the 1913 frontiers, resolutely turn away from the various attractions which the Slavs undoubtedly exercise over many of them and combine in a brotherly fashion, under the guidance of a disinterested State, to work for an independent Albania—those idealists have every right to be heard. Their solution is, in fact, the one that would, as we have elsewhere said, be best for everyone concerned. The late Professor Burrows, who believed in the possibility of such an arrangement, thought that it would take generations for this people "to pass from blood feud and tribal jealousy to the good order of a unified State, unless they have tutorage in the art of self-government." There seem to be grave difficulties, both external and internal, in the way of setting up such a tutorage over the whole of the 1913 Albania; and if a majority of the northern and north-eastern tribes prefer to turn to Yugoslavia, rather than to join the frustrated patriots and the wilder brethren in turning away from it, they should not be sweepingly condemned as traitors to the national cause. The frame of mind which looks with deep suspicion on a road that links a tribe to its neighbour is not very promising for those who dream of an Albanian nation; it is a prevalent and fundamental frame of mind. "The Prince of Wied," we are told by his countryman, Dr. Max Müller, "succeeded in conquering the

hearts of those Albanians who supported him and of gaining the highest respect of those who were his political opponents." No doubt they were flattered when they noticed that he had so far become an Albanian as to surround his residence at Durazzo with barbed-wire entanglements.

Among the solutions of the Albanian problem was that which Dr. Müller very seriously, not to say ponderously, put forward in 1916.[73] This gentleman, with a first-hand knowledge of the country, which he gained during the War, did not minimize the task which would face the Prince of Wied on his return. Of that wooden potentate one may say that his work in Albania did not collapse for the reason that it was never started; a few miles from Durazzo, his capital, from [277] which, I believe, he made only that one excursion whose end was undignified, a few miles away he excited the derision of his "subjects," and a few miles farther off they had not heard of him. Dr. Müller, after reproving us sternly for smiling at the national decoration, in several classes, with which his Highness on landing at the rickety pier was graciously pleased to gladden the meritorious natives, admits that at his second coming he will have to take various other steps. Austrians and Germans should be brought to colonize the country, and not peasants, forsooth, like those who have laboriously made good in the Banat, but merchants, manufacturers, engineers, doctors, officials and large landowners—not by any means without close inquiry, so as to admit only such as are in possession of a blameless repute and a certain amount of cash. Dr. Müller was resolved that, so far as lay with him, none but the very best Teutons should embark upon this splendid mission. He desired that, after landing, they should first of all remain at the harbour, there to undergo a course of tuition in the customs and peculiarities of the tribe among which they proposed to settle. His compatriots would be so tactful—apparently not criticizing any of the customs—that the hearts of the Albanians would incline towards them and by their beautiful example they would make these primitive, wild hearts beat not so much for local interests but very fervently for the Albanian fatherland. One cannot help a feeling of regret that circumstances have prevented us from seeing Dr. Müller's scheme put into action.

3. SERBS, ALBANIANS AND THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

In 1913, after the Balkan War, the flags of the Powers were hoisted at Scutari, and a frontier dividing the Albanians from the Yugoslavs (Montenegrins and Serbs) was indicated by Austria and traced at the London Conference. This boundary was still awaiting its final demarcation by commissioners on the spot when the European War broke out. Then in the second year of the [278] War disturbances were organized by the Austrians in Albania—their friend the miscreant ruler of Montenegro caused money to be sent for this purpose to the Austro-Hungarian Consul at Scutari —and in April and May of that year the Serbs were authorized by their Allies to protect themselves by occupying certain portions of the country. Various battles took place between those Albanians who were partisans of Austria and those who were disinclined to attack the Serbs in the rear. The Serbian Government opposed the Austrian propaganda by dispatching to that region the Montenegrin Pouniša Račić, of whom we have much to say. He was accompanied by Smajo Ferović, a Moslem sergeant of komitadjis. They explained to the Albanians that the Serbs had been offered a separate peace with numerous concessions, but that Mr. Pašić had refused to treat. When the two Albanian parties discussed the situation by shooting at each other, the Austro-Hungarian officers made tracks for Kotor, and that particular intrigue came to an end.

When the War was over, the Serbs, sweeping up from Macedonia, were requested by General Franchet d'Espérey to undertake a task which the Italians refused, and push the demoralized Austrian troops out of Albania. Some weeks after this had been accomplished, the Italians, mindful of the Treaty of London, demanded that a large part of Albania should be given up to their administration. The Serbs agreed and withdrew; they even took away their representative from Scutari, where the Allies had again installed themselves. The Treaty of London bestowed upon the Serbs a sphere of influence in northern Albania, but—save for a few misguided politicians—they were logical enough to reject the whole of the pernicious Treaty, both the clauses which robbed them in Dalmatia and those which in Albania gave them stolen goods. Over and over again did the Yugoslav delegates declare in Paris that it was their wish to see established an independent Albania with the frontiers of 1913. These, the first frontiers which the Albanians had ever possessed, were laid down by Austria with the express purpose of thwarting the Serbs and facilitating Albanian raids. It is true that several towns with large Albanian majorities were made over to the Serbs—very much, as it turned out, to their subsequent [279] advantage—yet, being separated from their hinterland, this was a doubtful gift. Nevertheless, if a free and united Albania could be constituted the Serbs were ready to accept this frontier, and even Monsieur Justin Godart, the strenuous French Albanophile of whom we speak elsewhere, cannot deny that this attitude of the Yugoslavs redounds very much to their honour. But before relative tranquillity reigns among the Albanians it is, as General Franchet d'Espérey perceived in 1918, an untenable line. He, therefore, drew a temporary frontier which permitted the Serbs to advance for some miles into Albania, so that on the river Drin or on the mountain summits they might ward off attacks. These, by the way, had their origin far more in the border population's empty stomachs than in their animus against the Slavs. And nobody with knowledge of this people could regard the 1918 frontier as unnecessary. The Albanians were themselves so much inclined to acquiesce that one must ask why, in the months which followed, there was a considerable amount of border fighting. What was it that caused the Albanians in the region of Scutari to make their violent onslaughts of December 1919 and January 1920, the renewed offensive of July 1920 at the same places—after which the Albanian Government forwarded to that of Belgrade an assurance of goodwill—and the organized thrust of August 13 against Dibra, which was preceded on August 10 by a manifesto to the chancelleries of Europe falsely accusing

the Serbs of having begun these operations, and which was followed by the Tirana Government promising to try to find the guilty persons? The 19th of the same month saw the Albanians delivering a further attack in the neighbourhood of Scutari, and then the Yugoslav Government decided that their army must occupy such defensive positions as would put a stop to these everlasting incidents. But a voice was whispering to the Albanians that they must not allow themselves to be so easily coerced. "You have thrown us out of all the land behind Valona," said the voice, "and out of Valona itself. You must, therefore, be the greatest warriors in the world, and we will be charmed to provide you with rifles and machine guns and munitions and uniforms [280] and cash. We will gladly publish to the world that your Delegation at Rome has sent us an official Note demanding that the Yugoslav troops should retire to the 1913 line, pure and simple. Of course we, like the other Allies, agreed that they should occupy the more advanced positions which General Franchet d'Espérey assigned to them—and to show you how truly sorry we are for having done so, we propose to send you all the help you need. In dealing with us you will find that you have to do with honourable men, whereas the Yugoslavs—what are they but Yugoslavs?"

Anyone who travelled about this time along the road from Scutari down to the port of San Giovanni di Medua would inevitably meet with processions of ancient cabs, ox-wagons and what not, laden with all kinds of military equipment. Some of these supplies had come direct from Italy, while others had been seized from the Italians near Valona. The detachment of Italian soldiers at San Giovanni, and the much larger detachment at Scutari, may have looked with mixed feelings at some of these commodities, but on the other hand they may have thought, with General Bencivenga,[74] that it was good business—"*un buon affare*"—in exchange for Valona to obtain a solid and secure friendship with the Albanians. Roads, as he pointed out, lead from Albania to the heart of Serbia, and for that reason a true brotherhood of arms between Italians and Albanians was, in case of hostilities, enormously to be desired. And so the Italians stationed at Scutari, under Captain Pericone of the Navy, may have felt that it was well that all those cannon captured from their countrymen were in such a good condition. They would now be turned by the Albanians against the hateful Yugoslavs. ["Italy is the one Power in Europe," says her advocate, Mr. H. E. Goad, in the *Fortnightly Review* (May 1922), "that is most obviously and most consistently working for peace and conciliation in every field."] ... A further supply of military material is said to have reached the Albanians from Gabriele d'Annunzio in the s.s. *Knin*. To the Irish, the Egyptians and the Turks the poet-filibuster had merely sent greetings. Some one may have told him that even the most lyrical greeting would not be valued by the Albanians half [281] as much as a shipload of munitions.

For a considerable time the more intelligent Italians had noticed that these two Balkan peoples were disposed to live in amicable terms with one another. Traditions that are so powerful with an illiterate people—under five per thousand of the Albanians who have stayed in their own country can read and write—numerous traditions speak of friendship with the Serbs: Lek, the great legislator, was related to Serbian princes; Skanderbeg was an ally of the Serbs; "Most of the celebrated leaders of northern Albania and Montenegro," says Miss Durham, "seem to have been of mixed Serbian-Albanian blood"; Mustapha Vezir Bushatli strove together with Prince Miloš against the Turks, and the same cause united the Serbian authorities to the famous Vezir Mahmud Begović of Peć. A primitive people like the Albanians admire the warlike attributes beyond all others, and the exploits of the Serbian army in the European War inclined the hearts of the Albanians towards their neighbours. Some of them remembered at this juncture that their great-grandfathers or grandfathers had only become Albanian after having accepted the Muhammedan religion; now the old ikons were taken from their hiding-places. And there was, in fact, between the two Balkan people a spirit of cordiality which gave terrible umbrage to the Italians. So they took the necessary steps: many of the Catholic priests had been in Austria's pay, and these now became the pensioners of Italy. Monsignor Sereggi, the Metropolitan, used to be anti-Turk but, as was evident when in 1911 he negotiated with Montenegro, he is not personally anti-Slav. Yet he must have money for his clergy, for his seminary, and so forth. His friendship would be easily, one fancies, transferred from Rome to Belgrade if the Serbs are willing to provide the cash—and nobody can blame him. Leo Freund, who had been Vienna's secret agent and a great friend of Monsignor Bumçi, the Albanian bishop, was succeeded by an Italian. But, of course, the new almoner did not confine his gifts to those of his own faith. Many of the leading Moslems were in receipt of a monthly salary, and this was not so serious a burden for the Italians [282] as one might suppose, since Albania is a poor country, and with no Austrian competition you found quite prominent personages deigning to accept a rather miserable wage. "And do you think," I asked of Musa Yuka, the courteous mayor of Scutari, "that those mountain tribes are being paid?" "Well," he said, "I think that it is not improbable." ... At the time of the Bosnian annexation crisis the Serbs had as their Minister of Finance the sagacious Patchoù. The War Minister, a General, was strongly in favour of an instant declaration of war, and the Premier suggested that the matter should be discussed. He turned to the Minister of Finance and asked him whether he had sufficient money for such an undertaking. Patchoù shook his head. "But our men are patriots! They will go without bread, they will go without everything!" exclaimed the General. "The horses and mules are not patriots," said Patchoù, "and if you want them to march you'll have to feed them." The Albanians were so little inclined to go to war with Yugoslavia that the Italians had, in various ways, to feed them nearly all. And what did the Albanians think of these intrigues? At any rate, what did they say? "Italy," quoth Professor Chimigò,[75] a prominent Albanian who teaches at Bologna, "Italy is always respected and esteemed as a great nation.... The Albanian Government," said he, "has charged me to declare in public that Albania does not regard herself as victorious against Italy, but is convinced that the Italians, in withdrawing their troops from Valona, were obeying a sentiment of goodness and generosity." Such words would be

likely to bring more plentiful supplies from Rome. And fortunately the Italians did not seem to suffer, like the Serbs, from any scruples as to the propriety of taking active steps against another "Allied and Associated Power." When Zena Beg Riza Beg of Djakovica came in the year 1919 to his brother-in-law Ahmed Beg Mati, one of the Albanian leaders, he told him that the Belgrade Government, in pursuance of their policy "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples," would be glad if the Italians could be ousted from Albania. Zena Beg returned with a request for money, guns and [283] so forth; but they were not sent.

Ahmed Beg and Zena Beg are patriotic young Albanian noblemen of ancient family and great possessions. But Zena Beg has the advantage of living in Yugoslavia, outside the atmosphere of corruption which is darkening his native land. Ahmed Beg, who in 1920 was Minister of the Interior, Minister of War, Governor of Scutari and Director (in mufti) of the military operations against the Yugoslavs, did not accept Italian bribes, but he was surrounded by those who did, and thus the gentle and industrious young man was being led to work against his own country's interests. With him at Scutari was another of the six Ministers of the Tirana Government, in the person of the venerable Moslem priest Kadri, Minister of Justice, and one of the four Regents, Monsignor Bumçi. There was about it all an Oriental odour of the less desirable kind, which caused some observers to say that when Albania obtains her independence she will be a bad imitation of the old Turkey—a little Turkey without the external graces. When the thoughtful greybeard Kadri went limping down the main street, a protecting gendarme dawdled behind him, smoking a cigarette; but this endearing nonchalance was absent from the methods of government: any Albanian whose opinions did not coincide with those of the authorities could only express them at his peril. [Blood-vengeance is, to some extent, being deposed by party-vengeance—this having originated in the time of Wied, when the politicians were divided into Nationalists and Essadists, after which they became Italophils and Austrophils, who now have been succeeded by Italophils (who ask for an Italian mandate) and Serbophils and Grecophils (who desire that these countries should have no mandate, but should act in a friendly spirit towards an independent Albania). Meanwhile the Italophils, nearly all of them on Italy's pay-roll, were, till a few months ago, in the ascendant, and their attitude towards the other party was relentless.] One Alush Ljocha, for example, said that he thought it would be well if Yugoslavia and Albania lived on friendly terms with one another. Because of this—the Government having adopted other ideas—his house at Scutari was burned,[76] and when we were discussing the [284] matter at the palace of the Metropolitan, Monsignor Sereggi, I found that His Grace was emphatically in accord with a fiery Franciscan poet, Father Fichta, with the more placid Monsignor Bumçi, and with two other ecclesiastics who were present. "We did well to burn his house, very well, I say!" exclaimed Father Fichta, "because Alush is only a private person and he has no business to concern himself with foreign countries." Of course, when Father Fichta made his comments on foreign countries it was not as a private person but as a responsible editor. Thus in the *Posta e Shqypnis* during the War he denounced Clemenceau and Lloyd George as such foes of humanity that their proper destination was a cage of wild beasts, and, after having visited France during 1919 as secretary to the sincere and credulous Bumçi, he contributed anti-French and, I believe, anti-English poems to the *Epopea Shqyptare*.

"I have been told," I said, "by an intelligent Albanian who was educated at Robert College at Constantinople that the greatest hope for the country lies, in his opinion, in the increase of American schools, such as that one at Elbasan and the admirable institution at Samakoff in Bulgaria, where the Americans—in order not to be accused of proselytism—teach everything except religion."

"If I had my own way," cried Fichta, "I would shut up these irreligious American schools. Religion is the base of the social life of this country."

"And you and the Muhammedans," I asked, "do you think that your co-operation has a good prospect of enduring? With a country of no more than one and a half million inhabitants it is essential that you should be united."

"God in Heaven! Who can tolerate such things?" exclaimed the Metropolitan. That very corpulent old gentleman was bouncing with rage on his sofa. "Is it not horrible," he cried in [285] Italian, "that this man should dare to come to my house and make propaganda against us?"

"Really, sir, I am astonished," said Monsignor Bumçi, reproachfully, in French, "that you should ask such a question." [It was answered a few weeks later, when Halim Beg Derala and Zena Beg —who, being outside Albania, were free to utter non-Governmental opinions—said that they had not the slightest doubt but that the friendship between the fanatic Moslem and the fanatic Catholic would come to an end and each of them would again in the first place think of his religion, so that, as heretofore, they would regard themselves as Turkish and Latin people rather than as Albanian. This foible does not apply to the Orthodox Albanians of the South, who are more patriotic.] "I am astonished," said the Monsignor, "that you should question our friendship with the Moslem. They have been the domineering party, but all that is finished, and we are the best of friends. See, they have chosen me to be one of the Regents![77] Our Government of all the three religions is very good, and," said he, as he thumped the arm of his chair, "it insists on the Albanians obtaining justice in spite of our enemies."

It chanced that I had met Father Achikou, Doctor of Theology and Philosophy, in the Franciscan church. Because his brother had had occasion to kill an editor in self-defence, this, perhaps the most enlightened, member of the Albanian Catholic clergy, had been compelled to remain for eight months in the church and its precincts, seeing that the Government was powerless to

guarantee that he would not be overtaken by that national curse, the blood-vengeance.

"Well, one cannot praise the custom of blood-vengeance," said the Monsignor.

"You spoke," I said, "of your Government insisting on justice for the Albanians."

And some time after this Professor Achikou and another prominent young priest were deported to Italy and, I believe, interned in that country.... With their fate we may compare that of Dom Ndoc Nikai, a priest whose anti-Slav paper, the *Bessa Shqyptare*, is alleged to exist on its Italian [286] subsidy, and Father Paul Doday, whom Italy insisted on installing as Provincial of all the Franciscans (after vetoing at Rome the appointment of Father Vincent Prênnushi, whom nearly all the Franciscans in Albania had voted for). Father Doday, it is interesting to note, is of Slav nationality, for he comes from Janjevo in Kossovo, but he studied in Italy, and has abandoned the ways of his ancestors. This town of some 500 houses, inhabited by Slavs from Dalmatia and a few Saxons who are now entirely Slavicized, still retains a costume that resembles the Dalmatian, as also a rather defective Dalmatian dialect. The Austrians for thirty years endeavoured to Albanize them, but the people resisted this and boycotted the church and school. The priest Lazar, who defended their Slav national conscience, was persecuted and forced to flee to Serbia—he is now Mayor of Janjevo. It usually happened, by the way, that the priests of this Catholic town came from Dalmatia; but the Slav idea could bridge over the difference between Catholicism and Orthodoxy, so that if no Catholic priest was available his place would be taken by an Orthodox priest from a neighbouring village. Only a few of the natives are anti-nationalists, having been brought up, like Father Doday, in some Italian or Austrian seminary. There are in Albania to-day about ten such priests who come from Janjevo.... How well this Father Doday has served his masters may be seen in the case of the Franciscan priest in Shala, who, with the whole population of armed Catholics, resisted the Italian advance of 1920. Together with Lieut. Lek Marashi he organized komitadjis in Shala and elsewhere, his purpose being to liberate his country from the Italians. Since these latter could do nothing else against him they compelled the Bishop of Pulati to punish him; however, all that the Bishop did was to tell the patriot priest to go away. But Father Doday was more willing to work for the Italians; he excommunicated his fellow-countryman, on the ground that he would not come to Scutari, where his life would have been in danger. [287]

4. THE STATE OF ALBANIAN CULTURE

But, you may say, one cannot in fairness expect the new Albanian Government to achieve in so short a time what the Serbian Government has effected among the Albanians of Kossovo, who are being persuaded to relinquish their devastating custom of blood-vengeance. Prior to March 1921, over 400 of its devotees and of brigands had given themselves up in Kossovo—turning away from the old days when, as one of them expressed it, "a shot from my rifle was heard at a distance of three hours' travel"; one of the most eminent among them disdained to surrender to a local authority and made his way to Belgrade, where he presented himself one afternoon to the astonished officials at the Ministry of the Interior. "After all," as Miss Durham has written, "the most important fact in northern Albania is blood-vengeance." What we must set out to probe is whether the Albanians, if they are left to themselves, will be able after a time to administer their country in a reasonably satisfactory manner.... Their culture is admittedly a very low one. In the realm of art a few love-songs and several proverbs were all that Consul Hahn could collect for his monumental work,[78] though his researches, which lasted for years, took him all over the country. One of these love-songs, a piece of six lines, will give some idea of their æsthetic value; a lover, standing outside the house of his lady, invites her to come out to him immediately; he threatens that if she disobeys him he will have his hair cut in the Western style, nay more, he will have it washed and then he will return, howling like a dog. Consul Hahn's summing up of the Albanians, by the way, stated that the social life of Cæsar's *Bellum Gallicum* was applicable to the tribes which now inhabit southern Albania, those of the north not being equal to so high a standard. Yastrebow, the well-known Russian Consul-General, tells us of the villages of Retsch and Tschidna, where in winter men and women clothe themselves with rags, in summer with no rags—so that in the warmer months a visitor, presumably, in order not to shock the natives, [288] would take the precaution of depositing his clothes in some convenient cavern. On the other hand, when the ladies in waiting on the Princess of Wied drove out in low-cut dresses, it being warm weather, the people of Durazzo were scandalized at what they called the terrible behaviour of their Prince's harem. These mountain people live on maize and milk and cheese—salt is unknown to them. Baron Nopsca is regarded by the few educated Albanians as the most competent foreign observer. He knew the language well and travelled everywhere. One custom he relates of the Merturi is the sprinkling of ashes on a spot where they suspect that treasure is buried; on the next morning they look to see what animal has left on the ashes the print of its feet, and this tells them what sacrifice the guardian of the treasure demands—sheep or hen or human being. Miss Durham says that human excrement and water is the sole emetic known to the Albanians; it is used in all cases of poisoning. But the Albanian's death is most frequently brought about by gun-shot. "In Toplana," as they say, "people are killed like pigs"—42 per cent. of the adults, according to Nopsca, dying a violent death. "It was her good government and her orderliness that obtained for her her admission to the League of Nations," said the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P., in the *Morning Post* of November 29, 1921. And the enthusiastic President of the Anglo-Albanian Society is modest enough to refrain from telling us how much she was indebted to his own championship. The evil eye is feared in Albania more than syphilis or typhus. Siebertz[79] mentions a favourite remedy, which is to spit at the patient. A ceremonial spitting is

also used by anyone who sees two people engaged in close conversation; very likely they are plotting against the third party, and by his timely expectoration their wicked plans will be upset.

Absurd as it may sound, there are not a few Albanian apologists who lay the entire blame upon the Turks. They assert—and it is true—that Constantinople left this distant province so completely almost to its own devices that the suzerain might just as well not have existed. A few [289] Turkish officials lived in the towns, in the country they showed themselves when they were furtively travelling through it; and the chief officials, such as the Vali of Scutari, were wont to be Albanians. And, being left by the Turks to evolve their own salvation, they turned Albania into a region of utter darkness—at any rate, they did practically nothing to shake off the barbarism which they had inherited. They have certain alluring attributes, such as their unpolluted mediæval ideas on the sanctity of guests and the punctilious maintenance of their honour,[80] their readiness to die for freedom as well as for a quarrel about a sheep, and their not infrequent personal magnetism. They are very abstemious, their morals are pure, they have certain mental qualities, as yet undeveloped, and they are thrifty. But "they are so devoid of both originality and unity," says Sir Charles Eliot,[81] that acutest of observers, "that it is vain to seek for anything in politics, art, religion, literature or customs to which the name Albanian can be properly applied as denoting something common to the Albanian race."

The apologists, such as Miss Durham, argue that the other Balkan peoples suffered from a good deal of internal tumult after they had set themselves up as independent countries. And it is submitted that the Albanians would gradually develop the same national spirit as their neighbours. But there are as yet, Miss Durham must acknowledge, very few signs that this will [290] ever come to pass.

"We are Albanians," said Monsignor Bumçi, "we ask for Albania! We demand it! Surely you can see that we are all marching together, men from all parts of Albania, marching against the Yugoslavs. I say we are united."

And some miles from Scutari a part of the Albanian army was returning from a foray into Yugoslavia. When they came into the territory of a certain tribe they were compelled, by way of toll, to surrender their booty. Such incidents occurred in several places, so that obviously the conditions still prevail that were described in 1905 by Karl Steinmetz,[82] an Austrian engineer who learned the language and travelled through the country in the disguise of a Franciscan monk. "The tribes cannot conceive the idea of a higher unity," says he in one of his valuable books. [So that in attempting to build up the new State these tribal institutions should be used as much as possible. Except in the towns, which play a relatively small part in the country's life, the voting should be by tribes.] "How could a Nikaj and a Shala meet," says he, "except for mutual destruction? Will a Mirdite for a nice word give up his bandit expeditions to the plain? The local antagonisms are as yet far too great." More often than not you would find that the Albanians regard each other as at the time of the Balkan War, when, for example, a Serbian cavalry officer took the village of Puka and asked the mayor to lead him to the neighbouring village of Duci. His worship consented, but after walking on ahead for half an hour he stopped. "We are now midway between the two villages," he said, "and I can go no farther." "Unless you continue," said the captain, "I shall be obliged to have you shot." "*Nukahaile* [I don't care]," said the Albanian. "It is all the same to me whether I am killed by you or by the men of Duci, and I certainly shall be killed if I show myself there."

"We are all united, Catholic and Moslem. It is splendid!" said Monsignor Bumçi. "And we are not by any means fanatical—with us it is the country first and our religion afterwards." [291]

Certainly the Shqyptar is not so good a churchman as we have sometimes been led to believe. Prenk Bib Doda is said to have cherished the precepts of the Catholic Church with such devotion that he could not bring himself to institute divorce proceedings against his childless wife. We are told that his mother was animated with similar scruples, and that, to solve this awkward question the old lady one day seized a rifle and shot her daughter-in-law dead. There is not more truth in this tale than in that of the brigands who, on a certain Friday, overpowered and slew a caravan of merchants between Dibra and Prizren. On examining their spoil they are said to have discovered a large amount of meat, but, as it was Friday, to have refrained from consuming it. Prenk Bib Doda was, as a matter of fact, impotent; and his widow, Lucia Bib Doda, survives him.... One agrees with Monsignor Bumçi that the Albanian is not altogether so blindly a supporter of his Church as we have been told, and his murderous intentions against a neighbouring tribe will be not at all diminished if they happen to profess the same religion as himself.

"Anyone can see," quoth the Monsignor, "that the Government is dear to us. Men are coming from all over the country, anxious to execute its wishes and to be enrolled against the Yugoslav."

Yes, we saw numbers of men tramping up to Scutari, from boys to septuagenarians. They were going to fight—it pleased them enormously. But if the Tirana Government had ordered them to go back and work on their fields, if it had asked them to take some precautions against the ravages of syphilis, if it had expressed the hope that they would no longer sell their women for an old Martini, or that the village prefects would pay some regard to sanitary matters—in the whole of Albania, says Siebertz, there is only one W.C.—then they would have laughed at this Government which tried to lay a hand on their ancestral liberties.

"The end of it all is," said the Monsignor, "we are Albanians. We demand the independence of our country." [292]

"As a Latin," writes Professor Katarani,[83] "I was fire and flame for Albania.... But after a few months I was forced not only to change my views about them, but to regret all that I had written in the *Mattino* and the *Tribuna*.... They are not a people, but tribes ... they are against every principle of public officials, they live the most primitive lives. I who know Albania from end to end, who have sacrificed myself for that country, am absolutely convinced that there could be no greater misfortune than if, in its present state, it were given autonomy or independence. Otherwise I confess that an Albania free from any foreign Power would be to the interest of Italy." And he concludes by saying that the Albanians have done nothing to deserve an independent State. It is well known that in the Albanian Societies that after May 1913 were engaged at Constantinople and Sofia, at Rome and Vienna, in striving for the independence of the country it was not the Albanians themselves who had the chief word. Those who were initiated into secret Balkan policies were aware that Albania was the domain with which Article 7 of the old Triple Alliance was concerned.... The fiery Albanian patriot, Basri Bey, Prince of Dukagjin, also agrees that in the beginning an independent Albania would be productive of anarchy. "I greatly regret to acknowledge it," says he,[84] "but Albania is, so to speak, the classic type of a country which has never had a real government." Nevertheless, he is strongly in favour of independence, his reasons being because Albania is "at the same time the old mother and the youngest daughter of the Balkans." This flamboyant prince and doctor and deputy who denounces both Essad Pasha and his nephew Ahmed Beg Mati, has got his own panacea for the country, which is a Turkish army of occupation commanded by a French general. Basri Bey seems to confirm the remarks of his more enlightened co-religionists, Halim Beg Derala and Zena Beg, for whereas the Moslems can claim no more than a rather larger third of the inhabitants, he calmly assumes that the whole country is Moslem. Albania, he says, is now more than ever attached to [293] Turkey, for the attachment is purely moral. ... The influence of this gentleman seems to be confined to Dibra, but he has a good opinion of his own importance. In 1915, in the days of the greatness of Essad Pasha, he set up a Government at Dibra with himself as Prime Minister and Essad Pasha as his Minister of the Interior! There does not seem to be much justification for Basri Bey to call himself a prince. He is a Pomak, for his ancestors were Bulgars who accepted Islam. His father was an official of the Turkish Government at Philippopolis.

Father Fichta told me that his countrymen would do very well indeed if they could import from other parts of Europe financial help, technicians and judges. Some years ago the Turks settled to send two judges to Scutari; then the Albanians would no longer be able to charge them with not administering the law, so that each man was obliged to take it into his own hands. "It is entirely your fault," said the Albanians, "that we are driven to adopt the method of blood-vengeance." So thoroughly did they adopt it that the assassinations in the region of Prizren, Djakovica and Peć amounted, according to Glück, to a total of about six hundred a year. The Turks therefore sent a couple of judges to Scutari, and on the day after their arrival they were murdered.

What memory have the Albanians of their own great men? One sultry afternoon, as we were driving in a mule cart from the quaint town of Alessio, the driver lashed his mule with a long stick; but after half a mile of this, the animal applied a hind-leg sharply to the driver's mouth. He roared and fell back in our arms and bled profusely and was doctored by the fierce gendarme, who put a handful of tobacco on the wound, so that the driver had to keep his mouth shut. For the remainder of the afternoon our mule went at a walking pace, and presently, to while away the time, we begged the gendarme and a merchant of Alessio, who was travelling with us, to repeat the song of some old hero, such as Skanderbeg. They stared—their mouths were also shut. And finally the gendarme said he knew a hero-song. It dealt with Zeph, a man with sheep, and Mark [294] who stole them. "Give me back my sheep," said Zeph. "No, no!" said Mark. "Beware!" said Zeph. And one day, as he hid behind a wall, he fired at Mark and slew him. "That is the song," said the gendarme, "about the hero Zeph."

To whatever state of culture the Albanians may climb, I think it will be generally agreed that some régime other than unaided independence must, in the meantime, be established there. One hears of those who argue that Albania should forthwith be for the Albanians, because they are a gifted and a very ancient people. They are not more gifted than the Basques, and their antiquity is not more wonderful. Nor do they stand on a higher level of culture with respect to their neighbours than do the Basques as compared with theirs. Not many tears are shed by the Basques or by anyone else because those interesting men are all the subjects of France or Spain.

5. A METHOD THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRIED IN ALBANIA

If only the Albanian question would be taken in hand by humanitarians.... Here you have one and a half million of wild children.... Build them schools and roads, police their country—they themselves agree that the savage atmosphere in the northern mountains was radically altered by the Austrians when they occupied that country during the War. One has heard of numerous philanthropic societies in Great Britain whose object has been more remote and less deserving; if some such society would turn to Albania, their educational and economic labours might, after a time, be made self-supporting by the permission to exploit—of course, with due regard to Albania's future—the forests and mines. "To be master in Albania," says M. Gabriel Hanotaux, "one would have to dislodge the inhabitants from their eyries"—(another French statesman has used a less exalted simile: "Albania," M. Briand once said, "is an international lavatory")—and it goes without saying that any corporation which undertakes to civilize the Shqyptart would need [295] to bring in a military force, on similar lines to the Swedish *gendarmerie* in Persia. The Swedes, in fact, who are a military nation, might be glad to accept this mandate; the expenses could be met

by an international fund. A certain number of Albanians would be admitted to the *gendarmerie*; and the more unruly natives would be dealt with as they were, for everybody's good, by Austria.... The Yugoslavs would then be delighted to accept the 1913 frontier, which is also what the Albanians ask for; and Yugoslavs, Italians and Greeks would all retire from Albania. There is really no need for the Italians to demand Valona or Saseno, the island which lies in front of it. The Italian naval experts know very well that the possession of Pola, Lussin and Lagosta would not be made more valuable by the addition of an Albanian base.

6. THE ATTRACTION OF YUGOSLAVIA

But as Europe has not arrived at some such solution, and since the Albanian Government has been prematurely recognized by the Powers, then while the Albanians are engaged in the stormy process of working out their own salvation, it is only fair that Yugoslavia should be given a good defensive frontier. The 1913 frontier is only possible if the Albanians are pacific, but as it has now been thought wise to set up an unaided and independent Albanian State there is nothing more certain than the turmoil of which its borders will be the scene, and this will be so whether the Italians do or do not come to the Albanians' assistance. What hope is there of even a relative tranquillity on the Albanian border when so many of the natives, preferring Yugoslav rule to that of their own countrymen, will be waging a civil war? That this preference is fairly widespread one could see in 1920 by the number of refugees on the Yugoslav side of the frontier. [Of course, a large number of Albanians also fled to Scutari and elsewhere from the districts lately occupied by the Yugoslav army. In both cases the refugees were moved sometimes by hopes for a brighter [296] future, sometimes by fears which were caused by their clouded past. To speak first of those who fled on account of a guilty conscience, it is evident that these were more numerous among the refugees in Albania than among those in Yugoslavia, for it was the Yugoslav authorities and not the Albanian who extended their sway. Mr. Aubrey Herbert, M.P., wrote[85] "that in the North the Yugoslavs had destroyed more than 120 Albanian villages." It would have been interesting if he had given us their names, because the Yugoslavs appear to have set about it so thoroughly that one cannot find anything like that number on the Austrian maps, which are the best pre-war maps for those regions. The Anglo-Albanian Society tells the British public, in November, 1920, of the 30,000 destitute refugees in Albania, and in such a way that the cause of their exodus is ascribed, without more ado, to the terrible Yugoslav. But as the names are known of a good many Albanians who did not wait for the Yugoslav army, on account of past troubles between themselves and Yugoslavs, as also between themselves and other Albanians, it would have been as well if the Anglo-Albanian Society had reminded the public that all who fly in those parts are not angels. It would, on the other hand, be just as rash to sing the undiluted praise of those Albanians who, at odds with the Tirana Government, thought it opportune to leave their native land; but one can safely say, I think, that among these wanderers there was a larger proportion of laudable men....] Yugoslavia attracts the Albanians for more than one reason—not so much because the ancestors of many of these Muhammedan Albanians were, and not so long ago, Christians, as because inclusion in Yugoslavia would be to their economic advantage—Scutari can scarcely exist without the Yugoslav hinterland, while the people of the mountains are longing for that railway which the Yugoslavs will only build over land which is moderately immune from depredation. Other causes which have made so many of the borderland Albanians—to speak only of them—turn their eyes to Yugoslavia are the admiration which any primitive people feels for military prowess and the knowledge of what has taken place in the Prizren-Peć-Djakovica region [297] since it came into possession of the Serbs in 1913. Let us in the first place see what sentiments are now entertained by the Albanian natives of that region towards their rulers. It goes without saying that these sentiments are perfectly well known to those Albanians who live outside the Yugoslav frontier.

Well, at Suva Rieka, near Prizren, for example, I found that all the Muhammedan inhabitants of Serbian origin are aware that they used to celebrate the Serbian national custom of "Slava," still keep up the Serbian Christmas Eve customs and often practise the old Christian nine days' wailing for the dead. Some of us may think that this new pro-Serbian tendency is rather on account of utilitarian reasons; the great thing is that it should exist. With rare exceptions, the people of Suva Rieka used to live by plunder; now they are sending their children to the Serbian school, at any rate the boys, and for the study of religion the authorities have made arrangements with a local Moslem. It is to be regretted that Miss Edith Durham, whose writings were so pleasant in the days before she became a more uncompromising pro-Albanian than most of the Albanian leaders, says that if these children go to Serbian schools it merely shows to what lengths of coercion the Serbs will resort. In 1912-1913 Serbian and Montenegrin officers seem to have told her that severe measures would be employed against any recalcitrant Albanian parent who might decline to send his son to school. Assuming that these officers were not young subalterns, that they were quite sober and that they were not rudely "pulling Miss Durham's leg," it may be urged that even if the children be driven to school at the point of the bayonet, such conduct would compare favourably with that of the Albanians towards the Serbs in Turkish times. Talking of coercion, I suppose that the progress in agricultural methods which one sees around Prizren is only further evidence of Serbian tyranny. The *gendarmerie* on the country roads is composed largely of Muhammedan Albanians—doubtless the Serbs have coerced them by some horrible threats. And if Miss Durham were to hear that Ramadan (*né* Stojan) Stefanović of the village of Musotisti had decided to return to the Orthodox faith to which his brothers George and [298] Ilja had been more faithful than himself—such variegated families are not uncommon—I believe, though I may be doing her an injustice, that her first impulse would be to write to the papers in

drastic denunciation of the Serbian authorities. They have, like most of us, sufficient to regret—for example, the person whom they sent to Peć, when they wanted the land to be distributed, was King Peter's Master of the Horse. He was thoroughly unsuitable, and caused a great deal of dissatisfaction.

There was a time at the rather gloomy town of Djakovica, when, owing to the blood-vengeance, the Merturi were unable for eight years to enter the place; now they come in, merely to gaze at the Serbian major who is in command. Halim Beg Derala, the aristocratic and wealthy ex-mayor, who as a pastime used to plan an occasional robbery in Turkish days, told me—he speaks a little French, in addition to Albanian, Turkish, Serbian and Greek—that citizens were often unable to leave their houses for two months at a time,[86] and although every house was provisioned for a siege, yet one frequently had to manage without bread. Now the candid-eyed, fair-bearded priest rides out with Ljuba Kujundjić, the erstwhile leader of komitadji, in order to negotiate with the Albanian Zeph Voglia, at that personage's own request, for his surrender to the Serb authorities. Zeph has written from a forest that he feels uneasy, because he owes sixteen blood-vengeances. He asks that his affairs may be settled by the law, and those sixteen pursuing countrymen of his have signified that this will meet their views, since in the first place the Serbs are disinterested in the matters between them, and, secondly, the Serbian penalties are not so mild as theirs, not permitting that a murder shall be expiated by the payment of a moderate sum or that a guilty party may absent himself for three years and suffer no further loss than the devastation of his house. Another sphere in which the Serbs have gained Albanian sympathies is with regard to the disputed ownership of land. Even as the Moors have been in the habit of handing down, from father to son, the key of some Sevillan house that vanished centuries ago, the Montenegrins, more fortunate, have been appearing with the ancient title-deeds of lands that now are in Albanian possession. According to Serbian law it is the oldest document which prevails. And the Albanians are generously compensated.... Those who, with the highest motives, advocate "Albania for the Albanians," may argue that the mediæval activities of Riza Beg and Bairam Beg Zur—whose adherents started shooting at each other every evening after six o'clock in the refuse-laden streets of Djakovica—would have been concluded and would not have been continued by their sons even if the Serbs had not appeared. Let them, before proclaiming the modern reasonableness of the Albanians, recollect that in 1919 the Moslem Bosniak ex-prisoners required on the average three months in order to traverse central Albania, the country of their co-religionists. From village to village the Bosniaks made their way, earning a little and then being plundered at the next place. Eighty per cent. of this population believe, in their fanaticism, that the Sultan will again unfurl over them his flag and that the world will ultimately be converted to Muhammed. And if, entertaining such ideas, they are so rigorous towards their fellow-Moslems, what prospect is there that this 80 per cent. will assist the Orthodox and Catholic Albanians in building up a State? Their ferocity, in fact, is so profound that it thrives on a diet which is chiefly of milk.... Perhaps a day will come when the Albanian will submit to be ruled by a member of another tribe, when local politics will engage his attention less than the silver, iron, copper, arsenic and water-power of his country. Perhaps the day will come. Midway between Djakovica and the monastery of Dečani there stand two large houses side by side. In 1909 a man belonging to one of them slew four men of the other house, and on account of this he fled beyond the Drin, together with thirteen other men of his family. There is no knowing how long these refugees would have stayed away if that part of the country had not come under Serbian rule, but in 1919 negotiations were set on foot which—to the satisfaction of the members of the other house—would enable the thirteen innocent refugees to return, while the criminal would be arrested.

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As evidence of the cordiality now prevailing between Albanian and Serb in Yugoslavia, one may mention those cases where the Albanians in 1919 entered into a bond that for six months they would exact no blood-vengeance from their fellow-countrymen; the number of these debts which hitherto had been regarded as debts of honour was very considerable, for they were not only incurred by assassination but could also be in payment of a mere scowl or of your wife, from within the house, having heard the voice of another man raised in song. The Serbian authorities are hoping confidently that the Albanians who have thus for a season placed themselves under the law will be ready in the future to pledge themselves. They are beginning to see that in a place the size of Djakovica it should be possible to make a wheel, that one should be able to find a shop whose contents are worth more than 100 francs, that the breed of their cattle, of their sheep and goats and horses could be vastly improved, that if their land were sanely treated it could be rendered much more fertile, and that their system of fruit cultivation is absurdly primitive.... And with Djakovica and the whole region of Kossovo being treated as we have shown by the Yugoslavs I think it will be almost as great a surprise to the reader as it was to the local population when he learns that in a memorandum of April 26, 1921, the Tirana Government complained to the League of Nations that the Yugoslav civil and military officials were behaving in a very pitiless fashion towards the Albanians. Certainly they have not as yet established Albanian schools, but they propose to do so when there is accommodation and when teachers are available; and then, maybe, to the disgust of Miss Durham, Mr. Herbert, etc., the Albanians of the district will, with an eye to the future, prefer to visit the Yugoslav schools.

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7. RELIGIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS IN THE BORDER REGION

Having glanced at what the Serbs have done in such a very short time—most of the years since 1913 being years of war—to win the gratitude of their Albanian fellow-subjects, we shall, in following a possible frontier between Yugoslavia and the Albanians, at any rate believe that many

Albanians of those thus coming under Yugoslav rule would regard the change, as well they may, with equanimity. Suppose, then, that the frontier were to run along the watershed at the top of the mountain range to the west of Lake Ochrida. The people living to the east of this line in that district would acknowledge their Serbian origin. Thence passing to the neighbourhood of the village of Lin and from there in a northwesterly direction, so as to include in Yugoslavia the Golo Brdo, the so-called Bald Mountains, whose thirty villages are inhabited by Islamized Serbs who only speak, with very rare exceptions, the Serbian language, one may say that not only would their inclusion in Yugoslavia be beneficial to these people, but that they would accept it with alacrity. No very deep impression has been made upon them by the religion to which, not long ago, they were converted. In the Golo Brdo it was in great measure due to the Greek Church which, about the middle of the nineteenth century, left the region without a single priest, so that children of the age of eight had not been christened, and the people in disgust went over to Islam. Near Ochrida, some of them were asked whether they frequented the mosque.

"Never," they replied.

"What is your religion?"

"Well, it is very strange," they told us, "but we have none."

"What religion did you formerly have?"

"Well, we don't know."

Their priest roams the mountains with his gun, and there has been a tendency, since a man in this position received his salary from the State, for many to persuade the mufti to appoint them, irrespective of whether they could read or write. The devout Moslem is, to the exclusion of [302] everything else, a Moslem; but in these districts, where the faith was assumed in a moment of pique or as a protection, and where the Muhammedan clergy has been so negligent, the people are gladly cultivating their Christian relatives. In the district of Suva Rieka one hears of conversions to Christianity, and the functionaries bring no pressure to bear, unlike the misguided Montenegrin officials who in 1912 rode into Peć, the old Patriarchate, and wanted in their delight to have everyone immediately to adopt the Orthodox faith. Now the authorities, with greater wisdom, do not interfere in these matters. They know that Yugoslavia will have no enemy in that house in the village of Brod, between Tetovo and Prizren, where two brothers are living together, of whom one went over to Islam. They know that the Muhammedan Krasnichi of Albania are proclaiming their kinship with the great Montenegrin clan of Vasojević, that the Gashi are calling to the Piperi and the Berishi to the Kuči. The new cordiality will be impaired neither by the differences of religion nor by the similarity of costume. The average Albanian of Djakovica would not be any fonder of an Orthodox fellow-citizen if the latter continues to wear the Albanian dress which was generally adopted about a hundred years ago, and the Vasojević may please themselves as to the wearing of a costume which they once found so useful in the Middle Ages. They happened to be for ten days in the Hoti country for the purpose of wiping out a blood affair, and when they were about to fall into the Hoti's hands they shouted, "What do you want with us? We are Kastrati!" The Kastrati, to whom these Albanian-clad people were led, confirmed the statement, so that the Vasojević earned for themselves the nickname of Kastratović.

From the Golo Brdo the best frontier would pass north-eastwards to the Black Drin and along that river until it is joined by the White Drin. This is a poor country whose inhabitants are, for the most part, Moslemized Serbs. About a hundred men are now engaged in excavating the very finely decorated Serbian church at Piškopalja on the Drin—much to the edification of the local Moslems. This church of their ancestors was covered in during the Middle Ages in order to [303] conceal it from the Turks. Too often the natives' present occupation is brigandage; but from of old they have had economic relations with Prizren, to which old town of vine-arched, narrow, winding streets and picturesque bazaars these countryfolk have been accustomed to come every week. These Moslems (of whom there are some 100,000 in the department of Prizren, with 13,000 Orthodox and 3000 Catholics) used to detest the Christians on account of their religion, although half of the Moslems could speak nothing but Serbian. The Serbs, it must be admitted, were not always blameless; in the early nineties, for example, they suspended a pig's head outside the mosque. And the amenities of Prizren were complicated by the hostility between Orthodox and Catholic. This was largely due to the fact that, by the intervention of the French Consul after the Crimean War, the Catholics—descendants of Ragusan emigrants of the Middle Ages—had secured the former Orthodox church of St. Demetrius, in which church, by the way, the services had come to be held in Albanian. When the Vatican, in the second half of the nineteenth century, sent a Serbian priest, the congregation had become so thoroughly Albanized that after a year he had to leave. The propaganda of Austria, Italy and Russia did nothing towards persuading the three religions of Prizren to regard each other in a more amicable fashion; while Italy and Austria gave exclusive assistance to the Catholics, whom they found in such distress that, forty years ago, most of them went barefoot, the presence of the Russian Consul was of such importance to the Orthodox that their position at Prizren was better than in their old patriarchal town of Peć. Nowadays, with Austrian and Russian propaganda deleted, there is only that of the Italians, whose proposal to create an independent Albania (under Italian protection) was at first applauded by some simple folk in 1919. The Moslem took to accepting Italian money and then honourably informing the Yugoslav authorities that they had been appointed as agents of Italy; they offered to capture the Franciscan priests with whose help the Italians were trying to secure the Catholics; and as for the cash, it seems mostly to have been spent in a convivial fashion by [304] the Moslems and the Serbs together. This friendship appears likely to continue, for the Serbian

authorities, so far from countenancing such pranks as that of the pig's head, do not even propose to reconsecrate their ancient church of Petka. When this building was made into a mosque, the Moslem still permitted the Christian women to come and pray there, while if a Christian man was sick they let him leave a jar of water in the mosque all night, so that it might acquire certain medicinal properties. It is the intention of the Serbs not to restore the church to Christian worship, but to turn it into a museum.

With the frontier then being drawn along the Drin, towards the Adriatic, the famous villages of Plav and Gusinje would definitely pass to Yugoslavia, in accordance with the wishes of a deputation sent by them to Belgrade in 1919. The well-meaning British champions of Gusinje, who maintain that this village is furiously antagonistic to the Slav and is ready to struggle to the uttermost rather than be incorporated in a Slav kingdom, these champions do not, I think, draw a sufficient distinction between Montenegro and Yugoslavia. Plav, with its mostly Christian population, and Gusinje, where the Moslem preponderates, refused at the time of the Berlin Congress to be given to Montenegro, with which they had certain local quarrels. Nicholas reported to the Powers which had awarded him these places that they were obdurate, for which reason he was given in their stead a much-desired strip of coast, down to Dulcigno, and nothing could have suited that astute monarch better. Nikita—to call him by his familiar name—imagined that the two villages would eventually fall to Montenegro, because of the formidable mountains which divide them from the rest of Albania; the road from Gusinje to Scutari is very long and very arduous. When Montenegro succeeded in capturing Plav in 1912, a certain Muhammedan priest of that place joined the Orthodox Church and was appointed a major in the Montenegrin army. He acted as the president of a court-martial, and in that capacity is reputed to have hanged or shot, some say, as many as five hundred of his former parishioners, because they declined to be baptized. He told them that their ancestors were all Serbs, and that therefore they should follow [305]
his example. Since the Montenegrins did not restrain this over-zealous man, the villagers were naturally not in favour of that country. Montenegro had a very small number of good officials, owing to Nikita's peculiar management which, in considering his favourites, did not regard illiteracy as a bar to the highest administrative or judicial post.... The people of Plav and Gusinje have, on the other hand, no hostility against Serbia. In November 1918 a detachment of thirty Serbs was stationed at Gusinje, what time certain Italian agents put it into the shallow minds of some Albanians that Albania desired to be independent under Italian protection. Nothing happened when a Serbian force came from Mitrovica, except that these agents and a few of their tools—be it noted that perhaps half the population is ignorant of the Albanian language—withdrew to the Rugovo district, where they tried to induce the people to fly with them, so that the world would hear how iniquitously the Serbs had acted. Those of Rugovo refused to accompany them; in consequence of which there was a fight, some houses were burned, some women and cattle were seized. And afterwards the men of Rugovo repaired to Gusinje and exacted a vengeance which, the most Serbophobe person will admit, had nothing to do with the Serbs. The luckless village of Gusinje was again laid waste in 1919 by the Montenegrins, but this came to pass as the result of the Montenegrin clan of Vasojević having their property ravaged by some Albanian marauders who were prompted by the same Great Power. The Vasojević believed that this evil deed was done by the men of Gusinje, so that they destroyed their houses. When the facts were explained to them, the Vasojević said that they were prepared to rebuild the village. And now Plav and Gusinje, who ask for Serbian and not Montenegrin officials, recognize that it is impossible for them to live except in union with Yugoslavia.... Miss Durham's wrath concerning an affair which happened during 1919 in this region shows to what lengths a partisan will go. She complained with great bitterness that the Serbs had actually arrested a British officer whose purpose it was to make investigations. [306]

The Serbs are human beings and are not immune from error; and Miss Durham is so determined to expose them that if all her charges were dealt with from Belgrade it would necessitate the appointment of one or two more officials. But in this particular case she is not the sole accuser. A Captain Willett Cunnington—who, according to the President of the Anglo-Albanian Society, the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P., has several years' intimate experience of Albania—said in the *New Statesman* that in consequence of what occurred to Captain Brodie the Serbian Government was compelled to apologize abjectly. Now I happen to be very well acquainted with the stalwart Pouniša Račić, the Montenegrin who arrested Brodie. Albanians have told me that Pouniša's knowledge of the north and north-west of their country is not a matter of villages but of houses. And he has always observed the customs which prevail in those houses, so that when he is known to be approaching, the people who live at a distance of many hours will come to meet him, whether for the pure delight of discharging their firearms to his greater glory or for the purpose of seeking his advice. It is not because he has studied jurisprudence in Paris that they respect him in that bitter region, but because he does not disregard the laws that govern the wild hearts on both sides of the frontier. Yet I suppose Captain Brodie had never heard of him—poor Captain Brodie! unconscious of the great good luck which had brought him into the presence of this man who could have made his journey much more pleasant for himself and vastly more profitable for his superiors.

This is what Pouniša Račić told me:

"At the end of January and the beginning of February 1919, we were having a certain amount of trouble in the Gusinje and Plav district, where I was acting as delegate of the Belgrade Government. Travellers were being murdered, telephone wires were being cut, and so forth. In those parts, which I have known for so many years, it is a good deal easier to ascertain a criminal's name than to seize him, and I had not captured these malefactors when one day I had a

message to say that a European Commission was approaching. Later on I was told that thirty-nine of its members were Albanians. I ordered my lieutenant to find out whether they were from our territory, in which case they were to be disarmed and brought to me; or from Albania, in which event they were to be received politely. A quarter of an hour after this I was told that they were all well-known brigands from our State, and there was one specially notorious person, Djer Doucha, who in 1912 was converted to Christianity and was made a gendarme at the court of King Nicholas; in 1915, after the Austrian invasion, he was reconverted to Islam and became a sergeant of *gendarmerie*. In that position he killed fifty or sixty Serbs and Montenegrins, to say nothing of his other acts of violence. In 1918, for instance, he murdered seven school-children whom he met on the road. [307]

"I had some urgent business at Plav," continued Račić, "and there all these people were brought before me. In addition to the thirty-nine Albanians there were three men in British uniforms. I was acquainted with one of them, a certain Perola, a Catholic of Peć, a former Austrian agent who had committed many crimes against the Serbs and had lately escaped from the prison at Peć. One of the other two said that he was Captain Brodie, whom the London Government had sent as their delegate for Albania and Montenegro. I suppose the third man was his British orderly; I never heard him speak. But Brodie said many things. One of them (which was quite true) was that his Government had not yet recognized the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. He demanded the instant release of his companions. 'Do you know who they are?' said I. 'That is no concern of yours,' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'they are criminals, and it is for the judges to say whether or not they are to be liberated.' 'I protest,' he exclaimed, 'in the name of England, against their arrest!' 'And I thank you,' said I, 'in the name of the Serbian police, for having brought them here.' 'You are a savage, a barbarous nation!' said he, 'and you don't deserve to be free and independent.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if you are an Englishman you should know that we are your allies, that you and we have shed our blood for the common cause. We love England very much, and I am very surprised to hear a British officer speak in this way.' Again he demanded to be set free, he and all his people, so that he could continue his mission; but I told him that after what I had heard from him and what I had seen of his escort, I could not permit him to go on to other villages unless he could show me an authorization from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Belgrade. 'I do not recognize the Belgrade Government,' said he. 'Whom, then,' I asked, 'do you regard as the legitimate ruler of this country?' 'King Nicholas,' said he, 'and the Government of Montenegro.' So I advised him to get a visa from King Nicholas and to come back to perform his mission, when that visa would be honoured. 'Anyhow,' said he, 'the people of these parts are against Serbia.' Thereupon I sent for the chief men and told them to say quite candidly in front of this Englishman what they wanted. There were five Moslems, including Islam and Abdi Beg Rejepagić (the leading family) and Ismael Omeragić, also two Christians, of whom I remember Staniča Turković. 'Long live Serbia!' they shouted. 'Death to Nicholas and the Albanians!' On hearing this Captain Brodie was discontented; he told me that I was a savage and did not know how to esteem an Englishman. 'I esteem you very much,' said I, 'and because he is wearing a British uniform I won't arrest this interpreter of yours.' (By the way, Perola was not acting as interpreter in our conversation, as the captain and I were talking French.) 'He used to be an Austrian agent,' said I. 'You are a liar!' cried Brodie; 'I know this man; he was nothing of the sort.' I remained calm, but I told him that he must not speak to me again in such a way. I asked him how long he had known Perola, who had got away from our prison a month ago. 'I have known him for a month,' said Brodie. 'And now,' said I, 'will you please show me your documents?' 'I have none,' said he, 'and I do not require any, as I am a British officer.' 'But I have read in the papers,' said I, 'that your people arrested and shot several persons who were wearing the uniform of a British officer. If you have no documents to prove that you are not a spy and that you are a British officer I shall have to arrest you.' Then he showed me one with some Italian words on it, I think a permission to go somewhere on the Piave front. 'From now,' said I, 'you are arrested; no one can come to you and you cannot leave this house. Prepare yourself to start to-morrow or the day after, if you are tired, for Peć, and perhaps Skoplje, so that you may prove your identity.' He protested, and declared that he must see the people in the neighbouring villages. 'If you are a real Englishman,' said I, 'I could not allow you to go by yourself, since there are many Moslems in these parts who have been excited against England by their hodjas, owing to your war with Turkey. They might kill you, and I would be held responsible; so that even if you had the necessary documents I could only let you go if precautions were taken to guard you. I am sorry,' said I, 'that you should have spoken as you have done against the Serbs; in fact, it seems to me that you are doing a disservice to England, and that here in this village I am serving her more truly.' 'I decline to go to Peć,' said Brodie; 'I want to go to Scutari.' 'You must go to Peć,' said I. He said that I could telephone concerning him either to the Belgrade Government or to the General at Cetinje. 'Unfortunately,' said I, 'it is these people who are with you who cut the telephone wires two days ago.' After this I appointed a guard for him. I gave him my room, with soldiers to serve him, to keep the room warm and bring him whatever food we had. [Observe that the above-mentioned Captain Willett Cunnington wrote in the *New Statesman* that Brodie was treated with "gross indignity."] 'Three horses were got ready,' said Račić in conclusion, 'and on these they rode to Peć, accompanied by a guard, both to prevent them from escaping and from coming to harm.'"[87] [308] [309]

In its old Albanian days the village of Gusinje was perhaps the most inaccessible spot in Europe —it was rarely possible for anyone to obtain permission to approach it. Even to Miss Durham, friend of the Albanians, this people sent a decided refusal. But now, under the guidance of the Yugoslav authorities, they have abandoned these boorish ways; Miss Durham could go there at any time, but maybe the village no longer attracts her. [310]

[We have more than once alluded to the writings of Miss Durham, since very few British authors have dealt with Albania, and she has come to be regarded as a trustworthy expert. But the flagrant partiality of her latest book (*Twenty Years of Balkan Tangle*; London, 1920), which, moreover, is written with great bitterness, will make the public turn, I hope, to Sir Charles Eliot, who is a vastly better cicerone. The present ambassador in Japan is, of course, one of the foremost men of this generation. His Balkan studies are as supremely competent as his monumental work on British Nudibranchiate Mollusca, published by the Ray Society when Sir Charles, having resigned the Governorship of East Africa, was Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University. Equally admired are his researches into Chinese linguistics and his monograph, the first in the language, on that most obscure subject, Finnish grammar.[88] Will it be believed that in her account of the Balkan tangle Miss Durham does not quote Sir Charles Eliot, but Mr. Horatio Bottomley? It seems that Mr. Bottomley has not devoted much attention to the Balkans, since in November 1920 he poured the vials of his wrath upon the Serbs, who, according to his "latest reports from Montenegro," had destroyed no less than 4000 Montenegrin houses in the district of Dibra, a place which lies some 75 miles by road from the land of the Black Mountain [311] and probably does not possess more than two or three Montenegrin houses; but he flings hard words against the Serbs, and that is good enough for Miss Durham. On the other hand, Sir Charles Eliot, who has travelled largely in Albania, wrote the simple facts about that people and they are obnoxious to this lady. "It is not surprising to find that there is no history of Albania, for there is no union between North and South, or between the different northern tribes and the different southern Beys," said he in 1900, and such a people does not undergo a fundamental change in twenty years. "Only two names," says Eliot, "those of Skanderbeg and Ali Pasha of Janina, emerge from the confusion of justly unrecorded tribal quarrels.... Albania presents nothing but oppositions—North against South, tribe against tribe, Bey against Bey." (According to Miss Durham they are all aflame with the desire to form a nation.) "Even family ties seem to be somewhat weak," says Sir Charles, "for since European influence has diminished the African slave-trade, Albanians have taken to selling their female children to supply the want of negroes." (The Albanians are "enterprising and industrious," says Miss Durham.) "In many ways," says Eliot, "they are in Europe what the Kurds are in Asia. Both are wild and lawless tribes who inflict much damage on decent Turks and Christians alike. Both might be easily brought to reason by the exhibition of a little firmness.... Albanian patriotism is not a home product—had they ever been ready to combine against the Turk there seems to be no reason why they should not have preserved the same kind of independence as Montenegro; but from the first some of the tribes and clans endeavoured to secure an advantage over the others by siding with the invaders—papers and books on the national movement are written at Bucharest, Brussels and various Italian towns, but they are not read at Scutari or Janina. The stock grievance of this literature is that the Turks will not allow Albanian to be taught in the schools, and endeavour to ignore the existence of the language; but though the complaint is well-founded, I doubt if the mass of the people have much feeling on the subject." ... Those who are rash enough to assert, because Miss [312] Durham says so, that in the last two decades the Albanians have made a progress of several centuries may be recommended to the testimony of Brailsford[89] (1906), of Katarani (1913), and of the Italian Press which, after the retreat of their army to Valona, published in 1920 the most ghastly particulars of what befell the hapless officers and men who were captured by the Albanians.

Let the British public henceforth go to Sir Charles Eliot and not to this emotional lady for its picture of the unchanged Shqyptar. She reveals to us that more than one person in the Balkans said that her knowledge of those countries is enormous; she has knocked about the western Balkans and picked up a good deal of material, but her knowledge has its limitations: for example, she makes the old howler of ascribing Macedonian origin to Pašić, though his grandfather came not from Tetovo in Macedonia but from near Teteven in what is now Bulgaria. Miss Durham plumes herself for having sent back to Belgrade the Order of St. Sava, and seeing that it is bestowed for learning she did well. But even if her acquaintance with Balkan affairs were more adequate—her diagnosis of the Macedonian racial problem is extremely rough and ready—all the writings of Miss Durham are so warped with hatred for the Slav that they must be very carefully approached. Because she thinks it will incline her readers towards the Albanians she says[90] that they were early converts to Christianity. She omits to mention that the Moslem, on arriving in the Balkans, was able to spread his religion much more easily in Albania than anywhere else; and again, in the seventeenth century, when Constantinople offered many lucrative posts to the Moslem there occurred in Albania a great wave of apostasy. Miss Durham speaks with pride of the Albanians who during the Great War fought in the French, Italian and American ranks. Would it not be more straightforward if she added that large numbers were enrolled in the Austro-Hungarian army and *gendarmerie*? The special task of the latter was to [313] dislodge from their mountain fastnesses those Montenegrins who continued to carry on a desperate guerilla warfare against the invader. To pretend that the Albanian has earned the freedom of his country by his glorious exploits in the War is an absurdity. He is a mediæval fellow, much more anxious to have a head to bash than to ascertain whom it belongs to. The Slavs have not always treated their raw neighbours with indulgence; in the Balkan War, when their army marched through Albania to the sea some very discreditable incidents occurred, whatever may have been the provocation they received from the sniping natives and however great be the excuse of their own state of nerves. Yet the first stone should be flung by that army of Western Europe which, in its passage through the territory of a treacherous and savage people, has done

nothing which it would not willingly forget. And seriously to argue that the Slavs are of an almost undiluted blackness, while the Albanians are endearing creatures, is to take what anti-feminists would call a feminist view of history. Miss Durham tells us that some years ago she stood upon a height with an Albanian abbot and promised him that she would do all that lay in her power to bring a knowledge of Albania to the English. The worthy abbot may have glanced at her uneasily, but noticing her rapt expression reassured himself. And she appears to have believed that England, eagerly absorbing what she told them of this people, would in August 1914 make her policy depend on their convenience. But to Miss Durham's horror and amazement, Great Britain turned aside from this clear and honourable duty. She entered the War as an ally of the Slav, bringing "shame and disgust" upon Miss Durham. "After that," says she, "I really did not care what happened. The cup of my humiliation was full."]

9. WHAT FACES THE YUGOSLAVS

It is not as if Serbia never made mistakes in dealing with the Albanians. The Sultan used to govern them by sending in one year an army against them, and in the next year asking for no recruits or taxes. The Montenegrins, of whom the older generation was bored when it had no [314] man to shoot at, used to be on very neighbourly terms with them. Both these systems the Albanians could understand. But they did not know why the Belgrade Government in 1878—and it was a mistaken policy—should expel a number of Albanians from the newly-won zones, thrusting them across the frontier and putting in their place a number of Serbs who were settled in Old Serbia. The twofold folly of this plan was not grasped at the moment; but for several years the Serbian frontier districts were regularly invaded and plundered. The following years of Turkish misrule, and especially the young Turkish policy of treacherous force, which resulted in Albanian risings every year, may possibly have caused many Albanians to be honestly glad when the Balkan War brought the Serbs into their country. But of these Albanians not a few would rejoice because they hoped that with the help of the Serbian army it would be possible to slay the members of some adjacent tribe against whom they happened to have a feud. Perhaps the Serbs were so eager to bathe their horses in the Adriatic that they did not notice such trifles as the destruction of a ford, this having been done to prevent a visit from undesirable neighbours. One might have imagined that Serbia, being well known as a land of small peasant proprietors—where there is even a law which forbids a peasant's house from being sold over his head; he is, under any circumstances, assured of so much as will enable him to eke out a livelihood—one would have thought that the Albanian *čifčija*, who is nothing more than a slave of the feudal chief, would have rejoiced at the arrival of a liberator; and indeed, while the Serbian troops were in Albania the peasant refused to give his lord the customary third or half of what the land produced, and after the departure of the Serbs he was unapproachable for tax-collectors. Who knows whether this social readjustment, so auspiciously begun, might not have made Albania wipe out her grievances against the Serbs and remember only that in the Imperial days of Dušan, even if he was not of the most ancient Balkan race, there was prosperity and happiness where now is desolation; busy merchants in the seaport towns of Albania, which now are ruins; ships [315] sailing in from Venice with the luxuries of all the world and taking back with them all those good things, a half of which Albania has forgotten how to make? And after that there had been times of friendship with the Serb—Dositej Obradović, the philologist (one of those amiable persons who invented for the Albanians an alphabet), tells us, for instance, how in his travels through Albania he was assured by natives that they and the Serbs lived together as if they were members of one family, while the Kući in eastern Montenegro had, by a gradual process of assimilation, become transformed from Catholic Albanians into Orthodox Montenegrins. It is told that in the wondrous hours when the *čifčija* gloried in the soil he was about to win, even the notoriously wild Klementi, filled with hunger for the land, ran down from their fastnesses. But, most unfortunately, at that moment the Great Powers decided that Albania was to be an autonomous, hereditary State. This interrupted the movement towards reconciliation with Serbia; and even now the Serbs will be told by many encouraging people that in their efforts to win the regard of Albanians they have an impossible task, that if some of them take a step towards you one day they will rush back a dozen on the day after. These people will repeat the legend that the Albanians have an invincible hatred for the Slavs; but the Albanians have not forgotten how, in the course of the Middle Ages, they were willingly open to Slav penetration—the Serbian language reached to beyond Alessio, the small Albanian dynasties intermarried with Slav ruling families, so that they preferred to speak Serbian, and down to this day two-thirds of the place-names of northern Albania are of Slav origin. One of the most important documents in this connection is a letter from the town of Dubrovnik to the Emperor Sigismund in the year 1434. They inform the Emperor that Andria Topia, lord of the Albanian coast, has secretaries who know nothing but the Serbian language and alphabet. Thus when the Emperor sends him letters in Latin he is obliged to have them translated elsewhere, and the contents of the Imperial letters are not kept secret. So the Emperor was forced to write to Topia in Serbian.... Long memories are not always inconvenient, and Albanian memories are long because, until recent years, all that they knew came from [316] tradition—Austria and Italy had not yet become so concerned about Albanian education that (forgetting their own illiterates in Bosnia and Calabria) the two Allies waved into existence boys' and girls' schools up and down the country; so desirous were they that these founts of knowledge should be patronized that both Italians and Austrians were prepared to pay good money and eke a supply of garments and a gaily-coloured picture of King or Emperor, as the case might be; and with respect to the cash, not only was each willing to pay but to pay more than the other. Yet the Albanian is most mindful of tradition, and he is aware that his approach to the Slav in the Middle Ages was blocked by the inopportune arrival of the Turks; it is in the nature of man that the

Albanian was more impressed by the brilliant young States of the early princes, with that barbarically sumptuous residence at Scutari (the Catholics of Scutari also being in the diocese of Antivari, which was under Serb domination) than, centuries later, when he found himself confronted with the pitiable population of Old Serbia.

In the Sandjak the task of Yugoslavia will be relatively simple; the Albanians who live there are not autochthonous, but arrived at the beginning of the eighteenth century on the plateau of Pechter. These Klementi—then very numerous—cared nothing for their Serbian origin, so that the Patriarch of Peć had to protect himself against them by means of a janissary guard—which the Sultan permitted him to maintain at his own expense—whereas they were attentive to the teachings of their religion, in so far as they obeyed the Catholic missionaries who dwelt among them and requested that in their forays they should confine themselves to Muhammedan and Orthodox booty. One of the places they attacked was Plav, from which they drove the population, and themselves henceforward took to living on the fertile fields in summer, while they spent the winter in some mountain caverns. But after seven years a large proportion of this tribe went back to its ancestral stronghold in the Brdo range, from which the Turks had transplanted them to the Sandjak. This wish of theirs to go to their old home was gratified after they had beaten off the [317]
Turks triumphantly in various engagements on the way, and even pursued them to their trenches.... The Klementi who had stayed on the Pechter were further depleted a few years later, when their kinsfolk, answering the appeal of the Archbishop of Antivari, rode up there and carried off fifty families who were on the eve of renouncing their religion. The final group which remained became Moslem, and with such ardour that when the Serbs of Kara George reached the Sandjak they found that these Klementi were completely Islamized; they resisted the Serbian army with the utmost resolution. Subsequently they attempted to convert the Serbian population round them, but with mediocre success, for the Klementi themselves were not too strong; moreover, they were isolated from the other Muhammedan Albanians.

And yet certain incidents which occurred in the Sandjak during the Great War seem to show that even there the task of dealing with the population is a troublous one. They are conservative; one sees, for example, a woman who has got up very early holding aloft a vessel against the sun. This is done with the object of preventing the cows of a certain man from giving any milk. But the man is on the alert. He shoots the vessel out of her hand and proceeds, with an easy mind, about his business. Frequently the Austrians disarmed these men, but it is their practice to have more rifles than shirts, although during the occupation a rifle cost twenty napoleons. It occurred to the Austrian Governor-General of Montenegro, Lieut. Field-Marshal von Weber, that these Albanians were children and, if treated well, would make useful volunteers. A party of them was thereupon sent to Graz, where they were told that they would be trained to fight on behalf of the Sultan. Their military education was a trifle agitated—for instance, on their second day at Graz they thrashed their officers—but when their training was considered adequate they were sent to the front, and there they immediately surrendered to the Italians. This was not the first time that a body of Albanians had gone to Austria. In 1912, for the Eucharistic Congress at Vienna, some two dozen of them, in their national costume and conducted by their priests, had taken part in the [318]
procession. It is said that the financier Rosenberg, of whom one has heard, bore a portion of the pretty large expenses of the deputation. His title of baron dates from this period. Austria's work among the school-children was no more successful than among the adults. Remembering that just outside Zadar lies Arbanasi, or Borgo Erizzo, a village of 2500 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Albanians, it seemed good to the Austrian authorities to procure from that place a schoolmaster who would make suitable propaganda. There was at Arbanasi a teachers' institute, as also an Italian "Liga" school which was closed by the Austrians during the War, and when the schoolmaster arrived at Plav, where the people speak Serbian, he set about teaching the children Albanian and also making propaganda for Italy, as he was from the "Liga" school.... That fidelity of the five hundred men of Plav who clung, as we have related, to their religion, had its pendant when the Austrians were engaged in constructing a road. The custom was for a potentate of that district to procure for the Austrians a sufficient number of men, to whom three or four crowns a day would be paid. Any man who disregarded the potentate's summons was thrashed by him, and thrashed in such a way that for three days he was prostrate. The late Chief of Police at Sarajevo, Mr. Ljescovac, was (being a Bosnian subject) administering this district during the Austrian occupation. He tried frequently to get particulars from the men who had been so mercilessly flogged, with a view to opening an inquiry. Their invariable answer was: "I know nothing."

In the days of Charles, another member of the Topia family, a copyist, who was in his service, was transcribing the Chronicle of George Hamartolos, and twice, thinking of his master, he inserts: "God, help Charles Topia." As we leave the Serb and the Albanian face to face, sensitive, imaginative, tenacious people, both with very ancient claims, we must hope that a happy solution will be found. After all Serbia, being in Yugoslavia, is now a Muhammedan and a Catholic Power. She has men at her disposal, such as Major Musakadić, a Bosnian Moslem who deserted from the Austrian army to the Serbs, fought with them on several fronts and received the highest [319]
decoration for valour, the Kara George; then, after the War, he was sent by the Government to command at Brćko, a place in his native Bosnia where there is a Moslem majority. A few of the Orthodox protested energetically that they would not have a Moslem over them; they were received by the Minister of Justice in Belgrade. "Gentlemen," said he, "go back to Brćko and when anyone of you has earned the Cross of Kara George I shall be glad to see him here again." ... As in the old days, the Serbian civilization is far superior, but this is not everything; that the Albanian is ready to meet it with peace or war he shows clearly as he glides along in his white skull-cap, his close-fitting white and black costume, with his panther-like tread and with several weapons and an umbrella.

But for the various reasons to which we have alluded he is now much more inclined to live in peace with the Yugoslav. Very differently, except if they are charged with gifts, does he receive the Italians; even at the moment of accepting their gifts of military material and cash he regards them with a more or less concealed derision, for he is impressed, as we have pointed out, by nothing so much as by military prowess and the reverse, whereof the news is carried far and wide. At the end of September and beginning of October 1918 two weak Yugoslav battalions of about a thousand rifles accomplished at Tirana what the large Italian forces could not, at any rate did not, achieve. Ten thousand Austrians were in the town, and for three months the Italians had sat down outside it. Then the Serbs descended on the place from the mountains; their carts came by the ordinary road, and on arriving at the Italian lines the drivers asked for hay; but when they explained that the rest of their force was going round by the mountain trail the Italian commandant refused to give any supplies to such liars. (Later on, though, he gave them sufficient for five days.) When an Austrian officer who was stationed in a minaret saw the Serbs coming down from those terrible heights he was so astonished that he felt sure they must be robbers. And after they had captured the town and the Italians conducted themselves as if it were they [320] who had conquered it, the Serbs took to thrashing their allies and ejecting them from the cafés. The Italians did not protest....

10. DR. TRUMBIĆ'S PROPOSAL

To sum up this part of our long and, I fear, rather tiring dissertation on the Yugoslav-Albanian frontier that is to be: the Yugoslav delegates at the Peace Conference invariably disclaimed any desire to have Albanian lands conferred on them against the wish of the inhabitants. According to Prince Sixte of Parma, the ex-Emperor Karl was disposed to offer to the Serbs as a basis of peace a Southern Slav kingdom consisting of Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina and the whole of Albania. But this last item only made it clear that in his brief tenure of the throne the Emperor had grasped something of the grand generosity of European statesmen when they deal with the possessions of other people in the Near East. The Albanians are not Southern Slavs, and it is merely the voice of the thoughtless mob in Montenegro which has been claiming Scutari for the reason that they held it in the Middle Ages—several of their rulers are buried there—and because 20,000 Montenegrins gave their lives to take it in the Balkan War. Responsible persons in Yugoslavia, such as Dr. Trumbić, the former Foreign Minister, do not believe that Scutari is a necessity for their State—whether Yugoslavia is a necessity for Scutari is another question—and they hold that it is quite possible to preserve the 1913 frontier (perhaps with a minor rectification in Klementi) and live in friendship with their neighbours. This, of course, is under the assumption that these neighbours will "play the game"—and it is just this which the Albanians will be unable to do if they are left to their own slender resources. How could one expect so poor—or shall we say so unexploited?—a country to make any social progress without the help of others? It has become the habit of many Albanians to accept financial assistance from Italy; if an independent Albania is now established these subsidies will be increased—and he who pays the piper calls the tune. If, however, an arrangement could be made for helping the Albanians—and the country [321] undertaking this would have to be devoid of Balkan ambitions on its own account—then the 1913 frontier would be possible. No doubt the cynics will say that the Yugoslavs are aware that this is an unlikely solution, and that failing a disinterested Power, whose supervision would cause the Albanians during the troublesome civilizing process to be moderately peaceable neighbours, failing such a Power the Yugoslavs would feel that they were justified in asking for the frontier of the Drin. But this frontier I have heard advocated less by Yugoslavs of any standing than by those Albanians who despair of the administrative capacities of their fellow-countrymen. The Yugoslavs have not the smallest wish to add to their commitments, and even if all the Albanians on the right bank of the Drin were anxious for Yugoslav overlordship—and this, naturally, is not the case—there would be serious hostility to be expected from some of those on the other bank. If no disinterested Power, such as Great Britain or Sweden, will take the matter in hand, then Dr. Trumbić has an alternative proposal, which is for a free, independent Albania (with the 1913 frontier) which would exist on the Customs and on a loan made by the Great Powers, who would put in a Controller charged with seeing that the money were spent on roads, schools, etc. A police force, and not an army, would be maintained; while, if need be, the country could be neutralized; and Dr. Trumbić, within whose lifetime bandits and heiduks were roaming through Bosnia, believes that the Albanians would gradually discard their cherished system of feuds.... This would be the happiest solution, for it would leave the Balkans to the Balkan peoples, while it would aim at the development of whatever good qualities there are in the Albanians, and it would definitely recognize a Yugoslav-Albanian frontier which is acceptable to both countries.

11. THE POSITION IN 1921: THE TIRANA GOVERNMENT AND THE MIRDITI

While Europe in the year 1921 was either exhausted or belligerent, or both, she had a vague knowledge that hostilities were being carried on between the Serbs and the Albanians. Telegrams from Rome, Tirana and elsewhere appeared in the papers, saying that the Serbs [322] continued to advance. Occasionally a Serbian statesman would declare that his Government desired the independence of Albania. Then some Albanian delegate in Geneva would make a protest and ask the League of Nations, of which Albania was now a member, to take this matter in hand. A Serbian delegate would also address the League. Again you would hear of the Serbian army pushing forward, that a good many soldiers had fallen. And no one seemed to know why the Serbs would want to shed their blood in order to add to their miscellaneous problems this very

grave one of administering such a region inhabited by such a people. Why did they not content themselves with the frontier which the Powers temporarily assigned to them in 1918 and which, from the junction of the Black and White Drin, runs south along the rocky right bank of the river and then, crossing to the other side, passes along the top of a range of mountains? What more could they wish to have, presuming that it was not their intention to annex what lay between them and the Adriatic?

Well, it appears that never once did they go beyond the aforementioned line to which they were legally entitled, except when for a short time they were in pursuit, towards Ljuria, of certain invaders. Not only were they legally entitled to take up their position on the mountains to the west of the Black Drin, but the Moslem tribes, the Malizi and the Ljuri, who dwell in that uninviting district, were most anxious that the Serbs should come and should remain. For this the tribes had two principal reasons: in the first place, they recognized that their compatriots in Djakovica and Prizren were immeasurably better off than before they came under Serbian rule; and secondly, they did not wish to be separated from these towns which are their markets. In fact, they had become so anxious to throw in their lot with the Slavs that they formed six battalions, which operated on both banks of the river, under the command of Bairam Ramadan, Mahmoud Rejeb and others. In opposition to these battalions were the troops of the so-called National Government, that of Tirana. This Government is repudiated by a great many Albanians on account of its reactionary methods, its subservience to the Italians, and its failure to do [323] anything for the people. The battalions, then, were engaged in 1921, not against their immediate neighbours to the west, the Catholic Mirditi, of whom we shall speak anon, but against the more distant Government of Tirana. Thus the League of Nations beheld that the administration which they were about to confirm as the legitimate Government of Albania was violently opposed by compact masses of Catholics and Moslems. Perhaps some of the members of the League began to doubt whether they should have accepted the assurance of the Anglo-Albanian Society that the Tirana Government (containing Moslem, Catholic and Orthodox members) was really a national affair; perhaps they began to suspect that the two Christian elements were only there to throw a little dust in the eyes of Europe; and perhaps Lord Robert Cecil began to feel doubtful whether, at the urgent request of his friend Mr. Aubrey Herbert, President of the Anglo-Albanian Society, he had been well advised to bring about the admission into the League of a country which had two simultaneous Governments before it had a frontier. Perhaps one was beginning to recognize that there are Albanians but no Albania.

The emissaries of Tirana might depict as of no importance the hostilities that were being waged against them by those Moslem tribes, they might tell the League of Nations that the Mirdite revolution was not worth considering. It is a fact that the Mirditi are not very numerous, but in close connection with their 18,000 people are the Shala with 500 houses and the Shoshi with 300. Tradition has it that they are descended from three brothers who set out from the arid village of Shiroka on Lake Scutari to seek their fortune. The most ancient, the most noble and important family of northern Albania is that of Gjomarkaj, whose seat is at Oroshi, the capital of the Mirditi. Despite enormous difficulties they succeeded in maintaining their own position and the prestige of the Mirditi. They refused to recognize the Turkish Government and clung so tenaciously to their own usages and laws, and were so famous for their courage that the Sultans were eager to grant them privileges and concessions. Thereafter they promised to assist the [324] Sultan against external aggression, and always did so with great success. It was due to the Mirditi that the Albanian mountaineers preserved their nationality, their religion and their customs, for they were ever the leaders of the other Albanian tribes. The most prominent of the Mirditi in our time have been Prenk Bib Doda, who, after long years of exile, was assassinated in Albania; Mark Djoni, now the President of the Mirdite Republic; and, above all, the great Abbot Monsignor Primo Doci, a man of vast culture, who returned to his own country after serving the Vatican as a diplomat in various parts of the world. It is not surprising that the educational standard of his native land filled him with the determination to build schools and that, owing to his efforts, the Roman Catholic establishment of thirty native priests and of bishops who were nearly all foreigners has developed into a body of almost three hundred native priests with no foreign bishops. A poet himself, he founded the literary society, *Bashkimi l'unione*, in which all capable patriots were invited to collaborate. He constructed more than twenty strongholds in and around Oroshi, and when he died in February 1917 it was largely owing to the persecution which he suffered at the hands of the Austrians. What has latterly aroused his faithful people is the persecution levelled at them by the Moslem-Italian Government of Tirana.

A certain amount of mystery envelopes the death of Bib Doda; an opinion widely held is that Italians were responsible, but Mr. H. E. Goad rebukes me in the *Fortnightly Review* for not knowing that the Italians laid aside the crude methods of political murder centuries ago. Perhaps he doesn't regard the massacre of the helpless French soldiers at Rieka in 1919 as political murder, since they were only privates; perhaps he doesn't count that famous expedition of the five lieutenants to assassinate Zanella, because it was unsuccessful; but he may be right concerning Bib Doda. That personage had been to Durazzo to confer with the Italians; he had refused to accept an Italian protectorate in Albania, and on his return he was killed in his carriage before he could reach Scutari. The chief assailant was a Catholic of Klementi, believed to be an adherent of Essad Pasha and also an Italian "agent d'occasion." Yet as several Italian [325] soldiers who accompanied Bib Doda were wounded it would seem that those, myself included, who believed that this affair had been arranged by the Italians were wrong.

As for Bib Doda's fortune, Mr. Goad asserts that by Albanian law he did not have to leave it to his nearest kinsman, Marko Djoni. That is, I beg to say, precisely what he had to do according to

the custom of their ancient family. Mr. Goad says that the cash went to the poor; I say that a good deal of it went into the pocket of a lady who was much younger than the dead man and was on excellent terms with an Italian major. If Mr. Goad had visited Albania at that time and had been interested in other things besides what he tells us of—the moonlight of Klisura and the splendid plane trees over the Vouissa and the sunrise reflected on the gleaming mountain-wall of the Nemorica—I would not have to tell him all this about Bib Doda's money. He says that Marko Djoni is a discredited, disgruntled person who became a tool of the Serbs and fled to Serbia. But he forgets that Bib Doda was killed in March 1919, and that until May 1921 Marko Djoni remained in Albania, enjoying the friendship of Italy rather than that of Serbia. In fact it was not easy for him to abandon this friendship, owing to various deals in connection with the Mirdite forests. No doubt he resented the loss of his heritage; but why in the name of goodness should not he and his followers fight for their liberty, and why should the Serbs not help them at a time when the frontiers of Albania had not been fixed nor the Government officially recognized? The Serbs were helping him to make war, says Mr. Goad, against his legitimate rulers. Yet we must be lenient with our Mr. Goad, for he himself admits that "few can write of Balkan politics without revealing symptoms of that partisan disease." He has made up his mind that the Serbs are the villains of the piece, and there, for him, is the end of it.

A delegation from the Mirditi, consisting of the Rev. Professor Anthony Achikou and Captain Dod Lléche, came to Geneva in October 1921, and requested the League not to issue a confirmation of the Tirana Government. They showed that this Government had no other aim [326] than to turn Albania into a small Turkey. No doubt the Moslems, as the most numerous element, had a right to have a majority in the Cabinet, but there was no justification in their appointment of pure Turks. (The Tirana Government proposed in the autumn of 1921 that any Albanian coming from Turkey, who has held a public office there, shall be refused admittance into the Albanian Administration until two years after his return. This is a proposal but not yet, I believe, an effective law.) The Minister of Justice has been old Hodja Kadri, and the Minister of War one Salah el Din Bey, an officer of Kemal Pasha, and neither of these was acquainted with the Albanian language. When the Mirditi started to show their dislike of this Government, the War Minister commanded his troops to slay without mercy anyone who dared to raise his voice. Thus it came about that the villages of Oroshi, Laci, Gomsice and Naraci were destroyed, while those of the inhabitants who could escape fled across the frontier to Serbia. As for particular cases of iniquity we may instance that of the Moslem officer, Chakir Nizami, who, as a manifestation of his hatred for the Christians, had violated at Scutari a girl of fourteen whose name was Chakya Hil Paloks. He was sentenced by the French military authorities and was liberated by the Minister of Justice as soon as the French had quitted Scutari. On the other hand, Kol Achikou, a brother of the delegate, had killed a Moslem in self-defence and been acquitted by the French court martial; after their departure he was taken to Tirana and sentenced to death. But apart from all such misdeeds the Mirditi complained that the Tirana Government, which could not openly wage war with Serbia, had organized the "Kossovo" Committee, whose object it was to foment trouble in Serbia and to send armed bands of marauders on to Serbian territory. At the very moment when the delegation was at Geneva, one of these bands (in the night between October 12 and 13) raided the village of Mojište, near Gostivar. Furnished with Italian machine guns and bombs they came over the mountains, set fire to the village and killed many of the people as they fled. They are accustomed on such expeditions to steal the children and hold them to ransom—a lucrative [327] operation which d'Annunzio's arditi[91] may have copied from their Albanian colleagues. It would seem, then, according to the statement of the Mirditi, that in the conflict on the Black Drin, of which Europe had vaguely heard, the Tirana Government and not that of Serbia was the aggressor. Mr. Aubrey Herbert may write pathetic letters to the Press, Miss Durham may write letters of indignation, but how could their protégés of Tirana be said to be valiantly defending themselves against the wicked Serbs when the very villages which, said Mr. Herbert, were destroyed—Aras and Dardha and so forth—were situated in the district to which the Serbs were legally entitled?

The Mirditi delegates had an interview in Geneva with Lord Robert Cecil. An attempt was made by the Tirana delegates to discredit Professor Achikou, by publishing a telegram from Monsignor Sereggi, the Archbishop of Scutari (but which the Professor accused the rival delegate, the bearded, bustling Father Fan Noli, of having composed himself),[92] and in that message it was stated that Achikou was expelled from Albania. This he did not deny; he was, he said, one of 4000 who had been driven out by an arbitrary Government and he hoped that they would soon be able to return. The message called Achikou a traitor; but that is a matter of opinion. It said that he was in the service of a foreign Power; he replied that the Mirditi had never concealed their wish to live in friendship with their neighbours, and the proof that they envisaged nothing more than friendship was that they were petitioning the League to recognize the Mirdite Republic. Among the other charges against Achikou was one which said that he was sailing under false colours. This was an absurd accusation, and one which enabled the reverend Father to mention that his opponent Monsignor, who was then being called Bishop, Fan Noli, was neither a bishop nor an Albanian, but a simple priest, a Greek from Adrianople, whose real name was Theophanus.[93] This clever man, who had decided to form an Orthodox Albanian Church and had apparently [328] become its bishop without the formality of consecration, had enjoyed some success at Geneva owing to his knowledge of languages. He circulated a telegram from Tirana which purported to be a disavowal of the Mirditi delegation by a number of Mirditi notables; but a reply was sent by Mark Djoni, the President of the Mirdite Republic, an elderly man of great sagacity and experience, for in Turkish times he had been chief magistrate of the Mirditi. He pointed out that all the notables and all the tribal chieftains had gone, like himself, into exile, and that the names

were those of insignificant persons who had acted under fear of death. Djoni did not in this telegram allude to the position of those Catholic priests and others in northern Albania who support the Tirana Government and its Italian paymasters; some of them may believe that they are acting in the interest of their country—to act otherwise would be perilous, and everyone seems to know the precise number of napoleons a month—ranging from the 150 of an ecclesiastical magnate down to 7½ (the pay of a simple gendarme)—which they are alleged to receive. Do they ever think of the starving Italian peasants?

On October 7 another telegram was sent from Oroshi (the capital of the Mirditi) to the Tirana Delegation which "protested energetically against the activities of a certain Anthony Achikou." Yet, on October 9, an individual called Notz Pistuli, who had travelled specially from Scutari, presented himself at the Mirdite delegates' hotel, and in the name of the Scutari National Council asked whether a reconciliation could not be made between the Mirditi and the Tirana Government.[94] Being told that the Mirditi would have nothing to do with the Turkish Government of Tirana, he held out hopes that another Government more representative of Albania would soon be constituted. It was remarkable that Tirana should have dispatched this envoy after giving out that the Mirditi were traitors and that their delegates represented nobody.

Lord Robert Cecil did not at first seem to think that their desire for a republic independent of Tirana could be gratified, but on being initiated into the facts of the case and told that definitely [329] to reject them would look as if he were a foe to Christianity, Lord Robert said that such was far from being the case. He would do whatever he could to help them. And on the next day it was decided that, in accordance with the Mirdite request, a Commission should proceed to Albania.

The Italian delegate, Marquis Imperiali, submitted that there was no need to hurry this Commission and Monsieur Djoni explained in a telegram[95] that if the Commission went forthwith it would discover in Albania cannons, rifles and other war material from Italy, that it would find numerous Turkish officers of the Kemalist army who had been brought from Asia Minor in Italian ships, and that it would perceive that the cannons, the Turkish Government of Tirana, the rifles, the Turkish officers, certain Catholic ecclesiastics—in a word, the whole of Albania such as it is to-day is nothing else, said he, but a masked Italian instrument of war against Serbia—while all the bloody consequences of this perpetual struggle have to be endured by the border population.... One afternoon, at the beginning of November, 650 Tirana soldiers, pursued by the Mirditi, gave themselves up to the Serbian authorities on the Black Drin. They had with them a dozen officers of whom two were Italians, and these accounted for themselves by saying that they had come out to organize and to lead the Albanian army.

Now, would this be the best solution of the Albanian problem, that the Mirdite Republic and that of Tirana should both be recognized, since it is quite clear that it would be immoral—and very useless—for Europe to try to persuade the Mirditi to place themselves under the Tirana régime? But there appears to be no doubt that the Moslems of northern Albania—however much they may now sympathize with the Mirditi in their attitude towards Tirana—would just as strenuously resist their own incorporation in a Christian Republic.... Down at the bottom of their hearts all the Albanian delegates who came to Geneva must know that if an Albanian State is [330] larger than one tribe it will go to pieces. Whatever good qualities may be latent in the Albanian, he is as yet—with rare exceptions—in that stage of culture which has no idea of duty on the part of the State or of duty towards the State. As an example of his views on the exercise of authority we may instance the case of the 82 Albanians, led by Islam Aga Batusha (of the village of Voksha), who stopped Pouniša Račić and his companions in the summer of 1921 while they were riding one day from Djakovica to Peć. Pouniša enjoys the fullest confidence of the border tribes because he has never been known to break his word; they are very conscious that even their vaunted "besa" is not nowadays observed as it was, say fifty years ago, for the Austrian and Italian propaganda schools have had an unfortunate effect. Well, as the 82 sat round Pouniša and his friends in the courtyard of a mosque, where they spent the whole day confabulating, they said they hoped that he, a just and wise man, would help them; and their principal grievance was that the Serbian police no longer allowed them to kill each other. Why should the police interfere in their private affairs? Recently the police had arrested a man whom one of these protesters wanted to kill, and therefore he thought he would have to kill one of the police. Even those who have spent their lives in Serbia are too often at this stage of development—a few years ago, in the village of Prokuplje, an Albanian assassinated his neighbour and was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. The judge asked the dead man's brother if he was satisfied. "No, I am not," he answered, "because now I shall have to wait twenty years to kill him." Their ancient custom of blood-vengeance continues to flourish, though in Serbia the police and public opinion are against it; thus, at Luka, in the department of Peć, one Alil Mahmoud was murdered by a Berisha to avenge his uncle, so that now the sons of this Mahmoud propose to kill a Berisha—not the murderer, but one equal in rank to their late father, and in consequence Ahmed Beg, son of Murtezza Pasha, of Djakovica, is afraid to leave his house, which the Serbian police, at his request, is guarding.

How much the Albanian conceives that he owes a duty to the State may be instanced by the application of a smuggler that he be granted a permit to go to Zagreb in order to dispose of 6000 [331] oka[96] of tobacco which he had brought over the frontier. He was talking to a Serb who has the confidence of the Albanians because he does not treat them as if they were Serbs; and when this father confessor advised him to get rid of the tobacco locally (which he succeeded in doing) the Albanian objected that the excise officers gave him constant anxiety, they were thieves who

insisted on payment being made to them if they came across his merchandise. And if it be said that this is too humble a case, we may mention that of Ali Riza, one of the chief officers of the Tirana army which was last year operating against the Serbs. So indifferent is he as to the uniform he bears that the year before last, in Vienna, he begged an influential Serb to recommend him for a lieutenancy in the Serbian army. (His request was not granted because it was ascertained that, besides being unable to read and write, his work as an Austrian gendarme had been more zealous than creditable.)

12. SERBIA'S GOOD INFLUENCE

What, then, is Europe to do with these wild children of hers?... The tribes, Catholic and Moslem, who dwell between the Big Drin and the frontier allotted to Serbia in 1913, asked the aforesaid Pouniša in 1919 to intervene in their quarrels; and the result was that a small number of Serbian soldiers were scattered about that country. They were placed at the disposal of the chief, whom they assisted in maintaining order. (Needless to say, they collected no taxes or recruits, and all their supplies came to them from Serbia.) The people were impressed not only by the uniform but by the men's conduct. Before going to these posts—where they were relieved every two or three months—the men were instructed with regard to Albanian customs, and no case occurred of any transgression. So rigidly did they enforce the precept that anyone who tried to violate or carry off a woman was, if he persisted, to be shot, that last year, at Tropolje in Gashi, when the girl in question was said to be not unwilling, they pursued the abductors, and in the [332]
subsequent battle there were fatalities on both sides. The Serbian soldiers, for whose safety the village was responsible, made themselves so popular that when the Tirana Government appointed one Niman Feriz to go to those parts as sub-prefect he was chased away by the people headed by the mayor of the Krasnichi, who is a nephew of Bairam Beg Zur, the illiterate ex-brigand and ex-Minister of War of the Tirana Government.

Let this system of small Serbian posts be extended over the whole of northern Albania, that is to say, in those districts where the natives are willing to receive them. After all, the Serbs understand these neighbours of theirs. Telephones and roads will be built and eventually the railway along the Drin. The northern Albanians will then, for the first time, be on the high-road towards peace and prosperity; and if the rest of Albania has by then attained to anything like this condition everybody would be glad to see a free and independent Albania.

Now what prospect is there of the rest of Albania taking any analogous steps? If the regions which at present submit to Tirana decline to modify their methods, it would seem that warfare between them and their kinsmen to the north and north-east must continue, and that the foundations of a united, free Albania will not yet be laid. One might presume, from their bellicose attitude, that the Tirana Government (extending to and including the town of Scutari) is all against a pacific solution; and if one argues that their attitude would be quite different without the support they receive from Italy, then the Italians would doubtless reply that they have as much right to assist the Tirana Albanians as Yugoslavia has to assist those of the north.

But this is not the case. Between Italy and the Albanians there are no such ancient political and economic ties as between the Albanians and the Serbs. The mediæval connection with Venice has left with many Albanians a dolorous memory, for apart from the fact that Venice, as in Dalmatia, was pursuing a merely selfish policy, it was directly due to her that the Turkish Sultan, in the fifteenth century, was able to establish himself in Albania. Thrice his troops had been repelled by those of Skanderbeg when the arrangement was made for them to enter the fortress of Rosafat in [333]
Venetian uniforms, and then four hundred years elapsed before the Sultan's standard was pulled down. In recent times the Government of Italy has been furnishing the Shqyptart with schools, and these were not its only acts of benevolence towards that wretched people. They have given schools and rifles and munitions and gold. The Albanians were willing to accept this largesse; but that it forged a link between patron and client, that it conferred on the Italians any rights to occupy the country, they denied, and enforced this denial in 1920 at the point of the bayonet. Mr. H. Goad said in the *Fortnightly Review* that this remark of mine is quite unhistorical, since Italy, says he, "was in course of withdrawal when certain Albanians, stirred up as usual by Jugo-Slavs, attacked her retreating troops." If the Albanians had only known that Italy, despite her having been, says Mr. Goad, "supremely useful to Albania," had resolved to quit, they would perhaps have let them go with dignity. But if Mr. Goad will read some of the contemporary Italian newspapers he will see that my allusion to the bayonet was much too mild. Utterly regardless of the fact that the Italian evacuation was "according to plan," the Shqyptart treated them abominably—it brought up memories of Abyssinia—or does Mr. Goad deny that even a general officer was outraged and blew out his brains? This Albanian onslaught was so far from being stirred up by the Yugoslavs that, as we have seen,[97] the Belgrade Government refused to furnish them with munitions. This is not to say that they did not approve of the Albanian push, for they maintain, in spite of Mr. Goad, the principle of "The Balkans for the Balkan Peoples." If Italy, as our strange publicist asserts, has a mandate—presumably a moral one—to defend Albania against aggression he will find, I think, that the Yugoslavs heartily agree with this thesis and that they are also quite determined to defend Albania from aggression.... When he asserts that various ties existed between Italy and the Albanians—the Albanian language, the feudal architecture, much that is characteristic in Albanian art and so forth—I would refer him to M. Justin Godart, [334]
with whom I am glad for once to be in agreement. "There is no traditional or actual link," says he, "between the two countries; if, on account of this geographical position, they propose to have commercial relations, then everything has yet to be established. If there is to be a friendship, we

believe that Italy must do her best to wipe out many memories.... She has not profited from the large number of Albanians in her southern provinces in order to have an Albanian policy."

However, the magnanimous Italians came back, declaring that on this occasion they would not occupy the country (except the little island of Saseno); but that they really could not restrain themselves from bestowing the schools, the rifles, munitions and gold. Once more the Albanians agreed to accept them; they also accepted the Turkish officers and officials whom the Italian ships brought to them from Asia Minor, and when their Government became more and more Turkish and more intractable they found that they had excited the hostility of large numbers of their own compatriots. This developed during 1921 into violent conflicts; and the bountiful Italians provided the Tirana Government's army with expert tuition. Nevertheless, in the Albanians' opinion, there are no bonds between the two races, and if the Italians would retire from Albania, permitting the Balkans to be for the Balkan peoples, and if the fanatical Turks went back to Asia Minor, it would soon be seen that the present rage between northern and central Albania would peter out into the isolated murders which the Albanians have hitherto been unable to dispense with. Left to themselves the Albanians of Tirana would eventually ask for some such assistance from Serbia as the northern tribes have received; three months after the departure of the Italians from Scutari a plebiscite would show that this town, which has lately gone so far as to refuse—yes, even her Moslems have refused—to fill the depleted ranks of the Tirana forces, was anxious to come to a friendly settlement with her Albanian neighbours and the Yugoslavs. This would be a victory of Scutari's common sense over all those fanatics and intriguers whose activities involve her death; for she cannot possibly thrive if she persists in cutting herself off [335] from the hinterland and from the benefits that will accrue from the canalization of the Bojana.

However, the Italians—officially or unofficially—will not yet awhile leave Albania. And how will this retard or modify the reasonableness of those parts which acknowledge Tirana? As for the town of Scutari, it is probable that if she found herself permanently cut off by the Mirditi from direct communication with Tirana she would allow her incipient independence to come more to the surface. With Tirana less capable of enforcing her behests the Scutarenes would gradually venture to act in their own interests; they would aim at local autonomy within the sphere of Yugoslav influence and in the same sphere as their markets. It is to be hoped that Yugoslavia will be prepared for this, since she does not possess too many educated citizens who understand the Albanian mentality. A course of conduct which pays no attention to this would alienate even the Turks from Podgorica and Dulcigno, whose acquaintance with the very language of Albania is so limited. There seems, however, to be no reason why the mixed population of Albanian Moslems and Catholics, of Orthodox Serbs and of Moslems who declined to come under the all-too-patriarchal rule of Nicholas of Montenegro should not have the same happy experience as the inhabitants of Djakovica and Prizren. Later on the Scutarenes will be called upon to decide whether they prefer, like those other predominantly Albanian towns, to remain in Yugoslavia or whether they wish to throw in their lot with a free Albania, and in that case their town would become the capital of the country. Failing Scutari, the capital would most probably be Oroshi, which is now the capital of the Mirditi.

And why, we may be asked, why should not Tirana be the capital? In the central parts of Albania, in the country round Tirana, where the natives are derisively called "llape" by the warriors of the north and by the cultured Albanians of the south, we believe that the assistance of Italy will be unable to prevent a collapse. (It must also be remembered that the people of the district of Tirana are, for the most part, in opposition to the present Tirana Government. This became clear when the partisans of Essad Pasha's policy[98] overthrew and imprisoned the Tirana [336] Ministers.) Economically and morally Tirana will decline, until she is compelled to seek a union with the people of northern Albania, those of the south having meanwhile gravitated towards Greece. Then the moment will arrive when the north and the south, in their task of building up a free and united Albania, will admit the centre under various conditions. These will have to be of a rather stern character, or so at any rate they will seem to the folk of Tirana: taxes will have to be paid, military service or service in the *gendarmerie* will have to be rendered, and schools will have to be established for both sexes.

This, then, is the future country of Albania, which—if one is rash enough to prophesy—may exist in fifty years. But there is no risk whatever in asserting that a free, united Albania is in the immediate future quite impossible.

13. EUROPEAN MEASURES AGAINST THE YUGOSLAVS AND THEIR FRIENDS

Berati Beg, Tirana's delegate in Paris, said in an interview with a representative of the Belgrade *Pravda*, at the beginning of November 1921, that he regretted that European diplomats should interfere in the Serbo-Albanian question. "Are we not all," said he, "one large Balkan family? And if the Powers intervene they will not act in our interests, but in their own." He said that it used to be Austria which grasped at Albania, now it was Italy. So the delegate showed that he was a clear-sighted man; he also showed that in Tirana they are not unanimous in loving the Italians. But alas! the Great Powers, urged by Italy, made a most disastrous plunge; they actually, at least Great Britain, charged the Serbs, their allies, on November 7, with being guilty of overstepping the frontier, and on November 9 informed them where this frontier was. It is a pity that Mr. Lloyd George should have launched such a thunderbolt, the French Government not being consulted.[99] But the most probable explanation of this lack of courtesy towards the Serbs, [337] and lack of the most elementary justice, is that the Prime Minister, with his numerous

preoccupations, allowed some incapable person to act in his name.[100] The world was told, however, that Mr. Lloyd George had sent a peremptory demand for the convocation of the Council of the League of Nations so that a sanction should be applied against the Yugoslavs. Mr. Lloyd George's substitute was so little versed in the business that he did not even know that the League of Nations is not a gendarme to carry out the decisions of the Ambassadors' Conference. He should have been aware of the fact that this was a problem for the Allied States, to be settled by diplomatic or other measures, and he should also have known that the League of Nations does not—except if invited to arbitrate—concern itself with the unliquidated problems left by the War, such as the Turkish question. Perhaps that dangerous confusion in the mind of this unknown official would not have occurred if Albania had not been illogically admitted to the League of Nations. But now, in November 1921, not an instant was to be lost in settling this frontier question, which—as the *Temps* pointed out—would have been settled months before if Italy had not prevented it. (She wished as a preliminary step to have certain claims of her own in regard to Albania conceded.) So the Council of the League was to be invited to apply Article 16, which could scarcely be invoked unless Article 15, which defines a procedure of conciliation, had been found of no avail.[101] Thus the misguided person who spoke in the name of Mr. Lloyd George [338] was apparently too impetuous to read the texts. And then the Serbs were told that they must withdraw practically to the frontier which Austria, their late enemy, had laid down in 1913. Well might Berati Beg deplore that Italy should take the place of Austria. But such commands achieve so little. Very soon, when the troubles in Albania continue, as they certainly will, Mr. Lloyd George will see that he was misled.... But here it should be stated that while Italy persisted throughout in demanding the 1913 frontier (with the ludicrously inconsistent proviso that she herself should have the island of Saseno, which in 1913 she had demanded for independent Albania), and France raised no finger against her, the actual improvements of the frontier adopted were entirely due to Great Britain. No one is more qualified to speak on this matter than Mr. Harold Temperley of Cambridge, who was one of our experts. In his illuminating little book, *The Second Year of the League*, he has pointed out that the new Albanian frontiers are an improvement on the old—than which, indeed, they cannot be worse—because they conform more to natural features, they take into account an important tribal boundary (leaving the Gora tribe in Yugoslavia), and restore to both parties freedom of communication—the road between the Serb towns of Struga and Dibra being given to the Serbs, while to Albania is given the road from Elbasan to the Serb town of Lin. The rectifications in the Kastrati and the Prizren area involve the substitution of natural boundaries for unnatural ones in order to protect the cities of Podgorica and Prizren. They confer no offensive advantage on the Serbs, nor do they enable them to menace any Albanian city.

To any impartial observer it is quite unjust that the Yugoslavs should have had to plead against the frontier of 1913. They have not the least desire to plant their flag on those undelectable mountains. If the frontier of 1913 could be held with moderate efforts against these people they would not wish to go an inch beyond it. But those who drew this frontier, namely the Austrians, were not much concerned as to whether it afforded adequate protection to the Serbs; what they [339] had in view was to keep them away from the Adriatic (for which reason an arbitrary line cut through the proposed railway which was to link Peć to Podgorica and the sea) and to compel the Serbs to station in those districts a goodly portion of their army, to which end—so that the frontier should be weak—the towns of Djakovica and Prizren were separated from their hinterland. The Austrian plan likewise prevented the towns of Struga and Prizren from being joined by a road or by a railway along the Drin; to go from one to the other it became necessary to make an enormous detour. With the rectifications to which we have referred, the Ambassadors' Conference decided to insist on them returning to this miserable line, instead of permitting them to take up their position where General Franchet d'Espérey perceived in 1918 that they could be fairly comfortable. Monsieur Albert Mousset, the shrewd Balkan expert of the *Journal des Débats*, has remarked that on too many parts of the 1913 frontier it is as if one forced an honest man to sleep with his door open among a horde of bandits.... The Albanian Government, admitted to the League of Nations in December 1920, claimed that the international statute of 1913, creating a German prince, the Dutch *gendarmerie* and the International Financial Commission—which happened to be inconvenient—was no longer in force; but that the international decisions as to the frontiers of Albania—which happened to be convenient—were still valid. However, during the War the country had been plunged in anarchy, and the Great Powers decided that Albania was, in Mr. Temperley's words, a *tabula rasa*, a piece of white paper on which they could write what they wished. In November 1921 the Ambassadors' Conference finally decided on the frontiers. The gravest violation of the ethnic principle was in the Argyrocastro area, where many thousands of Greeks and Grecophils were handed over to Albania; as for the Serbs, it was only through the efforts of some British experts that they obtained any satisfaction at all.

Why did the Ambassadors' Conference arrive at this peculiar decision? For a long time the European Press had been publishing telegrams which told how the Serbs were ruthlessly invading Albania. Had they advanced about half the number of miles with which they were [340] credited, they would have found themselves near to the offices of those Italian Press agencies. They were held up to vituperation for their conduct towards a feeble neighbour. The Mirditi, we were told, had to fly before them; whereas the truth was that the friendly Mirditi were driving the troops of Tirana helter-skelter towards the Black Drin, where the Serbs—not advancing an inch from the boundary which the Allies had for the time being assigned to them—received their prisoners. Again we were told that the piratical Serbs had seized the town of Alessio. It must have annoyed the Mirditi to have this exploit of theirs ascribed to other people. And if the

newspapers contained too many telegrams of this kind they were strangely reticent with regard to what was taking place in the shallow Albanian harbours; but the two Italian vessels which—as I mentioned in a telegram to the *Observer*—were unloading, without the least concealment, munitions and rifles for the dear Albanians at San Giovanni di Medua in September 1920, were probably not the only ones with such a cargo. Europe and the Ambassadors' Conference were simply told that the truculent Serbs were destroying a poor, defenceless, pastoral nation. Therefore these Serbs must be ordered back, and whatever might be the merits of a hostile Austrian frontier as compared with a well-informed French one, at any rate the first of these was farther back, so let the Serbs be ordered thither.

It was noticeable that when, on November 17, the British Minister of Education, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher (representing Mr. Lloyd George), explained before the Council of the League of Nations why Great Britain had thought it necessary to act in this Serbo-Albanian affair, he founded his case not on Article 16 but on Article 12, which obliges two conflicting nations who are members of the League to have their case examined by the League. Evidently the suggested application of Article 16 was now acknowledged to have been a mistake. The blundering official in Whitehall should have seen the dignified sorrow with which Yugoslavia heard of her great Ally's unjustifiable procedure. So much faith have the Southern Slavs always had in the Entente's sense of justice that from 1914 to 1918 they continued to give their all, without making any agreement [341] or stipulation; more than once the Serbian Government had the offer of terms from the Central Powers, but on each occasion, as for example during the dark days at Niš in 1915, they declined to betray their Allies.

Mr. Fisher announced that the British Government's action was in no way caused by feelings of hostility against the Southern Slavs. All Englishmen, in fact, remembered the heroism and fortitude of the Serbs; they cherished for Yugoslavia the warmest sympathy. In Mr. Fisher's own case it might conceivably have been a little warmer—he was not ashamed to repeat the reasons which had induced Great Britain to summon the Council of the League. Yet he must have known the comment that he would arouse among his audience when they heard him base his arguments exclusively upon reports of the Tirana Government, while those of Belgrade were ignored; and in their place the delegate thought fit to bring up various extracts which had been collected from the Belgrade Press. If every organ of this Press were filled with a permanent sense of high responsibility, and if Mr. Fisher had made inquiries as to the existence in Belgrade of humorous and ironic writers, one is still rather at a loss to understand why these miscellaneous cuttings were placed before the League, which could scarcely be expected to treat them as evidence. The delegate added that he did not think a single nation was animated by unfriendly sentiments towards the Southern Slavs—so that Italy's unflagging efforts to strengthen the Tirana Government's army were prompted purely by the deep love which the Italians—despite their having been flung out of Valona—bear for the Shqyptart. Mr. Fisher proceeded to say that no better proof was needed of the general friendship for the Southern Slavs than the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference which, instead of allotting to Albania the frontiers of 1913, a method that would have been simpler, had resolved on several rectifications in favour of Yugoslavia, in order to prevent disturbances on Albania's northern frontier. After what Mr. Fisher had already had the heart to say we cannot really be astonished that he, or the people on behalf of whom he [342] spoke, should have thought the enemy-drawn frontier of 1913 as worthy of the slightest consideration. We are all, I think, unanimous, said Mr. Fisher in effect, we are unanimous in our esteem for the Yugoslavs and could do nothing which that nation would find hard to bear. But after stating that some rectifications had been made in favour of Yugoslavia he should have referred to the village of Lin on Lake Ochrida whose transference to the Albanians will probably give rise to a great deal of trouble, since it is the most important centre for the fishing industry. A few of the best Belgrade papers, careless of the more than Governmental authority which they enjoyed in the eyes of Mr. Fisher, went so far as to allege that Lin's change of sovereignty was due to the formation on Lake Ochrida of a British fishing company.... We have said that the frontier rectifications were inadequate; but under the circumstances they were the best that could be obtained. They were most bitterly contested by the Italians, who demanded, as we have said above, that Yugoslavia should be given the 1913 frontier. France did nothing to help the Yugoslavs in this hour of need, and had it not been for the absolutely determined support of Great Britain the pernicious frontier of 1913 would have been adopted intact.

Coming to the Mirdite revolt, Mr. Fisher's description is hardly what you would call felicitous. Mark Djoni and the other members of the Mirdite Government were compelled last July to seek refuge at Prizren in Yugoslavia, and since then they have conducted their affairs from that place. These circumstances, in Mr. Fisher's opinion, go to prove the existence of a Yugoslav plot whose aim it is to separate northern Albania from the Tirana Government. Again Mr. Fisher points an accusing finger at the Yugoslav officers who, in August, were helping the Mirditi; but is it not more natural that these officers should give their services to the Christian tribes for whom, as Mr. Bošković, the chief Yugoslav delegate, said, the Southern Slavs do not conceal their sympathy[102] nor the hope that they will gain the necessary autonomy—is not this more natural [343] and more deserving of Mr. Fisher's approbation than the fact (of which he says no word) that the Moslem Government of Tirana has had the active assistance of Italian officers, such, for example, as Captain Guisardi, who, in the sector of Kljesh, has been in command of the artillery? A further proof that the Mirdite movement has been engineered by the Southern Slavs is, in Mr. Fisher's opinion, the damning fact that the Republic's Proclamation was composed in Yugoslavia and dated there—how brazen some people are! And the official Yugoslav Press Bureau has actually circulated the announcements of the Mirdite Republic. The question is whether the Yugoslav Government was more than benevolently neutral in thus assisting their guests at a time when

these had not yet got their machinery into working order. When the Mirdite Government had made suitable arrangements it spoke to the world through its representatives at Geneva or through direct communications to the British and French Press. Surely, in considering whether the Yugoslav Government allowed themselves to exceed the limits of neutrality, one must remember that the Mirdite authorities at Prizren were out of all touch with their own army, which was engaged in a guerilla warfare. In conclusion, according to Mr. Fisher, the British Foreign Office was persuaded that the Mirdite Republic was nothing but an instrument of the Yugoslav Government, and that desire for Albanian unity extended also to the Christians of that country. The Foreign Office had, no doubt, been told that the Tirana Government received the support, at last spring's elections, of some north Albanian deputies; and possibly they gave no credence to the rumour that these gentlemen were much indebted to Italian support. It may have been mere harmless curiosity which kept Captain Pericone, the Italian commander, during all that day at the Scutari polling-booths, but what is certain is that, owing to the influx of Italian money, the value of a hundred silver crowns in the morning was 92 lire, and in the afternoon had [344] fallen to 75. It is likewise a fact that numerous Malissori, finding themselves for the first time in possession of bundles of paper and feeling far from confident that this was money, hurried off to the bazaar and spent it all. Thus were the four friends of the Moslem-Italian[103] Government elected, the four deputies who were in favour of Albanian unity under that Government; three of them are Christians (Messrs. Fichta, Andreas Miedia and Luigi Gurakuqi); one, Riza Dani, is a Moslem. How the latter travelled to Tirana I do not know, but the three Christians found that the population was so incensed against them that they could not go by the direct road; they were forced to sail down the Bojana on the Italian ship *Mafalda*, and then along the coast. This, I presume, will be considered sufficiently strong evidence that these deputies did not represent the people, and that their independence was not exactly of the sort ascribed to Gurakuqi by a writer in the *Times*;[104] one need not labour the point by mentioning what happened to Father Vincent Prênnushi whose candidature was vetoed in Rome, so that he was replaced by Father Fichta.

This being the state of things one can scarcely argue that the people of the north are in favour of a united Albania, as it seemeth good to the Ambassadors' Conference, the League of Nations, etc. "We Germans, knowing Germany and France," said Treitschke in 1871, "know what is good for the Alsatians better than these unfortunates themselves.... Against their will we wish to restore them to themselves." The north Albanian deputies may join with those of the south and call themselves the group of "sacred union"; but they themselves are well aware that it is only in the south-central districts that the Government has a majority. That is one of the reasons why the [345] seat of Government is Tirana in the central part of the country, for the Cabinet lives in apprehension of the followers of the late Essad Pasha, and by residing in that country they hope to be able to keep it quiet. How long will they be able to do so? Have they statesmanship enough to turn aside the animosity of their own countrymen? Does their Premier and Foreign Minister, Mr. Pandeli Evangheli, possess intellectual resources of a higher order than those which one commonly associates with the ownership of a small wine-shop?—that was his occupation till he came, some two years ago, from Bucharest. When this gentleman had a, perhaps temporary, fall from power, the *Times* of December 16, 1921, wrote of him that "there is no Albanian public man with a better record for long disinterested service in his country's cause." Alas, poor Albania! We may surmise that Mr. Evangheli and his companions do not rely very greatly on their Western European patrons who, when it comes to the pinch, will do very little for them. I should be surprised to hear that they have caused the provisions of the Ambassadors' Conference to be traced in golden letters on a wall of their council chamber. And I doubt whether they take very great stock of a resolution signed in November 1921, by some twenty Members of Parliament and a few outside persons. These expressed their approval of Mr. Lloyd George's step in convoking the League of Nations for the settlement of the Serbo-Albanian question. If this resolution served no other purpose it showed, at any rate, that the signatories are such thoroughgoing friends of the Tirana Government that they rushed enthusiastically to their assistance, though their deep knowledge of affairs—without which, of course, they would never have signed—must have caused them to regard the Prime Minister's impulsive action with something more than misgiving. It is a minor point that the signatories sought to enlist the world's sympathy on the ground that a small "neutral State" had been wantonly attacked by the Serbs, because if this accusation were true it would not be worth objecting that the Albanians were scarcely a State (though some of them [346] were trying to make one) and that their neutrality during the War consisted in the fact that they were to be found both in the armies of the Entente and—rather more of them, I believe—in those of Austria. But the accusation is untrue; there are, undoubtedly, a number of fire-eaters in Serbia, as everywhere else, yet the Government is not so childish as to wish to squander its resources in a region where there is so little to be gained. (The Tirana correspondent of *The Near East* said on November 3, 1921, that the Serbian Government was reported to be committing unwarrantable acts, giving as an example that Commandant Martinović had had six million dinars placed at his disposal in order to recruit komitadjis and that he had himself promised 2500 dinars to each of his men if they succeeded in entering Scutari. But this gentleman, a retired officer, lives almost exclusively at Novi Sad, where his very beautiful daughter is married to M. Dunjarski, one of the wealthiest men in Yugoslavia. Yet neither his son-in-law nor the Serbian Government has ever given General Martinović the afore-mentioned sum or any sum at all for the afore-mentioned purpose. He goes at rare intervals to his old home in Montenegro, of which country he was once Prime Minister. It is natural that the numerous refugees from Albania should flock round him—in view of his own past prominence and of M. Dunjarski—begging for money and food.) The protesting British Members of Parliament registered their sorrow that the Serbs should have employed on their anti-Albanian enterprise "the strength and riches which they largely owed to the Allied and Associated Powers." I was under the impression that the Serbs had expended a far

greater proportion of their strength and riches than any of the Allies,[105] that the Allies had, in 1915, left them in the lurch, and that the final success on the Macedonian front was due quite considerably to the genius of Marshal Mišić and the valour of his veterans. As for the strength [347] and riches which the Southern Slavs possessed in 1921, it surely would not need an expert to perceive what the Southern Slav children knew very well, namely, that they could be more profitably employed in many other directions. May better luck attend the future labours of these Members of Parliament.... A week or so before the publication of this foolish manifesto there had been issued an equally deplorable Memorandum by the Balkan Committee (of London), which, I am glad to say, caused Dr. Seton-Watson to resign from that body. This jejune and impudent Memorandum attempted to dictate the terms of the Constitution of the Triune Kingdom—an attempt very rightly reprobated by *The Near East*.[106] If the Yugoslav Government were to adopt the recommendations of the Balkan Committee they would, it seems, be in a fair way to solve the Albanian question. Likewise that of Macedonia—when will the Committee cease to trouble Macedonia? Their object, in the words of Mr. Noel Buxton, is to aim at allaying the unrest in the Balkans; it would—I say it in all kindliness—be a move in that direction if the other members were to follow Dr. Seton-Watson's example.

14. THE REGION FROM WHICH THE YUGOSLAVS HAVE RETIRED

What of the population which inhabits the zone between the two frontier lines? We have alluded to them as a horde of bandits, we have also spoken of the six battalions which they placed at the disposal of the Yugoslavs. If it is true that a poet has died in the bosom of most of us, it is equally true that in most of the Albanians a brigand survives. And if not a brigand, then a mediæval person with characteristics which are more pleasant to read about than to encounter. Yet the Shqyptar, as he calls himself (which means the eagle's son) is not without his aspirations. Reference has been made to those northern tribes, such as the Merturi and the Gashi, who benefited from the small Serbian detachments which came in answer to their urgent wish. And on [348] the Black Drin the six battalions have shown their fidelity. There would be no need to guard oneself against such people. But unfortunately the Albanian is so constituted that if, in a hamlet of ten houses, five of them are amicably disposed towards you, there is a strong tendency among the others to be hostile. When these torch-bearers of an ancient tradition come under the rule of an organized State, then they gradually feel inclined to discard some of their customs which the State frowns upon. This can be seen in the changes among the people of Kossovo since it came into Serbian hands. Were the country between the two frontier lines to remain under the Serbs it would not be long before some of the time-honoured sensitiveness of the Albanians towards each other and towards each others' friends would vanish—though it has been found that it takes a number of years before they cease observing or from desiring to observe the very deeply-rooted custom of blood-vengeance.

A good many of the border Albanians have made it clear that they wish for some sort of association with their more cultured neighbours. But on this point they are by no means unanimous. The unregenerate part of the people will not be able to resist an occasional foray into Yugoslavia. And although the reputation which the Serbs have left behind them may induce the tribes to be, for the most part, good neighbours, yet they have not been long enough under the civilizing process, and the more advanced among them would agree with the Yugoslavs that it would have been better for that régime to have continued over them. You may object that the finest patriots of the Albanians would have preferred to remain outside Yugoslavia. But they know that there are many thousands of their contented countryfolk in the neighbouring Kossovo and, what is more, they know that the towns of Kossovo are their markets.

The Yugoslavs have bowed to the decision of their Allies. And the official champions of the too-ambitious League of Nations—overjoyed, after various failures and after the Silesian award, to have really accomplished something, and something with whose merits the public was far less familiar than with the Silesian fiasco—performed a war-dance on the Yugoslavs. If that people [349] had been as obstinate, say, as the Magyars in the case of Burgenland, no doubt it would have come to another Conference of Venice; and Yugoslavia would, like Hungary, have returned from there with something gained. But, of course, when it is an affair between Allies one scarcely likes to behave in that stubborn and unyielding manner which is apparently the right—at all events, the successful—conduct for a whilom foe. If the Yugoslavs, in simply accepting the judgment of their Allies, acted against their own ultimate advantage, they can, at any rate, believe that their complaisance, their extraordinary lack of chauvinism, will be recognized. It is true that when, on former occasions, such as during the prolonged d'Annunzio farce at Rieka, they displayed a similar and wonderful forbearance, they did not manage to free themselves from this foolish charge. There happen to be a good many people abroad who insist that the new States are, every one of them, chauvinist; they think it is the natural thing for a young country to be, and especially if part of it lies in the Balkans. But if Yugoslavia repeatedly acts in the most correct fashion the day may come when she will be able to put a lasting polish on to the reputation which her Allies have tarnished.

15. THE PROSPECT

We may look forward to seeing the majority of this frontier population resolved that the links between themselves and the Yugoslavs shall not be broken. Very little will they care for the edicts of European Ambassadors. It would not have been surprising to hear that on the withdrawal of

the Yugoslavs to the prescribed frontier their resourceful friends beyond it had procured from Serbia a few volunteers to take the place of the official Serbs. And failing this, that rough-and-ready people might simply declare themselves to be in Yugoslavia. This time they will be unable to persuade the Yugoslav Government to move its excise posts more to the west. But if these tenacious men have made up their minds to join their brethren on the right bank of the Drin and enter Yugoslavia, the Ambassadors' Conference would preserve more of their dignity in accepting with a good grace that which they are powerless to hinder.... The minority of the border [350] population will go raiding in Yugoslavia. If they had been consulted they would have drawn the frontier very much as it is. With large areas lying at their mercy they will keep the border villages in constant dread. And that is the other reason which should induce the Ambassadors' Conference to cancel their unwise decision.

It is better when the politicians do not come with advice to the battlefield; and in those primitive regions, where part of the people cannot, as yet, be restrained from perpetual warfare, it would have been better if the politicians had done nothing but confirm the General's frontier. Franchet d'Espérey gave it to the Serbs "for the time being," and that period should last until there is no longer any military need to hold it. "No General, however distinguished, could possibly have any authority whatever to give to any nation the territories of another, such as can only be transferred and delineated by treaties and international recognition." So says Mr. H. E. Goad, or Captain Goad as he has the right to call himself. But it is a pity that he does not appreciate the difference between that which is temporary and that which is not.

Italy has been given against the Yugoslavs a purely strategic frontier, which places under her dominion over 500,000 unwilling Slovenes, whose culture is admittedly on a higher level than that of their Italian neighbours. And yet the Ambassadors' Conference (in which Italy plays a prominent part) has refused to give Yugoslavia a strategic frontier against a much more turbulent neighbour, which frontier, moreover, would include of alien subjects only a small fraction of the number which Italy has obtained. The Albanian frontier now imposed on Yugoslavia is very much like that which the treaties of 1815 gave to France, when the passage (*trouée*) of Couvin, often called erroneously the trouée of the Oise, at a short distance from Paris, was purposely opened. "Formerly," says Professor Jean Brunhes,[107] "the sources of the Oise belonged to France, protected, far back, by the two enclaves of Philippeville and Marienbourg, both fortified by [351] Vauban." And M. Gabriel Hanotaux[108] remarks that this opening of the trouée of Couvin was the reason why in 1914 France lost the battle of Charleroi.

The Ambassadors' Conference has committed a grave injustice. "Let us hope," says M. Justin Godart,[109] a French ex-Under Secretary of Hygiene, concerning whose very misguided mission to Albania we have written elsewhere,[110] "let us hope," says he—in my opinion one of the unjustest men towards Yugoslavia and Greece—"let us hope that Yugoslavia will understand that it is unworthy of her to contest the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference." It has given to the Yugoslavs a frontier that necessitates the presence of a considerable army, and this is precisely what suits the Italians. Seeing that in Italy there are men alive who can recall their struggles against the Austrian oppressor, it is sad that their own country should now be playing this very same rôle. The Ambassadors appear to have taken no notice of Italy's support of the Tirana Government, but to have been very drastic with respect to Yugoslavia's support of the Mirditi. They have punished the Yugoslavs by binding their hands in a district part of whose population long for the help of those hands in gaining some tranquillity, whereas the other part consists of persons against whom one must defend oneself.

The politicians have acted as if all the border folk were as peaceful as they doubtless are themselves. In consequence, there will be panic and assassination till the politicians—unable to oppose the wishes of the majority of those who dwell in the frontier zone—proclaim that until further notice General Franchet d'Espérey's wise and prudent dispositions shall be honoured.

That is the only method by which an Albania can be brought slowly into existence. At this moment the cartographers are printing the map of the Albanians' country in accordance with the Ambassadors' decision. They might spare themselves the trouble. The decision to recognize an [352] Albania was as premature a project as, in Mr. Wells' opinion, is the League of Nations. A free, united Albania has been recognized, and in a little time the Ambassadors' Conference, perceiving that such a thing does not exist, will be relieved to see the North and the South taking the steps to which we have referred. It is wonderful that the Ambassadors' Conference and the League of Nations should imagine that a country, most of which is in the social state of the Gallic clans in the days of Vercingetorix, can suddenly become a modern nation by the simple contrivance of a parliament, which, as a matter of fact, has been the caricature of one. In the words of Lord Halsbury, when reversing a judgment of the Court of Appeal, I am bewildered by the absurdity of such a suggestion. Albania is in need of organizers, not of orators. A very competent French traveller,[111] one who believes that a future is reserved for this unquenchable people, warns the world against undue haste. After describing the deplorable state or the non-existence of Albanian schools, roads, ports, the monetary system and the organization of credit, he says that it is scarcely an exaggeration to assert that from the point of view of economic arrangement everything has to be created. This necessitates a Government which knows how to administer and which has funds at its command. But there is not the least likelihood of regular taxes being paid to a central Government until you have security of communication. And even then the native —except if force is used—will not pay before he sees the benefit which taxes produce. He who for the most part has never given obedience save to his village chief will require to see the local

benefit. Therefore his whole outlook must be changed; slowly from being parochial it must become national.... There can be no greater folly than at this stage to aim at applying modern usages, equality of taxation, uniformity of judicial organization, and so forth. It must be a very slow advance, says M. Jaray, taking local traditions and the feudalism, both domestic and collective, into account. Even if a central Government had all the necessary qualifications, yet that would not cause the people to regard it with gratitude and loyalty. It is too remote. The clans [353] have been accustomed to look no farther than their own chiefs. Only in serious circumstances and against an invasion have they united and chosen a common leader. To expect the Albanians rapidly to throw aside their clannishness is to prepare for oneself a disappointment. It is in the clan that they must be made fit for something more extensive. Let the country be recognized not as a nation, but as a collection of clans, and let these clans, with any outside assistance they themselves may choose, come gradually to understand the word "Albania." ... And what are the chances that this will come to pass? No country is more feudal; yet only the most thoroughgoing peasant reforms will lay a sure foundation for the State.

(*b*) The Greek Frontier

The frontier with Greece has undergone no alteration as a result of the War. It is inconvenient in certain details; it runs, for example, at such a very short distance to the south of the town of Ghevgeli that the prefect has little chance of frustrating those who actively object to the payment of import duties. Rather a large number of Slavs, some say 300,000, live on the Greek side of the frontier, while a far smaller number of Greeks live in Monastir. Both the Slavs and the Greeks have made sundry complaints, which are more or less justified, against the alien authority which governs them. However, during 1919 and 1920, the two Governments resolved, in the furtherance of their good understanding, to raise none of these questions, neither the claims of the derelict Slavs, who are mostly Exarchists, nor of the Monastir Greeks, who are mostly hellenized Vlachs. The two countries, while Venizelos was in power, were acting on the principles of the Serbo-Greek friendship that used to be advocated by *L'Hellénisme*, the newspaper which Sir Anastasius Adossides, under Venizelos the enlightened Governor-General of Salonica, published for several years before the first Balkan War in Paris. Yugoslavia was to have every facility given her in Salonica, which course would naturally be the most beneficial to that place. [354] And among the minor advantages of really amicable relations would be the impossibility of such a state of things as once prevailed at Doiran, where the masters of the Greek and Bulgarian schools were neither of them in a position to chastise their peccant pupils, who could always have the last word by threatening to transfer themselves to the rival establishment. It was, I believe, the custom of these young scoundrels to remain at one or other of the two schools on the understanding that the teacher gave them a retaining fee of so many chocolates.... One rather felt, during 1919 and 1920, that the Yugoslavs, in their willingness to take the hand of Greece, which had so shamefully refused to act upon its obligations in the first half of the War, were behaving as if Venizelos would henceforward be retained in power by his countrymen. Should the Serbs find themselves hampered in their use of the "Free Zone" at Salonica, a moment might arrive when they and the Bulgars would, to their mutual advantage, make an arrangement with regard to Salonica and her hinterland.

(*c*) The Bulgarian Frontier

There have been various modifications in the frontier line between Serbia and Bulgaria. The Bulgars acknowledge that in the case of the Struma salient, of the part near Vranja and of the villages on the bank of the Timok, it was clearly for the purpose of safeguarding the railways; and few people would be found to say that Serbia has been other than modest in her demands. Compare the Italian position on the Brenner with the Yugoslav frontier against Bulgaria and in the Baranja: against Bulgars and Magyars the Yugoslavs only secure a sound defensive frontier, whereas Italy obtains a capacity for the offensive against Austria.[112] It is rather different with regard to Tsaribrod, on the main line between Niš and Sofia. So good a friend of the Yugoslavs as Dr. Seton-Watson has deplored the cession of this small place, since it appears likely to imperil a future friendship between Serbia and Bulgaria. As a matter of fact the Yugoslav Peace Delegates [355] requested, for strategic purposes, a still more southerly frontier on the Dragoman Pass, which was denied to them. But Tsaribrod, which is dominated by the heights of Dragoman, is anyhow a place of minor importance. It is much to be hoped that the inhabitants will not imitate those of the Pirot *intelligentsia* who in 1878 shook off the dust of their town when it became Serbian and migrated to Sofia, where they never wearied of anti-Serbian agitation. One must do one's best not to retard the arrival of that day when it will be almost a matter of indifference as to whether a village is situated in Serbia or in Bulgaria. Mr. Stanojević, the deputy for Zaječa, which is not far from the frontier, proposed in the Skupština that Tsaribrod should be left to the Bulgars in exchange for a sum of money. This suggestion was opposed by the Radicals, and the far-seeing Yugoslav statesmen who would gladly have adopted it were left hoping that the Skupština would some day decide in its favour.... This moderation on the part of the Serbs has been less in evidence at Bucharest and still less at Athens. The Peace Conference which felt itself unable to deprive its Ally of southern Dobrudja, and unable to resist the persuasive eloquence of M. Venizelos, does not seem to have contributed towards a lasting Balkan peace. A reviewer in the *Observer*, while approving of Mr. Leland Buxton's hope of a Serb-Bulgar reconciliation, asks why this should be effected to the exclusion and obvious detriment of Greece. "Why not a Balkan Federation?" he asks. In view of the very different races which inhabit the Balkans, he might just

as well ask, "Why not a European Federation?" And the statesmen of the non-Slav Balkan countries do not seem to have made serious efforts to prevent the coming of a purely Slav Federation. It remains to be seen whether, when that comes to pass, the Greek and Roumanian people will have achieved such statesmanship as to make an equally small effort to keep under their control their large Slav territories.... "We should no longer think of Thrace," said M. Venizelos in the Greek Chamber in 1913, "for it is impossible to include in the Greek State all those parts where Greeks have lived; we ought to be modest and contented with what is most righteous and attainable; we ought not to let ourselves be carried away by our imagination." [356]

(*d*) The Roumanian Frontier

THE STATE OF THE ROUMANIANS IN EASTERN SERBIA

A new frontier between Yugoslavia and Roumania has been drawn by the Allied Powers in the Banat. But before we consider its merits and absurdities we must examine the Serbo-Roumanian question in the several departments of eastern Serbia. During 1919 one heard a good deal, in Bucharest and in Paris, of the pitiful Roumanians whom the Serbs had always deprived of their own national schools and churches. It was claimed, chiefly by a certain Dr. Athanasius Popovitch, that the Roumanians in Serbia were longing for the day of their redemption. On March 8, 1919, two deputations of Roumanians from the Timok and from Macedonia, who had lately arrived in Paris in order to plead before the Conference, presented themselves to the Roumanian colony at 114 Avenue des Champs-Elysees. We are told that in consequence of their moving narrative, and on account of the loud appeal made by them to all their free brothers, the Roumanian colony founded, with great enthusiasm, a national league for their delivery. The Vice-President of the league was announced to be Dr. Athanasius Popovici. In a pamphlet called *Les Roumains de Serbie* (Paris, 1919), Dr. Draghicesco, a Roumanian Senator, denounces the Serb authorities for having obliged Dr. Athanasius, while he was a schoolboy, to change his surname into the purely Serbian one of Popovitch. "Not being able to endure this régime of violence," we are informed, "he expatriated himself and established himself in Roumania." But if Dr. Athanasius felt so strongly with regard to his name when he was a mere schoolboy, one is puzzled to understand why, being an adult and a pamphleteer in 1919, he should be hesitating between Popovitch, which is Serbian, and Popovici, which is Roumanian. The Senator does not seem to be well informed as to the early years of Dr. Athanasius, who so far from expatriating himself as an indignant schoolboy, remained in Serbia, where he went through five classes of the gymnasium in Belgrade, after which he studied theology in the same town, with a view to succeeding his father, who was a priest at Dušanovac in eastern Serbia. Later on Athanasius performed his military service at Zaječa, where he married—so one of his sisters told me—one Mileva, the daughter of Yovan Stančević, a merchant. After his marriage he went to Jena, in order to continue his studies, and there he became a Doctor of Letters. It may be that while he was at Jena he became conscious of the régime of violence to which the Roumanians in Serbia are subjected; at any rate he decided not to return to that country, where his wife and three sisters are well satisfied to live. He launched himself into a furious anti-Serbian propaganda in favour of those who, in the words of Dr. Draghicesco, are profoundly sad and full of grief at being neither Serbian nor Roumanian, who when they meet a Roumanian brother listen to him with pleasure and, with their eyes full of tears, murmur: "How happy we should be to be with you." ... When I travelled through those parts with a view to verifying Dr. Athanasius's assertions, I was invariably told by persons of Roumanian origin that they had no complaint whatever against the Serbs, and that the last thing they desired was to be politically united to the Roumanians of the kingdom. Dr. Athanasius might reply that his wretched compatriots were impelled by fear to give such answers. But what do they fear?—one finds that among these people are deputies, priests, army officers and so forth. "To-day," says Dr. Athanasius, "all the peoples who are reduced to slavery by other people secure the right to return to their fatherland." The Roumanians of Serbia would have to be a good deal more miserable before wishing to have anything to do with Roumania. Milan Soldatović, ex-mayor of the great mining village of Bor and himself of Roumanian origin, said that he had never heard of any one who went to work in Roumania. No doubt the present generation of Roumanian landowners deeply deplore the misdeeds of their ancestors, who drove the ancestors of these peasants away from Roumania. "The peasant hovels were merely dark burrows, called *bordei*, holes dug in the ground and roofed with poles covered with earth, rising scarcely above the level of the plain.... The interior was indescribable. Neither furniture nor utensils, with the exception of the boards which served as beds or seats and the pot for cooking the *mamaliga*"[113]—his sole food, a paste consisting of maize meal cooked in water. And one cannot be astonished if the Roumanians in Serbia are chary of believing that their native land has changed for the better. "If," said a Roumanian peasant before an Agricultural Commission in 1848, "if the boyar could have laid hands upon the sun, he would have seized it and sold God's light and warmth to the peasant for money." Even in 1919 the peasant still had much reason to be dissatisfied, for where the owner parted with his land it was usually—no doubt as a stage in the transaction—made over to the village as a whole. And if the boyar no longer has the monopoly of the sale of alcohol, if he has so far improved that Vallachia is not now losing its inhabitants as it was after the Regulations of 1831, when we read that "in vain the rivers are assiduously watched, as if in a state of siege; the emigrants cross at the places which are clear of troops. Emigration is especially rife in winter, when the frozen Danube presents an ever-open bridge," yet among the Roumanians of Serbia it has been handed down from father to son what happened in the reign of Prince Miloš. To take one case out of many such that are preserved in the National Archives at Belgrade, a [357] [358]

dispatch was sent on February 11, 1831, by Vule Gligorievič, his representative in those parts, to Prince Miloš, who was at Kragujevac, enclosing a supplication from the priests and other inhabitants of the large Roumanian island called Veliko Ostrvo, in the middle of the Danube, praying that they might be allowed to cross to Serbia. "We are in great misery," they wrote, "and have boyars who are very bad, and we cannot bear the misery in which we find ourselves, and in the greatest grief we beg your Highness to let us come to Serbia with our wives and children." The Prince had a special sympathy for Roumania and was therefore most reluctant to intervene in [359] her internal affairs. He adopted a very cautious attitude in this matter, but when Gligorievič sent him petition after petition he was finally so touched by the recital of their woes that he permitted them to cross the river; and one night, with the help of the Serbian authorities, the whole island crossed over, to wit 57 families, with 186 oxen, 70 horses, 694 sheep and 87 pigs. Miloš made them a free grant of land for the building of a village, together with a vast stretch of territory for pasture and stock-raising; at his own expense he built them a church and extended to them all the liberties and advantages enjoyed in Serbia by the Serbs themselves. As a token of their gratitude these Roumanian emigrants called their village Mihailovac, after the name of Michael, the Prince's son. This village is the birthplace of our friend Dr. Athanasius, whose sentiments appear to have placed him in a minority of one. When his pamphlet came into the hands of Jorge Kornič, the mayor of Mihailovac and a Roumanian by origin, he brought it to the prefect at Negotin saying that he wished to have nothing to do "with any devil's work."

As Dr. Athanasius and his chauvinist friends give a pretty lurid picture of the Roumanian villager who lives in Serbia, I visited a few places where the population is wholly Roumanian or Serbo-Roumanian. The 766 inhabitants of Ostralje are all of Roumanian descent, the mayor being one Velimir Mišković, a sergeant of reserves who has been transferred from the army in order to carry on his municipal duties. All the inhabitants speak Serbian and Vlach. "We were always Serbs," they said. "Nobody told us that we had migrated to this place." And amongst those who assembled to talk with us at the schoolmaster's house there was only one who, in the Roumanian fashion, had drawn his socks over his white trousers. The 2221 inhabitants of the village of Grljan are about two-thirds of Roumanian and one-third of Serbian origin. Formerly they each had their own part of the village, but now they are intermingled both in the village and in the cemetery. They intermarry freely; thus Jon Jonović, the most notable person, who used to represent this district in the Skupština at Belgrade, has three Serbian daughters-in-law. He was a member of [360] the Opposition Liberal group of Ribarac. "And did you ever request that your fellow-countrymen should have their own Roumanian schools and churches?" we asked. This is one of the chief demands of Dr. Athanasius. "I was not the only Roumanian who was a deputy," said the old man of the furrowed face. "There was Novak Dobromirović of Zlot; there was Jorge Stanković, for instance; but we never thought of asking for such a thing, since we had no need for it." The son of the wealthy Sima Yovanović at Bor observed with a smile that the first business of Roumanian schools would have to be the teaching of Roumanian. "My father sent me to be educated at Vienna," he said, "and when I met some boys from Bucharest we found that our language was so different that we had to talk to one another in German. And now when a commercial traveller comes here from Roumania I have to talk German to him, as I would otherwise have to converse with my hands and feet." The French mining officials, by the way, at Bor testified that they had never heard of any tension between men of Serbian and those of Roumanian origin; the Roumanians, who prefer agricultural work, are more attracted to the mines in winter, when over 40 per cent. of the 1500 employés are Roumanians.

Dr. Athanasius and his friends are agitated, as one would imagine, when they discuss with you the numbers of their countrymen. In *Le Temps* of April 22, 1919, they declared that they could produce 500,000, for they realized that their previous claim of between 250,000 and 350,000 was not large enough to give the Roumanians in Serbia the benefit of the principle of nationality. But even this more modest figure will be found, on examination, to be exaggerated. In the four north-eastern counties of Serbia there were 159,510 Roumanians in 1895; 120,628 in 1900, and in 1910 a little over 90,000. This diminution, say the chauvinists, is due to a falsifying of statistics, for those, they say, who have attended a Serbian school are inscribed as Serbs. The truth is that everyone is entered according to his mother-tongue. And history knows countless instances of a gradual decrease in the case of people placed in foreign surroundings and exposed to foreign influences. Like the Illyrians who people Dalmatia, the Thracians of ancient Dacia and the Serbs [361] who emigrated to Russia in the seventeenth century, the Roumanians of Serbia are undergoing this process and are inevitably becoming Serbicized. Frequently we noticed that men possessing no Serbian blood did not care to admit their Roumanian origin, which, however, is no secret to their neighbours in spite of the Serbian termination "ić" that, in the course of years, has been affixed to their names. An allusion to their origin is clearly regarded as lacking in delicacy. "Well, my ancestors were Roumanian," is often as much as they will admit. And when some enterprising agitators came over from Roumania to the department of Požarevac in 1919, the Roumanians of those parts gave up to the authorities all those who did not manage to escape. For ten years Lieut.-Colonel Gjorge Marković commanded the 9th Regiment, which is chiefly formed of Roumanians from that region. They used to tell him that they wanted to have nothing to do with the Roumanian boyars. "Here we are boyars ourselves," they said. All of them speak Serbian, many of them write it; and on winter evenings they have for years received instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic and singing, which compares favourably with Roumania's army, in which, as I was told at Bucharest, the plan of starting any education had to be postponed in consequence of the outbreak of the Great War. Together with the unwillingness of these people to acknowledge their origin, one observes a general vagueness as to the home of their forefathers. Apparently these came over from southern Hungary, whence the name Ungureani,[114] or from Tara

Rumaneasca, *i.e.* the Roumanian land, whence the name Tarani. Others again are descended from Roumanized Serbs who came from Kossovo and other Serb regions of the south, lived in the Banat and Transylvania among the Roumanian villages, acquired the Roumanian language and then crossed over to Serbia. These three classes have all come to Serbia in recent times. Any attempt on the part of Dr. Athanasius and his friends to drag in the Romans can be answered by [362] the undoubted fact that the ancient Roman colonists had completely disappeared from Serbia as far back as the fifteenth century, leaving no trace at all, and there is no connection between them and the present Roumanian population of Serbia. No memories remain of the old Roman colonists, save certain place-names which, as Professor Georgević remarks, strike one as surprising in the midst of a purely Serbian population. It is interesting to note that these ancient Roman place-names are very rare in the regions inhabited to-day by men of Roumanian origin.

It would not have been worth whole devoting so much space to the activities of Dr. Athanasius and his adherents but for the fact that European public opinion, which has concerned itself extremely little with the Roumanians of Serbia, might possibly imagine that their advocate deserves to be taken seriously.

2. THE BANAT

Anyone who looks at an ethnological map of the Banat will recognize how difficult it is to partition that province among two or three claimants. No matter by whom the map is painted, it must have the appearance of mosaic, with few solid masses of colour. This fact was quickly used by the Roumanians, who argued that as the Banat had never been divided, neither politically nor economically, it should still remain one whole—of course under the Roumanian flag. The Magyars haughtily pointed out that as the Banat had never been divided, but had for a thousand years lived under the crown of St. Stephen, it should still remain one whole—of course under the Hungarian flag. The Roumanians contended that the indivisibility of the Banat was designed by Nature, since the mountainous eastern part could not exist if separated from the fertile west. The Magyars asserted that it was altogether wrong to think of the radical remodelling and complete dismemberment of a territory which Nature had predestined to be one. The Yugoslavs agreed with both parties that it was not easy to draw a satisfactory frontier, but they asked that, as far as possible, the predominantly Roumanian parts should be joined to Roumania, the Slav populations [363] to them and the Magyars to Hungary. As a matter of fact the Paris Conference did attempt to make an ethnical division, between these three States, of the Banat. Roumania tried to demonstrate the impossibility of this by turning off the water in the Bega Canal when the Serbs evacuated Temešvar and were taking their heavily-laden barges from that town. There will have to be a central, international organization to control the network of waterways. As soon as the Paris Conference had decided on this division it was told by the Magyars, the Roumanians and the Yugoslavs that all the numerous Germans of the Banat wished to belong to Hungary, to Roumania and to Yugoslavia. A great many of the Germans were indifferent, so long as they could peaceably carry on their prosperous agricultural operations. Not much political solidarity is apparent among the Germans of the Banat, and seeing that both Yugoslavia and Roumania, now the principal possessors of this land, have elsewhere within their boundaries large German populations, their respective Banat Germans will be able to ally themselves with these in the Parliaments of Belgrade and Bucharest. The Banat Germans who are discontented with the Paris decisions are firstly those, among the aristocratic and commercial classes, who were accustomed to enjoy under the Magyars a favoured position, and secondly those who, with more or less justification, say that Roumania has yet to show that she will treat her subject minorities in a truly liberal fashion. It is for this reason that the Germans of Veršac and Bela Crkva—in which towns they are about as numerous as the total of Yugoslavs, Roumanians and Magyars—would give a majority in favour of Yugoslavia if they were asked to vote as to Yugoslav or Roumanian citizenship. *Adeverul*, which is one of the least chauvinist of Bucharest newspapers, claimed for Roumania at least the railway line: Temešvar, Veršac, Bela Crkva, Bazias—an argument thought to be conclusive being that the two central towns are neither Roumanian nor Serbian but German. This railway line was, as a matter of fact, bestowed by the Peace Conference on Roumania, and it required some strenuous work before this decision was modified. The French [364] were suspected in Yugoslavia of leaning unduly towards the Roumanians, through sympathy with the Latin strain in their blood; yet it was the French who were for giving to Yugoslavia not only Bazias but the villages on the Danube down to Old Moldava, seeing that in those districts the Slavs are certainly in a majority. The Roumanian case was not assisted by Professor Candrea's ethnographical map, for in the debated country around Bela Crkva that gentleman, who told me that he had omitted every place whose population was less than a hundred, has unfortunately forgotten to include Zlatica, a village of 1346 inhabitants, which was founded at the gate of a monastery six hundred and sixty years ago. The population is according to the Hungarian census of 1910, at which time all the 1346 were Serbs, with the exception of 220 Czechs and a few gipsies. Professor Candrea has forgotten Sokolavac, a nourishing place about two hundred and fifty years old with 1800 inhabitants and practically all of them Serbs, as the Transylvanian Minister of Education admitted. Palanka with 1400 inhabitants, most Serbs; Fabian with about 1000, mostly Czechs; Duplaja with 1204, all Serbs but for 10 Slovenes; Crvena Crkva with 1108 (1048 Serbs, 34 Slovaks, 17 Germans and 9 Magyars), are every one omitted. Lescovac, with 977 inhabitants, the Professor marks as Roumanian. When I was at this picturesquely situated place I was received in the mayor's office by half a dozen burly peasants in the Serbian national costume who asserted that, with the exception of the tailor (a Roumanian emigrant) and one or two other persons, the village was wholly Serb. But Lescovac was then within the Serbian sphere of

occupation, and possibly if I were to go there now I would be told an appropriate story by other, or the same, peasants in Roumanian attire. One must try to find some surer indication of nationality, and Professor Candrea told me that twenty-five years ago he took down a pure Roumanian text at that place, where the Roumanian language is the most antique in the Banat. On the other hand, the village must have contained many Serbs, for when the late notary, a powerful Magyar with Roumanian sympathies, prevented the school being conducted, as it [365] always had been, in the Serbian language, and installed a teacher—he stayed for eight years—who could only speak Magyar and Roumanian, the villagers at their own expense procured a Serbian school-mistress. She was expelled by the notary.... This illustrates the difficulties which the Peace Conference, in its desire to trace an ethnical frontier, was confronted with. And there was no map which did not make it obvious that Serbian villages would have to remain to the east and Roumanian villages to the west of any possible line. They did right, I think, to revise their decision as to the towns of Veršac and Bela Crkva, for there the Yugoslavs and their German friends have a large and unquestioned preponderance. Bazias, with about three miles of the railway, was given to Roumania so that she should have, for the exportation of her wood and iron-ore, the only harbour in that region of the Danube which is capable of development. However, with no railway over Roumanian soil from Bazias to the mines, this port is perfectly useless, and it is to be hoped that Roumania will give it up, for compensation elsewhere, to the Yugoslavs. The latter would otherwise be compelled to build three or four miles of railway, from Bela Crkva to Palanka, which, unless a great deal of money be spent on it, will always be one of the worst ports on the river. With a little more difficulty than to Bazias the Roumanians could construct a railway to Moldava, which also is a very good port; and in return for this accommodation, whereby the wines of Bela Crkva could be shipped from Bazias, their natural port, the Yugoslavs would be ready to make over to Roumania one or two villages whose population far exceeds that of little Bazias. We may also hope that facilities will be given by the two Governments for the emigration of those who wish to cross the new frontier line. Formerly the people of the Banat had no strenuous objections to being moved, lock, stock and barrel, from one district to another and without the inducement of coming under the rule of their own race. Thus the village of Zsam, to the north of Veršac, was, like many others, very sparsely inhabited when the Turks withdrew in 1716; some villages had only three or four occupied houses. So the Government in 1722 collected into one village the people of several others, and in this way Zsam, which had hitherto been Slav, [366] became Roumanian, the Serbs being established in the neighbouring Središte. In 1809 the Roumanians were transplanted from Zsam to Petrovasela, between Veršac and Pančevo, where they entered the Pančevo Frontier Regiment; their place at Zsam was taken by Germans, who, being more industrious, were preferred by the landowners.

Some of the delineators of this frontier—French and British—have told me that they were guided throughout by the ethnical principle. But various unfortunate exceptions seem to have been made: for instance, at Koča it runs through a certain house in such a way that the lavatory alone is in Roumania; and in another village there lives a man who, since his stables are situated in Roumania, would have had his horses requisitioned if he had not been able to bring them into the other part of the house. Another village has its cemetery in Roumania, so that the Yugoslavs carry their dead friends over during the night. Perhaps the Entente officials, perceiving that their ambitious resolution to divide the country on ethnic principles was not feasible—there would always be alien islands to the right and to the left of any line—perhaps they in despair drew an arbitrary line upon a map and hoped the poor inhabitants would make the best of it. But this was rendered more difficult by the Yugoslav and Roumanian authorities, for the people who desire to cross the line are put to endless trouble. Apart from the expense, it usually involves a delay of three weeks before permission can be obtained, so that the frontier is rarely traversed save by smugglers and by those who, like the afore-mentioned man of Koča, have been driven into chronic lawlessness.

The first line agreed upon after the War, which temporarily bestowed the eastern county on Roumania, the western on Yugoslavia and the chief parts of the central (or Temešvar) county also on Yugoslavia—with French co-operation—did not find favour in Paris; whether or not this decision was influenced by the frequent journeys of the Queen of Roumania and her fascinating daughters to that town I do not know. At all events another boundary was made which included the large town of Temešvar and all the northern part of that county in Roumania. It is true that [367] there are Roumanian villages in the neighbourhood of this German-Magyar-Jewish town, which is by far the largest place in the Banat. And the Roumanians, who have already annexed enormous Magyar and German populations in Transylvania, do not boggle at another 80,000 foreigners. One could, however, find very few Yugoslavs who want Temešvar to be restored to them; they know that they and the Roumanians, whatever (as regards themselves) may have been the case in other days, form, each of them, only about one-thirtieth of the total population. But they are sorry that the Allies asked them to share in occupying the town, because the local Serbs, who are interested in politics, were so enthusiastic, that on the arrival of the Roumanians they were forced to leave their businesses and go to live in Yugoslavia. Since neither Serbs nor Roumanians have any ethnical claim to the town one would suppose that, as the spoil had fallen to Roumania, the Entente would have endeavoured to give the Yugoslavs some compensation: what they did was to take away from them a good deal of that which they had—a considerable slice of their western county—which also was presented to the Roumanians. Again, the delineators excused themselves by invoking their ethnical motives, but as a matter of fact in that part of Torontal the people are predominantly German and they should have been allotted to Yugoslavia, not merely because the Temešvar Germans were given to Roumania but on account of their economic existence, which certainly in the case of the departments of Nagyszentmiklós, Perjámos and

Csene (to retain the Magyar spelling) is bound up with Zsombolya, their market-town, and Kikinda. According to the census that was taken in 1919, the population of these three departments now allotted to Roumania consisted of 41,109 Germans, 13,638 Yugoslavs and 19,270 Roumanians. Further, to the south-east of Torontal, in the departments of Párdány, Módos and Bánlak, there is not so intimate a connection with the market-town; here the population consists of 12,209 Germans, 11,102 Yugoslavs and 8808 Roumanians. But there seems to be little [368] reason why the whole of Torontal, following the wishes of the majority of its inhabitants, should not be given to Yugoslavia; and this would also reduce to a minimum the inconveniences produced by any frontier. For many long years there has been a county frontier between Torontal and Temešvar, each of which was under an official who looked direct to Buda-Pest. The adoption of this ancient county frontier as that of the two countries would put an end to the present absurd and unjust, not to say dangerous, situation. It should, therefore, be brought about as soon as possible.

A similar rectification is needed in the country to the north and north-west. The three German villages of Komloš, Mariafeld and St. Mikloš have their fields near Velika Kikinda, in Yugoslavia, whereas they are themselves in Roumania. To bring home his maize from the land a farmer was obliged to pay, at the most favourable rate, up to 200 crowns a pound. Considering that this part of the country is an absolute plain with no river flowing through it, one would suppose that a rectification could easily be made. If these Germans had been consulted they would naturally have opted for Yugoslavia. The Peace Conference officials might, also have studied Velika Kikinda, a place with a very creditable past, which—as I was told by a Serb professional man of that town—will be completely ruined if she loses the custom of these German villages and has to depend upon the Serb peasants who make one embroidered suit and one pair of sandals last them for ten years.... It will be necessary for the Yugoslav authorities in the Banat not only to endeavour to raise their countrymen's standard of living but also in the southerly districts, where the standard is higher, to persuade them not to persist in limiting their families. The Serbs in the old kingdom have been one of the most prolific of European races—they would otherwise have been incapable of carrying on their twenty-six years of war during this last century—but in the south and south-east of the Banat, perhaps through mere love of comfort, perhaps through Magyar oppression, there has been a marked tendency not to increase. The Magyars and Germans have had normal families, the Roumanians have increased by assimilation (a woman [369] marrying into a Serbian family will often cause them all to speak her easier language). The Serbs, however, will in their part of the Banat absorb the others if they show political understanding and a liberal spirit. "We will give the Germans," said Pribičević to one of them at Veršac—"we will give them everything up to a university."

The north-west corner of the Banat, which has a considerable Magyar population, has been ascribed to Hungary. Opposite the apex of this triangular tract of country lies Szeged, the second city of Hungary (118,328 inhabitants, of whom 113,380 are Magyars) and the chief centre of the grain trade of the rich southern plains. As was pointed out in *The New Europe*,[115] Szeged, which lies in flat country, would be even more defenceless than Belgrade if the lands on the other side of the river were under alien rule. If one draws a strategical frontier the nationality of the people is, of course, disregarded; it is, therefore, beside the point to mention that there seem to be far more Serbs in the angle opposite Szeged than there were Magyars in the lands opposite Belgrade. The Entente has simply made up its mind to be generous to Szeged, and let us hope that we have not left this region to Hungary on account of the activities of the extremely intelligent Baroness Gerliczy—a Roumanian lady married to a Magyar—who owns a large estate there and was much in Paris during the critical period.

The other imperfections in the Paris arrangements, whether with regard to villages or fields, are not incapable of amendment. One presumes that the Roumanians, who have no lack of other international problems, will be wise enough to discard certain dicta of their Liberal party and of Bratiano, its self-satisfied leader, to whom all subjects seem great if they have passed through his mind. One particular dictum which the Roumanians ought to cast aside is that which insists upon the indivisibility of the Banat. Another Roumanian statesman, Take Jonescu, was more sagacious when he, during the War, drew up a memorandum whose object was that Greece, Serbia, Roumania and the Czecho-Slovak Governments should work in harmony. This idea of presenting a single diplomatic front was to the liking of Mr. Balfour, who observed to M. Jonescu that it [370] would be better for these States and better for Europe. As regards an understanding between Roumania and Serbia in the Banat: "I," said Pašić—"I speak for Serbia. Can you speak for Roumania?"

And Jonescu unfortunately had to shake his head.

In the fatuous policy of crying for the whole Banat—they even require the little island in the Danube between Semlin and Belgrade—Bratiano is assisted by the aged Marghiloman, who is the chief of a branch of the Conservative party. But the relations between these two do not seem destined to be cordial, since Bratiano is married to Marghiloman's divorced wife.

May the Roumanian people become reconciled to Yugoslavia's righteous possession of part of the Banat. It would be a pity if these two neighbours were to live together on such terms as, in the eastern county of the Banat, Caras-Severin, do the Bufani and the other Roumanians. The Bufani came from Roumania some hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, on account of the taxes which they found intolerable; and they have not been able to arrive at amicable relations with those countrymen of theirs who are the descendants of earlier emigrants. Very seldom do the Bufani and the others intermarry. These Bufani, so say the others, are like ivy. "They called

out," complain the others, "they called out: 'Little brother, be good to us!' and then they strangled us." The Bufani, who are easily recognizable by their dialect, frequent the same church and have one priest with the others, but they have a separate cemetery.

(*e*) The Hungarian Frontier

North of the town of Subotica the frontier between Yugoslavia and Hungary is almost a natural one, as it runs over vast hills of shifting sand which are still partly in motion. Neither on foot nor on horseback, still less with loaded carts, is it possible to travel through these hills. But to the east and to the west of them the frontier is no better than that which separates Yugoslavia from Roumania, and when it came to the delimitation the Magyars thought it would be preferable if [371] this work were done with their assistance. Otherwise, so they urged, there would be no check upon the wicked intolerance of their neighbours. It is true that they themselves had in the past been in favour of centralization, but against this one must remember that the "subject nationalities" were inferior beings. The Yugoslavs, the Roumanians and the Slovaks could not claim a glorious descent from Attila, of whom a fresco decorates the House of Parliament at Buda-Pest, and thus the Magyars had always thought it seemly that, by various devices, a limit should be put to the number of Yugoslav, Roumanian and Slovak deputies. Count Apponyi and his colleagues told the Peace Conference very frankly at the beginning of 1920 that it really ought to take their word for it, and not persist in looking on the Yugoslavs, etc., as if they were as good as any Magyar. Surely it was obvious that Yugoslavia, Greater Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia would be "artificial and improvised creations, devoid of the traditions of political solidarity and incapable of producing any." But if the Supreme Council was resolved to allow certain Magyar territories to join themselves, if they desired, to these ephemeral States it would be necessary to ascertain by means of a plebiscite what were the real wishes of the people in these territories; and Count Apponyi was kind enough to tell the Council very definitely how this plebiscite should be conducted. The principal Allies were to arrange, in accordance with the Magyar Government, as to the districts in which a plebiscite was to be held, and the secret voting was to be controlled by neutral commissions and delegates of the interested Governments. This may sound rather rash on the part of the Magyars, since a plebiscite, no matter how it was arranged and controlled, would presumably detach a good many jewels from the crown of St. Stephen, and it was not astonishing that Count Apponyi and his friends proposed that the Magyars should be safeguarded by further Commissions which, if requisite, would override the results of the voting. These results would indeed, as between the Magyars and the Yugoslavs, have given our Allies a larger dominion than they have actually obtained. The triangle south of Szeged, to which we have [372] alluded, would certainly, if there had been a plebiscite, have gone to Yugoslavia. In Baranja the Yugoslavs have claimed that the census of 1910, which indicated 36,000 Serbo-Croats, should have given them 70,000; but this does not take account of the large number of Šokci—Slavs whose ancestors were forcibly converted to Catholicism and who came to consider themselves as one with the Catholic Magyars. This widespread phenomenon of race being superseded by religion may be noticed, for example, at Janjevo in the district of Old Serbia; it is inhabited by the descendants of Dubrovnik colonists who, being Catholic, have come to look upon themselves as Albanians. In Hungary the dominant Magyar minority was wont to clasp the subject races to its bosom, not with bonds of love but of religion. Thus in 1914 at Marmoros-Sziget they charged 100 persons with high treason, because it was their wish to leave the Uniate Church, in communion with Rome, and return to the Orthodox faith. The same charge would have been preferred against certain Ruthenians who were just as unwilling to be members of the Uniate Church; but in the case of these humble, backward people the conversion had been effected by their priests, who would thereby procure for themselves a better situation, and the Ruthenians, who had not been told of this occurrence, were under the impression that they were still Orthodox. Professor Cvijić believes that, with the help of the Catholic religion, no less than 113,000 Serbo-Croats have in Baranja been lost by their Yugoslav brethren.... When the Yugoslavs were asked by the Supreme Council to evacuate most of Baranja they did so. A republic, under the presidency of one Dobrović, a well-known cubist painter, a native of those parts, was formed by Yugoslavs and the Magyars whose freedom had been safeguarded under their rule. But as this republic was not assisted by the Yugoslav Government it only lasted for a week.

Farther to the west is the Prekomurdje, that interesting Slovene district which extends for about 25 miles along the Mur. The rich plain that adjoins the river is mostly in the possession of large landowners, while the hilly country to the north sustains a scattered and poor population of [373] Calvinists. There are in the whole Prekomurdje some 120,000 Yugoslavs, who are descendants of the old Pannonian Slovenes. This healthy, honest people has indeed eighteen Catholic and eight Protestant priests, but is otherwise almost destitute of an *intelligentsia*. They speak nothing but Slovene, and yet the Magyars had for ten years previous to the War been so imperialist that only Magyar schools were tolerated. Thus it happened that the children, like so many others in the Magyar schools, were at a loss to understand what they were writing, and if their teacher chanced to learn the Slovene language he was there and then transferred to Transylvania or the Slovak country or some other province where he had to teach his pupils in the Magyar which they did not know. He was supposed to make the children feel the vast superiority of all things Magyar, so that they should be ashamed to walk with their own fathers in the streets and speak another tongue. We are told occasionally in the *Morning Post* that consideration should be shown to the Magyars since they are a proud people, but would they not merit more consideration if they were a grateful people, grateful that the rest of Europe, overlooking their Mongolian origin, has accepted them as equals? The Magyars were so thoroughly persuaded of their own pre-

eminence that when the devotees of Haydn founded in his honour a society at Eisenstadt, where he had worked, it was allowed on the condition that the statutes and the name of the society and so forth should be in the Magyar language, although Haydn was a German. Evidently the poor Slovenes of the Prekomurdje would be swamped unless they showed exceptional vigour. And when they managed to survive until after the War the Americans in Paris were for handing them to Hungary on the ground that the frontier would, if it included them in Yugoslavia, be an awkward one. Such is also the opinion of Mr. A. H. E. Taylor in his *The Future of the Southern Slavs*; this author advocates that Yugoslavia should be bounded by the Mur, albeit in another part of the same book he says that "a small river is not usually a good frontier, except on the map"; and the Mur is so narrow that when Dr. Gaston Reverdy, of the French army, and I arrived at [374]
Ljutomir we found that a crowd of these men and boys had waded across the stream in order to lay their cause before the doctor, who represented the Entente in that region. The Bolševik Magyars were just then threatening to set all Prekomurdje on fire, and the pleasant-looking, rather shy men who stood in rows before us begged the doctor to procure them weapons—they would be able to defend themselves. It is satisfactory to know that most of this portion of the Yugoslav lands has, after all, not been lost to the mother country.

(*f*) The Austrian Frontier

A considerable part of the frontier between Yugoslavia and Austria has been determined by a plebiscite which was held, under French, British and Italian control, in the autumn of 1920. The Slovenes during the previous year had pointed out that while they could no longer claim so wide a territory now that Austria had been drawn towards the Adriatic, yet the rural population of Carinthia had remained Slovene, thanks to the notable qualities of that people. The German-Austrians, on the other hand, maintained that country districts are the appanages of a town, so that the wishes of a rural population are of secondary importance. While these questions were being debated in 1919 by the two interested parties—and debated, very often, by their rifles—the Italians intervened. Sonnino's paper, the *Epoca*, made a great outcry over Klagenfurt (Celovec) which, if given to the Yugoslavs, would be an insurmountable barrier, it said, to the trade between Triest and Vienna, although it was clear that the railway connection through Tarvis remained in the hands of the Italians. (There is not a single Italian civilian in Tarvis—but no matter.) Meanwhile the French Press noted that the Italians—presumably not as traders but as benefactors—were seeing to it that the Austrians did not run short of arms and munitions. For many months a large area was in a condition of uncertainty and turmoil, till at last the Peace Conference ordered a plebiscite.

Two zones in Carinthia—"A" to the south-east, with its centre at Velikovec (Völkermarkt), and "B" to the north-west, with its centre at Klagenfurt (Celovec)—were mapped out, and it was [375]
agreed that if the voting in "A," the larger zone, were favourable to Austria, then the other zone would automatically fall to that country. For several months before the voting day this area—a region of beautiful and prosperous valleys watered by the broad Drave and surrounded by magnificent mountain ranges—for several months this area was the scene of great activity. German-Austrians and Yugoslavs no longer, as in 1919, attacked each other with the implements of war, but with pamphlet, broadsheet, with eloquence and bribery. Austrian and Yugoslav officials took up their headquarters at various places and saw to it that every voter should be posted as to the moral and material advantage he would reap by helping to make the land Austrian or Yugoslav, as the case might be. All those were entitled to vote who, being twenty years of age in January 1919, had their habitual residence in this area; or, if not born in the district, had belonged to it or had their habitual residence there from, at least, January 1, 1912. The larger zone "A" was left under Yugoslav administration, while zone "B" was under the Austrian authorities; and the Inter-Allied officials exercised a very close supervision in order, for example, to protect the partisans of either side from undue repression at the hands of their opponents. Neither the Austrians nor the Yugoslavs lost any opportunities for saying in public that the Inter-Allied Commissions were honestly making every effort to be impartial. It was, however, unfortunate that Italy should have sent as her chief representative Prince Livio Borghese, who may have been as impartial as his colleagues, but whose reputation, whether merited or otherwise, could scarcely commend itself to the Yugoslavs. They believed that his activities in Buda-Pest, under the Bolševik régime, and afterwards in Vienna, had been very hostile to themselves. Each of the three allied commissioners had a staff of some fifty or sixty officials, whose upkeep and expenses were paid by the two interested countries.

If an average person had been asked to foretell the result of the plebiscite I suppose he would have said that in zone "A" the Yugoslavs and in zone "B" the Austrians would be successful. We [376]
have seen how the Slovene renaissance of the nineteenth century was met by the central authorities in Vienna (particularly after the German victory of 1871), and how the local functionaries assisted them. They argued that Austria with her miscellaneous races could only survive if one of them was supreme. Therefore they looked askance on every one who regarded himself as a Slovene; if he rose to be an official it had to be in another part of the Monarchy, while for the maintenance of Austria (oblivious to the argument that Austria was a perfectly unnatural affair) they favoured all those who announced themselves to be on the side of the predominant race. From 1903 onwards the Slovene language was barred from the courts of Carinthia, and if a person did not understand the language of the German magistrates he had to use an interpreter. The land was invaded by the German *intelligentsia*: professors, masters in primary and secondary schools, doctors, lawyers and so forth, excise officials and railway officials —in 1912 Carinthia possessed about 5000 of these and only 1½ per cent. were Slovenes. Those

among the Slovenes who were capable of serving in such positions were dispatched to Carniola, Dalmatia or preferably to the German-speaking lands of the Empire. A provincial agricultural authority was set up in 1910 which was recognized by the State and which enjoyed a monopoly. Its object was to aid the progress of agriculture by establishing and supporting agricultural schools, sending experts to the farmer, distributing subsidies for the purchase of machinery, artificial manure and so on. The council consisted of twenty-one members, of whom only one was a Slovene; the subsidies were given to those who were recognized as Germanophils, while requests were not permitted in the Slovene tongue. As for the electoral districts, they were so manipulated that one deputy represented 120,000 Slovenes and another represented 27,000 Germans. Constituencies in which there was a German majority were allowed to send two members, while the others only sent one. The German railway employees worked so thoroughly for pan-Germanism that various Slovenes were arrested—among them the mayor of a large village who wanted to travel from Celovec—for asking in the Slovene language for a ticket. With [377] regard to schools, there were throughout Carinthia in 1860 some 28 Slovene and 56 Slovene-German foundations, whereas in 1914 there were 2 Slovene, 30 German and 84 mixed schools, where the two languages were supposed to co-exist; they were indeed the home of two languages, for the children were nearly all Slovene, whereas the teacher and the language he used were German. Among 230 masters only 20 could read and write Slovene. Qualified teachers who could satisfy this test were, as we have mentioned, sent to other parts of the Empire. So far did the system go that Slovene peasants upon whom the Government had forced a German education speedily forgot the two hundred words which they had learned, but as they had been taught no other script than the German they were accustomed to write the Slovene language with German Gothic characters. These peasants were fairly impervious to Germanization; their strong sense of national consciousness was supported by the books, religious and otherwise, which they received every year from some such society as that of St. Hermagoras at Celovec, which distributed half a million books a year among its 90,000 members.

But that which principally guided the peasant was the voice of his priest, and the vast majority of priests in zone "A" were Slovenes. This agricultural zone possesses no more than one or two small towns, where the priest is less regarded. The traders and artisans frequently look upon themselves as too highly cultured for the Church; they affect the "Los von Rom" and the Socialist movements. By holding these menaces over the Bishop's head a good deal of pressure could be brought to bear, and this was done by the Germans, who were of opinion that the Church unfairly encouraged the Slovenes. The Bishop of Celovec had both the zones in his diocese until some months before the plebiscite, when a temporary arrangement was made under which zone "A" was administered by a vicar. But in bygone years the Bishop, with these threats hanging over him, was wont to counsel prudence and to ask his clergy not to agitate their flock, whom they were merely telling of their rights. In zone "B," which mostly consists of the town of Celovec, the [378] Church would naturally be more susceptible to German influence, apart from the fact that the Bishop himself is a Bavarian. For personal reasons—he is very imperfectly acquainted with the Slovene language—he wished even the clergy of zone "A" to correspond with him in German; but the priests pointed out that their faithful parishioners wanted to follow this correspondence and by far the greater number of them have no German.... In fact the Church has in each zone brought its help to the more powerful party—the Slovene peasants in zone "A" and the German or Germanophil townsfolk in zone "B"; and it appeared probable before the plebiscite that in both cases she would be on the victorious side.

In foretelling the result of the plebiscite one would not pay much attention to the census which the German-Austrian officials used to take. A person was inscribed according to the language he ordinarily employed, and this was, more often than not, considered to be German if his superior was a German. Before the census of 1910 the *Grazer Tagblatt*, which is the Germans' chief organ in those parts, proclaimed that the official census was a portion of the national propaganda. All the propagandist societies were entreated to do their utmost to induce the people to declare German as their usual language. Very humorous results were obtained. On December 18, 1910, the provincial council of public instruction gave out the number of German and Slovene children respectively in thirty Slovene parishes. Amongst them were the following:

	German Children.	Slovene Children.
Borovlje (Ferlach)	31 per cent.	69 per cent.
Grabštajn (Grafenstein)	10·6 "	89·4 "
Žrelc (Ebenthal)	24·4 "	75·6 "
Pokrče (Poggersdorf)	1·3 "	98·7 "
Bistrica (Feistritz)	16·2 "	82·8 "

And twelve days later the official census gave these results:

	Germans.	Slovenes.
Borovlje	90 per cent.	10 per cent.
Grabštajn	50·1 "	49·9 "
Žrelc	49·2 "	50·8 "
Pokrče	41·1 "	58·9 "
Bistrica	44·4 "	55·6 "

Far more trustworthy is the almanac issued every year by the Church, wherein a person's [379] "usual language" is taken to be that in which he listens to the word of God. These ecclesiastical

lists were published by German bishops, and according to them we find that the region we are considering held in 1910 some 40,000 Germans and 123,000 Slovenes.

We have seen that Celovec, like the smaller towns in this area, leans more to the Austrians than to the Yugoslavs. This is partly the effect of the Austrian Government's policy and partly of the various pan-German societies (*e.g.* the "Kärntner Bauernbund," the "Verein der Alldeutschen," the "Deutscher Volksverein," etc. etc.), which, as was admitted, drew their funds to a considerable extent from Germany herself.

The German Republic was very lavish in assisting her smaller Austrian sister during the period before the plebiscite, pouring both goods and cash into the district; and after the opening of the demarcation line between the two zones at the beginning of August they were able to introduce their supplies quite openly into zone "A." Very few Germans of the north believe that the German-Austrian Republic will permanently remain separated from themselves.... Both Yugoslavs and Austrians circulated vast quantities of printed matter; for the Yugoslavs the most convincing argument lay in Austria's apparently hopeless economic position and the undesirability of belonging to a State which had to pay so huge a debt; the Austrian pamphlets denounced the Serbs as a military race, though even such a dealer in false evidence as the eminent Austrian historian, Dr. Friedjung, would find it difficult to sustain the thesis that the wars engaged in by the Serbs during the last hundred years were more of an offensive than of a defensive character. In several prettily prepared handbooks the voters were implored by the Austrians not to be so old-fashioned as to plump for a monarchy when they had such a chance of becoming republicans; one could almost see the writer of these scornful phrases stop to wipe his over-heated brow after having pushed back his old Imperial and Royal headgear. You might imagine that the Austrians in their deplorable economic condition would have avoided this topic; on the contrary, they [380] proclaimed that several commodities which were lacking in Yugoslavia could be furnished by them in abundance. One of these, they said, was salt; and certainly the Yugoslavs purchased a good deal of it, but that was only when they did not know that it was German salt, which the Austrians bought in that country and on which they made an adequate profit. When the Yugoslavs wanted to get their supplies direct from Germany the Austrians introduced a transit tax of 1000 crowns—not the nearly worthless Austrian but Yugoslav crowns—per waggon. Later on when the Danube was thrown open and this tax could not be levied, salt was considerably cheaper in Yugoslavia than in Austria. So with plums—in 1919 Austria bought nearly the whole of the exports from Yugoslavia at six crowns per kilo and sold them to Germany at eleven to twelve crowns, the profit going, so the authorities said, to the poor.

As the day of the plebiscite approached, the Yugoslavs seemed to be more confident than the Austrians. The staunch peasants of zone "A" were not greatly impressed by the numerous appeals to their heart and brain which were handed to them by the Austrians in the Slovene language. And they were not much alarmed at the idea of being joined to their countrymen of the south, those unmitigated Serbs who thrived, if one was to believe the Austrian propaganda, on atrocities. But this warning was ridiculed by the Austrians themselves—on a market day at Velikovec you could see the Austrophils wearing their colours, which they would scarcely have done if they had been afraid of possible reprisals—and zone "A" was generally presumed to have a Yugoslav majority. On such a market day one saw very few Yugoslav colours in the farmers' button-holes, for it was the wish of their leaders to avoid anything which might give rise to unnecessary conflict. The day drew near and the Austrians thought that they were making insufficient progress; for one thing, they were at a disadvantage owing to the very low value of their money. They hoped that Germany would come with more zeal than ever to the rescue, and they hoped that something fatal would occur to Yugoslavia. So they asked the Inter-Allied [381] Commissions to put it to their Governments that it would be advisable if the plebiscite were to be postponed for several months, say until May 1921. But it was reported that the French and British representatives declined to countenance the scheme. They may also have feared that if the period of canvassing were to be so long drawn out, the same passions would come to the surface as in the plebiscite in east and west Prussia, where in many places the Poles could not display their sympathies except at great personal risk. But in that particular plebiscite it must be noted that the Allies were very imprudent in confiding the maintenance of order to the rebaptized German Security Police, a body which was entirely in the hands of the reactionary clique. Yet the military precautions of zone "A" in Carinthia were not what they should have been, for when the Yugoslavs had lost the plebiscite an unrestrained horde of Austrian sympathizers, some of them from that zone and some from outside it, some of them civilians and some of them soldiers in mufti who made for certain places where supplies of weapons had been hidden, swarmed across the land and terrorized the Yugoslavs in such a fashion that a Yugoslav military force had to come in to protect them. "But how barbaric are these Yugoslavs," sneered their enemies, "for they refuse to recognize the result of the plebiscite." More than one diplomat in Belgrade was ordered to present himself at the Foreign Office and demand an answer why, etc. But the Yugoslavs had no intention of imitating d'Annunzio.

Those who were not in the zone at the time of the voting might well be astounded at the result, which was an Austrian victory by 22,025 votes against 15,278 for Yugoslavia. In view of the undoubted Yugoslav majority, it was felt that something more than active propaganda, before and during the election, had been brought to bear. For example, in the commune of Grabštajn (Grafenstein) the Germans are said to have inscribed on the electoral list 180 persons from Celovec and Styria who had no right to vote; they also asked that seventy strangers should be inscribed. On submitting these claims to the judgment of the district council the German leaders, [382] even as the Yugoslavs, were required to initial each request; it is alleged that these initialled

papers, which were attached to the claims, were left overnight in a room the key of which was in the keeping of the German secretary, Schwarz. He is charged with having removed the initialled papers from the Slovene claims and affixed them to the German claims. There was a large amount of more usual corruption. Thus it is known that twenty-eight Slovene servants at an important landowner's were unable to resist the material arguments and voted for the Germans. And if it is true that a number of people voted twice and even three times the Inter-Allied Commission fell short of its duties. It is said that the voting was so lax that if a stranger had been inscribed and did not turn up to vote, his legitimation was used by a native. Thus we are told of one Helena Rozenzoph, aged seventy-five, who was inscribed at Grabštajn. This woman had never existed; there had been a certain Barbara Rozenzoph who died in 1919, and her vote was used by Marjeta Hanzio, aged twenty-two years. The case was so flagrant that the Commission discovered it and the woman confessed to having acted on a note which she had received from the special Austrian *gendarmerie* force, the Heimatsdienst. The Commission seems to have been reluctant to take any steps against these frauds and it is not astonishing that the commune of Grabštajn registered 1290 votes for the Austrian Republic and only 380 for Yugoslavia, although in this commune of 3440 inhabitants there are no more than sixteen German families. A German majority was thus obtained in a province which Dr. Renner, the Austrian Chancellor, had acknowledged to be Slovene. It seems incredible that the Commission should have so completely broken down and the mystery may yet be cleared up, if as the Yugoslavia delegate requested, all the voting papers have been preserved.... But the *Hrvat*, the organ of the Narodny Club in Croatia (the decentralizing but strongly national party) blames Monsignor Korošec, the leader of the Slovene clericals, for the disastrous plebiscite result. He would have been better employed, it says, in organizing his people than in gadding about Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia [383] for the purpose of extending his party. He had boasted that the Slovenes were so well organized that they were perfectly confident as to the issue. It would seem, however, says the *Hrvat*, that an unexpectedly large proportion of them are partly or entirely Germanized. And this, more than the above-mentioned irregularities, may be chiefly responsible for Yugoslavia's loss. One must also remember that many a Slovene would shrink from garrison duty in Macedonia, while it would be very natural for the Carinthian farmer to look up at the mountains that separated him from Carniola and then to recollect that Celovec (Klagenfurt), the economic centre of the whole area, would be Austrian. Nevertheless if zone "A" had been smaller—and more completely Slav—it is probable that the population would have risen superior to the various doubts which assailed them. What we have said about the Slovenes who have become Germanized is borne out by the *Koroski Slovenec*, a newspaper which appears in Vienna and which, though since its formation has been essentially hostile to the Austrians, tells us that after the plebiscite the Slovenes have only suffered real oppression from their denationalized compatriots. Difficulties arose with regard to the closing of Slovene schools, but this was largely due to the fact that many of the Slovene schoolmasters fled to Yugoslavia.

(*g*) The Italian Frontier

A Yugoslav barrister from Pola had gone to a neighbouring village—this was in 1920—for the purpose of encouraging the natives, who were all Southern Slavs. He asked them, in the event of their part of Istria being allotted to the Italians, not to lose heart but to wait for the day when justice would come by her own. In the middle of his exhortations a jovial old farmer approached him and slapped him on the back. "Cheer up, young man!" he exclaimed. "What is it that you are afraid of?" ... The Slav population of Istria and Gorica-Gradišca, even as that of Dalmatia, has endured a great many things and is prepared to endure a great many more. Kindness would have gone a long way towards disarming them. If the Italians on the eastern Adriatic had been [384] exponents of the Mazzini spirit rather than—which too often has been the case—of the direst Nationalist, then the Yugoslavs would have accepted—mournfully, no doubt, but *faute de mieux*—the frontier from the river Arša in Istria which President Wilson suggested. This would have been a compromise frontier, by which 400,000 Slovenes and Croats would fall to Italy and a very much smaller number of Italians would fall to Yugoslavia. It would have satisfied the great sensible mass of the Italian people, but unfortunately was rejected by Baron Sonnino and his myrmidons. Far more was claimed by him, and the succeeding Italian Governments have had to struggle with the passions he so recklessly aroused. They have been unable to persuade the country that with the Arša frontier they would be getting by no means a bad bargain. By the Treaty of Rapallo the Italians have obtained much more: the whole of Gorica-Gradišca, portions of Carniola, the whole of Istria and contiguity with Rieka (which is made a free town), the islands of Lussin, Cres and Unie, sovereignty over a strip of five miles which includes Zadar (and a few adjacent islands), finally the southern island of Lastovo and Pelagosa which lies in the middle of the Adriatic.

In November 1920 all the outside world was congratulating the Italians and the Yugoslavs on having, after many fruitless efforts of their statesmen, come to this agreement. The opinion was expressed that both of the contracting parties would henceforth be satisfied, since each of them was conscious that the other had accepted something less than his desires. It was noted that the Yugoslavs exhibited more generosity, as they gave up some half a million of their countrymen, while the Italians yielded in Dalmatia that to which they had no right. The Yugoslavs had, in the past two years, shown so much more forbearance than was usually expected of a vigorous young nation that the commentators for the most part fancied they would not waste any time in grieving over these inevitable sacrifices. It is freely said that if a liberal spirit is displayed by the Italians at the various points where they and Yugoslavia are in contact, both people will settle down, with no afterthoughts, to friendly and neighbourly relations. But it would be foolish to close our eyes [385]

to the fact that the position at Rieka and Zadar, not to speak of any other places, bristles with difficulties. At Rieka one hopes that the largest and wisest party, the Autonomists, will now come into their rights; no doubt a good many of those opportunist citizens who, at the time of the Italian occupation, developed into Italianissimi, after having previously been known as more or less platonic lovers of Italy, Hungary, or Croatia with ambitions chiefly centred on their native town, will presently assure you that in the Free State they are convinced Free Staters; but the local politicians have been living for so long in such a thoroughly oppressive atmosphere that most of those who have been prominent should for a season now retire. It will be difficult enough for this harassed port to settle down to business. As for the Zadar enclave, it is not easy to understand why an Italian majority in this little town should bring it under the Italian flag while the overwhelming Slav majorities of central and eastern Istria have been ignored. And with all the goodwill in the world the existence of this minute colony encircled by Yugoslav lands will scarcely make more easy the conduct of relations between Yugoslavia and Italy. It is naturally to the interest of both countries that misunderstandings and suspicions should be swept away. And from this point of view it is very doubtful whether the Italians were well advised in taking Zadar into their possession. Presumably the Government was forced to do so by the state of public feeling. They withstood this feeling with regard to the magnificent harbour of Vis, which even President Wilson suggested they should have, and contented themselves with the smaller Yugoslav island of Lastovo (Lagosta). The pity is that the Nationalists should have forced into their hands anything which may turn and sting them.

It may be thought that we are excessively pessimistic in pointing rather to the dangers which the Treaty places on the tapis than to the good sense of those who will deal with them. We do not say that the Italians would have permitted their Government to solve the Adriatic question in a safer and more philosophic manner; but we cannot look forward with that confidence we should [386] have had if more sagacious counsels had prevailed.

An arrangement most agreeable to the bulk of the interested population would have been effected if two Free States, instead of one, had been created: the small one of Rieka, and a larger one embracing Triest and the western part of Istria. There would be in each of these two States a mixed population, who would think with a shudder of the time when the grass was growing on their quays. Italians and Slavs, prosperous as of old, would very cordially agree that the experiment of being included in Italy had been at any rate a commercial disaster. [D'Annunzio's administration was, of course, a mere camouflage. Without the support of the Italian Government, which paid his troops though calling them rebels, the poet-adventurer could scarcely have lasted for a day; and the swarm of officers, many of them worse adventurers than himself, would have deserted him. Nor would the population of Rieka have listened to his glowing periods if the Italian Government had not, under cover of the Red Cross, sent an adequate supply of food into the town.] Both Rieka and Triest were, therefore, living under practically the same conditions, separated from their natural hinterland, and knowing very well that as Italian towns their prospects were lamentable. It was significant that the Italian Government should after a time have studied the scheme of constructing a canal from Triest to the Save. Before the War one-third of the urban population (and all the surrounding country) was Yugoslav; and now, when so many Yugoslavs have departed and so many Italians have arrived, even now it is certain that in a plebiscite not 10 per cent. would vote for Italy—and this minority would be largely made up of those *leccapiatini* (the "plate-lickers") who were the humbler servants of Austria during the War and are now begging for Italian plates. When the offices of the Socialist newspaper *Il Lavoratore* —the Socialists are by far the most important party in Triest—were taken by storm and gutted, the American Consul, Mr. Joseph Haven, and the Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald*, Mr. Eyre, happened to be in the building. They afterwards said that the attack by those ultra-nationalist bands, the fascisti—very young men, demobilized junior officers and so forth—was [387] entirely unprovoked. The carabinieri gazed indifferently at the scene. Such is life in Triest, where the labour movement is gaining in strength every day. Its old prosperity has departed—there is hardly any trade or water or gas, since most of the coal was consumed, by order of the Italian authorities, in making electric light for illuminations. These were intended to show the city's irrepressible enthusiasm at being incorporated in the kingdom of Italy. But the inhabitants know very well that being one of Italy's many ports is worse than being the only port of Austria; they know that the most direct railways to Austria pass through Yugoslav territory, that henceforward the Danube will be much more largely used by Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary (none of whom had a seaboard) and that Rieka will now be a more formidable rival than of old.... So, too, at Pola we find that a majority of the population do not wish their town to be retained in Italy; a number of Italian workmen fled from the idle shipbuilding yards and actually came in 1919 and 1920 with the Slovene refugees, their fellow-townsmen, to Ljubljana in search of employment. There are not sufficient orders to go round among such yards in Italy where, owing to the absence of coal and iron, this particular industry labours under great disadvantages. But if Rome considers that the retention of Pola is strategically essential, then in order to meet her wishes this town might be taken out of the Triest-Istrian Free State—maybe the Italians will be able to do something that will cause the citizens to cease regretting those good days of old when, as Austria's chief naval base, she flourished on the largesse of officers and men. But what can she do, and what could anybody do? Hundreds of houses are deserted; and for the year 1920 the owners of the theatre—which did not engage expensive actors but relied mainly on cinema—were faced with a deficit of 12,000 lire.

The Triest-Istrian Free State would approximately contain, without Pola, some 300,000 inhabitants, half Italian and half Yugoslav. The formation of this State would be less advantageous to the Yugoslavs, for most of the big landowners and the shop-keepers are Italians [388]

who live on the Yugoslav peasants; but Yugoslavia, for the sake of peace, would be glad to see the State come into existence. Eastern and central Istria, forming a part of Yugoslavia and lying between the two Free States, should extend to Porto di Bado, which would cause it to possess about 3,000 Italians and 280,000 Yugoslavs. If it were to be bounded by the Arša it would make the Italians in the Triest-Istrian State become a minority.

With respect to the indisputable Slav districts east of the Isonzo, *i.e.* the territory of Gorica-Gradišca and an appreciable part of Carniola, which have been adjudged to Italy and which long to be joined to the Yugoslav State, there are two possible solutions. (In passing we may observe that there is no country where the national frontier is more clearly indicated. The linguistic frontier is so strictly defined that the peasant on one side of it does not speak Italian and his neighbour on the other side does not understand the Slovene tongue. Nevertheless, Signor Colajanni, the venerable leader of the Italian Republicans, took up an undemocratic point of view and declined to admit the argument of the superiority of numbers, when he alluded to this frontier in a speech to the Republican Congress at Naples. Waving numbers aside, he preferred to appeal to history and culture, though he should have known that the mass of the Slovene people is much better educated than the Italian peasant.) The true ethnographical boundary would be the Isonzo—not many Yugoslavs live to the west and not many Italians to the east of that river. Only in the town of Gorica do we find Italians. In 1910 at the census the Italian municipal authorities attempted to show that their town was almost entirely Italian; at a subsequent census the Austrians found that the returns had been largely falsified, and that in reality Gorica contained 14,000 Italians and 12,000 Slovenes, while it is common knowledge that if you go 500 yards from the town you meet nothing but Slovenes. The prosperity of Gorica was mostly based on the export of fruit and vegetables from the Slovene countryside. In 1898 the Slovenes awakened, formed societies, started in business on a large scale and boycotted the [389]
Italian merchants, who found themselves obliged to learn the Slovene language. Suppose that, for the sake of meeting the wishes of the Italian Nationalists, one half of the town were given to Italy, then that portion would be faced with ruin. It would, therefore, be advisable that the whole town should remain with its hinterland, and that Italy and Yugoslavia should be divided from each other by the Isonzo. But if this solution is impossible, then a large district east of the Isonzo should be entirely and permanently neutralized, which would not endanger the security of either State. Very different in character is the line Triglav-Idria-Sneznik, which the Italians hold ostensibly as a means of defence, but which is an offensive line against Yugoslavia, and primarily against Ljubljana and Karlovac.

No doubt as the Italians in the eastern Adriatic have obtained a regular position by the Treaty of Rapallo they will henceforth do their best to win the love of their new subjects. They will disavow such officers as that one on the sandy isle of Unie who accused the Slav priest of propaganda, and in fact, as we have mentioned elsewhere, expelled him for the reason that inside his church, where they had been for many years, stood monuments of the two Slav apostles, SS. Cyril and Methodus. St. Methodus was the wise administrator of these two—but even if he takes the rulers of the eastern Adriatic under his particular protection one must be prepared for them to fail in smothering, by their enlightened rule, the discontent which in the last three years has grown among the Yugoslavs to such acute proportions. It began, as we have noted, under the ægis of Baron Sonnino; the old neighbour, Austria-Hungary, had been Italy's hereditary foe, and the Baron's school could not bring itself to regard the new neighbours in a friendly light, although their house was so much less populated than that of their predecessors, not to mention that of the Italians themselves.

There have been times during the last three years when a war between Italy and Yugoslavia seemed scarcely avoidable—the natives of the districts most concerned were looking forward to it with eagerness. At a Yugoslav assembly held in Triest in the summer of 1919 the other delegates [390]
were electrified by two priests from Istria who declared that their people were straining at the leash, anxious for the word to snatch up their weapons. (Many of these weapons, by the way, were of Italian origin, as there had been no great difficulty in purchasing them from the more pacific or the more Socialistic Italian soldiers; the usual price was ten lire for a rifle and a hundred rounds.) If there should come about a war between Italy and Yugoslavia, then it is to be supposed that the Yugoslavs will afterwards take as their western frontier the old frontier of Austria (except for the Friuli district, south of Cormons, which they do not covet, since they look upon this ancient race as Italian.)

By signing the Treaty of Rapallo the Yugoslav Government has shown that it is ready to go to very great lengths in order to establish, as securely as may be, an era of peace. It would be just as creditable on the part of the Italians if they will consent to Istria being partitioned in the way we have suggested, for they have been wrongly taught to think themselves entitled to this country, and to believe that the inhabitants, as a whole, are glad to be Italian subjects. "You may suppose we are unpatriotic," the Austrian railway officials of Italian nationality used to say, "but as Austria gives much better pay than we should receive from Italy, we prefer that this part of the world should be Austrian."

The relations between Italy and Yugoslavia have been treated at some length, for it would require but little to bring a gathering of storm-clouds to the sky. One even hears of Roman Catholics in Istria and elsewhere abjuring their Church and—for the national cause—adopting the Serbian Orthodox faith. Twenty years ago it happened that two Istrian villages, Ricmanje and Log, went over to the Uniate and thence to the Orthodox Church. This was on account of a quarrel with the Bishop of Triest, who wanted, against the wishes of the people, to remove their

priest, Dr. Pojar. But now we have priests in the provinces given to Italy who are openly calling on their flock to go over with them to their Orthodox brothers; and this is a movement which, it is thought, will merely be postponed by the introduction of the Slav liturgy. To take a single sermon [391] out of many, we may mention one which in the summer of 1920 was preached in a church of the Vipava valley. The clergyman, after lamenting that the chief dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church are Italians, gave it as his opinion that there was nothing to choose in point of goodness between that particular Church and the Orthodox Church. "And," said an old peasant who came to Triest with the story of what had happened, "never in my life did I hear so fine a sermon and one that did me so much good."

FOOTNOTES:

[72] The Italians had originally landed a "hygienic mission" at Valona early in the European War, and this of course developed into something else. That ingenuous propagandist, Mr. H. E. Goad, tells us (in the *Fortnightly Review* of May 1922) that while Nature had made the innumerable deep-water harbours on the eastern coast of the Adriatic practically immune from Italy's attack, a landing or raid from one of them at Ancona, Bari or Barletta would be a vital blow at Italy, severing vital communications. He therefore justifies Italy's landing at Valona in that it was a purely defensive step, made to ensure that its harbour should not be used against her. He may hold that the seizure of one town is better than the seizure of none, but from the strategic and political point of view it would seem that Mr. Goad is an injudicious advocate.

[73] *Albaniens Zukunft.* Munich, 1916.

[74] *La Sera*, August 6, 1920.

[75] *Giornale delle Puglie*, September 6-7, 1920.

[76] The delegates of the League of Nations were told, at the beginning of 1922, by the authorities in southern Albania that it was iniquitous to believe that they would employ this kind of punishment for political refugees. Did they not advertise an amnesty to all those who returned within forty-five days? And in what newspaper, they indignantly asked—in what newspaper had they published the slightest threat of arson?

[77] In the winter of 1921 this gentleman was expelled from his country.

[78] *Albanesische Studien.* Jena, 1854.

[79] *Albanien und die Albanesen.*

[80] But this is less rigorously upheld in the towns if it is a question of their honour or of cash. When, to give an example, Scutari was occupied by the Montenegrins at the beginning of the Great War, a Catholic Albanian merchant came to a Montenegrin lawyer and asked him to institute proceedings against another merchant who had gravely and publicly insulted him. The lawyer drew up the complaint, for which he charged the small sum of 20 perpers (= francs), but although his client was a wealthy man this fee appalled him; he resolved to take no further steps. In general, the Scutarenes prefer to suffer imprisonment rather than part with any money. And the willingness of the Albanians not to look a gift-horse in the mouth could often be observed at Podgorica between the years 1909 and 1912, when Nicholas of Montenegro would occasionally appear in the market-place with a supply of caps and other articles for the Albanians. These he would distribute, having first exclaimed: "Kačak Karadak Kralj Nikola barabar!" (that is to say, "The Albanian and the Montenegrin are equal in the eyes of King Nicholas!"). Kačak is a word meaning a brigand, an outlaw; the Montenegrins apply it to their neighbours, and these latter, throwing their new caps in the air and cheering for Nikita, did not mind what he called them.

[81] *Turkey in Europe.* London, 1900.

[82] *Ein Vorstoss in die Nordalbanischen Alpen.* Vienna, 1905.

[83] *Italy in the Balkans at this Hour.* Naples, 1913.

[84] *L'Albanie Independente*, by Dukagjin-Zadeh Basri Bey. Paris, 1920.

[85] Cf. the *New Statesman*, February 5, 1921.

[86] When the Serbian troops arrived at Priština in the Balkan War they discovered among the inhabitants of that place a man who had not left his house for some fourteen years. We are told (in *The Complete Peerage of England, Scotland, Ireland*, etc., vol. v. London, 1921) of my Lord Eyre of Eyrescourt in County Galway "that not one of the windows of his castle was made to open, but luckily he had no liking for fresh air." Yet probably his lordship's countenance had not the pallor of the man of Priština, because "from an early dinner to the hour of rest he never left his chair, nor did the claret ever quit the table."

[87] When this account of the incident was published in my small book, *A Difficult Frontier*, it caused a reviewer, one I. M., in *The Near East* to observe, that I "can be jubilant when a Montenegrin in Yugoslav pay insults a British officer, Captain Brodie." Since the Editor permits such hopeless nonsense to appear in his columns one may be excused, I think, for not taking *The Near East* very seriously. It is not worth while informing them how General Phillips of Scutari dealt with Captain Brodie.

[88] Referring in the *Nation and Athenæum* to Sir Charles's latest work, *Hinduism and Buddhism* (3 vols.), Mr. Edwyn Bevan says that "for a lonely student, who had done nothing in his life but study, the book would have been a sufficiently remarkable achievement. That a man who has been an active public servant and held high and responsible offices should have found time for the studies which this book presupposes is marvellous. It is a masterly survey.... There can be

few men who have Sir Charles's gift of linguistic accomplishments, who can not only read Sanskrit and Pali, but know enough of the Dravidian languages of Southern India to check statements by reference to the original writings, and add to this a knowledge of Chinese and Tibetan."

[89] Cf. pp. 72-73, Vol. I.

[90] Cf. *Manchester Guardian*, February 28, 1919.

[91] Cf. *A Political Escapade: The Story of Fiume and D'Annunzio*, by J. N. Macdonald, O.S.B. London, 1921.

[92] Cf. *Tribune de Genève*, October 13, 1921.

[93] Those who are curious as to the gentleman's antecedents may like to refer to my book, *Under the Acroceraunian Mountains*.

[94] Cf. *La Suisse* (of Geneva), October 13, 1921.

[95] Cf. *Journal des Débats*, October 15, 1921.

[96] This would be about 18,000 lb. avoirdupois.

[97] Cf. p. 283, Vol. II.

[98] Cf. *Morning Post* of December 14, 1921.

[99] Cf. *Le Temps*, November 11, 1921.

[100] "Who is this anonymous idiot?... He really ought to have known better than that," says a reviewer in *The Near East*. I quite agree. It is pleasant now and then to be able to agree with a paper which is so one-sided as to admit pro-Nikita and anti-Serbian diatribes by Mr. Devine, but which refuses to insert a letter on the other side. "Let us not mix ourselves up in their domestic affairs," said the Editor to me after an hour's conversation. And though it is a matter of no importance, I may mention that he employs a reviewer who, referring to the map in my book, *A Difficult Frontier* (Yugoslavs and Albanians)—a map which is most conspicuously printed opposite the title-page—observes that it "is hidden in one unostentatious page, which at first sight escapes the reader's attention altogether."

[101] In the *Samouprava* of November 12 the whole case was discussed with his usual lucidity by Dr. Lazar Marković, one of the ablest and most philosophic men in Yugoslavia. This ex-Professor of Law is now the Minister of Justice, and it is to be hoped that he will eventually succeed in the place of Pašić.

[102] Those who like to hold the Serbs up to contumely have not a very strong case when they denounce them for now being on friendly terms with the Christian Mirditi, whereas they used to be the friends of Essad Pasha; this personage was at that time the man whose national Albanian policy had the greatest chance of success. He was the one man who then appeared capable of establishing a State in which Christians and Moslems would be fairly represented. But now too many of the Moslem—and not only they—have adopted an Italophil attitude which is sadly anti-national.

[103] A later phase was for the Government to recognize that what Albania must have is the friendship of Yugoslavia, so that the eyes of the most powerful Ministers were turned from Rome to Belgrade. Thereupon the Italians, loth to lose their footing in the country, gave their patronage to the anti-Governmental parties. It was pleasant to hear in the summer of 1922 that when the boundary commissioners had left a lamentable neutral zone between the two countries the Albanian Government suggested to the very willing Government of Yugoslavia that they should co-operate in cleansing that zone of its brigand population.

[104] December 16, 1921.

[105] According to the Geographical-Statistical Atlas recently published by the German Professor Hickmann the average loss among the belligerent countries, in killed, wounded and through diminution of the birth-rate, was 6·5 per cent. At one end of the list of suffering nations is the United States with a percentage of 0·4, Great Britain with 3·7, and Belgium with 4·7. Roumania, Italy, Bulgaria and Turkey are all between 6 and 6·5 per cent. France has a percentage of 8·5, Russia has 9, Germany 9·3 and Austria 11. Above them all comes Serbia with the appalling percentage of 23.

[106] November 24, 1921.

[107] Cf. "Géographie Humaine de la France" in the *Histoire de la Nation Française*. Paris, 1920.

[108] Cf. *L'histoire illustrée de la guerre de 1914*.

[109] *L'Albanie en 1921*. Paris, 1922.

[110] *Under the Acroceraunian Mountains.*

[111] M. Gabriel Louis Jaray. Cf. his *Les Albanais* (Paris, 1920) and his other writings on the Albanians.

[112] Cf. *A History of the Peace Conference of Paris*. Edited by H. W. V. Temperley, vols. iv. and v. London, 1921.

[113] Elias Regnault, *Histoire politique et sociale des Principautés Danubiennes*. Paris, 1885.

[114] The more advanced Roumanians of the plain also apply this term to their countrymen who live among the Roumanian mountains or, in Serbia, amid the heights of Požarevac and Kraina. It signifies a stupid fellow, one from the wilderness.

[115] February 13, 1919.

IX

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CONCLUSION: A FEW NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

The Slovenes and the Serbs—The Montenegrins and the Serbs—The Croats and the Serbs—Serb and Bulgar.

THE SLOVENES AND THE SERBS

Those who, for some reason or other, do not love the Yugoslavs will have said to themselves, before taking up this book, that they would certainly supply that searching criticism of this people which the author would omit. They knew it was unlikely that a man would write at such excessive length about the Southern Slavs if he had not a weakness for them, and if he predicted for their State the virtue of cohesion or more than very moderate tranquillity, his prejudice would have to be discounted. "The Yugoslavs," said an Italian lady to me in London, and her beautiful lips looked as if they could scarcely bring themselves to pronounce the name, "the Yugoslavs," she said, "are very wild and black." If I have given the impression in this book that they are white, my fault will be much greater than the lady's, since I am not quite a stranger to them. Slovenes, Croats, Serbs and Bulgars—they have good and evil qualities so different that one must take them separately, and perhaps it will be more instructive to compare them with each other. The Slovenes need not detain us; they are a small people occupying a surprisingly large area; if they were less well organized they would have been long ago swallowed up. They shine as workers in the field and mine and forest much more than as military men. They have never been hereditary soldiers, like so many of the Croats, and it is perhaps this want of confidence in their own military [393] prowess which has caused them to take measures that are sometimes too severe against the Austrians who are under them. The Bosnian Moslems assert that, as all their links with Turkey are now broken, they are the best Yugoslavs. But the Slovenes are also the best Yugoslavs, because they recognize that in Yugoslavia is their sole salvation. Some of us may regret that their tenacity so far outstrips their idealism. They are a careful people, as may be seen from Order No. 17024 which was issued, on December 4, 1920, by the Prefecture of Ljutomir. Referring to sequestered property, it enjoined that the Austrian owner should be allowed so much that he could live on it, but not so much as to enable him to be extravagant. They are also a relatively well-educated people; according to official statistics of 1910, 85·34 per cent. of the Slovene population know how to read and write, while their neighbours to the east, the Magyars, can only reckon 62 per cent. and the Italians of pre-war Italy, 62·4 per cent. The most backward part of the Slovene race, those of Istria, have 46·6 per cent. of illiterates, while there are Italian provinces where the illiterates amount even to 85 per cent. Rome itself counts 65 per cent.[116]

THE MONTENEGRINS AND THE SERBS

It will be profitable to compare the Montenegrins with the Serbs, because in our impatience with those persons who would keep them separate we may have seemed to imply that we believe them identical. The Serbs who maintained themselves in those mountains developed certain characteristics which differentiate them from their brothers. The Serb of the old kingdom walks, the Serb of the mountain struts. The magnificent Serbian warrior of the kingdom is so disciplined that although a Field-Marshal will sit down openly in a café and drink wine with some old comrade who is in the ranks, yet when the soldier is on duty his obedience is perfect. But if the Montenegrin private thinks that his officer has rebuked him unjustly, he will not hesitate to kill him. The Serb has a great respect for the national heroes, while every Montenegrin (for the sake [394] of brevity we will use this term instead of "Serb of Montenegro," and imply, when using the word Serb, a Serb of the old kingdom)—as we have said, a Serb respects the national heroes, while every Montenegrin has a knowledge of his own ancestors for at least a hundred years. He is a chivalrous person who wishes to be treated as at least your equal. It was the Serbs' disregard of this sentiment which now and then gave umbrage to those Montenegrins who had expected that their union with the Serbs would cause an immediate return of the golden age. This was almost as offensive to the Montenegrins as the request that they would now contribute towards the support of the army. They had always left this to the Tzar—"We and the Russians," they used to say, "are 150 millions." Not all the Montenegrins have managed to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of the clan. An amusing example of this was a major at Peć who belonged to the great Vasojević family. He gave two of us a large lorry, which was the only car he had, and advised us to start very early and to take no one with us, except a guard, as the road to Mitrovica was in a soft condition. We started off with about twenty passengers, but only one of them, a Turk, had any luggage to speak of; and after we had gone a good part of the way we were held up at a military post. A Montenegrin captain, also a member of the Vasojević, had overslept himself and ordered us by telephone to return for him. The Serbian lieutenant—who had risen from the ranks—asked at once if that order would come in writing, and when he received a negative answer he cut off the communication and wished us a happy journey. The Montenegrins also differ from the Serbs in their cultivation of the arts. They have no liking for songs of love, but say that men should only listen to the guslar and to hero-songs. They are severer and more dignified

than the Serbs, and it will be some time before the average Montenegrin throws back his head in a railway carriage and rolls out a joyous song, as I once heard a Serb do in the Banat, whereupon another Serb in the far corner—they obviously had never met—joined in the song with great heartiness. The Montenegrin says that the Serb chatters like a gipsy (though we must not forget that, as Miss Durham remarked,[117] he is hurt if things Serbian are criticized by an outsider); he [395] has been told that the Englishman is grave, like himself, and therefore he appreciates him from afar. But not many Englishmen (or Serbs) would care to indulge, like the Montenegrins, in the ceaseless recapitulation of time-honoured exploits. The younger folk are not so faithful to these ancient stories, but it is in Montenegro that performers on the one-stringed, monotonous guslar can most easily find an audience. The Serbs of the kingdom have become more eclectic in musical matters, though even with them the popular taste is in favour of the man who snores, on the grounds that he is hearty and robust. In so far as foreign influence is concerned, the Montenegrin has been to some extent affected by Italian culture, while that of Greece and Germany has acted on the Serb. But the Great War had an equally unfortunate influence on both of them. One must, however, mention that long before the War, and owing partly to Albanian influence, partly to their own struggle for existence and partly to other causes, the Montenegrins had shown themselves defective in straightforwardness. Undoubtedly they had deteriorated under the example of Nikita, but this unfortunate trait can also be discerned between the lines of the great poem, the "Gorski Venac," written in the first half of the nineteenth century. There used to be a certain amount of what we call theft in Montenegro, but the natives of that country, as of Albania, cherished rather communistic ideas; it seemed to them that they had a sort of right to that which another possessed, particularly if he was a near relative. After the War the Montenegrin was so much impoverished that he stole more freely, and the Serb, whose hands had hitherto been remarkably clean, took to the same habits and often in a very amateur fashion. Thus in a Macedonian village where a British army store had been rifled, the officers turned to the local priest, who was indignant with his people and conducted the officers into every house. Nothing was discovered, and the priest proposed that his own house should be searched. He was told that this was unnecessary, but he insisted; and when his careless wife led the way up a ladder into the loft a British officer perceived at any rate one pair of khaki breeches. The patients [396] of the Scottish Women's Hospital at Belgrade were so unpractised in the art of stealing that one of them—a typical case—returned one day to have her leg attended to, and in raising her skirt revealed on the petticoat, which had once been a tablecloth, a large "S.W.H." These felonious ways are in contrast with the usual Serb candour. One afternoon in Belgrade I was searching for a small street in a district which I had not visited before. When at last, after many inquiries, I came to within fifty yards of it I found a policeman—but it is only fair to say that the majority of the force consisted at this time of soldiers recently disbanded. When I asked him where the street might be, the good man thought a while and then, throwing back his open hand and giving up the problem in despair, said, "My God, I know not."

The wave of crime has manifested itself differently among the Serbs and the Montenegrins, in that the latter have been more primitive and have consummated their plundering by assassination—and this in a country where between 1895 and 1913 only two men were murdered for their money. In Serbia the people, even in the terrible distress after the War, did not go to such lengths. During the first half-year, the only two cases of unnatural death in the whole district of Čačak, where I spent a couple of months, were both of them suicides, an old man hanging himself on account of the death of his last remaining soldier son, and an officer's wife, who had been too friendly to an Austrian, throwing herself into a well on her husband's return. A certain village of the same district is an instance of the frequency of all those minor peccadilloes, such as drunkenness and rowdiness and so forth, which the Serbs permit themselves. There is a law which lays it down that the mayor must be a native and must be a man who never has been lodged in gaol. But that unhappy village in the Čačak region is unable to produce a single adult man with such a record.... If the Serb of the old kingdom is a more easy-going individual than his brother of the mountains it is quite erroneous to think that they dislike each other or have not resolved to come together. [397]

THE CROATS AND THE SERBS

Some of Yugoslavia's neighbours were anxious, during the months which followed the War, that we should learn how Serb and Croat were continually at each other's throat. The dissensions between the two branches of the Yugoslav family would have been much more serious and more prolonged if their neighbours had paid less attention to them. It is true that "our Serbian customs," in the words of Jaša Tomić, "come from the village, while those of the Croats come from the nobles." The humbler Croat, one may say, was an employee in a big store, while the Serb was a small trader. The Croat would naturally like to introduce the big-store system into Yugoslavia, but this the Serb does not understand. He has a greater sense of responsibility and is more careful with regard to the expenses. To the Croat, in the old Empire, it was immaterial whether the officials were more or less costly. The bill was paid by Austria, who was the foe. For some time the Croat found himself forgetting that he was in Yugoslavia. When Cardinal Bourne came to Zagreb in the spring of 1919 and the town-hall was decorated with the British, Croatian, Serbian, Slovene and the town flag, some one asked the mayor why the State flag had been omitted. He was horrified. "The State flag!" he cried. Then it dawned upon him.... Numbers of Croats have belonged to the governing class and—impelled by the Catholic religion—have displayed more devotion to the arts than to the freedom of their country. On the other hand the Serbs, a race of practical peasants, have a highly developed national consciousness. This they

owe partly to their inborn political gifts and largely to their Church, for the Orthodox religion—one may say, I think, without injustice—has more frequently shown itself, so closely is it connected with the idea of the State, to be rather of this world than of another. One should say the Orthodox religion as it flourishes in the Balkans, for when the Russian General Bobrikoff, who was attached to the person of King Milan, came back with him to Belgrade after the Peace of San Stefano, he was scandalized to see that religion had no greater share in the national rejoicings. "Accustomed as I was in my own country," he said, "to see nothing done without prayers and the [398] blessing of the Church, I was indeed astounded to observe that the priests played the part of officials even in the cathedral, and often were altogether absent." This reminds one of von Baernreiter, who wished to learn the Serbian language, so that he would be more eligible for the governorship of Bosnia. He asked his teacher at Vienna when one could hear sermons in the Serbian church, and was informed that these occurred but twice a year and that on those occasions everybody left the church. The Serb and the Bulgar have come to neglect our distinctions between that which is spiritual and that which is temporal; their religion is, in consequence of their history, so inherent a part of the nation's life that in losing it one would almost cease to be a Serb or a Bulgar. Their Church is as national as that of the Armenians.[118] This may not be an ideal state of things, but it prevailed in Spain under the Moorish oppression and in the France of Jeanne d'Arc. During the crisis of the Great War the churches in the West were everywhere national; and in Serbia it was calculated that 60 per cent. of the sermons had a pronounced national colouring....

Now with these differences between the Croat and the Serb, does it not seem strange that the vast majority of them are for union, with a part of this majority in favour of a reasonable decentralization? But if we investigate the motives of the Serbs and Croats who would thwart this union, we will see that they have nothing of that faith which, after all these centuries, has moved the Yugoslav multitude. Some of the Serbs wish to keep aloof on the ground that Serbia in the last hundred years has borne the brunt of the battle—and this, whether they were or were not faced with a more difficult situation, is acknowledged by most of the Croats, who for that reason would never dream of wishing the more modern Zagreb to supplant Belgrade. Those few Croats who are not for Yugoslavia are moved by ecclesiastical prejudice or by their longing for the privileges which the Habsburgs granted them. But those who, for various reasons, criticize the [399] central Government are by no means necessarily in favour of setting up a separate one. Whatever the impetuous Radić may have said, he is out for Yugoslavia. Still one cannot be astonished that he was sometimes misunderstood. The Zagreb students who, towards the end of 1918, came to Svetozar Pribičević with the request that he would let them kill the demagogue, were for expressing in this way what Dr. Dušan Popović, the well-known deputy, expressed in another. It was at the Zagreb Provincial Parliament that he exclaimed, in the summer of 1918, that "This idea will be victorious and therefore I say publicly, in the presence of the whole people, that I am a Croat, a Serb and a Slovene, or, if you prefer it, none of them but merely a Yugoslav." In 1914 when Stamboulüsky, the future Prime Minister of Bulgaria, was arrested and accused of Serbophilism, he declared: "I am neither Bulgar or Serb; I am a Yugoslav!" ... For at least a generation Zagreb will remain particularist, zealously preserving the differences—personal, social and religious—which distinguish her people from the dominant Serbs. The Croat officers who burned with shame at the Archduke's murder on Bosnian soil, the Croat regiments that in 1915 marched into Belgrade with bands playing and their colours flying, the Croat officials whose bread and salt came from the Habsburgs in administering Yugoslav countries during the War—all these will not forget a long, deep-rooted and honourable tradition. But Zagreb is now even as Munich was in 1866; after having been the Rome of the Yugoslav movement, the seat of its philosophy and the centre of its politics, the Croat capital has now an atmosphere of sad futility, for Belgrade is the beacon of the Yugoslav world. While comparing Zagreb with Rome one must add that she had also the misfortune to resemble Rome of the decadence—a good deal of outer polish was imparted by the Austrians, at the expense of their victims' backbone. The five centuries of Turkish domination had no such demoralizing influence upon the Serbs, especially not in the country places. In the opinion of a very close observer,[119] whom I quote, there is nothing that so thoroughly displays the dominance of Belgrade as the agrarian problem. The [400] projected reforms, which have been based on the principle that no one should own more land than he can cultivate with the aid of his family, would dispossess large numbers of big landowners in Croatia and still larger numbers of men with moderate holdings, whose compensation would be "determined hereafter." The application of these reforms has been delayed for various reasons, but nowhere at any time has it been suggested that Croatia might reject them. In the old kingdom of Serbia, with much the greater part of the land in peasant possession, it may be said that there is no agrarian problem.... Those enemies of Yugoslavia, by the way, who have hoped that the particularism of Croatia would be something altogether different from what it is, should have mingled with the crowd at Zagreb on the evening of Prince Alexander's arrival in July 1920. The Prince interrupted his dinner, came out on to the balcony and made a speech. "Draga moja bratjo Hrvati," he said—"Croatians, my dear brothers." Not for a thousand years had a ruler of Croatia addressed his people in their own tongue. One immense roar of delight broke, as the *Morning Post's* special correspondent tells us, from the assembled multitude; men fell on each other's necks, laughed, wept and kissed each other.... Such manifestations must not lead us to believe that all the internal problems of the young State are settled. Croatia (as also Slovenia) is jealous of her separate identity, suspicious to some extent of Serbia, her prestige and projects; she has no intention of allowing herself, after the hard fight against Magyarization, to be "Balkanized." But one thing was made clear by the Prince's visit: there can be no word or thought of separation.

We have spoken of the disaffection prevalent among the Croats, and on this the world has fixed its eyes, because of the large number of Croat deputies who have hitherto declined to come to Belgrade. Nevertheless there is a more general and more grievous discontent in Yugoslavia, since, after all, the Croats' attitude is of a temporary character—for it is probable that after the next general election their peculiar upbringing will not be so potent in determining their [401] sentiments towards the State. More and more will they be ready to make common cause with Serbs and Slovenes; and their criticisms, which are now so negative, will be of a more useful kind. (They will recognize, for example, that if it costs 3000 dinars to open an inn in Serbia they were not justified in protesting when the fee in Croatia was raised from 5 crowns to 5 dinars.) That Yugoslavia gives ground for criticism no one, least of all her well-wishers, deny. And those who pray that she will prosper do so for the reason that the scattered Southern Slavs have for the first time now been able—most of them at any rate—to link their arms together; and we hope that with high qualities outweighing their defects the Southern Slavs will permanently take their place among the nations. But this will not be brought about unless those ailments which they suffer from are now confronted. Serbs themselves are often saying that their little Serbia was better than this fine new country which is thrice as large. She had fewer problems, she had fewer parties, and if people were corrupt they were so on a smaller scale. Traditions which are deprecatingly called Balkan, but which were at that time suited to a Balkan country, should not be allowed to spread across a country which is so much more than Balkan. Merit does not everywhere in this imperfect world advance you automatically, but an effort is required in Yugoslavia to resist the calls of friendship in appointing men to offices. The army of officials is too numerous; yet many of them are so badly paid that even if a great reformer could reduce by half their numbers he would be inclined to lay no hand upon the total sum they now enjoy. But this necessity of cleansing the public services is not peculiar to Yugoslavia. The politicians must have courage to lay heavier taxes on the peasants: the strange phenomenon is seen of peasants who assert that they are quite prepared for this, and on the other hand of politicians who are frightened lest it lose them many votes. The peasants generally are so prosperous that some, for instance, whom I know of near Kragujevac, men occupied in growing cereals, find that the fowls which they keep rather as a hobby do not have to lay them golden eggs in order to pay all the [402] taxes. In that region it is usual nowadays for peasants not to count their bank-notes, but to weigh them; recently a man disposed of certain fields for his own weight in notes of ten dinars. The peasants are not only dissatisfied with the two chief parties, the Radicals and the Democrats, for not taxing them sufficiently—so that at the next general election they may give a good deal more support than hitherto to their own Peasants' party—but they complain that their interests are neglected although, as we have seen, the lawyers and other townsfolk of the Radical and Democrat parties are so anxious with respect to peasants' votes.

The difficult position of the Yugoslavs—observe how in the last year their exchange has fallen—is due in part to the deplorable activities of other peoples (vast amounts have had to be imported for reconstruction purposes, Rieka has been practically unavailable as a port, and conditions have been such that the Yugoslavs have had to keep a large army mobilized), partly their position is due to measures ill-advised but which they were compelled to take (such as their system of Agrarian Reform), partly to political inexperience and partly to their lack of organizing powers. Let us hope that from now onwards Yugoslavia will have to arm herself less heavily against the slings and arrows of the world, and that she will be able therefore to become a more proficient swimmer in this sea of troubles.

SERB AND BULGAR

A map of the Balkan migrations, with its curved lines leading almost everywhere, is a bewildering spectacle; but if we study the main clusters of lines we shall see that the people whose movements they chronicle have frequently preserved, in a remarkable fashion, certain common characteristics: thus a stream flowed from the south-west towards Valjevo in Serbia, and it is interesting to notice how the prominent men of that region, whose ancestors came from somewhere between Montenegro and the old frontiers of Serbia, have all of them certain characteristics—a talent for foreign languages, a subtlety of reasoning, originality but insufficient observation, and clever but fallacious minds. Similarly in the Bulgar there are qualities which [403] even now can be ascribed to the Mongol blood. The Bulgar is more stolid than the Serb; he is less given to sympathy and on that account can be cruel. The Bulgar is benevolent because he is urged by kindliness, whereas the more impressionable Serb is under the influence both of sentiment, sentimentality and sympathy. These differences of temperament—and there are others, more or less distinguishable—do not seem to Balkan thinkers any reason why the two should keep apart. And a couple of months after the Great War, during which the Bulgars, as their best friends must acknowledge, were far from irreproachable in occupied Serbia—partly this was due to the vast number of new posts for which they had no suitable men—a few months afterwards a Bulgarian engineer was placidly working among the Serbs at Čačak railway station, wearing his own uniform. And a Serbian butcher who emigrated to Bulgaria settled down at Ferdinand just before the War and has lived there unmolested up to this day, and that in spite of his not being very highly esteemed—for, as the police president told me, he had married a woman with more wealth than good fame; the president had been among her lovers.... One would not suppose that the contrasting public morality of the two countries will keep them apart. It is easy enough for us to argue that this morality is on a pretty low level, because a Bulgarian War Minister saw fit to sue, under a *nom de guerre*, a French armament firm which omitted to send him the stipulated commission; because another Minister, incarcerated on account of felony,

could be liberated by the grace of Tzar Ferdinand and become Premier; because a Serbian Minister used to buy himself corner-houses, while his Bulgarian colleagues seem to own most of the houses in Sofia. There was a minor Serbian official over against whom I took my meals for about a month; one of his ways was to produce a pocket-knife and cut his bread with it. Certain other parts of his ritual did not appeal to me, but who knows whether I did not disgust him by breaking my bread with my fingers? And who knows what sentiments were awakened some years ago at the Orthodox monastery of Gromirija, in Croatia, when a foreign guest proposed to wash [404] himself in water, though by the joyous custom of that house there was no other liquid on the premises but wine? If there is in both countries, in Serbia and Bulgaria, a movement against the cynicism which does not clothe its corruption with a decent Western drapery, that is something; if there is a further movement in the direction of probity, that is something more. And, whatever some Serbs may tell you, it is undeniable that honesty has made important strides in the public life of that kingdom, even without having added to the Statute Book those rigorous proposals of the newly-formed Peasants' party, one of which would punish a peculating official with death. It is, however, apparent that this party has not arrived at a sense of discretion, for it wants to terminate the practice of allowing pensions to officials, so that each man is obliged to make his own provision for old age. Bulgaria, the younger country, has made a proportionate progress; there is trustworthy German evidence to the effect that the corrupt Radoslavoff Government was despised by the people, not in the hour of disaster but in 1916, when the Bulgarian soldiers changed the words of an anti-Serb song and instead of "Our old allies are brigands" proclaimed that "the Liberals are brigands." This German, Dr. Helmut von den Steinen, the correspondent of the *Nordeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (in which he was bound to speak favourably of Radoslavoff) used to deliver propaganda lectures in the Bulgarian language at Sofia during the War. He was very well acquainted with Bulgarian affairs and being summoned to Berlin at the end of 1917 he made a speech[120] *in camera* to a committee of German savants and artists. In the course of this he lamented that his country had attached herself to Radoslavoff, who, said he, was hated and would at the next elections be swept away.

As one must repeat *ad nauseam*, the gulf between Serb and Bulgar has not been caused by an extreme divergence of their private or their public morals, academically considered, but by the [405] various incidents which in the eyes of each of them testified to the other's depravity. And at the bottom of it all was Macedonia—Macedonia which now, being wisely administered, will be the foundation-stone of Yugoslavia.

At the end of his book, *Balkan Problems and European Peace*, Mr. Noel Buxton agrees that such a Yugoslav Federation has become a practical possibility. But his two alternative proposals with respect to what should meanwhile be the fate of Macedonia would indefinitely postpone that Federation. We have already dealt with the proposal of autonomy, put forward also by Mr. Leland Buxton. As for what Mr. Noel Buxton calls the ideal solution—"a plebiscite conducted by an impartial international commission over the whole of the historical province of Macedonia"—this is aiming no higher than at a perpetuation of the two distinct countries, Serbia and Bulgaria. We should probably have had more plebiscites in Europe if more Allied armies had been available, but the campaign of intimidation and every sort of ruthlessness which occurred in Upper Silesia and Schleswig make us look rather askance upon this method of registering the popular will. Mr. Buxton airily asks for a plebiscite over the whole of the historical province of Macedonia, ignoring altogether the special difficulty that "Macedonia" means something quite different to the Serb, the Bulgar and the Greek. He dismisses likewise the universal difficulty of plebiscites, which is to be just in laying down the limits of the various regions. But there is really no need for Mr. Buxton to take us on to those quagmires, since he knows, and is good enough to tell us, what the result of the plebiscite will be. "The Bulgarian sympathies," says he, "of the mass of the Macedonian population are apparent to every inquiring traveller." If Mr. Buxton were to encounter one of those pretty lawless Karakačan nomads, who from the Monastir district wander all over the Balkans, his recognition of the man's Roman and Thraco-Illyrian descent would be facilitated by the permanent cheesy odour which pervades his person. There is nothing so permanent about the Macedonian Slav. His sympathies, as is natural, have gone out to that [406] Balkan country which cultivated him and since, as Dr. Milovanović, the Serbian statesman, says, "the Serbs did not begin to think about Macedonia till 1885," it would indeed have been extraordinary if the Macedonian Slavs—whose ethnical position, as scientists agree, is such a vague one—had been generally drawn to Serbia. One cannot help feeling that in this book Mr. Buxton does a serious disservice to his reputation as a Balkan expert. He says that Serbia until the accession of King Peter was Austrophil; which is, to put it mildly, a very sweeping remark—only that party which called itself Progressive was identified with Milan's views. He praises the Bulgars for being devoted to their national Church, and praises them for producing a large number of Protestants, whose sincerity, etc., so that one presumes he would have praised them still more if the whole nation, as was once on the cards, had joined the Protestant Church. Save me from my friends! the Bulgars might say. What is perfectly sincere about them is their patriotism; and while some of those who now change their religion have doubtless no ulterior, personal motive, the entire country would probably have as little reluctance as Japan in adopting any religion which, like the Exarchist Church of to-day, would be an instrument of the national cause. Mr. Buxton's knowledge of the Balkan protagonists has its limitations; for example, prior to Bulgaria's entry into the War he was all for the removal of the British Minister on account of his pro-Serbian sympathies, but he says no word about M. Savinsky, the Russian Minister, who was left by his Entente colleagues to play the first violin. This capricious gentleman was no diplomat, but a courtier. He did not even protest when German munitions for Turkey passed through Roumania, and far too much of his time was spent in motoring with pretty girls in the

neighbourhood of Sofia. Many good observers were of opinion that with a more competent Russian representative, such as M. Nekludoff, who in 1914 was transferred to Stockholm, the situation would have been saved. In their memorandum submitted in January 1915 to Lord (then Sir Edward) Grey, Messrs. N. and C. R. Buxton said that their experience of fifteen years convinced them that the Bulgarian sentiment of the Macedonians could not in a short time be [407] made to give way to another national sentiment. If we rule out, as being slaves of circumstance, all the Macedonians who now tell you that from Bulgar they have changed to Serb, there is no reason why we should not credit those who are so weary of the rival activities of both parties that they wish for peace and nothing else. They would follow, not the Messrs. Buxton, but the priest of the Bulgarian village of Chuprenia, who told me that he held that one might pray to God for the success of the Bulgarian arms, without saying whether they were in the right or in the wrong. After the end of the war this priest sent a telegram, which was perhaps a little indiscreet, advocating that the Bulgarian people should join in Yugoslavia.

To prevent the Southern Slavs being torn by internal strife, it is necessary between Serbia and Bulgaria that one of them should for a time be paramount. We may be confident that Serbia will not abuse her position. In fact it is the opinion of a Roumanian lady at Monastir that the Serbs were uncommonly rash in taking into their service so many who once had called themselves Bulgars and now maintain that they are Serbs. But Serbia has become relatively so strong that she can be indulgent. She will even satisfy that Bulgarian professor who is said to have discussed the Macedonian question with the British military attaché.

The attaché suggested a division between Serbia and Bulgaria.

"No," said the professor; "let the country remain a whole, like the child before Solomon."

"Would you be satisfied?" asked the attaché, "if this question were now decided once and for all?"

"Yes," said the professor, "if the judge be another Solomon."

Among the Bulgars who are looking forward to the day when their country will, in some form or other, join Yugoslavia, there are some who suggest that when comparative tranquillity has been assured upon the Macedonian frontiers (that is to say, between Macedonia and the Albanians) it would be as well to garrison the province with Croatian regiments, pending the employment in [408] their own country of Macedonian troops. Gradually the time will come when, as one of the units of the Yugoslav State, Macedonia will enjoy the same amount of Home Rule as the other provinces. She will then, maybe, decide for herself such matters as the preservation of her dialects, local administration, police, etc.

Once on the banks of the Danube when I was going to sail from one of these countries to her neighbour with whom she had recently been at war, and some of the inhabitants had kindly come to see me off, I was presented, amongst other things, with an old gentleman's good wishes, which he had taken the trouble to express in French and in verse. I believe that he recited them, but there was a considerable tumult on the landing-stage. Then a very angry traveller appropriated one of my ears and began to tell me that they were for detaining him in this country; three or four natives of the country reported, simultaneously, into my other ear that he had been letting off his revolver and was altogether a dangerous man. I was to settle whether he should sail or not, and meanwhile his luggage had been put ashore. He waved his passport in my face. Both he and his opponents were gesticulating with great violence, and this they continued to do even after I filled their hands with most of the small and large bouquets which the friendly people had brought down for me. There was so much noise that the boat's whistle, which the captain started, was no more than a forest-tree soaring slightly over those around it. As I tried to disentangle myself from those who encircled me I caught sight of the old gentleman of the poem—in appearance he was a smaller edition of the late Dr. Butler of Trinity; he was clearly nervous lest I should depart without his lines, which he extended towards me, written on the back of one of his visiting-cards. I was just then being told by the agitated traveller that he had only been firing into the air because it was Easter, and that this was his invariable custom at midnight on Easter-Eve. The explanation was so satisfactory that everyone welcomed my suggestion that he should sail and that they should send his revolver on to him by parcel post. They all shook hands with him. [409] The two nationalities were on excellent terms. And we may transfer the old gentleman's good wishes to them and the other Yugoslavs:

> Oh! la belle journée de votre bonheur,
> Souhaitons votre bon voyage tout-à-l'heure.
> Couronné de grands succès du ciel je vous implore,
> Allegrèsse, santé et prosperité je vous augure.

FOOTNOTES:

[410]

[116] Cf. *Modern Italy*, by Giovanni Borghese. Paris, 1913.

[117] Cf. *Through the Lands of the Serb*.

[118] Cf. *The Children of the Illuminator*, by Bishop Nicholai Velimirović. London, 1919.

[119] *Edinburgh Review*, July 1920 (anonymous).

[120] Subsequently printed as a pamphlet with the title, *Die Ausgestaltung des deutschen Kultur-Einflusses in Bulgarien*. This was printed by the Opposition parties in Sofia, who to circumvent the censor gave out that it was written by an Englishman against Bratiano.

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[411]

(*The Names of Books, Newspapers, and Ships are in Italics.*)

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Please hover your mouse over the words with a thin dotted red line underneath them for seeing what the original reads, or a transliteration of a Greek word.

Obvious printer's errors have been fixed. See below for the more detailed list.

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Fixed issues

page 007—inserted a missing apostrophe after 'Italians'
page 009—typo fixed: changed 'weapoms' to 'weapons'
page 014—typo fixed: changed 'as' to 'a'

page 048—typo fixed: changed 'thay' to 'they'
page 054—typo fixed: changed 'hold' to 'held'
page 077—typo fixed: changed 'Corriera' to 'Corriere'
page 094—typo fixed: changed a comma to a period after 'repression'
page 094—typo fixed: changed a period to a comma after 'lend their men'
page 146—typo fixed: changed 'aproached' to 'approached'
page 147—typo fixed: changed 'permittep' to 'permitted'
page 172—removed an extra opening bracket in front of 'There are places'
page 181—typo fixed: changed 'If was' to 'It was'
page 189—typo fixed: changed 'Montengrins' to 'Montenegrins'
page 196—removed an extra opening bracket in front of 'As for large'
page 197—removed an extra closing bracket after '100 lire'
page 209—typo fixed: inserted a missing period after 'per cent'
page 222—typo fixed: 'YUGLOSLAVIA' changed to 'YUGOSLAVIA'
page 317—typo fixed: changed 'irode' to 'rode'
page 343—typo fixed: changed 'Yulgosav' to 'Yugoslav'
page 371—typo fixed: changed 'persumably' to 'presumably'
page 377—typo fixed: changed a comma to a period after 'less regarded'
page 408—typo fixed: changed 'preservaiton' to 'preservation'
page 411—inserted a missing comma after 'Books'

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE BIRTH OF YUGOSLAVIA, VOLUME 2 ***

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