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THE AUSTRO-RUSSIAN NOTE.

Last month was marked by a series of interviews between the Rulers and Foreign Ministers of Britain, Russia, Austria, Germany and Italy; and the outcome of these deliberations was the despatch on Sept. 28 of a strong note from Austria and Russia (as the mandatories of the Powers) to the Governments of Athens, Sofia and Belgrade. At last, say the two Powers, they have discovered the cause of the incomprehensible anarchy and racial strife of which Macedonia has long been the theatre! "It is all on account of a misinterpretation of Clause III of the Mürsteg programme, which provides for an ultimate delimitation of racial spheres in Macedonia." Owing to this misunderstanding, we are solemnly assured, the Christian nations of the Balkan Peninsula have departed from "the state of fraternal peace which they used to enjoy" before the appearance of the notorious Clause III, and have embarked upon a war of mutual extermination, so as to "gain ground for their respective races, and secure the inclusion of the ground thus gained in the racial spheres, eventually to be mapped out." And thus they nullify all the "sage and disinterested endeavours" of the Great Powers to settle the Macedonian Question.

Clause III. of the Mürsteg programme is as follows:—"*As soon as the pacification of the country shall have been ascertained, the Ottoman Government shall be requested to modify the territorial delimitation of Administrative Districts, in the sense of a more regular grouping of the various races.*"

Now, as we have repeatedly shewn in these columns, the conflict of races, in the Balkan Peninsula generally and especially in Macedonia, by no means dates from the inauguration of the Mürsteg scheme. On the contrary, it is a deep-rooted strife, of which the origin goes back to remote antiquity, and of which the present acute form is at least ten years old—dating from the period of Greek weakness consequent upon the unfortunate issue of the Greco-Turkish war. In that period the Bulgarians took advantage of the feeble and disorganised state of their chief (and previously all-powerful) adversaries, the Greeks, and resorted to every kind of violent and criminal means towards the realisation of the long cherished scheme of Panslavism—the Big Bulgaria of San Stefano. The ambitious, aggressive and unscrupulous policy of the Bulgarians naturally aroused the indignation and resentment of the Greek (and also, we may add, of the Servian) element in Macedonia. After many vain protests and appeals to the Porte and also to the Great Powers, the Greeks were obliged to achieve their self-preservation from Bulgarian aggression by armed defence and retaliation.

The Great Powers have never done anything to remove the real causes of racial struggle. The meagre scheme of reforms which they have designed *on paper* for the amelioration of Turkish misrule—the eternal source of disorder and racial strife—is admitted by everybody to have been a complete failure. Even if we concede that the Powers are sincere in their desire for reform, it is certain that their negligence and blundering has rendered the situation in Macedonia worse than it has ever been. Now more than ever it is necessary thoroughly to understand the problem and to face it with firmness and impartiality, in order to secure at least the absolute essentials of "liveable" conditions in the unhappy country, and to prevent a possible general European conflagration.

Clause III. of the Mürsteg programme has not in the slightest degree contributed to the longstanding struggle of races, nor would any modification of this clause have the slightest influence in moderating the strifes. Probably nineteen-twentieths of the Macedonian population, leaders and members of bands included, have never heard of this wonderful clause. To imagine, therefore, that any good can be done by talking about this clause, is simply indulging in self-deception and a mockery of the feelings of the people concerned, and of European public opinion. Any such trifling on the part of the Great Powers is not merely unworthy of their dignity and humanity. It is an unwise and dangerous playing with edged tools: the matter is one in which self-deception or ill considered action may lead to very serious international complications.

The Macedonian question presents difficulties enough, but these are by no means insuperable if the complications are faced and their causes fairly investigated. The first of these causes is the incorrigible Turkish misrule, under which the Christians are

oppressed, justice is denied, trade and development of natural resources impeded and almost entirely prevented, property, life and honour unsafeguarded; and in no one of these respects has the intervention of the Powers produced any substantial amelioration. Russia and Austria, acting on the mandate of the six Great Powers—a mandate which we are bound to condemn in the strongest terms, since it is known that Russia and Austria are, for reasons of their own, unwilling to see any reforms carried out—have undertaken the responsibility of setting these matters right—though, to be sure, the execution of real reforms is not so simple a business as the writing of recriminatory notes to Athens, Sofia and Belgrade.

Another source of difficulty lies in the ambitions of the Christian States of the Balkans, and in the conflict of armed bands belonging to the different nationalities. Now we do not propose in this place to enter into a wearisome discussion of the precise degree of blame to be attached to each of the nationalities; the whole subject is deplorable, and we would gladly see every band of each nationality cleared out of Macedonia. But there are certain facts which we are bound to point out:—

1. The intervention of armed bands was begun by the Bulgarian Committees in 1897, and *numbers of Bulgarian bands overran the country for seven years before the first Greek band appeared* in 1904 (the Servian bands also appeared about the same time as the Greeks);

2. The Bulgarian bands were and are aggressive—directed against Greek (and Servian) villages and individuals; the Greek bands have always been defensive, directed against not Bulgarian villages, but Bulgarian bands which were attacking Greek districts;

3. The Greek bands have repeatedly shown their defensive character by refraining from action as soon as all Bulgarian bands have left a district. Whenever the Greek bands have so ceased, there has invariably been a recrudescence of Bulgarian activity.[1] *If once the Bulgarian bands were cleared out of Macedonia, the Greek bands would undoubtedly disappear of their own accord;*

4. The Bulgarian bands have been fostered and directed by the Bulgarian Government, and in turn, the Bulgarian Government's Panslavistic schemes (which provides its reasons for armed action in Macedonia) have the support of certain Powers. [Bulgarians apologists have long denied the complicity of the Government in the action of the bands. In confirmation, we need only refer to the disclosures made by Messrs. Natchovitch and Michailowsky, both of whom speak from full knowledge of the aims of Bulgarian ministers. In the present number we publish accounts of the disclosures made by the distinguished ex-Minister, and also by Mr. Michailowsky; our readers will see that the complicity of the Bulgarian Government is placed beyond doubt];

5. An abuse of the European press has been the repeated statement that Greek bands are chiefly responsible for the present condition of Macedonia; and on the occasion of the recent note, several Russian papers had the impertinence to maintain that the note should have been sent to Athens alone, and that Sofia and Belgrade ought not to have been subjected to a needless affront. Now the published statistics prove that far more Bulgarian comitadjis than Greek or Servian partisans are killed in Macedonia, both by the Turkish troops and in encounters of rival bands. Moreover, among the Bulgarian killed a large proportion is always found bearing the uniform of Bulgarian officers and soldiers. It is thus clear that not only are the Bulgarian bands the most numerous, but also that they are manned from the Government forces. So long as these facts are so, it is not only unjust to hold the Greeks responsible; it is also useless to ask them to abstain from self-defence in the face of such aggressiveness.

In the past, Bulgarian opinion, especially in Government circles, has been chauvinistic and aggressive, indisposed to make the slightest concession. We cannot say whether the recent revelations of ministerial complicity in the atrocities of the bands has modified the feelings of the Bulgarian people and made them inclined to listen to reason, but we are at any rate certain that Greece would most heartily welcome any evidence that the Powers are prepared to deal with the problem in a firm and unprejudiced manner. If an impartial commission were appointed by the Great Powers to examine the just claims of the different races, and if the two Mandatory Powers shewed any inclination and any capacity for introducing real reforms in Macedonia, we are convinced that there would be less reason to complain of the activities of nationalist bands.

As things are, the Macedonian Christians have been deluded, betrayed and left to their fate by the Powers. Instead of Austria and Russia sending a "strong note" to Athens, Sofia, and Belgrade, it would be more just for Greece to address a protest and remonstrance to those who have undertaken to work unceasingly for a solution of the question, but who in reality are doing all in their power to further complicate and embitter the present embroilment.

One of the two mandatory Powers, Russia, is largely responsible for fomenting the disturbances in Macedonia. It was at the Shipka Pass celebrations in 1902 that the notorious General Ignatieff, with his following of Grand Dukes and Generals, inflamed Bulgarian imaginations with his talk of the "Big Bulgaria of San Stefano," and so led to the renewed activity of the Bulgarian bands and to the so-called insurrection of 1902. Now again we see the same factors at work in the visit of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who has granted audience to the leaders of Committees, and has assured them that, thanks to Russian activities, Big Bulgaria will in the near future become an accomplished fact. Without committing ourselves to the absolute acceptance of all the rumours of a military convention and alliance, we can say without doubt that Russian action is once more reviving Bulgarian ambitions. It is noteworthy that the Grand Duke Vladimir's visit to Sofia synchronised with the delivery of the Joint Note. We need not be unduly suspicious to see in this coincidence an evidence of the fact that Russia, while professing to join the Powers in their demand for reform, is really playing her own game behind their back.

It is a mockery to lay stress on trifling matters such as Clause III. of the Mürsteg programme, when the Powers allow their own mandatories to embark upon such disruptive schemes, and so far from counteracting these schemes, do not take them into consideration, and even pretend to be ignorant of their existence.

[1] Thus in Sept., 1906, the Greek bands withheld from all action for a time. The result was, that chiefly around Drama 36 Greeks were murdered within a month, while only 7 Bulgarians fell in reprisal. Again, in August and September of this year, the Greek bands quieted down, hoping that the Bulgarians would follow their example and that some agreement might be arrived at. The consequence has been an increased Bulgarian activity. In one case alone—at the purely Greek village of Negovani in Monastir—a band of over 200 Bulgarian comitadjis appeared, burned 36 buildings, killed at least 13 Greek peasants including 8 women (7 burned alive), and wounded a large number of others. There have been many other recent outrages of like nature.

A Letter from the Bishop of Gibraltar to Professor N. Kasasis.

BUCHAREST,
Oct. 4, 1907.

PROF. N. KASASIS.

MY DEAR SIR,

I write to thank you for the copy of your book, *Greeks and Bulgarians*, which I suppose I owe to your kindness, and which I have just read with much interest.

I have no doubt at all that the information which has reached us in the West during the last year or two has come too exclusively from Bulgarian sources, and it is good to have an opportunity of hearing what is to be said on the other side.

But I confess that whether other Nations can interfere with advantage is still, to my mind, a further question.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,
W. E. GIBRALTAR.

HOTEL CECIL, STRAND, W.C.,
LONDON,
October 23rd, 1907.

TO THE MOST REVEREND LORD BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.

MY LORD,

I have received your kind letter of October 4 from Bucharest in which you were good enough to inform me that you had received and read with interest my book entitled "Greeks and Bulgarians in the 19th and 20th Centuries."

I thank you most heartily for doing me the honour of reading and giving me your opinion upon my book.

As you truly observe, during the last two years information received in England has been too exclusively drawn from Bulgarian sources. May I add that this news has been transmitted to Europe mostly through European channels and its Bulgarian origin thus concealed, that public opinion might the more easily be poisoned and deceived. For this we Greeks have no doubt largely ourselves to blame, since we did not come forward to point out the truth. It is mainly on this account that my book was published, and I venture to hope that public opinion will be fixed upon the events which have taken place within the last few years in the Bulgarian Principality, so that the truth may become known.

Allow me however to differ from the opinion, expressed in the second part of your Lordship's letter, that there is no hope of other European Nations interesting themselves in the sorrowful matter. But, if the statements which I set forth are really true and if, as is proved by unimpeachable evidence, Bulgarian as well as foreign, whether the initiative is due to the Government or to other agencies, the Bulgarian Government has collaborated directly or indirectly in these crimes owing to which numerous Greek populations of Eastern Roumelia are scattered in exile to the four quarters of the earth, ought this not to sting the conscience of all civilized men and especially of the ministers of that religion which teaches love and mutual succour among mankind. And does not it become their duty to offer their solemn protest? And is not this especially in accordance with the traditions of the British people?

British history abounds with such noble examples. Not to refer to older instances, I may mention Mr. Gladstone's famous demonstrations against the King of Naples ("The Scourge") and also to the same statesman's protest with regard to the Turkish atrocities on the Bulgarians in Eastern Roumelia. I would also remind you of the questions recently asked in the House of Commons about the not very eminently humanitarian character of Belgian administration in Africa. Have the Greeks of Eastern Roumelia less rights before Europe than the negroes of the Dark Continent? I appeal to your Lordship's well known noble and straight-forward humanity.

If you find my denunciations against the Bulgarian Government to be well-founded, do you not agree with me that Europe would do well to appoint a commission of impartial, just and trustworthy enquirers to examine the matter calmly and conscientiously on the spot? If the investigations of such a Commission should confirm my denunciations is it not imposed upon the conscience of the civilized world to arouse itself in protest against this model State which organizes such horrible atrocities in Europe itself?

Will your Lordship not rouse your voice and demand justice? Be sure that history, that conscience of the centuries, will honour, praise and applaud your Lordship.

I am, your Lordship's faithful servant,
N. KASASIS.

Bulgarian Policy in Macedonia.

The Natchovitch Revelations.

FROM SOFIA.

Recent Bulgarian Policy in Macedonia—Uncertainty of Purpose and Methods, Failure, Dissensions and Recriminations.

No one, who has followed the course of recent events in Bulgaria, can fail to have observed that for some time past the Macedonian Policy of Bulgaria has been a subject of divided and conflicting counsels. For ten years Bulgaria has pursued a presumptious and ambitious policy in Macedonia: her efforts have been vigorous and persistent, but ill-advised and criminal, and now they are bearing their natural fruit—violent intestinal strife in the annexionist committees, division, desertion, treason, untimely revelations and compromising polemics and recriminations in the press and on the platform. Some proclaim that affairs have been conducted maladroitly and imprudently, and they assert that the funds raised for the benefit of the Macedonians have been misapplied. Those accused of mismanagement and crime retort that their accusers are, by their unreasonable revelations, simply compromising the National cause. Some are convinced that Bulgarian aims can only be realised by a moderate and peaceful policy, and they demand the immediate recall of the bands supported by Bulgaria in Macedonia: others loudly advocate a diametrically opposite course. From time to time accounts have been published of these divisions, which have resulted naturally from the non-success of Bulgarian aims in Macedonia, and quite recently Mr. Michailowsky has in a public speech expressed his strong disapproval of the vagaries of the very committee over which he himself presided four years[1] ago: the activity of the Comitadjis he now denounces as foolish and criminal.

Mr. Natchovitch's Denunciations.

Another prominent Bulgarian has now come forward to disavow the action of the bands. This is Mr. Natchovitch, a statesman who is widely and justly known for

[1]The present article was in the printer's hands before we received the full text of Mr. Michailowsky's utterances. A report of Mr. Michailowsky's speeches has now come to hand and is dealt with in the present issue, under the heading *Mr. Michailowsky and Bulgarian Policy*.

his caution and perspicacity; and whose wise and tactful diplomacy during the troubled times of 1903 (when he was a Bulgarian representative in Constantinople) was the only thing which saved his country from entering, ill-prepared, upon a disastrous conflict with Turkey.

Mr. Natchovitch is the advocate of a peaceful policy. He does not consider that his country has anything to gain from its obstinate attempts to conquer Macedonia by violent means. There are many men in Bulgaria who have come to think thus, but not all of these dare proclaim their opinions aloud. Mr. Natchovitch began by putting forth his views in a series of articles, signed *Obrecho*, in the *Balkanska Tribuna*. In these articles, which took the form of "Correspondence from Constantinople," many of the statements are put into the mouth of one "Mehemet Bey," a secretary in the Turkish Foreign Office, who is presumably a purely imaginary person.

Bulgarian Government Charged with Complicity.

In the first of these articles, the Government is severely taken to task for favouring the action of the bands—many bands are cited as having recently penetrated into Turkish territory. In the third article,[2] the author puts into the mouth of his imaginary interlocutor the following statements:—

"You began by the usurpation of Eastern Roumelia, and you are trying to follow that up by seizing the whole of Macedonia, so as to make the Bulgaria of San Stephano."

"But the time for that sort of thing is past. As M. Clemenceau recently said in the French Chamber. 'Patriotism does not consist in brag and bluster.' Bulgarian patriotism does, however, and the patriotism of your revolutionary committees. First your ministers establish committees for the liberation of Macedonia; then the committees establish newspapers, organise lectures, congresses, meetings, send addresses to the Great Powers, manufacture bombs, import dynamite from Belgium. It is all brag and bluster and noise. Your ministers can do nothing but make a great noise.'

The writer keeps up the illusion by interposing an objection to these remarks of his imaginary interlocutor's.

"I interrupted the Bey, observing that the committees are the work of the *Macedonian Organisation*—of the population and not of the government."

"Oh, he replied, we are speaking *entre nous* and we may as well be perfectly frank. I repeat, your ministers are at the back of all this. At Varna, when the mob was going to seize the Greek schools and hospitals, there were gendarmes present. At Anchialos, officers and soldiers were among the rabble which burned and looted the houses. At Sofia, when there is going to be a meeting, the gendarmes go from shop to shop, ordering the proprietors to close the shops and present themselves at the meeting, and the heads of the departments give the same orders to their subordinates—These details are to be found in the reports of all the Consuls: I myself have seen many of the consular reports in which they are mentioned. Your present Minister of War[3] has sent out subscription forms for a Macedonian loan—if you care to come to my office, I can shew you several of these forms at this moment. The forms are distributed by agents, who, revolver in hand, force the Jews and Koutzovlachs to accept the bonds. I know from certain information, that in the time of the Ivantcheff cabinet you were within an ace of war with Roumania, owing to the pillage and maltreatment of Roumanian subjects in Sofia. Your ministers were clearly backing up the action of the anti-Roumanian bands, for they were willing to support them to the brink of war.

"Encouraged in Government circles, the comitadjis set about advertising their existence. They blew up with dynamite the French liner *Guadalquivir* and an Austrian ship in the Black Sea. They blew up the Ottoman Bank, which is a French institution, and they destroyed bridges, trains and railways belonging to various European Companies—These are only a few of their senseless depradations. Diplomatists in Constantinople are asking: "On whom does Sofia wish to make war, on Turkey or on Europe?"

Proof of Government's Complicity.

Further on the author investigates the question, 'who is mainly responsible for the troubles in Macedonia?' Still speaking through his imaginary mouthpiece, the Turk Mehemet Bey, he gives an account of the discussion held in Sofia, some months ago, between Munir Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador in Paris, and certain Bulgarian ministers—Ratcho Petroff, at that time President of the Council, Petkoff, Minister of the Interior, and two other members of the Cabinet. Munir Pasha, on behalf of the Porte, complained of the action of the Sofia committees, of their meetings which were held under the eyes of the authorities and with their knowledge, and of the bands armed by the committees. The Bulgarian Ministers replied that: "It only depended on the Porte to put an end to all that," as though by enchantment, and to restore order in Macedonia. The means being that "the Porte permit the Exarch to create a Synod and a mixed Council." The Turkish envoy having expressed doubts as to how far this concession could affect the action of the comitadjis, Ratcho Petroff replied that "The Bulgarian Government would have no difficulty in keeping them quiet." "But there are comitadjis in Macedonia also," urged Munir Pasha. "Leave that to us," said Petkoff. "Only give us the Synod and we will settle the comitadjis." As Munir Pasha continued to find difficulties, Petkof went on: —

"We have our men all over Macedonia. All of them obey us and us alone. If we order them to keep quiet they will not move an inch, for they are entirely dependent upon us."

And the "Turkish Bey" of the revelations concludes with the remark: "And so, as you see, the committees are simply instruments in the hands of your Ministers."

Official dismay; attempted denials, Mr. Natchovitch refutes the Government's apologists.

The effect produced by these revelations can readily be imagined. They gave rise to many searchings of art in Government circles. Mr. Daskaloff, editor of the official *Vetcherna Pochta*, was commissioned to reply. He began by declaring that the pseudonym *Obrecho* concealed the personality of Mr. Natchovitch (the fact was at that time open to some doubt), and that the dialogues with the Turkish official had been invented by him—doubtless in order to enable the author to speak his mind more clearly. Daskaloff made a violent attack on the ex-diplomat, and sought to overwhelm him in a tempest of abuse.

Mr. Natchovitch has just published his reply.[4] Daskaloff had charged him with "publishing statements compromising to the Nation." He retorts by a general attack on the Stamboulovists, and on his side accuses the *Vetcherna Pochta* of having afforded Turkey a veritable mine of information as to the doings of the committee in Bulgaria and in Macedonia, etc. In this connection, Mr. Natchovitch states that, while he was Bulgarian Representative in Constantinople, Tahsin Pasha, the Sultan's Chief Secretary, used regularly to lay before him extracts from articles which considerably embarrassed the progress of Turco-Bulgarian negotiations.

Sham Patriotism and real Lawlessness.

In another place, Mr. Natchovitch, discussing the anti-Hellenic movement, compares the misdeeds which have characterised this movement, with a certain episode of the French Revolution, as described by Buchey.—"The "mob attacked and pillaged the mansion of a wealthy "aristocrat, then marched away, each of the assailants

2 *Balkanska Tribuna*, Nos. 221 and 222.

3 General Nicolaieff.

4 In the *Balkanska Tribuna*, No. 232, July 31, Aug. 13, 1907.

"holding both hands high in the air, as a sign that he "was bearing nothing away, and that not robbery, but "solely vengeance was the motive of his action." Mr. Natchovitch comments:—

"At Rustchuk, Philippopolis, Anchialos and other places, Mr. Daskaloff's heroic friends brought waggons, which they piled up with goods and furniture from the sack of private Hellenic citizens. Buchey taught me long ago to distrust a "patriotism" which is lucrative to the patriots; he taught me that pillage and robbery often masquerade in the garb of patriotism." He concludes by classing together journalists of the stamp of Daskaloff and Radeff, comitadjis like Sarafoff, and such Ministers as Petroff and Ghennadieff who "up to yesterday built castles in the air and lost themselves in the clouds of vain imaginings, while to-day their path is through foul mire—and blood."

For five whole years they have exploited the State, the people, the patriotism of officers and citizens, and the unsuspecting ingenuousness of youths and heroes. They have misapplied funds collected for the benefit of the suffering Macedonians, purchasing arms to support sedition and banditism.

But now it is time for them to realise that they have pursued a wrong course, and that their criminal and ill-advised policy can lead to no good result. Instead of seeking to trample underfoot and drown in blood the rights of others—Greeks in particular, but also all the other races of Macedonia—the Bulgarians would be wiser to shew themselves a little more conciliatory and a little less exclusive.

These counsels are beginning more and more to prevail wherever the state of affairs is calmly considered. In previous letters I have had occasion to point out in what terms certain Bulgarian organs have demanded the recall of the bands supported by the principality and operating in Macedonia. The Government however seems more than ever to encourage the bands, if we may judge from the moral and material support which it continues to extend to the revolutionary annexionist committees.

Touching Sir Edward Grey's recent declarations and the articles which have lately appeared in the *Times*, the *Balkanska Tribuna* writes (Aug. 5):—

"And since the situation is thus clearly set forth, it "only remains for us to follow the counsels of those who "sincerely desire the pacification of the country (Mace-"donia). In that way we shall facilitate the task of the "Powers in their efforts to insure order and tranquillity, "and we shall also deprive the Turks, the Greeks, and "Servians of their principal means of justifying their "policy. These wishes are shared by the people of "Macedonia, who have suffered so deeply from the "crimes committed by the bands."

But, says the *Balkanska Tribuna*, the Stamboulovist party, which is at present in power, is not disposed to follow this policy, which would make for peace, and be "at the same time favourable to the true interests of Bul-"garia." On the contrary, "As soon as the situation in "Macedonia begins to assume a more peaceful com-"plexion, the Stamboulovists, faithful to their own private "interests, recommence the work of banditism." And in consequence, European public opinion demands that pressure shall be exerted alike on Constantinople, on Sofia, and on Athens, for "let the Stamboulovists conceal their "actions as they will from Bulgarian inquiry, these "actions are perfectly well-known to all who closely "follow Macedonian affairs."

Admissions by Government Organs—"Out of thy own mouth thou art convicted."

The fact is, everybody is well aware that there are in Macedonia Bulgarian bands, recruited and equipped within the territory of the Principality. No one denies this except those whose interest it is to deny it—the Government, its organs and instruments and also, in Western Europe, certain people who are wilfully blind or excessively credulous.

The mouthpiece of the Cabinet, the *Vetcherna Pochta*, would have us believe that there is not a Bulgarian band, not a Bulgarian bandit, not the shadow of a Bulgarian comitadji in the whole of Macedonia. Nevertheless, when the English Colonel Elliott was captured by the Bulgarian band under Daeff, it was actually in the columns of the *Vetcherna Pochta* that the "Interior Organisation" itself published its now notorious manifesto. Now, Mr. Daskaloff, the chauvinist editor of the *Vetcherna Pochta*, has forgotten the very existence of those Bulgarian bands and their organisers, whom he himself, in publishing the above-mentioned manifesto, charged with bringing discredit upon the Bulgarian cause.

Moreover, the same journal published in its issue of August 19, a message from the committee concerning crimes ("reprisals," the *Vetcherna Pochta* called them) perpetrated by the Bulgarians upon the Greeks in the district of Drama. According to this communication, within a fortnight five Bulgarians were murdered by Greeks, and "in revenge the Bulgarians burned two "houses in Mandilovo, and there killed eight Greeks "besides injuring four others. They also burned a house "at Chitinos, and killed six Greek peasants and eight "others at Klepousna." It would appear then, that the murder of five Bulgarians was avenged upon the bodies of nineteen Greek victims. And this information, be it noted, comes not from a Greek source, but from the "Interior Organisation" itself, which not only cloaks its crimes under the guise of vengeance, but also invariably exaggerates the number of "Bulgarian victims," in order to draw away attention from the numbers of Greeks who have fallen to the poignards of the agents of the Interior Oganisation.[5]

The Petroff—Natchovitch Controversy.

SOFIA, SEPT. 5, 1907.

More Government denials—Mr. Petroff enters the arena.

Among others implicated by Mr. Gregory Natchovitch's recent revelations was Mr. Ratcho Petroff, formerly President of the Council, who has just published a reply.[6] Mr. Petroff asserts that "Mr. Natchovich's acceptance of the "post of Bulgarian Diplomatic Agent in Constantinople "was not due to any patriotic motive—for if that had been "the case, he would not previously have resisted the Prince's "entreaties that he should go to Constantinople—it was "because he was the candidate preferred by the Ottoman "Commissioner of the time, Ali Ferouh Bey."

Was it or was it not owing to the Anchialos atrocities that Mr. Natchovitch left his post? asks Mr. Petroff, and then proceeds to answer his own question:—

"Mr. Natchovitch had no responsibility for the actions "of the Interior administration. My own views as to "the unfortunate incident (!) at Anchialos, and as to the "extent to which both sides were responsible (!!!), are "well known. Everyone will remember my 'threats' (!) "to the *patriots*, and it will also be remembered that the "occasion gave rise to a conflict between the mob and "the army, resulting in the death of three of those "patriots, who, although they lacked courage to measure "themselves against the Greek bands, were yet brave "enough to attack a foreign Agency,[7] which acts of

5 In this place the latest statistics of the bands, published by the *Correspondenz Bureau* will prove *á propos*:

"Official reports upon the activities of the bands in Macedonia "during the month of July, prove that the Bulgarian bands had 9 "encounters with Turkish troops and lost 143 comitadjis; the Servian "bands lost 42 men in 4 encounters; the Greeks also had 4 engage-"ments and lost 42 men. The Porte is determined to pursue the "bands even to extermination, and *to put down the tendency of the "population to shelter and support the Greek and Servian bands.*" (The italics are ours.)

6 In the *Changova Vetcherna Pochta*, August 15th & 16th (N.S.)

7 The Greek Diplomatic Agency, which was attacked by the mob during last year's troubles.

"violence we condemned and put down by the force of "arms. Mr. Natchovitch blames us for not having pre- "vented the attack on Anchialos, and for allowing *Mace- "donians* (!!) to penetrate, greedy for spoil, into the "burning town—a fact which has compromised our "position in the eyes of the European public. Now, let "us suppose Natchovitch had been the Austrian Repre- "sentative in Rome at the time of the disgraceful Innsbruck "affair: we may presume that he would have left his post "at Rome, and taken the first train to Vienna in order to "condemn his Prime Minister and to charge him with "lack of foresight. I wonder what Count Glouchowsky "would have had to say to all this? . . . In any case, "consider the Russian *pogroms*, etc. Mr. Natchovitch is "older and more experienced than ourselves; he must "have a correspondingly wider knowledge of the *psycho- "logy of crowds*."

As for Mr. Natchovitch's mission to Constantinople, Mr. Petroff says that his instructions were those proper to a Bulgarian Agent accredited to the Sublime Porte to develop a "peaceful policy."

Mr. Natchovitch's replies, his aims—his mission in Constantinople.

Mr. Natchovitch replies[8] by a discussion of the "Internal and foreign policy of the Principality." It appears that his mission was at any price to avoid war with Turkey, because Bulgaria was unprepared. He says, moreover, that he only accepted the post in Constantinople on condition of the suppression of banditism, in which he saw an obstacle to the establishment of satisfactory Turco-Bulgarian relations, and a danger to the Bulgarian cause. Mr. Natchovitch, as is well-known, has always advocated a Turco-Bulgarian understanding, and it is on that account that he refused to accept the diplomatic mission so long as the Bulgarian banditism in Macedonia and the double-faced policy of the Stamboulovist Cabinet were allowed to prevail. Mr. Natchovitch tells how he came to accept the post at Constantinople.

Mr. Natchovitch and Prince Ferdinand. The War Minister's Views.

In 1903, Mr. Natchovitch declared in a published article that, in the event of a war with Turkey, Bulgaria would have Roumania, Servia and perhaps Austria also to deal with. Petroff, at that time President of the Council, thereupon declared that in case of war "The "Bulgarians would crush the Turks and would march "triumphantly into Constantinople within ten days; "after that, whoever liked might enter Bulgaria." This opinion of Petroff's set the world laughing. Nevertheless, the President, both directly and through his Secretary told Natchovitch that his presence as Bulgarian representative in Constantinople was necessary. The Imperial Commissioner at Sofia, Ali Feruch, also informed Mr. Natchovitch that his presence in Constantinople would modify the opinion of Ottoman governing circles in favour of Bulgaria. Nevertheless, Mr. Natchovitch refused the post. Prince Ferdinand then wrote, praying him to accept the office. Without definitely refusing the Prince's request, Mr. Natchovitch told the Prince that his presence in Constantinople would be useless, because Petroff, the President of the Council, was the principal director of the bands. In Mr. Natchovitch's own words:

I had received a letter from the Prince, to which I replied, not that I would not go to Constantinople, but that my mission would remain fruitless so long as Mr. Petroff, the prime mover of Macedonian banditism, was my chief . . . So one day, after the Prince's return from Euxinograd, he sent for me—"Why do you refuse to go to Constantinople?" demanded he. "Cannot you see that the Turks are exterminating the Bulgarians in the Macedonian vilayets? Besides, they are getting ready to declare war, and we are not prepared for defence."

These are the very words with which H.R.H. received me in his private apartment.

"Your Highness," I replied, "Do you know of a single village laid waste by the Turks in which bands had not previously been harboured?"

"I do not," the Prince replied.

"Very well then, it is our bands which are responsible for the extermination. In that case, why are they allowed to arm themselves and to cross the frontier?"

"But, is it possible to prevent them?" asked the Prince.

"Why should it not be possible? Are our authorities powerless? The fact that the bands are tolerated is, in my opinion, treason against the Bulgarian cause, and a cruelty towards our unhappy brethren in Macedonia. Why do you not lead the army across the frontier?" (of course, I knew this was impossible.)

"That is not possible," was the Prince's reply.

"Very well then, keep the bands from crossing the frontier," was my rejoinder.

Next day, at the Prince's desire, Mr. Natchovitch called upon the War Minister, Mr. Savoff, to discuss with him the question of the bands.

"Tell me, Mr. Savoff, what is your reason for tolerating the existing banditism?"

"That," replied the Minister, with decision, "that is a matter for which the whole responsibility falls upon Mr. Petroff."

"But is it impossible to persuade him that by this banditism, he has most grievously weakened the Bulgarian cause?"

"It is quite impossible," replied Mr. Savoff. "For ten years he has been sworn brother to the comitadjis: he has had a part in all their doings, he is privy to their schemes and aspirations, so that retreat is impossible for him."

"And what is your own opinion about this banditism, Mr. Savoff?" "

"Oh, I agree with you that it is an evil, but what can I do?"

"What can you do? why, you are the man who can do everything—If the civil authorities will not carry out your wishes, you must declare the whole frontier line to be in a state of siege. Place it under the surveillance of intelligent officers and the crimes will be prevented."

On the following day, Mr. Savoff stated that a Cabinet Council had decided to proclaim a state of siege along the whole Turkish frontier. "Last night," said he to Mr. Natchovitch, "I gave the requisite commands, and from this day no bands shall cross the frontier."

After receiving this formal assurance Mr. Natchovitch accepted the post in Constantinople. The following day he presented himself to take leave of the Prince, and took the opportunity of saying that, even when allowing himself to be convinced, he doubted whether Petroff intended to keep his word, but he hoped the Prince would keep a tight hold of the reins.

It is unnecessary to add that neither Petroff nor the Ministers applied the measures for long.

How the Government broke its promises.

Persuaded that Britain would not agree to the three per cent. increase of customs duties, Petroff and his friends committed the crime of not supporting the Mursteg reforms, but opposing them in every possible way. Touching the Anchialos crimes, Mr. Natchovitch says that Gen. Petroff knew all about them a year in advance. As for Petroff's talk of the *psychology of crowds*, he is reminded that behind the crowd and their ringleaders, there is always a Catiline (if not more than one).

"A friend from Varna wrote me last September, that he had asked Dragouleff (who was very much in evidence during the troubles) how he became acquainted with the Roumanian Minister, General Lahovary, to whom he sent a telegram to Philippopolis after the Varna incidents. Dragouleff replied 'Ratcho Petroff gave me his address, and said I was to telegraph to him. He said they had met recently in Madrid.'"

Government officials were at the head of these new Vandals.

8 *Changova Vetcherna Pochta*, August 20th; 21st; 22nd (N.S.)

"A Sofia police officer told me on my return from Constantinople that he had given permission to several members of the Ministerial Staff to direct the populace against the Greeks. Comment is needless.

Mr. Petroff refers to the trouble at Innsbruck between Italians and Germans. But these troubles were over in a few hours...in Bulgaria the rioting continued for twenty days on end, and increased in violence from day to day.

The troubles began at Varna, continued at Rustchuk and Philippopolis, and culminated at Anchialos. Almost everywhere Dragouleff was at the head of the rioters—Dragouleff, who was to be seen at the **Foreign Office**, at Rustchuk, at Philippopolis, in **Petroff's carriage**. Then Petroff returned from abroad to give the signal for cessation. The *psychology of crowds*, of which he prates, vanished like smoke, and order was established once more.

Mr. Natchovitch is an enlightened patriot who wishes to see Bulgaria an intelligent and law-abiding people, under a perfectly moral government. He wishes such "regrettable incidents" as the above to be unknown, so that attention may be paid to Bulgaria whenever she raises her voice on behalf of her brothers. He saw that the ever-recurring atrocities made his position untenable and his mission fruitless, and no course was in his opinion open to him but to send in his resignation of his office as Bulgarian Envoy at Constantinople. On this subject we cite his own words:—

The movement is in no sense spontaneous and popular.

"I left Constantinople because I was too deeply ashamed to look the world in the face. My ideal was very different from that of Daskalof and Co. I desired Bulgaria to be regarded, throughout the world, as a model of order and tranquillity, a land of liberty and progress, where law is respected, life and property safeguarded to to all, without any distinction of race or creed. Read the *Vetcherna Pochta* and you will see what is the ideal of Daskalof and his mighty protector. **They dream of nothing but war upon the Greeks, persecution, ruin and destruction of them on Bulgarian soil. Their instruments are brigandage, sedition and atrocity. And it is this land of anarchy which is to pose as the saviour of Macedonia!** We have seen how she is saving it.

"Daskalof's friends at Rustchuk, Philippopolis, Anchialos, etc., came with waggons in which to carry away the things which they had stolen from the Greeks. This is not patriotism but brigandage. I despise such "patriotism"; I have long seen that the face of Bulgaria was defiled by it, and that is why I gave in my resignation.

"For five entire years, the Stamboulovists have exploited the State, the people, the patriotism of officers and citizens, the enthusiasm of young men, the secret services, the subscriptions for the relief of suffering Macedonians, etc. Under pretext that war was imminent and might break out at any moment, they have got together supplies of arms, which they given over for the use of the bands. . . . . And the result of all these efforts is that now they are hoping and praying for Britain and the other Powers to put pressure on Greece and stop the Greek bands, so that the Bulgarian population may be protected from destruction in the conflagration which Daskalof and his friends have set ablaze. . . . We look to Greece, to England, to Europe, to save our brothers from the effects of our own criminality. Oh, the shame of it all!"

Natchovitch is now being insulted because from the first he foresaw the shame in which it would all end. He predicted it to the Prince, to the Ministers, to his friends. In conclusion, he hopes that the proper means will be employed to heal the wounds of the Macedonian populations—a return to the peaceful propaganda of schools, and an intercession to the European Powers to grant the Macedonian populations a satisfactory *régime*. Whatever more Bulgaria would like to have, she is not in a state to demand it.

Mr. Natchovitch rejects Petroff's suggestion that the people of Bulgaria are responsible for the crimes. The people he says, are at heart thoroughly just and law-abiding; they commit crimes only when urged and incited by some Cataline.

Mr. Natchovitch thus sums up his own opinion[9]:—

"We see then that Mr. Ratcho Petroff is to be considered, if not as the head of the Macedonian bands, at least as a permanent member and adviser."

He recalls Petroff's expressed opinion that "Turkey knows no argument but force" and adds:—

"Why did not Mr. Petroff clearly define his position as "a Cabinet Minister and a member of the committees? ". . . What were the forces of the committees and of "the Principality when the Macedonian movement was "engineered?"

Mr. Natchovitch attaches no importance to the self-organised independent committees and the forces of which they profess to dispose. These, he says, are simply a public nuisance, to be put down by the ordinary guardians of law and order. As for the resources and forces of the Principality, he says that at the time in question, "the Bulgarian army had not a supply of cartridges and other munitions of war sufficient even for one battle." He quotes Petroff himself that the army was not completely armed till a much later period and after an additional expenditure of over £4,000,000.

How the Bulgarian Government has only weakened its own position and prolonged Anarchy in Macedonia.

"Consequently," continues Mr. Natchovitch, "Mr. Petroff "knew at that time that Bulgaria was in an unarmed, "unprepared and feeble condition. Then, since he knows "so well that 'Turkey knows no argument but force,' "why did he begin, or at least, why did he encourage, why "did he not prevent this armed banditism?"

He refers to the statement that Macedonia is in the hands of the Europeans, against whom it will be necessary to struggle "to obtain any result," and he demands.

"But what result are we aiming at? What are the "Bulgarian Government's plans for Macedonia? Mr. "Petroff says, "The four million pounds recently spent on "armament will enable us to maintain our position, and "with loaded rifles to safeguard the dignity of the country." What does it all mean? As no one has wounded our dignity, such words can only refer to the occupation of Macedonia. But our Governments have never clearly indicated what are their aims with regard to Macedonia: do they want autonomy, or the application of Article 23 of the Berlin Treaty, or what do they want? The fact is, they have tried to involve the question in confusion, so that every observer may explain their policy as he prefers.

Returning to the question of European intervention in Macedonia, Mr. Natchovitch says:

"Messrs. Petroff & Co. have committed a crime against "Macedonia by not adopting the Mürsteg scheme. They "have not assisted in the application of the Mürsteg "reforms, and have in fact done everything in their "power to bring the scheme to shipwreck, and by so "doing they have aggravated the sufferings of our "compatriots, without achieving a single good result."

The Natchovitch revelations have produced a profound impression in Bulgaria. The *Vetcherna Pochta* and the *New Age* attack Natchovitch and side with Petroff: the *Mir*, on the contrary violently assails the Ministry for seeking to cast upon the Prince the responsibility for their failures in Macedonia. The *Balkanska Tribuna* declares that now it is proved that the troubles of last year were fomented by the Ministers. As for the Anchialos outrages, says this paper, the Government organs are silent, for they dare not provoke replies which would be prejudicial to the Government. The members of the opposition, on the other hand, are also silent; as good Bulgarians they blush in shame for the actions of their Government.

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9 *Changova Vetcherna Pochta*, August 21st, 1907. (N.S.)

In the Lands of Reform.

After a long absence from Turkey, during which "many changes and reforms" were said to have been introduced in that "blessed land," I thought it worth while to revisit the country, and to see with my own eyes the "wonderful transformation" which had taken place.

The shortest and easiest way to the domains of the Grand Turk is by the Orient Express, which in about three days brings the traveller from the most brilliant centre of Western life and civilisation, to one of the most fascinating of Oriental cities, Constantinople. But once I had decided to undertake so long a journey for the purpose indicated, I felt an irresistible desire to extend my travels to another equally interesting country of "reforms," Russia, which, in political and social institutions, is undergoing an even more radical alteration than Turkey.

Instead, therefore, of taking the Orient Express, I went through Berlin to Warsaw, where I arrived in the morning of a bright spring day. To a first impression, "reformed" Russia seemed remarkably like the country in its "unreformed" days. As soon as the train stopped on the frontier, and we set foot on the "Holy soil," at Alexandroff, the striking contrast between Western and Russian governmental methods appeared again in all its magnitude. Two years of academical debate in the Taurida Palace, and the few meagre reforms (on paper) granted by the Czar under the compulsion of circumstances, have had little or no effect on the old hopelessly slow, arbitrary and corrupt governing system.

At Alexandroff we had to stand shivering for four and a half hours after midnight, in bitter cold and rain, while our passports and trunks were examined—formalities which in other European countries are completed in a quarter of an hour. While waiting here I made enquiries about my ticket—"Better book at once right through to your final destination," said the booking-clerk, "a through ticket works out far cheaper." "Very well," I replied, "please book me to Daganrog, and mark out the shortest route on my ticket." This was done. At Warsaw I was told I must change to another station, and thence take the train for Rostoff-on-Don. Accordingly I alighted, and, having the information confirmed by inspector, station-clerk and policeman, I took a cab to the other station and seated myself in the train for Rostoff. Five minutes before the time of departure the conductor appeared: "Tickets, please." I shewed my ticket. "Ah, you are in the wrong train; this is not the one indicated on your ticket; you must get out as quickly as possible and make for —— Station—it is at the other side of the town, four miles away."

I blessed the officials who had sent me to this station, but there was no time to argue, so I hastily got out and jumped into a wretched ramshackle cab, which ambled leisurely across to the other station—and arrived there five minutes after my train had gone. However, I sought out the stationmaster. "When is there another train to Rostoff-on-Don?"

"Not till ten o'clock this evening."

"Is this ticket available by that train?" and I presented my ticket for his inspection.

"Certainly: it is perfectly right. But you would do well to secure yourself a seat by taking a *plazc-kart*."

I paid the supplement demanded for the *plazc-kart*, and at 9.30 took my place in the train. Before we started the conductor came along, "Tickets, please." I presented my ticket, "Is this ticket all right?"

"Perfectly correct, sir," replied the conductor, "I will take charge of the ticket and enter it in my book so as to save you from further enquiries."

At last we started, and tore along for Rostoff at the terrific rate of 20 miles an hour. At 3 o'clock next morning we arrived at a small station. A conductor appeared and demanded tickets.

"But you can't see mine," I exclaimed, "I am booked through to Daganrog. The clerk has taken my ticket and made a note of it."

"I know nothing of that," said the conductor, "but you'll have to get out here. Here," he added to some porters, "remove this man's luggage."

"But is not this train for Rostoff?"

"This is for Rostoff, right enough, but it is not the train marked on your ticket. You'll have to get out and get back to Warsaw and take a different train."

At this I began to lose my temper. The man's tale was palpably absurd—my ticket had three times been examined on this train and found in order. The fact was, the conductor wished to force me to buy another ticket from him.

"You scoundrel," I cried, "do you think I can't see through your tricks. You know well enough my ticket is all right. Anyhow, right or wrong, I shall not take another, and I am going on by this train."

"Oh, are you? We'll see about that," and as my fellow-passengers hotly took my part, the wretch finally brought up the station policeman to turn me out. That worthy, however, refused to be a party to the imposture, and spoke a few straight home-truths to the conductor, who was thus compelled to abandon his nefarious scheme for a time. Only for a time, however, for as I was congratulating myself on the way I had gained my point by showing a bold front, we drew up at another small station. Here the only official was a combination of signalman and station policeman. Apparently this man was "squared" by the conductor, for soon both appeared at the door of my compartment.

"Now will you get out?" said the conductor.

In amazement I began to explain that the matter had already been settled, when the conductor advanced, with a gruff "Out you go!"

My fellow passengers and I protested volubly.

"Out you go!" commanded the policeman.

I was continuing my protests when the two rascals seized my luggage and threw it higgledy-piggledy on the platform.

"Out they go, anyhow. Now are you going?"

Before this display of force I was powerless; clearly I must either return to Warsaw or submit to the conductor's extortion, and I chose the latter course. Fortunately my fellow-passengers knew the names of both conductor and policeman, so I determined to lodge a complaint with the authorities at the earliest moment possible. My *camarades de voyage* were so angry about the whole affair that they even volunteered to appear as witnesses on my behalf. At Daganrog, accordingly, I presented myself with witnesses at the bureau of the General Railway Manager. He listened attentively, taking voluminous notes, and finally said, "Well, sir, from what you and your honourable witnesses tell me it is clear that you have been shamefully treated. But you can only get your wrong righted by applying to the General Manager at St. Petersburg. Now this will be a com-

plicated matter—it may be months or even years before you get any answer. I advise you to let the matter rest, and you may be assured that God will punish the evildoers!"

Tableau!

As we departed from this upright judge, my Russian friends began to talk over the matter.

"Well," said one, "this is worse even than the old days, when we only had to fear the rapacity and insolence of the bureaucracy."

"Yes," replied another, "since these blessed reforms have come into force every little jack-in-office goes about doing as he pleases—robbing people before their own eyes, and Heaven knows what!"

"Things are certainly going from bad to worse," said I, "how do you account for it?"

"Why, all these clerks and people have their League, which is simply a huge political machine. You see, if they are checked in any way, they threaten to strike or demonstrate, and as the Government is mortally afraid of this, the men can do just as they please."

Before I arrived at Daganrog I had other opportunities of enjoying the sweets of "reformed government" as it is understood in Russia and I lost no time in seeking out the first steamboat for Constantinople. "The Turk," I reflected, "does not change, Stamboul will be as it was when last I visited it, and that at any rate will not be so bad as what I have just gone through. I wonder if there is anything on the face of earth quite so inept and corrupt and rapacious as the Russian Government system?"

I soon found there was: going from Russia to Turkey was like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

(To be continued).

VIATOR.

ALBANIANS AND GREEKS.

Among the problems which await settlement in the Near East must be included the Albanian question—the question, that is, of the definition of the Social and Political claims of the Albanian people, who inhabit the North-West region of the Balkan Peninsula, bounded by Montneegro, Bosnia, Servia, Macedonia, Epirus and the Adriatic Sea.

There has been much discussion about the origin of the Albanian people. Their language has many words similar to corresponding words in Greek and Latin, and the evidence apparently proves that the Albanians were closely related to the Ancient Greeks, both races being of Pelasgian origin. Of the Pelasgian peoples, the Greeks, occupying the Southern parts of the Balkan Peninsula, the Ægean Islands and the Asia Minor coasts, found themselves in favoured and central lands, and quickly became civilised, while their kinsmen who settled in the present Albania remained far from civilisation. During their long history the Albanians have suffered some foreign admixture, but they appear to have preserved their Pelasgian, or perhaps rather Dorian, type. The French Geographer, E. Reclus, states that the modes of thought and feeling prevalent among the present Albanians recall the ancient Pelasgian character, while the traveller amid Albanian scenes might imagine himself transported back to the Odyssey. The German *savant* von Hahn, who made a special study of the life of the Skipetars, used to say that he found in them the real Dorians, such as the Heracleides must have been when they left Epirus to conquer the Peloponnese. They are marked by the same bravery, the same warlike spirit, and the same desire for independent life and action.

About the Greek character both ancient and modern writers have written much, but little has been said about the Albanians, and that little is often inaccurate—the outcome of superficial study, or of personal sympathy or antipathy. It seems certain that life in Albania has for many centuries remained unchanged, and uninfluenced by foreign intruders. The German Scientist Haeckel, who visited Albania some decades ago, maintains that he encountered there all the characteristics of a prehistoric society. The Albanians are generally honest, sober, devoted to their national traditions, and faithful to their engagements (*bessa*) and the word of honour. Those amongst them who do not conform to these principles are ejected from the tribes to which they belong. But with these virtues, the Albanians have also the vices of a primitive people. They are revengeful, and never forget an insult shewn to themselves, or to a member of their tribe, for the whole tribe shares the insult offered to one of its members. The right of revenge is an unwritten law, consecrated by ancient rulers, which has held force in the country time out of mind, and it has proved impossible to eradicate the bloodfeud from the customs of Albania.

The Albanian race is divided into two large sections, the Ghegues of the North and the Tosks of the South, these last being subdivided into Liapes and Tsames. These two divisions, inhabiting regions of different nature, are correspondingly diverse in character. They are further divided by religion, for in both sections of the race are to be found Orthodox and Romanist Christians, and Moslems. Among the Ghegues of Northern Albania, Islam prevails; with it, there exists even to the present day a feudal system, according to which each clan is grouped round a chief or Bey. The Sultan has not been able to destroy feudalism in Albania, though he long ago succeeded in stamping it out in the rest of his Empire. Albania, however, has never ceased to enjoy a kind of autonomy, which is defended with most ardent zeal and courage whenever there is any attempt to curtail the privileges of the Albanians or to place their country on the same footing with other parts of the Empire.

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The moment when the Albanians wrote their name most vividly on the page of history was at the time of their great national hero and ruler George Castriotis, better known as Scanderbeg (*i.e.* Alexander). This great warrior might serve as an ideal embodiment of the Albanian character even in the present day. He was brave and honourable, sagacious in council and wary in execution, devoted to the ideals of the race for which he struggled. His dramatic adventures make him stand out as one of the most picturesque figures of his century.

Scanderbeg was born in the Mahommedan faith and was serving in the Turkish army when he heard that Croia, the Capital of Albania, was besieged by the Turks. Quitting the Turkish ranks, he put himself at the head of a force, scattered the beleaguering army and occupied Croia. Returning to the Christian faith of his ancestors, he became the idol of his countrymen, and an epic struggle began between the Turkish and the Albanian power. Scanderbeg consolidated his rule, not only in Albania but also over the surrounding districts, and became the most powerful ruler in the Balkan Peninsula, at a time when the whole country was in fierce revolt against the Turks.

Castriotis might have finally prevailed against the vastly superior numbers and resources of the Turks, if the Roman Church had not also joined the ranks of his enemies. Venice also was jealous of his growing power, and feared that it might menace her hold on territories which she meant to retain and even extend right up to the confines of Albania, so she repeatedly thwarted and came into contact with the Albanians, and even stooped so low as to ally herself with Murad II.

During the whole of his career Scanderbeg fought valiantly for freedom and the cross, and became the hero of the Balkan Christians of his day. The Greeks especially still revere him as a national hero, regarding him as equally their own with Constantine Palaiologos. Not only the historical and national kinship, but also his

heroic struggle to free their land from Turkish dominion, has led the Greeks to inscribe the name of Scanderbeg in bright letters on their roll of fame.

Under Turkish rule, very many Albanians have embraced Islam. They have, however, like certain other "Moslem" parts of the Ottoman Empire, obtained a measure of independence in their worship; it is also worthy of note that the Albanians have not the strong religious feeling as other Mohamedans. They incline rather to adopt a loose liberalism, and to belong to the "Bectashli" sect. Many of them are still mindful of the Christian tradition, which their ancestors may have deserted not many generations ago, and there is none of that fanaticism which marks the Mohamedan of Crete; on the contrary, Christian and Moslem Albanians live side by side on perfectly good terms—many, indeed, of the Moslems still preserve their Christian names.

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During past centuries, up to the Greek War of Independence, Greeks and Albanians never regarded one another as separate races—they were conscious of their common Pelasgian origin. At the time of the insurrection of 1770 in Crete, the Peloponnese and Continental Greece, the Albanian Moslems behaved very badly towards the Greeks, especially in the Peloponnese. But gradually the strife between Greek and Moslem Albanian lessened, and gave place to a friendship, which sometimes led to co-operation against the Turks.

In the beginning of the 19th Century Albania produced one of her strongest sons, Ali of Tepelen, a man whose character recalls some of the worst tyrants in history. He was arbitrary and cruel, but indomitable in the pursuit of his ambitious schemes. He had, perhaps, never read or even heard of Machiavelli, but his career forms a perfect epitome of Machiavelian policy.

Beginning as a small Albanian chief, he contrived, after a long series of intrigues, to get himself recognised as ruler of Albania and Epirus, with his capital at Janina, and afterwards he extended his rule over Thessaly and into Continental Greece. In his warlike enterprises Ali had the aid, not only of Albanian chiefs, but also of many of the most famous leaders of Epirus and Greece.

The court of this Albanian Satrap served the Greeks a military school, where they acquired many of the soldierly qualities which afterwards stood them in so good stead in their War of Independence. In all probability, the ultimate aim of Ali's vast schemes was to make himself absolute ruler of an independent country, consisting of Albania and parts of Greece. In spite of the intimate relations and armed co-operation between the Albanians and Greeks (for in the end even the Suliots co-operated with Ali), the two peoples came into conflict during the seven years' War of Independence. But though for some time Albanians treated the Greeks with cruelty and perfidy, the Christian Albanians continued to co-operate, and those of them who lived in Greece became strongly imbued with the Greek tradition, and some of them played a leading part in the rebellion. The brave sons of Hydra, Spetzae, and other Albanian centres contributed in large measure to the independence of the Kingdom of Greece.

Since this time, despite the gulf of religion, racial ties have fostered a continual friendship between Greece and Albania; the *rapprochement* was specially marked during the period when the Epirot statesmen, John Colettis, was Premier of Greece. Many Albanian notables approached him to arrange a Greco-Albanian *entente*, with a promise of Albanian co-operation in war against the Sultan. The scheme, however, came to nothing, owing to the untimely death of Colettis.

Even after this event, however, the relations between Greeks and Albanians continued to become closer, especially towards the end of King Otho's reign. That monarch, pursuing the Panhellenic policy of Colettis, and conformable to the national wish for co-operation between the two countries, was in constant communication with many prominent Albanian notables, and also with revolutionary followers of Garibaldi and Urbano Rattazzi. The object of these conferences was the common and simultaneous insurrection of Greeks and Albanians against the Turkish tyranny, and the support of this insurrection by Garibaldean volunteers. Unfortunately, a Foreign Power, having been informed of this plan, encouraged and precipitated the reaction against King Otho in Greece, and thus contributed to his expulsion on October 10, 1862.

N. KASASIS.

(To be continued).

Turkish Oppression in Epirus.

The Province of Epirus is at present the scene of a special kind of Turkish oppression, for the Sultan has a scheme afoot for extinguishing Christianity in and denationalising the province. The method employed by the Sultan's agents—the Grand Vizier Ferid-Pacha and the Governor of Epirus, Seifoullah-Pacha—is similar to that formerly pursued in Armenia, and consists in expelling the Christians and settling Moslem immigrants on their lands. The work is being pushed on with an energy and a violence which are provoking the most active resentment, and the liveliest indignation has been excited, not only in Epirus, but also throughout Greece. Popular feeling is running so high that the Sultan may not inconceivably find himself faced by a serious situation which may lead to disturbances.

For an explanation of the circumstances, it is necessary to go back a hundred years, to the time of Ali of Tepelen. This ambitious chief had formed the plan of making the whole of Epirus his fief. Accordingly, he either simply took what lands he wanted or, after a fictitious sale, his following of armed and trained Albanians allowed him to buy at his own price. In this way, Ali got into his hands all the land of Epirus, except the 7 villages of Himarra and the 44 villages of Zagora.

After the capture and execution of Ali, his lands, including the 140 Greek villages of which he had thus possessed himself, fell into the public domains, and were administered by the Malie, or Ministry of Finance. The unhappy villagers pointed out that Ali had no just title to the lands, and tried to get their own claim recognised by the Government, but the Porte was inflexible. In 1875, the Malie put these village lands up to auction. In 41 cases the villages had acquired sufficient wealth to buy their own lands a second time, which they accordingly did. The remaining 99 villages (with a population of 60,000 Greeks) continued to belong to the Treasury, or to certain magnates upon whom the Sultan had generously bestowed what was not his to give. The fortunate villages which had fallen into the hands of their own peasants, were let off with the modest tribute of 42½ per cent. on cereal products, and 37½ per cent. on vine products.

In 1904 the Malie decided to put up to auction the remaining lands. The villagers were anxious to buy their own property, and approached the Patriarch, the Governor-General and the Sultan himself. Certain local Moslem beys, however, represented to the Sultan that there would be danger in allowing the Christian communities to come into possession of their own lands. The Sultan refused to permit this, and finally clinched the matter by buying the lands himself (of course, at an absurdly low price).

The villagers had no intimation of the change till they were notified that "all the village lands, formerly State property (*imliak*), had become the Sultan's private property (*tchiflik*), and in consequence the taking of wood, etc., from these lands was forbidden under heavy penalties." A new decree was once issued that "not only the lands, but also all buildings on them belonged absolutely to the Sultan, and rent had to be paid even for buildings put up by the occupiers." This although the original documents of sale provided that "all sheds, houses, etc., shall be the exclusive property of the inhabitants, and no one shall be empowered to challenge this right." New taxes were at the same time imposed, of from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. on all produce.

The work of plunder is completed by two other measures. One provides for the settlement of Moslem immigrants in the Greek villages. The other is aimed at the practice of the Epirotes to proceed for business reasons to Greece, Egypt and the cities of Europe. It is decreed that all Christian families resident in Epirus shall at once recall all members who may be living abroad; failing this, the whole family is to be expelled. As Epirus is adjacent to the Kingdom of Greece, and was in fact adjudicated to the Kingdom by the treaty of Berlin, the Porte is anxious both to expel families having members in both countries and also to have Epirus peopled by a devoted Moslem population.

The position of the Greeks in Epirus is becoming intolerable. The above regulations are being enforced with additional exactions by the local governors, who also do not shrink from violence. Any resistance, legal or otherwise, is severely punished—quite recently, a deputation of 300 Greeks came to lay a protest before Seifoullah-Pacha, and all were thrown into prison.

The Epirotes of Athens have induced the Turkish Ambassador to promise to lay their protest before the Sultan. But it is clear that "reforms" have produced no result in Turkey. The Turk still thinks that it is his to dispose arbitrarily of the fate, the life, the honour, and the property of the Christians whom the hazard of conquest has placed under his yoke, but whom his own action is inducing to seek liberation and the elementary rights and liberties of man.

Mr. Michailowsky on Bulgarian Policy.

The *Balkanska Tribuna* (No. 195), reports an interesting and instructive lecture delivered at the Society of Publicists by Mr. Strogan Michaïlowsky, the Bulgarian writer and politician, formerly President of the *Supreme-Macedo-Andrinopolitan Committee*. His subject with the foreign policy of the Principality, with special reference to Macedonia.

"Our foolish policy," said Michaïlowsky, "has brought upon us the hatred not only of the Turks, but of all our neighbours. In former days, no sooner had the Russian armies crossed the Danube than we shouted—*Tsarigrad est nachs !*—Constantinople is ours!" No sooner was the Principality established than, despite formidable internal disturbances, our writers began to stun the whole world's ears with their claims. The Balkan Peninsula, said they, is peopled only by Bulgarians. No other people has a claim on the smallest plot of land; all belongs by right to the Bulgarian people. We did not know then, and we have not yet learned that right without might has no value, and that right belongs to those who can establish their claims.

"We have not contented ourselves with writings and speeches. We have tried to realise our dreams of destroying the Ottoman Empire and overwhelming all our neighbours. In the pursuit of this end, we have created committees in Bulgaria; and we have founded newspapers and issued leaflets in which we have published broadcast all our plans and projects, as though we were certain of what the future would bring forth. We have armed bands and sent them into Turkish territory, we have left our frontiers open to all the enemies of the Sultan, who have formed committees under the very eyes of the authorities. It is on Bulgarian territory that plots have been hatched and dynamite outrages arranged against the establishments of the Great Powers in Turkey. . . . And this has been done under the eyes of the Bulgarian ministers and without doubt—at all events, so everybody believes and appearances justify the belief—with the consent of the ministers; for no one will suppose that a ministry which is unable to put down such sedition would be able to maintain itself in power. And this orgy is continuing even at the present day! The result of this insane policy has been that we are completely isolated, and that without exception every nation and every government is unfriendly to us.

"I was formerly," continued Mr. Michaïlowsky, "one of the leaders of the Macedonian movement, and it has been my business to discuss the subject with many European statesmen and editors of important European journals. No one approved of the 'Macedonian' agitation. On the contrary, it was universally condemned as inopportune, criminal in its methods, and foredoomed to failure.

"In consequence, we Bulgarians have been compelled to look about for our means of action. We have said among ourselves: 'We know well enough that our methods are vile and dirty, what does that matter? Let us first gain our ends, and then we will set about cleansing ourselves.' But we have not realised that people born and bred in the mire cannot set about purifying the world when they have not yet learned to keep their own house clean. The fruit of the whole business is before your eyes; it is simple ignominy.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you will object that not long ago I myself was a ringleader in these matters, and that in those days I spoke in quite a different tone. There is truth in the objection. It is true that in the past I have spoken in a tone quite unlike what you are now listening to. There are two explanations of the change. In the first case, I never knew the full truth of the question till I went into the Western countries among dispassionate observers, and spoke with the statesmen whom I have already mentioned. There is a second reason, but as to this fear keeps me silent. In our free and constitutional Bulgaria, telling the truth is not always the surest way to security. For this reason I keep silent now on many subjects, which I am dealing with in detail in my Memoirs."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The "Eugenides Syssition" in Constantinople.

The large and influential Greek Community of Constantinople which, in respect of social, educational and charitable institutions, is not only in the forefront of cities in the Near East, but also stands high even in comparison with European capitals, has recently become possessed of another most useful and eminently humanitarian institution. This latest addition is a *Syssition*, or model kitchen, designed to supply the poor with a plentiful supply of healthy and nourishing food at a very small cost. For its erection and maintenance the city is indebted to the generosity of a distinguished member of the Greek Community, the well-known philanthropist Mr. Eugenides, as a memorial to his son, Pandia Eugenides.

The foundation stone was laid on Septemper 20, in the churchyard of Holy Trinity, Pera, by his Holiness the Œcumenical Patriarch himself, surrounded by all the Metropolitans of the Holy Synod and the *elite* of the Greek Community at Constantinople. After the religious ceremony, His Holiness, in a short address, pointed out the usefulness of such charitable institutions in alleviating the sufferings of those less favoured by fortune, and in promoting the ties of social solidarity. His Holiness afterwards referred in warm terms to the generous and humanitarian disposition of the Eugenides family, which has always been distinguished for its valuable services to the Holy Church, to the Greek Community of Constantinople, and to the Greek nation in general.

The "Times of India" and Greek Policy.

We had occasion in our No. 8-9 to refer to certain articles published in our Bombay contemporary the *Times of India*, from a Constantinople correspondent, whose anti-Hellenic tendencies were only too apparent. We note with much pleasure that our contemporary, on its attention being drawn to the biassed character of these articles, recognises that they present a by no means impartial picture of the actual condition of affairs. The *Times of India* also, on the principle of *audi alteram partem*, courteously reproduces the greater part of the leading article published in our last issue, and takes the opportunity of expressing a sympathy with the Greeks, which we observe with gratitude.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON MACEDONIA.

The first three of the books on our list are by members of the Balkan Committee, and though they do not bear the official *imprimatur* of that organisation, they may be taken as in some sort representing its views. Mr. Brailsford's book is full of that advocacy of even the most extravagant Bulgarian demands and that depreciation of all things Greek, which was characteristic of the Balkan Committee in all its doings some little while ago. Mr. Buxton, on the other hand, though still excessively favourable to the Bulgarian as opposed to the Greek cause, reflects the more moderate counsels which have marked the recent utterances of the Balkan Committee. Mr. Villari's book is a collection of twelve chapters contributed by separate writers, some of whom manifestly incline to seek a fair and impartial solution of the difficulties, while others are as manifestly inspired by a strong partisan—needless to say, pro-Bulgarian—spirit.

"Europe and the Turks."

Mr. Buxton endeavours rather to introduce the Nearer Eastern question to those who do not realise how utterly impossible is the present state of affairs, than to offer any adequate discussion of the question. As the name of his book implies, he is much concerned in presenting a picture of the Turk and his system of government. In his opening chapter he tells a little story to illustrate the light-hearted disregard of human life in the Balkans. A Turkish magnate, who lived "in a battlemented castle from which he never stirred without his rifle," had invited Mr. Buxton and some friends to a bear hunt. "He began by giving orders that every villager should "be ready at 4 a.m. to go out and beat the forest, or he "would himself be beaten with the birch. Arrived at "the shooting-ground, he posted us for the drive, and "gave us strict orders, if we saw any man whom we did not "know to be one of the beaters, to shoot him without "delay, lest by chance he should be a brigand. We "demurred to the chance of shooting an honest peasant, "but this he said mattered nothing; the Mayor of the "village would himself at the most cost £20."

Mr. Buxton is strongly impressed by the historic debt of Europe to the Near East, "the field of the great battle "between East and West—between barbarism and civili-"sation—where was founded that system of established "Christian government to which, for good or evil, we "owe our very existence." He is no less impressed by Europe's shameful requital for this gift, and for the long centuries of ceaseless strife in which the Eastern Empire was the sole force able to protect Europe from the barbarous East. Western jealousies left Byzantium alone to face and finally fall before the Turks, four centuries ago; and, in the last century, Russian, Austrian and German intrigue and British apathy or Russophobe jealousy have hindered the Balkan Christians in their struggle for freedom. In view of the past, he maintains, Britain cannot deny her great responsibilities and duties towards the cause of freedom among the Christian races of Turkey.

In a chapter on "Factors in the Problem," Mr. Buxton discusses not only the machinations of interested Great Powers (Austria and Russia in particular), but also the rival Greek, Bulgarian and Servian claims; and here we still find remains of the anti-Greek spirit which was formerly the note of the Balkan Committee. Mr. Buxton declares for the autonomy of Macedonia. We have already given reasons for considering this an impossible solution, and no more need be said on this point. But we must protest against Mr. Buxton's repetition of the "Solomon's judgment" tale, as representing the Bulgarian demand—"give them autonomy, or any decent government you like; we would rather, like the real mother before "Solomon, give the whole child to someone else than see "it divided." This is ridiculous. In the first case, the Bulgarians say no such thing; what they say is; "give us the big Bulgaria of San Stephano." In the second case, the analogy is absurd and misleading. Macedonia is in the very opposite case to the child in the judgment; divided, it may live and flourish, undivided, it is killed by internal feud. Greek, Serv, and Bulgar all agree upon this, however much they may disagree as to the lines of division—but we never heard of a Bulgarian who would be willing to hand over the whole country to Greece. In this case Mr. Buxton has indulged in a trifling with words which we do not expect from him.

Mr. Buxton touches lightly on the possibility of "an arrangement of spheres of interest among the small States." In this he sees "no matter for alarm. It would mean that we had arrived at a permanent disposal of the problem." We regret that Mr. Buxton did not develop this view to its logical conclusion, and see that here is the *only* satisfactory solution. *En passant*, he agrees that "there are parts of Macedonia which it would be cruel not to add to the dominions of King George."

In a chapter on the Turk, our author deals in very summary fashion with Turkish "rights." The Turk came as conqueror, but he has never been either a governor or a settler. "Where the Turkish hoof treads no grass ever grows," is a proverb in the Balkans. "In the Sultan's land the great men are always "thieves," said a Turk to Mr. Buxton. "His treatment of the women of subject races has been such as in all ages turns the coward's blood to flame," say the consols. Such being the case, it is idle to discuss the virtues of the individual Turk. As a governor, at all events, the Turk must go. His own proverb says, "we came in blood, not to settle; in blood we will return."

Mr. Buxton's concluding chapters deal with the "reforms" and with possible solutions. As to the "reforms," he points out what is already well known to readers of this journal; the present state of Macedonia is worse than the state of five years ago. The country is raided by bands; the international gendarmerie cannot and the Turkish troops will not prevent them. "The bands," said Hilmi Pasha, "work by night, and the troops by day, and hence they seldom meet." Mr. Buxton quotes one of the leading European officers, with whom we fully agree that "*c'est une comédie dégoutante.*"

We have already said that, for solution, Mr. Buxton pins his faith on autonomy. We have shewn that this is not feasible and we are equally at issue with Mr. Buxton's assertion that "the alternative is annexation by Bulgaria;" but we quite agree that absorption by Russia or Austria cannot be permitted—what is, in our opinion, the only satisfactory solution has already been indicated. Mr. Buxton concludes by insisting once more on the moral responsibilities of Britain—of

> "England that rejoiced to see
> Grecia unbound, Italia one and free."

In this the author is perfectly right; an awakening of the nation to its duties on this subject is urgently needed. We disagree with Mr. Buxton on many points, but we heartily commend his endeavour to quicken the national conscience. We should add that he deserves the gratitude of the Balkan people for his whole-hearted devotion to their cause, and for his unfailing recognition that, despite the crimes which have stained the present struggle of races, the Balkan Christians have many noble qualities which may yet entitle them to a high rank in the comity of nations.

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"The Balkan Question."

The Balkan Question is a collection of essays, in which different aspects of the question are discussed by different writers. Mr. Bryce contributes an introductory chapter, in which he begins by showing that, if only because the question presents a continual menace to, and

has on more than one occasion lead to an actual rupture in, the peace of Europe, a speedy settlement is necessary. The distinguished historian, without offering a detailed scheme, is convinced that the best solution will be found in a regard for the principle of nationalities, although this principle "finds less support and sympathy nowadays. "even in countries which, like Germany, have profited by "its application, than it did in the past." He is altogether opposed to any scheme of Russian, Austrian or German absorption or partition, and makes an eloquent plea on behalf of the small nationalities: "the "tenacity with which the Macedonian Christians have "clung to their faith when they had so much to gain "by renouncing it . . . proves the strength of fibre "which is left in these ancient races. . . . The "Mediterranean East is almost the only part of the world "in which there are left nationalities with the capacity for "developing into independent nations that may create "new types of character, and new forms of literary and "artistic life. The development of these nationalities "has in it more promise for the future than the extension "of one or two huge military Empires . . . to "encourage and help them to grow into nations is an aim "to which such great and enlightened peoples as those of "England, France, and Italy may fitly direct their "efforts." We need hardly add that the faithful observance of these principles can only result in a triumphant vindication of the aims and claims of Hellenism.

Mr Edward Pears, of Constantinople, and Miss Victoria Buxton deal with the nature of Ottoman rule—of these three centuries of Turkish cruelty, corruption and incapacity, which have brought about the present appalling state of affairs. All this is an old story to our readers, and we need not dwell on the subject Miss Buxton points out that, even apart from failings, the very root principles of Mahomedan rule are in themselves such as to demand the intervention of Europe. "There "is no distinction in Islam between Church and State. "The Sultan is Pope and Emperor in one. . . . By "the very nature of the religion he represents, the Sultan "can sanction no law which is hostile to that religion. "Now every law which aims at the political and religious "equality of Mussulman and non-Mussulman is a direct "violation of the Koran,"—for the Christians are *rayah*, or cattle, with no rights whatever in their relations with the Moslems. But *under the pressure of superior force* the Moslem may grant reforms. "The Sunna, in that emergency, bids him give in . . . 'lestt damage ensue to Islam.'"

Mr. James D. Bourchier contributes a chapter on the attitude of the Balkan States. As woulld be expected by those who are acquainted with this gemtleman's other writings, his tone is strongly Bulgarophil, and he has an evident leaning towards the Big Bulgaria of San Stefano, with its unwarrantable subjection of a largge Greek population to alien rule. Nevertheless, he is unable to disguise the fact that the Greeks have a very strong position in the matter (which he rightly contrasts with the absurd figments of Roumanian claims). "Not only "is there a considerable genuinely Greek population in "Southern Maccdonia . . . the Chalcidic peninsula, "and generally in the maritime districts, but the superior "civilization and intelligence of the Greeks, their commer-"cial supremacy and educational activity, furnish them "with claims . . entitled in special cases to a certain "consideration; that is to say, that in districts where "there is no marked national preponderance, the pre-"ference may be given to the more cultivated race in any "future delimination." Mr. Bourchier understates the case, but he appears not to realise that his own admissions go far towards undermining the structure raised by his Bulgarian friends.

Mr. Villari himself, and Dr. B. Tartacheff give accounts of races, religions and propagandas, and Mr. Frederick Moore writes a glowing eulogy on the Bulgarian committees. It is in this section of the book that pro-Bulgarism is rampant. We find the old absurd stories of Greco-Turkish co-operation put forward unblushingly, while it is almost pathetic to see the straits to which Mr. Moore is reduced in his endeavours to depict the doings of the *committadjis* as a spontaneous nationalist uprising. At the present day it is hardly necessary to refute the co-operation myth; the recent note from the Porte to Athens, together with the continually recurring atrocities perpetrated by the Turks upon Greek victims, are sufficient to show that, whatever coquetting may have gone between Sophia and the Porte, Turkey is uncomprisingly hostile to the Greeks. The well known instances of the Krushevo, Possederi and Klissoura massacres (three cases out of many such) illustrate the action of both Turk and Bulgarian. The *bands of liberating patriots*, paraded the country extorting tribute[8] and killing an odd Greek or Turk or Patriarchist Bulgar here and there, until at length Turkish troops appeared. Then the bands withdrew into the purely Greek and Koutzovlach towns above named; the troops came, sacked and burned the towns, killed the men, outraged the women, *and let the bands escape!* Noble bands of liberating patriots! It is a pity for Mr. Moore's contentions that the Bulgarians themselves have been forced to admit that their government has engineered the bands—let Mr. Moore read the Natchovitch revelations, or the very pretty Natchovitch-Petroff controversy, and admit that it would be well for Bulgarophils to enquire closely into the secret machinery of the bands. But perhaps Mr. Moore is incorrigible—it must be hard to move a man who can calmly justify the Salonica outrages of 1903.

Mr. Valentine Chirol writes on the action of the Powers of Macedonia. His chapter is mainly a *résumé* of the familiar story of Austrian, German and especially Russian intrigue, and English, French and Italian apathy and wrongheadedness. So much has been said on this topic that we need not refer at any length to Mr. Chirol's remarks beyond saying that, like most who have studied the problem, he repudiates the claim of Austria and Russia to have "special interests," and is emphatic in demanding that Britain shall interest herself practically in the matter, and shall be prepared, if need be, to take the leading part in insisting upon reforms. Chapters contributed by M. Victor Bernard and by "An Italian Deputy" suggest that Britain could count upon the co-operation of France and Italy, as is no doubt the case.

The two final chapters of the book deal with the nature of the reforms to be proposed, and draw attention alike to the absolute failure of Austria and Russia to do any good by means of the Mürsteg scheme, and to the imperative need of decentralising the government of Macedonia. We need only say of this, that the logical outcome of decentralisation is the adoption of the scheme which we have already proposed. So much has been said about the urgency of European, and especially British interference, that we quote Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's description of the result of past inaction and failure: "It means the loss of numberless lives, the suffering and torture of scores of our fellow creatures, and the perpetual menace of an outbreak of war involving all Europe, a war for the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, a hideous scramble for territorial aggrandisement in which every Power would join, impelled by the very worst instincts of Imperial greed."

Mr. Brailsford's "Macedonis."

Of the next book on our list we may say at once that it makes far more interesting reading than either of the preceding ones. Mr. Brailsford is possessed of a captivating style of narrative, which bears away both reader and writer into the region of dreams and imaginings, but his imagination works on decidedly anti-Hellenic principles, and in truth his book, which at first sight gives the impression merely of a picturesque medley of quaint and inconsequent argument, proves on examination to be an elaborate and ingenious political pamphlet. We are bound to admit

8. "Count Lamsdorff declared to me that the Committee 'had "lost all claim to be regarded as patriotic, and had degenerated into "an anarchical propaganda, whose chief aim was to extort money by "intimidation.'" Sir C. Scott to the Marquis of Lansdowne, *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of South-Eastern Europe*, Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of His Majesty, February 1903. No. 14.

that Mr. Brailsford is a skilful *special pleader*, and he shews much cleverness in hiding the weakness of his pro-Bulgarian position.

His first trouble is in the fact that over a large area which is claimed as Bulgarian by Mr. Brailsford and other pro-Bulgarians, the Greek element is predominant. The difficulty is skilfully evaded. First, all towns are excluded from the reckoning. Only the peasants, we are told, have any claim on the country. Why? obviously, because the towns are overwhelmingly Greek. Then he deals with the Vlachs. The educated Vlachs of Monastir he cannot deny to be in every way Greek, but as for the other Macedonian Vlachs, he maintains that they are kept within the Patriarchist fold only under the threat of excommunication. The assumption is purely gratuitous, and Mr. Brailsford utterly disregards the repeated manifestoes in which Vlachs from every part of Macedonia have proclaimed their unalterable attachment, both to the Patriarchate and to the Greek nationality. The Patriarchist Slavs he treats in the same cavalier manner—"they shift their allegiance year by year, according as they think they have more to fear from the hostility of the Greek Bishops or the Bulgarian Committee" (p 198). Now this is a matter that can be put to the test. After the Greek defeats in 1897, Greek influence in Macedonian politics was at a very low ebb, while Bulgarian bands on the contrary overran the whole country for seven years. Nevertheless, even before the appearance of the first Greek bands in 1904, the Greek cause was just as strong in the South and centre as it was in 1896. At the time of the rising around Monastir in 1903, the total population of the villages from which the insurgents received help was about 60,000; the population of the district in which the rising took place is over 750,000. These figures do not indicate any "overwhelming predominance" of the Bulgarians; and the case against the Bulgarians is even stronger than the figures would indicate. The declaration of the insurgent bands that they were seeking the common benefit of all, and not merely the realisation of Bulgarian scheming, misled many, who afterwards joined Greek bands, to give their adhesion to the insurgent cause. If all this proves anything, it proves that the Monastir district is predominantly Greek.

It is when Mr. Brailsford speaks of the Bulgarian bands that his partisan bias becomes most offensive; fortunately, the recent Natchovitch and Michailowsky revelations[9] enable to meet many of Mr. Brailsford's statements with a direct denial. "The insurgent movement," says Mr. Brailsford (p. 113), "is a genuine Macedonian movement prepared by Macedonians and led by Macedonians." What says Mr. Natchovitch *from behind the scenes*? "*Our ministers were at the back of all this. If Mr. Petroff was not the actual founder of the Interior Organisation, he was at least privy to their inception, and he has never ceased to be in the closest touch with the Committees. Our present minister of war (Gen. Nicholaieff), has issued bonds for a Macedonian loan. His agents, revolver in hand, have forced these bonds upon the Koutzovlachs.*" The last sentence should teach Mr. Brailsford how the adherence of Macedonian villages to the cause of Bulgarism is brought about. How do the committees plan and carry out their schemes? "Their decisions are taken by general conferences which contrive in some mysterious way to meet . . . in the very heart of Macedonia. Their leaders are elected, from the president of the whole organisation down to the chief of each village band," and again, the Macedonian Committee "is led not by Bulgarians but by Macedonians . . . It has never, I think, surrendered its independence to any external pressure." Certainly not—it never had any independence to surrender. Let us refer once more to Natchovitch. He quotes a conversation between Petroff Petkoff, and a Turkish representative. The Bulgarian government promised, in return for certain concessions, to put an end to the activity of the bands. "*The Bulgarian Government will have no difficulty*," said Petkoff, "*in keeping the bands quiet; give us what we want, and we will settle the Macedonian comitadjis. All of them obey no other authority than the Government. They depend entirely upon us, and if we order them to keep quiet they will do so.*" Even for the methods employed Mr. Brailsford can find excuses. His "instinctive sympathies," by which he sets great store, "speak clearly—the Bulgarians were fighting for liberty." Were they? Mr. Natchovitch tells how Petroff had the arrangements for the Anchialos outrage ready a year in advance, and how his followers came with their carts and waggons to carry away the loot of the Greek houses: he shows us that this is characteristic of the whole action of the Committees and their bands. He has no hesitation in stigmatising it as wholesale banditism.

Mr. Brailsford's buoyant imagination would be a wholly pleasing spectacle if it did not deal with matters of considerable gravity. Our readers will not need to be reminded of Mr. Brailsford's reflections on the Abbott case; how the Greek Bands (Oh! those wicked Greeks!) were everywhere prowling around, and daring even to carry off inoffensive Englishmen. It has been shewn that no Greek band had anything whatever to do with the kidnapping of young Abbott, but we are not aware that Mr. Brailsford has shewn such eagerness to publish this fact as he manifested when he rushed into print (in a leading London daily) with his preposterous tale of his imaginary Greek band.

On page 193 of his book we are presented with another artistic work of imagination. Mr. Brailsford has got hold of a photograph shewing the Archbishop of Castoria "gracing a Turkish review." Now, as everyone acquainted with Turkey is well aware, these reviews are the ordinary events of any Turkish *fête*, and the priest or bishop is perforce present as a civil official of the town. The whole thing has no more significance than the photograph of an English Mayor and Corporation in robes of office. What says Mr. Brailsford's vivid imagination? "It showed the Turkish authorities standing in full dress round a Turkish cannon, and in their midst, handsome, conspicuous, with an air of mastery and command, was the Archbishop himself. And then I remembered . . how his Grace had . . blessed the cannon that were to batter the Bulgarian villages to dust." A very pretty tale, to be sure. But—it is not true.

We have quoted enough to show how utterly unreliable and one-sided are Mr. Brailsford's statements. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that almost every page bears some evidence of a violent anti-Hellenic prejudice, which goes far to destroy utterly the value of what might otherwise have been a very interesting book

An Observer in the Near East.

The last book on our list need not detain us long. It is a very poor production, and the author, who has perhaps the grace to be heartily ashamed of his work, conceals his name. He has made a tour through the various Balkan countries, and straightway plunged into print, to foretell "the future of——" this or that country; and "The Truth about——" whatever you please. To satisfy different palates, he has varying degrees of truth—"The Truth——," "The Plain Truth——" and "The Truth Exposed." He knows to a moment when Bulgaria is going to declare war against Turkey, and what will follow upon the declaration—indeed, we suspect that there are few things in the Universe which he does not know. He knows all about the arrangements whereby the German Government supports the wicked doings of the Greeks and their bands—though neither the German Government, nor the Greek Government, nor the Greek Committees have the slightest knowledge of the arrangements which the *Observer* has discovered.

The *Observer* has a profound reverence for that "divinity which doth hedge a king"; as the hedge is not very impenetrable around the Balkan Princes, we find *Observer* armed with letters of introduction to various

9 Mr. Natchovitch, formerly Bulgarian Agent at Constantinople, some time ago resigned his post, owing to the continued participation of the Sofia Cabinet, and particularly Mr. Petroff, President of the Council, in the doings of the bands. Mr. Michailowsky, formerly President of one of the Committees, withdrew from the post because he could not approve of the bloodthirsty methods of the bands. Revelations as to the secret workings of the bands were made in the *Balkanska Tribuna* and the *Changova Vetcherna Pochta*, both of Sofia; a condensed account of the revelations is given in our present issue. (Ed. H.H.)

crowned heads. Once in the presence of the monarch ("affable and condescending monarch," of course), *Observer* smirks and smiles and stammers out a request for some little memento, like a bashful schoolgirl begging a bar of chocolate.

"I wonder if I dare ask your Royal Highness to write a few lines for me as a souvenir of my visit?" I asked, not without some trepidation.

"Ah!—well—I won't promise," he laughed. "All depends whether I'm in the mood for it."

"But won't you try?"

And the Prince nodded assent.

[We somehow fancy that there must have been "an arch smile" about this point.]

And did he try? Ah! we must not express ourselves so bluntly; *Observer* likes to shroud himself in the infinite condescension of the truly great. He mysteriously says he received some "expressive lines, written specially for me by a poet who is also a great personage, but whose name he would not permit me to give." Oh, the blessed words—"great personage!"

As we follow *Observer* through three hundred pages of fatuous meandering, we wonder why he cannot utter the word "Greece" without foaming at the mouth with venomous rage. Suddenly the reason appears: it's all on account of that King George! Alone of the Balkan monarchs, King George neither wrote a poem for our *Observer*, nor "graciously chatted" with him, nor even sent him a packet of cigarettes. Omission of ill omen—thrones have shaken for less. And now there is no remedy; Greece may make what arrangements she will with Bulgaria or Turkey or the Powers, but ever in the background looms, baleful, her implacable enemy, the *Observer in the Near East*. Was his friendship not worth a packet of cigarettes and a friendly pat on the head?

Military Convention between Russia and Bulgaria.

From the "Westminster Gazette."

Constantinople.

The Russians have followed the German lead in diplomacy. It was felt in Petersburg that it was absolutely necessary for the Bulgarian Foreign Minister to be thoroughly *en rapport* with Russian official feeling and sentiment, and that, in view of the possibility of military developments, it was advisable that the Bulgarian representative in the Russian capital should be a soldier. So it came about that in the course of the recent Ministerial changes at Sofia, M. Stancioff, the Bulgarian Minister at Petersburg, was recalled and made Minister of Foreign Affairs, being replaced by General Paprikoff, who for the past five years had been Minister of War. These appointments led to the active interchange of views between the two capitals, and last month the Grand Duke Vladimir was sent down to Sofia to carry through a secret treaty between Russia and Bulgaria. His visit coincided with the presentation of the joint Austro-Russian Note on the question of the Macedonian revolutionary bands, and was intended to soften the effects of what the Bulgarians considered an unmerited aspersion on their loyalty to the Powers.

However, the Grand Duke Vladimir's visit to Sofia was not for the purpose of ascertaining the view of Bulgarian Ministers on the question of Macedonian Reform, but to learn how far Bulgaria would be able to assist Russia in the event of war with Turkey.

These points had been thoroughly discussed between the Grand Duke and General Paprikoff in Petersburg, but on his arrival in Bulgaria the Grand Duke personally visited the two ports of Varna and Bourgas and inspected the Bulgarian Army at manœuvres. The result of his visit has been the conclusion of a Military Convention between the two countries.

Bulgaria's Agreement.

Bulgaria agrees to subordinate her foreign policy in accordance with the dictates of Russia, and to refrain from committing any act that might precipitate war. In the event of Turkey invading Bulgaria, or in the event of Russia declaring war on Turkey, the Military Convention comes into force forthwith. Russia agrees to land troops for the defence of Bourgas and Varna, and to send her fleet for the protection of these harbours. She also agrees to place eighteen regiments of cavalry at the disposal of the Bulgarian Government. This force, with a proper proportion of artillery, to be landed at Bourgas and moved down by train to join the Bulgarian main Army. The Bulgarian torpedo-flotilla to be placed at the disposal of the Russian fleet.

Having concluded the Military Convention with Bulgaria, the Grand Duke Vladimir proceeded to Vienna, where its details, or such of them as were advisable, were submitted to the Emperor Francis Joseph, and thence to Bucharest, where a fresh Convention was entered into with Roumania, providing for joint action under certain eventualities.

A Bulgarian Raid.

Greek Peasants Massacred. Women Burnt Alive.

The Bulgarian band, which consisted of 200 members of "committees," under the command of the chief Tsole, burst into the village and set fire to the buildings, 25 houses and 11 barns being burned down without any resistance being offered by the inhabitants, although a few Greek peasants fired upon the Bulgarians from behind a wall. So far as is known, seven women were burned alive, six persons were killed, including three women, and several were wounded.

The Turkish Authorities at Florina immediatly set out for the spot and arrested fifty Bulgarian peasants whom they considered to be implicated in the attack. Heavy responsibility, however, is considered to rest upon the authorities, as the chief Tsole sent a threatening letter to the village of Negovani a month ago, and the authorities, although they ought to have prevented the outrage, took no precaution whatever.

As the band was on its way to Negovani they attacked 50 Greek peasants, who were returning to their village, but the latter succeeded in making their escape.

The village of Negovani is purely Greek, and Bulgaria has never laid claim to any influence there."

The reports of the attack on Negovani, have caused considerable exitement in Athens, where it is thought that the incident shows clearly who is responsible for the unrest in Macedonia.

Semi-official reports of sanguinary outrages in other parts of Macedonia are being published in Athens. One report states that a Bulgarian band went to the village of Melenkitch, near Serres, and murdered a prominent Greek inhabitant and two other Greeks, and mortally wounded another. They then took possession of their vineyards and wine-presses.

It is stated on the other hand that the Greeks have made no attack upon the Bulgarians at Serres for over a month, although the Bulgarians have murdered 15 Greeks and several Mussulmans.

The telegrams which contain these reports say that it is impossible to prevent the Greek population from making reprisals, as they believe that they are again being invoked in a series of events similar to that which led to the present situation in Macedonia.—*Reuter.*

Literary Page.

Modern Greece.—Her Language and Literature.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

It is a very remarkable fact, and one which has been adverted to by eminent scholars only at rare intervals, that a deep-rooted prejudice against Modern Greek exists, and has for long existed among British Hellenists. The classical student passes through the Universities perhaps without hearing any mention of the language of modern Hellas, certainly without receiving any encouragement to study it. There would seem to be an idea among classical scholars that any time devoted to the study of Modern Greek is simply and solely so many weeks or months wasted, if such, indeed, is not actually prejudicial to the student's study of Ancient Greek. It is difficult to attribute this conviction to any other cause than ignorance, for any student of Ancient Greek who will take the trouble to acquire an adequate knowledge of the modern tongue—a task requiring very little time and effort in view of the comparatively few changes the language has undergone—will have his mind disabused of many mistaken ideas, among others of the idea that the study of Modern Greek is prejudicial to the progress of a student of the classical tongue.

Another belief, difficult to uproot, is the belief entertained by some that Modern Greek is a mere patois, a corrupt patois of Turkish and Italian.

Writing from Edinburgh, September 25th, 1879, the late Professor Blackie, the upholder of Modern Greek in many vigorous articles, says:—"Modern Greek is not a patois, a mongrel, a hybrid, or degraded dialect in any legitimate sense of the word; it is the same language in which St. Paul delivered his discourse to the Athenians from the hill of Mars in the first century, with only such slight variations as the course of time naturally brings with it in the case of all languages which have enjoyed an unbroken continuity of cultivated usage."

By his use of the words "unbroken continuity," Professor Blackie calls attention to the fact that Greek is not, and never was, a dead language, in spite of the pernicious tendency of the present day to look upon ancient Greek as one of the dead tongues.

The Greek language has come down to us through nearly three thousand years, has suffered remarkably little at the hands of time—there is very little difference between the Greek of the New Testament, and the Greek of a present day Athenian newspaper—and to-day it is fresh and vigorous as ever.

In another passage, Professor Blackie remarks: "To call this [Modern Greek] a patois is to show an ignorance of the facts, or of the use of language, altogether inexcusable. . . . No doubt there do exist in Greece, and always have existed, certain local perversions of the cultivated speech, which may in a loose sense, be called patois. . . . But upon this low stratum of purely popular Greek, we have the Greek of the pulpit, the Greek of the newspapers, and the Greek of a living literature increasing every day in variety and in significance.

The natural result of this disinclination of British scholars to take up and foster the Modern Greek is ignorance of the literature, rich and varied, of the Greece of to-day. That such a literature is worthy of attention both from the point of view of linguistic study and of pleasure to be derived from assimilating the best thoughts of the best authors, no one who has given even superficial attention to the works of the best modern Greek writers will deny.

There have been published at Athens from time to time elegant translations of the masterpieces of our own classical authors, and of those of other lands, translations with which some of our English editions of Zola and other foreign authors compare very unfavourably. The Greeks in point of fact, are quick to seize whatever is striking in the literature past or present of foreign Countries, translating it into their own tongue, and communicating it to the people through the medium of newspapers and magazines. The educated Greek is a splendid linguist, acquiring foreign tongues with wondeful rapidity and and speaking them with amazing fluency.

But apart from mere translations, there exists in Modern Greece a rich and varied store of original literature, archæological, scientific, fictional, lyric, dramatic, and it is the intention of the present writer to deal with the most outstanding authors of Modern Greece, beginning in the next article with the illustrious Greek statesman, diplomat, and man of letters, Alexander Rhizos Rhangavis.

JOHN CLELLAND CALDWELL, M.A.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LETTERS FROM TURKEY,

By ROSLYN BRUCE, B.D., and KATHLEEN BRUCE.

(Nottingham: Henry B. Saxton, 1/- net).

This little book consists of extracts from letters written during two visits to Macedonia, by Miss Bruce in the winter of 1905-6, and by the Rev. R. Bruce in the following autumn. The letters shew the effects of Turkish cruelty and misrule in bringing about a state of poverty, squalor, and misery which is without parallel elsewhere. Mr. Bruce says, "the only solution of the problem lies in the inevitable expulsion of the Turks, and the division of the country into its Albanian, Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian parts."

ΒΑΡΛΕΝΤΗ ΔΙΗΓΗΜΑΤΑ

ΔΟΞΑ ΚΑΙ ΖΩΗ

Τυπογραφεῖον ἡ Νομική. Ἀθῆνα, 1907.

Δρ. Δύο.

"ΠΑΝΑΘΗΝΑΙΑ"

Athens, 35, *Ὁδὸς Ἀριστομένους.*

A fortnightly illustrated literary periodical, containing very interesting articles of distinguished Modern Greek writers.

THEATRICAL.

We regret that owing to excessive demands on our space this month, we must hold over till our next issue a report on and criticism of the performances, in English, of the *Medea* of Euripides, now being given in the Tuesday and Friday matinees at the Savoy Theatre.

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME II.

With the present number the Hellenic Herald enters upon the second year of its existence. As in the past, it will aim at giving an exhaustive account of the various movements and affairs—political, racial, and social—in the Near East; and at a clear enunciation of the Greek claims in the Balkan Peninsula. In addition to articles by well-known publicists, and reviews of the Foreign Press, a portion of each number is devoted to literary matters—more particularly to the literature of Modern Greece: a special feature of Volume II. will be a series of articles, contributed by eminent English scholars and writers, on Modern Greek social and literary topics.

Those of our readers who do not possess the whole of Volume I. are advised to make good the deficiency: single copies or the complete volume may still be obtained from our Offices. As will be seen from the table of contents, published in this number, Volume I. of the Hellenic Herald practically gives a complete and fully documented account of the recent history of the Balkan States. It contains also many interesting and important papers and reviews, including a valuable series of articles by distinguished French scholars and political writers, not otherwise accessible to English readers.

BULGARIA'S PRACTICAL REPLY TO THE AUSTRO-RUSSIAN NOTE.

Pro-Bulgarians in this country are fond of telling us that "the Bulgarians are a practical people." This the Bulgarians have certainly proved by their practical reply to the Joint Note of the two Powers. Hardly was the ink of the Joint Note dry before the Bulgarians provided Europe with a most effective object-lesson, which should clear away any doubts which may have been entertained as to the real source of Macedonian troubles. During the month of October, large Bulgarian bands attacked and destroyed completely the unoffending Greek villages of Rakovo and Negovani, besides burning houses in and attempting the destruction of several other Greek villages. Numbers of Greeks have been killed, while hundreds are rendered homeless, and exposed, without clothing, food or shelter, to the rigours of a Macedonian winter. And these are no "bravoes from the Greek bands," of which our pro-Bulgarian friends so glibly prate. The Bulgarians were careful in each case to attack the villages on days when they knew the adult male population would be away at the market town. Observe the nature of the Greek bravoes who have fallen to the rifles of these Bulgarian heroes: peasants waylaid in their fields, women and children shot down in the streets, blind, infirm and bedridden old men burned alive in their houses. Truly, these Bulgarians are a practical race: their answer to the Joint Note could not have been written in a much clearer hand.

And the English pro-Bulgarians—what are they saying? Well, most of them are saying nothing at all. Perhaps they do well to be silent. The Bulgarians have expressed themselves so forcibly and so clearly that not much remains to be said. But some of the pro-Bulgarians are not yet reduced to silence. Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, for example, has had a great deal to say. In the *Nation* he recently discoursed on "The Ruin in Macedonia." The title, at all events, is apt enough. "In Macedonia," says Mr. Masterman, "it is rarely the guilty who suffer. The harmless peasant working in the fields, his wife and sleeping children, form the staple material of the massacred." What could be more true?—read the account of the Negovani and Rakovo outrages, and you will see exactly what Mr. Masterman describes. But it does not end with this. The writer goes on to assert that the massacres are perpetrated by "bands of brigands, equipped in Athens, out of money provided by subscriptions from all the Mediterranean Greek world." Then he repeats the time-honoured fiction about Greco-Turkish cooperation. Afterwards he returns to the charge, this time in the *Daily News*, and repeats his misleading assertions, with a fresh embroidery of fiction and exaggeration.

But we must be fair to Mr. Masterman: perhaps he may have written before this latest outbreak of Bulgarian "practicality." Let us examine dates. The Negovani outrage took place on October 2, that

at Rakovo on October 21. Mr. Masterman's paper in the *Nation* appeared on November 9, long after news of the two outrages had been published in the London Press. On November 16, the *Nation* published long letters from Mr. T. P. Newbould and Mr. G. F. Abbott drawing Mr. Masterman's attention to the facts of these outrages, and to other facts which, it was charitable to suppose, he had overlooked. *After this,* Mr. Masterman continued in the *Daily News* his unmeasured anti-Greek tirades.

Now what are we to make of all this? It cannot be urged that the facts had not come to the notice of Mr. Masterman; we have seen that the reverse is true. It can only be supposed that Mr. Masterman is blinded by his partiality for the Bulgarians and his prejudice against all things Greek, so that he can no longer contain himself when he comes to treat of Macedonian affairs. But unhappily the statements of Mr. Masterman and his congeners acquire a fictitious importance from the public position of their promulgators, and in this way, even more than by the strife and mutual recriminations of the Balkan races, English public opinion is confused and misled, until finally it grows tired of the whole Nearer Eastern Question, and cries, "let the Macedonians go to the dogs, so we be left in peace."

British apathy, says Mr. Masterman, is the most disquieting feature in the whole problem: the one which most helps to perpetrate the existing misery, and is most likely to hasten disaster. True—too true. But from Mr. Masterman, and those who like him are members of that Committee, whose avowed purpose is to contribute to the liberation and welfare of *all the Balkan peoples regardless of race,* we expect a temperate and impartial examination of facts and events, which shall contribute to the disappearance of racial strife and difficulties, and not a partisan advocacy which can only result in further embittering the already deplorable national hatreds and struggles.

THE MACEDONIAN PROBLEM.

Although much of our space during the past year has been occupied by matter relative to Macedonian Affairs, we have not hitherto offered a summary of the complicated Macedonian Question within the compass of a single article. Despite the vast importance of the question, and the widespread ignorance in this country, and to a great extent throughout Europe, of the truth concerning the condition of and the various partisan claims in Macedonia, it is practically impossible for the English reader to find any brief and at the same time authoritative statement of the problem.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following study of the "Macedonian Problem," by an English writer, who has made a special study of Macedonian affairs. While reminding our readers that the opinions put forth are the author's own, we commend the article to the notice of all who desire a well-informed summary, which aims at doing strict justice to all the parties concerned.

The joint note recently addressed by the Austrian and Russian Governments to the cabinets of Athens, Sofia and Belgrade has served to remind the European public that the state of Macedonia remains as unsatisfactory to-day as it was before the two Powers, on the mandate of Europe, undertook in 1903 what they were pleased to term a "programme of pacification" in the unhappy provinces. It suits the purpose of Austria and Russia to ascribe the failure of the Mursteg scheme of reforms to propagandist bands and to disloyalty on the part of the free Balkan States; but the truth is that the Mursteg programme was foredoomed to failure, for the simple reason that it made no real attempt to grapple with the facts of the situation. The object of the present article is to dispel, in some measure, that ignorance of the true state of Macedonian affairs which is so prevalent in this country—and, indeed, in Europe generally.

The history and ethnology of Macedonia are notoriously complicated, but it is necessary to give some brief account of them. The ancient Macedonia—embracing the present vilayets of Salonica and Monastir and a small part of Kossovo—was inhabited by a race closely akin to, though not quite identical with, the Greeks. During the period of ancient Greek colonisation, the whole Ægean seaboard was occupied by Greek commercial colonies. Offshoots of these pushed inland, and as the rude Macedonians readily adopted the civilisation and language of their kinsmen, the entire southern region of Macedonia became solidly Greek, and has so remained to this day. The Greek colonies and Greek civilisation also obtained a strong footing in the centre of Macedonia, and even penetrated to the northern parts.

During the Roman occupation, Roman military settlements throughout Macedonia mingled with the Greco-Macedonians, and their descendants are known as Koutzovlachs. These people are still found in every mountain fastness of Macedonia. They speak a tongue composed of Latin and Greek elements. They regard themselves as Greeks, and have always been most passionate adherents to the cause of Hellenism. They must not be confounded with the Roumanians, whose claims to kinship they have always strongly repudiated. The Roumanians, it is true, speak a tongue whose basis is Latin, derived from the military settlements along the Danube. Their blood, however, is mainly Dacian and Slavonic, though there is doubtless also a considerable tincture of Roman.

In the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era, Slavonic tribes began to appear in Macedonia. Their descendants are the modern Servians and Montenegrins. They have also a strong footing in the centre of Macedonia, but in the South, they either failed to penetrate, or were absorbed by the Greeks.

Some centuries after the Slavs, a savage non-Aryan race, the Volgarians, appeared from the Asiatic Steppes. They mingled with the Slavs, giving rise to the Bulgarian race. Their settlements were in modern Bulgaria, and in North-Eastern Macedonia. Like the Greeks and the Slavs, they also made considerable headway in Central Macedonia, but they were unable to contend against the Hellenic element in the South.

During the Middle Ages, Macedonia was the scene of conquest and re-conquest—the rise and fall of Servian and Bulgarian Empires, the varying ebb and flow of Byzantine power, the raids of Frankish plunderers (or "Crusaders," as they called themselves at home). These events, which make picturesque reading in our history books and which were the cause of much misery and suffering in Macedonia, did not materially affect the distribution of races. They only paved the way for the coming of the Turks.

Four and a half centuries of Turkish misrule and oppression have produced the melancholy state of affairs of which the "Macedonian Question" is the outcome; it can hardly be said, however, that the coming of the Turks has greatly complicated the racial problem. The Turks have never been in any sense settlers on the soil; despising work of every description, and caring solely to exist as a dominant military caste, among a toiling, tax-paying, unarmed subject people, they are scattered all over Turkey-in-Europe, but are practically nowhere a majority of the population. If any steps were taken to give Macedonia a stable and peaceful Government, with equal rights for all, the Turks would either fall into line with their Christian neighbours or, since they have no stake in the land beyond their military predominance, they would

simply quit the country. Examples of both courses have been furnished by the Turks of Greece, Servia and Bulgaria, and quite recently in Crete.

The mountainous nature of Macedonia has made it a difficult country to conquer, and the various invaders were never able completely to absorb the different peoples whom they found in it. Thus in some parts of the country we find one race predominate, and in others another, and in others again two or three exist side by side.

Nevertheless, it is possible to mark out certain areas as pertaining on the whole to certain races. For reasons above stated, we leave the Turks out of consideration for the moment. In the Northern districts the Slav and Volgarian invaders were able to wipe out or absorb the meagre Hellenic settlements. In the North-West, Modern Servia and the Northern part of the Kossvo Vilayet, the race is mainly purely Slavonic—Servian: in the North-East, Modern Bulgaria proper and the greater part of Eastern Roumelia (apart from the seaboard and the towns) the race is mainly Slavo-Volgarian, i.e., Bulgarian. In the South, on the other hand—from Epirus south of the central lakes, north of Serres, along the Ægean, in Southern Thrace and also along the Black Sea coast—the Hellenes were able either to resist the invaders or to absorb them. These districts are Greek by race, language and civilisation. The Kossovo Vilayet was at one time mainly Slavonic, but during the last three centuries there has been a continual influx of Albanians, who are now the most important element in the Western part of "Old Servia." The rest of Kossovo, and the Northern parts of the Monastir and Salonica Vilayets (say N. of Ochrida) are Slavonic in the West, with a gradually increasing Volgarian tincture as we go Eastward: the Western part we may say is Servian, the Eastern Bulgarian, but where Servian merges into Bulgarian is a difficult matter to decide. Throughout this district there are also some Greek centres. In the East of Macedonia, the population towards the North is like that of Eastern Roumelia, mainly Bulgarian with many Greek centres; towards the South, like that of Thrace, mainly Greek with some Bulgarian elements. There is also a considerable Moslem population in this district.

There remains for consideration the central district—bounded we may say, by a line joining Ochrida, Vanitsa, Vodena, Serres, Drama, Nevrocop, Stroumnitza and back to Ochrida. It is in this district that the races are most inextricably confused. Greek, Slav, Bulgarian villages exist side by side; the towns are predominantly Greek; and while Koutzovlach settlements are found all over Macedonia, they are specially numerous in this district. It is in this region that the rival bands and propagandas are most active; and certainly no scheme can be entertained which, like the "Big Bulgaria" of San Stefano, would hand over this district to any one of the rival parties.

It may be regarded as beyond discussion that a continuance of Turkish oppression and misgovernment is unthinkable. The experience of 450 years has been that no reform of the Turk is possible. The history of Turkey-in-Europe has been one long tale of uninterrupted degeneration, and things cannot be permitted to go any further. It may yet be asked: why try to plan out the various national spheres of interest? why not simply make the whole of Macedonia autonomous (in fact if not in name)? The answer is simple. A hundred years ago autonomy might have been possible, and is in fact what the insurgents sought in the Greek revolution. The Christian races of the Balkans owed their religion and culture to the Greeks, all were members of the same Church, all were ready to join in a struggle for the common freedom. The Greek and the Slav had forgotten their secular rivalry in face of the common enemy, and had they been permitted, it is not impossible that they might have united to stand side by side in one Christian state. This, however, was not the desire of the Great Powers, and in particular of the two Powers who are mainly responsible for the continuation of Turkish anarchy—Austria and Russia. These Powers have desired to keep the country weak and disunited until the time should be ripe for a partition of the "Sick Man's Heritage," and it was in pursuit of this policy that, through the whole course of the nineteenth century, Russia busied herself in reviving the old antagonism of Greek and Bulgar.

A powerful state in the Balkans would give checkmate to some of Russia's most cherished designs, and so the recent history of Macedonia has been a continuous story of intrigue, mainly Russian, to keep the embers of discontent smouldering. After the War of Independence, the new Greek Kingdom was launched into the world, with a restricted boundary which forced it to devote to plans of expansion the energies needful for internal development. As the new Kingdom shewed no inclination to be dragged at the tail of any other state, it at once became suspect, and very soon we find Russia making her famous discovery of the "little brothers," the Bulgarians, whom she stirred up to a violent state of anti-Hellenism. It is sometimes stated that the Bulgarian anti-Greek movement is the growth of centuries, but nothing is more certain than that in 1830 all the Christians of the peninsula would have welcomed absorption in the Greek Kingdom, while a dozen years later Russian emissaries had already in secret begun their Panslavist anti-Greek intrigues. On this subject we may quote one of the most acute observers and ablest representatives whom this country has ever sent to Turkey:

In 1843 "brigandage prevailed, and the country in "general was insecure in consequence of the political "agitation which had already commenced amongst the "Christian populations, mainly caused by the intrigues "of Russian agents. . . . . One of the objects "of my mission was to enquire into the movement "which was alleged to be in progress amongst the Bul-"garians, and the means by which it was brought about. "Secret societies were known to exist, which had for "their object to excite an insurrection against the Turkish "government, and which were directed and supported by "secret committees in Russia and by Russian agents. "There had already been more than one attempt at "rebellion, which had been suppressed by the Turkish "troops. *However, at that time, the Bulgarians formed but "a small minority of the Christian population of Macedonia, "and of Salonica, its capital,* and being of Greek faith "were included by the Turkish authorities amongst the "Greeks"—[Sir Henry Layard: *Autobiography*, Vol. II., p. 24.]

In 1870 the Bulgarian Exarchate Church was founded. To this there could have been little objection, had that Church existed simply to give expression to a national religious sentiment. It acted, however, merely as a potent instrument in the hands of the Panslavists, and methods of terrorism were employed in the hope of forcing the whole Christian population of Macedonia into the Exarchist ranks. These methods have failed. The Koutzovlachs have remained, in Church as in all other respects, strongly attached to the Greek cause; many, too, of the Slavo-Bulgarian villagers have refused to desert the Patriarchate and to throw in their lot with the Bulgarian rather than with the Greek cause—these are the "Bulgarophone and Slavophone Greeks," who are recognised by all unbiassed observers.

After the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, the treaty of San Stefano promised to satisfy the extreme aspirations of the Panslavists. The "Big Bulgaria" of that treaty, intended of course to be an outpost of and to be ultimately absorbed by the Russian Empire, was to include almost the whole of Macedonia, a large Greek population being handed over to the tender mercies of their hereditary enemies. As everyone knows, the San Stefano arrangement was not allowed to come into force and the subsequent Berlin treaty reduced the Bulgarian Principality to much more modest proportions. "Macedonia," said Lord Salisbury, "is essentially a Greek country," and he was able to save the country from being handed over to the Bulgarians. Nevertheless, the Big Bulgaria of San Stefano has remained the goal of Bulgarian efforts and aspirations. Events subsequent to 1878 led to an estrangement between Russia and the Principality; but the Bulgarians, on their own accounts and with increased activity, continued in Macedonia the campaign, which had for forty years been pursued in obedience to the Russian Panslavists.

Many efforts have been made to prove that the committees have arisen spontaneously among the Macedonian population, but the recent Natchovitch revelations have proved beyond doubt that the Bulgarian Government has throughout engineered their action. It has been maintained that protection of the Christian population, and not persecution, has been the object of the committees and their bands. On this subject the reader may be referred to a British official report: [from Sir Alfred Bilioti, December 2nd, 1902]. "Proselytism and terrorism were "the means by which they sought to destroy utterly all "tranquillity and to reduce the inhabitants of the district "to such complete misery as would force them to fall in "with their revolutionary ideas. The priests and school-"masters, working with the daily increasing bands at their "backs, instilled into the minds of the peasants that they "must look for relief to Bulgaria, and prepare for the "great struggle which should give liberty to their children. "Little by little they removed all those who, faithful to "the Patriarchate, refused their allegiance; and in the "Sandjak of Serres alone, over one hundred Greeks, Vlachs, "and Orthodox Bulgarians fell victims to their vengeance "and cruelty." And another British official (Acting Consul-General Shipley in a report to Sir N. O'Connor) describes the "noble patriot and liberator" of the bands: "The "ordinary Macedonian Bulgar who works for the Com-"mittee does so, either because, having passed through "a Bulgarian gymnasium, he will not return to his village "to earn his livelihood by manual labour, and yet cannot "find 'suitable employment' for his brain, or because he "prefers to live by brigandage, political and other."

During recent years, the Greeks have been forced in self-defence to offer armed resistance to the lawlessness of the Bulgarian bands. The Servs, too, have for the same reason taken up arms, since the Bulgarians have wished to swallow up the Slavonic as well as the Greek element. A further complication has been introduced by the propaganda of the Roumanians, who, though they have no real stake in the country, have desired to fabricate a claim for the sake of bartering it in a certain "deal" they hope to bring off with the Bulgarians. Accordingly, they have tried to induce the Koutzovlachs to desert the Patriarchate and to declare themselves Roumanians. Now the Koutzovlachs are among the foremost champions of Hellenism (*Graeciores ipsis Graecis*) and the Rumanist propaganda has achieved practically nothing; it only deserves notice as being another factor in promoting internal feud in the country.

Enough has been said to show the urgent need for reform in Macedonia; it remains to consider methods. The first essential is that Turkish rule must be absolutely abolished. "Bag and Baggage the Turk must go," said Mr. Gladstone long ago. Lord Landsdowne recently spoke, if in less picturesque fashion, with no less clearness, "A Commission must be appointed by the Powers, with administrative and executive powers. It would at once frame schemes for the effective control of the administration of finance and justice." *By the Powers*—and there is little doubt that we could count upon France and Italy: but if not, it is none the less Britain's duty to interfere.

Why, it may be asked, should we meddle in other people's affairs? There are many reasons. In the first case, the Eastern Christians were for eight centuries the bulwark of Europe, and it was during those eight centuries that the Western nations were able to shape and develop themselves. After the Turks captured Constantinople 1453, they overran Southern Europe in half a century, and were soon battering the walls of Vienna: had Constantinople fallen at the first shock, in the eighth century, Moslem dynasties would soon have ruled in Rome and Paris and London: there is a cause for gratitude. Secondly, if the Macedonian Christians would but renounce their faith and embrace Islam, they would at once cease to be *raya ths*—downtrodden cattle. Thirdly, we have meddled in the affairs of the Balkan Christians—but we have only interfered with their struggles to throw off the the Turkish yoke.

Perhaps arguments on moral grounds are out of fashion. Then let the appeal be to commercial interest. Macedonia is a country of fertile valleys and mountains rich in minerals. Under any reasonable government, it might soon become wealthy, offering new fields for the British investor, new sources of raw materials, new markets for our finished products. Its commerce ought within a few years to increase by twenty or thirty millions sterling—*and of that commerce* 60 *per cent is in British hands.*

It has been objected that the lawlessness of the bands will make a settlement impossible, but this is a great mistake. At present the different nationalities are trying to show their strength by exterminating one another; and Bulgaria if not Servia is secretly supported by Russia; but if the rights of the nationalities were clearly defined by an impartial International commission, there would be nothing to hope from successful action of the bands, and accordingly the bands would cease to enjoy all countenance from the responsible members of their races. Moreover, at present, brigandage (or patriotic propaganda—call it which you prefer) is one of the most promising openings for a man of energy and resource in Macedonia. But give the country a settled government, and commerce, manufacture and the professions will at once attract the capable men in Macedonia, as in other countries.

Of the remedies proposed, we may at once reject one —the absorption of Macedonia by some Great Power (*i.e.*, by Russia or Austria), The Macedonian people do not want and would resist any such absorption. Moreover, Austria has quite enough on her hands at present—Macedonian misrule cannot be allowed to continue until after Austria has settled her affairs with the Magyars, Czechs, Transylvanians, etc. And until Russia can give her own mujiks the rudiments of a liveable existence, she may well leave the reform of Macedonia in more able hands. The Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians have all developed civilisations which, despite many faults, are far higher and more promising than anything to be seen in Russia: give their relatives in Macedonia a chance, and they too will show that they are capable of evolving a national life of their own, better than anything which Russia can offer them.

The proposal of Macedonian Autonomy, which has had many supporters in this country, is likewise inadequate to meet the requirements of the situation.

It will easily be seen that the varying propagandas result only in exasperating the Christian populations against one another. And while the different Christian races are separated by bitter hatreds, the Turk is free to misgovern in his own corrupt and bloody manner. Any scheme of autonomy for Macedonia would simply keep the warring races tied together in a fratricidal struggle. "Macedonia for the Macedonians," sounds beautiful and liberal, but—*there are no Macedonians.* There are Greeks and Bulgarians and Serbs and Albanians; and a lasting peace can only be made by some authoritative settlement of the respective spheres of these nationalities—roughly, we may say that the Southern half of the Salonica vilayet, and the centre and South of the vilayet of Monastir would pertain to Greece; the Northern part to Bulgaria; the greater part of the Kossovo vilayet to Servia, but the West of this vilayet to Albania, and the extreme East to Bulgaria. There would be no need to do away with the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan. The precedent of Crete might be followed, *i.e.*, The Southern section would be placed under a Greek governor, who might be appointed by the powers, or under a predominately Greek governing council, and order would be maintained by a mainly Greek gendarmerie and judicial system; and so for the Bulgarian and Servian regions. A fixed annual tribute might be paid by each section to Turkey, but the present ruinous and arbitrary taxation must be abolished.

If such an arrangement were made, the "Macedonian Question" might settle itself within six months. The different nationalities, each living under a stable government within its own definite sphere, and having no prospect of gain by band or propaganda, would devote their energies to the peaceful development of their resources, and what is now a blood-stained desert would speedily become a home of civilisation and prosperity. This, however,

is precisely what is not desired by "the most interested Powers." Russia has her eye on a prospective partition (in which Russia shall realise her long-standing dream of seizing first Bulgaria, on some trumped-up pretext, and afterwards as much of Macedonia as she can lay hands on, and Austria shall have what is left), while Austria and Germany have their own reasons for desiring no alteration in the *status quo;* so all three Powers resist any proposal likely to bring about a permanent settlement, and will only assist in "reforms" which will keep the embers of discontent and revolution smouldering, ready to be fanned into a blaze when it shall suit their ends. It therefore becomes the duty of the three liberal powers—Britain, France, and Italy—to insist on a speedy settlement along the lines we have indicated; and as the Turcophil policy of Britain in the past has helped to perpetuate and aggravate the state of misery, this country must hold itself responsible for taking whatever practical steps are necessary preliminary to the solution.

HISTORICUS.

The British Occupation of Cyprus.

There are few Western politicians who have any competent knowledge of the political conditions of the Isle of Cyprus, and outside England the question has attracted very little attention.

A few writers, mostly travellers and archæologists, have mentioned the existence of the Cypriote question, but ignorance of the political conditions of Cyprus is so widespread that it may not be inopportune briefly to trace the historical outlines of the question. The subject is one which should interest all who follow Oriental affairs, and it is especially important to the politicians of Britain, on whom it rests and will rest to concern themselves about the affairs of an Isle, which the hazard of diplomatic negotiations has attached to the British crown, but which none the less remains unalterably Greek.

It was in Cyprus that the Greek spirit asserted pre-eminently its superiority over the Phœnician, and through the centuries the Isle has maintained the indelible imprint of the Greek spirit, despite manifold disaster and repeated conquest. It is to the honour of this Isle that, passing through suffering and vicissitude, it has always maintained the uneffaceable memory of its glorious past, and has never ceased to cherish Hellenism and to look towards Greece, its Mother-country. The races of Asia have vainly assailed the Isle, their unceasing attacks have not modified either the language (which yet remains virgin, free from all impure alliance—above all at Paphos and Karpassia), nor the aspirations of the Isle—those aspirations which, like its history, are the hopes common to all the lands of Hellas, and especially to the Greek Isles, which have preserved their Greek character more completely than other parts of free or irredeemed Hellas.

The census of 1900 gave Cyprus a population of 182,739 Greeks and 51,309 Moslems. It is estimated that since 1900, the Greek population has increased by 15¼ per cent., the Mahommedan by about 7 per cent.

The population of Cyprus, then, is about four-fifths Greek, and its one desire is for union with Greece. This desire has repeatedly been put forth and energetically supported; and until it has been attained it will be the object of the utmost solicitude and most vigorous demands of the people.

The Island, as is well known, was ceded to Britain by the Cyprus convention of July, 1878.

The inauguration of British Rule was welcomed by the Cypriots with the utmost joy. In this ending of the Ottoman domination the people saw the opening of an era of liberty, and the first step in the road to their final emancipation and union with Greece. One by one these hopes have vanished, and a cruel disillusionment has taken their place.

When Sir Garnet Wolsely, the first Governor of the Isle, landed in 1878, the Archbishop of Cyprus, Mgr. Sophronius welcomed him with an address, beginning in these terms: "It is our cherished hope that Britain, in "dealing with our Isle, will follow her own good example "of some years ago, when she retroceded the Ionian Isles "to Greece . . . ." Some days later Sir Garnet went to visit the city of Limassol (*Lemissos*), where he was greeted by the Archiepiscopal Vicar, who uttered the same wish as Mgr. Sophronius.

The sentiment uttered by these two prelates is one which has endured for centuries; and is at the root of the political struggles entered upon by the Isle in the hope of attaining to the national restoration.

During the first three years of British rule, a powerful opposition was formed. It acted as the mouthpiece of the Islanders, in demanding more appropriate institutions, a more liberal system of government, and finally annexation to Greece.

I do not intend to say much about the first two of these demands, though I may note in passing that they were in part satisfied by the reform of the tribunals and the creation of legislative Assembly. But the object of these lines is to recount the efforts made by our Isle toward national restoration.

The hopes which had been completely crushed the first three years of British rule were revived by the accession of power of the Gladstone cabinet in 1881. Meetings were held throughout the Isle, resolutions passed and telegraphed to the great English Liberal Chief. He was told that the unanimous and unchanging desire of the people was for union with Greece. Mr. Gladstone replied: "Although it is the ardent desire of Her Majesty's "Government to see the happiness of Cyprus assured, "yet the Government thinks it well to remind you that "Cyprus is held in virtue of a convention, and that no "proposals tending to break the terms of that convention "can be discussed."

This reply did not check the Islanders. In the December of the same year they sent a large delegation to bear the following memorandum, addressed to the cabinet of St. James:

"My Lord,

"The people of Cyprus, mindful of their history, never forgetting their Hellenic blood, and trusting in the magnanimity of the British nation, of Her Majesty the Queen and of her Majesty's Government, hope that at an appropriate moment their aspirations will be the object of benevolent attention.

"And here the people of Cyprus consider it their sacred duty to renew the declarations which quite recently they have most formally announced, that their sole desire and their sole hope for the future is in the union with their Mother-country.

"Our brothers of the Ionian Isles have benefited from the liberalism of Britain. And now by a vast majority, the people have placed in power those great statesmen of free and liberal England, whose motto is 'Liberty, Fraternity and Justice.' We are therefore emboldened to hope that before long the Government of Her Britannic Majesty will give a striking proof that the great political principals, cherished in the hearts of the English people, are those of Canning, Russell and Palmerston."

Since then, the Cypriotes have allowed no occasion to slip without reaffirming this unshaken desire. In 1888 a delegation, with Mgr. Sophronius at its head, came to London and described the miserable state to which the affairs of the Isle had been reduced, and demanded union with Greece, as the only remedy for the unhappy condition of the country. In 1895 the House of Commons began to discuss the political future of Cyprus. The Isle was intensely interested; new meetings, and new manifestations under the national flag, always ended in the same demand, accompanied by the intimation that the people would resist any compromise, by force if necessary.

On July 25, 1895, was a new appeal to the British Government, in the form of a memoir, of which the first article was simply an ardent plea in favour of union with Greece. The Legislative Assembly, in its annual reply to the High Commissioner's speech and also in special resolutions, has been indefatigably persistent in urging the same solution of the question. On May 26, 1902, Mr. Chamberlain expressed doubts in the House of Commons as to the existence of any widespread sentiment in Cyprus in favour of union with Greece; the Cypriote Chamber did not allow those words to pass without protest, and once more it expressed a hope the "unalterable desire" of the Isle would be regarded.

Once more, at the coronation of Edward VII, the Church, the Chamber and the People seized the occasion to send a telegram urging the King to "follow the example of his illustrious mother, who restored the Ionian Isles to Greece, and so to continue in the liberal traditions of the British people."

* * * * *

Such have been the principal official manifestations by which the Isle has quietly but firmly expressed on repeated occasions its supreme national aspiration. In this place I will pass over the fierce demands for union with Greece, the conflicts between the High Commissioner and the representatives of the people, and many other incidents in the struggle of the people against the existing Government.[1] I propose now to examine the opinions expressed on this question by leading British statesmen and political writers, some of whom have published views which ought not to be lost sight of—which ought in fact to be made much better known. We have seen in what terms Gladstone replied to the Cypriote message of 1881. The union with Greece he referred to as "the welfare of Cyprus." He considered that diplomatic agreements prevented Britain from granting the request of the Cypriotes at that time, but some fifteen years later we find Gladstone, in a letter to the Duke of Westminster, pleading for the cession of Cyprus to Greece.

It is also but just to admit that the idea has found many powerful supporters in the British Parliament. We may especially name the great liberal, Sir Charles Dilke. In 1898 I chanced to be for a time in London. I published there a study of the Cypriote question, and I was brought into correspondence with many of the Parliamentary leaders. At a time when the cause of the Isle seems to attract a certain interest in England, it may perhaps not be useless to publish certain evidences of British liberalism.

Sir Charles Dilke addressed to me the following lines, dated June 5th, 1899 :

Dear Sir,

"I have already had occasion more than once to express my views on the Cypriote question. The occupation of Cyprus has always been defended on military grounds, but I am convinced that, from the military point of view, it is no advantage but an embarassment for this country.

"I have always advocated the return of the Greek Isles to the Kingdom of Greece, and although the majority of my countrymen are still opposed to this retrocession, I personally continue to hope the day will come when we shall recognise for Cyprus what Palmerston recognised for the Ionian Isles—that is to say, that in the interests of our own country as well as in the general interest, the Cypriotes ought to be free to unite themselves to the Hellenic Kingdom, as I believe they would do if they had liberty of action."

Mr. C. J. Monk wrote me :

"My attitude in the House of Commons from 1868 onwards, and my repeated proposals on the Cretan question ought, I think, to be considered as in themselves a sufficient answer to your question concerning the reunion of Cyprus with Greece."

Mr. F. S. Stevenson expressed himself as enthusiastically in favour of this solution. As an active member of the "Greek committee" presided over by Sir Arthur Arnold, Mr. Stevenson had rendered considerable services to the Greek cause. Letters which I exchanged with him convinced me that, contrary to the opinion of many Greeks, Mr. Stevenson was a true friend of the Hellenic cause. In one letter he wrote to me : "I am convinced that Cyprus will play a great part in the ascendent progress of Greek civilisation." Mr. Stevenson's views on Greek civilisation have undergone a sudden transformation ; he has become one of those who pin their faith rather on the Bulgarian civilisation. Is it his study of the history of Crumm that has converted this prominent liberal ? He is not the only one of his party in whom the friendship of yesterday has given place to the hostility of to-day ; perhaps this unhappy *volte face* is connected with the manner in which Greece is represented in certain Courts.

Mr. John Dillon declared himself "for the cession of Cyprus, if that is truly the desire of a majority of the islanders." Another Irish leader also wrote, "I should be delighted to see the frontiers of Greece extended, and Cyprus forming part of this greater Greece."

Sir Arthur Arnold wrote several letters in which he assured me of the good wishes of the "Greek committee," "Cyprus," he wrote in one letter, "should be given back to those to whom the Isle naturally belongs."

Mr. Labouchere is of the same opinion. He it was who suggested the idea of a plebiscite of the Cyprian people to send an address to the Crown.

Even at the present day, when the cause of Hellenism is far from popular in England, many British thinkers are in favour of granting the Isle its desire, and so not only continuing the glorious traditions of English liberalism, but also serving the true interests of Britain.

The grandiose projects with which Disraëli entered upon the occupation of 1878 had preforce to be abandoned. Since then Cyprus has suffered cruelly from the carelessness of an indifferent rule. She has been financially exhausted, not supplied with proper means of communication, deprived of ports ; she has been subjected to all the evils which are entailed by the lack of care and interest and foresight on the part of the governing Power. Undoubtedly there has been progress—social, commercial and intellectual—but the merit of this is entirely due to the altogether exceptional sacrifices made by the people. For example, in addition to High Schools and Institutions of Secondary Education, the communes support more than 700 Greek Primary Schools. Their sacrifices in this respect have been recognised and praised in his last report by the present High Commissioner, Sir Charles King Harman, a just and liberal man.

As regards the material prosperity of Cyprus, those who know the flourishing condition of certain Isles of the Greek Archipelago (Mitylene and Chios for example), despite the Turkish rule, can feel nothing but sorrow for the state of Cyprus. The reason lies in the economic conditions. In the first case, the change of Government involved countless additional charges, but made no additions to the resources of the Isle. On the contrary, no sooner was the oppressive weight of Turkish administration removed, than a new administration came, which costs annually a sum of £144,000 (which is very considerable for the Isle), in addition to £210,000 taxes and the annual tribute of £92,000 to Turkey—a shameful and oppressive tribute, which adds nothing to the colonial glory of Britain.

On May 26, 1902, some speakers in the House of Commons urged the cession of Cyprus to Greece. Mr. Chamberlain, at that time Colonial Secretary, asked "who would pay the annual deficit of £30,000 at present supported by the British Government ?" Mr. Chamberlain either forgot or ignored the fact that under a Greek *regime*—even if no change were made in the economic conditions of the Isle—the budget of Cyprus would shew a surplus rather than a deficit. A Greek administration would not know what to do with even half the £144,000, which the cost of the expensive *administration de luxe* maintained by Britain in the Isle.

No other financial difficulty exists—and if it did, it would matter nothing to a people ready, as it has said a hundred times, to undergo every sacrifice on behalf of its national ideal.

English writers, liberal and conservative alike, have christened Cyprus "the White Elephant." In truth, as the Commons have more than once recognized, Cyprus has yielded England millions of money which, without this guarantee of the Turkish tribute, would never have been received by the subscribers of the Crimean loan.

The principal of nationalities, the historic rights of the Isle, the sad condition to which it has been reduced, the traditions of English liberalism, all plead in favour of the Cypriote demands. Against this is no conflict of European interest, no diplomatic considerations, no possibility of counterclaim, or demand for compensation by any of the Balkan States ; for, in virtue of the secret

1. I have dealt with these questions at full length in the Review *Hellenismos* (Athens) for July, August and September, 1905 ; and also in a correspondence published in the *Nea Himera* of Trieste.

N. A. L.

convention of 1878, Cyprus was entirely detached from the Ottoman Empire.

British political circles do not seem to look at present with much hope upon the future of Greece. But shortly the military and naval reorganisation of the realm will be complete, and we may hope also that the present errors will have been dissipated. Then without doubt the conviction, which many causes have tended to shake, will revive among Englishmen, that Hellenism, in virtue of her historical traditions and her ethnic vigour, is the only barrier to arrest the invading flood of Slavism. Thus it will be seen that the existence of a powerful maritime Greece will be of special aid to British interests, and will in no less degree further the cause of civilisation and progress.

N. A. LANITIS.

The Greek Reply to the Powers.

Athens, November 10th.

Monsieur l'Envoyé,—

I have the honour to announce to you by telegraph the communication which has been made to me by the representatives of Austria-Hungary and Russia of the Note of the Cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg, containing the declarations of the Concert of Powers relative to the pacification of Macedonia, declarations which the representatives of Germany, France, Great Britian, and Italy have supported with the King's Government.

The King's Government, solicitous of its obligations towards the Greek element in Macedonia, would fail in its duty if it did not convey to the Great Powers the considerations which the examination of Note has suggested to it.

You will not be unaware, Monsieur l'Envoyé, of the fundamental causes of the painful situation in which Macedonia has struggled for so many years. According to the very terms of the memorandum which I transmitted to you in my letter of September 12th, 1906, which was communicated to the Great Powers, they may be summarised as follows:—

The action of the Bulgarian Committees against the Greek element in Macedonia appeared for the first time in 1897 in the vilayet of Salonika. To break the Greek influence in Macedonia, and to force into schism all the Greek villages as far as and including those situated in the south, was the programme conceived by the Bulgarian Committees, who to gain their ends, spared the Greek population nothing. Thus it was that every day priests, schoolmasters and notables chosen among those who exercised the greatest influence in their villages, were massacred, their goods destroyed, and their villages laid under contribution in order to meet the cost of maintaining the Bulgarian bands which were organised in the meantime.

From the year 1899 the Bulgarian operations took a fresh flight, and extended to the vilayet of Monastir. The attacks then became more frequent, and assumed such a violent character that the Greeks were reduced to despair. In spite of all the evils which they suffered, and although the object of the most vexatious treatment by the Bulgarian bands, the Greek element did not depart from its loyal and correct attitude. If in the result it has seen itself compelled to have recourse to means of defence, it is because, seeing no help coming which it had a right to expect, it had to choose between the alternatives of being forced into schism or of defending itself. Conscious of its rights and attached to its religious faith, it chose defence. If in consequence of the defence of the Greeks a notable change occurred in the political conditions in Macedonia, does not this fact prove that the Bulgarians by factitious means sought to occupy a preponderant place? The agitation in Macedonia having thus entered a fresh phase the Great Powers justly concerned at the state of affairs which had been created there as a result of the aggressive attitude of the Bulgarian committees, determined to engage actively in putting an end to it.

Yielding to the advice addressed to them from all parts, the Greeks on several occasions decided to abandon the struggle, but every time they relaxed their activity a recrudescence of activity was remarked among the Bulgarian bands. This is what happened even after the despatch to the Balkan States of the Note of the Vienna and St. Petersburg Cabinets. Whereas the Greek element has for rather a long time observed a correct and loyal attitude, the Bulgarian bands at the present moment are continuing their exploits against the Greeks with the same character of intensity as before, without encountering on their part the slightest resistance. Without citing other facts, it is only necessary to refer to the sad events which quite recently occurred at Nissi, Rahova, Negovani, Melenkitz, Rakovo, and Meleniko.

If, therefore, it is desired to bring back peace to Macedonia and to render it lasting, it is necessary to find means to secure the disappearance of the principal causes of the agitation.

In defending the true bearing of Article III. of the Muerzsteg programme and in dwelling on the misunderstandings arising from the erroneous interpretation of the provisions of that article by the Christian population, the Cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg declare that "the delimitation which the concerting Powers have in view can in no case take into account the national changes provoked by the action of the bands."

In their high spirit of equity the Great Powers will recognise that the state of things which should serve as a basis for the projected delimitation can be no other than the *status quo* existing at the time when the action of the Bulgarian Committees, having for its object the transformation to their advantage of the ethnographical conditions of Macedonia, commenced to be used against the Greeks. As regards the delimitation it would be desirable in the first place to determine the limits of Macedonia properly so called according to geographical, historical, and ethnographical indications. In order to give yet another proof of its deference for the Great Powers, as well as of its lively desire to second their reforming work, the King's Government will do everything in its power to contribute to the pacification of Macedonia. It will vigorously uphold the measures which, in the very sense of the recommendations made to it by the Cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg, it has already adopted, and will attend to their strict execution. It will also continue to use all its influence to calm the minds of the Greeks in Macedonia; but, to bring about a revival in their hearts of the confidence which the sufferings of late years have caused them to lose, it is also necessary to reassure them as to their fate, and to shelter them from the aggressions to which they are daily exposed.

Will you, Monsieur L'Envoyé, read the present despatch to his Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and leave a copy of it with him?

(Signed) A. SKOUSES.

PRESS REVIEW.

The Ruin of Macedonia.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's article on "The Ruin of Macedonia" in THE NATION of November 9th, with profound interest. With much that the writer says I am in perfect agreement; but, as one who has been intimately acquainted with Macedonia for many years, and one who began to study its problems long before Mr. Masterman turned his attention to those matters, I hope I shall be permitted to express my dissent from him on a few important points.

First, he tells us that "bands of brigands, equipped in Athens out of money provided by subscriptions from all the Mediterranean Greek world, are devastating Southern

and Western Macedonia." The existence of those bands is, of course, a well-known fact: so are the sources of the money by which they are supported. But it is not a correct statement that they are equipped in Athens, or that they are devastating Macedonia. They are equipped in Macedonia itself, where their mission is to protect the Greek or Grecophile populations which for years, as I know from actual experience and as is abundantly attested by the evidence of British Consuls and journalists, were at the mercy of Bulgarian bands. It was as a protest against the activity of these bands, and after repeated and fruitless appeals for protection, addressed by the Greeks of Macedonia, by the Greek Patriarchate of Constantinople, and by the Greek Government of Athens to the European Powers, that the Greeks in 1903 began, in sheer self-defence, to organise armed forces wherewith to meet their armed assailants. That the movement, begun for self-preservation, may occasionally degenerate into "devastation" and cruel retaliation, is only natural. But the Bulgars have only themselves to thank for it. They certainly have no right to pose now as the victims of a persecution of which they themselves set the example. The methods employed by the Greeks may be deplorable. They are not, however, one-half as deplorable as are those employed by their Bulgarian rivals. As an example of the tactics long adopted by the latter, it is sufficient to mention an occurrence of the other day—the destruction of the village of Rakovo, near Monastir, by a Bulgarian band; a village inhabited by 800 Orthodox Greeks, and numbering 130 houses, all of which, with the exception of ten, were burnt to the ground. Five men and two women perished in the flames—the rest of the people fled horror-stricken, and took refuge in the neighbouring villages. I am quoting the incident from the accounts which appeared in the London Press (see "Bulgarian Raid," in the "Evening News"; "Bulgarian Atrocity," in the "Evening Standard"; "Another Macedonian Outrage," in the "Westminster Gazette," of November 4th.)

Now, sir, in the face of such facts, is it fair to charge the Greeks with exceptional "ferocity"? I am far from wishing to defend Greek outrages; I am only anxious, in the interests of historic truth and elementary justice, to establish a truer sense of proportion by proving that the Greek crimes are a retaliation for Bulgarian crimes, and by insisting that the "ferocity" of one side should not be emphasised unduly while that of the other is ignored.

The second point in Mr. Masterman's able article to which I venture to demur is his statement that the Turks despise the Greeks and fear the Bulgars. I do not know, sir, upon what authority Mr. Masterman bases his statement. But I have come into contact, at one time or another, with numerous Turks of all classes—from the highest civil and military officials of the Ottoman Government down to obscure provincial cadis and even obscure peasants. All these Turks, who, taken collectively, may fairly be regarded as representing the attitude of their nation, have always been unanimous in expressing profound respect for the Greeks, and equally profound contempt for the Bulgars. To the Turk, the Greek belongs to the "royal nation," from which he conquered his Empire, with which he has often fought since, and to which, he says, the Empire must return if Allah sees fit to take it away from the true believers. On the other hand, to the Turk the Bulgar is a "serf," who never ruled, never fought; but who received his freedom, as a gift, at the hands of Russia. It is not the Bulgar, but his Russian patron, that inspires the Turk with fear. Were it not for the fear of Russia, Turkey would have long since shown otherwise than by words the estimate in which she holds the Bulgarian people and the Bulgarian Army.

I have felt impelled to address to you these remarks by my partiality—not for the Greeks, but for fairplay. I sincerely hope that you, actuated by a similar spirit, will allow them to appear in your columns.—Yours, &c.,

G. F. ABBOTT.

233, Temple Chambers, November 12th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his otherwise most useful and valuable contribution to your columns on the question of Macedonia, Mr. Masterman makes one or two statements or suggestions that I venture to think are rather unfortunate and superficial. He suggests that "the native population" of the South, West, and North of Macedonia is Bulgarian; desiring to refer to the "Conversion" process, he uses the hypothesis of an Exarchist village being converted by murder to the Patriarchal supremacy; and he singles out the Greek bands for special condemnation.

Now, to deal with the two latter matters first, whilst we must all disagree *in toto* with the policy and methods of the bands, it is distinctly unfair and quite impolitic that Greece should be singled out for special condemnation. Imagine yourself a Greek. Rashly, madly, but with a touch of courage that reminds one of an age long past, you attack, in '97, an Empire founded on a religious militarism, and whose standing army is eleven times the size of your own. The Powers frown on you. You are saying things that it is not convenient should be said, and you are behaving as an unruly child. You must be put in the corner. You are told that your fleet must content itself with the pacific bombardment of Prevesa and with the capture of Ashmead-Bartlett, and must refrain from a landing at Salonika which would have turned the whole course of history.

The other States of the Peninsula do not even give you their moral support. You are crushed, humiliated, and for the time impotent. Bulgaria obtains more bérats, and floods Macedonia with bands. At first these bands confine themselves to organising the districts in the North, where the peasantry is sympathetic. But meeting with no resistance, and quite aware of the helplessness of Greece, they attempt to push their propaganda Southwards and Westwards into districts traditionally of Hellenic sympathies. This propaganda is successful—from the Bulgarian point of view; and the number of Exarchist villages increases as the number of Patriarchist villages decreases. (For remember in European Turkey a village may be Patriarchist, or it may be Exarchist, but it cannot be both. Christianity to be tolerated, must itself be intolerant). This Bulgar-Exarchist propaganda culminates in an ill-timed and abortive insurrection in 1903; which is suppressed with the usual barbarity. In that suppression you (you are a Greek, remember, for the moment) see no discrimination made between Bulgarian agitators and innocent peasantry, and, indeed, as at Krushevo, you see the whole Greek quarter burnt out whilst, thanks to judicious backsheesh, the Bulgar quarter is spared. Reforms promised by the Powers lose their way in the labyrinths of Turkish evasion. You see your own kith and kin left to the scant mercy of the licensed brigands of Albania, to the barbarities of the Bashi-Bazouks, and to the armed propaganda of the (by this time, desperate and blooded) Slavs of the North. You are only human, a son of Adam; and in 1904 you commence to organise a rival system of armed bands. You have done as the British Consul-General at Salonika prophesied in 1902—you have been driven to retaliate.

Such seems to me to have been the Greek position. It happens, to quote a recent number of the official "Courrier de Sofia," that latterly the Bulgarian propaganda "pour des considérations politiques ou par suite du manque d'hommes et de ressources," has decreased its activity in Macedonia. Instead, its "Correspondenz Bureau" has been wonderfully active, and European public opinion has been educated to believe that the whole cause of trouble in Macedonia is the activity of the Greek bands. The danger of such misinformation is that it diverts attention from the real enemy of a peaceful and prosperous Macedonia, which is the Ottoman yoke. We can admire the individual Turk for his sobriety, patience, obedience, and industry; but it is an utter anomaly that he should continue to be tolerated as a Governing Power in Europe; and with Mr. Masterman's unsparing criticism of the utter futility of the Mürszteg programme to render such government tolerable, I humbly but completely associate myself.

As to Mr. Masterman's reference to the native population of the South, West, and North, as though it were solidly Bulgarian, it is surely a slip of the pen. I don't know what test Mr. Masterman has applied, but whether it be of language, religion, racial descent, or—to my mind the only test—the sympathies and wishes of the people themselves, it is equally impossible to maintain such a sweeping statement. If, as Mr. Masterman implies, three-fourths of the area of Macedonia is solely inhabited by people of one race, one language, one religion, and one sympathy, there would be no "problem of Macedonia" confronting us to-day. And if the Bulgarian bands are quite Macedonian in their origin and organisation, how does he account for the presence of at least forty officers of the regular Bulgarian Army with them?—Yours, &c.,

T. Palmer Newbould.

November 12th, 1907.

Martyred Greeks.

From the "Broadstairs and St. Peter's Echo."

Saturday, November 23rd, 1907.

It is not the policy of the *Echo* to deal with international politics, but there are some events that so quicken the pulse, and awaken such a strong sense of public duty, that a writer feels he cannot refrain from mentioning them. One of these is the terrible heartrending tragedy now being enacted in Macedonia, with cynical European governments as lookers-on, whilst the great British public is being deliberately deceived. How many people in this country realise what is going on in the unhappy provinces, within a few hours' journey of London? Ignorance of the situation is the explanation of the apathy displayed by the British people. Were it not so, we are convinced that the cry of "Bulgarian atrocities" once raised by Gladstone with such good effect would again resound throughout the land, and the voice of the nation would speak so decisively that the hands of our Foreign Secretary would be strengthened, and his exertions in the cause of humanity might bear fruit.

Only a few days ago, the village of Négovani was destroyed by fire by 200 armed bandits under the Bulgarian leader, Zella. The majority of the Greek inhabitants were attending market in a neighbouring town, so the attack met with little resistance, but seven old women were burnt to death, six men shot, and many peasants (men and women) were more or less severely wounded. There was absolutely no provocation for this shocking deed, which, in fact, was simply part of the fixed policy of these Bulgarian bands to settle the vexed question of racial feuds by exterminating the Greeks. Is the future of Macedonia to be decided in this way? What has Great Britain (as one of the Great Powers that have the matter in hand) to say to a state of affairs which horrifies every Englishman who is in possession of the truth? Every clergyman and every newspaper in the land should, by voice and printed word, inform the public of what is going on. The incident we have quoted is not an isolated one. Scarcely a day passes without a Bulgarian atrocity in Macedonia, and an addition to the long list of martyred Greeks, simple peace-loving men and women, destined to be victims of political passions upon which Europe has not troubled to place proper restraint. Alas, we cannot remove this blot upon humanity. There it is, recorded in history for all time. But we should, as an obvious Christian duty, prevent the stain from growing by all means in our power. In making this remark, we feel sure we speak for our readers as well as for ourselves. Let this number of the *Echo* be a record of the fact that Broadstairs views with horror and dismay the outrages that are being perpetrated in Macedonia.

H. C. Johnson, *Editor.*

The Crisis in Samos.

The Turkish Government, following its blind policy of creating troubles and complications even in the quietest and most peaceful provinces, has recently, without the slightest reason, recalled the Governor-Prince of the semi-independent Isle of Samos, Constantine Caratheodory Pacha, of the well-known illustrious Greek family of Constantinople, and has appointed in his stead an obscure functionary of the Civil Service, Georgiades Effendi.

Prince Constantine Caratheodory Pacha, ever since his appointment as Governor of Samos, has been characterised by energetic policy, by a cordial and impartial disposition to the people of the Isle, and by his loyal but firm attitude towards the Turkish Government, he has rendered priceless services to the Isle; and his devotion to their welfare gained him the hearts of the Samoites, from the moment when he first set foot on their Isle. It is true that some months ago certain baseless charges were levelled against him, but these were merely the outcome of party passions, and were reprobated by all except an utterly insignificant minority, consisting of unscrupulous and unpatriotic partisans.

The people of Samos directed against Georgiades Effendi many hostile demonstrations and urgent protests, which had the sanction of most of the Members of the Legislative Assembly. Afterwards, a wise, experienced, and patriotic Samian statesman, Mr. Theodore Sophoulis, succeeded in bringing about a compromise with the new Governor. The Governor was forced to make certain conditional promises, but when, in consequence of these, the Assembly was able to resume its duties in comparative calm, the Governor proceeded at once to violate all his engagements, and to inaugurate a system of most arbitrary rule. In consequence of this, the Ministers—Messrs. Sophoulis, Georgis Kentouris, Emmanuel Hadjidakis and Epaminondas Salonias—have been obliged to make a strong declaration of protest. The protest, of which we produce the text, has been sent to the Yildiz Chancellory, the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the Constantinople Council of Ministers, and the President of the Council of the Empire. The note is as follows:

"We beg respectfully to bring to your Highness's notice certain facts, relative to the conduct of the new Governor of this Isle, Prince Georgiades Effendi.

"From the day of his arrival, the Prince has, of set purpose, avoided all collaboration with the chamber with regard to the moral and material progress of the country. He never comes into any contact with the Deputies, save for the sole purpose of provoking dissensions and arousing discussions about his own rights and dignity. Such contempt does the Governor manifest towards the country and towards any established order of things that, far from deliberating with the representatives of the people, he does not even think it necessary to communicate his own arbitrary decrees. Ever since his arrival, a deplorable comedy has been enacted, at the expense of the people of Samos. Sometimes he summons us, and declares that nothing but a misunderstanding separates him from us, and that he is willing to co-operate and deliberate with the representatives of the people, as the laws of the country require him to do. Then next day he provokes yet new complications.

"The Prince's entire attention is occupied by one thing—the preservation of his own position and prestige. In consequence, all his methods of rule are confined to discussions and quarrels on this one subject; and the inevitable result is that all practical business in the country is stopped, order is paralysed, and the people of Samos are kept in a state of perpetual irritation.

"To-day he called us to the Residency, and there

openly declared that, if he had ever asked the opinion of the Chamber, he did it solely to please us, and that he was under no compulsion to seek our opinion; that he intends to govern according to his own will; that the privileges of this country, the established laws, and the assurances granted us by the lately-arrived Imperial Commissioners cannot have any greater importance than his own instructions and orders, which he regards as the only criterion of his rule.

"To our objection that such instructions could not be given by the Grand Vizier, because this would be tantamount to a complete abolition of the privileges of the country, the Prince replied that this does not concern him; that, if we like, we may resort to arms in protection of our rights; that we may apply to the Powers; but that he is determined to govern in the manner indicated.

"The Representatives of the people declare in conclusion that they have done everything in their power to calm the mind of the people but, owing to the continual quarrels fomented by the Prince, it is practically impossible to arrive at any peaceful solution; and accordingly they ask the intervention of the Sultan."

This protest has drawn a counterblast from the Prince who attempts to controvert the statements, and even declares that he never said anything derogatory of the Deputies or of the people of Samos. This attempt of the Prince to exculpate himself has moved the Deputies to issue a new circular to the Mayors of the Samian towns, in which they stigmatise the Prince's actions as an insult to the country.

"We are sorry," they say, "to declare that by his latest steps the Prince has destroyed the last hope of a sincere understanding, and has rendered vain all the good intentions and honest endeavours of the Representatives of the People."

After the issue of this circular, the people of Samos, in a densely attended Mass Meeting, expressed strong disapproval of the Prince's conduct. The Chamber has interrupted all relations with the Prince, and has ordered the closure of all the Government Head Offices, of the Printing House, and of all public offices.

Greece and the United States.

THE NEW GREEK MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

We are glad to announce the appointment of Mr. L. D. Coromillas as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, where the Greek Legation has now for several years been untenanted. The choice is a happy one, for Mr. Coronillas has already filled with distinction many high official positions, notably that of Greek Consul-General in Salonica, where his policy—at once energetic, moderate and farsighted—has rendered priceless services to the national cause during the troublous times of the last few years. We hope that Mr. Coromillas will render equally great services to his nation in the United States, a country which is united to Greece by so many bonds of sympathy and warm friendship, and in which country are 200,000 Greeks, scattered and disunited, and in need of a leader of Mr. Coromillas' experience and ability to organise and strengthen their position. We trust that, by rendering joint and effective their great force, this able and industrious class will be able to confer benefits upon Greece, which may in some measure mitigate the loss she sustains by the emigration of so many capable and able-bodied citizens.

A Panhellenic League in America.

It has long been felt that the interests of the numerous Greek residents in the United States were inadequately served by the local Patriotic Societies, disunited as these were, and scattered over a wide area. Accordingly at a great conference held in New York, on October 16th, when all the Greek Patriotic Societies were represented, it was decided to form a central body — "The Panhellenic League of America"—to which the various local societies will be affiliated. At a second meeting, on October 20th, the constitution of the Pan-Hellenic League was definitely arranged, and a committee was elected, consisting of: *President*, Mr. P. Ralli; *Vice-President*, Rev. M. Kourkoulis; *General Secretary*, Mr. I. Nicholaou; *Secretary*, Mr. N. Fletorides; *Treasurer*, Mr. T. H. Poulides; *Committee*, the foregoing with Messrs. I. Kounes, M. Nikas and Kalamarides.

It is with great pleasure that we observe the success which has crowned the efforts of those who have taken the initiative in this matter. The distinguished membership of the League gives us every reason to hope that it will prove of vast service, alike to the Hellenic population of the United States, and to the Mother Country, which now more than ever needs the support of her sons all over the world.

Mr. Winston Churchill in Cyprus.

The Under-Secretary for the Colonies recently paid a visit to Cyprus, and the inhabitants seized the opportunity of making renewed and fervent manifestations of their desire for union with the Kingdom of Greece. Hardly had H.M.S. Venus cast anchor at Famagousta before Mr. Churchill was hailed with acclamations of "Union with Greece!" Wherever Mr. Churchill went in the Isle, peaceful protests were at once and continually made against the British domination, and reiterated expression was given to the "unanimous and unchanging desire of Cyprus to be joined to the Kingdom of Greece." At Famagousta, Nicosia, Limassol, Larnaca, Cerynea, and elsewhere, the English statesman was greeted with the warmest welcome, but everywhere the cry was repeated "Union with Greece," and the streets were draped with Greek flags. Schoolboy deputations, popular delegations, members of the legislative assembly, all demanded the same favour, that Mr. Churchill would convey to the British Government "the unalterable wish of the Cypriot people to belong to Greece."

In an official reception in the Hall of the Legislative Assembly, Mr. Churchill said, among other things, "I deeply respect the wishes of the Greeks for union with their mother-country. . . . They have once more shewn the lofty patriotism which animates their great race. But your position is not the same as that of the Ionian Isles, which you quote as an example. Those Isles were inhabited by one race only; here there is an important minority of which we must not lose sight." Nevertheless, the statesman accepted numerous popular addresses and telegrams expressing the wish of the people of Cyprus.

Before leaving the Isle, Mr. Churchill addressed a most cordial farewell to the Deputies, and assured them that henceforth the Isle would always have in him a sincere friend. A vast crowd assembled at the harbour to speed Mr. Churchill on his way with enthusiastic plaudits, and as the ship sailed out, the crowds chanted the Greek national anthem.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Greek Army.

The autumn manœuvres of the Greek Army (for which reserves of four classes had been called up) terminated on October 6, by a grand review and march past, at Athens, in the presence of the Crown Prince, and numerous Ministers and Military attachés. Afterwards the troops, headed by a brilliant General Staff, including the Crown Prince and other Princes, marched through the streets of Athens to their barracks, amidst a scene of great popular enthusiasm.

One thing proved by the manœuvres has been the ardent patriotism and military spirit and the unflinching self-sacrifice of the Greek nation. The reservists responded *en masse* to the appeal, not only willingly, but with enthusiasm. The whole body of troops refused to accept any pay for the period of the manœuvres, voting to the Treasury for National Defence the whole sum due to them. The peasants upon whom the troops were quartered disposed in the same manner of the indemnities to which they were entitled.

The military bearing, morale, intelligence, endurance and marching powers of the soldiers called forth the highest praises from the foreign observers—among whom were military representatives of France, Turkey, Italy and the United States. The General Staff has not met with the same approval. Several officers in high command have been severely criticised, and it is to be hoped that the Crown Prince, as responsible head, will deal with this matter.

We trust that the excellent display of troops in these manœuvres may prove to mark the beginning of a complete reorganisation of the Greek Army, a reorganisation which the people of Greece have long desired to see—and, we may add, of which there has been an urgent need.

Prince Constantine, Judge and Umpire-in-Chief of the manœuvres, was simply indefatigable in his exertions: he seemed to be everywhere at once. His energy and clear judgment earned him the utmost praise from all observers.

A most interesting and pleasing feature of the manœuvres was the great interest displayed throughout by the Princesses, and especially by Princess Sophia, who accompanied her illustrious husband, the Heir-Apparent Prince Constantine, and with wifely devotion shared all the hardships of campaign. Our illustration shews the Princess preparing a light repast for the Prince, at the close of an arduous day in the field. Princess Sophia's devotion to all national, charitable and social works has proved her the model of what a woman, a mother and a queen should be. She is already the idol of the Greek people, and by this last action she gains yet further possession of the hearts of her countrymen.



"Εἰκονογραφημένη."

CROWN PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GREECE PREPARING A MEAL FOR PRINCE CONSTANTINE AND HIS STAFF.

The Negovani Massacre.

The second of October witnessed another horrible atrocity perpetrated by Bulgarian bands, this time at Negovani, near Florina.

The outrage had been prepared for months, and it was well known in the neighbourhood that the Bulgarians were about to execute a grand *coup*. But the Turkish authorities pretended that the reports were mere idle rumours, and on this pretext they left Negovani absolutely undefended, and at the mercy of the Bulgarian bands. These, under the command of their chief Tsole, carried out their preparations with diabolical skill, and left nothing to chance. The attack was fixed to take place upon a Wednesday, the market day of Florina—thus the bands sssured the absence from the village of the able-bodied youth, wno might have offered fierce resistance. [We may here note that at Rakovo also the attack of the bands was timed to fall upon a day when many peasants were away at market; in that case it was a Monday, the market day of Monastir]. Telegraph wires were cut to isolate the village. The bands were reinforced by levies

from all the Bulgarian centres near Florina—Tsole had nearly 400 men under him at the time of the outrage.

The attack was delivered with great fury. Houses and shops were sacked and destroyed; barns and stores were burned—the entire stored-up crops of last harvest were given over to fire or pillage. Most of the villagers escaped to the hills, but many were killed, including a large number of women. Some of the richer inhabitants had armed themselves and barricaded their houses. The Bulgarians besieged these for a time, but after losing some men, left these houses standing and proceeded to wreak their vengeance in safety on the undefended parts of the village. A detachment of the band was concealed along the Florina road, where they ambushed the peasants returning from market, and killed some.

Next day, the Turkish Troops came along to investigate. The Bulgarians had, of course, escaped, so the Turks arrested some of the surviving villagers!

The Destruction of Rakovo.

On October 21st, a large Bulgarian band, over 200 strong, descended upon the Greek village of Rakovo, near Monastir, pillaged and burned down the houses, and rendered homeless a population of 800 souls. In the entire village only 12 houses escaped destruction: these belonged to wealthy inhabitants, who loopholed their walls, provided themselves with arms and gave the Bulgarians a much warmer reception than they had bargained for. The loss of life was comparatively small, as the villagers succeeded in making good their escape before the band closed upon them. Some villagers were however killed in the streets, some peasants killed while waking in their fields, and some aged, blind and infirm inhabitants burned to death in their houses. The 800 homeless refugees have been taken in by the people of neighbouring villages.

The facts are attested by the Caimakam of Monastir and the Greek consul of the same town, also by Sig. Lodi, commander of the Italian gendarmerie post, all of whom visited the scene of the catastrophe.

The Turkish authorities knew all about the affair in advance, for on the morning of the crime a Turkish detachment of 50 men came to Rakovo "to protect the village from the threatened attack." But a couple of hours before the approach of the Bulgarians, the troops discreetly withdrew, and left the village to its fate.

Greco-Roumanian Relations.

In the *Nuovo Antologia* appeared an article by Sig. Pietro Cancani, entitled *Verso l'accordo Greco-Rumano* and dealing with the decrees by which the two countries have recently removed the exceptional taxes and import duties imposed during the last year. Sig. Cancani's study, which is fully documented and marked by profound knowledge of the subject, gives a complete account of the conflict, of the Roumanian propaganda in Macedonia, the hostility of the Koutzovlachs to the propaganda (of this hostility Sig. Cancani gives full and convincing evidence), the part played by the Patriarchate, the attitude of Greece, the development and strikng features of the struggle and the diplomatic rupture. The author's careful examination serves to prove the non-existence of "Macedonian Rumanism," and the fruitlessness of the Roumanian Government's efforts in this direction.

Sig. Cancani proves, among other things, that many of the Roumanian Government's anti-Greek measures recoiled on its own head. Greek vessels, prohibited from landing their cargoes in Roumania, simply transferred their business to the Russian ports across the Danube, so that Roumanian commerce alone suffered from the edict. The effect was so great that Mr. Kœndas, Director of the Roumanian Navigation Service, was recently obliged to report to the Premier that, unless it was made possible for Roumanian vessels to touch at the Pirœus, the Costanza-Alexandria line was in danger of coming to an untimely end.

This and other factors threatened to cause grave and dangerous conditions in Roumania, and the new Roumanian Cabinet saw no way of averting the crisis other than by revoking the decree of July 8, 1206, which prohibited the importation of goods of Greek origin and imposed heavy taxes on Greek subjects in Roumania. Thus collapses the Lahovary policy!

The Greek Government on the other hand had nothing with which to reproach itself in its conduct of the struggle, nor had the rupture of direct relations with Roumania inflicted any loss upon Greece. The Greek people justly expected full moral satisfaction for the violence and persecution to which their compatriots had been subjected in Roumania, and they could not consider that sufficient amends were made by the withdrawing of certain decrees which had only hurt the Roumanians themselves. Notwithstanding, the Greek Government decided to meet the Roumanians halfway, and the Royal Decree of July 13, 1907, abrogated the extraordinary tariffs and taxes which had been imposed against the Roumanians.

A large portion of the Greek press has in no measured terms attacked this conciliatory policy. There is certainly much to be said for an exasperated people which insists that reparation shall be made for serious insults to which it has been subjected. Nevertheless, we must appreciate the wise moderation and generosity of the Government which, seeing signs that its enemy is repenting and withdrawing from the position of offence, holds out the olive branch, and shews that the risk of unpopularity with the nation cannot prevent it from affording Europe another proof of the self-restraint and the pacific disposition of the Hellenic Government. It is hoped that the new Roumanian Cabinet will recognise its duty and will persevere in the right path. The name of Stourdza seems to offer a guarantee of this, and to justify us in hoping that Bucharest will make a more serious effort to investigate on Scientific grounds the ethnographic state of Macedonia—especially as, without any trumped-up ethnic sham, there are 3,200,000 genuine Roumanians in the Bukovina, and 1,200,000 more in Russia, whereas in truth Roumania can hardly claim any real sons in Macedonia. The budget sheets of Roumania contain thousands of Macedonian names, but these have been purchased by subventious— varying from £2 10s. to £25 per month—and subventions are their sole claim to Roumanian nationality. Thus we see the druggist Poutzarcas, who has no capacity beyond that required for compounding drugs, shut up shop for lack of custom, and betake himself to Bucharest, there to claim a fresh supply of money for the continuance of the Roumanian cause in Macedonia. This year's Roumanian budget contains a grant of £34,000, voted, as we are gravely assured, "for the schools in Macedonia." If the Roumanian Government cuts off supplies from the "patriots" whom its propaganda has captured, these straightway begin to revenge themselves— one disappointed patriot, a few months ago, made a murderous attack on the Roumanian Consul in Salonica.

Long experience has at length convinced the Roumanians that neither bribery nor terrorism, nor yet the aid of the Ottoman authorities will convert Koutzovlachs into Roumanians; and that, before embarking upon a policy of adventure and allying themselves with an ancient, formidable and perpetual enemy—Bulgaria—they would do well to guard carefully against compromising the good name of the country and its most serious and vital interests.

NOTE.—Advices recently received from Verrio shew that the conversion of the Roumanians to a better frame of mind has come none too soon. Our readers may remember that, some years ago, the notorious brigand Hadjigogo, in prison and under sentence of death, was liberated, thanks to the prayers of the Roumanian propaganda. The Ottoman Government saw that he

might, if once more free, prove useful in weakening the cause of Hellenism—the authorities turned a discreetly blind eye on the methods which such a man might be expected to employ. The Roumanians saw to it that Hadjigogo should not lack means, and Hilmi Pacha, seeing a weapon ready fashioned to his hand for use against the Greeks, did not hesitate to place this convicted murderer in the highest administrative post open to a Christian—that of *aga*, or Member of the Administrative Council. Other Turkish officials made themselves accomplices of Hadjigogo.

An appalling series of murders and other crimes was the natural result—the victims being of course the Koutzovlachs of the district arround Verroia, Hadjigogo's headquarters. The open and unscrupulous way in which the outrages were carried out furnished so striking evidence of the methods of Roumanism that Roumania itself began to be uneasy and disquieted at the disclosures. The Bucharest *Balkan Courier*, with unconscious humour, tried to ascribe the crimes to Greek agents "who killed their own most devoted partisans, lest these should afterwards be converted to Roumanism"—this is not from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera but from a sober modern Roumanian newspaper!

So intolerable did the situation become, and so evident was it that Roumania was in the background and that the disturbing elements were her puppets, that the European (Russian) Gendarmerie Inspector for the district of Verroia was forced to lay strong and repeated protests before Hilmi Pacha. Commandant Boroin, the Inspector in question, ultimately assumed so firm an attitude and backed it up with such overwhelming proofs, that Hilmi Pacha was compelled to exile Hadjigogo and arrest or exile his principal abettors—among whom was the Turkish caimakam of Verroia, who has been expelled, and the military commander of the Xerolivado garrison, who is to be brought before a courtmartial.

A Roumanian Reply to Signor Cancani.

Signor Cancani's article was so unfortunate as not to find favour in the eyes of the Roumanian propagandists, who set up Mr. Nicolau to write a reply. Despite this writer's well-known talents, he is unable to disguise the fact that, in legal parlance, he "has not a leg to stand upon," and his answer makes very poor reading. It is not improved by the fact that he drags in long accounts of Greco-Bulgarian quarrels, which have no earthly relation to the Koutzovlach problem—his obvious object being to distract attention from the real question at issue.

Mr. Nicolau puts forth the threadbare argument that the Koutzovlach and Roumanian languages are identical. We are tired of refuting this assertion, and in fact there is no need to controvert it, for as Mr. Nicolau is well aware, no Koutzovlach can converse with a Roumanian or read a Roumanian book unless he has learned Roumanian as a foreign tongue, and in the same way no Roumanian understands Koutzovlach until he has studied it, as much as a Frenchman must study before he can speak Italian—indeed, with just as much truth as in Mr. Nicolau's assertion, we might maintain that Koutzovlach, Italian and French are identical, because the Koutzovlach *can, pan* (dog, bread) are equivalen to Italian *cane, pane*, or French *chien, pain*, and so for a thousand other words. Mr. Nicolau ought to leave the Roumanians and pose as a Koutzovlach champion, demanding that Rome and Paris shall do homage to Monastir—it would be just as sensible as and much more amusing than his present claim.

As to the number and distribution of the Koutzovlachs, we are at least unable to disagree with Mr. Nicolau, who follows the custom of most Roumanian writers in preserving a vague and discreet reticence on these points. Mr. Nicolau states that the national feeling of the Koutzovlachs is Roumanian, but he can hardly have intended us to take this statement seriously: the unalterable attachment of the Koutzovlachs to the Hellenic cause is one of the most striking facts of Macedonian politics. We commend to Mr. Nicolau's notice the quotation below; being from a Bulgarian source it will not be suspected of Philhellenism.

Mr. Nicolau denies that the emissaries of Roumanism in Macedonia go about armed to the teeth. They carry no weapons, he says. So be it. Then, in view of the vast number of murders and other crimes of which they have been proved guilty, the Roumanian "missionaries of light and civilisation" must be an even more ferocious gang than we had imagined.

Mr. Nicolau does not always carefully choose the ground on which he stands to fight. "It is untrue," he says, "that the Roumanians themselves burned their school at Vovoussa, because no pupils would come in." He must have forgotten that the fact has been admitted by the Roumanian Embassy, to a Special Commission at Constantinople. We could multiply instances of this sort, but forbear. Our remarks may have the air of a captious criticism of isolated and unimportant statements. This we regret, but it was unavoidable, for the Roumanian apology was nothing but a collection of isolated and insignificant statements, and, we might add, of uniformly foolish and baseless statements. Such a defence, by a capable advocate, proves that the Roumanist propaganda must be in a very bad way indeed.

A Bulgarian View of Roumanian Claims.

King Charles of Roumania recently accorded to the *Hamburger Nachrichten* an interview, in the course of which he stated that his long-standing opinion was that "Greece ought to ally herself with Roumania, to fight against the common enemy: the Slav." *Ally herself with Roumania* means, of course, *abandon opposition to the Roumanist propaganda in Macedonia.*

The Official *Vetcherna Pochta* of Sofia considers that King Charles's remarks call for criticism, and in an evidently inspired article it imparts a few home-truths to the Roumanians:

"The King's statement lacks nothing in clearness, and his words leave no doubt as to the basis (a very insecure basis it is) on which Roumania is seeking to rear the edifice of her Koutzovlach policy.

"The King's view is that Macedonia cannot be pacified until the Patriarchate, renouncing all Panhellenic ideas, has settled the Koutzovlach question. Now the whole of the Roumanian attempt to make a big political question out of their claims in Macedonia is based on a rotten foundation. They have the audacity to assert that there exist over a million Roumanians in Macedonia. Now the truth is that in Macedonia there are not more than 80,000 Koutzovlachs, scattered over the vilayets of Salonica and Monastir. The Koutzovlachs are almost completely Hellenised. Their only individual possession is their language, and despite 40 years of Roumanian propaganda, they never dream of a separate national existence. Can the Roumanians pretend to be ignorant of this fact? Three years ago, Archbishop Gennadius set out from Bucharest on a mission to the Koutzovlach villages. What he actually did was to pay a visit to Megarovo, the principal Koutzovlach village, a few miles from Monastir, and the Roumanian journalists gave gorgeous accounts of the triumphal reception accorded to their Archbishop. But, as they well knew, the facts were far otherwise. The peasants of Megarovo—all Koutzovlachs, but 'Greeks in spirit,' as Mr. Kasasis puts it—came near to inflicting exceedingly disagreeable manifestations upon the prelate.

"Gennadius and his followers met with no encouragement. It is true enough that they found plenty of Koutzovlachs, but these were, and still are, Greek in heart and soul."

The article goes on to prove that the Roumanians, rebuffed in their peaceful propaganda, had continued resource to violent and bloody methods of intimidation. Even then, they could never achieve any result except when they allied themselves with the Bulgarian bands and obtained the support of the Exarchate.

This simply confirms the repeated evidence which we have given of Bulgaro-Roumanian co-operation. And it is hardly consistent with the supposition that the Roumanians ever felt any confidence of the favourable regard of the Koutzovlachs.

Literary Page.

Modern Greece.—Her Language and Literature.

II.

ALEXANDER RHIZOS RHANGABES.

At the conclusion of my introductory article in last month's "Hellenic Herald," I proposed to deal from time to time with the best known Modern Greek writers, beginning with Alexander Rhizos Rhangabes. It was only when I endeavoured to enclose within the brief limits of a magazine article some adequate account of this most versatile genius that I discoverd the hoplessness of the task. So varied were his activities, so comprehensive his genius, that one might well hesitate as to what should be included and what omitted in any synopsis of the life and works of Rhangabes. I shall, however, try to set forth to readers of the "Hellenic Herald" as detailed an account as the demands of space will permit.

Alexander Rhizos Rhangabes, perhaps the most illustrious, certainly the most versatile, man Modern Greece has produced, was born at Constantinople, 25th December, 1810. His family traces its descent from the autocratic house of Manuel 1st, so that Rhangabes springs of an illustrious stock. He received his early education at Munich, and at the age of nineteen entered the service of the Bavarian Government as a sub-lieutenant of Artillery. After spending a year thus, he returned to Greece, where he spent the following year in the Greek army in the same capacity. On the formation of the new Kingdom, however, he retired from military service, and thereafter his career was of the most versatile description.

Truly in his long life of nearly eighty two years, he "played many parts," and whatever he undertook to do, that he did beyond all praise.

In 1833 he was appointed *τμηματάρχης* to the ministry of Public Education, an office which he discharged with the greatest zeal, exerting himself especially to organize higher education on the basis of the German.

In 1841 he received a similar appointment in the Ministry of the Interior, and in the same year he was appointed Directeur de l'Imprimerie Royale at Athens. In 1844 he was appointed Professor of Archæology in the University of Athens, a post which he filled long and honourably for a period of twenty-three years.

On February, 1856, Rhangabes was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was elected University deputy in the *Βουλὴ* shortly afterwards. The following year saw him Envoy Extraordinary at Washington, an appointment which he also held at Constantinople in 1869.

At the time of the Cretan Insurrection, he was entrusted with various missions to Paris, 1868-1869, and was officially recognized as Minister Plenipotentiary there on June 13th, 1870. He was recalled in 1872, and remained for some time unattached.

But in 1875 he was sent to Berlin, and in 1878 we find him championing the claims of Greece at the memorable Congress of Berlin. He held his appointment here till the year 1887, in July of which he retired from public service, after a long and honourable career of nearly sixty years. He died at Athens, January 29th, 1892.

Such, in bare outline, was the political life of Rhangabes, but celebrated as he was as a statesman, he is even more illustrious as an archæologist and man of letters.

Notwithstanding his manifold activities, he ever found time for archæological research, and in collaboration with the German archæologist, Dr. Bursian, he caused excavations to be made at the ancient temple of Juno, near Argos. Valuable discoveries rewarded their efforts. The site of the ancient edifice was revealed, together with numerous fragments of statues and bas-reliefs of Parian marble.

He was correspondent of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, Honorary Member of the Bavarian Academy, Associate of the Academy of Berlin, etc.

His works may well be described as *πολυάριθμα καὶ ποικίλα*, comprising as they do nearly every field of literary activity. As poet, dramatist, essayist, translator, diegematist, he is one of the most prolific writers of Modern Greece.

He published during the period 1837-1840, Various Poems, containing two dramas in five acts, Phrosyne and La Veille. Indeed also is an heroic ode to Lord Byron, entitled l'Imposteur. Then followed an erudite and exhaustive work entitled, Lexicon of Greek Antiquities, a book which is by no means as widely known as its merits would warrant. It was issued in two volumes at Athens, l'Imprimerie royale, during the period 1842-1855.

Another work, Stories and Fables, was published at Athens, 1855-1857; in 1873 came the Prince of Morea; and in 1874 he published in Modern Greek a translation of Schliemann's Trojan Antiquities.

Nor did he neglect the rich field afforded by the immortal works of his ancestors, but published from time to time elegant translations of the ancient Greek authors. Translations of the works of Sophocles and of Aristophanes appeared in 1860, Plutarch's Lives, 10 vols., 1864-1866; he published, besides, a history of Modern Greek Literature in 1877.

In addition to these works, he issued from time to time a great number of archæological memoirs, mostly in the French language, of which he had a most intimate knowledge. In 1855 he published his archæological Tour in Arcadia; in 1849 the Theatre of Herod Atticus; in 1845 a letter to M. Sauley on some Recent Discoveries, etc., etc.

Among his last publications are Leila, An Excursion to Porossos, the Naird, in 1881, and the Golden Whip in 1884. Second editions of these works appeared in 1888.

Besides numerous tragedies, he wrote one comedy, entitled *Ὁ Γάμος τοῦ Κουτρούλη, i.e.*, The Bald Man's Marriage; and among his translations we must include the Nathan of Schiller, and a verse translation of the Gerusaleme Liberata of Tasso.

Space will not permit me to give a detailed account of any of his literary works, or to discuss at any length the special characteristics of his style. I would only remark that his influence on the language of Modern Greece has undoubtedly been very great, tending as it did towards purity in diction. As befitted a man of culture, his literary works are written in the *διάλεκτος καθαρεύουσα*, the purified dialect, and show, especially his *διηγήματα*, a wide and intimate acquaintance with life in all its grades and in various lands. His style is easy and graceful; and especially in his narratives he charms the reader with his power of picturesque description and and graphic character delineation.

A quotation, or rather an extract, from one of his narrative tales, entitled The Happy Family, will illustrate this descriptive faculty better than many words:

Πλησίον δὲ τῆς γαλῆς ἐσκίρτα ζωηρὸν κυνάριον, ἐνίοτε τρίβον τὴν κεφαλὴν εἰς τὴν ῥάχιν της, ἐνίοτε δάκνον δι' ἄκρων τῶν ὀδόντων τὰ αὐτία ἢ τὴν οὐράν της, ἐν ᾧ ἐκείνη διὰ φωνῆς συγαλῆς ἐφαίνετο φιλικῶς παραπονουμένη ὅτι προὐκάλει εἰς παιχνίδια, καὶ δὲν τὴν ἄφινεν εἰς τὴν ἡσυχίαν της. Ἐν τούτοις δέ, μεταξὺ τῶν δύο ἐμπροσθίων ποδῶν της καταφυγὼν ἐκεῖ ὡς εἰς ἄσυλον, ἐκάθητο ποντικός, καὶ ἐτραγάλιζε κάρυον, ἐν ᾧ γλαύξ, ἱσταμένη ἐπὶ ῥάβδου τῆς ἄνω διαιρέσεως τοῦ κλωβοῦ, ἔκλινεν ἐναλλὰξ τοὺς δύο στρογγύλους της ὀφθαλμοὺς πρὸς τὸν ἐνοχλούμενον, καὶ 'ἐφαίνετο βλέπουσα αὐτὸν ζηλοτύπως· ἀλλ' εἴτε ἐκ σεβασμοῦ πρὸς τὸν ὀνυχωτὸν προστάτην αὐτοῦ, εἴτε ἐξ ἰδίου αἰσθήματος δικαιοσύνης, οὐδὲν ἐπεχείρει κατὰ τῆς ξένης ἰδιοκτησίας.

Εἰς ἄλλην δὲ γωνίαν χελώνη, ἀνυπόπτως προ-

τείνουσα τὴν κεφαλήν, καὶ ἄκακον ἔκφρασιν διδοῦσα εἰς τοὺς μέλανας ὀφθαλμούς της, συνεστιᾶτο ἐξ ἑνὸς θρύου μετὰ τοῦ ἀκανθοχυίρου, ὅστις εἶχεν εἰρηνικῶς πρὸς τὰ ὀπίσω συνεσταλμένα τὰ βέλη του. Οὐδέτερος δὲ τῶν συνδαιτημόνων ἐφαίνετο παροργιζόμενος κατὰ τῶν ἐπεμβάσεων ἑνὸς πίθηκος, ὅστις ἄνωθεν ἐξέτεινε τὴν χεῖρα ἐνίοτε, ἔκοπτεν ἓν φύλλον τοῦ θρύου, καὶ τρώγων ὁ ἴδιος, ἐβίαζε νὰ φάγῃ καὶ ἕνα μικρὸν λαγωόν, ὃν ἐκράτει εἰς τὴν ἀγκάλην του, ἐν ᾧ στρουθία, ποικιλίδες, καὶ ἄλλα πτηνά, ἐκάθηντο ἀνενοχλήτως πότε εἰς τὴν ῥάχιν, πότε εἰς τὴν κεφαλὴν αὐτοῦ.

JOHN CLELLAND CALDWELL, M.A.

In the Lands of Reform.

(Continued from our last number).

From Taganrog I left for Sevastopol, there to take the steamer for Constantinople. At once passport formalities began, and I found it almost as difficult to leave as to enter the holy country. At last I got free, and found myself embarked on the *Karoleva Olga*. Here was a fine specimen of the ethnological medley which characterises the two picturesque empires. Talk of Babel! Here were Russian pilgrims, unwashed but devout, many sacrificing their little fortunes to make the journey to Jerusalem, the crown of a Russian's life and his hope of future bliss. Many were Jews, some leaving their country for their country's good, more leaving to escape persecution and perhaps death, others seeking a wider field for the exercise of their cunning; Caucasian Moslems there were also, on pilgrimage to the Holy Mosques of Constantinople and to the Great Khalif, the Sultan; Greeks and Armenians, astute merchants who dominate Southern Russia, and a miserable residuum of undistinguishables, scattered about the deck, or huddled up in the dirtiest and most uncomfortable berths ever seen on a steamer.

The voyage to Constantinople was smooth and picturesque, and all too quickly finished, for I had many interesting conversations with my multicoloured fellow-passengers, some of which may serve as subjects for a future article. At length the stately minarets of Stamboul came in sight, and we landed at this, the most fascinating city of the Orient. I had got my passport made out for Macedonia *via Constantinople*, for I could not resist the opportunity of breaking my journey in the Capital. But in this matter I had reckoned without my Turkish host.

At the Customs House we were delayed a most unconscionable time while the officials went through bags and valises searching for concealed bombshells, Krupp cannon and fearsome things of that sort. This finished, passports were examined. The official looked at mine, then held up his hands and recoiled in horror. "Macedonia," he clearly thought, "Macedonia—it is bad enough when people carry bombs and such things about with them, but a passport to Macedonia ——!! Clearly this man is dangerous—a dynamitard may be, or a leader of seditions, or even a man who writes to the *Times!*"

Still, it must be admitted that he treated me with courtesy, even though, as an obvious incendiary criminal, I had to be dealt with firmly. He planted himself before me:

"It is impossible for the *Effendi* to stay in Constantinople; he must proceed direct to destination."

"But my passport is made out *via* Constantinople. I have the right to break my journey."

"Will the *Effendi* permit me to see his passport?"

I handed it to him.

"This passport is for Macedonia. You must proceed to your destination at the earliest opportunity, *Effendi*. Meanwhile, I cannot permit you to leave this spot."

The Turkish officials could not compel me to abandon my journey, but evidently they were not going to allow me to pollute the Sacred City. But it is not so easy a matter to get out of a Turkish city, even at the desire of the authorities. Between their capital and their next largest European town, the Turkish Government has not arranged for more than three trains a week. It chanced that on this day there was neither train nor steamboat for Salonica. Numerous dignitaries gathered round me, and seemed embarassed, it looked as though they might be obliged to let me stay after all. At length one of them spoke:

"It is troublesome, *Effendi*, but the passport does not allow you to land, and you must go somehow."

"But this is stupid," I cried, "what in the world do you expect me to do? Do you suppose I am going to throw myself into the sea to satisfy your absurd regulations?"

The *Effendis* waved their hands in deprecation.

"Look here," I continued, "you may do what you please, but I am going straight to seek an hotel."

"That is impossible," they said, "but if the *Effendi* will have the goodness to accompany us to the office of the Chief of Police, the matter will be decided."

And they ushered me into a dingy and dirty little den. The Chief of Police was not in, so I was "invited" to wait; and I stayed 3½ hours in this den. During this time I was guarded by numerous gendarmes. These were quite amiable; apparently they took a liking to me, or at least to my cigarettes, for they soon consumed my entire stock. In return the officials, with much politeness, pressed upon me some fourteen cups of coffee. I accepted their hospitality, which was the more unbounded because they knew that (in accordance with established custom) I should afterwards pay both for my own coffee and for that of my hosts. After a time one tires of the company of even the most charming gendarmes, and in the end I became impatient.

"Where is this Chief of Police?" I said.

"Ah! Well, he is not yet here."

"So I perceive. But when *is* he coming? Is there no way of getting him here?"

"Oh! yes, Sir. If a man is sent out for him he can be found and brought here."

"Then in the name of all that is unholy, why *don'* you send for him?"

"Ah, well, Sir! The truth is, Stamboul is a big town, and it might be troublesome and even expensive to look all over for one man. Now, if the *Effendi* cared to pay the expense of looking for him———."

"Oh," I thought, "so that is your game! Well," I cried, "how much will it cost to have the Chief sought out?"

"Well, Sir, perhaps two pounds."

I threw the two pounds on the table. "Take the money and find the man!"

Two hours later the Chief appeared—a pompous Bumble, who hardly deigned to look at me. "What do you want?" he said. I stated my case. "That," he replied, "is a most serious and complicated business. I cannot arrive at any decision without consulting my superior officer, who is not at present here."

"When will he be here? I have been waiting since morning."

The Chief shrugged his shoulders and shewed the palms of his hands: "I cannot say—I cannot say."

Of course, I knew well enough what this meant. "How much *backsheesh* this time?" After some palaver I meekly paid out another couple of pounds, and hey! presto! the Superior *Effendi* appeared. I stated my case once more.

"Well," said the Superior *Effendi*, "you cannot leave Constantinople for Salonika till to-morrow night. So you had best cross over to Stamboul and make arrangements with the police officials there."

With a sigh of relief I came out of the filthy stuffy little den, and made for my boatman, who had been waiting with my luggage since morning. But again the police interfered.

"The water is rough," I was politely informed, "the Effendi would do better to cross the Golden Horn by the bridge."

I had to submit, though the whole thing simply meant that the cabdriver had to pay over to the Police part of his day's earnings. Accompanied by a policeman, I drove over to the Stamboul Police Office. The Head Officer, a bullying Bengazian Turk from Crete, received me in a blustering manner. Once more my case was heard. "Oh, he exclaimed, "this is a very difficult case. I certainly could not take the responsibility of allowing you to go to an hotel. You must go for authorisation to the Seraskerat, or War Ministry."

Another interview! and another backsheesh to pay!

Worse was to follow. The Ministry had been closed for an hour when I got there, and I was referred back to the Police Office at Galata, where I had landed, because the case came under the jurisdiction of that office! There was no remedy: I had to return to the dirty little den at Galata. My "old friends" did not seem at all surprised to see me, and they were quite prepared to start the game again *da capo*. This time I put my foot down. "If you do not instantly allow me to proceed to the hotel," I firmly declared, "I will telegraph at once to my ambassador." This produced some effect. The Chief of Police blustered a little, but I remained firm, and soon I was permitted to go to an hotel; on the sole condition that the hotel-keeper held himself responsible for my appearance at the hotel at 3 p.m. next day. As the manager of the hotel was absent, the necessary paper was signed by the sub-manager: an infraction of the strict letter of the police instructions—consequently, another *backsheesh* for the policeman who had me in tow!

Next day I decided to take advantage of my temporary liberty and to "see life" in Constantinople. The day happened to be Friday, which is the day of the *Selomlik* at Yildiz Kiosk. This is one of the sights of Constantinople. There is a grand parade of the whole garrison of troops, accompanied by the entire staff of military and Palace dignitaries. The Sultan himself, alone in a carriage, closes the procession. At the Mosque the soldiers line up in an avenue and around the courtyard, while the officials pass through, and the Sultan, as Khalif of the True Believers, offers up prayers to Allah.

It is practically impossible for visitors to witness this ceremony close at hand, unless they have previously obtained permits of entry, countersigned by their Ambassador. Time did not allow me to do this, so I hailed a carriage, deciding to get the best possible view of the procession, and at last to enjoy a drive, free from police supervision. But once again I had reckoned without my host. Hardly had I issued from the hotel, before a figure stood in my way, gesticulating and shouting wildly. "Hi! Stop! stop! official orders! stop the carriage!" The coachman pulled up, and the man entered and seated himself comfortably opposite me. I shouted to the driver: "I have hired your carriage; what do you mean by letting this person enter?"

"Oh, Sir!" he replied, "Friday is a busy day. Surely your Excellency would not have me refuse an elegant gentleman like this, who is on his way to the Selamlik!"

The intruder sat and silently scowled—of course he was an official spy, and the driver dare on no account have refused him. "Well," I thought, "I am here to see the fun, and I may as well go through with it," so I ignored the spy, and drove to a convenient coign of vantage.

It was soon evident that the agents of a suspicious government had come "not single spies, but in battalions," for there were half a dozen men who clung to me closer than brothers, and found some pretext for following my every movement. Sight seeing under these conditions became rather irksome—clearly I was not to be allowed to dynamite or even to snapshot his Sacred Majesty—so I returned to my hotel, where at three o'clock a policeman duly appeared and led me to the Railway Station. Here he handed me over to another policeman, who was to put me into my compartment.

Shortly after this, I invited my interpreter to join me over a cup of tea in the restaurant opposite. The policeman at once intervened: "My orders are that you must not stir from your chairs." I turned to my interpreter angrily, saying in French, "I suppose this dog, like his brothers of yesterday and to-day, wants to eat something. The scoundrel . . . ."

Pale with fear, the interpreter motioned me to be silent, and hastily explained to the policeman, "the gentleman is very angry, and badly wants something to eat"—it appeared that the policeman knew some words of French, and the interpreter wished to save me from possible consequences of indiscretion. After this, the interpreter departed, so I mustered up the few phrases of broken Greek which were at my disposal—thanks to the vestiges of an early classical education, and a hasty rush through a Modern Greek Grammar!—and I boldly asked my guardian "Do you really mean to say that I am to wait here till eight o'clock, without even a cup of tea? In this your vaunted Turkish politeness?"

At the sound of the Greek vocables, the policeman's austere face softened into a smile. "How do you come to understand Greek, Sir?"

I explained — wasted schooldays — half-forgotten studies at the University—Modern Greek phrase-book —previous visit to Macedonia. Here the policeman interrupted me, his faint smile gradually relaxing into something like a grin. "What places have you visited in Macedonia, Sir?"

"Oh, a great many! Salonica, Serres, Drama, Vodena, Castoria, Cavalla, Monastir, Lapsista———."

"Lapsista! Why, sir, that is my native place! Everyone speaks Greek there, both Turks and Greeks. How very pleasant, Sir, that such a gentleman as you should have visited our little town!"

The ferocious Turk was melted, and from that moment he became a pleasant and affable companion. He spoke freely and openly, allowed me to have a quiet meal in the cafe opposite, looked after my luggage, secured me the most comfortable seat in the train, and even refused the gratuity which I offered him. On parting we shook hands warmly: "ὥρα καλή! a pleasant journey, Sir," he shouted as he waved a smiling adieu.

As we bowled along to Salonica, I meditated upon the various ordeals to which I had been subjected since my arrival upon Turkish soil. Who, I thought, is most to be pitied — Europe, bowing down before a precious Concert of Powers, which allows such an inept and shameful anomaly to exist in its midst, or thewretched misguided Turk, who robs you in the most wholesale and barefaced manner, and then spends his ill-gotten gains twice over, on an entire staff of spies who guard against imaginary offences which the visitor has never dreamed of committing. A whole army of incompetent spies fail to give their Royal Master peace of mind, whereas one tenth the cost of this spy system, devoted to a reasonable and well organised police force on the European model, would guarantee the peace and prosperity of the Empire. And the removal of vexatious restrictions would throw open Constantinople, and Turkey generally, to hosts of tourists and traders, whose gold would enrich this impoverished country.

(To be continued).

VIATOR.

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The Object of the HELLENIC HERALD

is to give an exhaustive account of the various movements and affairs—political, racial, and social—in the near East; and to set forth with clearness the Greek claims in the Balkan Peninsula. In addition to articles by well-known publicists, and reviews of the Foreign Press, a portion of each number is devoted to literary matters—more particularly to the literature of Modern Greece.

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FINIS.

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In the case of any failure or irregularity in the delivery of the Hellenic Herald the Editor will be glad to be informed at once, that the matter may be rectified. This applies especially to our over-seas subscribers.

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME II.

The Hellenic Herald has now entered upon the second year of its existence. As in the past, it will aim at giving an exhaustive account of the various movements and affairs—political, racial, and social—in the Near East; and at a clear enunciation of the Greek claims in the Balkan Peninsula. In addition to articles by well-known publicists, and reviews of the Foreign Press, a portion of each number is devoted to literary matters—more particularly to the literature of Modern Greece: a special feature of Volume II. will be a series of articles, contributed by eminent English scholars and writers, on Modern Greek social and literary topics.

Those of our readers who do not possess the whole of Volume I. are advised to make good the deficiency: single copies or the complete volume may still be obtained from our Offices. Volume I. of the Hellenic Herald practically gives a complete and fully documented account of the recent history of the Balkan States. It contains also many interesting and important papers and reviews, including a valuable series of articles by distinguished French scholars and political writers, not otherwise accessible to English readers.

PRO-BULGARIAN JOURNALISTIC TACTICS.

Certain gentlemen, members of the Balkan Committee, who have recently paid a short visit to Macedonia, have returned to flood the London Press with articles, in which the Bulgarians are extolled as the possessors of unbounded rights and virtues, while the Greeks are depicted as seeking by all foul means to despoil these estimable Bulgarians of their rightful heritage. The countless instances during the last ten years, and even the recent examples of Bulgarian cruelty and brigandage in Macedonia have not been allowed to produce the slightest modification in the praises so freely lavished—indeed they are not even referred to, and anyone reading the articles in question might suppose that the writers had never heard of Rakovo and Negovani and the other villages destroyed during the last two months by Bulgarian bands. And yet, these gentlemen visited the actual scenes of these outrages almost immediately after the destruction of the villages by fire, and they had ample opportunity of seeing how thoroughly the Bulgarian bands do their work. Despite this, and despite the revelations recently made in leading Bulgarian journals and quoted in previous numbers of the Hellenic Herald—revelations which have laid bare the secrets of Government complicity in organised Bulgarian brigandage in Macedonia—these gentlemen continue to repeat with wearisome iteration the pro-Bulgarian claims which have been so abundantly disproved.

We have repeatedly answered in the columns of the Hellenic Herald the arguments put forward by these gentlemen, and we do not at present propose to deal again with the question. We will, instead, content ourselves with reproducing the opinions recently published by two of the English publicists most competent to deal with the Macedonian problem —Mr. T. P. Newbould and Mr. G. F. Abbott.

Mr. Newbould has for the last fifteen years made an extremely close study of the Macedonian Question; he has repeatedly visited the Balkan States; and in the Greco-Turkish War of 1897 he not only acted as correspondent to a well-known London daily, but also fought in the forefront and gained the highest praise for gallantry under fire. His well-known inflexible sincerity and straightforwardness, added to his undoubted competence and experience, invest his opinions with a special value.

Mr. G. F. Abbott is perhaps better qualified than any other living Englishman to form a judgment on Macedonian Affairs. He has made almost a lifelong study of Balkan politics, and is the author of well-known and authoritative books on Macedonian Affairs. He has visited and travelled in Macedonia many times, often for years at a time, and has been the representative in that country of leading London journals. In addition, he has the unique qualification of being able to speak fluently all the Macedonian languages. Thus he, alone among

English writers on Macedonian politics, is able to converse fully with the peasants in their own languages, and so to find out with certainty what are their true ideals and aspirations. It would therefore be impossible to overestimate the value of Mr. Abbott's opinions, as expressed in the letter which we reproduce.

"THE RUIN OF MACEDONIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am not concerned for one moment to deny a Slavophone numerical predominance in Macedonia; but I did take exception to Mr. Masterman's unqualified implication that the 'native population' of the North, West, and South of Macedonia was Bulgarian." It is by sweeping statements such as that, uttered by responsible English publicists and politicians, that the other elements in the Balkans are irritated and exasperated, and confidence in England's desire to bring about an equitable settlement is attentuated.

I have before me as I write a pile of Blue-books, and the works of some twenty writers of various nationalities who have travelled in the Balkans. I have no prepossession except against Turkish mis-government, and I have taken an active interest for the last fifteen years in the problem created by the existence of the Turk as a governing power in Europe. But I find it quite impossible to arrive at any wholesale conclusion such as that of Mr. Masterman.

Mr. Buxton quotes one of his informants as saying: "Practically all the villages in Central Macedonia are Bulgarian, both by race and language." I turn to the very able work by "Odysseus," quoted by Mr. Buxton, and I read: "The practical conclusion is that neither Greeks, Servians, nor Bulgarians have a right to claim Central Macedonia."

M. Brancoff, in his work on "La Macédoine et sa population Chrétienne," counts the whole Slav population of the vilayet of Kossovo as Bulgars. I turn again to "Odysseus," and read that "The Slavonic population of the vilayet of Kossovo, north-west of Uskub, is homogeneous with that on the other side of the Servian, Montenegrin, and Bosnian frontiers." Mr. Buxton quotes Dr. Evans that "the Greek claim to Macedonia, at least as regards the greater part of the interior of the country, is a dream." But I turn to the very painstaking and impartial work of M. Edouard Engelhardt, "La Question Macédonienne," and I read: "L'ethnographie Macédonienne, si imparfaite qu'elle soit encore, met en pleine évidence ce double fait que l'élément slave domine au Nord et l'élément grec au Sud." I could continue these contrasts to great length if they would serve to convince Mr. Masterman that his impressions have been formed rather hastily.

With Mr. Buxton's statement that "the insurrection of 1903 represented the struggle of a single and coherent nationality," as with that of his informant that "the Bulgarian bands are defending their own homes," I find it impossible to reconcile the evidence contained in our own Blue-books. That arms came from Sophia, that money came from Sophia, that officers of the regular Bulgarian army came from Sophia, are facts so abundantly clear as hardly to need re-asseveration. Our own representative at Sophia, Mr. Elliott, wrote to Lord Lansdowne on May 18th, 1903, that "*there can be no question* that the bands are assisted by officers of the Bulgarian Army, and by officials of the Bulgarian administration." Nor, in the light of the recent controversy in the Bulgarian Press arising out of the articles by M. Natchovitch in the "Balkanska Tribuna" (Nos. 221 and 222), does it seem open to doubt that members of the Bulgarian Cabinet were in intimate relationships with the Revolutionary Committees.

And there is abundant evidence that the movement was not spontaneously conceived or warmly welcomed in Macedonia, and that complicity in it was to a large extent forced upon the local Slavophones by terrorism. The deputation from the village of Sokolartsy to the Russian Consulate at Uskub (Blue-book Cd. 1875, p. 34); the request reported by our Minister at Constantinople (18/5/03) of the Exarchist villagers of Vrondon to be received back by the Patriarchate; the reference of our Consul General at Salonika to "Patriarchists who have been compelled, under threat of death, to change their religious appellation (Cd. 1875, inclosure in 157); the refusal of the villagers of Dambéni to receive Chakalaroff (June 1903); the spontaneous reversion of the slavophone villages of Karadjora and Gradobor to the Patriarchate in the same month; the visit of a large band under Chakalaroff to the village of Zhelovo to punish "some lukewarm or unreliable adherents," reported by our Vice-Consul at Monastir—these are but a few samples within a few weeks of one another of the many incidents which reluctantly compel me to disagree with the impressions and the inferences of Mr. C. R. Buxton. And as to his claim that the Exarchate is the national church of the Macedonians, I would refer him to "Odysseus's" history of the Exarchate: "Its language was the Bulgarian of Sofia, and not the local dialect."

I think, too, it should be borne in mind, in searching for a way out of the present impasse, that there is a natural lack of enthusiasm on the part even of large masses of Slavophone Macedonians, for any solution that would place them under the Bulgarian flag. As Sir Edward Dicey ("The Peasant State") wrote in 1894, the Bulgarians have not the qualities of a ruling race. Whilst they deserve every credit for the marvellous progress they have made since their emancipation by Russia in 1878, they have as yet hardly shown themselves capable of greater responsibilities or higher destinies. Their short history, again to quote Sir Charles Eliot ("Odysseus"), is filled with "a long catalogue of stirring events of a mediæval flavour," an "interesting series of elections, ejections, wars, unions, ruptures, executions, assassinations, and reconciliations."

Finally, to Mr. Buxton's summing up of the factors to which we should attach importance in seeking a settlement, "the fundamental identities of custom, language, and race," or, as M. Engelhardt prefers, "les liens de la nationalité, de la foi, et des traditions historiques"—I would add a plea for the supreme importance of considering the actual wishes and aspirations of the people themselves.—Yours, &c.,

T. PALMER NEWBOULD.

November 25th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. C. R. Buxton, in his letter on the above melancholy subject, endeavours to defend the denunciation of Greek activity in Macedonia, mainly by the argument that the Bulgarian element in the population of that country vastly preponderates over the Greek. The writer would have been more convincing had he begun by defining what he means by "Macedonia." As he is, no doubt, aware, there is hardly a more elastic term in the whole vocabulary of the human race than the term "Macedonia." It means one thing to the Serb, another thing to the Bulgar, and a third thing to the Greek; each party using and abusing it in its own way. With the Servian definition it would be irrelevant to deal in a discussion concerning the Greco-Bulgarian feud. I will, therefore, confine myself to the delimitations of the province favoured by these two rivals only. The Bulgar includes in "Macedonia" simply the whole of the territory which has been marked out as Bulgarian by the Panslavs, and which was sanctioned by the abortive Treaty of San Stefano in 1878. That delimitation suits the Bulgar admirably, because, by embracing the northern parts, which are thoroughly Slavonic (how much of those districts is Bulgarian and how much Servian I leave to others to decide), it naturally gives to the Slavonic element an indisputable preponderance in the total. But, for that very reason, it does not suit the Greek at all. The Greek asks: "What right have you to define as 'Macedonian' regions which at no period of their history have formed part of Macedonia? If the term 'Macedonia' is to have any meaning, it must surely be applied

to those regions only which at various periods have been known as 'Macedonian.'" Those regions roughly correspond with the vilayets of Salonica and Monastir, excluding from the latter vilayet the sandjaks of Dibra and Elbasan, which are Albanian.

Now, in those regions—the only part of the country to which the Greeks lay claim—the Bulgarian element most emphatically does *not* preponderate. The inhabitants of those districts, if, for the purposes of the present argument, we omit the larger Turkish element, are partly pure Greek and Greco-Vlachs, and partly people who, although they speak a bastard Slavonic idiom, call themselves, in the vast majority of cases, Greeks, and are, for that reason, stigmatised by Bulgarian Chauvinists as "Grecomaniacs." What the real racial origin of these populations is, would be impossible to say. He can dogmatise most confidently who knows least about them. Personally I have come across among them some who declare that their speech is due to intercourse with the Slav invaders. The tradition among them is that they adopted the language of their neighbours, because their neighbours were too stupid to adopt theirs. To my mind, this tradition, so far as it goes, is worthy of more serious attention than is vouchsafed to it by the advocates of the Bulgarian cause. It is not improbable in itself. The history of the world abounds in examples of one race adopting the language of another. But I will confine myself to the most obvious parallel. In Asia Minor there are whole populations the Hellenic origin of which has never been doubted, and which yet have for their mother tongue Turkish. But, for my part, I do not consider it necessary to lay too much stress on this tradition. I am ready, for the sake of argument, to grant that the Slavonic-speaking "Greeks" are no Greeks in blood. What then? Does that make them "Bulgarian" even in blood?

How little that is the case is shown by the fact that these very populations are claimed by both Serbs and Bulgars as Servian and Bulgarian respectively, and that the rival claims have at different times been espoused by Panslav politicians and publicists, according to the Russian policy prevailing at each time. Until 1885, for example, they were unanimously described as Bulgarian—for until that date it was Russia's policy to encourage the claims of the Bulgars. After 1885 Russian writers discovered suddenly that they were Servian—for after that date it suited Russian diplomacy to encourage the claims of the Serbs—and the Russian Consul-General at Salonica, M. Yastrebow, devoted much valuable time to the collection and edition of local folk-songs, which proved (to the satisfaction of all those who wished to see it proved) that the people were of pure Servian origin. Both theories, it is instructive to note, were based upon so-called scientific data; ethnological and philological. But the mere fact that the same data could be used to support such contradictory conclusions, showed the amount of reliance which could be placed upon them. However, even granting—for argument's sake, again—that these people, from a linguistic and racial point of view are Bulgars, how much does this admission help the practical claims of Bulgarian politicians? Ethnographical and philological theories, even when established, are of no importance whatever in practical politics: racial origin and language do not constitute nationality. If they did, the map of the whole of Europe would have to be changed in a manner that would, perhaps, surprise even Mr. Buxton.

The ethnographical doctrine, which played so loud and, in some cases, so mischievous a *rôle* on the Continent during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, has long been discredited and discarded by serious Continental thinkers. Renan, twenty-five years ago, gave eloquent expression to the saner views which had already been accepted in his time; and he did so in words which deserve to be quoted and remembered:

"De nos jours," he said, "on commet une erreur plus grave: on confond la race avec la nation, et l' on atribue à des groupes ethnographiques, ou plutôt linguistiques, une souveraineté analogue à celle des peuples réellement existants. . . La vérité est qu' il n' y a pas de race pure et que faire reposer la politique sur l'analyse ethnographique, c'est la faire porter sur une chimère. . . . L'étude de la race est capitale pour le savant qui s' occupe de l'histoire de l'humanité. Elle n'a pas d'application en politique. . . . La race n'y est pas tout . . . et on n'a pas le droit d'aller par le monde tâter le crâne des gens, puis les prendre à la gorge en leur disant: 'Tu es de notre sang; tu nous appartiens!'" (See "Discours et Conférences," pp. 278, 296-297).

This, I think, is an adequate reply to all the arguments based upon so-called ethnographical and linguistic considerations with regard to the people of Central and Southern "Macedonia," whom the Bulgars are pleased to call "Bulgarian," the Serbs "Servian," and the Greeks "Bulgarophone Greeks." The attitude of the Bulgarian propaganda towards these people, ever since the beginning of the Bulgarian movement, is described with prophetic fidelity and humour by Renan: "They seize them by the throat and tell them: 'You are of our blood; therefore, you belong to us!'" It is to be noted, however, as a most instructive and significant fact, that these people, despite all the methods employed by their would-be converters—education, bribery and terrorism—have remained faithful to the Greek cause. Why? The Bulgars and their advocates reply without hesitation, "Oh, it is really ignorance and stupidity. They persist in calling themselves 'Greeks' simply because they belong to the Greek Church. They are the victims of an error." A more convincing reply, to my mind, would be that these people, be their racial antecedents what they may, have identified themselves so closely and so long with the Greek nationality, that they have what we would call a Greek national consciousness—the only thing that counts in national questions. If they are the victims of error, it is open to the Bulgars to convince them of their error. But, I repeat, all the efforts made by the latter for thirty years to that end have, so far as the majority is concerned, miserably failed. These people, taken in the bulk, have undergone martyrdom in defence of what they consider, rightly or wrongly, as their national cause. Neither the hope of profit, nor the fear of death, has prevailed against their "error."

Under the circumstances, are we justified in denying to them the right of calling themselves "Greeks," or in denying to the Greeks the right of regarding themselves as such? Mr. Buxton, in illustration of his argument, quotes the case of Ireland. I, in support of mine, will quote a case at least as relevant—the case of the Channel Islands. As we all know, the natives of those islands, in point of race and language, are French; or, to be more accurate, judged by ethnographical and linguistic criteria, they are at least as French, as the Macedonians in question, judged by similar standards, are Bulgarian. And yet, it is a notorious fact that the Channel Islanders, in point of national consciousness, are more English than the natives of England themselves. A native of Jersey or Guernsey resents nothing more bitterly than to be called a Frenchman. Precisely in the same way the natives of the Grecophil districts of Macedonia which I am discussing resent nothing more bitterly than to be called Bulgars. Now, what should we say of a French propaganda sending its missionaries to the Channel Islands to persuade the inhabitants that their allegiance to the English nationality is an error; that, judged by—to quote Mr. Buxton—"the fundamental identities of custom, language, and race," they are French; and that they, on that account, ought to join France? What should we do if those missionaries, not content with theoretical arguments drawn from the waste-paper basket of Teutonic pedantry, began to "convert" the people to the French idea by terror? To put the question is to answer it.

Now, this is just what the Greeks, after years of patient endurance, such as few Englishmen are equal to, have done; finding that complaints and appeals for protection earned them nothing, except, perhaps, the secret contempt of those who in Greek forbearance saw a sign of impotence, and in Bulgarian violence a proof of vitality, they decided to meet their assailants with their own weapons. By every law of common sense and equity alike, I submit, the Greek attitude is as justifiable in principle as it was inevitable. The Greeks would, indeed, have richly deserved all the epithets which their most

rabid enemies have ever heaped upon them, had they left to the mercy of their rivals a population which has proved its title to the Greek nationality and the sincerity of its attachment to the Greek cause in the most unambiguous manner possible—by dying for them.

As regards the methods adopted by the Greek bands, the worst that can be said about them is that they are but a pale copy of the methods employed for years, and without a word of protest from Mr. Buxton, by Bulgarian bands. In a country still in the Middle Ages, warfare must (worse luck) assume a mediæval aspect.

To conclude, so much concerning your correspondent's "racial facts" and his tactful refusal to apportion the blame between the two combatants. Space does not permit me to enter into any of the other issues raised by his letter. What I have already said, however, constitutes a sufficient contradiction of his astounding assertion —astounding, I mean, to those who are personally acquainted with the causes and the course of events— that the pseudo-insurrection of 1903 "represented the struggle, against overwhelming odds, of a single and coherent nationality."—Yours, &c.,

G. F. Abbott.

233, Temple Chambers, November 27th, 1907.

Mr. Winston Churchill's Visit to Cyprus.

(From an occasional Correspondent).

Cyprus, Nov., 1907.

The Right Hon. the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in visiting Cyprus met with the most enthusiastic welcome on the part of the Greek population of this Island, which was combined with a loyal and courteous, though very ardent, manifestation of their national aspirations and wishes in favour of the Union of Cyprus with Mother Greece.

Mr. Churchill landed on the 9th October, at Famagousta, where the Mayor of the town addressed him, expressing the national wishes of the country, amidst loud cheers from the assembled people of the district and in the middle of thousands of Greek flags. At the station of Nicosia, the capital, in the afternoon, the demonstration was equally national and more imposing. Accompanied by the High Commissioner, Mr. Churchill was welcomed and addressed by the Mayor and one of the elected Greek members of the Legislative Council. Both acted as interpreters of the unanimous national wishes, entertained by their Greek fellow citizens of the Island, who, as is well known, form four-fifths of the whole population of Cyprus. The Rt. Hon. guest expressed his thanks in a few words, reserving his political speech for a later date.

The 10th and 12th of October were fixed for the reception of deputations, which were held with official ceremony in the hall of the Legislative Council. The nine elected Greek members of the Council presented a Memorandum, by which they greeted the visit of Mr. Churchill, which recalled the glorious visit of the late great Gladstone to the Ionian Islands, which visit brought liberty to that part of Hellenism, and they expressed their hopes that the same noble principles and feelings of the great British Nation, under a most liberal Sovereign, would shortly give Cyprus also its national restoration, the only thing which can assure its natural and real prosperity.

Until the fulfilment of their national wishes the Cypriots in the meantime apply:

1st. For wider participation in the administration of their country, by increase of the number of the elected Greek members in the Council, in proportion to the superiority of the Greek element in the population, and for more power in the disposal of the public revenue.

2nd. For total relief from the payment of the so-called Turkish tribute, and for the spending of all the revenue for the progress and welfare of the country, in conformity with the prevailing principles of all civilized Governments, specially in all other British Colonies and Dominions.

This tribute amounts to the sum of £92,000 yearly out of an average public revenue of £210,000. Despite an oppressive financial administration, Cyprus has been unable to pay more than an average of £62,000 yearly—amounting to £1,840,000 since the British occupation; whilst the British Treasury has contributed a yearly grant-in-aid, on the average, £30,000—amounting to £816,000 since the occupation. It must be noted that this payment was not actually a loss to the British taxpayers, as the Cyprus tribute was seized for the interest of the Crimean loan, guaranteed by England and France, which interest was actually being paid by the guarantors after the suspension of payments by Turkey in the year 1876.

This question has been the greatest and most permanent grievance of the Cypriots, and it has been equally admitted by British rulers that this burden has prevented the due progress of the country. The recent increase and temporal consolidation of the annual grant-in-aid having been fixed at £50,000 has been thankfully appreciated by the country; but it is considered that even a yearly disbursement of £42,000 from a wealthless country is quite sufficient to suspend the progress of the same.

After these necessary explanations about the financial burden of Cyprus, I must return to my main subject—the visit of Mr. Churchill. The hereinafter published reply of the Rt. Hon. Gentleman, as reproduced from the official Gazette will give an idea of the British Government's views upon the Cyprian question.

It is quite natural that the Mohammedan minority of Cyprus should oppose the national wishes of the Greek majority, but it is equally evident that such objections must not be taken into consideration in the appreciation of the rights of nationalities—otherwise no country could ever be relieved from the Turkish rule.

On the 14th October, Mr. Churchill visited the towns of Larnaca and Limassol, when he met with the most cordial welcome, and with more lively national demonstrations. He left the Island on the same day, with cordial farewell speeches, and amidst enthusiastic cheers for the noble and liberal King Edward and for the Union of Cyprus with Greece.

Limassol, 1st Nov., 1907. M.L.C.

Full Text of Mr. Churchill's Reply to the Deputies of Cyprus.

"I find it a great pleasure and a very useful experience in my travels to meet here to-day so many capable and experienced parliamentary representatives of the people of Cyprus.

"I congratulate Cyprus and I congratulate your

constituents on the ability with which they find their representatives endowed; and I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the eloquence and force with which the Bishop of Kitium has unfolded his case. And this brings me to the consideration of one of the important questions raised in the address, namely, an alteration of the existing Constitution to secure what you describe as a widening of political liberties, but what might also be described as a greater predominance and power for the Greek element in the Constitution of the Island. Because I am quite sure there can be no question of importance affecting the Greek Community, to the discussion of which its representatives are not able to bring a great fund of knowledge, and upon the decision of which they are not able to bring an effective influence.

"In reviewing the proceedings of the Legislative Council, it does not appear to me that the wishes of the representatives of the people have suffered from any insufficiency of expression or from any failure to shape or control legislation. I have carefully examined and considered the Constitution of the Government, and I fail to discern at present any way by which the influence and power of the Greek Elected Members could be increased which would not in fact involve a surrender of sovereignty and an inability, not only on the part of the British Government but also in that of the Moslem minority, to exercise any further influence on the course of affairs. It may be that in the course of time such a way may be discovered; and though I do not see it now, I will not fail to think about it.

"But when it is suggested that the elected representative element in the Legislative Council should actually have power to initiate expenditure, I am bound to remind you that that power does not belong to private Members of the House of Commons, and that the initiation of expenditure is confined, I believe in all countries possessing parliamentary institutions, to the Executive Government, on which the responsibility also rests.

"And when I pass from the question of amending the Constitution to the even larger political question which the Greek Elected Members have brought forward, of the Union of Cyprus with Greece, I must speak at a little greater length.

"That is a very grave question, in fact the gravest and most serious question which could possibly be raised by the representatives whom I see before me. It involves not only an absolute change in the Government of the Island, but also the abrogation of the Treaty with Turkey. It involves further the setting aside of the views of nearly one-third of the population, and the creation of what would probably be a permanent and dangerous antagonism between the two sections of the community. Strongly as you, gentlemen, may feel on this question, you will agree with me that it is the gravest which could possibly be raised by the people of the Island.

"I think it is only natural that the Cypriot people, who are of Greek descent, should regard their incorporation with what may be called their Mother-country as an ideal to be earnestly, devoutly, and fervently cherished. Such a feeling is an example of the patriotic devotion which so nobly characterises the Greek nation; and while I trust that those who feel so earnestly themselves will not forget that they must show respect for the similar feelings of others, I say that the views which have been put forward are opinions which His Majesty's Government do not refuse to regard with respect. On the other hand the opinion held by the Moslem population of the Island, that the British occupation of Cyprus should not lead to the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, and that the mission of Great Britain in the Levant should not be to impair the sovereignty of the Sultan, is one which His Majesty's Government are equally bound to regard with respect.

"It has not been represented to His Majesty's Government that the Greek nor yet the Moslem population of Cyprus is actually discontented with the British administration of the Island. Many complaints, some of which are well founded, have been made that the progress of the Island during the British occupation has not been so rapid or so substantial as had been anticipated. But I do not think that any just-minded man who remembers the past history of Cyprus, and observes the fortunes of other countries in other parts of the world, would commit himself to any absolute condemnation of the existing state of the Government. Nor, be it remarked, even in the memorials presented to me, do I find any facts alleged or any reasons adduced which would lead me to believe that the material welfare of the Island would be appreciably increased were the administration to be transferred to any other Power. His Majesty's Government may therefore be encouraged to hope that the people of Cyprus, while cherishing great national ideals, are content, for the present at least, to be governed in accordance with British ideas of justice and freedom.

"His Majesty's Government believe that the people of Cyprus appreciate the fact that their condition, social, political and economical, has been considerably improved during the last 30 years; and if complaints exist that the progress of the Island has not been commensurate with the promises made, and the hopes entertained, at the time of the occupation, it will be the duty of the Government by all possible means to remove the grounds which may exist for those complaints.

"With reference to the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece, and the comparison made between those Islands and Cyprus, I must observe that the analogy is by no means complete, if only for this reason—that the Ionian Islands, at the time of cession, were in the possession of Great Britain, and accordingly at the disposal of Great Britain—which is of course by no means the case with regard to Cyprus.

"In these circumstances, and in view of the considerations which I have put before you, it is the duty of Great Britain to remain in occupation of Cyprus, and I think it is my duty to say to you that His Majesty's Government cannot recognise that the time has come when the Island should be abandoned, or when any change in its political status should be effected.

"I have left the question of the Tribute to the last, because it is the most practical of the questions on which you have addressed me. It is a matter which has a political as well as a financial aspect. From the political point of view, it is clear that payment could only cease with the abrogation of the treaty by which the occupation of the Island is secured; and His Majesty's Government do not contemplate any abrogation of the treaty.

"The financial aspect of the matter has already received the serious consideration of His Majesty's present advisers. By recent arrangements, which fix the amount of the annual grant-in-aid at £50,000, the pressure on the Island Treasury has already been reduced and relieved. I hope that larger funds may be available at the near future for the development of public works in various parts of the Island. But any advantages which may have been conferred on

you by these arrangements you owe in the first place to the exertion made on your behalf by His Excellency Sir Charles King-Harman. He is the best friend Cyprus has had for some time; and as I know from my own knowledge, he is neglecting no opportunity of pressing the interests of Cyprus on the Home Government.

"Now that I have had the pleasure of seeing your beautiful Island, and have had opportunities of making friends, or at any rate of making acquaintance with so many of its leading persons of influence and authority, I shall join my efforts to his in the attempt to secure more liberal treatment and greater advantages for the Island. It is quite true that the new arrangement of the grant-in-aid is limited to a period of three years. But I daresay that when the time to reconsider it is reached, if the British Government see encouraging results from the new arrangement already achieved, it will certainly not be altered to the disadvantage of the Island.

"The financial condition of the Island is improving, and will continue to improve; and, with the increasing prosperity of the people, means will be found for repairing past failures and for undertaking further improvements. I shall report all that I have seen and all that you have said to me to Lord Elgin when I return to England; and I am sure you will find in him a Minister who is most desirous of using his influence to promote the highest interests and most rapid advancement of the people of Cyprus."

In the Lands of Reform.

(*Continued from p.* 16).

One of the most precious services rendered to me by my friendly policeman, was the securing for me of a corner seat in a special *compartiment-de-luxe*. I had entered upon my voyage partly with the object of studying the Turk in his home, but, after my experiences of the last few days, I thought it possible to have too much of a good thing, and decided to have a day's holiday from the Turk. So I asked my policeman if he could arrange to permit none but Christians to travel in the same compartment—"of course, the Turks are charming, and I like them very much, but if you can contrive to give me Christian fellow-travellers I shall be able to while away the journey with conversation, since the Christians generally speak English or French" —the Turk, I may add, bears himself as a *grand seigneur*, and will not generally condescend to learn the language of the Christian dogs. My policeman went off for a talk with the conductor, and soon returned with a reassuring "that's all right, sir."

Three courteous-looking Christians took seats in my compartment. We soon made friends, and congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a journey without any Turks. But our rejoicings were premature. Just before the train started, two men came swaggering down the platform looking for seats. One was a ferocious-looking Albanian Ghegue, armed to the teeth, with rows of daggers and pistols belted round his body. The other, although in European dress, was of even more forbidding appearance. He, too, carried revolvers. Their eyes fixed greedily upon our *compartiment-de-luxe*. Were the *giaours*, the uncircumcised swine, to enjoy the best seats in the train? Allah and his prophet forbid! The Turks forced their way into our carriage, took up one whole side of the compartment, and began to litter the floor and fill the racks with a mass of extraordinary little parcels. My Christian friends cowered into a corner—they were Turkish subjects, and had no friendly ambassador to appeal to, and no hope of redress for any wrongs. But the Englishman is accustomed to see an imaginary Union Jack floating overhead, even in the most lawless home of tyranny, and I was not going to have these swashbucklers intruding their presence upon me:

"Pardon, Effendi," I said politely, "this compartment is reserved for my friends and myself."

The Turk only answered with a scowl, while his Albanian parasite began to play with his pistols. "Very well," I thought, "we will soon deal with you, my fine friends." I put my head out of the window and called for the conductor.

"Look here, conductor, this is a reserved compartment. Do you allow these men to force their way into it?"

"Assuredly not, Effendi," replied the official. Then, with a bow to the Turks, "The foreign gentleman is right, Bey, and you are not allowed to travel in this compartment."

A fearful scowl came over the Turk's face. "You dog," he cried, "do you dare thus to address me, a Bey? Leave the compartment instantly unless you want to be carried out a dead man"—and at a sign from his master the Albanian brought out one of his pistols.

The conductor hesitated, and looked to me for further instructions.

"Out, you swine!" said the Turk, brandishing his revolver.

"Yes," I said, "Go and bring here the stationmaster."

The conductor was not sorry of some pretext which might justify an honourable retreat, and off he went for the stationmaster. But he had hardly left the carriage when the whistle sounded, and the train set off, leaving the Turk and his fierce retainer masters of the situation.

I was too angry, and my fellow-Christians too frightened, to say anything, and for a while we journeyed in silence. After a time, one of the native Christians plucked up courage. He was a clever, sociable fellow, with a shrewd and incisive wit, and a genial manner which disarmed opposition. "Now, Bey," he said, "does your Excellency really think this show of violence was the very best way to settle the dispute with the conductor? After all, one does not use a sledge-hammer to crack a filbert, even if it happens to be another man's filbert."

His Excellency gasped in amazement. The impudence and audacity of these Christian *rayahs*, cattle, who even ventured to question the wisdom of a Bey's action! Intolerable! After some moments he mastered his choler sufficiently to be able to utter the following remarkable oration:

"Does the Christian cur imagine that the son of Islambey is to obey the orders of any *giaour* who happens to be in the service of a European company? Let the cowardly officials of Constantinople bow before the Europeans if they will—we, the faithful sons of Islam, see well that nought but ruin has followed since the accursed Franks (infidel swine!) were first allowed to put their foot on our soil and to meddle in our affairs. We are determined to preserve our glorious traditions and the memory of the time when we used to enjoy the fruits of victory, the merited reward of those who have won by fire and sword the right to have at our disposal the unbelieving cattle, as many as we needed to satisfy our needs and gratify our desires. We are determined to oppose every effort of the Frankish dogs to deprive us of our rights and privileges. And if in the end we are driven out, we will go as we came, in blood and fire. Until then we will trample on you subject swine as we think fit, and we will grind out of you whatever we can; and as for the Franks, we will treat them in the same way whenever they come into our power."

These words, and the boldness and insolence with which they were uttered by this savage-looking Turk, made a great impression on my mind. I began to understand better the fatalism, which underlies so much of Turkish life which is otherwise incomprehensible in its opposition, not only to all reason, but even to the simplest laws of self-interest. The Turk is convinced that his days as a governing caste—in Europe at all events—are numbered. *Kismet*—it is the will of Allah. But the Turk is doggedly determined that his short life shall be a merry one: he is grimly resolved to make the subject races pay to-day for whatever the European Powers may do on some to-morrow.

There did not seem much to be gained by argument with this monument of unbending stupidity, so I turned my attention to the scenery. This, indeed, was of the

most beautiful and picturesque character—it should seem as though God had created an Eden which man does his utmost to lay waste. A few hours' journey took us through a landscape, of such varied and unending delight as one sees in few parts of the world. Lovely valleys, with broad and fertile meadows, lay between hills of graceful contour, at the feet of which were those plantations where is grown the finest tobacco in the world—the exuberant foliage of the tobacco plants and the green and red and gold of the fruit trees were mirrored in the sapphire waters of countless lakes, while far in the distance loomed the massive forms of the great mountain ranges, their summits rosy in the glow of the sinking sun. The scenes were of indescribable beauty.

Some time passed in this dreamy manner, then came our first stop, at a small station near Serres. Among the few passengers who entered the train, my attention was attracted by a charming old Greek peasant couple. The old man conducted his wife to the ladies' department, and was taking an affectionate farewell, when suddenly our Turk bounced out in a furious rage, seized the old man by the hair, and knocked him down, and began belabouring him in a most cruel fashion with kicks and blows, while he hurled the most horrible epithets upon the old man, "filthy dog of a *giaour*, you dare to approach the carriage where my wife is seated!" Apparently the black mass in the corner of the compartment was the Turk's wife, enveloped in a number of thick veils. In vain the poor old man protested that he had not approached the *harem* department, nor even looked towards it; the Turk's only reply was another volley of kicks and blows and curses, and soon the unhappy peasant was covered with blood and bruises. Burning with indignation, I jumped from the carriage.

"Stop!" I cried, "Stop, you infamous scoundrel, or or I'll give you the soundest thrashing you have ever had."

Several passengers also crowded round, with words and gestures of strong disapproval. The Turk grew purple with choler.

"By Allah," he cried, "the first man who comes near me dies like a dog," and both the Turk and his bodyguard began menacingly to brandish their revolvers in our faces.

The crowd were peaceful and unarmed; mostly Christians, too, and therefore of no legal status. They fell back, angry but impotent. Unhappily, I also was unarmed. Never in my life had I experienced so great a desire to blow out a man's brains; and if I had not foolishly packed my revolvers away in my trunk, I will not answer for what might have happened. I had to content myself with words.

"Look here, my fine fellow," I said, "Bey or whatever you call yourself, if only I had a revolver in my hand, I would pretty soon let daylight into you and that precious Albanian brigand of yours. But don't imagine that you are going to escape scot-free. As soon as we arrive at Serres, I go straight to the police head-quarters and lay information against you."

Although we were powerless, the intervention produced its result. For a few moments the Turk had stayed his hand, and he began to see that he had gone too far, and might be getting himself into trouble from which even his official position would not save him without difficulty. He turned to his poor victim with a surly "out of my sight, you dog," and then turned and made for the carriage, the crowd falling back before his truculent visage as he slowly returned to his place.

I was meditating upon the form of my complaint, to to be laid before the police at Serres, when we stopped at a small station, and another passenger entered. This was a well-built man of middle age, with clear eyes, a countenance expressive of great power and decision, and an evident air of distinction. His dress was that of a European gentleman, and it was impossible to tell by any sign whether he was a Christian or a Turk. He entered the compartment with a slight bow and a courteous salutation to the company, and began to look around for some place in which to bestow the overcoat which was thrown over his arm. Our truculent Turk had taken up the entire luggage grille with his little packages. The newcomer, with a slight inclination and a polite "permit me, sir," removed the Turk's fez to hat-rack, and placed his own overcoat on the grille. Our barbarian could not contain himself:

"You cursed dog," he burst out with a torrent of oaths, "you dare to touch my fez! Do you want to have your filthy body thrown out of the window."

The newcomer was no whit abashed. Looking our barbarian up and down, with the utmost scorn and disgust written on his face, he rose and said:

"What contemptible wretch are you, who permit yourself thus to address an inoffensive fellow-passenger? It is the abominable actions of such men as you which have brought shame and ruin on our once great and glorious nation. If blind and unscrupulous fanatics of your sort continue this style of conduct, it can only end in our race being wiped off the face of the earth. You and your sort had better understand that your arbitrary practices in past times are responsible for the calamities under which our Fatherland is now groaning, and a continuance of such methods is absolutely suicidal. You must abandon your present habits, and look to establish your authority—among Christians and Mohammedans alike—by honest work, and not by violence and oppression. Perhaps you think you have some special privileges because you are a Mohammedan, and may be you belong to some family of note. If so, your responsibility is all the greater, for it is a nobleman's duty to give his inferiors an example of right and just conduct. What your name and your origin may be I don't in the least know, but I don't mind telling you that I am Mouchtar Bey, of Serres. My ancestor, as you know well, have rendered great services to the *Dovlet*, our Fatherland. That makes me the more anxious to prove myself their worthy descendant, and not a blustering ruffian like you. And let me tell you that unless there is an alteration in your savage behaviour, I will hand you over to the police and have you locked up in the place where you ought to have been confined long ago."

During this speech our barbarian had been growing more and more angry. At the end he laid his hand on his revolver.

"What!" cried Mouchtar Bey, "you dare?" Then opening the window, "Policeman, remove this fellow; lock him up, on the authority of Mouchtar Bey."

The savage in the corner was utterly bewildered. He saw that the newcomer was a man of power and firmness, who would stand no nonsense; and he saw that this adventure might land him before long in a Turkish prison—which it is easier to enter than to get out of. His arrogant and menacing self-confidence entirely deserted him, and he began to eat humble pie. In a cringing, wheedling tone he addressed Mouchtar Bey:

"Pardon me, my Bey. I acknowledge the wrongness of my behaviour. I took you for a *giaour*, and did not know I was in the presence of a son of the glorious family of Mouchtar Bey. I apologise the more readily because I see you are a brave and noble and distinguished gentleman. . . ." And he went on to lavish the most fulsome flattery, all of which Mouchtar Bey received with chilling and contemptuous disregard. As we neared Serres, the savage Turk was evidently quaking with fear at the apprehension of being cast into prison, and perhaps also he really wanted to ease his conscience. He approached Mouchtar Bey most humbly, and prayed him:

"Before we separate, my Bey, I beg to ask your Excellency for the full and complete reconciliation which our Prophet commands. We may never meet again, and I should fear to leave this world with such a heavy burden on my soul."

"Your repentance gives me much pleasure and satisfaction, and I freely pardon you," said Mouchtar Bey, who allowed the wretched man to embrace him both sides in the Turkish fashion. Then he left the train, amidst the blessings of the delighted company. Our savage companion could not have had a more complete punishment or a sterner lesson, and for the rest of the journey his behaviour was lamblike. I never heard a better description of the evils which have reduced Turkey to her present state, nor a better account of the only methods by which she can hope to recover her *prestige*, than was contained in Mouchtar Bey's rebuke.

VIATOR.

(To be continued).

THE GREEK NAVY.

On the 30th November, Mr. G. Theotokis, the Premier, referred in the Greek Chamber to a coming reorganisation and strengthening of the Hellenic Navy. As Greece, from her geographical situation and her commercial development, is a maritime not less than a continental state, a sound and well-organised navy is at least as important to her as a powerful army. A strong Greek navy would be a potent factor in the politics of the Near East, and might in certain contingencies have considerable influence on the course of events. We therefore welcome the news that a complete reorganisation of the Hellenic Navy is in contemplation, which will result in endowing Greece with one of the most powerful fleets in the East Mediterranean.

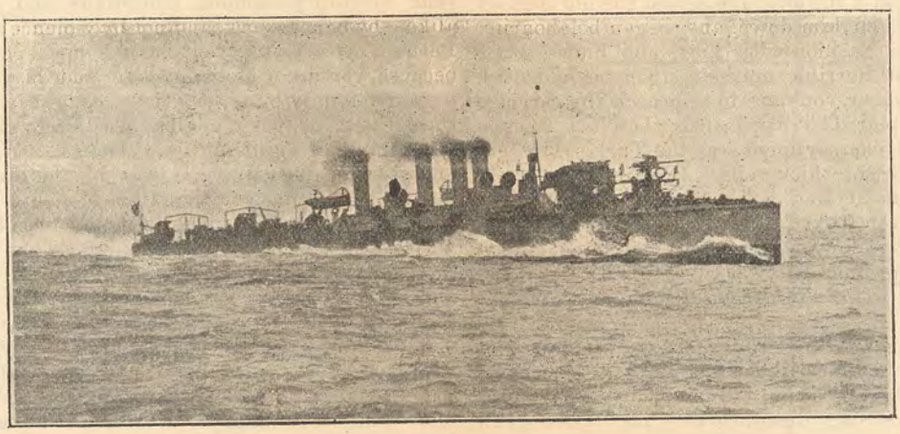
According to information, which we should be glad to see officially confirmed, a loan of £2,500,000, for the purposes of Greek naval construction, is to be raised in France, in which country the new warships are to be built, while the training and reorganisation of the fleet are to be entrusted to the competent hands of Admiral Fournier, of the French Navy.

We are glad to learn that so eminent an adviser as the distinguished French Admiral has been obtained. In view, however, of the shipbuilding supremacy of Great Britain [alike in solidity, quickness, and cheapness of construction] we should have welcomed the assurance that some, at least, of the orders for new ships were to be placed in Thames, or Clyde, or Tyne shipyards—especially as the destroyers recently built for the Hellenic Navy by Messrs. Yarrow, of Poplar, have proved in every way so excellent. Although our French friends are providing the loan, perhaps, in view of the *entente cordiale*, they would not take umbrage to see half the order going to English firms.

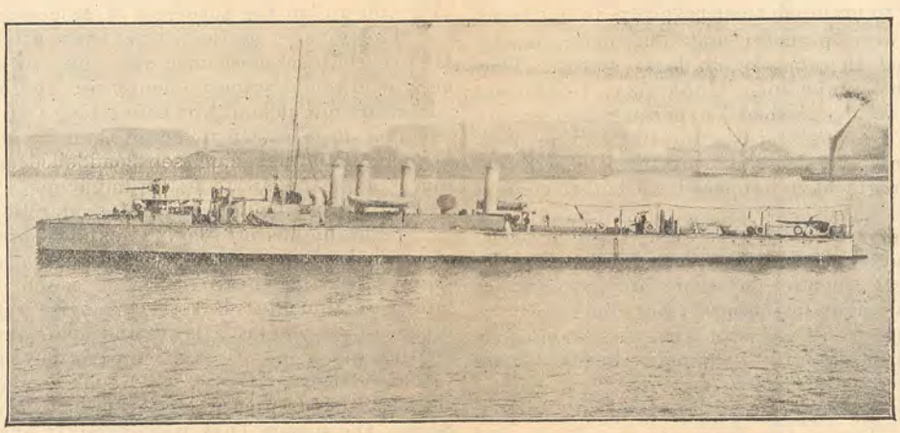
We should be sorry to believe that the Greeks were allowing their policy of naval construction and reorganisation to be influenced by the temporary coolness towards the Greek cause which is manifested in certain English circles. We trust that this is a mere passing phase, and that before long the historical philhellenism of the English people, reawakened by a perception of the undoubted justice of the Greek cause, and strengthened by the devotion and gratitude which the Greek people have never ceased to feel and to express towards the English nation, will once more assert itself as a guiding principle in British foreign politics.

In connection with the above, we are pleased to reproduce photographs of the Greek destroyers Λόγχη (Spear) and Σφενδόνη (Sling), recently launched from Messrs. Yarrow's yard at Poplar. These vessels are each 220ft. long, their speeds being respectively 32·53 and 31·85 knots, and their steaming capacities (at 14 knots) 3,231 and 3,150 knots respectively, and each will cost about £60,000. The sister ships to these two, the Θύελλα (Whirlwind) and the Ναυκρατούσσα (Champion) were launched some time ago, and all four vessels have proved to be eminently serviceable. In our issue for February, 1907 [p. 61] we gave fuller particulars as to the armament, &c., of these destroyers; and in our issue for June-July, 1907 [p. 126] is a report of the launching and christening of the Lonchi and the Sphendoni.

We cannot let slip this opportunity of referring to the good work done by Lieut.-Commander J. Hepites and Engineer-Lieut. Carpetopoulos, and, above all, by Naval-Constructor Leondopoulos, who watched the construction of these vessels on behalf of the Hellenic Government. Mr. Leondopoulos has throughout displayed an energy and a conscientious devotion to his duties which we should like to see as universal in the Greek navy as it is among British naval officers.



"Nafkratoussa." "Ναυκρατούσσα."



"Thyella." "Θύελλα."

THE GREEK ARMY RE-ORGANISATION.

The Commission of National Defence sanctioned on November 18th an agreement arrived at between the War Minister and the representatives of the French firm of Schneider, Canet, for the supply of 36 quick-firing field guns and six mountain batteries. The field guns are to be of 7·5cm. calibre, and 1,500 projectiles are to be supplied for each battery. The contract is for 10,000,000f. (£400,000). Three field batteries will be delivered in seven months, and all the others within two years from the date of the contract.

"The Sultan and His Subjects."

[The Sultan and His Subjects, by Richard Davey. London, Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.]

This is one of the most interesting books on the Ottoman Empire which has come beneath our notice, and it is as instructive as interesting. In addition to using the formidable list of authorities quoted at the beginning of the book, Mr. Davey has travelled much in the Ottoman dominions, evidently keeping his eyes open, and at the same time seeking to perform the more necessary and more difficult task of divesting himself of Western prejudices, and arriving at a sympathetic understanding of the racial and religious ideas and feelings of the Orient.

"The author has studied his subject with a serious desire to bring before the intelligent reading public of this country such facts and such anecdotes (elucidatory and explanatory) as may enable an impartial reader to form a fair conclusion as to the present conditions and probable destiny of the great Oriental Empire on whose future action and fate so much of the peace and welfare of Western Europe depends. To attain such a purpose, a knowledge of the life and manners of the Turks and of the Eastern Christians, and of their religious and political views is indispensable. . . . The work deals with the Ottoman and Christian subjects of the Sultan generally, but chiefly with the Turks of Constantinople."

The earlier chapters of the book contain a brief but very readable summary of the history of the Turks in Europe, with accounts of the social and political features peculiar to the Ottoman Empire—the position of the Sultan, the constitution of the Harem, the political and religious organisation of the Empire. A vivid account of the remarkably muddled law (or rather absence of law), of succession to the Imperial throne explains the intrigue and (frequently wholesale) murder which is so marked a feature of the history of the Sultans, and incidentally throws light on many other abuses in the government of this extraordinary country. The chapters on "The Sultan and his Priests" and "The Failure of Islam" show how the same religion, which inspired the Turks with incredible daring and power of conquest, has also proved itself narrow and inelastic and inimical to all development of civilisation, and has made the Turks a race of retrograde fanatics.

Mr. Davey does ample justice to the merits of the individual Turk, and has evidently many regrets for the old order which is so clearly passing, and much misgiving as to the new order (made in Germany) which is taking its place. Certainly one may be forgiven some lack of enthusiasm for a civilisation, of which a chief sign is that the picturesque costumes and glittering bazaars of the golden gorgeous East are replaced by dinging stalls, in which the cheapest wares of Berlin and Birmingham are sold by hucksters, clad in dingy frock coat and shabby ready-made slops, with a fez of French manufacture as the sole relic of former magnificence.

Mr. Davey is of opinion that a reform developing the good qualities of the Turk, and at the same time allowing freedom and equality to the other races, would be far preferable to a process of complete Westernisation, and there is much to be said for this view. But things have come to such a pass that European intervention is now an absolute necessity. "Let there be an amicable Protectorate of Turkey by the Great Powers. No occupation—the army is good enough if it is properly paid and led. But let qualified Europeans be placed in all positions of trust, let His Majesty submit himself to the advice of the Protecting Powers, and let the riff-raff of adventurers who now infest the Government, and all Turkish officialdom, be wiped off the face of the earth." If something of this sort is not done, the author thinks, dismemberment and practical elimination is the inevitable fate of the once proud and powerful Ottoman Empire. At the same time, the author is very severe on the European Powers, whose apathy has largely contributed to make possible the present state of chaos. "What can be said of the Christian nations, who have stood by in selfish apathy, who have watched the wholesale butchery which has now reigned, intermittently, but for so many years, unchallenged by the European Powers, whose deplorably egotistical policy must appear as fable and undignified to the Moslem world, as the barbarous cruelty of the Sultan's henchman is revolting to ours? Surely we must account ourselves well-nigh as blameworthy for these horrors as Abdul Hamid himself!"

Chapters are devoted to the Christian races of the Empire. We will content ourselves with a reference to the chapter on the Greeks, whose energy, patriotism, and devotion to learning Mr. Davey praises in the highest terms. There is a brief allusion to the feuds in Macedonia, and we are glad to observe that Mr. Davey has been able to penetrate the haze of misrepresentation and to arrive at the true facts of the matter. "Now the Macedonian question has assumed menacing proportions, and is fast becoming the most dangerous of the many movements that may eventually disturb the peace of Eastern Europe. The correspondents of English newspapers notwithstanding, the Bulgarians are really in fault. The Bulgarians who are in the minority, have treated the unfortunate Greeks with a barbarity which recalls the excesses they committed in the Middle Ages . . . . Since 1900 they have destroyed something like one hundred Greek churches, and have confiscated some of the richest monasteries and convents in the country, driving from them their rightful owners, and replacing them by religions of their own persuasion. Unfortunately, these spoliations have been accompanied by apalling acts of cruelty, rapine and murder; and it may be safely said that at the present time the Hellenic population of Macedonia lives in a state of terror bordering on distraction."

We have the more pleasure in noting this testimony to the rightness of the Greek cause in Macedonia, because the book is so able and impartial, and at the same time so interesting, that we must recommend our readers to obtain it without hesitation.

PRESS REVIEW.

The Elliott Affair:

Judicial Proceedings.

From the "Gaulois."

The most important recent events in the development of Balkan affairs have been the Natchevitch revelations, of which we have already spoken, and the attempt to kidnap Colonel Elliott, the British Chief of Gendarmerie for the Drama district.

The following details of the attempt are from a Sofia correspondent:—

Ten comitadjis belonging to Daeff's band, which made the attempt on Col. Elliott, have just arrived in Sofia, where they have been closely examined by the police, in the presence of a member of the Foreign Office staff. The comitadjis made the following declarations:

The Voivode Daeff, having learned that Col. Eliott was making for the village of Giuredjik, detached from his band of 60 or 70 men, some 10, in the hope of capturing Elliott. As the English have manifested great confidence in the Bulgarians and sympathy for the comitadjis, the kidnapping was not expected to prove difficult. Near the house at which the colonel had taken up his quarters is a well, where he used to post himself for a short time every morning and evening. Under Daeff's orders, the comitadjis had on one particular morning placed themselves in ambush near the well. The colonel came as usual, and, as was also usual with him, came unattended. Suddenly 10 men surrounded him, and demanded that he should accompany then. He refused, and they instantly fell upon him and tried to bear him off by force. He cried for help. Some Turkish soldiers appeared and a conflict ensued, in which the comitadjis took up the attitude of defence. Profiting by the disturbance, Col. Elliott drew his revolver and killed three comitadjis, himself sustaining a wound in the foot. The rest of the band made off for the forest, and Elliott escaped.

The comitadjis say that Daeff's imprudence has rendered the Turkish troops so active that it is no longer possible for the bands to do anything around Drama. Also, they say, Daeff is no longer obeyed by his followers, for he is acting as a simple brigand, with no aim but to fill his own pockets. Hence the comitadjis have deserted him and returned to Bulgaria.

* * * * *

A special tribunal at Salonica has punished seven peasants of the Bulgarian village of Giuredjik fore ir participation in the attack on Col. Elliott. The *Mouchtar* (mayor) and one other are sentenced to 12 years imprisonment; three others to 7 years, and the rest to 2 or 3 years. Eight other peasants were acquitted. Col. Elliott was present as a witness. There were also present the British, Russian, and Austrian consuls.

Col. Elliott's depositions before the Salonica tribunal are very interesting, The Colonel gives full details of the attempted kidnapping, and of the ensuing engagement between the comitadjis and the Turkish troops and gendarmes. These last, despite their small numbers, attacked with great courage the 50 or 60 bandits, who fired upon them from cover. The comitadjis were armed with Mannlicher rifles and bombs. They all wore a grey uniform.

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From the " CORRIERE D'ITALIA."

Mr. Natchevitch's declarations have made a profound impression here, They give one more disproof of the statements which would prove that Bulgaria is animated by good intentions with regard to the pacification of Macedonia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—:o:—

The Wedding of Prince George of Greece and Princess Bonaparte.

ATHENS, December 13th.

Prince George of Greece, second son of H.M. the King of the Hellenes, was married in Athens yesterday with all the pomp and circumstance appertaining to the rite of the Greek Church to Princess Marie Bonaparte, only child of Prince Roland Bonaparte, a descendant of the great Napoleon's youngest brother, Lucien.

The ceremony took place in the morning, the wedding cortège proceeding under a sunny sky from the palace to the cathedral of the Greek Church through streets brilliantly decorated and thronged with enthusiastic crowds.

The bride rode in state in a gilt carriage, upon which flowers were showered from the windows. Eight horses drew the vehicle. On either side of it, on horseback, rode Prince George, the bridegroom, and his father, the King.

The civil marriage ceremony was celebrated quietly in Paris on November 21. Legally the pair have been husband and wife since that date. But the completion of the bride's welcome by the Greek nation was expressed in yesterday's ceremony. All the foreign diplomatists were present, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Queen Olga of Greece were the witnesses.

Within the cathedral the ceremony, during the progress of which a salute of 100 guns roared out from the forts, was elaborate and picturesque. First, the rite of "espousal" was gone through, two rings (gold for the bridegroom, silver for the bride) being blessed and then presented to the "neonymphs," as the bridal pair are called.

Next followed the "crowning." Bride and bridegoom, their friends and relatives behind, approached the sanctuary-table, upon which lay a jewelled copy of the Gospel. The archbishop bade the couple place their right hands upon the Gospel, and gave to them lighted tapers. Then he asked of the bridegroom the question whether he would have the Princess to be his lawful wife and "promise her fidelity, love, help, and kind treatment all thy life." After the question had been put to the bride, and after both had answered, verses were intoned, and the archbishop declared them man and wife, repeating the phrase thrice to the Prince and thrice to the Princess. Several prayers followed, and then, standing hand in hand, bridegroom and bride had placed upon their heads jewelled crowns which had laid beside the Gospel. Chants and prayers followed, and the archbishop pronounced the benediction.

The bride and bridegroom then returned to the palace, where an official reception was held in the afternoon.

The Princess's trousseau is of unparalleled magnificence, including sixty splendid robes, a remarkable collection of expensive furs, and linen "of a beauty and richness unrivalled." As a whole the trousseau cost £60,000, and was presented to the bride by her father, most of whose fortune now goes to the Princess.

The royal pair will pass the honeymoon in Italy.

THE STATE OF CRETE.

Information from Canea shews that there is a continued and uninterrupted improvement in the condition of Crete, especially in public order and tranquillity. This happy state of affairs is due in large measure to the foresight and influence of Mr. Zaimis, the High Commissioner; much credit is also due to many members of the Cretan Government. With the aid of Greek officers, a militia force of 1000 men has been formed, and also a gendarmerie of 1500 men. As soon as these forces are thoroughly trained and organised, the Cretan Government will apply itself with renewed vigour to obtain the withdrawal of the international contingents. The strict impartiality observed by the Government has resulted in a sensible improvement in the relations between Christians and Mohammedans. Owing to the vigour with which political murders are punished, no crime of this nature has been committed for several months. As soon as the European market presents a favourable opportunity, it is proposed to raise a public loan of £400,000 to spend on the improvement of communications and on other purposes of public utility.

PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS.

Constantine Sevastopoulos of Chio has just died in Athens, where he was living in retirement, after an active life spent in foreign countries. He has left the greater part of his fortune in public benefactions. The most

important bequests are as follows: £20,000 to the Agricultural Society; £2,000 to the Afforestation Society; £2,000 to the Society of Industries; £12,000 towards the building and maintenance of a School of Arts and Crafts; £1,000 for the evening classes at the Parnassus; £4,000 to the Athens Municipal Hospital; £4,000 to the Foundlings Hospital; £1,200 to the *Evanghelismos* Hospital, &c. There are also some bequests of a more national character: £2,000 to the Society for the Encouragement of Greek Literature; £1,000 to the Constantinople Philological Association; £4,000 to the Œcumenical Patriarch for its educational work; and £2,000 to the Phanariot High School for Girls.

THE KOUTZOVLACHS AND THE RUMANIST PROPAGANDA.

The Roumanian propagandists have recently issued a proclamation, in which they conjure the Koutzovlachs "to revive their love of their native tongue, now deserted in favour of Greek; and to cease from the deplorable disuse of the Koutzovlach dialect, lest it should appear to all inquirers that the Koutzovlach tongue is poor and meagre, unfit for the expression of wide ideas."

The beauty of the matter is that the appeal is written not in Koutzovlach but in Greek. Perhaps the author found the Koutzovlach tongue "too poor and meagre for the expression of his ideas;" perhaps he thought it well to use the only literary language commonly employed by the Koutzovlachs; or, perhaps, like some other of the Roumanian propagandists, he understands Roumanian and Greek, but not Koutzovlach—a language widely different from Roumanian.

Space does not allow us to reproduce this interesting document—it can be obtained from Bucharest, and it was also given in full in the *Ecclesiastike Alitheia* for Oct. 27 [O.S.]. We give here the title, which, like the rest of the document, is in Greek:

Μακεδονοβλαχικὸς Ἐκπαιδευτικὸς Σύλλογος
ἐν Βουκουρεστίῳ.

Πρὸς τοὺς Βλάχους τῆς Μακεδονίας, Ἠπείρου,
Θεσσαλίας καὶ Ἀλβανίας.

Βουκουρέστιον, ἐκ τῆς Τυπογραφίας τῶν
"Ἐκκλησιαστικῶν Βιβλίων."

i.e. Macedo-Vlach Educational Society of Bucharest:

To the Vlachs of Macedonia, Epirus, Thessaly and Albania.

Bucharest, Printing Office of Religious Publications.

Mythology for English Readers.

THE MYTHS OF GREECE AND ROME,
By H. A. Guerber [London, Harrap & Co. 7/6 net.]

The *raison d'être* and the scope of Mr. Guerber's work are set forth in his preface: "The myths of Greece and Rome have inspired so much of the best thought in English literature that a knowledge of them is often essential to the understanding of what we read. . . . The numerous quotations throughout will shew the way to the noble passages from which these 'Flowers of Parnassus' have been culled, and they will enable the reader to appreciate the great influence of the myths upon our literature. The large selection of reproductions from famous pictures and statuary, also, will shew something of the debt which art, both ancient and modern, owes to the same inspiration."

After a brief introduction, giving a general account of Greek creation myths, the book presents a very interesting account of the stories connected with the gods and heroes of Greek mythology. The Quest of the Golden Fleece, the Calydonian Hunt, the Siege of Troy, and the Wanderings of Ulysses, are told in a manner which should send the reader to draw at first-hand upon the stores of Greek poetry. The accounts are enlivened by plentiful quotations, partly from the Greek poets (in translation, for the book aims at capturing the general reader) and partly from our English poets, who have quarried so freely from the rich mine of Greek fable.

There are, too, over 60 illustrations, mostly of modern pictures and sculptures, which shew that the mythology of Greece has been as full of inspiration to painter and sculptor as to poet. English art is largely represented, chiefly by Lord Leighton, Sir E. Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts—whose art owed more to the Elgin marbles than to any other source—and by the charming sculptures and reliefs of Harry Bates, Michael Angelo, Velasquez, Raphael, Titian, and Rubens are also represented, and, among lesser lights, Picart. It must be admitted that most of these artists have been more concerned to find pretty subjects in Greek fable than to reproduce the spirit of Greek art or myth. If we have any fault to find with Mr. Guerber, it is that he has given us so few copies of Greek originals, and those not of the best. Athena, for example (and also the memory of Pheidias) would be best served by obliterating the ugly Varvakeion statuette—we cannot imagine why Mr. Guerber reproduces this—and giving in its place an illustration of the Dresden Athena restored with the Bologna head, which competent authorities regard as a copy of the Lemnian Athena of Pheidias. We should have liked, too, to see reproductions of some of the British Museum treasures, such as the Demeter of Knidos, and the wonderful bronze Aphrodite, which is one of the most fascinating examples of Greek art, while more pictorial scenes might have been taken from the Parthenon and other friezes and from vase-paintings. We venture upon this shade of adverse criticism, because we think that, by giving some illustrations from actual Greek works, Mr. Guerber would have succeeded, even more completely than he has actually succeeded, in conveying to those who are not classical scholars some sense of the wonderful world of Greek imagination. He might, too, have sent his readers to enjoy at first-hand the great originals in our museums.

Mr. Guerber closes his book with a brief interpretation of the myths, in which he follows the school of Max Müller. Interpretation is rather a matter for the scholar (dare we say the pedant?) than for the general reader; and, after all, even for the scholar, does it so greatly matter?

Bid me to seek, I would not find,
For where I find, I know
I shall have clasped the hollow wind
And built a house of snow.

Mr. Guerber's book is intended mainly for the ordinary English reader, whom it should prompt to go further. Its tasteful form and the pleasant style in which it is written, added to the unfading charm of these old-world stories, make the book an ideal Christmas present for children of all ages, but chiefly for those whose young imaginations it may send a-roving on strange adventures with Iason or Ulysses, Theseus or Heracles, through an earlier world not yet deserted by gods and heroes.

A. C.

STORIES FROM GREEK HISTORY.
STORIES FROM GREEK TRAGEDY.
Both by H. L. Havell [London, Harrap & Co.]

These interesting little books are intended, we gather, primarily for use as school readers, but they are equally suitable for presentation, as they are in no sense "stodgy" school-books. *Stories from Greek Tragedy* gives in simple language the stories of the Attic Tragedies, while *Stories from Greek History* is a collection of tales from Herodotus, whose naive chronicle is more fascinating to the child-mind than many romances. Both books are fully illustrated, and Mr. Havell contributes a very readable introduction to each. We can commend the books to the notice of parents who wish to lead their children pleasantry into the paths of Greek story. The Books, which form part of a series of stories "Told through the Ages" are published in various forms, from a cheap edition in cloth on ordinary paper at 1/6 net, to a luxuriously-bound presentation editions on special rag paper at higher prices.

Literary Page.

Modern Greece.—Her Language and Literature.

III.

ALEXANDER RHIZOS RHANGABES.

This month it gives us pleasure to set before readers of the "Hellenic Herald," a translation of "The Two Sisters," one of Rangabes' twenty-one Διηγήματα, put into English by our esteemed contributor, Mr. J. C. Caldwell, M.A., who has devoted to the literature of Modern Greece an amount of interest and study which we should be glad to see emulated by other classical scholars and teachers in this country.

"I do not venture to say," Mr. Caldwell observes, "that this is the best example of his work in this branch of literature; all I would remark is that it is the one which has appealed most strongly to me, and, in translation, to many of my friends. I have endeavoured throughout to keep as closely to the original as the idiom of the two languages will permit; and I have in a few instances omitted small sections which do not seem absolutely essential to an understanding of the story. This latter to comply with the exigencies of space."

THE TWO SISTERS

(*From the Greek of A. R. Rangabes*),

In a dark, wretched cottage in Santalbos, a mountainous district of Naples, a woman lay dying. At her feet two little girls were sleeping, hand in hand, like two flowers blooming beside a fading rose. On the hearth crouched an old woman, warming her trembling hands at a few blazing faggots, the smoke from which escaped through the holes in the thatched roof.

Ever and anon the old woman would rise and go to the bed, on which death was claiming one of his victims, and would incline her ear to the sick woman, as if she sought in her a ray of hope. Then she would shake her grey head, and turn once more to the hearth with dry eyes, dry because they had been drained of their tears.

The woman on the bed seemed to be still young, and was of no ordinary beauty. Death had set his seal on it, but had not destroyed it. Nay, rather he had infused into that perfect form the colour and immobility of marble, and had given her the appearance of a statue, worthy of an ancient sculptor. Deep, sterterous breathing made her bosom rise and fall regularly, a bosom whiter than the driven snow, over which her jet-black locks strayed in wild disorder.

Suddenly she opened her eyes, fair as setting suns, and said in a weak voice;

"Mother, something to drink!"

The old woman leaped up like one demented, when she heard that beloved voice, which perhaps she had never thought to hear again, and snatching up a glass which contained a drug, hastened to her.

"Adeline, dearest," she said, "drink this."

"Not that," said the sick woman. "Water!"

"Do drink this my daughter," urged the old woman, "the doctor prescribed it."

"The doctor?" said Adeline, smiling feebly. "The doctor will not scold me! Water, mother, for the last time!"

Then the old woman turned mournfully away, and pouring some water from an earthenware jug, gave it to her daughter. She drank it and breathed heavily, supporting herself painfully on her arm.

"Thank you, mother," she said, "it has refreshed me. Don't cry, mother. Wherever I go, we shall be together again before long. And you my darling children, my darling children . . ."

Taking the hands of the two sleeping girls, she raised them to her lips, and kissed them passionately. The children awoke and clasped her round the neck.

"I have awakened you, darlings," she continued, "but you have still a long time for sleep. I have but a little while to gaze on your sweet faces. Come nearer, nearer, that I may gaze upon you. Give me your lips to kiss once more. I dreamed of happiness and riches for you. Alas! I am leaving you homeless, naked, and starving. Mother, mother! look after them, protect them; take this ring, it is my only legacy. I should have liked it to go with me to the grave. But take it. Who knows if some day . . ."

But the effort she had made to speak these words, the first she had uttered for three days, had exhausted her, and she fell back unconscious, breathing with difficulty.

Her mother took the cold hand and covered it with kisses, while her tears flowed in torrents, and her lips mechanically uttered silent prayers. Her head shook as if it were palsied.

"Mother, mother dearest," cried one of the little girls, kisssing the dying lips.

"Hush, Rosa," said the other little girl, in a low voice. "Don't you see that mother has fallen asleep? Do not waken her." "Yes, dear, don't let us make any noise," answered Rosa, lowering her voice also.

"Oh! children, how little you know!" cried the old woman, choking back her sobs. "You must go away to-night, and stay with the schoolmistress, so that there may be no noise here and your mother may pass the night undisturbed. Run away, I will come and bring you back in the morning."

The unhappy little girls obeyed her unsuspiciously, and went off, after lightly kissing their mother's hand.

While they were going, Rosa said:

"You will come whenever mother awakes, granny?"

"Yes my dear ones, I will come," said their grandmother; and the girls went away.

Then the unhappy old woman threw herself on her knees beside her daughter, her white locks mingling with the dust, her long pent-up tears bursting forth like a torrent, as if the sluggish life-stream of age were fated to be dried up by her sobs.

But the dying woman's breathing was becoming slower every minute, and sometimes was entirely suspended. Then the old woman would hold her own breath, and with tense limbs and staring eyes, remain motionless, representing with her daughter, a sculptor's group of Despair watching Death.

At last Adeline, without a start, without a struggle, quietly ceased to breathe. Her mother bent over trembling. She waited many seconds, a whole minute. At last the dreadful certainty travelled from brain to heart, and fainting suddenly, she fell as one dead near her daughter's corpse.

On the morrow the old woman went to the schoolmistress to bring the children back.

"Is mother awake? Is mother better"? both asked as soon as they saw her.

"Your mother," she answered, choking back her sobs. "Come into the cottage, my children. By the doctors orders we have taken your mother away for a change of air."

"Where to? Where have you taken her?" the girls asked, following their grandmother.

"Far away, over the hills to Paulisi," lied the grandmother, who had not the courage to tell the dreadful truth.

"Oh! you have taken her away during the night into the darkness?" said little Nina, with a look of fear.

"Yes, we took her away during the night into the darkness, into the deepest darkness," said the old woman in a voice which came spasmodically to her lips, and resembled a cry of despair.

"And will she come back when she's better, granny?" asked Rosa.

"Yes, when she's better," answered the old woman, to whom every one of the children's innocent words was like a dagger-thrust in her heart. "But who knows when she will be better?"

"We'll go every day and wait for her in the road," said Rosa.

And every morning when they rose, and every evening when they went to their poor little bed, the children asked when their mother would come back to

take them on her knee, and awaken them with her kiss. During the day they would go, hand in hand, to the mountain, and sit by the wayside, waiting to see their mother come home. But they always came back weeping, because their mother did not return.

But one day their grandmother, feeling that her grief, which was becoming keener with time, was gradually severing the thread of life, drew near the girls, and said:

"Dear children, your mother has not come back, and she never will come again, because . . . do not cry; you see that I am not crying . . . because . . . because she is dead!"

And with these words, the old woman burst into tears, and embraced the two children by turns, as they wept with her. After a long silence, she continued:

"See, she left you a keepsake, the only one she had. Take it Rosa, . . . your father's gold ring, and one lock of her hair for each of you; this third lock you must promise to lay beside me in the grave, when I go to find my daughter."

The two girls took their grandmother's hand, and kissed it mournfully. Then wiping her eyes with her long hair, Rosa asked:

"And is our father dead too?"

"My children," answered the old woman, "your father is dead also, and you are left upon the earth orphaned and alone, like two friendless birds without a nest to keep them warm, without a green bough on which to sit. But do not grieve. The forsaken have a refuge, and the orphans a Father in Heaven. I am sure that your earthly father is dead, but what I know of him must not die with me.

"Twelve years have passed since a merry hunting party visited our district. All day they hunted, and at night they come back to stay in Santalbos. One of them stayed in our cottage.

"Your mother was then a girl of sixteen years old. No one in the place could compare with her in beauty, and she was educated far above her station in life. The old parish-priest was devoted to her, and taught her letters himself. Her mind was as beautiful as her body.

"The stranger went away next day with the rest of the party. But he came back in three days, saying he had business near the place, and again he stayed in our cottage.

"This business of his brought him to Santalbos oftener and oftener, and the following summer he came and stayed here, for his health, he said. Two months afterwards he asked your mother in marriage.

"The proposal troubled me, for the stranger appeared to be far above our station, and I wished to find out who he was to whom I was to entrust my daughter. But he smilingly took my hands and told me not to be afraid, that Adeline would be well off; and he asked us to think of him simply as Ferdinand, until he had overcome certain objections and prejudices of his relations, and not to ask the rest of his name.

"In a week he had married your mother, and given her that ring, which has, as you know, the letters F.P. and F. engraven on it.

"After that he passed nearly all his time with us, except for rare brief absences, not to arouse suspicion. For the same reason he avoided all display of wealth, but there was comfort in our poor little cottage.

"A year afterwards you were born, twin sisters, and when he took you in his arms, he seemed the happiest of men.

"But in two months he went away, and after ten days' absence wrote to your mother that sacred duties compelled him to stay away for some time, but that he would soon return, when it would be his first care to set them in the position which was theirs by right.

"Since then he has never been seen nor heard of. We did not even know where or how to seek him, because we only knew him as Ferdinand.

"After that your mother's eyes became two fountains, and her tears, dropping hot into her heart, brought her to the grave at last, where your father must have preceded her."

We do not say that this story was in every way intelligible to the young girls. But their grandmother felt that she no longer ought to keep the secret locked up in her breast, for she knew not what a day might bring forth.

As it happened, she breathed her last a few days afterwards and was buried near her daughter, clasping the lock of hair in her dead hand. The kind-hearted school-mistress took charge of the unfortunate orphans.

At that time their grandmother's story, drowned in the sea of their youthful grief, made little impression on their yet undeveloped minds. But the soul of children is fertile soil, in which every seed, good or evil, must surely in time bring forth fruit. And the old woman's words were not lost on the girls' hearts. As they grew older, and time healed their grief, their grandmother's story became more intelligible, and in their hopeful youthful fancy, they began to build all kinds of castles in the air.

Often when they were alone, they would lay aside their work, or put down their book, and lose themselves in chattering, portioning out their future according to their fancy.

"Our father was noble and rich," Rosa would say, "Grandmother said he was dead, but she did not know for certain."

"Certainly she did not know," Nina would reply, "perhaps our father will come back some day."

"And if he comes," Rosa would say, "he will take us to the city, and we shall be peasants no longer. We shall be ladies."

"And we shall wear pretty silk dresses. I want to have a big house, and a pretty garden to grow the loveliest flowers."

"And plenty of servants and diamonds; and feathers to wear in my hat."

"And a carriage and two horses to go where I like. Then we shall marry noblemen. I'll be a countess and you a princess."

Thus they reached their eighteenth year, developing in mind and body, like two pretty carefully-tended flowers of the fields, but without realising the dream of their childhood, which their more mature years forced them to relinquish, though to do so even yet cost them a pang.

Their monotonous life was in no wise different from that of the rest of the peasants, except that in the evening study succeeded to the rustic toils of the day, and they lived for the intellectual as well as the merely physical.

Theirs were the natural joys of youth, the joys that spring gives to the birds, songs and blithesomeness of heart. And in the joy of their hearts, they seized every opportunity that offered for any innocent diversion.

So Rosa was beside herself with joy, and covered the school-mistress with kisses, when she said to her:

"Rosa, you remember what day to-morrow is. It is the anniversary of your baptism. We won't forget your godmother, will we? To-morrow you will go to Paulisi, and take a bouquet from me, and the last bit of your fancy work. You can stay three days with her."

Paulisi was a three hours' journey from Santalbos. Next day Rosa was up before the sun, put on her best dress, carefully brushed the strands of her hair, kissed her sleeping sister on the brow, and went flying forth from the cottage to meet the dawn, like the birds of the woods, with her morning song.

That day, as there was a festival, the whole road was deserted, and Rosa was pleased to find herself alone with nature whom she loved, hearing no other voice than that of the nightingales with whom she vied.

She had scarcely crossed the first ridge, and was proceeding along the sedgy bank of a brook, when she seemed to hear steps in the wood. At first she thought it must be wood-cutters, so she proceeded fearlessly. But suddenly she saw men emerging from the trees, clad in tattered garments, armed with guns. So fierce were they in appearance, that in fear she slackened her pace.

But the men came towards her, and there was something sinister in their looks. Overcome with fear, she turned to flee, but she saw that the road behind her was blocked. In agony, she looked towards the wood, entreating with her gaze the protection of its shadows, thinking to conceal herself in the density of the undergrowth.

"You fool! Where are you running to?" shouted some of the brigands, for it was easy to see at a glance that they were such. "Where can the partridge escape the eagle?"

And they all burst into a coarse guffaw. At the same time they started in pursuit of her, while she fled, leaping the shrubs like a frightened deer. The first of the brigands coming up with her, caught her by the arm.

"Help! help!" shrieked Rosa, struggling against the iron grasp which held her. And so well did she exert the strength which a country life had given her, that she would have escaped, had not the rest of the brigands surrounded her.

Then she sought to snatch the dagger from one of the villains, and if she could not free herself with it, to plunge it into her own bosom. But the brigands saw her intention, and bound her hands so firmly that she could not make the slightest movement.

"Help! help!" shrieked Rosa again, with new hope. For while she gazed frenziedly around, she had suddenly caught sight of a young man, emerging from the wood. His becoming dress and pleasant face inspired her with courage.

"If you have the heart of a man, if you have the courage of a man," she continued, addressing him, "help me! save me!"

What's the matter?" cried the youth, fearlessly approaching the brigands. "What are you doing to this girl?"

"We caught her coming through the wood," said one of them.

"Shame on you!" answered the youth, in a stern tone. "Have the duchesses and princesses become so scarce that you are troubling yourself with this poor girl? Let her go in peace!"

"She's mine," said the one who had caught her first, and who still held her. She's mine, and she does not get out of my clutches!"

"Take care that you do not get into mine," said the youth, with anger flashing in his eye. "Let her go!"

"I won't let her go," said the brigand, baring his teeth like a savage tiger, and pulling Rosa violently towards him. And if anyone tries to take her from me, he'll regret it!"

"What! dog, do you threaten?" shouted the youth in a voice of thunder.

In a fierce passion he leapt at the brigand like a cat, and catching him by the throat, drew the pistol from his belt, and levelling it at his breast, fired. The robber relaxed his hold, and fell backwards to the ground.

Then taking the other pistol from his belt, the youth turned to the rest of the brigands, who were standing petrified with surprise.

"If one of you remains to remove the wolf, I will shoot him like a dog."

And he spurned the body of the brigand with his foot.

Cowed by the daring speech and by the suddenness of the deed, the brigands, cowards at heart in spite of their brutality, hung their heads in fear and trembling, and slunk into the wood. Then Rosa, powerless to utter a word from terror at the shooting of the brigand, whose body still writhed convulsively before her, and from emotion at her unexpected deliverance, fell on her knees before her rescuer, and raising her lovely eyes to him admiringly and almost worshipingly, gazed at him as at a guardian angel descended from the skies, mutely but eloquently expressing her gratitude.

The youth bent down, cut the cord which bound her hands, and raised her. Seeing that she could not yet stand unsupported, he put his arm round her, and asked her where she was going when the scoundrels met her,

"Yes, I would like to flee from this dreadful place," exclaimed Rosa as soon as she could speak. "I cannot bear that terrible sight!"

And she covered her eyes with her little hand.

"I was going to Paulisi. But . . . " she said hesitatingly, "I confess that I am afraid. I might meet them again further on."

"Fear not," said the youth, trying to soften the sternness of his voice in that wild scene.

After a moment's consideration he added:

"So be it. I shall accompany you part of the way. It will be safer."

And he went with her, often having to support her, for her trembling limbs would scarcely carry her.

In a short time they reached an eminence, where the treeless plain, and the cultivated fields began. Pointing to the mountain base, the youth said:

"There is Paulisi. But pressing matters call me elsewhere. I have no time to accompany you there. But you can proceed without fear."

"How can I find words to thank you enough," said Rosa, taking his hand. "I owe you my liberty, my life. I have taken you out of your way, and perhaps you stay far from here."

"I stay a long way from here," answered the youth, "but sometimes I come this way. Perhaps we shall meet again."

And kissing her cheek once as the sweet toll of his service—at which she blushed, but did not say him nay—he went back the way he had come, while she resumed her journey to the valley.

In Paulisi, Rosa's adventure caused the greatest consternation, and during the day reports came from every quarter that the notorious brigand Capreras had been seen in these parts, and that the local police had started in pursuit of him.

Three days afterwards Rosa returned to Santalbos. The district had been entirely cleared of the brigands, so the road was quite safe. The little valley, where the unpleasant adventure had befallen her, was now peaceful and forsaken. The body of the murdered brigand had been removed, and only the song of the nightingale, and the murmuring of the brook disturbed the silence.

Pensively Rosa proceeded through the valley, casting glances all around her, as though she were waiting or looking for someone—perhaps for him who had told her that he dwelt far away, but sometimes came this road.

When she reached Santalbos, the general joy at her rescue was indescribable. The worthy school-mistress blamed herself for leading her into the danger, while Nina, throwing her arms round her sister's neck, devoured her with kisses.

But after the joy and kisses, she had the curiosity of her friends to satisfy; and the eagerness of Nina's questions was only equalled by the eagerness of Rosa's replies. Only, Nina's questions were always about the bandits, while Rosa's answers were always about their pursuer, and she was never tired of telling about his beauty and his bravery.

Very often, when Nina had neither the time nor the inclination to listen to these praises, Rosa would become pensive, and appear lost in day-dreams. Whenever she went out alone from the cottage, she all unconsciously took the way to the mountain.

She took this road one afternoon six or seven days after her return, without Nina, whom the school-mistress had sent on an errand. Proceeding pensively, she soon reached the well-known valley. Her gaze hopeful and restless, lost itself in the trees, searching the quivering shadows, and her straining ear questioned the voice of the breeze, and the rustling of the falling leaves.

But coming to herself after a long interval, she murmured:

"O! fool that I am! why do I wait? He has gone like the golden cloud which passes and does not return, like the vision we see once, and then no more. He is an eminent man of exalted rank; how can I, a poor peasant girl, hope that we shall ever meet again?

"Ah! the dream of our childhood's days! In its glowing world I dreamed of palaces and diamonds. I knew not then what other fate the world had in store, the world into which you hoped to take us, mother, but into which an entrance has been quiet denied us.

"But, mother," she added, raising her eyes to heaven with all her pure soul shining in them, "in the world where you are dwelling, in that fair world above the bright blue sky the flower of happiness surely blooms. There all hearts beat in harmony, and are equal in the sight of God. When I come, mother, and you receive me in your arms, I shall see Him smiling near you, perhaps among the angels;"

So she dreamed in her warm, poetic heart, and fair she was as she raised to heaven her eyes, brighter than heaven itself.

Suddenly she heard a rustling near her, and like a blushing anemone, she started, and turning, saw a man, who, standing a few paces from her, seemed to be gazing at her with evident pleasure.

But at the first glance she saw that it was not he whom she had hoped, and at once she made as if to depart. But drawing near, the stranger said in kindly tones :

"Fair maiden, can you tell me the way to Santalbos ?" Raising her eyes and gazing at him, she saw that he was a man of ripe years, of noble form and features, which at once inspired confidence.

"Yes, sir," she said "this is the way. I can guide you." And she started for the place with the stranger.

"I was almost benighted," he said, "and made up my mind to stay im Santalbos, because I knew it was near here. I was afraid I had lost my way, when I met you. But you were so lost in thought, that I stood and watched you for a few minutes, unwilling to disturb you."

"I was thinking," said Rosa, blushing again ; "because a week ago I passed through a great danger in this very place. Brigands captured me, and but for the protection of a noble youth, who killed one of them before my eyes, and pursued the rest, they would have slain me. And what did they want with me ?" she added, innocently, "I am only a poor girl."

The girl's artlessness pleased the stranger, and taking her hand, he said with a smile ; wondering also at the whiteness of that hand, and the refinement of the rustic maiden :

"Perhaps they wished to rob you of this beautiful ring."

"They would have taken my life first," answered Rosa vehemently.

"It is certainly very pretty," said the stranger, "but not more precious than your life."

"It is my mother's keepsake," she said.

"And these letters," asked the stranger, peering closely at the ring, and at the little hand that wore it, "are they your mother's initials ?"

"No, my father's. My mother was called Adeline."

"Adeline ! Adeline !" cried the stranger. "Adeline is a pretty name. I have an Adeline also. And where is your mother now ?"

"My mother is there," said Rosa, pointing to the sky." My mother is dead."

"Dead ! . . . But you walk so fast, maiden ! Forgive me if I cannot keep up with you. I have come a long way to-day. Let me rest a moment by the side of the brook."

And he sat down. But his exhaustion was so great that he became quite pale, and Rosa, scooping up water in her palms, bathed his brow, fearing he would faint.

"Thank you, dear maiden," said the stranger. "It was nothing—the heat. It has passed. Let us go on our way. So your mother is dead. And your father ?"

"My father," said Rosa hesitatingly, "he is dead also." "Poor girl" said the stranger, sympathetically, "an orphan, all alone ! And have you no other relations ?"

"I had a grandmother," she replied, while her eyes filled with tears at these memories, "but she is dead also. There are only my twin sister and myself."

"And where do you live ? Who takes care of you ?"

"The school-mistress of the place." At this moment they were passing a willow hedge.

"This is the cemetery, is it not ?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," replied Rosa.

"And your mother is buried here ?"

"Here !" answered the girl, sadly her head drooping towards the ground.

"Pardon the question, my dear," said the stranger. But when you are passing here, do you not go in sometimes to pray at your mother's grave ?"

When I come to the place alone I always go in," replied Rosa, lowering her voice.

"You must not let me prevent you," said the stranger. "I also have loved ones who dwell in the tomb. Enter, and permit me to enter also."

Then Rosa entered, and fell on her knees before her mother's grave. And the wayfarer knelt beside her.

Perhaps her simple prayer re-opened some half-healed wound, for the tears welled into his eyes.

When they came out, the stranger asked the girl to direct him to the hotel. But learning that there was no hotel, he asked if he might hope that the school-mistress would put him up for the night. Rosa said she was sure she would, and took him to their home, where Nina at first thought he was the much talked-of rescuer, and found him rather grey-haired. But as soon as Rosa explained matters, both she and the school-mistress made haste to welcome the stranger to the best of their ability. The plumpest fowl was killed for him, the softest bed was spread for him. But what pleased him more than all this was the society and conversation of the two girls. It displayed such purity of heart, and such variety of information, as amazed him in girls of their station.

Next day, before he went away, the stranger gave the school-mistress some little gifts, and said he wished to return the hospitality he had received. So he asked her, in three days, when his daughter, whose name was Nina also, was having a little rustic feast in his home, to allow the two girls to come, and to come herself, and to stay three or four days with his family.

It was a kind invitation, and the man who made it seemed in every way worthy of confidence. Besides, the two girls directed such imploring glances at their nurse, that she had not the heart to refuse. Then the stranger added that he stayed near the Villa Frapolis, to which a carriage proceeded daily, passing not far from the valley where he had met Rosa. When they reached the lodge, it would be enough to ask the porter for Mr. Matthew. Earnestly repeating his invitation, he departed.

Three whole days passed restlessly in plans and preparations.

On the evening of the third day, both girls made up a large bouquet, and on the morning of the fourth day they set out alone (for the school-mistress could not come), dressed in their best, to the well-known valley, fairer than the flowers they carried.

As soon as they drew near it, Rosa felt her heart beating painfully. She glanced round uneasily, her cheeks grew rosy, and she pressed her sister's arm. Nina looked at her with a smile.

But they passed through the valley without meeting anyone, and Rosa's cheeks grew pale again, her hand fell nerveless, and a look of melancholy came into her eyes.

Then Nina, taking her into her arms, said; "We have come to one of the noblemens' mansions. Can it be that we shall meet any of our acquaintances there ?"

This idea, playfully expressed by Nina, yet seemed to have come like a ray of hope into Rosa's heart, for from that moment her face brightened, and with quicker steps they proceeded to the appointed place, where they remained waiting.

In half an hour the carriage passed, and the girls entered, giving the driver the name of Villa Frapolis. After a few hours journey, the carriage drew up before a big, trellised gate, behind which stretched a beautiful avenue, and an artificial grove. Near the gate was a little house with roses climbing up the walls, evidently the porter's dwelling.

The girls alighted and pulled the gate-bell. An old man emerged from the cottage, who asked them, through the trellis-work, whom they sought.

"Mr. Matthew," said Rosa.

"Ah ! Mr. Matthew," said the old man with a smile. "Come in."

And opening the gate, he conducted the girls within, and left them, to inform Mr. Matthew.

In a little Mr. Matthew entered. As soon as he saw the girls, he held out his hands to them, and receiving their bouquets with pleasure, took their hands to show them the way.

Wonderingly the country girls passed through these beautiful avenues, which sometimes extended like high straight walls of leaves, and sometimes curved into arti

ficial arches over their hands. They beheld all the resources of art enhancing the beauties of nature; here, rows of rare flowers, there lovely beds of bloom which exhaled a delicious perfume. In some places there were artificial brooks and caves, in others flowery bowers.

"Whose park is this?" asked the girls, hardly believing their eyes. Where they had been brought up they had never dreamed of such wonders.

"Prince Frapolis," answered their guide, "and there is his house."

As they emerged from the trees they came in sight of an imposing mansion, which surpassed all the king's palaces of their fancy; and entered by a sculptured gateway.

"Do your daughters stay in the Prince's house?" Nina asked him, half afraid.

"No," he answered with a laugh. "I am taking you to a room where you must rest from the fatigue of your journey, and make yourselves ready. I shall send you a maid to give you any help you may require. Then I will introduce you to my daughters."

Opening the door, he showed them in, and left them alone.

When the two girls entered, they might have been taken for one of the pictures which adorned the walls of the elegant room, so mute and motionless did their surprise make them. At last the maid aroused them from their bewilderment, as she entered to tell them she had been sent to help them to dress.

"To dress!" said Rosa, feeling that her cheeks were burning with shame. "But —— we have brought no other clothes!"

"Doubtless," said the maid, opening a large chest. "There was no need to bring them. Here are dresses to wear."

And groaning at the simplicity of their rustic dress, they put themselves into the hands of the maid, who perfumed their hair with myrrh, and dressed them in clothes softer and finer than the coarse fabrics whose contact chafed their tender limbs. The dress was simple, but at the same time elegant, and showed all the graceful lines of their pliant forms.

Then she decked the heads of both with strings of pearls, the price of which they could only guess, but which must have been worth thousands.

When the two girls were dressed, each looked at the other. Then both glanced into the large mirrors which adorned the walls, and were startled by the sight of their own beauty. No less astonished was their friend, when he entered to conduct them. For a few moments he stood gazing at them in silence, unable to feast his eyes sufficiently on them; while blushing and ill at ease because of their new dress, the girls drew back from him.

At last he came forward and kissed them on the brow, took them by the hand, and led them from the room.

They ascended shining marble steps, and, passing through many elegant rooms, at last stood before a door guarded by two men in livery—generals at least, the girls thought—who opened the door and announced in a loud voice:

"Prince Frapolis."

The room into which they were conducted was all gleaming with gold and silver, and full of richly-dressed ladies and gentlemen.

As soon as Prince Frapolis entered, they all came eagerly towards him. But standing in their midst, and holding the two girls by the hand, he said:

"Dear friends, I invited you to-day to a family banquet, and you have honoured me by your presence, without understanding my invitation. And I promised you, dear girls, that you would know my daughters. See, I fulfil my promise. Here are my daughters," he added, embracing the country girls. "You, my dearest ones, are the Princesses Frapolis."

(To be continued).

MR. PALMER NEWBOULD ON "THE PROBLEM OF MACEDONIA."

From the "Ilford Guardian."

ILFORD PRESBYTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Mr. Palmer Newbould, who is a member of the Balkan Committee, addressed the Presbyterian Literary Society on Monday evening last on "The Problem of Macedonia." The Rev. W. A. Galt, M.A., B.D., took the chair.

In the course of an earnest and interesting appeal to his hearers to take a more active interest in the lot of their oppressed fellow Christians in the Near East, Mr. Newbould said he appealed to them not only on religious and humanitarian grounds, but also because Great Britain was so deeply committed by treaty obligations to defend the Christian populations under the Turkish flag, and England's honour was at stake. Not only that, but her commercial interests were involved.

Macedonia was naturally one of the most favoured provinces in the world; and under good Government and peace her wonderful agricultural and mineral resources would be developed. But for many years past there had been not peace but guerilla war; not security for property but licensed brigandage; not the protection of a civilised Government, but rape, arson, and felony rampant and unpunished.

The efforts of the Powers to effect reforms were baffled at every turn by the lethargy or the obstinacy or the cunning of the Turkish Government, and he had begun to lose faith in the possibility of order being restored so long as the Star and Crescent waved over the unhappy land.

The abominable misrule of the Turk was complicated by the policy. initiated by Bulgaria, and followed in self-defence in subsequent years by the other surrounding states, of carrying on a propaganda by means of armed bands.

After carefully studying all the available evidence, he was reluctantly compelled to doubt whether these propagandist movements started by Bulgaria really had the approval of the oppressed people themselves. The Comitadji policy led to horrible reprisals, and to the pouring in of hordes of the ill-clad, half-starved, rarely-paid Turkish soldiery from Asia Minor, and the last state of Macedonia was worse than the first.

The Greek population of Macedonia being in a numerical minority in the villages, were particularly afflicted by the double scourge; and even in Eastern Rumelia, under the Bulgarian flag, they seemed unable to get the elementary protection due to law-abiding citizens, and guaranteed by treaty.

As for the remedy for all this, he did not think the solution advocated by Bulgarian politicians, namely, autonomy, would work. Macedonia had no common language, no common religion, no common sympathies or aspirations, and a Macedonian Parliament would be a bear pit and a babel.

He inclined towards the alternative of a partition of Macedonia, by an impartial delimitation commission appointed by the Powers, between the surrounding States. This would not involve the creation of any new State, nor would it involve any such serious addition to the area of any of the existing States as substantially to disturb the balance of power.

In any such delimitation the main factor to be considered in striving for an equitable and lasting partition would be not merely the accident of language or the fluctuating sectarianism of religion, but the real and freely expressed wishes of the population concerned. (Applause.)

A vote of thanks to the lecturer concluded the proceedings.

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In the case of any failure or irregularity in the delivery of the Hellenic Herald the Editor will be glad to be informed at once, that the matter may be rectified. This applies especially to our over-seas subscribers.

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME II.

The Hellenic Herald has now entered upon the second year of its existence. As in the past, it will aim at giving an exhaustive account of the various movements and affairs—political, racial, and social—in the Near East; and at a clear enunciation of the Greek claims in the Balkan Peninsula. In addition to articles by well-known publicists, and reviews of the Foreign Press, a portion of each number is devoted to literary matters—more particularly to the literature of Modern Greece: a special feature of Volume II. will be a series of articles, contributed by eminent English scholars and writers, on Modern Greek social and literary topics.

Those of our readers who do not possess the whole of Volume I. are advised to make good the deficiency: single copies or the complete volume may still be obtained from our Offices. Volume I. of the Hellenic Herald practically gives a complete and fully documented account of the recent history of the Balkan States. It contains also many interesting and important papers and reviews, including a valuable series of articles by distinguished French scholars and political writers, not otherwise accessible to English readers.

The "Times" Correspondent and the Truth about Balkan Affairs.

Those of our readers who study the reports of Macedonian affairs in the British Press, may have observed with surprise the discrepancy which frequently exists between the telegrams sent by the Balkan Correspondent of the *Times* and the accounts coming from other sources. A case in point, occurring within the last few days, is provided by the reports of the outrages at Dragos. The telegram sent (Jan. 19) by the *Times* Correspondent is as follows:—

"According to official and private information a terrible tragedy has occurred in the village of Dragosh, near Monastir. On the 8th inst., there being a festival, the inhabitants were dancing on the village green when a band of twenty Greek Komitajis, with the chief Parlos, with forty local Patriarchists, appeared on the scene and ordered the peasants to disperse to their houses. The Greeks then surrounded four houses, and after blocking all means of egress set them on fire. All the inmates, apparently including the women and children, were burned to death. The number of victims is stated to be between twenty-five and forty-five."

We ask our readers to compare this with *Reuter's* telegram (Jan. 15):—

"A Bulgarian band entered Dragos, a village near Monastir, on January 8, burned five houses, and killed four men, ten women, and ten children. Three days previously some Bulgarians entered the church at Dragos during a service and killed four of the congregation."

And, especially, with the *Communiqué* issued (Jan. 21) by the Turkish Embassy in London:—

January 21st, 1908.

"Bulgarian brigands lately attacked the village of Dragosh, which is inhabited by Greeks, and killed and burned some twenty of them, eleven of the victims being women and ten others children from one to twelve years of age. They also carried off another inhabitant. As soon as the Imperial authorities heard of this occurrence they sent military detachments in pursuit of these Bulgarian brigands, who will, no doubt, be captured very soon."

It is a slow and difficult process to get at the truth about events taking place in Macedonia, and at present we hesitate to say with certitude, *ex cathedra*, that the *Times* report is totally devoid of foundation. But we may say that *Reuter's* agency, whose news is commonly accurate, has still said nothing about any Greek band at Dragos, and we are also in possession of private reports, from several reliable sources, that it was in truth a Bulgarian band which committed the outrage (and it is difficult to see why Greeks should be operating against a Greek village, such as Dragos is): above all, we have the clear statement made by the Ottoman authorities—and it would be interesting, by the way, to know what is the "*official* information" upon which the *Times* relies. It will be seen, therefore, that though we hesitate as yet to

speak dogmatically, there is an overwhelming preponderance of evidence that what happened was a raid by a Bulgarian band on a Greek village. Yet the *Times* correspondent says—clearly, decidedly and with no shadow of doubt—that the outrage was committed by Greeks. He gives no hint that there is any conflict of evidence; still less that the weight of evidence, almost amounting to certainty, goes to shew that the Bulgarians were the aggressors. And he does not even mention the Bulgarian attack of Jan. 5 on the worshippers in the Church at Dragos, although he must have known of this fact, which had already been reported by *Reuter*.

We are bound to protest that these onesided and untrustworthy reports are totally opposed to those traditions of justice and fairplay which are so justly regarded as the heritage of the *Times*. The case of the Dragos report, to which we have just referred, is not an isolated instance, but it is an example of what has been characteristic of all the correspondence sent to the *Times* for several years past by its Balkan Correspondent, Mr. Bourchier.

Mr. Bourchier has never ceased to be indulgent towards the Bulgarians and their comitadjis. Throughout the Bulgarian movement in Macedonia, which he tried hard to represent as a national uprising for the liberation of the "Macedonian brothers," he not only ignored the sheer brigandage which was concealed beneath the cloak of a spurious patriotism or supported by the cynical exploitation of the sometimes real patriotism of a deluded and unfortunate peasantry. He went to the extent of justifying the wanton criminality of the comitadjis, and he lauded as heroes of freedom those band leaders, who have since been proved and recognised in Bulgaria itself as self-seeking robbers, brigands, traitors even to their own vile cause.

Mr. Bourchier has not confined himself to praising and justifying the Bulgarian "heroes" through thick and thin, whatever abominable and criminal means of aggression these have employed against their fellow-Christians in Macedonia in pursuance of what they were pleased to call their "revolutionary" struggle. Like some other members of the Balkan Committee, he is more Bulgarian than the Bulgarians themselves. This has been especially noticeable since the Greeks have, in self-defence, taken up arms and formed rival bands in Macedonia. Considering the murderous persecution to which the Greeks were submitted for long years, and their total absence of protection, one would imagine that any impartial observer could not fail to see that the appearance of the Greek bands was a natural and inevitable result of the conditions. If one refrains from justifying the Greek bands, any fair-minded person must at least recognise that they are far more worthy of sympathy than of condemnation: and certainly they are more deserving of sympathy than are their aggressors.

But Mr. Bourchier has consistently made it his business to represent all things Greek to the British public as criminal and unjustifiable. He has lost no opportunity of relating at length any disorderly acts committed by the Greek bands; but the most abominable crimes, perpetrated by Bulgarians, he either passes without notice or tries to palliate and justify. Thus in his messages he is for ever recurring to the attacks made by Greek bands, after great provocation, on Zagoritchani and Voliani (which we are not attempting to justify), but he preserves complete silence about the Bulgarian outrages at Kroushevo, Nevaska, Klissoura, Negovani, Rakovo, Ano Seli, &c., though these, being wanton and unprovoked, are far more blameworthy than any retaliatory acts committed by the Greek bands.

Space does not allow us to enter into a detailed account of Mr. Bourchier's correspondence, which would expose the prejudice and partiality with which he has dealt with the Macedonian Question and with Balkan affairs generally. We confine our attention to certain recent events, of which the importance is not momentary, but permanent and historical.

The month of August, 1906, was marked by a series of most appalling outrages on Anchialos and other towns where a Greek population, settled there from time immemorial, had come under Bulgarian rule. The outrages were of such a character that even had they occurred in some remote part of Asia or Africa they would have excited the deepest indignation throughout the civilised world. Especially, they were of a more wholesale and more atrocious character than those outrages perpetrated 30 years ago by the Turks in this very same region [at Vatak], which, fearlessly and vigorously exposed by the *Daily News* Correspondent, and eloquently denounced by Mr. Gladstone, filled England with indignation and led to the termination of Turkish rule in Bulgaria. But Mr. Bourchier is a man of vastly different calibre from the then correspondent of the *Daily News*, and in consequence the readers of the leading English journal, instead of receiving adequate information about these crimes, have been put off with a few beggarly and inadequate telegrams of six or eight lines each, lost amid lengthy (40 or 50 lines in some cases) accounts of unimportant gatherings, the Bulgarian equivalent to Highbury Corner mob-orations.

Anchialos, on the Black Sea Coast of Eastern Roumelia, was a Greek city of some 6000 inhabitants. They were practically all Bulgarian subjects, but as they were Greek in blood and speech and religion, this did not assure them the protection of the Bulgarian authorities, despite the formal provisions of international treaties. On Aug. 12, 1906, a large body of armed Bulgarians attacked the town under cover of night, threw bombs and fireballs into the buildings, and fired upon any Greeks who shewed themselves. The Greek portion of the city, including cathedral, schools, churches and 900 houses, was completely destroyed—not one single house escaped; the Bulgarian quarter (about 250 houses) was untouched, and some 30 or 40 Greek houses, which happened to be in the Bulgarian quarter, also escaped. Similar attacks, on a similar scale, were made on other Greek towns or Greek quarters of Bulgarian towns in Eastern Roumelia, notably at Varna, Philippopoli, Stenimachos, and Ruschuck. Everywhere Greek houses and shops were sacked and burned, Greek schools and churches and public buildings destroyed or seized by the Bulgarians. It is impossible to say how many Greeks were killed, but the number must have been great. It is likewise impossible to say exactly how many Greeks were driven forth homeless and destitute. But 28,000 refugees have arrived in Greece; it is safe to reckon about 10,000 others in Constantinople and elsewhere in Turkey, so that it will hardly be an exaggeration to say that the number of inoffensive Greeks, fugitive from Bulgarian violence in Bulgarian territory, reaches the enormous total of 40,000. One would imagine that a resident and especially a journalist in Bulgaria, even with the best will in the world to remain blind, could not avoid seeing something of all this. Let us examine Mr. Bourchier's messages to the *Times* sent during the period of these atrocities in Eastern Roumelia.

In the *Times* for Aug. 13 last, Mr. Bourchier announces the matter by the following eight-line telegram:—

"The anti-Greek movement continues. Popular demonstrations are announced to-day from several points. The most important demonstrations were held at Rustchuk and Anchialos. At Anchialos, a town on the Black Sea shore, some regrettable incidents took place and loss of life is reported, but it is believed that the rumours which are current are exaggerated."

Two days later he returns to the subject and admits that the whole town of Anchialos was destroyed. But he does not see fit to mention that Anchialos was a Greek town. His telegram is headed "Fighting between Greeks and Bulgarians," and talks of the "number of killed, Greeks and Bulgarians;" its whole tone, in fact, is such as to convey the impression of a conflict between armed bands of Greek and Bulgarian rioters. No one would gather from it that armed Bulgarians had descended on unarmed Greek townsmen. Nor would anybody understand from it that scores of Greeks had been killed, while the Bulgarian casualties (if there were any, which is doubtful) did not amount to more than two or three.

Mr. Bourchier goes on to state that the Bulgarian Minister of the Interior (Mr. Petkoff) had returned to Bulgaria, and was taking "immediate and energetic measures to guard against all violence." Next day (Aug. 16) Mr. Bourchier, in a 13-line message, states that:—

"Mr. Petkoff left to-day for Anchialos to enquire personally into the circumstances of the outbreak on Sunday and to superintend the first distribution of relief to the victims of the fire."

And with this, Mr. Bourchier dismisses the series of outrages which had rendered 40,000 people homeless and destitute.

On Sept. 11, Mr. Bourchier devotes 46 lines of talk [more space than all his messages about the whole series of crimes in Eastern Roumelia!] to a description of what he calls the "natural anger of the Bulgarian population against the Greeks" owing to the action of the Greek bands in Macedonia. We have seen that the atrocities perpetrated the previous month by the Bulgarians at Varna, Philippopoli, Rustchuk, Anchialos, and other towns in Eastern Roumelia, attract scant notice from Mr. Bourchier, though he was on the spot at the time; but he does not forget the Greek attacks of some years ago on Zagoritchani and Voliani. He has the hardihood to write:—

"Until recently, even wholesale massacres committed by the Greek bands, such as those at Zagoritchani and Nevoliani, *failed to provoke disorderly manifestations in Bulgaria, owing to the peculiarly undemonstrative character of the people.* But the measures taken against the Greeks in Roumania, and the attitude adopted by the Roumanian Government, tended to encourage the idea that Bulgaria should no longer remain a passive spectator of the outrages committed in Macedonia" (the italics are ours).

So, after the trifling *hors-d'œuvre* of Varna, Anchialos, &c., it is time, Mr. Bourchier thinks, for the Bulgarians to settle down to real business.

Now let us touch very briefly upon two yet more recent events. First, the attempt to kidnap Col. Elliott, the British Gendarmerie officer at Drama. Colonel Elliott, though a well known sympathiser with the Bulgarians, was treacherously set upon near Drama by a Bulgarian band, who doubtless intended to hold him up to ransom. As it happened, their scheme miscarried. The affair attracted attention throughout Europe, and one would naturally expect Mr. Bourchier to have something to say about this Bulgarian attempt on a British officer. What does he say? Not one word. He will not bear witness against his Bulgarian *protégés*, and the report published in the *Times* comes from *Reuter's* agency.

Next, the Natchevitch and other revelations. As our readers are aware, the outrages in Eastern Roumelia have never sat so easily on the consciences of upright and reputable Bulgarians, as they appear to do on Mr. Bourchier's mind. Several prominent Bulgarian public men, at their head Mr. Natchevitch, the *doyen* of Bulgarian statesmen, have exposed and denounced the atrocities of Aug., 1906, and especially the clearly-established complicity of the Government. These exposures and denunciations appeared in the leading Bulgarian journals—the *Balkanska Tribuna*, the *Changova Vetcherna Pochta*, the *Mir*, the *Preporetz*—during August, September and October, 1907. They were reproduced in the leading Continental journals, and we naturally expected to see in the columns of the *Times* the most adequate account of events which are of paramount and historical importance as regards the politics of the Balkan Peninsula. What do we find? Once more, Mr. Bourchier totally ignores facts which, despite their outstanding importance, do not square with his prejudices. Not one single word, so far as we can see from a diligent search through his messages to the *Times*, has Mr. Bourchier ever said about these revelations of the Bulgarian Government's part in the outrages.

Even in his general summary of the situation on Dec. 31, where Mr. Bourchier obviously intends to convey the impression of impartiality, he cannot refrain from dragging in accounts of certain outrages committed by Greek bands, while he altogether omits any reference to Rakovo, Negovani and the other Bulgarian exploits, which are certainly the most outstanding feature of the recent activities of national bands. He also harps on the soundness of Bulgarian policy as opposed to that of "neighbouring States which have adopted the partition of Macedonia as the declared goal of their policy." Mr. Bourchier is entitled to form his own opinion as to the soundness or unsoundness of this or that policy, but when he says that "the proposed re-arrangement *may have "whetted patriotic appetites in neighbouring States, "but has certainly had no such effect in Bulgaria,"* he is simply stating what every observer, and especially every reader of the Bulgarian press, knows to be totally untrue. Mr. Natchevitch left Constantinople because "Bulgarian patriotic appetite" was not merely "whetted," but was ravenous beyond all restraint.

These cases of Mr. Bourchier's misrepresentation of Balkan affairs are but typical of his attitude for many years, and his report of the Dragos case comes as the finishing touch to a series of biassed presentments.

For a long time we have kept silence on this subject, hoping that facts would ultimately force Mr. Bourchier to modify his attitude. But when we see that the repeated and thoroughly attested establishment of vital facts has no power to modify Mr. Bourchier's unjust and onesided pronouncements, we think it our duty to protest, and to ask whether Mr. Bourchier's prejudiced and partisan correspondence is worthy of the repute and high character so justly enjoyed by the great journal which he represents. It is this very reputation of the *Times* which makes the case all the more serious, for British public opinion has learned to have implicit trust in the information supplied by the leading journal, and so Mr. Bourchier has been enabled to mislead the mind, and pervert the sympathies of the British public, and thereby to do incalculable harm in complicating and misstating the Macedonian Question instead of helping towards a just and fair solution.

Italian Criticism of Mr. Bourchier.

The *Italie*, of Rome, remarks that the *Times*, basing its judgment on the reports furnished by its correspondent in the Balkans, considers the Greeks and Servians as the only disturbers of peace in Macedonia, and regards them as merciless persecutors of "their Bulgarian brothers in Christ." As it is well known, says the *Italie*, the Bulgarians were the first to launch forth bands, whose chief mission was the destruction and pillage of Greek towns and villages and the slaughter of entire Greek communities (not sparing women, old men and children), and there is still fresh in the minds of European observers a monotonously unvarying series of reports of wholesale destruction and murder by Bulgarian comitadjis in Macedonia. After long endurance of this, the Greeks were forced to take up arms in self defence, and they have given the Bulgarians many sharp lessons. The *Times* correspondent pays no heed to the provocations suffered by the Greeks, and he cannot conceal his anger when his Bulgarian *protégés* meet with an occasional check in their murderous work. It is quite true that the Greeks also have committed many acts which can only be regretted; but they were fighting with their backs to the wall, and the real responsibility for any outrages they may have committed remains with those who started the game of extermination, and who have never shewed any sign of abatement in their murderous activity. If a man, attacked by an armed ruffian in some deserted part of England, were in self-defence to kill his assailant, would any jury condemn him as a common murderer? The *Italie*, commending these facts to the notice of the *Times* correspondent, hopes to see fairer and less one-sided reports from him in the future.

The *Popolo Romano* also devotes a long article to this subject and thinks that "if we are to be just, we must "admit that the Bulgarian bands have by far the "greatest responsibility for the anarchy which reigns in "Macedonia."

The Situation in the Near East.

By Dr. MAX NORDAU.

[A verbal extract from Dr. Max Nordau's annual Summary of Foreign Affairs in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna, Jan. 1, 1908].

The laborious diplomatic negotiations between the Powers concerned resulted, on Oct. 2nd last, in the joint note, drawn up by the Ministers Aerenthal (Austro-Hungary) and Isvolski (Russia), and addressed to the Balkan Governments. This note has the appearance of a veiled confession. The Ministers recognise that Article 3 of the Mursteg Programme has led to untoward results—for the reason, they assure us, that the Balkan peoples have misapprehended the bearing of that article. In reality, this Programme, flaunted by the diplomats as a sort of masterpiece, was a crime against the principles of right and historic justice, to say nothing of its being a monument of stupidity. Article 3 set forth, in dangerously unprecise terms, that at a certain moment a national delimitation would be made, on the basis of the ascertained distribution of races.

In this the pampered and unscrupulous Bulgarian nation saw a direct invitation to possess itself of the property of others. In the middle of peace they suddenly embarked upon a war of confiscation and devastation, with circumstances of horror which will be a lasting shame for our epoch and for European civilisation and for the Great Powers which look on unmoved at the spectacle.

The Greeks, confident in their historic rights, supposed that the delimitation would respect claims based on 3,000 years of possession. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, set about conquering, by blood and iron, a country which had never belonged to them, so that the Greeks had to defend house and home even at the risk (and often the loss) of their lives. They expected Europe to protect them against the impudent Bulgarian invasion. But Europe gave the Bulgarians a free hand, and the Greeks had to prepare to defend themselves. They armed partisans, who offered a courageous opposition to the Bulgarian bands, and in many cases cleared the threatened area. The most obvious result of this troubled state of affairs, for which diplomacy is entirely to blame, is that sword and fire run riot in Macedonia, and the country is drenched in blood.

The peaceful and laborious Greek population, whose chief care is its thirst for instruction, has now for many years been deprived of even security for life and property.

But the Bulgarians, in their own country, persecute the Greeks even more cruelly than in Macedonia, where self-defence is not altogether impossible. It is impossible that the Anchialos crimes should ever be forgotten; and to this very day no compensation has been paid to the oppressed and despoiled Greeks. In Eastern Roumelia, the Greeks are systematically expelled from their churches and schools, of which the Bulgarians take forcible possession. It is in vain that the victims cry for justice in Bulgaria, they are no longer sheltered by the laws. Only one method of escape from more brutal ill-treatment remained to them—flight from the country. Thus it happens that 28,000 Greeks, to whom international treaties had assured liberty of conscience, rights of property and civil rights in Eastern Roumelia, have been forced to emigrate, because the Bulgarians violated the treaties at their will. Before long, not a single Greek will be left on Bulgarian soil. We may imagine the feelings with which these emigrants left a country which they had been accustomed to regard as their fatherland.

Thus have been sowed the seeds of an hereditary hatred, which will one day yield a frightful harvest. Europe has delivered the Bulgarians from the Turkish yoke, has allowed them to annex Eastern Roumelia, and does not insist on their paying their annual contribution to the Ottoman Debt. Europe has permitted this people, born but yesterday, to develop an arrogant hardihood which shrinks from no crime. The Bulgarians are now stretching out their hands to seize Thrace and Macedonia; and they are dreaming of a Great Bulgaria, which is to be built up at the cost of the Greeks, and, to a less extent of the Serbs. Have the European Governments sunk so low that they can look unmoved on the systematic violation of treaties which they themselves have guaranteed—nay, that they can even give direct or indirect encouragement to that violation?

The Patriarchate and Recent Bulgarian Atrocities.

Memorandum to the Powers.

The Patriarch of Constantinople to the Representatives of the Great Powers at Constantinople.

The Œcumenical Partriarchate finds itself once more under the unhappy necessity of laying before the Governments of the Great Powers its protest against the terrible trials which Bulgarian violence is imposing upon the Orthodox Greek population in Macedonia.

Your Excellency will find enclosed a Memorandum, setting forth the criminal actions committed by Bulgarian Committees since the sending of the Austro-Russian Joint Note to the Governments of the Balkan States, and conveying the protest of the Œcumenical Patriarchate, justly provoked by these odious deeds.

We pray Your Excellency to have the goodness to

submit this Memorandum, after personal perusal, to Your Excellency's Government.

We have the honour, etc.,

JOACHIM,
Patriarch of Constantinople.

November 10, (o.s.) 1907.

Memorandum.

The hopes for the pacification of Macedonia, aroused by the Austro-Russian Joint Note to the Balkan Governments, have been cruelly disappointed by the long list of crimes committed, within the knowledge of all, by Bulgarians upon Greeks, despite the pacific assurances which the Sofia Government so prodigally lavished in the reply to the Note.

It is thus that once again checkmate has been called to the humanitarian efforts of Europe to put an end to the sufferings of the Macedonian people; and, for this undoing of noble and sincere efforts to bring peace to Macedonia, the blame is to be placed, as always, on the Bulgarian Government and committees.

It would not, perhaps, be too hazardous to suppose that the Bulgarians have been encouraged, in their criminal doings, by their erroneous interpretation of the kindness which Europe has never ceased to extend to them, from the very foundation of the Bulgarian Principality. After a mass of other evidence, the revelations of the Bulgarian press itself and the sensational declarations made by Mr. Natchevitch, till recently Bulgarian Diplomatic Agent at Constantinople, leave no doubt as to the part played by the Bulgarian Government in the Macedonian agitation. They have also placed beyond doubt the Government's complicity in the persecution of Orthodox Greek communities in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and especially in the tragedy enacted at Anchialus, that flourishing city which was set afire and completely destroyed by the Bulgarian populace.

The Œcumenical Patriarchate laid before the Great Powers its solemn protest against this fearful crime, and, in more general terms, against the persecution let loose, in defiance of European International treaties, upon the Greek communities of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia Unhappily its protests have as yet failed to produce any good results, and the Œcumenical Patriarchate feels called upon by duty once more to remind the Governments of the Great Powers that it will never cease to rely upon their justice, to bring about a reparation for the loss and injury caused by this persecution. It feels bound to express its conviction that, apart from all other considerations, this reparation will first of all tend to wean the Bulgarians from their policy of violence, by convincing them that they can obtain no lasting gain by the forcible usurpation and spoliation of the rights of others.

The lack of result from the Patriarchate's previous protests has emboldened the Bulgarians to believe that they will be permitted to abuse indefinitely the patience of Europe. Therefore the injunctions of the Joint Note have made no impression on them, and their thought is of profiting by the present respite, to develop a more thorough policy of criminality, whereby they hope to obtain a modification, to their own interest, of the state of affairs in Macedonia. They are at great pains to send across the frontier numerous bands, as usual openly recruited and armed in Bulgaria, whose object is to destroy by blood and iron the Orthodox Greek communities. An eloquent witness to the truth of our assertions is found in the great number of crimes committed by Bulgarians in Macedonia since the sending of the Note.

All these crimes are equally detestable and reprehensible, but there are some that merit special mention:

1°. Nov. 2. Attack on the village of Negovani (Caza of Florina,) 22 houses burned; 22 people (13 women and 3 children) burned alive or murdered.

2°. Oct. 21. The village of Rachovo (Monastir) attacked and burned. 115 houses (out of 140) burned; 5 persons burned alive or murdered.

3°. Oct. 25. Attack on the village of Selino (Zihna); 6 shepherds killed and their bodies cut to pieces.

4°. Oct. 30. Attack on village of Anastaspia (Zihna); 5 houses destroyed; headman of village, 3 other men, 2 women, 2 children killed.

5° Nov. 3. Attack on village of Ano Selion (Caraferia), whole village (200 houses) destroyed by fire.

6° Oct. 25. Murder of 3 Greeks at Gola Marina (Caraferia). A few days later. 5 Greeks murdered at Naoussa (also of Caza of Caraferia).

7° Dec, 5. Murder at Secoulevo of 4 notables of the village of Brotou (Florina.)

8° Dec. 8. Murder, in the same Caza, of 5 Greeks of Klestinki.

In short, counting in a number of isolated cases of murder, more than 120 Orthodox Greeks have fallen to Bulgarian assassins during recent weeks—not to mention that in the Caza of Caraferia 31 Greeks were murdered in the month of August alone, just before the sending of the Joint Note.

The list of crimes will not be ended with those we have cited. At the burning of Rachovo a comitadji was killed, one Simeh, on whose body was found an account of a meeting of band leaders, who had given mutual pledges to push on their work with the utmost energy. And as we are writing, news comes of the destruction of the villages of Polok and Tsengli, near Monastir—an unhappy proof that the comitadjis are continuing to pursue their programme of destruction.

This is how Bulgaria seconds the efforts of the Great Powers to bring peace to Macedonia.

The Œcumenical Patriarchate has the honour to remind the Government of.....that it has never failed, on the occasion of each of these revolting crimes, to pray the Imperial Ottoman Government to take steps which shall prevent the recurrence of such crimes; and the Partriarchate is convinced that the Imperial Government is anxious to do whatever it can to that end. But the events have followed on the heels of one another at such a rate that it has become the imperative duty of the Œcumenical Patriarchate, as supreme spiritual Authority for the Christians who are being exterminated, to lay before the Great Powers its protest against this intolerable situation—a situation which provides evidence of the extent to which the Bulgarians have treated as a dead-letter the recent Austro-Russian Joint Note. It would draw the special attention of the Government of .....to the fact that peace and order can never be restored to Macedonia unless the Great Powers determine to put down, by effective measures, which it is for them to devise, the evil which is eating at the very heart of the country.

The Œcumenical Patriarchate, in its reliance on the spirit of justice among the Great Powers, does not doubt that its present protest will receive favourable consideration from the Government of.....

The Situation in Macedonia.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—I have perused with profound interest the summary of the situation in Macedonia, by your Correspondent in the Balkan States, which appeared in the *Times* of December 31. There is, however, one point in that statement on which I feel compelled to comment—viz., your Correspondent's reference to the removal of the Greek Vice-Consul at Kavala. That step, permit me to explain, was taken by his Hellenic Majesty's Government with a view only to placing beyond the possibility of doubt the earnestness of the desire they have always displayed to co-operate in the work of pacification undertaken by the Great Powers. But it constitutes in no way a confirmation of the charges brought against the official in question of complicity with the authors of disturbances in the district of Kavala. Those charges still remain what they were from the first—a baseless calumny.

I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

D. G. METAXAS, Minister for Greece.

1, Stanhope-gardens, London, S.W., Jan. 1.

THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY.

LECTURE BY THE HONOURABLE GEORGE HORTON,
CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AT ATHENS,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

We have pleasure in publishing the following lecture by Mr. George Horton, whose long stay in Greece as Consul-General of the United States of America, renders him peculiarly fitted to write on Greek life. Mr. Horton has been invited by the American Archæological Society, of which he is a member, to lecture on this subject before audiences in America—he has already delivered in different American cities over 40 such Lectures, which have excited the warmest interest on all sides. The following lecture will be found to possess that clearness and vivacity familiar to those who know Mr. Horton's charming little book on Modern Athens.[1]

A lecture on Greeks of to-day may seem at first sight somewhat out of place in a meeting of the Archæological Society. Yet they inhabit classic land, they speak a tongue closely akin to that of the Greeks of antiquity, many of whose traits and peculiarities they possess. That great interest is felt by scholars in the Modern Greeks is shown by the number of books written about them, and the wide divergence of opinion concerning them. People say of the Modern Greek, "He is a degenerate, where is the greatness that once distinguished the race? Where are its men to-day like Pericles, Aeschylus, Phidias, Sophocles, Socrates, Leonidas?"

But it is unjust to call a race degenerate because it has ceased to show supremacy in some particular line. Greatness finds modes of expression suitable to the age in which it lives. Genius is never behind its time. If not a prophet, it is the servant of its age. When the world needs poetry, great men write epics. When it needs Edisons, they invent telephones. We may not go quite the length of the distinguished Chicago professor who is reported to have said that John D. Rockefeller is a greater man than William Shakespeare, yet a more moderate statement might have contained an element of truth.

It is in part the object of this lecture to show that the present inhabitants of Hellas are not entirely unworthy of their great ancestors.

We have no time to-night to go into the subject of who the Modern Greeks are.

Nowadays, if a man expresses an opinion he must write a book to defend it. One peculiarity of the Greek people, which they seem always to have possessed, may have some weight. They are, if I may be excused the term, "Clannish." Though they are a hospitable people and very kind to foreigners, yet the stranger living among them never quite becomes one of them. If he lives 40 years in Greece, he is always a "Xenos," who throws a little chill of restraint over any intimate gathering into which he may enter. Though marriages with other races occur, they are comparatively rare. The young Greek who has established himself in America, the Soudan, Siberia, or Madagascar, and has made up his mind to stay, almost always goes home to his native town, and marries the Aspasia or Marika, or Euphrosyne whom he knew as a girl, or whom some of his friends vouch for. Throughout the world, moreover, wherever Greeks are established, they form organizations, and as soon as possible have their own church and society. An interesting work has recently appeared from the pen of Sir Rennell Rodd, entitled "The Princess of Achaia," which treats of the campaigns of the Frankish Knights, and their occupation of the country during the period when the Greeks practically disappear from history. Yet the Greeks continue as a distinct element, occupying various cities, led by their own chieftains, and are always to be reckoned with, either as antagonists of the invader or an element that must be conciliated.

In later times, under the Venetians and the Turks, the Greeks lived together, separately, in their own villages, or their own quarters of Constantinople and the larger cities. Their religion and their ancient church which has a venerable, continuous and glorious history, has been a unifying force. The more I know and understand the Greek race, the more they impress me as a people who have preserved their identity, their characteristics, their very blood to an extent which finds no parallel in history unless we except the Hebrews, and even they must yield the point of language.

The Greek Language.

Their language, too, is a proof of the genuineness of the race, and forms a chain without a broken link, uniting the Greeks of to-day with those of antiquity. Modern Greek is not the language of Aeschylus, it is true, nor yet of Lucian, but it is a product of the natural and gradual evolution of the ancient tongue. When a people is absorbed or disappears, their language either disappears, or remains in certain expressions of the language of the conquering peoples, or as warp or woof of the new language. Greek has been continuously spoken by large communities from the earliest historic period to the present day.

Ancient Greek was in use as late as the 6th century A.D.; the sermons of Chrysostom were understood by the masses who flocked to hear him.

The language of to-day was evolved by the uneducated masses during the dark ages. The New Testament was written in Greek of the transition period and contains many constructions that belong to the modern tongue.

The foreign words in the Greek as spoken to-day are surprisingly few when one considers the history of the people, and this fact alone is proof that they must have kept largely to themselves, and were not absorbed by the invaders of Greece, and the other Greek countries. Greek is to-day spoken by about 18,000,000 people—12,000,000 pure Greeks and by various other nationalities, such as Turks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and Roumanians. Greeks are found in free Greece, and are spread all over European and Asiatic Turkey, they inhabit the Asiatic Isles, and the shores of Syria, they are found throughout the whole of Palestine, in Persia, in Upper and Lower Egypt, Arabia, the Soudan, Abyssinia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, Austria, France, England, Italy, Australia, North and South America, Russia, Japan and China, etc.

In the entire Near East, Greek is largely the language of commerce, industry and culture. Wherever Greeks settle in sufficient numbers they form societies, establish schools, hospitals, Christian churches, literary and charitable clubs.

There are, for instance, 5 Greek schools and gymnasia in Constantinople, gymnasium in Adrianoupolis, schools in Philippoupolis, 8 gymnasia and schools in Macedonia, 10 gymnasia and other institutions of learning in Asiatic Turkey, schools and gymnasia in Mitylene, Chios, Samos, Jerusalem, Alexandria. Crete is famous for its Greek schools and gymnasia, which are numerous and excellent.

There is a rich commercial school in Odessa, of Russia, endowed by Greeks, besides a famous girls' academy, a beautiful church, and a large home for the poor.

But these are mentioned merely as examples; to give an account of the excellent schools, charitable and religious institutions endowed and supported by Greeks would require not only a separate lecture, but a big book.

In ancient times Odysseus, as portrayed in the Odyssey, was considered the typical Greek. He was the incarnation of the spirit of adventure, a wanderer, who was reported from time to time as having been heard of at some distant point, laden with rich spoil. He was bold, plausible, talkative, when need be, wily, capable of extricating himself from the most perilous difficulties. He travelled far, yet he ever longed for his native Isle, to

1. *Modern Athens*, by S. Horton, London, at the *Times* Library, 1/3 nett.

which he hoped to return at last. He was deeply religious, filial, and a good parent.

It is the old spirit of Odysseus which is carrying the Greek of to-day to the remotest corners of the globe. I have travelled more than most men and I know Greek fairly well. I am, therefore, in a position to make a somewhat startling statement with considerable grounds of assurance. If I were asked what language would serve a wide traveller best as a sort of living Esperanto, I should say, Modern Greek. I have found it of inestimable value to me in the interior of Siberia and in the North of Japan. I am sure that I could find Greek interpreters in the oasis of Siberia, in Persia, in Madagascar, in India, Siam and Abyssinia. As one pursues this subject, he unearths many incidents that suggest romance.

Athens of to-day.

And now let us, aided by the stereopticon, see what the Greek has done for himself in his own land in the few years since he gained his freedom from the Turk. We will confine ourselves largely to Athens, as that city to-day is the capital of Hellenism, wherever found. As late as 1840 Athens was a mere wretched village, upon whose huts the ruins of a mighty and splendid past looked sadly down. Those ruins are still there, but they have seen within seventy years a wondrous transformation; they adorn the most beautiful city of the Mediterranean; a city of wide streets, stately mansions, a university and many excellent gymnasia, free public schools, hospitals of many kinds, charitable institutions, scientific and learned societies, women's organizations for charitable and patriotic work, etc.

The most representative Athenian institute that I know of is the Parnassos. I say representative, because it was founded in the early days of freedom, and its object was to uplift and educate the Greek race. The Parnassos is a society for the encouragement of scientific and literary endeavour. In its halls lectures are given by distinguished members and others, and these lectures, as well as its proceedings, are printed in pamphlets. The Parnassos ball, given each year to raise money for the society, ranks with the Palace ball, as one of the two most important events of the Athenian social season. The Parnassos conducts a night school for poor boys, boot blacks, news boys, servants, and others, which for its admirable management, conduct and results, has few equals in Europe. The Parnassos was founded 30 years ago by two poets and one other dreamer, all poor in purse but rich in faith,—Basiliades, Argyropoulos, Lambros.

It is the proud boast of the Parnassos that none of its graduates has ever been in prison. A sort of *noblesse oblige* of honesty is inculcated in the boys, which they all seem to understand. Whatever they find in the streets is brought to the Secretary of the Club, who attempts to return it to the rightful owner. One little chap brought in 50 drachmas in an envelope, which proved to be the wages of another boy's father. Such acts are written in a book, and the boys given credit in their conduct records. The Parnassos receives from all over the world a continual shower of small donations from former grateful pupils, accompanied by affecting letters.

Prizes of books and small sums of money are given the boys making the best record at the end of each year. The other day a little bootblack handed back his prize, an envelope containing 50 drachmas, with the request that the money be used in teaching other poor boys to read and write.

Another admirable institution, of a somewhat similar nature, is the Orphan Asylum for Boys, founded in 1856, by George Hadjicosta, who left the money for it. Here, in a large and commodious establishment, orphan boys are clothed, fed, sheltered and taught a trade, as well as given the elements of an education.

They eat at a common mess, they sleep in a large, airy dormitory, each in his own bed, and they work in the various shops of the institution. There is a complete system of baths, both ordinary and shower, which the boys enjoy after work or play. They learn several trades, such as shoemaking, tailoring, carpentering, furniture making, iron moulding. Their work is sold for the support of the school. The furniture alone, which is surprisingly good, brings in about 12,000 drachmas a year. The institution has 5,000,000 dr. capital, all donated. The boys have organised a band, and they play vigorously and well.

They are admitted at from 8 to 12 years of age, and must leave at 20. There is an orphan asylum, too, for girls, consisting of an establishment in Athens and a house at Oropos, on the Euripus, where they go for the summer. Destitute girls are taken in at from 6 to 12 years of age and leave at 20. They learn to be cooks, housekeepers, dressmakers, etc., and incidentally wives. The banker Syngros endowed the institution with 2,000,000 drachmas, and it has received many bequests. When the girls marry they receive various sums for dowry up to 2,000 drachmas, according to their conduct records.

They do famous needle work, and give a fair each year in November, when their sales amount to about 12,000 drahmas; they make all their own clothing. While we are on the subject of girls, we may as well speak of the Arsakeion, which is the Vassar or Wellesley of Greece.

The Arsakeion occupies two large buildings, one for day pupils and the other for boarders. The course of study pursued is a little in advance of an American high school, or a European gymnasium. In addition to the literary course, the girls study also music, painting, fancy needle work and so forth.

The Arsakeion girls are in great demand as teachers, and the fact of having graduated at the Arsakeion gives a young lady about the same prestige in Greece as that enjoyed by a Girton girl in England or a Wellesley girl in America. They begin quite young and graduate at the age of 18 or 20. In all of these excellent Greek institutions we find features which might profitably be copied in America. For instance, the Arsakeion internes are obliged to make their own dresses and you may be sure that they devote no little attention to the matter.

The Arsakeion is managed by a committee of twelve members known as the Philekpedevtike Hetairia, or the "Society for the Promotion of Instruction," which directs other schools for girls in Corfou, Patras, Larissa. The funds of the society are about 5,000,000 drachmas, its income, 500,000 from tuition, interest, etc., its expenditure 450,000.

Corporal chastisement is not permitted in the girls' high schools of Greece, no matter how richly deserved, and girls are exasperating some times in all countries. The only judgment inflicted is to be made to go and stand under the clock until the hands mark off a certain number of minutes. But this is considered a well nigh insupportable disgrace. I have referred to the fact that the girls of this school and of the Orphan Asylum make their own clothing and do clever needlework. The fact that the women of Greece, and the peasants especially, do beautiful needlework has been taken advantage of to give poor girls employment. "The Royal Hellenic Schools of Needlework and Laces" were founded at the time of the war between Greece and Turkey to give work to the destitute women of the Thessalian refugees The credit of the original idea must be awarded to Lady Egerton, wife of the British Minister to Greece. The peasant women knew how to weave crèpe cotton and to adorn it with the simple embroideries which they wore on their own garments. They were set to work and a teacher hired to instruct them, a cultured and artistic English girl by the name of Louisa F. Pesel.

The enterprise grew and many designs already in existence among the peasants were added, as well as suggestions gathered by Miss Pesel from antique vases and from ceilings and friezes at Carassoa and elsewhere. A study of Greek laces and embroideries is of historic interest and reveals the influence of the different conquering races who have come into contact with the native people.

The school in Athens now occupies a building donated by the King, who pays the salary of a manager and instructor, and there are several other schools in the provinces. In daintiness and execution these laces and embroideries equal the best of Switzerland and France, and

surpass all others in uniqueness and beauty of design. There is a permanent exhibit of them in London and they are bought in England by members of the royal family and the aristocracy. If they were known here and properly represented, they would have a large sale in this country. Anyone desiring to order them, or know more about them should address Miss Marie Dragoumi, care Stephanos Dragoumi, Athens. I will gladly repeat this address to anyone wishing it after the lecture.

The Princess Helena is a patroness of this school and takes a keen personal interest, visiting it several times a week. Although this is strictly an account of the Greek people it will be necessary to make mention of various members of the royal family, although they are of foreign blood, as their interests are of course identified with that of the country. The Queen takes an especial interest in the great Evanghelismos Hospital, which has about 300 patients, some paying and some not paying. The Hospitals of Greece are among the most thoroughly and admirably managed institutions of that country, and the Evanghelismos especially excites the admiration of American and British doctors who visit Athens, for its cleanliness, its order, its completeness of equipment and its up-to-date methods. It is managed by a committee of Greek ladies, has a large staff of surgeons and nurses and a theatre. It has received many gifts and legacies, including one from the late banker Syngros, who gave so much away to the various worthy institutions of the fatherland that he is commonly known as the Evanghelismos benefactor. The Evanghelismos is famous for its treatment of fevers and loses few patients of this class. Recently the British Minister and Consul, Sir Francis Eliot and Mr. Reginald Walsh, occupied adjoining rooms there, both ill with typhoid, and both happily recovered.

The Greeks deserve the highest praise for the provision made for the care of the indigent aged. There are admirable old peoples' homes in various parts of Greece. (A large one especially at Patras, is so beautifully situated by the seashore, and in the midst of such charming grounds that one almost envies the lot of the inmates. The Ptohokomeon poorhouse at Athens is out on the Kephyssia road, in a pine grove, and facing Mount Hymettus. Syngros, the evergetis, gave 900,000 drachmas and the new building cost 648,000 drachmas. There are at present 330 inmates. As one looks into the history of these numerous and excellent public institutions of modern Greece, one is constantly impressed with one fact: the liberality of the people in support of good objects.) The history of all the beneficiary public institutions of Greece is a record of donations from the millions of Syngros to the hundreds of thousands of drachmas sent home by small confectioners or petty merchants for the erection of drinking fountains or schools in their native towns. These benefactors so often adapt their gifts to the real needs of the nation that one divines behind the gift the inspiration of an ardent and intelligent patriotism. The Rizarios School was founded in 1843 by two brothers, Rizarios, for the training of young priests.

The original gift was 5,000,000 drachmas, and the property has greatly increased in value since 1843. The buildings are situated on the Kephissia Road in a beautiful garden, in the lower corner of which is a small theatre, with a natural amphi-theatre closely resembling the original Stadium. Here the young priests give Antigone, Electra and other classical plays, in the ancient tongue. I had the pleasure of hearing them sing several choruses and the effect was most impressive, as their voices were earnest and soulful, and the spot private and wild, though but a wall divided it from Athens. It was as though one had stepped from to-day into the fourth century B.C. hearing those Greek priests sing the grand strophes of Sophocles with so much feeling and understanding. It was as though the old civilization had somewhat mingled with the new, as if the old religion and the new had blended and the same God suffused it all. And the effect was by no means lessened when, as we sat there on the slopes of the Amphi-theatre, the priest professor at my side, informed me in almost classic Greek that the Kephissos sometimes overflowed its banks and damaged the theatre and that he feared the present protecting wall was not strong enough. Had I remained much longer I should probably have suggested a sacrifice to appease the river god.

The Orthodox Religion.

Of the subject of the orthodox religion we have no time to speak here, further than to say that the Greeks are nothing more nor less than Protestant Christians, who get their creed and their church services from the same source that we do. The superstitions that have so strong a hold upon the ignorant masses are medæval and pagan survivals, which doubtless the rapid spread of education will do much to eradicate. Perhaps the day will come when the business of the Ikon merchant will not be brisk as it is to-day at religious festivals.

If I mistake not, the Greeks were the first people in Europe to introduce compulsory education. There is one important point, however, which I wish to bring out here, and which I believe is not generally understood. The New Testament in use in the country is in the original tongue and the church services are conducted in the language of the fathers, a language not understood by the people. It is therefore commonly supposed that the masses are ignorant of the teachings of Christ, and do not understand the church services. This, I think, is largely a mistaken notion. Religion is one of the principal subjects in the public schools. The teachings of the New Testament are learned by heart by the pupils of the schools, who are as familiar with the story of Joseph and the sermon on the Mount as are the children of other Christian nations. The newspapers, too, explain in simple language all the church services of the year, and I have seen entire congregations swayed by uncontrollable emotions over the sufferings and crucifixion and resurrection of Christ.

The head of the Greek Church is the Patriarch, whose seat is in Constantinople, and who is a constitutional chief, under control of a Holy Synod. Greece is Autocephalus that is to say, its church is under executive control of the Metropolitan, and the principal or mother church is called the Metropolis, at Athens, by the side of which stands the quaint little Byzantine edifice of St. Eleutherios.

The orthodox services are most impressive and appeal more to the eye and the imagination than those of any other denomination.

The church propagates Hellenism throughout Moslem regions by means of the school. In 1904 there were in the Ottoman empire 4,211 Greek schools, with 270,423 pupils of both sexes, and 6,636 teachers.

Educational Institutions.

I have spoken of Athens as the capital of the Greek world, whether found in Greece proper, in Egypt, in Macedonia, in Turkey, or elsewhere. In the same sense the university is the principal educational institution of the Hellenic nation, and its graduates go forth to all parts of the East, apostles of Hellenic letters and civilization. It has five faculties—theology, law, medicine, philosophy and mathematics.

This one university seems to be sufficient to supply the demands of the nation. Indeed, many serious people are of the opinion that its capacity for turning out young lawyers is in excess of the demand, and now the government finds itself in possession of funds for founding another university. About fifty years ago a certain Domboles of Russia deposited his whole fortune amounting to 255,000 roubles in a Russian bank, to accumulate till 1906, when it was to be withdrawn and the sum devoted to the establishment of a university in the then "Capital of Greece." 1906 has come and gone, the bank is still solvent and Athens is the now Capital of Greece. But Athens has one university. How to interpret the words of the will so as to carry out the designs of the testator in spirit if not to the letter, and at the same time to put the money to the best use, is the question which now confronts the Government.

Side by side with the university is the beautiful national library called the Vagliano Library, as the money for it was given by two brothers by that name

from Cephallonia; while the Academy, severely classical in design, flanks it on the other side.

Among other buildings of an educational character in Athens are the Observatory and the Museum, which latter, from the nature of its collection, and its richness, is one of the most remarkable in Europe, and one of the most interesting to the general tourist; this Museum, as all the others in Greece, at Olympia and Delphi and elsewhere, is free, a small detail greatly to the credit of the Greek people.

In this connection we may mention, too, the superb and unparalleled Stadium, all built of white pentelic marble. It is said that 100,000 people can crowd into it, and on gala days, when it is fluttering with a sea of colored parasols and flashed here and there with bodies of diplomats or naval or army officers in gay uniform, it is one of the wonders of the world. It was packed during the Olympian games, and it was also filled during the recent visit of the King of Italy to Athens on the day when the school children were brought out to drill for His Majesty. The money for rebuilding the Stadium, a large sum, was given by the late Mr. Averoff, a millionaire of Egypt. Perhaps, while we are speaking of educational institutions, we might also mention the Boulê, or House of Parliament; at any rate it contains a large and well conducted library, especially rich in books pertaining to the history of Greece. The Boulê, by the way, consists of but one house, there being no Senate or House of Lords.

Politics.

Politics is the chief topic of conversation in Greece, at the houses, at the clubs, at the cafés, in the streets, and it occupies the lion's share of space in the newspapers; whenever two or three Greeks are seen talking excitedly together, it is almost certain they are discussing the merits or policy of this or that candidate or office holder. I have known Greeks to come from the ends of the earth to Athens to cast their votes. Election times are most exciting. The city of Athens, for instance, during the last mayoralty election, lashed itself into a hubbub of noise and frenzy out of all proportion to its size, that would have done credit to the city of New York. Spiridon Mercouri, a physician, was candidate for re-election, and Mr. Pyrres, a prominent manufacturer, his opponent. There were torch-light and other processions, in which the opposing parties turned out in astonishing numerical strength, with floats, transparencies and banners.

Summer Life in Athens.

A feature of summer life in Athens that reminds me of old classic days is the open air theatre, though fortunately for the spectators the representations are held at night, after dinner, the curtains rising as late as ten P. M. or even 10.30. There are many of these theatres in Athens, consisting of an auditorium in open air and covered stage and dressing rooms. Translations of the latest European successes are given, as well as original Greek plays. If one understands the modern Greek language sufficiently well there is no pleasanter way of passing a hot summer evening than at one of these open air theatres. Many of the actors are clever, of the French, realistic type, and the plays are often surprisingly well given. A modern dramatic literature is in process of evolution, as many of the original works treat of the history of modern Greece, with the principal characters of the revolution and the nation's early days as heroes; while others deal with contemporary Athenian life, or with idyllic or comical happenings in the country villages. The serious plays of Bernardakês and Rangabe are beautifully written and are regarded as classics, while Cassiane, a Byzantine tragedy by an Athenian newspaper man, has been playing to crowded houses at the theatre in Constitution Fair during the summer.

Greece, the Shelter of ir-redeemed and persecuted.

But the most typical spectacle that one sees in Greece, more typical than the stately residences of Athens, its universities, its library, its theatres, are the throngs of refugees. Little Greece considers herself as an asylum and defender of such of the Christian faith as flee to her for safety. I have seen large bodies of Armenians, escaped from a massacre in some neighbouring land, men, women and children, fed and clothed for months. I have seen the streets of Athens thronged with Cretan families, who have fled for their lives from their burning villages, and I know that they were not allowed to starve. At present there are about 27,000 refugees in Greece, who have fled from their homes in Eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and the Caucasus. The Greek government and people are undertaking to care for these, and for new arrivals by every steamer. Various buildings have been rented for their shelter. Clothing is given to all who are in need, and 60 centimes a day per head is allotted them for food; in addition, a committee of ladies under the direction of the energetic Madame Zlatanou begs food and clothing for them, and milk for the infants, and labours personally among the poor, ignorant people, caring for them. For their permanent relief the government has bought a large tract of land in Thessaly, which will be assigned in the proportion of 80 to 150 stremmas to each family, according to quality of the soil. Money will also be given them for building small houses and shops, for buying seeds, implements and tools, and for defraying of the expenses of the first year.

The Greek Women.

I wish I had time to speak of the women of modern Greece, their intelligence, their progress, their numerous charitable and intellectual activities, their patriotism, their courage, their devotion to family, their virtue, which is a model to all Europe. But I should not require a separate lecture, but a book, were I to take up this interesting and agreeable subject. Suffice to say, that a nation with such wives and mothers possesses an element of great strength, and a trusty anchor cast into the sea of the future.

I am often asked, why are not the modern Greeks beautiful, as were the ancient? One has only to think of Socrates to be assured that the Ancient Greeks were not all beautiful. It is unfair to suppose that ancient Greece was peopled by statues of Praxiteles and Scopas come to life, *à la* Galatea. I have seen throngs of Greek mountaineers, especially from the Highlands of Crete, who satisfied my idea of the men who fought at Marathon. Among the older families of Greece, and among the Greeks of Asia Minor and Egypt, the pure type persists especially, and one sees many strikingly handsome women and men.

The Poet Souris.

Souris is the best satyric poet now living; an undoubted genius, a poet who is a living force in his time and nation. He is known as the modern Aristophanes, and he is, now more than any one else, the voice of the peculiar irony, that keen sarcasm, that incredulous laugh which has always been so typically Greek, which is so destructive to pompous pretentions, but which also, alas, so often throws discredit upon real worth. Souris' paper is written in rhyme, from the date to the advertisements,

Romaios, Ephemeris,
Poutin graphi O Souris,

with a wonderful facility and a lyrical quality that makes music even out of a mayor's election. He has been mentioned frequently of late as a candidate for the Nobel Prize, and those who know his work think that he is worthy of the distinction.

If he wrote in French, German or English, he would be one of the most famous men now living.

Chief Characteristics of the Greeks.

The chief quality of Greek wit is irony and alertness—the true Attic Salt. A small rugged bootblack was once shining my shoes. As he performed his service well, I said to him as I paid him, "Bravo! where did you study your art?" "In Paris," he replied, instantly and without smiling.

On the road from Tripolitza to Sparta, I stopped at a wretched Kahn, the most desolate, hopeless and filthiest place that I have ever seen. While the horses ate their hay, a very lame man brought me some black coffee in a filthy cup. As I was pretending to sip it, another very lame man entered, and began to stare at me solemnly. Being embarrassed by the scrutiny, I asked—the first thing that came into my head! "Are all the people here lame?" "Certainly," he replied, without a moment's reflection, "as many as are able to walk, leave."

They tell with great gusto in Athens of a certain Greek admiral who failed to answer the salute of an English man-of-war. The English complaining, the admiral was hauled up before the Greek Naval Board and an explanation demanded. "Why had he needlessly shown discourtesy to a foreign nation?" He asked for time to prepare his defence, which, as the incident was considered serious and punishment contemplated, was granted. At the time appointed, he appeared before the board with a document, which, arising, he commenced to read.

"My first reason," he began "for not replying to the salute of the English vessel was, that I had no powder."

As he paused to let this reason take effect, the President of the Board arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I move that the first reason be considered sufficient," and the motion was unanimously passed.

But, perhaps, some abler pen than mine will some day fitly describe this interesting and beautiful country, the mother of civilization; or, better still, perhaps, some here present will visit, or have visited the land of Pericles and Tricoupi, or Themistocles and Canaris, of Leonidas and Marco Botsaris, of Pindar and Solomos, of Aristophanes and Souris, of the Spartan mother who told her son to return with his shield or upon it, of Bouboulina, and those Souliote maidens who leaped singing from a cliff rather than to yield to dishonour. If so, I am sure that any such will not regret a closer acquaintance with the proud, sensitive and keen-witted people, the descendants of the ancient Greeks.

"ATLANTIS."

Sir Charles Dilke on International Politics.

THE PLACE OF GREECE IN THE ORIENT.

On Dec. 18th last, Sir Charles Dilke delivered a lecture in French on this subject, in Paris, before a large audience, which included several prominent politicians.

The lecturer began by a brief account of the various attempts made by the Great Powers, from the time of the Holy Alliance down to our own days, to accomplish what is known as the European Concert; and with great humour he described the complete checkmate of these efforts. From time to time, the Concert has been able to give some slight aid to the national ideals of the smaller States, and it has also been of some service to Britain, whose commercial interests demand peace; but in 1897 the whole movement must be held to have collapsed.

Sir Charles made merry at the expense of the last Hague Conference, of which the only practical issue was the formation of a Prize Court—for the sterile series of declarations and propositions are far from constituting a practical result. He referred with some irony to the fact that the meeting of this peaceful tribunal led to a duel between two of its members, and that immediately after its closure, Brazil ordered two great battleships from British builders.

Despite these disappointments, Sir Charles retains his optimism, and holds that the chances of war are diminishing from day to day. This he considers chiefly due to the various *ententes* which, in his opinion, more than any other cause, make for the preservation of peace. The Austro-Hungarian peril no longer exists, says Sir Charles, and the ambitions of Germany are limited to an economic conquest of Turkey. "Italy and Austria have "arrived at an understanding with regard to the equili- "brium of the Adriatic; and the Franco-British *entente* "*cordiale* assures that of the Mediterranean. If any "necessity arises to modify the map of Europe at the "expense of Turkey, we must be careful not to overlook "the rights of the Hellenic people, which is the repre- "sentative of civilisation in those regions, and which has "given evidence of its preponderance by its educational "activity and by the commerce which it has already "obtained, and which it continues to develop by means of "a merchant navy which struggles, not unsuccessfully, "in competition with the shipping of the Great Powers. "We cannot, without partiality and injustice, permit "the Bulgarians or Slavs to overrun the lands occupied "by the Greek people, and to seize that people's schools, "churches and other public institutions, which are the "manifestation of Hellenic civilisation."

Sir Charles concluded his lecture by declaring that "the reign of force is already on the wane, even though "that of justice has hardly begun."

We are at one with the eminent Statesman in hoping that the latter may triumph and prosper always.

PRESS REVIEW.

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Bulgarian Responsibility for Macedonian Disorders.

The *Journal des Débats* the most weighty and influential French newspaper (Jan. 9) contains an article signed by Mr. I. H. Franklin, its Foreign Editor, dealing with the state of affairs in Macedonia, from which we make the following extract:—

"European policy in Macedonia has displayed so little wisdom and foresight that one is often driven to doubt whether Europe wishes to see peace restored to that country. It is a sound and most elementary principle that, before tinkering with consequences, we must remove the causes to which they are due. Now the true and in fact the only cause of the Macedonian trouble is the Bulgarian agitation. Let the Bulgarian bands cease, even if but for a single week, from their nefarious exploits, and we shall see tranquillity in Macedonia. Greece and Servia have both given to the Powers the most solemn promises of rigorous abstention from armed propagandism, and they have kept faithfully to their word. If from time to time regrettable incidents are due to the action of Greek or Servian bands, they are always isolated events, in which the Government of Athens and Belgrade have no part, and they are always due to Bulgarian provocation and attacks. Our statesmen ought to attack the evil at its root. That is the key to the whole difficulty of the Balkans."

Europe and Macedonia.

Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, M.P., published in our distinguished contemporary, the MORNING POST, *a series of most interesting articles on the condition of Macedonia of which we give here below the conclusive part.*

It is sometimes urged that great Britain, having large direct interests in Turkey, prejudices those interests by pressing reforms. A contrast is drawn between our attitude in this respect and that of the German Government. Surely this view is as one-sided and, therefore as unsound as that of those who can think of nothing but brandishing the big stick in a philanthropic cause. They are both short views. The big stick policy is doomed to failure because its effect is to drive the offenders into any arms prepared to offer present refuge and ease even at the price of future perdition. It has, however, this advantage over the other policy, that if pressed to the real

tussle, it might have the result of convincing the recalcitrant that the professions of evil counsellors are usually more ready than their deeds. But in any case it is only a partial policy, and, if applied by a vindictive hand with intervals of sullen indifference, even in relation to Macedonia, would not be likely to be long lived. On the other hand, the go-as-you-please policy is an impossible policy for a country which, like our own, has no territorial ambitions in Turkey, and whose only objects are to foster all the best native elements and to prevent the country or its ruler from becoming the prey of the great military empires.

For several years past we have been pursuing a modified form of the go-as-you-please policy, containing all its defects unbalanced by any of its advantages. Now and again we apply a pin-prick in the cause of reform, but more often we are endeavouring to get behind somebody else and make him apply the prick. Our race is much too clumsy to carry off such methods, and in our hands they take nobody in, least of all an Oriental. To advocates like myself of a much more earnest policy it is retorted that its pursuit might seriously prejudice our direct interests. I have failed to observe that much has been done within recent years to promote British interests in Turkey, while all the time parasitical foreign influences have been making way at a pace which, if not arrested, is sure to end in a wholesale disaster, involving not only the future of the Balkan States but also that of interests in which we are more immediately concerned. The wisest course is surely to abandon pin-pricks and to come to the point with the least delay possible. Turkey is, after all, a State, not a single individual, and it is not even certain that her Sovereign is entirely satisfied with the price at present being paid for outside favours. The fact that it is a price ruinous to all parts of the Ottoman Empire is sure, at all events, to range on our side the best elements in the country. Those elements are to be found in the Army, the Civil Services, and every branch of life; and it would be a mistake to suppose that the reactionaries, gorged though they be with foreign money, are likely to have it all their own way. Though I am far from desiring to advocate a policy of bolstering up Turkey, at all events under present conditions, I do submit that, as we are already engaged in a big scheme of reform in European Turkey, we should go about the business with due regard to the larger question—the danger, namely, of the whole country being swallowed up by the usurers and coming more and more under their political control. And I also suggest that, while our present attitude has hastened this process to an alarming degree, a more resolute course would find us friends in quarters where they may not have been expected, and would expose, to an extent which we may not now foresee, the essential hollowness of the forces arrayed against us.

Needs of the Situation.

Our future course over the Customs question will prove the touchstone of our policy. The needs of the situation in Macedonia, can, I think, be stated in a very few words. Autonomy would be quite unpractical, even if it were in accordance with the provisions of the Berlin Treaty. But the 23rd Article of that Treaty, which governs the case, provides for the setting up of a European Commission, whose functions may be briefly defined as those of placing the house in order with the assistance of special local commissions having a largely representative character. This commission was actually constituted for Eastern Rumelia; but its labours were without result in Macedonia, and it was subsequently dissolved. Its place has in some sense been taken by the existing Financial Commission, which contains the germs of a possible solution. The present inefficacy of that body and the fate of its predecessor warrant the demand that it should be given control of the administration—control of it as a whole; and I see no reason why it should not function through its present President, Hilmi Pasha, though others suggest that it should have at its head a subject of some neutral State, such as Holland or Belgium, who would act as its intermediary with the Inspector-General. Such control, exercised by a Commission representing all the Powers, and, therefore, free from the suspicion of selfish aims, would at once be recognised by the Balkan States as a serious measure of reform and would reassure the Mussulmans that their interests would be strictly safeguarded. Experience has shown that when once control has been given to a representative European body, such as the Public Debt, it functions well and without exciting opposition in any quarter. The pill is swallowed with a wry face by the Central Government; but the patient feels that he is so much better and gains so much in weight that he becomes reconciled to the remedy. It does not involve displacement of native officials; while the regular payment of their salaries and the knowledge that they will be rewarded or punished in accordance with their merits or delinquencies has the effect of drawing from them excellent work. Here is a precise formula, capable of being readily understood, and which would solve, I venture to think, most of the difficulties of the situation in Macedonia, where special circumstances, unlike those prevailing in other parts of Turkey, necessitate a special solution. I may at least claim in putting it forward that I have been animated by no other desire than to find a reasonable issue from a condition of affairs disgraceful to Europe, dangerous to Turkey, and fraught with momentous consequences to the whole family of the Balkan peoples. The interest which the *Morning Post* has always displayed in questions affecting the Near and the Nearer East has prompted me to avail myself of the publicity of its columns. Foreign affairs have been removed from the sphere of party politics; but they can never safely be dissociated from public interest and public control. And those who realise their immense importance to a country situated like our own must cherish the hope that they may appeal with increasing force to the democracy of our nation, whose flag floats in every sea. While we rightly devote our attention, each according to his own ideas, to great questions of social reform at home, we can never afford to forget that outside the circle of the family, in regions far removed from our national fireside, the sources of our moral greatness as well as of our material welfare are daily being diminished or increased.

Importance of the Greek Element in Turkey:

A Turkish Reformer's View.

We extract the following from a letter to the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*, from Ali Hayder Midhat Bey, one of the most prominent and liberal of the "Young Turk" party, and son of the famous Midhat Pasha, the most enlightened reformer whom Turkey has ever produced. Midhat Bey thus explains his non-participation in certain "reform programmes."

Ali Hayder Midhat Bey wishes me to explain to your readers the reason of his absence from the congress. He writes: "Not being a member of either of the two Turkish committees which, united with an Armenian committee, took the initiative of that congress, I could not participate in it without appearing to adhere to the accord which preceded its convocation, and of which I knew neither the base nor the scope. **The fact that the representatives of the Greek element, the most numerous and in all respects the most important among those which form the population of Turkey, were not invited to take part in the private deliberations which rendered the public manifestation possible, was calculated to warrant every sort of comment and to give rise to grave suspicions.** As everyone knows, I share completely the aversion of the immense majority of the Ottoman patriots against the subversive and totally impracticable views of Prince Saba Heddine, and I remain too faithfully attached to the principles and doctrines of Midhat Pasha to adhere to programmes of reform which might compromise the unity of the Empire and the sovereign rights of the reigning dynasty, and which, moreover, are elaborated by men without any mandate."

Our readers will observe the important place assigned by Midhat Bey to the Greeks: it is to be noted that his remarks apply to the entire Ottoman Empire.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT GREEK PAINTINGS IN THESSALY.

An important archæological discovery has just been made on the site of the ancient city of Pagasae, near the present Volo, in Thessaly.

Mr. Arvanitopoulos, the young Athenian Archæologist, who, after brilliant studies at Athens, Rome, Berlin and London, has been appointed ephor of antiquities to the Athenian Archæological Society, has for two years been engaged upon the exploration of ancient city-sites in Thessaly. Recently he turned his attention to the old city of Pagasae. In excavating a wall of classical times, he made the lucky find of a number of funerary *stelae*, which had been incorporated into the foundation of the wall. There were no reliefs on the *stelae*, but when Mr. Arvanitopoulos came to clear away the earth and rubbish with which they were covered, he was amazed to discover some wonderful paintings, which in harmony of composition and fine technique are far superior to any examples of ancient painting which has been hitherto known.

Recent years have brought many interesting and important archæological discoveries, but no one has expected that we should ever find any good examples of ancient painting. It has seemed not only that the masterpieces of Polygnotos, Zeuxis and Appelles were lost, but that we could not even hope to meet with any works of their direct imitators. The paintings discovered by Mr. Arvanitopoulos, however, throw a new light on classic Greek art. The great wall-paintings of Pompeii, though in many cases no doubt of great beauty, were after all but Greco-Roman imitations of Hellenic work. The funerary paintings of Pagasae, on the contrary—like the more usual scultured *stelae* and, in general, most remains discovered on Greek soil—bear the stamp of originality. They do not bear the signature of any master, but they must presumably date from the 3rd, or at the latest the 2nd century before our era, for Mr. Arvanitopoulos has no hesitation in declaring that the wall cannot be of later date.

More than a thousand *stelae* have been discovered, but of these not more than four hundred bear traces of colour. In thirty of these the state of preservation is marvellous, the most minute details standing out with accuracy, while the colours are preserved in all their brilliancy. Faithful copies of these have been made by M. Gilbéron, who is famous for his reproductions of archæological works: the copies are at present the centre of much admiration in the rooms of the Athenian Archæological Society, but reproductions will shortly be available in this country.

An interesting question of technique is raised by these paintings. The process of *tempera*, or water-technique, is clearly unsuitable for paintings on marble exposed to the ravages of sun and rain: the nature of the task would seem to suggest the use of *encaustic* technique, and Mr. Arvanitopoulos considers it to be indicated by his hasty examination that, in point of fact, the *encaustic* method was actually employed. A closer study of the pictures may be expected to throw some light on the subject, of which at present we know very little, as to the methods of painting employed by Greek artists of the best period.

DISCOVERIES AT THE CERAMICUS.

The German archœologist Burckner, whom the Hellenic Government some time ago authorised to pursue researches at the Ceramicus, has recently made some discoveries on that site. In the first case, Herr Burckner, while making some excavations with a view to obtaining a more exact plan of the Ceramicus, discovered that the soil in the Bull's alley was not, as had been supposed, the primitive soil, but a made soil, some yards above the primitive level. The reduction of the whole extent of the Ceramicus to its ancient level would materially alter the aspect of the place. In particular, it would do away with the strange phenomenon of tombs with inscriptions on the ground level, which cannot be read without crouching. This has often puzzled archæologists.

The second discovery is a little startling. Herr Burckner has found in the Ceramicus the torso of a marble statue representing a man in Persian costume—whether a Persian, or a Greek satrap of some Persian province is still a matter of conjecture. In either case, it is not remarkable to find a statue of a barbarian or a *barbarisant* in an Athenian cemetery. No statue wearing Persian garments has hitherto been discovered in Greece.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Census of Greece.

A census has just been taken of the Kingdom of Greece and also of the Hellenes living in foreign countries. Every care has been taken to obtain exact particulars of names, ages, professions, numbers, and all else that is required for a complete general statistic of the Greek people.

Results are not yet ready for publication. The population of Athens, however, is seen to have increased by some 47,000 during the last ten years. We give a table shewing the growth of the population of Athens:

At the census of	1860,	the population of	Athens	was	15,000
,, ,,	,, 1870,	,,	,,	,,	25,000
,, ,,	,, 1880,	,,	,,	,,	63,375
,, ,,	,, 1890,	,,	,,	,,	107,250
,, ,,	,, 1896,	,,	,,	,,	128,735
,, ,,	,, 1908,	,,	,,	,,	176,000

The population of the Piraeus was 51,020 in 1896 and is now 75,800.

Figures for the other towns, and for the general census, will appear in due course.

The Draining of the Thessalian Marshes.

Sig. Micheljnè, the Italian engineer appointed to investigate on the spot the best method of draining the Thessalian marshes, has entered upon the work.

The Thessalian Irrigation Commission (the Minister of the Interior. the Minister of Finance, and Mr. Valaority, assistant-governor of the National Bank of Greece) has decided to borrow £560,000, which, with the funds already at the disposal of the commission, will allow them to devote a million sterling, the amount necessary for the completion of the irrigation works.

The National Bank of Greece is advancing the money at 5 per cent., the loan being guaranteed by special taxes.

Η "ΕΙΚΟΝΟΓΡΑΦΗΜΕΝΗ"

Μηνιαία Πανελλήνιος Ἐπιθεώρησις.

Ἀθήναι, Ὁδὸς Καρύστη, 4.

Συνδρομὴ Ἐτησία Φρ. 22. Ἐξάμηνος Φρ. 11.

"EIKONOGRAPHIMENI."

ATHENS, ODOS CARYSTI, 4.

Annual Subscription 22 francs., or 17/6.

A monthly illustrated magazine, containing finely-reproduced pictures of various descriptions, with interesting literary and topical articles by well-known Greek writers. The last number is entirely occupied with an account of Prince George's wedding, of which it gives an interesting and unique collection of photographs.

Literary Page.

Modern Greece.—Her Language and Literature.

IV.

ALEXANDER RHIZOS RHANGABES.

THE TWO SISTERS

(*From the Greek of A. R. Rangabes*),

(*Continued from last issue*).

All the spectators applauded the unexpected announcemment, and came forward with their congratulations. The two sisters, speechless with emotion, and yet not venturing to cast themselves into their father's arms, burst into tears.

Taking the ring from Rosa's finger, the Prince continued :

"Here is my wedding-ring, which my beloved wife has given to my daughter. It bears my name : 'Ferdinand Prince Frapolis.' Who my wife was, it boots not to inquire. She is no more numbered among the living. If I did not succeed in bringing happiness to her whom I will never forget, whom I will love passionately till my last hour, I wish her to rejoice as she looks down from heaven at the happiness of her daughters."

Then sitting down in a corner with the girls, he told them that when Napoleon held the nations in the hollow of his hand, secret hopes of the independence of Italy had prompted him to go on a hasty and unlooked for mission to the conqueror. That was when he wrote his last letter to their mother. These hopes bound him to the chariot of Napoleon, whom he at once followed to Russia. Taken prisoner there, he spent many years in chains in that remote part of the world, unable to communicate, even by writing, with his native land. When he was liberated at last, he hastened to the arms of his wife, who was dearer to him than life or liberty, and found her dead. At the same time he found the obstacles, which had compelled him to conceal his marriage, removed.

After this explanation, he presented all the guests to them, most of whom were connections of the family, more or less distant.

"My dearest daughter," he said to Rosa, among other things, "I have yet to introduce you to one of my friends to whom you owe the deepest gratitude. The villainous brigands who so frightened you, were dispersed by him."

When Rosa heard these words, she blushed deeply, her heart began to throb as if it would burst, and her gaze went restlessly over the whole room.

"Here he is, Rosa dear," continued the Prince; "Count Philip Siccardes."

Rose glanced at him quickly, but her eyes almost overflowed with tears, when she saw standing before her an officer whom she did not know. She bowed coldly and uttered not a word. Yet, as Nina afterwards remarked to her, the officer was young and elegant, his uniform gold-laced, and his eyes blue.

When they had gone to the dining-room, Prince Frapolis asked Count Siccardes to take in his daughter, without doubt meaning Rosa. But whether the Count did not understand, or whether he was displeased at Rosa's coldness, and pretended not to understand, he offered his arm to Nina.

In the midst of that company, all belonging to a higher rank in life from that in which they had till then lived, the two girls could not but feel somewhat ill at ease. But the kindly manners of all who surrounded them gave them heart, and the natural simplicity of their bearing afforded a pleasing contrast with the carefully acquired society manner of the others.

They never returned to the village, needless to say. On the day following their arrival, the Prince sent the school-mistress of Santalbos a sum of money sufficient to ensure her a life of ease, and wrote her that the girls would never return, because their father had been found.

From that day it was his constant thought how he might make them happy, and everything favoured him in this.

Villa Frapolis was really a cheerful home. Situated on a lovely mountain-slope, it had from that elevation a distant view of the sea, which fanned it with its cool salt breezes.

Artificial brooks flowed through the grounds, and dancing fountains sparkled among the trees, where countless birds warbled, and the perfumes of various flowers pervaded the air.

There was no lack of society, for there were the visits of relations and friends ; and the mansion, brightened by the presence of the two girls, always echoed with songs and dances.

Count Siccardes visited it oftener than anyone, and frequently spent entire days in it, for as he maintained, its situation on the mountain was a convenient one for watching the brigands, the pursuit of whom had been entrusted to him.

But the real reason was plain to everyone. At dances Nina was his partner as often as the conventions permitted ; with Nina he practised songs ; and their little chats had no end. It was quite clear that he was in love with Nina.

It was equally probable that Nina was not indifferent to him. Whenever he was in the company her eyes singled him out, and her lips wreathed in a smile whenever she heard him saying anything, uninteresting to others, comprehensible and significant to herself alone. Besides, her manners were so artless that everyone saw the love that glowed in her ; she alone thought she was concealing it.

But there was no great need for concealment. Her father had only one desire, to wed his daughters to men worthy of the station to which he had raised them, and able to make them happy. He loved Count Siccardes, and approved of the budding romance. Not long afterwards the Count opened his heart to Nina, who blushed but was not angry, and referred him to her father, who took him into his arms, and called him his son.

After this, Philip naturally came to the mansion as often as his pursuit of the brigands permitted. By reason of his severity, he had become their scourge and dread. Nina, whose barque was sailing into the haven of happiness, embracing her sister, declared she would not be wedded until Rosa also decided on her fate. Then there would be a double wedding.

But at these words Rosa smiled bitterly, and did not reply. Many had sought her, and to all she was kind and sympathetic, but at the same time indifferent.

One day Prince Frapolis had gone to Naples, and the two sisters were sitting in a pretty flower-garden, which had been specially laid out for them, and where they spent the hottest hours of the day.

Nina, extended in a hammock was awaiting her lover's arrival. Rosa, seated at her feet, had taken up her beloved harp, but had laid it aside in a little without playing a note. She picked up a book, and began to turn over the leaves aimlessly ; but her heart was elsewhere In the midst of their luxurious life, which had once been their constant dream, her memory returned to the humble village, and from the village to the little valley. In her imagination she lived over again the scene with the brigands in all its dread reality, but it was always accompanied by the vision of the noble youth who had saved her, and whose image was engraven on her heart.

Suddenly reports were heard at the entrance to the garden, and at the same time savage shouts.

"Philip——they are going to kill Philip"! shrieked Nina, with a dreadful foreboding of evil in her heart ; and she rushed out of the garden.

Rosa, too, sprang up in terror, not understanding

what was the matter. When she made to follow her sister, she saw men whose fierce appearance reminded her of the brigands of Santalbos, who, sword in hand, were running towards the garden, the exit of which they had already cut off.

Beside herself with fear and the recollection of the terrible danger she had once before passed through, she rushed into the depths of the arbour, and, concealed by the intervening hammock, reached unseen the wooden door which opened to the inner part of the arbour, bolted it on the inside, and fell breathless among the plants, which filled the glass room, and whose broad leaves concealed her from the eyes of the brigands.

Almost at the same moment the brigands rushed into the first room, pursuing a man whom they had already disarmed, and whom Rosa recognised at once as Count Siccardes.

As soon as Siccardes entered the arbour, he saw that there was no escape. Wheeling round, he faced his pursuers like a lion or a wild boar, which the hunters have surrounded, and dashing at one of them who appeared to be the leader, and who was the only one wearing a mask, he endeavoured to snatch his pistols. But the brigand was a powerful man, and a desperate struggle ensued, in which Siccardes, who seemed to be coming off second best, tore off his opponent's mask.

"You have signed your death warrant"! said the robber, his face convulsed wite passion, lifting his sword to run him through. But at that instant other two brigands seized Siccardes, and bound his hands.

"So be it," said the brigand chief, re-adjusting his mask. "A dead man does not hurt us, but a living one may perhaps be useful to us." "Fool!" he added, turning to his prisoner, "since you have seen me, nothing but death will ever free you from your bonds."

Just then shrill wistles sounded, which the robbers in evident perturbation answered.

"Gag him, and let us be off!" said he of the mask. At once they gagged his mouth tightly, and with four riflemen round him, they went off at full speed, and escaped by secret paths to the mountains.

A few minutes afterwards, Siccardes' soldiers arrived. Breaking down the door of the inner room, they found Rosa lying prostrate and senseless. Having attended to her, and succeeded in restoring animation, they entered the mansion, where they found the safe burst open and rifled, and in a dark cellar, Nina and the servants, shut in and bound.

"Where is Count Siccardes? Where is your leader?" shrieked Nina, as soon as she was freed.

The soldiers looked at one another, and were silent.

"Oh! they have killed him! They have killed him!" she cried, beating her brow like one demented.

Then Rosa cast herself into her arms, weeping bitterly with the agony which she was suffering.

"Hush! dearest Nina," she said. "They have not killed him. I was present. They have taken him prisoner and carried him off alive. I heard them saying that they would not kill him."

In the evening the Prince returned, and learned of the attack on his mansion. Seeing his daughter's despair he consoled her, saying that the brigands had carried off Siccardes in the hope of ransom; that his relatives were rich enough to buy him off quickly, and that in any case he himself was ready to give his last farthing to procure his friend's release.

Then Nina, taking her father's hand kissed it, and moistened it with her tears.

But her tears were not fated to be dried so quickly.

This was the most daring act Capreras had ventured upon in the whole course of his brigand life. Necessity had goaded him to get rid of his most dangerous enemy, whose skill and severity was threatening quick destruction to the whole band. To attack in the broad light of day, and plunder the mansion of one of the foremost aristocrats, to bind his family and his servants, and to carry off a public officer into captivity, was daring which could not be overlooked, nor suffered to remain unavenged.

Capreras knew this, and took measures accordingly. From that moment he was never seen nor heard of, neither he nor his followers. All search, all promises, all threats, of the authorities proved fruitless. Shortly afterwards a rumour spread, unauthoritative, however, that Capreras, with his prisoner and all his followers, had been drowned while endeavouring to escape by sea.

After this, both sisters fell into a feeble state of health, which the terrible shock to their nerves sufficed to induce. In Nina's case, the weakness was accentuated by the conviction that Siccardes had been slain, that he would never be given back to her, that he had died a victim of the brigands.

And yet, as in childhood's days she had waited for her mother, she always awaited him, and time and again she would ask Rosa if he had returned. Then without waiting for a reply, she would burst into tears, knowing full well that he had not.

So many months passed by. At last youth re-asserted itself, and after a time the two girls recovered.

"Dearest Nina," said her sister one day, "I know how inconsolable are your tears. But, Nina mine, remember father. We must weep alone. Father must only see our smiles."

"Yes, you are right," said Nina. "From now I shall always be smiling."

And she said this with bitter tears.

From that time she always greeted her father with a smile on her lips. But it was a smile that was more bitter than tears, and the pallor of her cheeks was not that of a wasting disease, but of an agony of mental suffering.

It seemed that her grief was communicating itself to her sister, whose eyes had lost their wonted brightness, and whose face bore an expression of settled melancholy, which resembled despair.

Their father, whose sole aim in life was the happiness of his daughters, endeavoured in every way to cheer Nina, and every day he proposed new diversions, which his daughters welcomed obediently, not to pain him.

For the same reason, when his birthday drew near, he decided to give a big dance in his mansion, telling his daughters he hoped that for his sake they would shake off all their mournful memories for that evening at least, and resume their wonted cheerfulness.

When Nina heard this her heart contracted, but she made no reply. Rosa, kissing her father's lips, promised to do all she could to please him.

This feast was the first the Prince had given since his return. For this reason he was anxious to make it as magnificent as possible, and to invite all the aristocracy of Naples, as well as the most illustrious foreigners in the district.

That night the whole mansion blazed with light as if it were on fire, and gleamed with gold and silver. The invited guests poured from their carriages in a constant stream, and the Prince and his daughters received them graciously. The sisters' beauty, enchanced by their gleaming dresses, shone without peer.

The company had been assembled some time; the rooms were resounding with exquisite music, and dancing was beginning, when two guests arrived, and greeted the Prince who was standing near the door. The Prince looked round, and seeing Rosa standing not far off, beckoned to her, and introduced two Hungarian nobles to her, Count Zagadinos, and M. Baimac. The Count spoke a few words to the girl; then the Prince conducted them both to the inner rooms, where card-playing was going on.

Rosa answered never a word in reply to the two strangers, nor, after they left with her father, did she move. She stood like a pillar of salt; or as if she had seen Medusa's head, and been turned into stone.

And she seemed as though turned to stone, for the blood had fled from her lips and cheeks, and she felt her heart contract. But for the support of the door, she would have fallen senseless to the ground. But collecting herself by a mighty effort of the will, she looked round everywhere for Nina. Not seeing her, she walked all round the room, then through many other rooms, in the last of which she saw the two Hungarians standing beside the card-table, staking quantities of florins on the Pharaoh.

Her head began to reel again. A strange feeling of uneasiness seized her heart, and on her face was stamped a look almost of fear, as she sped from the room to seek her sister.

Not finding her anywhere she turned to the bedroom,

suspecting the truth. And there she found Nina prostrate on her bed. Her hair was loose, she had torn the flowers from her head, and her sobs echoed through the whole room. Her pent-up grief had burst forth with redoubled violence. Full of pity, Rosa approached and took her hand: "Oh! sister, I cannot bear this feasting; I cannot bear this feasting," cried Nina choking with her sobs. "I cannot bear their dancing and their mirth, when I have death within my heart. What do I want with these dresses, and these flowers, and these diamonds? He is lying in his grave. Bring me a funeral wreath,"

"Nina mine, Nina dearest, why those dreadful words?" cried Rosa weeping.

"That noble youth, who sacrificed all for me, is dead, is dead, Rosa, while we are dancing and making merry. Oh! my cup of woe is full. It lacked but one drop, and this banquet has supplied it. We are dancing on his grave we are mocking at his death!"

"But, sister dear, Philip is not dead. He lives. I know it. The robbers only took him prisoner."

"He lives!" shrieked Nina. "The robbers only took him prisoner! And you intend this for consolation! They took him prisoner and he either perished with them, or is rotting in some dreadful dungeon under the earth, in the hands of these savage beasts.!"

And throwing herself on her pillow once more, she began to weep bitterly.

"Dearest sister," Rosa continued, "I grieve you, I know. Forgive me! I shall do so no longer. Nature is stronger than my will, and the long struggle has exhausted me. Do not weep, sister. Rejoice rather; for in a short time I will put an end to your sufferings. There is happiness for you still, and you must enjoy it!"

And opening the door, she beckoned to a servant and told him to call the Prince.

"Oh! Rosa why pain father by asking him to come to see me? Let him think that I am suffering from some physical weakness. You will remain as his joy and his consolation. Try to brighten his declining years, and restore to him the happiness which I have taken away!"

At this moment Prince Frapolis entered.

"Nina mine," he said, in grief, kissing her passionately on the brow. "Are you in pain, dearest? I hoped this banquet would cheer you up, but I see that it has failed. My daughter, your condition alarms me!"

"Father," said Rosa, "Nina's condition may well alarm you. But cheer up she is saved. Tell me, father, how do you know these two Hungarian nobles who came last night?"

"I saw them in a friend's house in Naples," said the Prince, surprised at the question. "They were represented to me as having just come from Germany."

"Father," continued Rosa, in agony. "The one whom you called Count ——— he is ——— the brigand who carried off Siccardes!"

And as she said these words, she fell on her sister's neck weeping violently, and a few moments after, sank to the ground in a swoon.

The Prince hastened to restore her, and as soon as he succeeded, he called two chamber-maids, and went out himself, returning to the ballroom with a steady step, and a smile on his lips. From it he passed into the card-room, where he conversed with different people, among them a gentleman wearing a uniform, the chief of the Neapolitan police. Then coming to the table where the Hungarians were, he put a few florins on one of their cards.

A few moments afterwards, a servant approached, and told the Hungarian Count privately that a man had come, who wished to speak with him outside. The Count appeared to be slightly upset, and saying that he would return at once, asked Prince Frapolis to watch his card, and went out.

In a little, the same servant came back, and told the other Hungarian in the same way that the Count wished him to come out for a moment. He rose at once, and followed the servant. Neither of them returned.

The ball continued till three o'clock in the morning to the general delight of the guests. Their only regret was that the two young princesses were not yet strong enough to remain the whole time of the banquet, but had retired early.

The alleged Hungarian nobles had been arrested, and conveyed to the police-station, not together, but separately. In a little, after they had been confined in separate cells, the chief of the police came to examine the alleged Count Zagadinos. But he received him insolently, threatening him with all the wrath of the Austrian Government, for daring to lay hands on a Hungarian Count, and showed him his passport.

Then the chief went to M. Baimac, who, on the contrary, cowardly as a brigand, had fallen weeping in a corner. Approaching him, the chief said mildly:

"Don't cry. There is a way in which you can purchase your life. I can guarantee it."

The brigand, hearing these words, sat up, and his eyes sparkled with joy.

"We have arrested you," continued the chief. "Every measure has been taken to prevent your escape. Your companion has confessed everything. But for him there will be no mercy. Help justice by your revelations, and save yourself. Are you willing?"

"Since Capreras has confessed," said the brigand, trembling, "I confess also. But can I be sure about my life?"

"That," said the chief, "depends on the accuracy of your information. Is Count Zagadinos Capreras?"

"Did he not admit that himself?" asked the robber suspiciously.

"He admitted it, and others as you see, have betrayed it," said the chief. "But you must confess also if you would purchase your pardon."

"He is Capreras," answered the Brigand.

"And how has he a Hungarian Count's passport?"

"He slew the Count and his attendant, and so secured his own passport and mine."

', Where has your band its headquarters?"

"Part of it is scattered for the present, part has gone over the hills, where Capreras has conveyed his treasure, and only a few are concealed in the surrounding mountains. They guard the prisoner Siccardes, who is being kept as a hostage, in case anything should happen to our leader."

"Will you hand over Siccardes alive, and save yourself?"

The Brigand was ready for anything which might be required of him; and supplied all the information the chief of police needed.

When the chief said that no mercy would be shown Capreras, he did not lie.

As a terrible example, the authorities had decided to try and execute him within twenty-four hours of his arrest.

So on the morning of the following day, his trial began in strictest secrecy. At the same time the necessary information was given to the police at Rome for the arrest of his accomplices.

About evening of the same day, some men dressed like peasants, but with weapons concealed under their clothes, were climbing some rough uninhabited ravines. They were the chief of police, with soldiers and the brigand, who had been informed that two soldiers had orders, as soon as the slightest signs of treachery appeared, to plunge their daggers into his heart.

Darkness had fallen when they entered a rough, wooded defile, far from any beaten track. When they had proceeded a little, a clear sharp sound was heard from the boughs of a tree; the brigand who accompanied them answered in the same way, and in answer to this signal, the mewing of a cat was heard from the same direction.

The chief of police stationed two soldiers here. A few minutes march revealed on a cliff a little inhabited cottage, which was known in the district as the abode of charcoal burners.

"Who's there?" said a woman's voice from within.

"Charcoal-burners," said the brigand, "Open the door, mother Barbara."

"Oh! charcoal-burners" said the voice, which resembled the snarl of an ill-natured dog. "Won't you give me a moment's peace? You keep bellowing the whole night!"

The door opened violently, and an old crone appeared on the threshold, ragged, dirty, with dishevelled hair, and fierce look, carrying a spluttering lantern in her hand.

"Ah it's you, Perduccis."

"And who are these?" continued the old crone in the same tone, seeing the shadow of the soldiers in the darkness.

"Hold your tongue, Barbara, don't be for ever snarling," replied the brigand. "They are friends of mine. They come from Rome."

And entering with his whole following, he said:

"Where are the wood-cutters?"

"In the oven," answered the crone.

"We must go and introduce the new charcoal-burners to them," he answered.

Then the crone went to the oven, which was in the corner of the dwelling, put her head into the aperture, and cried: The shepherd has come and wants coals!"

In a little, a trap-door, invisible till then, and situated behind the oven, opened in the floor, and two villains emerged, whom Perduccis took aside to speak to.

But while they listened to his words the soldiers rushed upon them, arrested them and the old crone, and gagged their mouths before they could utter a sound.

"Bring the keys here, Paul," he said. You need not foam and bite You can't eat me, my friend. "It's just your luck."

He took the keys, and lighting the torch at a lamp, beckoned to the chief of police, who followed him with a few soldiers through the open trap-door into a dark underground passage, which continued for a long distance.

Within this tunnel they encountered two successive doors, which they opened, arriving at last at a third. In the front of it, Perduccis, beckoning to the soldiers to remain behind and keep silent, extinguished the torch, and plunged the place into darkness.

Then he gave the same cry as he had done within the wood imitating the hoot of an owl, and the same cry was heard from behind the door.

Then came the sound like the mewing of a cat, which Perduccis answered in the same way.

The door opened and showed them the interior of a cave, in the corner of which lay the captive on a bed of rotting straw, and over him stood one of the brigands, brandishing a naked dagger, ready to murder him, if the incomer was not one of their friends.

"Perduccis," said the man who had opened the door.

Then the other guard left the captive, and came forward.

"Yes, it is I," answered Perduccis. "I am sent by the Count to say a few words to the prisoner in private. Go out for a moment."

The two brigands obeyed. But as soon as they went out into the darkness of the passage, they were surrounded by the soldiers, disarmed and bound.

Then the chief of police entered, and took Siccardes into his arms. Siccardes thought they had come to slay him, and rose haughtily to receive the blow like a man.

When he learned the truth, he could scarcely credit his freedom to which he thought he had bade farewell for ever.

Half naked, clad in filthy rags, with a long beard and unkempt hair he was the shadow of his former self, and looked more like the brigands whose sword he had escaped.

After he had embraced the chief of police, and thanked him warmly for his rescue, at the same time interceding for Perduccis, who had helped to bring it about, he followed him out of his dark prison. When he reached the open he filled his lungs with pure air for the first time for many months; then falling on his his knees, he prayed fervently. . . . . .

From the moment hope entertained Nina's heart, it deprived her of peace, and drove sleep from her eyes, instead of her former tears, she was now overpowered by hysterical laughter. She kept her gaze constantly fixed on the door, and at the slightest sound she thought she heard Philip's step.

Rosa had not the same reasons for uneasiness. Yet she was upset, and not herself. The whole day and almost the whole night she walked up and down continually, as if she could not remain at rest for a moment.

On the day following these events in the wood, the door of the sitting-room in which the two sisters were with their father, opened, and Siccardes rushed in, Nina gave a great cry and rushed into his arms, while Prince Frapolis and Rosa hastened to him.

The Prince, taking Nina and Philip by the hand, said:

"Now you are united, never more to part. Nina, you said you would like to be married on the same day as your sister. Are you still of the same mind?"

At this moment a drum was heard to beat, the door opened once more and the chief of police entered in full uniform.

"I have come, your highnesses," he said, "to tell you that you need no longer be afraid."

"We have caught Capreras. The Court has decided to have him executed within the gates of this mansion, the scene of his last crime."

Then Rosa went to Nina and took her by the hand.

"Sister," she said to her, "you wish our marriages to be on the same day. I fulfil your desire. To-day you wed Count Siccardes; I wed Christ, I take the veil!"

"Rosa! what are you saying, Rosa mine!" shrieked Nina, starting up in astonishment.

"What are you saying, daughter!" cried the prince, coming towards Rosa.

Suddenly a loud report was heard, as of many muskets discharged together.

"The brigand Capreras was my saviour in the valley of Santalbos!" cried Rosa, and she fell as one dead into the arms of her father and sister.

J. C. Caldwell, M.A.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Κίμων Μιχαηλίδης.

ΣΑΝ ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΣΑΝ ΠΑΡΑΜΥΘΙ

Ἀθῆναι, Ἔκδοσις "Παναθηναίων," 1907.

Τιμὴ Φρ. 3.

Mr. Cimon Michaelides, the well-known essayist and editor of our valuable contemporary in Athens, "*Panathenaia*," gives in this little book a series of short stories and sketches, which are characterised by the mingling of a tender poetical colour with a fine power of realistic psychological observation, while the style in which the stories are written is most beautiful and charming.

Apart from poetry, it is this style of composition which has been chiefly cultivated by Greek writers of the last quarter of a century, and some of them have developed a degree of refinement and excellence, which does not suffer by comparison with works of the same character produced in other European countries.

We cannot give a better idea of Mr. Michaelides' work than by reproducing a portion of one of his "prose poems," as his stories should more correctly be termed.

LOVE AND SORROW.

AKTE.

Why, under these bright skies, does sorrow find a place? Why are sad thoughts surging in your soul, or seeking in affright to hide from day in the depths of your eyes?

CHARES.

It is Nature's law; our souls are wearied by unending joy, and reluctant we are gathered into the outstretched arms of sorrow. A beautiful vision from far away flits past and touches our lives, and henceforth our soul yearns ever for its repose; and our vain dreams seek for it evermore in all things—in nature, in art, and in love.

AKTE.

But love is unsatisfying.

CHARES.

What else is life but love? For the eager tenderness of love enfolds all things. Sorrow itself is love; it is but the love of the unattained, and the pursuit of a dream which flies our embrace. Love is that which man ever desires, and after many wanderings through life, at last he turns to its open arms.

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