

**Fifty Years of
War and Diplomacy
in the Balkans**

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PASHICH AND THE UNION
OF THE YUGOSLAVS

By

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Translated by

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To President Nicholas Murray Butler

DEAR PRESIDENT BUTLER:

Is it not quite natural that I should set down your name at the beginning of this book?

It was at your invitation that I spent many happy months as Carnegie Visiting Professor at the state universities of Texas, Iowa, Michigan, and Wisconsin. There, especially at Ann Arbor and at Madison, I assembled for the first time—for the purposes of my teaching—my views on the birth of Yugoslav national sentiment, on the struggle for independence waged by the oppressed nationalities in Austria-Hungary, and on the lengthy and sterile Italo-Yugoslav quarrels at the Peace Conference of 1919.

In Wisconsin I was actually fortunate enough to encounter American citizens of Yugoslav origin who became so interested in my lectures that they expressed the desire to see them reproduced in volume form.

Here, then, is the book they asked for. Today, as I see it completely written, I still hear a friendly reproach of yours concerning another of my books, *Europe and Europeans*. At times, you told me, I was apt to take for granted my readers' knowledge of certain facts, and therefore I did not trouble to repeat them but contented myself with making what I deemed a new contribution.

To be sure, I found your reproach highly flattering. If I recall it today, the reason is that I fear I deserve it in that portion of this new book where I demonstrate—perhaps to implicitly—how disastrous it proved for Italy (and I dare say for the world as well) that her representatives at the Paris Conference should have concentrated exclusively upon certain Adriatic claims, most of which were profitless for my country, instead of busying themselves with more essential problems.

Italy indeed was the only Great Power in Europe whose vital

interests might and should have urged her to take her stand resolutely beside Woodrow Wilson for the practical and solid creation of an organized world, putting an end to the excessive anarchy of national States. France was too deeply entangled in her past, her fears, and her rancors to be able to play this role. Great Britain possessed such vast imperial interests that—quite wrongly—she considered them sufficient unto her task. Italy alone might readily have identified her most vital interests with those of a Wilsonian peace.

Borgese, now professor at the University of Chicago but at the time of the Paris Conference closely associated with the discussions between Orlando and Wilson, proves powerfully in his recent book, *Goliath, the March of Fascism*, that had Wilson had Italy beside him, he might have been able to return to Washington with a better treaty, and very likely then the opposition of the United States Senate would not have succeeded in destroying his work; the world today would then not be exposed to new catastrophes threatening to destroy our civilization.

My book relates how, having become Foreign Minister in Italy long after Wilson's return to America, I was able to settle the quarrel still persisting between Italy and Yugoslavia by concluding a peace both conformable to the Wilsonian principles and serviceable to the interests of my country and of peace. Fascism has not dared to break the peace I offered in 1920 to the Yugoslavs. Does it not prove that for a treaty to be solid what is needed is mutual comprehension?

One word more: I hope that those who are going to read this book will not find that I have proved overkindly toward the Balkan peoples. Western Europeans entertain too ready a contempt for the adventures and the somber diplomacy of the Balkans. I consider no book quite bootless which leads us to recognize that what happened in the Balkans was, up to 1914, the result of bitter struggles for influence conducted by the various European cabinets, especially those of Vienna and St. Petersburg. The Balkans

appeared to be the actors; they were in reality but pawns in a game that was being played in the capitals of the Great Powers.

In Europe I have quoted many times—it was so necessary!—your famous definition of the International Mind: “The international mind is nothing else than that habit of thinking of foreign relations and business, and that habit of dealing with them, which regard the several nations of the civilized world as friendly and co-operating equals aiding the progress of civilization, in developing commerce and industry, and in spreading enlightenment and culture throughout the world.”

It was more than enough for my old continent.

But here where I am so happy to be after having seen in Europe unforgettable horrors of death, cowardice, and hatreds, I wonder whether we cannot be even more optimistic and add explicitly what is implicit in your words: that any judgment, any study of another people, is fruitless unless it is based on human sympathy; that love alone sees clearly. That is why we may be sure that the Fascist and Nazi dictators do not see clearly, in spite of their long sequel of successful invasions, from Spain to Rumania. But, meanwhile, French marshals, naïvely hoping to appease their victors, suppress the old republican formula *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, and the dictators impose slavery instead of liberty, pseudo-racial brutality instead of equality, wars and conquests instead of fraternity. Sure as I am of the ultimate ruin of all Fascist dictatorships, am I not right, dear President Butler, when I say that we Western Europeans have no reasons for looking down at the Balkans, their wars, their hatreds?

Sincerely yours,

SFORZA

Union College,
Schenectady, N. Y.
October 30, 1940

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**Fifty Years of
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I

THE SERBS BEFORE 1848

ELEVEN YEARS before the birth of Nicholas Pashich, Lamartine visited Serbia. He foresaw future developments in that land much more plainly than did the diplomats of his time. The scene he pictured of this free, new people offers a perfect synthesis of his impressions.

Stopping at a typical Serbian cottage, he observed a youthful matron nursing her twin babies, while a third child played on the ground at her feet. The *pope*, or parish priest, and a few villagers stood in a circle around Lamartine. He heard them speak of their increasing well-being under a free government, of the forests they were clearing, of the wooden houses springing up in the valleys, and of the schools opening up in village after village.

Lamartine voiced his admiration; the peasants about him felt "proud and happy . . . their eyes shone, and their cheeks were flushed with fervor for their native land—as if the glory and liberty of all Serbs were the pride of each one of them."*

Just then the husband of the young mother came home from the fields, bowed to his guest with an air at once respectful and proud, and settled down beside the others to listen to the story the *pope* was relating about the wars of independence. When the *pope* came to the battle of Nish, and told of the banners wrested from the Turkish host by a handful of Serbs, the father took his beautiful babies out of their mother's arms, and, raising them high above him, cried:

"These are soldiers for Milosh! So long as our women are fruitful, the forests of Sumadija will not want for free Serbs!"

* Lamartine's pages on Serbia form the last chapter of his *Voyage en Orient*.

At the time of Pashich's birth, the entire Serbian population dwelt in villages, only a few of which dared lay claim to the title of townships. A certain Venetian merchant of this period recorded his impressions of a journey by land from Venice to Constantinople. Of Serbia, where he scarcely tarried, he merely remarked:

As soon as you come to a town of the slightest importance, it is inhabited wholly by Turks; the Serbs would appear to have withdrawn in order to lead a free life, among their own kind, in villages that lie buried deep in the distant valleys. Your traveler gathers the impression that they loathe going into town, even though it may mean selling their crops at a greater profit.

Thus, even as the *haiduks* in their aeries on the mountain tops maintained the martial traditions of the race of Marko Kraljevich, so the peasants, resigned yet obdurate, kept alive the flame of the traditions, beliefs, and aspirations of the Serbian people.

It was in one of these big villages—Zajechar, by name—that Nicholas Pashich was born, on St. Nicholas Day, December 19, 1845. This, at all events, is the date indicated in the few autobiographical notes which he began to dictate in 1920, and which he was soon to abandon from very boredom. However, failing a record of baptism, and even a birth certificate, the date of his birth remains uncertain. It may have been in 1846, as some affirm. When any one sought to settle this point with Pashich in his old age, he invariably waived the question with a gesture and a smile: "That is quite unimportant," he would say.

Any one even vaguely familiar with the story of the Serbian renaissance may readily evoke the pristine atmosphere that lies deep under the present aspect of the rich, flourishing city of Zajechar. Around the city, where today railway lines trace their furrows in all directions over the plain, there were then but fields. Within the city, the present position of houses and streets shows plainly how Zajechar was developed at random, chiefly following the growth of a family. Nicholas Pashich as a child saw families living in tribal unison and watched houses, his own included, grow-

ing room by room as successive marriages and births ordained. He saw the head of the family surrounded by a veneration so religious as completely to efface the role of the juniors. On feast days, Pashich, as an adolescent, followed the *popes* as they led the long procession of crosses and banners through the fields to secure the blessing of the Lord and Savior. On the site of today's sumptuous *lycée*, that same young Serb, avid for learning, doubtless found it difficult indeed to discover a *pope* sufficiently educated to teach him the rudiments of what then represented the culture of a Serbian village. But he easily learned the national folk songs that welled up, fraught with epic life, from the hearts of the Serbian minstrels.

Concerning these songs, Lamartine tells the following story: Traveling one day in open country, he met a group of youths and girls walking down the road, singing ballads which, the poet easily understood, were national airs.

"What words do they sing?" he asked the Greek dragoman who accompanied him.

"*Hospodar*," the interpreter answered. "My Lord, they are singing words too foolish for me to bother to repeat to a Frank."

"Never mind; translate the words exactly for me."

"Well, then, the words are: 'God bless the waters of Morava, for they have drowned the enemies of the Serbs; God multiply the acorns of the oaks of Sumadija, for every tree is a Serb.'"

"What do those words mean?"

"*Hospodar*, they mean this: In the war, the trunks of these oaks stood the Serbs in good stead for ramparts. Their forests were, and still are, their boon companions in action, and they love them like brothers. What is more, Prince Milosh, their present ruler, has had so many trees felled to lay the long road we are now following through these forests, that the old Serbs have often cursed him for it. To fell oaks, they hold, is to kill men. In Serbia, trees and men are friends."

Though Pashich was born three years before the great liberal

upheaval of 1848, which was to reverberate even among the remotest Serbian outposts, he nevertheless enjoyed what I have always considered to be a stroke of good fortune. Was he not lucky enough to spend his childhood in close contact with a world which, a generation or two later, appeared to newcomers as a mythical age? Was he not lucky indeed to have seen two worlds? Only a man so placed, and capable of understanding the signs of life, can acquire that innate sense of history which at every turn enables him to discern so usefully what is episodic and transitory. This sense Pashich possessed to the highest degree. That serene persistence of his throughout the years to come, his certitude that time itself was working as his ally, so that what seemed to be his own personal or political vicissitudes were in reality the destiny of his people, sprang from the earliest, most distant memories of his life.

Further, both at Zajechar and at Negotin, where his parents found other schoolmasters for him, and, again, somewhat later at Kragujevac, where he got his secondary schooling, young Pashich met Serbian volunteers who had gone to the help of their brothers in Hungary in 1848, in the revolt against the Magyars. Thus the earliest and most vivid impressions of his youth and of his adolescence were of stories he heard about Serbs at war against the Austrian empire.

His parents' generation, moreover, had given Serbia that atmosphere of equalitarian liberty to which Nicholas Pashich remained faithful all his life. No vast differences of fortune existed, and, almost everywhere, there was scant leisure. Everywhere, too, the people, in frank speech, passed severe judgment upon the Prince's actions the moment these seemed to be abusive. It is more than likely that young Pashich witnessed a few of those deliberative assemblies held in days of Milosh Obrenovich, assemblies in which the Prince explained his policy, and justified measures which, in his presence, had been attacked for their excessive rigor. Over these assemblies reigned that noble, grave familiarity of men who till the fields in a country which has recovered its freedom—that noble,

The Serbs before 1848

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grave familiarity characteristic of the Serbs, in contrast to the Slavic peasants of Hungary, who cringed and groveled before the contemptuous feudal violence of the Magyar overlords.

Pashich was lucky enough to grow up among armed plowmen. That innate dignity of his he acquired neither in foreign courts nor in grand tours of the continent; it rose from the atmosphere to which he was born, from the pastoral, devoutly religious people who were his own. Did not patriarchal standards insure freedom and independence for each and every individual? Did not their very recent memories of wars waged for independence quite naturally inspire that quiet courage which filled every Serbian heart?

2

ZURICH

THERE WAS yet another stroke of good fortune in Pashich's early life: he was lucky enough to belong to the Sopovi, an ethnical group which constitutes the majority of the population between the Sofia basin and Morava. In the Serbia of those days, as in the Serbia of our own, the Sopovi have ever been regarded as particularly fitted to succeed in the liberal professions and in politics. In this respect, they are kin to the Macedonian *cinvari* and to the *uzichani* of the west, or, in the restricted realm of politics, to the Piedmontese and the Sicilians in Italy or the men of Toulouse in France before her collapse of 1940.

Thus it is scarcely surprising that, first at Kragujevac, and later at the Faculty of Sciences of the University of Belgrade, young Pashich lost no time in distinguishing himself as an exceptional student, not only by his success in his studies, but also for his evident earnestness and moral fiber. In his student years in Belgrade, his father died, and the whole family's modest income disappeared. For a while Nicholas Pashich was afraid that he might be forced to interrupt his studies. But as he was passionately interested in mathematics, he determined to pursue his work in that field. For this purpose, he summoned the strength to support himself by tutoring wealthier students in the evening, after his own studies were done. And while earning his living, he won first place in an open competition for scholarships for university study abroad. This proved to be his salvation. He chose to attend the Polytechnic School at Zurich, then even more famous than it is now, because the engineering schools of Turin, Ghent, and elsewhere had not

yet attained the celebrity they were to enjoy in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

According to marks still standing upon his student record in the archives of the school, Pashich was reported by his teachers to be "particularly gifted in mathematical and physical sciences and in theoretical subjects in general." The certificate attesting the completion of his studies and indicating the brilliant results of his work bears the date March 28, 1872.

Pashich always treasured grateful memories of the years he spent at Zurich. Certainly he had good cause to be proud of them, for he labored doggedly there, while the many other Russian, Polish and Serbian students spent more time in taverns discussing politics than in pursuing their university studies. Switzerland—and especially Zurich, where Bakunin, the theorist of anarchy, had just taken up his residence—was then the center of vast currents of internationalist idealism. Consequently, students, save for exceptional characters like Pashich, permitted their academic work to suffer.

Sometimes Serbian students wishing to work in a center of German studies chose Berlin, more rarely Vienna. At Berlin the reception accorded to Balkan students was one of a somewhat protective benevolence. One day in the old cemetery of the Friedrichswerder and of the Dorotheenstrasse district in Berlin, close to the graves of Fichte and of Hegel, I happened to come upon the grave of a young Serbian who died about 1866. His tombstone bore the following legend, written in German and in Serbian:

Here lie the mortal remains of a young Serb who came from his native land to Berlin in order to drink at the fount of science in the universities of Germany; he succumbed to the rigors of the climate. May it be a source of consolation to his fellow students and to the youth of Serbia to know that he reposes beside the two greatest thinkers of Germany.

Pashich doubtless felt more at ease in democratic, unsentimental Zurich than he would have in a country where the dead found consolation in being buried in close proximity to Hegel.

Mazzini won many enthusiastic disciples in Switzerland, but he never succeeded in recruiting one from among the youth of Germany. How much more inconceivable, a Bakunin in Berlin, creating a utopian atmosphere about him! Bakunin preached the doctrine of the destruction of the state. The entire state, he averred, was but an organ of oppression; its power must therefore be broken; this done, a system of anarchical communism would automatically spring into being.

The struggles between Marx's disciples and the partisans of Bakunin, which rose at that time to the virulence of theological feuds, did not greatly interest young Pashich. But Bakunin and his circle provided him with a kind of window opening out on a vast world—a window undreamed of by anyone in Serbia. Bakunin had just arrived in Zurich from Locarno, and had been adopted by a group of Russian students. Young zealots that they were, they fed him, clothed him, and followed him as he went strolling through the Zurich streets wearing a soft, wide-brimmed hat adorned with a red ribbon. Marx poked fun at his rival, calling him the "pope of Locarno." But with all his theories—in sum they were no more than an exaggeration *à la Russe* of Rousseau's ancient tenet that man is born naturally good—Bakunin possessed a sort of instinctive knowledge of life far superior to the dogmatic certitudes of Marx.

"Remember," he wrote one day to his pupil Ralli, after one of those quarrels which were endlessly arising between the "brothers" of Zurich, "remember that revolution invariably presents three-fourths fantasy and one-fourth reality. . . . Life, my friend, is always far broader than any doctrine."

Therein lay the secret of his persistent youth and of the prestige which he continuously exercised over persons of an intellectual value superior to his own. Contrary to Marx, he received criticisms with serenity. In Zurich, one evening, young Pashich summed up his doubts in a formula which might well have presaged his future realism. Bakunin, who appreciated the silent young Serb, was urging him to devote himself to the "cause."

"I like you, I even admire you," Pashich answered at last, "but I find myself quite unable to adopt your certitudes, as I cannot see clearly what is to be substituted for existing conditions once your social revolution is accomplished."

Then as though to apologize for his boldness, he added: "I am studying to be a civil engineer, you know, and I would not allow myself to tear down a house unless I saw what I might build up in its place."

Bakunin did not lose his temper. Later when his resources were exhausted and he was preparing to leave Zurich to return to Locarno, he declared to his circle: "Of all these young men here, probably silent Pashich alone will be called some day to play a great political role in his native land."

The young student's maturity of outlook is evidenced by an article which he wrote at this time. From Zurich he had managed to spend a holiday in Paris, the brilliant, happy Paris which was theatrically apotheosized in the World Exposition of 1867. But Pashich sensed fully what was factitious and corrupt in Napoleon III's regime and assembled his findings in an article which he sent to the newspaper, *Serbia*. It was his first political writing. What is more (and the fact is not without moral significance), his mistrust of the Napoleonic regime had not made him an admirer of Prussia. On the contrary, after Sedan, he was deeply touched by the misfortunes of the French, largely because of the vitality which the democratic parties displayed. He and his friends would spend long afternoons visiting the French soldiers interned in Zurich. At one time, he actually thought of following the example of Peter Karageorgevich and enrolling, together with other young Serbs, as a volunteer in the French army.

"Only the realization that I was staying in Zurich at the government's expense held me back," he once declared towards the close of his life. "I felt that I would have been breaking my contract if I had failed to complete my studies."

BOSNIA IN FLAMES

AT ZURICH, Pashich and his companions had dreamed of a free country, of a land generous and kindly to the humble.

Reality proved disappointing indeed. But his very first concern was to earn his living, so Pashich joined the ministry of public works as engineer. At once he was intrusted with the task of building the railway line from Belgrade to Aleksinac. This was the first railway to be built in Serbia.

Perhaps, with his passion for labor of this sort, his life might have been quite different had peace allowed him to continue directing the building of railroads and the execution of other works that furthered the economic development of his country. But in 1875 the inhabitants of Bosnia rose up against the Turks. Immediately Pashich began to organize meetings in favor of aiding the Serbian brothers who dwelt in Bosnia. The newspaper to which he contributed, *Liberation*, even went so far as to demand that Serbia actively support the insurgents. Determined to throw himself heart and soul into the struggle, Pashich decided to give up his post in the ministry of public works; until he had resigned, he did not feel free to act according to his own ideas. One friend alone followed suit. The rest of his friends among the government officials preferred to play the dual role of agitator and apparently loyal employee.

To be sure, with that combination of idealism and practicality which had already marked his youth, Pashich must have thought—indeed, he was to acknowledge the fact later—that his resignation would permit him to stand as candidate for election to the legislature. The same idea occurred to the government; it refused to

accept Pashich's resignation. But he was allowed to proceed to Bosnia, there to distribute among the rebels such aid as he had been able to secure.

His travels through a Bosnia in flames left a profound imprint upon his spirit. From a thousand signs which, with his trained sense of observation, he was quick to read aright, Pashich was the first to understand that the Austro-Hungarian government, following a line not yet clarified, was getting ready to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina. From this impression sprang a second of almost prophetic savor, to wit: "What the Turks were to our fathers, the Austrians will become to ourselves, unless we organize a resistance against the encirclement of our country which is now being planned in Vienna."

When he returned to Serbia after his ever-arduous and frequently perilous travels through Bosnia, Pashich had finally identified the Austrophilia of the new Serbian prince, Milan, with every mortal danger to the Serbian fatherland. As a result, he plunged heart and soul into the political struggle.

A new cabinet with Kaljevich for premier was firmly opposed to any form of military intervention in Bosnia, a policy which it would be difficult to consider erroneous. But the members of the government only partially escaped the patriotic fervor that was sweeping over the country. They felt very loath to strike at journals and at men who were struggling in behalf of the Serbian ideal. In order to conciliate prudence and patriotism, they devised a series of internal reforms, the first of which was intended to relax the pressure hitherto exerted upon the press.

What happened was what invariably happens to regimes that lack a firm moral basis. The masses made the most of the new dispensation and pushed far beyond official governmental opinion. In the municipal elections, held according to a new law, the candidates supported by Pashich and his group were victorious at Kragujevac: public meetings celebrated this victory with due enthusiasm, and processions followed the red flag. At the time, all

the "old guard," the dyed-in-the-wool Conservatives, associated this banner with the so-called horrors of the Paris Commune; it was only sixty years later that people were to realize how very slight indeed these were compared with the real horrors perpetrated by Thiers's soldiery the moment it occupied Paris in the name of law and order.

A new cabinet, formed by Pashich, speedily backed water; the law on the press was suspended, and Pashich's newspaper suppressed. A violent reaction placed most of Pashich's friends in prison. Doubtless he would have joined them there; but when Milan and Ristich decreed a mobilization, he was called to serve as a private in a detachment of engineers, and dispatched towards the frontier.

It spelled war, the luckless Serbo-Montenegrin war of 1876 against Turkey. The few local successes obtained by the Montenegrins could not compensate for the ill fate of the Serbs, whose ranks had been swelled by numerous Russian volunteers. Moreover the high command of the Serbian forces was intrusted to a Russian general. Possibly this fact did not contribute to the morale of the Serbs on the field of battle; the orders and the psychology which serve for the Russian masses are not what is requisite for warlike but individualistic people like the Serbs.

Be that as it may, Pashich was soon singled out by the high command and commissioned to erect fortifications before the towns along the border. While he was engaged in this task, the Turkish victory at Aleksinac forced Milan to ask the Emperor of Russia for protection, and the latter was able to wrest an armistice from the Sublime Porte. By the time Russia declared war on Turkey, the Serbian government had already perforce resigned itself to making an inglorious peace with the Porte on a basis of the *status quo*.

A new mobilization, a revolt in the army, and a second declaration of war upon Turkey followed. All this kept Pashich busy in the army, and although he was uninformed about diplomatic nego-

tiations, he felt instinctively that his country lacked leadership and unanimity of purpose.

As is well known, the Treaty of San Stefano (1878) gave Serbia only Nish and Pirot. At the Congress of Berlin the Serbian delegates had bitter cause to observe how indifferent the great powers, including Russia, had become to the fate of their country. From then onward, Milan ceased to hesitate; he became the tool of Vienna.

Pashich returned to Belgrade, disgusted but not discouraged; his best friends had emigrated into Vojvodine. First, he established himself at Pozharevac, where he found a modest position as city engineer. While there he was offered the post of professor of geodesy at the graduate school in Belgrade. If professorial rank had been granted him, his life might well have taken a different course, but the government twice refused to ratify his nomination to the faculty. Pashich has himself related how he went to call on the premier, Ristich, to protest against his exclusion. Ristich merely replied:

“How can I allow you to hold a chair here? All our students, even those in the other courses, would end up by becoming your followers!”

At the elections in 1878, Pashich was returned as deputy from Zajechar. The choice was much more a plebiscite for the man himself than for the ideas he represented. He had now learned how to speak to the peasants, but, what was more important, he had learned how to adapt his ideas to the mentality and the needs of the Serbs. Those ideas were the same he had professed during the first years of his return to Serbia from Zurich: he championed a national revolution and the liberation of all fellow Serbs as a basis for the permanent establishment of liberty.

Prince Milan's government caused his election and that of a dozen of his friends to be canceled. Surprise dates within ninety-six hours were set for elections to the posts thus vacated; nonetheless, the same names once again swept the polls.

In 1881, Pashich and his collaborators drew up their battle front,

forming the Serbian National Radical party, with a platform calling for the establishment of the parliamentary system within Serbia and the liberation and union of all fellow Serbs across the border.

Here was a tacit challenge to Turkey and to Austria-Hungary. Here, too, was an open challenge to Milan, who both feared his new opponents and mocked them, since, as he observed to the foreign diplomats, these opponents were so witless as to defy two great powers at once.

Thenceforward, Pashich was to know no personal life; thenceforward until his death, save for his period of exile under Milan's regime (1883 to 1889), his story was merged with the history of the Serbian people.

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KING MILAN

WHAT MANNER of man, then, was this Milan, whom Pashich still mentioned with contempt and disgust at an age when, no longer surprised by anything, the great statesman was beyond entertaining any feelings of hatred?

At the height of the World War, when Prince Sixte de Bourbon was secretly negotiating in Paris for a separate peace, Pashich and I were discussing certain reports that had reached us concerning the character and activities of the Prince. Having sought for the very basest terms to employ, not so much about the maladroit Bourbon prince as about certain extremely shady aspects of the negotiations, Pashich could think of no apter comment than: "It's the same rotten sort of business King Milan used to engage in!"

Those Serbs who revere Pashich's memory have inherited his feelings towards the last but one of the Obrenoviches. Other Serbs, even men of high moral worth, still maintain that the wrongs and misunderstandings lay more or less on both sides. But, in western Europe, opinion is from now on unanimous upon this one point: among the numerous tragic dates in the history of Serbia, one of those most pregnant with dire consequences was June 10, 1868. That day, Prince Michael Obrenovich, a good sovereign, perished at the hands of a band of assassins; but worse, that day saw his cousin Milan, the grandson of a somewhat retiring brother of his father, old Milosh, succeed to the throne.

At the time of his predecessor Michael's death, the man who was, in 1882, to exchange his princely crown for a royal one was still a student at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand at Paris. A mere official of the prefecture of police came to apprise him of his succession as reign-

ing prince. At the outset, Milan was surrounded by a Council of Regents; he did not enjoy plenary powers before 1872. Three years later, he married beautiful Natalie Kechko, daughter of a Russian colonel of Bessarabian extraction. Later, writing of her to one of his mistresses,—one whom I used frequently to see in her old age at Constantinople, for she was of an honorable Phanariot family—Milan said: “Xantippe was an angel of devotion compared to this Russo-Rumanian fury. Thrice damned be the day I led her to the altar!”

When I was a young attaché at the Italian embassy in Constantinople, I also knew the natural son born to Milan and his Greek mistress. I used to meet him at tennis parties at the Austro-Hungarian embassy at Yenikeui on the Bosphorus. Like his father, he was not lacking in social talents; but we felt that he was unreliable; indeed, he reduced his mother to despair. And he would speedily have sunk socially had not the members of the Austro-Hungarian embassy been ordered by their ambassador, Baron von Calice, to maintain him in their midst. The fact is worth recalling because it proves that in 1903 or 1904 Vienna's diplomats were eager to extend a protective hand over young Joko's head. Incidentally, he was to die some time later, after a brief, adventurous career. For a while he was actually a super in a circus.

In 1888 Milan divorced Natalie. To the honor of the Serbs, it must be stated that none of them favored this step, and Milan himself decreed the dissolution of his marriage in a letter which he caused to be published in the *Official Journal*.

On March 6, 1889, he abdicated in favor of his son, Alexander, for whom he had no love whatever and to whom, in his letters to the same Greek mistress, he never referred save as “the little wormlet.” After frequenting all the race tracks of Europe for two years—he was known there as “le rastaquouère” or “the cad”—he repaired to Belgrade in quest of money. Here he paused only long enough to wring three million francs gold from the wretched Serbian tax-payers. Then he left once again, in 1892, swearing this

time never to return to Serbia; he even renounced his title of prince and his Serbian citizenship. But, on January 21, 1894, he broke his word, and returned to Belgrade where a weakling government re-invested him "in all his rights and duties."

It would be irrelevant to give an account here of the reign of Milan. The most benevolent historian could do no better than draw up the balance sheet as follows:

Credit: the annexation of the district of Nish, with a population of thirty-eight thousand, and with five hundred kilometers of railways.

Debit: three wars which spelled three defeats, and a liability of two hundred and fifty million francs gold—in a country which had never before known a public debt.

But this balance sheet does not take into account those imponderable quantities which, by their own virtue, constituted the most onerous elements of Milan's rule—a rule tending, all in all, to destroy any moral elevation in his country and to make his subjects consider corruption and betrayal as the normal forms of political life. For Milan believed every man's conscience was for sale; like Walpole, he doubtless thought the whole problem lay in setting the appropriate price.

Occasionally, here and there, foreigners have chanced to speak of Milan with a certain sympathy; I myself, as a young attaché, have heard old ambassadors sing his praises. It was his wit and his cynicism that won these occidentals over to the man; he never disguised his faults as virtues, but rather carried his knavery so far as to stress his bad points. Once, he even made this confession to a personage who belonged to a very old Italian family: "At bottom, I am a cad—I know it."

Thus, as cads never confess to their caddishness, such a statement was bound to please the hearer. But of what earthly value could such adroit social graces be to the peasants of Serbia? For them, the remark, coming from their ruler, was merely an additional insult.

The strength and the popularity of the Serbian Radical party lay

primarily in the implacable struggle which it waged against this type of corrupt corruptor. In fact, it was the moral baseness and the economic ruin into which Milan's rule plunged the country that determined Pashich and his friends, towards the close of 1880, to set up an opposition throughout the country. On January 8, 1881, the first number of the newspaper *Samouprava** appeared. Here the National Radical party published its platform. In this document, written by Pashich with the collaboration of several friends, the new party demanded the freedom of the press, the right of assembly, freedom of association, guarantees of personal liberty, administrative autonomy for the various municipalities, and, finally, in a clause directed against Milan's squandering, a radical reduction of state expenditure.

It was not only in the administration of the country that the Radical party platform measured up to the conscious and unconscious aspirations of the Serbian people. The challenge flung down by a group of decent persons, whom Milan's corruption had proved powerless to sully, satisfied the peasant's instincts of saving and his sense of tradition; he responded to the demand for a simpler and more economical administration, for a division of the state into communes and *arrondissements* enjoying maximum local autonomy instead of the costly state prefecture imposed by the prince's fears for the safety of his own regime. The Serbs, in the best moments of their history, have never sought more than that.

The ambitious—those who had been reared western-fashion—joyfully hailed the new program for its "single chamber, elected by universal and direct suffrage," sitting at appointed dates and enjoying exclusive fullness of legislative power. Every Serb who read the statement of the Radical party's foreign policy was moved by it—despite or because of the long years of subjection to Austria-Hungary under Milan. Following lines at once sane and clear, the party called for a stronger army in order to enable the nation to

* The best translation of the word is not "autonomy" but rather "self-government."

fulfill its external mission. It wanted immediate agreement with the Bulgarians and Montenegrins, with the distant ideal of a complete Balkan federation. Finally, the party sought to organize intellectual propaganda among the Serbs who were "not yet delivered," and who were still fatally subjected to "foreign influences."

Such was the program of the Radical party in its beginnings; such it remained throughout Pashich's life.

Through a contradiction which worked to the advantage of his party's strength, Pashich, who had preached administrative decentralization as consistent with the traditions and attitude of his people, imposed upon the party a centralization which increased the strength of his directing committee a hundredfold. Indeed, the statutes of the Radical party as dictated by Pashich established a hierarchy of committees interlinked like the circles of Dante's *Inferno*. In the communes which formed the base of the structure, the "Serbian citizenry, men and women," elected a communal committee of five members; the presidents and vice-presidents of these committees formed the *arrondissement* committees, from which, by the same procedure, departmental committees were formed. At the summit of the hierarchy sat a central committee of twenty-seven members, elected by a procedure so ingenious that it assured permanence of party leadership to the most representative personalities. This committee not only governed party funds and designated candidates for the elections, but it also exercised the right to exclude such members as might, by their conduct, harm "the prestige of the party."

When, further, it is recalled that every member bound himself to help the party financially in proportion to his resources and to vote at elections for candidates designated by the central committee, it may readily be seen what a formidable machine of influence Pashich and his friends had at their disposal during long years. When I was ambassador in France, I had occasion to study practically the organization of the French Radical party, which French Conservatives have so often declared to be the master of France.

King Milan

The organization of the French Radical party is but child's play compared to that of the old Serbian Radical party.

King Milan's ministers exercised the worst forms of pressure; they found new ones for even Serbia, where, in the matter of pressure, it would seem that everything had already been invented. For they were determined to prevent the formation of a Radical majority. In several centers, bloody conflicts broke out between the constabulary and the electors friendly to Pashich. But with characteristic coolness, Pashich managed to create one of those states of collective fever which political jargon a half century later was to call a "mystique." Like Francis II, Silvio Pellico's jailer at Spielberg, Milan might have repeated:

"Totus mundus delirat, vult novas constitutiones habere" (all the world is mad and wishes to have new constitutions).

The enthusiasm of the Serbian masses had once more been awakened. This enthusiasm had flourished only two generations before, when lively and fresh poetry of epic inspiration was still flowing from its popular source. In the elections held on September 7, 1883, Pashich won a complete victory. In the Skupshtina, an imposing majority was ready to follow him. Consequently, as the country owned parliamentary traditions, the chief of state could call no one but Pashich. The mass of the country, except the conquered groups, wished for no one but Pashich.

Here was one of those happy cases which occur more than once in history, where a people feels instinctively that a leader with qualities opposed to its own is apter to rule it usefully. With just such feelings, the witty, skeptical Neapolitans of 1860 adored Cavour—Cavour who despised all the flowers of rhetoric. Similarly, the Serbs under King Milan understood how important the silent Pashich was to their native land.

Almost all Serbians discourse with ease and warmth. There is nothing strange in this, for Serbia, as I have remarked, is the only country in Europe where popular poetry, until but yesterday, was the living expression of the soul of the people. But side by side with

this artistic wealth, runs a fundamental layer of melancholy, of pessimism, which we Latins lazily term Slavic (a label which explains to us what we do not understand), and which is perhaps but the mark of sufferings endured throughout centuries.

Now Pashich never seemed to be a poet—though in truth he was—and he lacked eloquence. Above all, he had never been either pessimistic or discouraged. His serenity and his faith in the future inspired confidence in all those around him. The Serbs recognized themselves in his person, but, at the same time, recognized that he possessed qualities too often wanting in themselves. Thenceforward, they gave him their full confidence.

Milan was suspicious for just that reason. Pashich was not only too popular; he was too active and too ambitious. Above all, Milan mistrusted the man himself. Pashich, who was under forty years of age, led too simple a life, and there was obviously nothing in common between them either upon intellectual or moral grounds. The skeptical Milan's much-vaunted charm and his smart witticisms were lost upon this young, taciturn mathematician, who had nothing brilliant about him and who was interested exclusively in the progress of his peasant people.

Milan therefore did not hesitate; he formed a business cabinet, which was destined to become a fighting government. Pashich remained in opposition, and was soon to earn the death sentence, which caused him to flee into exile.

It is idle to build history with "ifs" like the Pascalian "if" on the length of Cleopatra's nose. It is therefore idle to speculate upon what might have happened to Pashich and what he might have produced, had he been spared so many tribulations. Yet during his enforced halts at Corfu, in the course of our conversations on Serbia's past, across a thousand detached remarks, Pashich would finish by opening to me, even more than perhaps he imagined, the thought deep in his heart. And I am sure I am right when I affirm that he considered his exile as a painful episode, but one necessary to his formation. Success too rapidly gained might well have left him

without that tried and tested character which, raising him above the politicians, made him a true leader. In this instance, I am chary of saying "statesman," because since 1918 demagogic parlance has applied that word to any individual who, rising to power, immediately betrays all his previous convictions. Exile undermines and destroys, or at least embitters, men of average spirit. But such men as prefer to keep faith with their ideals, and who are willing to spurn vulgar facile triumphs, cannot but emerge strengthened from the ordeal of exile.

This is what happened in Pashich's case.

EXILE

SERBIANS, in general, agree to credit Milan with one accomplishment: he created a permanent army. But his reasons for doing so were purely personal. Never once did he vaguely suggest that he dreamed of the day when a Serbian army might possibly fight for the freedom and union of the South Slavs.

The old traditional Serbian army, the army which proved its valor in the wars for liberation from the Turks, was simply the peasantry in arms. Pashich, who had touched the peasants' hearts and welded their disparate mistrusts and their hatreds of Milan's regime into a single, disciplined whole, was in a fair way of becoming the true head of the old army. In order to ward off this danger, Milan created the permanent army. It was quite natural for him to do so. The only matter for surprise was the excessive suddenness and incompetence with which he proceeded to disarm the peasant masses forming the old army. For he gave the impression that he was desperately afraid that the young leader's genuine prestige might speedily supplant the theoretic prestige of his sovereign.

How did Milan fail to appreciate the difficulty of demanding that the Serbian peasantry disarm, when their fathers refused to do so under pressure of the Turkish pashas? We are almost led to wonder whether he did not provoke the clash in order to place himself in a position to exercise repression.

The peasant is notoriously patient; but any patience that may have remained in the hearts of the inhabitants of Sumadija yielded to their instinctive love of liberty and their hatred of the government. The Sumadijans never lose their tempers but for a purpose. Neither enthusiastic and hot-headed like their western brothers,

the mountaineers of the Dinaric Alps, nor cold and calculating like their eastern cousins, the Bulgars, the Sumadijans felt that their fate had reached a crisis. In the region about Tumok, the struggle was even more violent than in Sumadija.

Pashich, writing in the Belgrade press, protested against the disarmament of the peasants. Learning that violent repressions were steeping his homeland in blood, he immediately went there. As I have already said, from this moment on, Pashich's political activity is inextricably bound up with the history of Serbia. I shall not now attempt to weigh the wrongs and responsibilities of the insurgents and of the government. Nothing is more difficult than to write an equitable history of conflicts between masses defending their interests through rebellion and a government, which, victorious after having feared its ruin, engages in violent repression. In such conflicts the masses always break beyond the bounds their leaders lay down. Then, the uprising quelled, the government inflicts excessive punishment, oblivious of the cardinal truth that death and bloodshed never yet availed to strengthen a regime.

Pashich was among those sentenced to death. Twenty-one of them were shot; one hundred and four others were pardoned and sent to join the thirteen hundred Serbs already at hard labor. Luckily Pashich managed to escape in the nick of time. Crossing the still uncompleted Sava bridge, he reached Hungarian soil safely. But such safety was no more than temporary, for his name had long stood on the blotters of the Austro-Hungarian police as one of its dangerous enemies. He therefore made for Orsova, in Rumania; then, by road, for Bulgaria, reaching Vidin, hard by the Serbian frontier, on October 30, 1833.

At Vidin, he hoped to find respite, since the sub-prefect of the town was married to his sister. But, from the outset, if we are to credit contemporary Bulgarian newspapers, the Sofia government gave Pashich the coolest of welcomes. A like reception met his fellow rebels of Zajechar who had gone to Vidin in hopes of meeting him. Bulgarian severity went so far as to dismiss the wretched

sub-prefect, guilty of having lodged his unfortunate brother-in-law as he might have lodged any friend.

Official nervousness must have calmed down soon, for shortly after, Pashich received permission to stay in Sofia. The first indication of his presence in the Bulgarian capital is to be found in an interview, published in the journal *Saznanje*, or "Conscience," immediately upon his arrival. The document reveals enough of Pashich's frame of mind at that period to warrant reproducing excerpts.

After a series of questions and answers on the insurrection and its repression, on King Milan's policy and on the hopes of the Radical party, the journalist asked:

Q: Do you believe that the imprisoned Radical leaders will be sentenced to the extent of the law?

A: I presume that Rajevich and Hranilovich, judges of the Supreme Court, notorious for a base dishonesty unparalleled in the annals of Serbia, will condemn them to death. I also presume that in order to be rid of them, His Majesty will consent to their being hanged.

Q: Suppose the King were to be convinced of their innocence, do you believe that he would allow them to be executed?

A: If he intended otherwise, he would not tolerate such cruelties in Serbia.

Q: Does the King believe that he has suppressed the Opposition?

A: He is fully aware that the Opposition cannot be suppressed among the Serbian people. But he hopes to have shaken it for a few years to come. In the meantime, he expects a conflict involving Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Germany to arise. Were Russia victorious, he would retire to Austria, establish himself definitely under Austrian protection, and benefit by the pension Austria granted him.

Q: Do you believe that the Serbian people approve this pro-Austrian policy?

A: By and large, the Serbian people do not approve it; they will refuse to uphold it. The Serbian people will leave no stone unturned to hamper such a policy. But among them, you will find a riffraff of cowards and traitors ready to acclaim and to support Milan. Already the Serbian people have found it difficult to overlook the blunders of Milosh, who created Serbia, so to speak. How, then, can they be willing to forgive a Milan, who is cruel, who is full of defects and vices, and who occu-

pies his throne as an irresponsible sovereign? To avenge the death of her innocent husband, Jevrem Markovich's widow fired point-blank at King Milan's head. Well, then, think of the innumerable families now mourning and scheming vengeance. Blood cries for blood; no Serb is deaf to that cry. "Revenge is revenge," says the Serbian proverb.

Q: How long do you expect to stay in this country?

A: My friends and I are deeply touched by the amicable reception we have found here. We are free to move through the length and breadth of the land. The common people, as well as the leaders and intellectual class, offer us their most cordial sympathy. By our attitude and our activity, we hope to gain an even greater amount of brotherly affection and aid. We are grateful to the government for the precious material assistance it has granted to our émigré friends. We shall prove our gratitude by contributing to the concord and alliance of the Balkan peoples, especially the Serbians and the Bulgarians.

The journalist who interviewed Pashich was an intimate of several of the most important figures in the Bulgarian Liberal party—men like Petko Karavelov, Suknarov, Canov, and the writer Slavej-kov, a regular contributor to the same newspaper. All of them soon became fast friends of Pashich's during his stay in Sofia.

Thanks to their support, he was soon appointed professor of geometry in the first Lycée for boys at Sofia. This meant that the problem of his daily existence was solved. Later, when Karavelov became premier, he appointed Pashich to a post in the ministry of public works; his duties here were to work out the plans for the railway which Bulgaria had undertaken by covenant to build after the Treaty of Berlin.

There are still some Bulgarians living who knew Pashich at Sofia; others have compiled their fathers' reminiscences. All of them agree in describing him as a taciturn, intent man, who talked confidentially only with Karavelov, the future premier. Pashich had known his brother Ljuben when Ljuben had spent some time in Serbia as head of a scientific mission.

Karavelov and Pashich used to meet every evening in a shed put up by the Russians—then the only place which, by a stretch of the imagination, might have passed as a café comparable to those

of Vienna or of Budapest. Every political meeting of that period was held there, and the Russian officers had founded a kind of club of their own on the premises.

Pashich, Karavelov, and a few friends used to spend their evenings there around a table, drinking coffee. Pashich spoke Bulgarian fairly fluently, but with it he mingled a great many Serbian words and locutions. He would often question Karavelov's young friends, natives of the Stara Planina mountains, about the characteristics of that region. It was from there, he would explain, that his ancestors had emigrated to Serbia several generations before.

Bulgarian testimony, however, is at variance upon one point. Did Pashich actually engage in politics while he was an exile at Sofia?

His intimacy with Karavelov had reached a point where it seems scarcely credible that they forebore discussing a future union between Serbs and Bulgars under a common dynasty, the Karageorgevich. Pashich could not but dream of an accord whereby all the South Slavs might make common war upon Turkey, which still retained so many of their fellow Slavs under her dominion. But two points bear witness to the contrary. First, throughout his stay in Bulgaria, Pashich often contributed articles of an exclusively technical and scientific nature to various journals, especially *Trnovska Konstitueijt*; yet no one has ever mentioned an article of political polemics attributable to him at the time. The second fact sheds even greater light upon the attitude Pashich had forced himself to maintain. When a movement was started in eastern Rumania to unseat the Prince of Battenberg, and the Serbian exiles for a while hoped that Bulgaria might go to war against Turkey, Pashich did not hesitate. Forgetting all his prejudices and grudges, he immediately wrote to King Milan to offer his services in the event of a Serbo-Bulgarian attack upon Turkey. At once, the interests of his Serbian fatherland prevailed over the bitterness in his heart.

But Pashich's Bulgarian hopes were of short duration. The English cabinet was then all-powerful in Sofia. Under pressure from Great Britain, the Bulgarians abandoned the plan they had for a

moment favored. The flow of Serbian volunteers into Bulgaria, which had become increasingly marked, ceased forthwith; and all Serbian political émigrés residing in Sofia were thrown into prison. Pashich alone made good his escape by slipping into Rumania. He planned to settle in Bucharest, but shortly after his arrival, Bratiano, who headed the Liberal cabinet—the most long-lived administration in the history of Rumania—sent for him and informed him confidentially that the Austro-Hungarian Legation was preparing to request his “extradition.” Extradition to Austria was incredible; the news of course meant that the Austrian government had counseled King Milan to ask for Pashich’s extradition to Serbia and was vigorously preparing to support Milan’s request. At all events, Bratiano advised Pashich to quit the capital and to disappear; he suggested the Dobruja, which, by the Treaty of Berlin (1878) had become a Rumanian province. Pashich accepted the advice gratefully and settled in the Dobruja at the home of his Russian friend, Petrov, himself a political refugee.

Any hope of action being momentarily at an end, Pashich devoted himself to the historical studies which his Serbian political life, and later his engineering work in Bulgaria, had compelled him to lay aside. It was there, he told me, that he engaged in his most profound readings; it was there that he richly annotated books like *The Establishment of the Slavs in the Balkan Peninsula* by Drinov, *The History of Bosnia* by Klajich, the works of Ofeikov and others upon Macedonia, and the recently published works on the Peace of San Stefano and the Treaty of Berlin.

Too many cultivated Serbs have smiled at Pashich’s lack of literary and historical culture. To tell the truth, he had a wider general knowledge than people suspected, but he hated to display it. All, or nearly all his days in the Dobruja, the most peaceful days of his life, he gave up to reading and study which he calculated would equip him even more fully for the role to which he felt destined. Almost every political exile, even Mazzini, knew moments of discouragement; but never Pashich. By the fireside of his friend

Petrov, in the evening, he would explain quietly what he would do once he were in power at Belgrade. There was no hint of braggadocio in his manner, but rather a kind of belief in his own mission which thenceforward banished from his heart even his hatred for those who continued to persecute him.

What could the suppression of his letters to his friends and a hundred other annoyances of that kind mean to Pashich, when he knew that Milan, by his every act, was speeding to his ruin?

The King's clumsiest undertaking was his war, in 1885, against Bulgaria—that Bulgaria which, as the Radical program had said, “is very close to us in geographic position and nationality.” From the outset, the war was so unjust and so inexplicable to Serbian eyes that King Milan dared not even proclaim a general mobilization. After defeat and invasion, no Serb was left who did not deem the war downright criminal. When at last, at Milan's request, the Emperor of Austria intervened, even Pashich's enemies were forced to admit that Pashich's distrust of their ruler was justified. They were forced, too, to recognize that the sovereign of Serbia was in reality but the vassal of the *Cheabo*, or Austro-Hungarians, who, since the establishment of the Dual Monarchy in 1867, held three million Serbs under the most intolerable of yokes, that of the Magyar aristocracy. The occupation of Bosnia and of Herzegovina, in 1878, had provoked racial hatred; from then on, the Serbs' chief foe was no longer the Turk, whose doom was obvious, but Austria-Hungary. A single cry rose up throughout the Serbian nation: “Why does our king seek support for himself from the deadliest enemies of the Serbian people?”

If Milan's abdication did not occur on the morrow of the war, it was thanks to a series of stratagems, of melodramatic scenes, of concessions as skillful as they were insincere, culminating in the promise of a new Constitution based upon a plan which Pashich had evolved before his exile.

Melodramatic scenes, indeed! One winter night at the close of 1885, the year of the defeat, King Milan went down into the

dungeons of the fortress of Belgrade to offer pardon, reconciliation, and friendship to Peter Todorovich, one of the one hundred and four men who, in 1883, had been condemned to death.

Immediately after, came a complete and unconditional pardon for the members of the Executive Committee of the Radical party and for other influential Radicals—two hundred persons in all. King Milan's act appeared to be successful when, on August 6, 1886, an agreement was concluded between the Radical and the Liberal parties. In fact, it proved possible a few months later to set up a Radical-Liberal coalition cabinet under Ristic's presidency. But on December 16, 1887, the cabinet resigned, and the government which succeeded it three days later was for the first time under the presidency of a Radical, Sava Grujich.

On December 22, Milan, wishing to lead the way with an action which he was certain lay close to Grujich's heart, wrote him a letter in which he said that "generously on our own initiative, availing ourselves of the royal prerogative, we are resolved to reprieve such guilty rebels of 1883 as are now abroad." But he added (and here lay the cardinal point in his letter): "Our love of our country and the sense of duty we feel towards it compel us to exclude Nicholas Pashich from this reprieve because of his traitorous acts against the fatherland and the Serbian ideal in the autumn of 1883."

It was in Bucharest, whither Pashich had been able meanwhile to return, that he learned of Milan's decision. Immediately, he understood the monarch's purpose in excluding him from all pardon. The King was resigned to accept Radicals in his ministry, but the Radicals without Pashich were a body without a soul. And Milan still hoped—groundlessly, however—to succeed in corrupting and swaying them, if they continued a little longer without the sound leadership of their chief. The latter was therefore to remain an exile.

It cut Pashich to the quick that Grujich, his friend, headed the government, and that, by publishing the royal letter in the Serbian newspapers, Grujich gave the impression of supporting it with the

cabinet's approbation, even in the passage that accused Pashich of "traitorous acts against the fatherland."

By good fortune, among those benefiting by this amnesty was S. Stanojevich, one of Pashich's oldest, most faithful comrades. He was at Bucharest, at Pashich's side, when the King's letter appeared. As Stanojevich was about to return to Serbia, Pashich gave him a letter addressed to Sava Grujich.

"Give this to Sava," he said. "Give him my best regards, and remember me to our other comrades, though they don't deserve it. Read this letter which, as you see, is not sealed. You can thus acquaint our other friends with its contents."

The letter read:

DEAR SAVA:

I have read in the Serbian press the letter which His Majesty addressed to you and by which my comrades are granted a pardon enabling them to return to hearth and home.

I was, to be sure, deeply grateful and happy at the royal gesture, since it freed me of a burden which I had assumed in a spirit of comradeship. But I was no less surprised and no less deeply moved by the new royal decree which denies me this pardon "because of traitorous acts against the fatherland and the Serbian ideal in the autumn of 1883."

This royal condemnation is the more serious because it accompanies a solemn and generous deed. It strikes me even more harshly than were I once again to be sentenced to death, though innocent. You know how I have devoted almost twenty years of my life and work to the great and happy destiny of our native land.

Have I not sacrificed my beloved family, my peace of mind and the utilization of my capacities solely and exclusively to the happiness of my country and to the triumph of the Serbian ideal? You know how ruthlessly I have stifled all other thoughts and aspirations and desires. You know, too, that my only end was to come closer to what I deem to be the ideal patriot who lives, loves, works and suffers for his motherland.

You know me. That is why I was justified in expecting you, my old comrade, to prove strong enough to absolve me from the shame the Progressives have been heaping upon me for so many years and in so many circumstances, without one voice rising to defend me before the

King. Had you done nothing more, I think you might at least have refrained from unnecessarily reopening old wounds, especially in these difficult times when concord is more than ever needful to Serbia.

After an allusion to old polemics over his participation in the rebellion of 1883, Pashich reminded Grujich that after the Bulgarian victory at Slivenica, he had not only refused all contact with the Bulgars, but had declared himself prepared to serve his country in the hour of its peril, even under Milan's orders.

The letter concluded:

I call God and my works to witness. They will stand for future generations; and on my deathbed, when I seek to analyze even the subtlest matters of conscience, they will prove to be my fairest reward.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this, I send you and all the others my sincerest brotherly greetings.

Was this letter necessary? Was it in keeping with Pashich's dignity to exculpate himself to a man whom he despised as he did Milan? The question was raised in Serbia several times.

For my part, I believe that this letter may be explained by the fact that the premier in office when the royal decree appeared was Sava Grujich, a Radical and an old friend of Pashich's. Pashich had nothing to fear at the hands of time; the main source of his optimism was his consideration of time as an ally. But at this particular moment, he was afraid of something else, namely, Milan's skill in gaining the upper hand over the Radical party now in power. So long as the Radicals were in the opposition, Pashich could bide his time without impatience. But with the Radicals at Court, and at Milan's court, surely he was duty-bound to swallow his pride and to busy himself about his own return. Had he not to foil Milan's desire to separate the leader from the lieutenants and from the rank and file of the Radical party?

Even though Pashich himself remained absent, his letter brought him back in spirit to the midst of all the Radical committees. Contact was restored; Radical ministers were no longer tempted to

break away from the most influential of their friends, for Pashich no longer seemed to be absent. Indeed, every day marked an increasing reaffirmation of Radical policies. Milan, forced to play his last card, proposed a new constitution.

In October, 1888, the commission appointed to prepare the new charter took up its duties; it included four Progressives, four Liberals, and four Radicals. By the close of 1888, the people, freely consulted under the supervision of the commissioners of the three parties, once again expressed faith in Pashich's ideas, just as they had done in 1883. The Progressives obtained only one seat; the Liberals, seventy-nine; the Radicals, five hundred.

On January 3, 1889, the Assembly voted the Constitution. Milan sanctioned it the following day.

For a long time, especially in diplomatic circles where a sense of history is so often wanting, this Constitution was declared to be detestable, at any rate inapplicable "to a country like Serbia." The truth is that, thanks to the subsequent behavior of Milan and of his son, the Constitution was never put to an honest trial. The two Obrenoviches were constantly intent on preventing its functioning properly. Of course, it is always easier and more convenient to blame the people for everything.

Meanwhile, in January, 1889, faced with general enthusiasm for the new Constitution, Milan was forced to choose between submission or resignation. Had he submitted, he would have had to intrust the government to Pashich, the exile, and to his fellow Radicals, and, in his own palace, become the prisoner of men who despised him. After two months of hesitation, he resigned himself to abdication.

His successor being a minor, Milan named a Council of Regents; and in order once again to show his distrust of the Radical party, he appointed as its president Ristich, formerly Liberal premier and arch-enemy of the Radicals. But four days after his abdication, and before his departure, he wrote to the regents, as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE ROYAL COUNCIL OF REGENTS:

In my act of abdication, I forgave all those who may have wronged me in the course of my reign.

By so doing, I wished to wipe out the last memory of old-standing struggles. In order that one of the Council's earliest acts may bring to the young King the devotion and the gratitude of his subjects. I have also left the regency entire freedom in the use of the formal power of amnesty granted to the Sovereign by the national Constitution.

Today, speaking as a father and as a Serbian, though I have no intention whatever of taking part directly or indirectly in the government, I avail myself of the right provided for in Paragraph 26 of the Constitution and I therefore beg you, Gentlemen of the Royal Council of Regents, to grant amnesty to Nicholas Pashich. Let his voice mingle with the voices of all his countrymen, crying: Long live King Alexander I.

Given at Belgrade, February 26, 1889.

Your sincere and devoted friend

(Signed) MILAN

The confidences which I received as a young diplomat from General Grujich himself more than fifteen years later, force me to consider this act of the former king's anything but one of spontaneous generosity. I should say, rather, that his Radical ministers urged him to write it, by hinting at his interest in making a gesture which might have enabled him to have some future contacts with a man of Pashich's importance.

Be that as it may, King Milan's letter concerning Pashich was his last political act before his departure. His final Serbian appearance was at a reception which he tendered to the diplomatic corps. On this occasion, he coined phrases which he may have believed to be immortal. As a matter of fact, he was filled with rancor when he left his country, his heart torn by his defeat at the hands of a people whose fundamental integrity he had never suspected.

He took to traveling; but, as subsequent events proved, neither the pleasures of London nor the gambling clubs of Paris could make him forget his plans for vindication and revenge.

Milan gone, Pashich returned to Serbia. His first visit was to his

native town, Zajechar. In the market place he once again saw the building that housed the prefecture and the Departmental High Court where, in 1883, a court-martial had condemned to death scores of people, including himself, and to hard labor hundreds, including his most loyal friends. The building has since disappeared. But south of Zajechar there still stands the height called Kraljevica, where, in 1883, many of Pashich's supporters were shot without benefit of trial. Tradition has it that they were buried on the spot, but no trace remains of their tombs.

Doubtless, Pashich, ever loyal to even the humblest of his friends, went more than once to meditate at the foot of the hill of Kraljevica.

KING ALEXANDER OBRENOVICH

THE HISTORY of Alexander Obrenovich's reign is more complex and more difficult to present than that of Milan.

In the days of Milan the diplomatic intrigues, and even the unhappy wars, were but secondary incidents underlying the fundamental drama which filled his whole reign. It was a struggle between a personal power, whose interests differed increasingly from those of the nation, and the mass of the free Serbian peasants who clamored ever more forcibly that their interests and feelings be respected. On the other side stood Milan, a self-confident personality; a voluptuary, whose taste for luxury and vulgar pleasures removed him further and ever further from the patriarchal qualities of his people; a man intelligent enough to foresee the inevitable disaster his adventure was courting, yet not intelligent enough to recognize his own faults; and, a ruler, who, consequently, blamed his own people for the country's troubles. In conversation with Count Kalnoky, did he not refer to "my cursed country!"

In Milan's case it is useless to cite the defects and shortcomings of the Balkans. Milan was out of place in Belgrade. A former Italian ambassador who as a young diplomat had known him intimately in Vienna spoke volumes when he said:

"The Obrenoviches were wild boars; this particular one acquired only the vices of our western world and became what wild boars become when their race goes into the barnyard."

Under the reign of Alexander Obrenovich the Radical party experienced its acid test—that of government. Such rancor and such desires as thrive among all groups that have been long banished from power did not fail to sully the purity of the Radical party in

the eyes of the more idealistic element. But, all in all, it was this party that began to represent the true soul of the country. Even the other parties were gainers thereby. For their leaders were all better, at bottom, than they had appeared under Milan; they all loved their country; several of them were gifted with talent and culture; and, though they remained hostile to the Radical party, they too enjoyed the new atmosphere which was in process of development in Serbia. This atmosphere, to be sure, had its objectionable points and its shortcomings; but it also had acquired the precious and, for Belgrade, utterly new advantage of ceasing to refer everything to the Royal Palace. Thus, if life seemed quite as difficult as heretofore, it was at least richer.

At the Royal Palace the problem was far from simple. For such as were resigned to grovel, the key to Milan's heart and mind had been easy to find. But Milan's ill-starred son was more difficult to judge. Reared in an atmosphere of selfishness and of material calculations, he retired within himself while still a child. A French tutor who loved him, and who studied his pupil over a long period of time, declared that Alexander reminded him of Louis XIII as a child. Like the French king, the Serb felt that he was surrounded by people who were spying upon him. This made him distrustful and dissimulating, and in time he acquired an impassivity which betrayed nothing whatever of his impressions. Faced with royal personages equipped with impassivity, one is readily tempted to lend to their silences a depth which they are generally far from possessing. Certainly few sovereigns have in their youth furnished such amazing proofs of dissimulation and of composure as did Alexander at the time of his great coup d'état (April 1—April 14, 1893). If everything is true in the account of how this adolescent of sixteen tricked a veteran statesman like Ristich, the regent, then we must acknowledge that we are confronted with a masterpiece of the genre.

Alexander invited Ristich, the other regents, and the members of the government to a formal supper. Throughout the meal he show-

ered Ristich with such courtesies and respect that the latter was delighted with so reverential a ward. Then, at the end of the evening, cold, utterly indifferent, Alexander rose to announce to the dumbfounded regents that he was abolishing their office and was himself assuming the royal power.

Judging from the reports of foreign diplomats and from the unpublished memoirs that some of their wives have left on life at Belgrade in those days, it is uncertain whether these diplomats ever felt they were faced with a miniature copy of Machiavelli's Prince. Besides the royal audiences, they used to see the King frequently at fêtes held in the new palace. But they saw him most often at the many intimate receptions given at the old Konak. Despite his lack of skill as a dancer, Alexander was mad about waltzing; he would not suffer the orchestra to stop before the early hours of the morning, and often it was broad daylight before the guests could return home. From time to time Queen Natalie, who at that period made frequent and lengthy visits to Belgrade, would say:

"Sasha, can't you see that every one is sleepy?"

"Not yet, not yet!" he would reply. "Only the ministers' wives are sleepy. Look at their daughters though!"

And he would glide off again with one of the latter for another dance.

In the beginning it was considered fitting to designate the young ladies of the diplomatic corps whom he should invite to dance with him. To facilitate matters, for he was very shy, they were requested to stand, at the given moment, before a certain column in the ball-room, so that the Prince might select a partner. In order to break the ice, after the first few steps, he would thrust his gloved hand into his pocket, extract some bonbons that he kept there for the purpose, and offer them to his partner. If the lady was a Serb, he invariably twitted her, always in the same terms, on her success with the young officers.

Gradually, he became especially intimate with the young ladies of certain legations of the small northern countries. He would tell

them about his youth, and when they spoke of the games and sports they had known in castles in Austria or in Belgium, he would say:

“Ah, you don’t know how lucky you are. Those are all things I have only read about in books.”

It was at one of these large parties at the Konak, where officers’ uniforms prevailed in great numbers and where Serbian ladies of forty or more wore the national costume—a short bolero open over a crossed chemisette, and a small red toque surrounded by braided hair—that Draga Mashin appeared for the first time, attending Queen Natalie as lady in waiting. La Mashin had always dressed very tastefully and behaved with considerable tact; the ladies of the diplomatic corps admired her and contributed somewhat to the kind of social success she enjoyed. But since she seemed so much older than the young king, no one, at the time, dreamed of the idyll which was to be. Alexander—according to the impressions of foreign personages who knew him in this period—was above all a timid man, painfully conscious of his awkwardness and of his total want of outward dignity and elegance. Moreover, deprived of all tenderness as he had been, he was bound to fall a helpless prey to a mature woman, who, half-amorous and half-maternal, hovered over him and inspired him with confidence.

As frequently happens, all his forceful acts were but proofs of inward weaknesses; true strength is never violent. Consequently, the coup he carried off at the “Supper of April First” was doubtless no more than the result of childish thoughtlessness—a scene in which he had been previously prompted and which he proceeded to stage without suspecting the extreme import of his behavior. Such is the estimate which the diplomat of a great power formed of Alexander after prolonged contact with him. It does not exclude a certain natural kindness in the King. For instance, on the day he determined to marry Draga Mashin he opened all the prisons into which his spiteful and terror-stricken father had thrown so many foes of the regime.

On the morrow of Alexander's assassination, another diplomat, describing the horrible scene to his government, reported that a French journalist had just told him confidentially of finding a copy of Stendhal's *Of Love* in the bedroom of the dead king. Against the famous sentence "It is impossible to find a remedy for love," the King had written: "Why look for one, when all that you wish is to love and to be loved?"

And the diplomat added:

Even were this but a sentimental invention calculated to touch the reader's heart, it still corresponds to the truth. The unfortunate king was the victim of his rank, a rank whose almost religious obligations no one had taught him; he was born to be a straightforward fellow with no responsibilities and no onerous duties. Several of his ancestors died the victims of their excesses; he was but a victim of his utter inability to be a true king.

Perhaps the Serbian people would have spared him. The tragedy of the last of the Obrenoviches lies in the fact that he fell a prey to the permanent army which Milan, his father, had been so proud to create as a weapon against the revolt of the peasantry.

Fifteen years later, speaking of Alexander Obrenovich's times, Pashich often told me that he never felt anything but pity for Alexander. At the outset, indeed, he had cordially wished to help create an atmosphere of popularity and confidence around the young king; and, in spite of everything he had to suffer under Alexander's reign, he never heaped upon him the hatred and contempt he felt for Milan.

In Alexander Obrenovich's reign Pashich experienced the most varied fortunes. He was successively president of the City Council of Belgrade, president of the Skupshtina, premier, and minister plenipotentiary to Russia; next, he was sentenced to nine months in prison; then, accused of implication in an attempt on Milan's life,* he was once more sentenced, this time to nine years' imprisonment. Immediately pardoned, thanks to intervention by the Emperor of Russia, he became a voluntary exile at Abbazia. But not

* The criminal attempt occurred in June, 1899.

before a final visit in which he told Alexander quite frankly that, with his tergiversations and the blunders of the clan which exploited him, he was headed for ruin—his ruin and his country's.

Pashich forgave all, even the charge of being involved in the attempt upon Milan's life, an attempt which, he remained convinced, had been prepared by King Alexander's immediate circle, with the monarch's more or less passive knowledge.

"No man can keep sinking lower with impunity," Pashich was content to observe to me. "Surrounded by decent people, King Alexander might have been an upright person, but he lacked the inner strength to resist evil."

According to Pashich, one of the serious errors of the Radical party lay in its failing to punish Milan severely when, breaking both the law and his own promises, he returned to Belgrade during the night of January 2, 1894. The premier then was General Sava Grujich, a man of principle, but—at least, as I knew him, twenty years later when he was Serbian minister at Constantinople—in-capable of any bold decision. At the time Milan returned, Pashich was Serbian minister at St. Petersburg. A few days later, during the official reception of the diplomatic corps, Czar Alexander III questioned Pashich in a loud voice, obviously intending to be heard by every one:

"Why didn't General Grujich have Milan Obrenovich arrested on the station platform and sent back to Hungary between a pair of gendarmes?"

Alexander III was right. Had King Milan been dealt with according to his status then—as a vagabond without a passport—all Europe would have laughed, and even his Austrian protectors would have found themselves disarmed. Never, perhaps, did a compliment from the Czar of All the Russias so warm Pashich's heart as the public reproach flung at him in the Imperial Palace at the official reception on New Year's Day.

In Pashich's eyes, Milan remained a traitor to the Serbian ideal to the very end; Alexander Obrenovich never appeared to him as anything but an unfortunate.

PARLIAMENT

OF ALL the offices which Pashich held under Alexander Obrenovich, his personal tastes led him to appreciate most the presidency of the City Council of Belgrade. In this office he was able most frequently to enjoy that intense pleasure, so rare in political life, of conceiving projects and forthwith directing their complete execution.

His studies at Zurich, his years as a builder of railways in Bulgaria, his early professions of faith as Radical leader, in which he stressed the Serbs' interest in the communes almost as strongly as their interest in the State—all contributed to his intense love for the first great administrative duty he was called upon to exercise.

How clearly this was brought home to me many years later when Pashich and I would stroll by cafés filled with idle Serbs at Corfu and Salonika. Repeatedly, he deplored the fact that so many young men had for years been deprived of the precious apprenticeship supplied by parish administration, and that they would be thus for years to come. Indeed, he went so far as to regret that, for all their inevitable drawbacks, they had not known, and would not know, the electoral struggles of the commune.

"I learned a great deal," he told me once, "in my term as mayor of the city of Belgrade."

When, in December, 1889, after an election in which he rolled up virtually a totality of votes, Pashich became Belgrade's chief magistrate, the capital possessed no completely organized public institution. The citizens drew drinking water at the fountains. Six hundred smoky lamps lighted the city streets, with some fifteen lamplighters, their ladders over their shoulders, going the rounds from lamp to

lamp every evening. Sewerage was unknown; the paving of the streets dated back to the old Turkish days; only the beggar gypsies undertook to pluck the weeds that rose every spring between the cracks in the paving.

It was in civic administration that Pashich for the first time gave proof of his vision. To begin with, he at once gauged the extent of the problems facing him. He astonished the Serbs with the detailed plans he drew up for the most indispensable utilities; but he won his case when he went before the voters with a project for a loan of ten million dinars. These operations were not popular then in the short-sighted Serbia of the time, but Pashich managed to convince his fellow citizens of the value of these improvements—and the loan went through! A series of public works followed which marked the beginnings of Belgrade as a European city: the alignment and leveling of streets, paving in stone, drainage of the marshes about the capital, installing of a piping system with sewerage, and the establishment of a water supply. It was Pashich again who, when improvements in the city lighting came up for discussion, refused the proposed gas system.

“Why gas? It is a doomed system,” he declared. “Soon you will find every city in the world lighted by electricity.”

So, indeed, it came to pass. But Pashich was clever to have foreseen this result such a short time after Edison invented his electric lighting apparatus.

Future biographers of Pashich will do well to study minutely the proceedings of the meetings of the City Council under his presidency. On every page they will find a record of his intervention, though he apparently remained always in the background, leaving his colleagues the honor of proposing measures of which he was the real author. The record offers a striking example of what later became his typical approach to the greatest problems. Essentials alone mattered, appearances never.

Still another important lesson may be learned from Pashich's activities as city administrator. When, in 1889, he came to head the

city administration, the Constitution of 1888 was still in force; it guaranteed the independence of the communes by allowing them a sufficient degree of autonomy. This atmosphere of liberty permitted Pashich to administer Belgrade ably; in this same spirit of liberty, he wished not only to be free in his dealings with the government, but also to give more freedom to the offices under him. In fact, it was Pashich who divided the city into four districts, each headed by a deputy elected by the citizens. Thus the people maintained a strength and freedom of action within the administration; and the administration of civic affairs, by this decentralization, became simpler and more speedy.

A few years later, in 1897, Pashich's love of governing through the communes brought him once more to the head of the municipality of Belgrade. But the Constitution of 1888 had been suspended, and any autonomous life for the communes was now impossible. The central government's mistrust left only the handling of current business to the city magistrates. Pashich had accepted the post only with the hope of acting, and he resigned the moment he realized that he could not resume the activity of his previous term in office after his return from exile.

The other events in Pashich's public life under the reign of the last of the Obrenoviches belong to the history of Serbia. It would be superfluous to attempt to sum them up here. Yet I should like to venture a general remark on Pashich's political influence during this period. It concerns a supreme merit of Pashich's which is perhaps more easily discernible to a foreigner than to a compatriot. Are not foreigners, in a certain sense, closer to posterity?

This merit was his persistency in the face of a difficult situation. Despite the growing disillusion in store for him because of the personality of Milan's unhappy son, despite persecution and struggles, Pashich exerted his will constantly towards one goal. He wished to bring his own party slowly into the saddle in the interests of Serbia. The methods he used often looked like opportunism and juggling to his contemporaries, and jests of the period prove that

public opinion grasped only the purely exterior side of Pashich's policy. One, for instance, represents him at the gates of Paradise begging admittance of St. Sava. "Enter," the Serbian saint replies, "but do you expect to go on provoking ministerial crises in Heaven?"

Certain Serbian historians and critics have at times compared Pashich's life and character to those of Crispi. Maybe, in external appearance: both were conspirators; both spent long years in exile; both adored their countries passionately. But in reality Pashich's political thought and style suggest a more legitimate comparison partly with Cavour for his foreign policy, partly with Giolitti for his domestic policy. At once a realist and a poet like Cavour, Pashich's supreme ideal was to hasten the free union of the *dissecta membra* of his people. Such, too, was Cavour's ideal. And, like Cavour again, Pashich felt that he was not betraying this ideal when, under certain circumstances, he resigned himself to appearing prepared for compromises which, for him, as once for Cavour, were but armistices. In the realm of national policy, as I consider Pashich's manner of dealing with the parties and masses, perhaps my profound sympathy for the two old men I saw so intimately suggests a close psychological similarity between him and Giolitti. And this despite the fact that outwardly these two lives are in no respect comparable. Giolitti's contempt for facile applause created the legend of his aridity; Pashich's long silences sometimes suggested the sinister intrigues of a grand vizier. In truth, Pashich's laconic style, his hatred of all rhetorical pathos were but a silent lesson offered to those of his compatriots who allowed themselves an excessive display of their sentiments—or, who quite simply indulged in those eternal discussions that so many Slavs mistake for action. I have heard Pashich, in a small group of men, develop his ideas and defend his point of view with consummate art, sometimes with an emotional intensity impossible to resist. On the morrow, in the Skupsh-tina, his eloquence would be cold, stripped of all artifice. Here,

too, he reminds me of Giolitti. Once, at the Chamber, an orator reproached Giolitti for answering him too curtly.

"I apologize," Giolitti replied, "but the fault is nature's; I must be lacking in something. The fact is that when I have said what I have to say, it is constitutionally impossible for me to continue speaking."

How often I have felt that Pashich longed to make the same plea.

Great and honest servant of the state that he was, Pashich remains assailable only because he had seen so many political programs that he ended by not taking too much stock in the absolute importance of any one of them. This was not cynicism; it was merely the conviction that time, rather than one formula or another, would help to eliminate drawbacks, misunderstandings, and defects. Had he not finally come to believe that his most faithful and most certain ally was time?

His unwavering faith in parliament sprang not only from his conviction that, with all its defects, the parliamentary system was still the lesser of two evils, but also from his belief that parliament provided the arena most suited to develop and to apply capabilities. True, he never played magister. But it is equally true that he always sought for the intellectual and moral elevation of the generations to follow. To that end, he believed in the parliamentary system.

One day at Corfu, I quoted Cavour's famous mot:

"I prefer the worst of chambers to the best of antechambers."

Delighted, Pashich made me repeat it twice. Then: "What a pity that it is untranslatable in Serbian," he said. "I could have quoted it in the days of Alexander Obrenovich."

THE REIGN OF PETER I

PASHICH'S gloomiest memories of Serbian life under Milan and Milan's son were not memories of personal suffering, though these included exile and imprisonment. These, he considered mere accidents of the trade, and promptly forgot them. But what he could never forget were the intrigues of the antechamber, the deals made by "Kapijk" ("through the back door"), to use the expressive Serbian phrase. Nothing, indeed, could be more contrary to his own nature and to his confidence in his own strength than this method of transacting business.

Under Peter I, Serbia enjoyed one very healthy characteristic, utterly new to Belgrade—the antechamber did not exist. King Peter has never received due credit for being an essential factor in the military and diplomatic reorganization of Serbia. To be sure, his reorganization was largely the result of Nicholas Pashich's patient, tenacious struggle, for, throughout the period, Pashich was able to command the loyal and painstaking collaboration of men like Pachu and Protich, without ever displaying the slightest jealousy of them. Pashich felt doubly strong because of the unparalleled confidence which the peasant masses placed in him, especially after 1903; but his feelings were wholly alien to that intoxication which your demagogue draws from the assent of the mob. Even on the part of the masses, this assent was deliberate, altogether free from the hysterical excitement which has marked so many instances of collective folly since the Great War. In every kind of crisis, the Radical peasants gave proof of their confidence in the future, a confidence typically Serbian, consisting simply in the words:

"Never mind; Pashich knows." Indeed, out of it all came a popular saying: "Pachu the mouth; Protich, the pen; Pashich, the brain."

The Serbs respected Peter in his royal palace; but they found no place for him in their folklore. Peter won the respect of the Serbians because he did his constitutional duty and allowed Pashich to give the full measure of his greatness, as he did from 1903 to 1914.

On June 5, 1903, Peter I reestablished the Constitution of 1888 which Alexander Obrenovich had shelved, and thenceforth was to respect it scrupulously. It was this kingly honesty, together with the free exercise of the parliamentary system, which enabled Pashich and his party to govern uninterruptedly from 1903 to 1918, save for a few coalition cabinets in which the Radicals always played a great part anyway, and for one Young Radical cabinet in 1905. For Pashich to have oriented Serbian politics precisely as he did in the reign of Peter I, would have been inconceivable under any monarch but a model constitutional ruler. The policy of the Radicals was certainly not indifferent to the various measures of social reform and legislation which were still necessary; but the fusion of Radicals and Progressives, and the growing importance of the international advantages at stake inevitably overshadowed these problems and ideals. If the Radical party escaped that slow death ever awaiting such as have "succeeded," it was only because Pashich was able to set it new tasks. These rose from the struggle against the encroachment of large neighbor states like Austria, and from the pursuit of friendships which, like that with Russia, created an atmosphere of well-being in the country before having been put to the test of action.

Such a policy could be carried out only under a king who could not conceive of the slightest divergence between the interests of the Crown and those of the State.

In Vienna and in Budapest, in the days of Aerenthal, I occasionally heard people venture the theory—they intimated it rather than stating it plainly—that the Austro-Hungarian government was prepared to act benevolently towards the new king and dynasty, and

that the king and Pashich were to blame for the growing mistrust in Vienna.

The plain truth is that, even had Pashich been yet more circumspect and prudent than he was, mistrust and hatred must nevertheless have arisen in Vienna for the simplest of reasons: the servilities of the last Obrenovich but one, and the blunders of the last, had been too great. We may, I think, go so far as to say that the Austria of Francis Joseph would have had greater respect for the sovereign rights of Milan's Serbia, had Milan himself been personally more respectable. What other European sovereign could possibly have provoked remarks like the following? (I quote from a document drawn up from memory by the Archduke Rudolph, concerning one of those visits that Milan, then reigning at Belgrade, made to Vienna with the usual request for aid.) Here is the testimony of Francis Joseph's son, verbatim:

"We showed Milan that he should not take such a gloomy view of things, but rather continue upon his way without causing public scandals."

"Easy to say," the poor king probably observed; and declared clearly to the Emperor and to Count Kalnoky that he had but the choice between two alternatives: either to plunge desperately into a Pan-Slavic policy, or, remaining a good Austrian, to undertake a struggle against his own people. But "to do the latter," he added, "one thing is necessary: there must be a permanent concentration of Austrian troops on the Serbian frontier."

Doubtless such language, if it had come from the lips of an old dynast, inured to believing sincerely in his "divine right," would not have shocked a Hapsburg. But what was an Obrenovich at the Hofburg, if he ceased to represent the rights of nationality? Obviously, less than nothing.

With that true dignity which springs solely from a consciousness of reality, Peter I never for a moment forgot that his family and his crown were valid only in so much as they represented a principle and an ideal. In the early years of his reign, Peter realized that there

were still persons of importance, and groups—they were, incidentally, perfectly respectable—who held that Serbia's salvation might have been less precariously safeguarded by pursuing, with more dignity than the Obrenoviches had done, a policy of economic and diplomatic entente with Vienna.

Since nothing can possibly be more fruitless than to build hypotheses upon what did not happen, it is academic to consider whether an economic union between Serbia on one hand, and Austria-Hungary and Bosnia-Herzegovina on the other, might some day have led to a sort of trialism calculated to assure the Slavs of the Monarchy an honorably independent life. Indeed, Francis Joseph's long life, and his lifelong attachment to the principle of Austro-Magyar dualism, permit one to exclude the faintest likelihood of such a policy meeting with success. It might have succeeded only—and that is doubtful—with a monarch like Francis Ferdinand on the throne, determined to break the Magyar spirit of domination.

All conservative oligarchies have one common characteristic, namely a lack of imagination, which in times of political struggle is apt to furnish the so-called "revolutionaries" with the trump card. In this instance it was Austria-Hungary who helped to cement the union of the Serbs under the king and Pashich, by the sly brutality of the customs war which she waged against Serbia. At periodic intervals, under the lamest of pretexts, Vienna and Budapest began prohibiting the export of Serbian cattle over the Austro-Hungarian frontiers. By fomenting discontent among the Serbian peasants Vienna hoped to pry them away from their idol, Pashich. No hope was ever so ill-founded. Here again, as in so many other instances—in its treatment of the Italians within the Dual Monarchy, for example—Austrian bureaucracy paid the price for its very grievous error. And what was this error? A refusal ever to conceive of the political life of the Empire save as a series of transactions and half-measures that insured a make-shift balance between the diverse nationalities of the Monarchy; an effort merely to proportion the

discontent of the various groups, in keeping with the spirit of the Dalmatian proverb, "Trouble shared is half joy."

Pashich certainly experienced other more dramatic moments wherein to prove his courage. But at the time of the Austro-Hungarian customs offensive, it was a courage of rare mettle which kept him from trying to hedge between Vienna and his own people. On the contrary, deep in his heart he hoped that his Serbs might understand the full significance of the crisis. He concealed none of the difficulties that had arisen, but he also showed his people the true causes of their troubles. The erection of model abattoirs and of drying houses for meats, the introduction of Serbian products in new markets and over new routes—all these he effected with a determination, a sense of values, and an efficiency which won a new respect for Serbia in western capitals. In Vienna, always one step behind the other governments when it came to ideas, the Ballplatz was still making facile ironical remarks about "future outbreaks of epizoötic diseases in Serbia"—a pretext to close the frontier. But already the Italian Ambassador in Vienna, Duke Avarna, was writing home to Tittoni, his minister of foreign affairs:

"When will they begin to understand in Vienna that they must make up their minds to treat Serbia as a nation proudly jealous of her independence? This is obviously a new idea; and new ideas are slow to penetrate here."

Avarna's "obviously" had a particular significance. As Italian minister at Belgrade in the days of the Obrenoviches, he had seen quite another Serbia. But not being an Austrian dignitary, he had understood the changes that had occurred.

King Peter possessed another great personal merit: he was simple, and never boasted or gave himself airs. This side of his character, too, appealed deeply to Pashich, for no man I ever saw, save perhaps Sonnino, disregarded and despised all efforts of publicity and propaganda more thoroughly than did Pashich.

Reared in exile, Peter Karageorgevich alone and instinctively learned this supreme truth: that no king ever gained anything by

being brilliant. The two most brilliant sovereigns that I have known, Alphonso XIII and William II, ended as was to be expected. On the other hand, Peter I resembled the two monarchs who were perhaps the perfection of the species—King Albert of the Belgians and George V of England. He always mistrusted the dangerous and passing successes of the “brilliant” school.

Besides, a king has forms of duty different from a statesman’s. For instance, William I, King of Prussia, was probably a rather narrow Prussian gentleman. But he was a great king, because, aware of his own limitations and of his minister Bismarck’s gifts, he always supported Bismarck to the full extent of his royal confidence.

Queen Victoria was exactly the opposite. Her apotheosis was no more than a final episode due to Disraeli’s stage-setting art. Through the greater part of her reign she proved an indifferent ruler because she never put her trust serenely in even the best of her ministers; she made these dignitaries waste endless time; and she allowed herself to be swayed by aristocratic cliques hostile to the cabinet.

There was never a shadow of all this in Peter I. Not only did he, with the utmost integrity, invariably play his part as constitutional king, but, having quickly recognized Pashich’s superiority, he never hesitated to grant him the full support of his name and authority. Kings do not generally like to laud the virtues of their ministers, and in a certain sense they are right, since, as representatives of continuity, they should not identify themselves with men who come and go. But for his premier, Peter I made an exception. On several occasions, speaking to a certain European monarch with whom he was on terms of respectful friendship, he sang Pashich’s praises, stressing the security a monarch felt in having such a minister with whom he could negotiate affairs of state. King Peter’s royal friend himself gave me this information.

Though her victories in the Balkan wars won Serbia a spectacular renown the world over, we must remember that long before these victories, the Slavs of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy had entertained a steadily growing sympathy and enthusiasm for independent

Serbia. These sentiments were due wholly to the revival of Serbian life by Peter I and by Pashich. Prior to 1903 the Vienna government despised but did not detest the Serbian government, for Vienna was only too pleased to observe that the Yugoslavs of the Dual Empire were almost ashamed of the Byzantine decadence of Serbian public traditions. But some years after the accession of Peter I and after the magnificent resistance that Pashich and his fellow ministers put up against Vienna's economic boycott, a change of attitude towards Serbia became clearly manifest in the Slavic lands under Austro-Hungarian dominion. This occurred in Croatia and in Slavonia, in Bosnia and in Herzegovina, in a word, wherever Yugoslav nationals resented the assumed superiority of the Teutons of Austria and of the Magyars. The Slavs of Austria were of course aware of the deficiencies and defects of the Serbian government; but at least they felt that under the government in Belgrade their brothers enjoyed two supreme blessings—liberty and independence.

Later, Serbian historians were to publish a collection of articles on Serbia, on Peter I, and on Pashich. These were first printed from 1904 to 1910 in the independent press of Zagreb, Ljubljana, Sarajevo, and other Yugoslav centres, and their testimony forms a veritable plebiscite.

"Yes," they acknowledge, "within the borders of Austria-Hungary, the Slavs enjoy better roads, better hospitals, better universities; but," they continue, "across the border, with or despite a rowdy press, with or despite a parliament forever in the throes of debate, the Slavs enjoy liberty and look confidently towards the future."

Does this mean that racial unity moved the Slavs of Austria-Hungary to exaggeration?

As a young diplomat, I was much in the Balkans. Twice, in the early years of King Peter's reign, I stayed in Serbia as the guest of two Italian ministers, the Marquis Guiccioli, a great admirer of Pashich's, and Baroli. Guiccioli took me to see Pashich on a purely

formal visit. Impressed with Pashich's natural dignity, I remarked upon it to Guiccioli; the old marquis answered:

"Yes, Pashich is a real gentleman, much more of a gentleman than many an Austrian who boasts sixteen-quarters of the bluest blood."

How much greater, too, his merit and that of Serbians of his stamp! For, in passing judgment upon the Serbian nation, we must never lose sight of the dark, stormy history of the Balkan nations. It explains and excuses almost all their shortcomings.

Italy, too, suffered centuries of slavery; yet, through her darkest days, the immortal tongue and fame of Dante shone always as a beacon. But in Serbia, even before the Turkish invasion, Greek was the language of culture and trade; the melancholy accents of the Slavic tongue were despised as a barbarous jargon. Again, even through centuries of foreign kings, the great Italian city-states still remained more or less in the hands of the citizens; and Italy never was quite without a high political tradition. In the Balkans, on the contrary, amid the sudden flowering of national independence in the nineteenth century, a new evil trammelled the impulse of public life. This evil was the too-hasty and sometimes artificial creation of a class of politicians, who, having become bourgeois, often lost their fundamental peasant virtues. Now if, first in Serbia and later in Europe, Pashich increasingly gained for himself a respect which made so many diplomats echo Guiccioli's judgment, it was because he was not a *déraciné*—he never became unrooted. A freeborn descendant of men who had staked their lives for liberty, he personified the natural, patriarchal dignity of the Serb; he never considered himself the inferior of any man living.

While Europe recognized the admirable resurgence of the Serbian people under Pashich's leadership, a form of criticism was current in diplomatic circles, whether in London or Rome, in Paris or Berlin. The gist of this reproach was that, in a Serbia regenerate in so many other quarters, citizens had not yet acquired the most absolute fastidiousness in the expenditure of state moneys. But any one

who, like myself, had lived fairly long in Turkey, considered this widespread legend of oriental corruption rather as an occidental misunderstanding. In the old Turkey of the last four or five sultans, a Turkey whose crescent flag still waved over the citadel of Belgrade, pashas never received the stipend of their office. But they were at liberty to set a ransom upon the people they governed; and the latter offered their officials, as "baksheesh" or gratuity, only what they saved in taxes, which they rarely paid.

One day at Corfu, I chanced to witness a stinging rebuke which Prince Alexander delivered to two officials of the Serbian military commissariat suspected of embezzlement. The honors of the scene went wholly to the Prince. On the morrow, I mentioned the incident to Pashich, and our conversation ranged over the legends and the realities of peculation in the Balkans.

"Certainly, we have to reform," he commented. "But, remember, we Balkan peoples have been in slavery or at war for generations. If the present World War should continue long, you will find western corruption producing results beside which our Balkan customs are but infinitesimal peccadilloes."

At the time, I attributed Pashich's remark to an honorable desire to defend his country. My notes from Corfu where, for the first time in my life, I set down my impressions day by day, bear this out. But later I realized how prophetically Pashich had spoken. For, all in all, what lesson did we learn on the morrow of the Great War? We learned this: Let the feebleness of our political organism cause the fissures in our old rigid administrations to become chasms, let power be gained by the fascist slogans, and forthwith the resultant scandals attain a magnitude that annihilates decades of administrative decency such as existed in liberal Italy and in the Germany of the Hohenzollerns. Serbia never displayed one-thousandth part of the financial irregularities perpetrated by the feudal lords of oriental Prussia, behind their Puritan masks, as they plundered the treasury of the honest but all too feeble republic of Weimar.

When Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina, Europe observed the reaction of the Serbian people as a whole. And all Europe was forced to acknowledge that this people, once torn by partisan dissensions, was now very close indeed to that unity of spirit which alone faces fearlessly the direst of trials.

The Serbian people interpreted the theatrical coup of the annexation as a sign of the Austro-Hungarian government's will to humiliate Serbia and to prevent her evolution. The European diplomatic representatives at Belgrade, for the most part, realized the full recklessness of the Vienna cabinet's decision. As a case in point, I may choose the Belgian minister, Michotte de Welle, who could scarcely be supposed to harbor the anti-Austrian prejudices his Russian and Italian colleagues did. In a dispatch filed on December 27, 1908, M. de Welle wrote:

King Peter and his responsible advisers are conscious of the rashness of provoking a war against Austria-Hungary. This feeling of prudence, however, is not shared by the majority of the population. The wealthy class, a very small element, does not wish to run any risks; but the middle class and the common people are in a warlike frame of mind. In Serbia, the peasantry, a conservative, pacific element, is brought up to believe that the struggle for freedom will end only when all brothers of Serbian blood have shaken off the foreign yoke. To the peasantry, war appears as an inevitable necessity. Moreover, the peasant class has very little indeed to lose by war; it has no savings, it lives day by day on what it earns, and works for the satisfaction of only its immediate needs.

But the annexation was not needed to make the Serbian leaders, especially Pashich, feel the slow, sly, but sure vise which Vienna was tightening around Serbia.

What thought was uppermost in Pashich's mind concerning his powerful neighbor in the north? In certain respects, his views were similar to those which the most clear-sighted Italian statesmen held regarding Italo-Austrian dealings. Hence they were more readily understood by Italians than by the Serbs. Pashich had always

considered the Austrian problem from two angles which were contradictory only in appearance.

The imaginative, poetic side of Pashich's nature—so much richer and deeper than his opponents ever suspected—had happily lifted the veil of the future, allowing him to foresee events which were to follow. Pashich knew, therefore, that Austria-Hungary, or at least the Austria-Hungary of 1867 dualism, was doomed. He recognized the liberation of nationalities bowed under the German-Magyar yoke to be one of the inevitable facts of twentieth-century Europe, just as the unification of Italy and that of Germany were two other predestined developments to which Europe of the nineteenth century had had inevitably to bow. The realistic side of Pashich's nature understood quite as surely how childish and insane it would have been for a small country like Serbia to propose to speed events of such magnitude. Hence his distrust and his annoyance as he saw irresponsible and muddled minds hatching intrigues and plots in Belgrade.

His views were, as I have said, identical with those of the best minds in Italy. We Italians well knew that nothing could change the Austria of the Hapsburgs and that she must therefore be endured as she was if we wished to continue to enjoy peace. But we knew no less well that, short of a miracle, the Austro-Hungarian amalgam was destined to break up, and that, the day it did, no human force could keep the Italian provinces of the Hapsburgs from joining the motherland. Here indeed was the true reason for that imperturbable serenity with which successive Italian governments always met the periodic fits of Austrian ill-humor—fits particularly frequent when the Hungarian Mery, as ambassador at Rome, considered himself the ambassador of Francis Ferdinand's clerical furies rather than of Francis Joseph's resignation and common sense.* We Italians held the true strength, that of biding our time and awaiting the future.

* I was *chef de cabinet* to San Giuliano, in 1910, when Mery arrived. Three incidents indicative of his arrogance occurred in the first fortnight. At the second, San Giuliano said to me: "We must be patient; the air of Rome will civilize him."

Yet there was one difference between our Italian point of view and that of Pashich. We Italians were so certain of our country's ultimate destiny that we were not disturbed by the hypothesis of the Italians in Austria becoming fairly content with their position in the Monarchy, much as the Poles of Galicia were. We knew that some distant day all the Italians of Austria were bound to come with us.

Neither Pashich nor any other Serbian statesman could hope for so much; Italy could do so because the sum of her spiritual forces was already gathered under her flag. With Serbia, this was not so; her condition created the risk of the absorption of her people, and even though it might be temporary, she owed it to herself to avoid this danger. Italy was also working for the Italian sentiments of the Austrian *irredenti* by merely continuing to make her age-old scientific and literary contribution to the intellectual heritage of the world, by creating ever more important Italian outlets in America and in Asia Minor, by constantly bettering her economic life to such a point that, before the World War, the lira was at times quoted higher than even gold.

Serbia, on the contrary, had but one field of action within reach, namely Turkey in Europe, with its many Serbs who were still Ottoman subjects.

Now the long Austro-Russian and Austro-Italian quarrels over the reforms in Macedonia, were in part deplorable struggles for prestige, so many of which poisoned Europe for ten years before the eventful year of 1914.

Though they did not acknowledge it, the chief aim of the men controlling Vienna's policy was in reality simply to prevent Serbia from asserting herself in Macedonia, even as they had believed, a generation before, that they could deny her any future in Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the vilayet of Kossovo, especially, the slightest move Italy or Russia attempted in favor of the Serbian elements was

This was not the case. Merey mistook San Giuliano's ironic patience for weakness. Only Giolitti's imperturbable coldness baffled him.

viewed by the Austrians as an infringement of rights which they held to be evident.

In this period, I was twice a member of the Italian embassy at Constantinople. In spite of the excellent personal relations we maintained with our Austrian colleagues, they considered the mere sending of an extra Italian vice-consul to the vilayet of Kossovo as a piece of rash insolence. The Serbian ministers at the Porte—first, General Grujich, and later, Nenadovich—used to come to us and to Zinoviev the Russian ambassador, for consolation. Their position was tragic. In Constantinople we realized, perhaps even more clearly than they did at Belgrade, that Austria-Hungary was most firmly resolved to stifle Serbia. Of Pashich's country, the small Serbia of Milan's day, she sought to make a nation with no prestige whatever. She sought to isolate it within a barbed-wire fence composed of Austro-Hungarian and Bosnian territory on the north, and of territory, on the south, which her statesmen in Vienna counted upon bringing under Austro-Hungarian influence. And she felt no less confident in an alliance with a Bulgarian government which had forgotten its racial ties with the Serbs. Truly, if ever a country before 1914 had cause to protest against encirclement, that country was Serbia, rather than a German Reich surrounded by allies and vassals.

Among contemporary Serbian historians, one of the most eminent in science and conscience has voiced the opinion that Pashich did not always sense the fateful character of the antithesis between Serbian interests of independence and union of the Yugoslavs on one hand, and the interests of the Austrian monarchical system on the other. With all the respect I bear the historian after reading his works, I must disagree with him, not because of my own personal opinion, for its value would be very relative, but on the grounds of the objective testimony of what I myself saw.

Here I offer the serene testimony of a foreigner who, as a young diplomat at Rome, at Constantinople, and at Budapest, first had occasion to observe Austria-Hungary's Serbian policy in execution,

and later, with the tragedy of the World War, was long placed in intimate daily contact with Pashich.

Pashich's chief shortcoming was perhaps an excessive contempt for all means of propaganda and publicity in the interests of the state. He proved as much by the untoward silence he always maintained against campaigns in which writers, sometimes naïve, sometimes perfidious, placed on Serbia the chief responsibility for the outbreak of the last war.

But, in his relations with other men, this political shortcoming of Pashich's proved to be a high personal virtue. On the innumerable occasions when he spoke to me about the past, fragmentarily, as was his wont, he never felt impelled to argue a cause. That would have been too utterly contrary to his nature. He spoke freely and frankly to me, because he harbored a certain sympathy for a foreigner much younger than himself, a foreigner whom he knew he could trust as a staunch friend of his people.

Pashich's steadfastness of purpose never suffered one moment of weakness or contradiction. Today, this foreigner seeks to recall his most immediate sensations as they took root in him during his contact with Pashich at Corfu and in Macedonia. As he does so, he should confess that his cold Latin good sense was more than once divided between admiration and doubt.

His admiration went out wholeheartedly to the unshakable faith and the lyric flame that dwelt in Pashich's soul. But he would sometimes wonder. Here was the old leader, in exile now, with but a handful of men who were none too sure of ever seeing their Sumadija again. Had not this leader been too certain of the future, since that distant day, when, an exile in Bulgaria, he already visioned in his dreams a chain of events with, for indissoluble links, the war against Turkey, the resistance against Austria, and the union of all the South Slavs?

Now this foreigner was honored by lengthy confidences from men like Giolitti, Balfour and Poincaré when they were in the evening of their lives. Still, he must testify in all truth that he never

encountered a steadfastness of thought and aim so absolute as Pashich's. If this foreigner were to conjure up a comparison, he could find it only in the immortal Mazzini. For Mazzini's goal, though loftier, since it was not exclusively national, was nevertheless the struggle against Hapsburg Austria.

Pashich's part in the history of his people might appear of even more consequence had the elements forming his character happened to include one iota of that vulgar, self-interested desire for publicity which the dictatorial demagogues possess to such an exaggerated degree. But whatever faults Pashich may have had, that one was certainly not among them.

This is precisely how history is often written. If, in certain respects, Pashich has not received full justice from those who judge him in all good faith, it is not because of his shortcomings. It is rather because one of his loftiest virtues was an excess, perhaps, of silent pride.

THE CRISIS FOLLOWING THE ANNEXATION OF BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA

AT THE TIME of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, a coalition cabinet ruled in Serbia. Pashich was not a member. The minister of foreign affairs, Milanovich, represented the Radicals, but he worked quite independently of Pashich. In the crisis brought about by the annexation, people in official circles in London were often heard to repeat: "Milanovich is the most European of all Balkan men!"

And Kinderlen-Waechter, secretary of state for foreign affairs at Berlin, told the French ambassador confidentially: "This man Milanovich is the only Serbian who cares at all for what Europe is thinking."

Count Berchtold, on the other hand, keeping an eye on Pashich in St. Petersburg, where the old statesman had been sent to defend his country's interests, described him to his chief, Aerenthal, as "that patriotic and intriguing Serb." The Austrian ambassador's opinion, which he was not alone in voicing, was that Milanovich, in his reactions to blandishments and threats, was far more agreeable to the representatives of the great powers than Pashich, who was very courteous, wholly impassive, but thoroughly impervious to the emollient modulations of diplomatic language. Faced with such a man, the diplomats could only fall back upon their facile remarks as to "the Balkan's want of general views." In the opinion of diplomats of great countries, the minister of a small state is endowed with "general ideas" only when, through lack of courage, he sacrifices the interests of his people.

In his judgment of Pashich, Berchtold had added: "an intriguer." But the truth is, if intrigue consists in the search for petty means and false solutions, that Pashich was patently as remote from intrigue as possible. In the crisis after the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, it was Pashich, among the Serbians, who saw the situation clearly, while Milanovich caviled, chopped logic, hoped for, and consequently solicited compensations, when he might well have felt that merely to ask for them was to humiliate Serbia in vain.

Milanovich's idea was at once paltry and impracticable. It was paltry because it would have offered the Slavs of the Hapsburg Monarchy the spectacle of a Serbia bargaining for advantages based upon the loss of any hope the Bosnians might have of independence. It was impracticable because Austria's aim in proclaiming the annexation, was to destroy Serbia's prestige, and the greater country, therefore, could obviously not have conceded the slightest territorial, or even economic, gain to the Serbian government.

Pashich saw more clearly than his colleagues and he saw further. When the Powers tried to convene a conference to palliate the violation of international law committed by Austria, Pashich declared:

"Serbia does not wish a conference because we will obtain nothing; Serbia does not wish a war either, because no one would help her. So much the better: Bosnia-Herzegovina will remain an open wound."*

The Serbian attitude in this crisis and the daily development of negotiations by the Powers have been described with admirable precision and strict historical conscience by a Serbian statesman, Monchilo Ninchich, in a work published in 1937;† nothing whatever can possibly be added to the subject. Yet there is a series of historic concatenations which may shed light upon the policy of the Vienna cabinet from 1908 to 1914 and thus better explain Pashich's point of view.

* The phrase is reproduced by Baron Burian in his *Drei Jahre*.

† *La Crise Bosniaque et les puissances européennes*, 2 vols. (Paris: Costes, 1937).

In 1907, one year before the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, General Conrad von Hoetzendorf was named Austro-Hungarian chief of staff. This appointment, significant because it indicated that aggression was to follow, doubtless caused more suspense in Rome than in Belgrade where men like Pashich had long since realized the extent of the Austro-Hungarian danger. Italian statesmen, on the contrary, had accepted the alliance with Austria unenthusiastically but in all loyalty. "With Austria," people had said, "we can only be at war or in alliance." And as no one wanted war, and as peace worked for the constant strengthening and progress of Italy, the alliance proved satisfactory, despite the inevitable clashes in a marriage of reason.

A bitter succession of evidence forced the Italian statesmen to observe that Vienna's conception of the duties of the alliance was utterly monstrous. Conrad and the powerful group supporting him were convinced that their government was in no wise bound to respect the clauses of the treaty with Italy. Did not Conrad openly declare to his officers that Austria had lost a unique opportunity of destroying Italy at the time of the Messina earthquake and that she had been insane not to seize the occasion? As for Balkan questions, on which Conrad's clan was not in disagreement with the Ballplatz, these must be settled without considering the Italian point of view. If the government at Rome should invoke Article VII of the Triple Alliance, which held Vienna to a preliminary agreement with Italy, before any modification of the status quo occurred, the Austrians deemed it natural to denounce Rome as a trouble-maker and, in accord with Berlin, to seek to muzzle Italian diplomacy. In brief, according to Conrad and his protector, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, only two articles of the treaty of the Triple Alliance were valid in so far as Italy was concerned: that which bound her to agree with Austria, and that which obligated her to march against France.

It is true that Aerenthal, shortly after he succeeded Goluchowski in the direction of Austro-Hungarian policy, attempted to lend to

the dealings with Italy a less paradoxical aspect, for he wished to exert a policy more independent of Berlin than his predecessor's, and, to this end, he was eager for normal relations with Italy. As haughty as his successor Berchtold was vain, Aerenthal was inspired in his every political notion by two aims. The first was negative and saw Russia as but a great power wholly powerless; the other was positive, and prescribed the necessity of giving new life and new prestige to the Monarchy. The desire to accomplish these two aims drove Aerenthal to carry off the Bosnia-Herzegovina coup and visit public humiliation upon Serbia. His wish to better Austro-Italian relations was sincere, but his paramount interest was the success of the Bosnian undertaking, for he hoped to win from it new glory and new strength for the Monarchy. As a result, Aerenthal manifested a reticence towards his Italian colleague, Tittoni, which, in fact, if not in form, came close to violating the treaty. Indeed, it was in September 1908 that Aerenthal warned Tittoni of his intention to annex Bosnia, but he did so in vague, ambiguous phrases, calculated to mislead the Italian minister by not permitting him to understand that the act was imminent. Thus the Italian government was taken unawares, and was rendered powerless to reproach Vienna with a flagrant violation of Article VII of the Triple Alliance, since Aerenthal would have replied that he had not failed to apprise the Italians of his government's intention.

Tittoni's was a cold, deliberate mind. After the World War, I served with him as under secretary of state for foreign affairs, and despite our differences on several problems—differences which concerned the finality of ideals rather than the immediate decisions of the moment—we always spoke together with the most perfect frankness. When I myself became minister of foreign affairs, Tittoni did not entirely support my policy of a friendly understanding with Yugoslavia. Here again I was afforded an instance of our psychological differences. Indeed, Tittoni saw in my policy only the advantage to be gained by liquidating all Sonnino's and d'Annunzio's errors, which he considered extremely pernicious; but he

never realized, as I did, the power and prestige an Italy cordially united with the states successor to Austria-Hungary might have won. But, I repeat, his was a clear, honest mind. What, then, was Tittoni's attitude towards Serbia? Here it is, summed up in his own words, in a memorandum given at my request when I was preparing my book, *Makers of Modern Europe*.*

I was sure of Austria's genuine desire to better relations with us; here were the only means at her disposal to shake off the protectorate Berlin imposed upon Vienna. If, in spite of this, Aerenthal did not hesitate to mislead me—as he had previously, in a cruder manner, misled Izvolsky—it was because his foreign and domestic policy could perforce tolerate nothing that might attenuate the planned brutality of his coup against the Great Powers, signatories of the Treaty of Berlin, and against the feelings and the remote hopes of Serbia. The coup against the Powers was to consecrate the renewal of the Hapsburg monarchy's international prestige. The violence inflicted on Serbia was to destroy the growing sympathy the Southern Slavs under Hapsburg rule felt for the little kingdom. Also, it was to win for him, Aerenthal, the consideration of the powerful, turbulent groups led by Conrad, which, rightly or wrongly, claimed a close harmony of ideas with the heir to the throne. In these conditions, if Italy, a great power, was able to negotiate and obtain compensations, it was folly on the part of the Serbian government to try to obtain any. In point of fact, it amounted to holding that the Vienna government should decide, at once and at great cost, to accomplish two orders of action, the one completely destroying the results of the other.

The falsity and vanity of Milanovich's idea of "begging" for compensations, could not be more obvious. I use the word "beg," because it was launched in 1908 in the Serbian press, probably under Pashich's influence. New humiliations for Serbia were thus uselessly provoked—a result that men like Tittoni had clearly seen from the very first.

Happily for Serbia, the vulgar errors subsequently committed by the Austro-Hungarian rulers effaced the technical mistakes made by Milanovich during the crisis of the annexation—mistakes which had

* Appeared in America (Bobbs-Merrill, publishers) in 1929.

enabled Aerenthal to write to Conrad that the Serbs had, from the outset, facilitated his task.

The silent, dignified resistance which the Serbian people as a whole were able to oppose to the violence of Austro-Hungarian pressure showed to the Slavs of the Hapsburg Monarchy the vitality of the young kingdom even more clearly than any meager diplomatic pseudo-compensation, such as Milanovich dreamed of, could possibly have done. Pashich was the very soul of this moral resistance and he was whole-heartedly supported by other eminent Serbs like Novakovich, Protich, Vesnich. Never before had Serbia given Europe the spectacle of such union; for, we must not forget, the strength of a people is better gauged in times of sore stress than in the facile intoxication of victory.

In this crisis, in the margin of a telegram from the German minister in Belgrade, quoting Novakovich's statement that Serbia wished "to retain her dignity and national feelings," William II wrote this note: "They do not exist." Surely, this judgment deserves to figure beside those which he penned in 1914 concerning the British, the French, and the Italians, and which show to what a sorry specimen of manhood sixty million Germans had blindly intrusted their fate.

His very minister himself, Prince von Ratibor, was in a few months to give him the lie by writing as follows to the chancellor on the day of the Serbian government's diplomatic capitulation—in other words, on the day when Austro-Hungarian diplomacy believed it had accomplished all its ends:

"One thing is certain: the pan-Serbian idea will not die. As a writer of this country has said, the Serbian nation will never renounce its national future. The latter, as the Serb sees it, lies in the union of all Serbs, which he considers, somewhat exaggeratedly, to amount to ten millions."

Pashich was right. Despite diplomatic protocols, Bosnia-Herzegovina remained "an open wound."

“THE ONLY TIME THAT I WAS
EVER AFRAID”

WHAT WAS Count Aerenthal's fundamental error? In my opinion, he rightly felt that the Danubian Monarchy could not continue to plod along as it had under his predecessor Goluchowski, and he believed a success abroad was sufficient to create a new atmosphere. He had risen to the guidance of Austro-Hungarian policy after a long ambassadorship in Russia, where, for all his love of rule by force, he had yet fathomed the mortal weaknesses of the Czarist Empire. The Russian masses left him cold; he despised the diplomatic abilities of Izvolsky, Nicholas II's new minister of foreign affairs. Serenely assured of his twofold superiority as an Austrian and as a man, he felt that he might risk a coup such as the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. And he did not waver. His triumph was complete; but how disappointing its results and consequences!

I knew Aerenthal well. In 1911, at Budapest, I used to discuss the fundamentals of Austro-Italian relations confidentially with him. With all his shortcomings and faults, the man was no mean figure. His methods at times were unworthy of a great personality, as witness the Friedjung trial, the lies told Izvolsky, or his reticences with Tittoni. Yet, in the aggregate, we must admit his work showed a determination and a performance worthy of Metternich in the latter's first phase—of the early Metternich who never suffered Bonaparte to awe him. I will go further. I am convinced that after the Bosnian triumph, Aerenthal's days were darkened by a horrible realization of the truth. He was aware that his life was undermined by illness, though he stoically concealed the fact from everyone.

And as he looked about him, surveying that world so rich in titles and so poor in characters which constituted imperial Austria, he must inevitably have thought:

I sought to raise this Empire's prestige. Vienna, now, thanks to me, no longer feels itself a poor relation or even a brilliant second to Berlin. Yet will this not drive my successors to rash acts which I, myself, have always avoided? Will they not use that strength which I bequeath them to blackmail Berlin and to anger Italy needlessly?

Did Aerenthal think this? For my part, I believe that he did, and I base my argument not only on my own personal memories, but also on the testimony of two Austrians—national figures of the period—Josef Baernreither and Josef Redlich.*

For, with his pitiless logic and moral courage, Aerenthal must have owned that his triumph, the annexation of Bosnia, was destined to create new problems and perils, graver by far than the problems and perils it had eliminated, and too grave, at any rate, for his feeble successors to handle.

After his death mutual friends who knew what confidential and serious conversations we had had on Austro-Italian relations† told me of the sorrows attending the last hours of the only real statesman Austria produced under Francis Joseph. It was not death that terrified his stoic soul but the knowledge that his labor had been in vain. With typical Hapsburg ingratitude, Francis Joseph did not wait for mortality to seal the lips of the greatest of his servants. On his deathbed Aerenthal was informed that a successor had been appointed. That successor was Count Berchtold, forever associated with the ultimatum to Serbia in 1914.

Incidentally—and this detail is eloquent of the artificiality of official life in Austria—the government fancied it was consoling

* Baernreither and Redlich, in intimate association, and wholly devoted to their Austrian fatherland, were among the few Viennese who kept declaring that the Empire was marching slowly toward its ruin unless it reformed and became a fatherland instead of a prison for its Slavs. After the 1914-18 war Redlich went to Harvard as professor of constitutional law.

† For these conversations, see my *Makers of Modern Europe*, chap. IV.

"I Was Afraid"

Aerenthal by conferring upon him the diamonds of the Great Cross of the Order of St. Stephen.

Could Aerenthal have saved the cause of peace in 1914 had he stood in the shoes of his feeble successor? From the diplomatic point of view, yes, since his conduct after the annexation suggests that he would not have avoided the frank meeting of the great powers which Grey in London and San Giuliano in Rome recommended vainly after the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in 1914. Otherwise, no, if he had persisted in failing to realize that no diplomatic success or renewal of international prestige could save the Monarchy, but that a radical internal transformation might. His life as a diplomat had scarcely accustomed him to such farseeing vision. After my conversations with Aerenthal in 1911, I often wondered what it was the man lacked. And invariably I thought how much higher his spirit would have soared had his diplomatic career exposed him, as a young man, and over a period of years, to the discussions prevalent in London, Paris, and Rome. Aerenthal was wholly unaware of the forces that animate democratic peoples and systems. Assuredly, he possessed every quality requisite in the true statesman; but he was an anachronism. How much closer to life was a successor of his, Czernin! Late in May, 1914, in Vienna, Czernin and Redlich were discussing the subject that was on every one's lips: What would the Archduke Francis Ferdinand do upon succeeding to the throne?

"He will be saved," said Czernin, "and we, too, if, from the first weeks of his reign, he shows that he intends to govern, not through a handful of aristocrats, but through the peoples of the Monarchy."

"From the first weeks of his reign," Czernin said, and Czernin was one of the Archduke's intimates—if that dark, tempestuous character ever possessed an intimate. The truth is, out of all the speculations that may be based upon the hypothesis of Francis Ferdinand as emperor and king, one fact is certain: he would have had six months—not one day more or less—in which to create a new monarchy. For, six months after his succession, he would have

had to take the consecrated oath in Budapest establishing his duties and pledges as king of Hungary. To be sure, sovereigns sometimes observe a special code of morality in so far as their political oaths are concerned. But, oath or no, Francis Ferdinand's interest in avoiding a first step that might be construed as a concession to the Magyar aristocracy would have urged him to eschew the mystic rites of Hungarian coronation. Moreover, his dislike for the Hungarian nation, a feeling he never deigned to conceal, would decidedly have sufficed to make him sweep aside such counsels of prudence as he would undoubtedly have received in Vienna. Sometimes he went so far as to be unable to utter the name of the Hungarian nation; speaking of the Magyars, he would simply say, “diese Herren” (those gentlemen). King Albert of the Belgians, whose sympathy for Francis Ferdinand amounted to a sort of premonition of the tragic future awaiting the Archduke, told me that, speaking of the Hungarians one day, Francis Ferdinand exclaimed sarcastically: “By what indiscretion can these Asiatics have come to establish themselves in the heart of Europe?”

It is therefore questionable whether the Archduke, if he had become emperor, could within a few months have brought about a political and racial revolution which entailed the abasement of Magyar nationalism, the reform of Austrian bureaucracy, and the transformation of Austria-Hungary into a federation of at least four states, each the equal of a German Austria and of a Magyar state—the more so since Austrians and Hungarians believed themselves immensely superior to the Slavs and to the Rumanians, and perhaps even to the Italians of the Monarchy.

But one point is certain. At a critical moment in 1909 the Archduke as heir stood almost alone with Aerenthal in treating contemptuously the Austrian party that urged war against Serbia. Three years later, in 1912, speaking to Danev, then president of the Bulgarian Sobranje, the Archduke declared: “The Serbs are convinced that I am their worst enemy; that is very wide of the truth. At the height of the Bosnian crisis, when there was a growing party

of Austrians who wished to fight Serbia, I opposed them with the utmost energy. . . ."

And, exaggerating slightly, he added: "Serbia may thank *me* for her escape from annihilation in 1909."

A most conscientious and well-informed observer, Duke Avarna, Italian ambassador in Vienna throughout those years, confirmed this to me orally in 1910. I was then in Rome as *chef de cabinet* to the minister of foreign affairs. On several occasions, I discussed a certain problem with Avarna, and heard my chief, San Giuliano, do likewise. The problem was: Once emperor, will the Archduke's clericalism and Italophobia lead him to risk the "preventive" war against Italy which his henchman, Conrad, has so often mentioned?

Avarna never failed to cite the Archduke's peaceful attitude towards Serbia in 1909, adding: "His hatred of the Hungarians is so strong, that there is no place left in his heart for hatred of the Serbs. The Magyar lords with their Serbophobia irritate him beyond measure."

To what extent would Francis Ferdinand have been willing to spare Serbia in order not to offend the Yugoslavs of the Monarchy? To what degree did he realize that the full, confident affection of his Yugoslav subjects was indispensable if he wished eventually to effect his formula of trialism, or any other that might place upon an equal footing the various nationalities within his realm? Was he aware that their national conscience was so highly developed at this period that it was utterly vain to woo the Croats and the Serbs of the Monarchy, while plotting, at the same time, to destroy or humiliate the independent kingdom of Serbia?

A great many books on Francis Ferdinand have appeared since his death, for the enigma of a historic hypothesis tempts writers. But what is their testimony worth? Almost none among them ever knew the man, his family, or his environment. I myself knew that environment very well and I knew Francis Ferdinand fairly well, yet I hesitate to pass judgment. But I cannot help thinking that his problem was to effect that type of reform which alone might de-

velop imperial Austria into a living federation of satisfied peoples all under the aegis of the imperial crown. Its solution could spring only from labor inspired by human sympathy, intellectual generosity, and vision. Alas! the several gifts which Francis Ferdinand of Hapsburg-Este possessed were gifts of the past. Worse still, his heart was filled with aversion and mistrust, and aversion and mistrust are eternally barren.

Perhaps, deep within him, Pashich was convinced that the Hapsburgs were no longer of a stature to reestablish peace and harmony among peoples supremely different in tradition, language, and national spirit; perhaps he believed the prestige of the Empire done with forever and the era closed when Vienna could suggest to the world the illusory possibility of Austria's holding ten different peoples peacefully and serenely about the same throne, almost about the same hearth.

Moral certitudes of this sort can suffice for an apostle like Mazzini, who reckons on the future alone. They cannot satisfy the conscience of a statesman with immediate responsibilities.

And Pashich was just such a statesman; he felt that the very existence of his country might some day hinge upon modifications in the domestic policy of a neighboring great power. Often, he puzzled in anguish upon the secret of the heir-apparent's thoughts.

Hitherto, Pashich had felt nothing but contempt and pity for the rulers of Austria-Hungary. In the foundations of the proud scaffolding of the Monarchy, he had detected weakness which meant approaching collapse. In comparison with the artificial atmosphere of Austria, the shortcomings of his Serbs appeared as so many promises of existence and future life.

Even Aerenthal's diplomatic successes at the time of the Bosnian crisis left him unimpressed. If he had misgivings in 1909, they were solely in regard to Russia. The Russian who most disappointed him was Izvolsky, with his sudden fears of the aggressive policy inaugurated by Aerenthal. While in St. Petersburg in the first months of the Bosnian crisis, and later in Belgrade, Pashich witnessed the

vituperations exchanged between Aerenthal and Izvolsky; all this brought him no satisfaction but rather worry.

"That toad!" was the colorful epithet Aerenthal used in referring to Izvolsky. "That Jew!" the Russian countered, alluding to the thin component of Jewish blood that ran in the German-Czech veins of the Lexa von Aerenthal family. Pashich, by birth a true "gentleman" despite lack of an Austrian title or a Russian *chin*, was shocked to see the dignity of great offices so degraded.

The haughtier and more contemptuous the Vienna bureaucrats showed themselves in their dealings with the little kingdom of Serbia, and the more convinced the Hungarian aristocrats appeared of their superiority by divine right over their Yugoslav subjects, the more Pashich gleaned a sort of mystical certitude that Teutons and Magyars were destined to perish.

But in this certitude he had not foreseen a Hapsburg who might abjure the Austro-Magyar compromise of 1867—a compromise, I may add, which Francis Joseph ended by prizing as his diplomatic masterpiece. Neither had he foreseen a Hapsburg who might dream of placing the Slavs of the Monarchy on the same footing with Germans and Magyars. For the first time in the history of Francis Joseph's Austria, people were beginning to recognize that the Monarchy could be saved only by wholesale internal reforms; for the first time, people began, at least implicitly, to admit that diplomatic successes like Andrassy's in 1878, or Aerenthal's in 1909, were not enough to insure the life of the Empire.

Later, at Corfu, Pashich told me more than once what a period of anguish it was for him as he waited, watching for what the Archduke's ideas might bring forth.

"It was the only time in my life that I was afraid," he told me one day, as we matched memories of the period, and he questioned me regarding my personal knowledge of the Archduke's character.

Now it takes courageous men to acknowledge their moments of fear. But, at that, what Pashich called his fear admitted never a doubt of his people's ultimate future; it was rather the confession

of a personal fear lest, ere he die, he fail to witness the realization of his life's dream, the union and liberation of all Yugoslavs.

In sum, his apprehension concerned his own action as a statesman; but he was a statesman who invariably retained full confidence in the vitality and the urge for independence of his racial brothers.

Pashich's mind possessed the gift of combining the prudence of statesmen and the idealism of patriots. In 1904, he would not have hesitated to make even important agreements with Vienna, though with a moral style utterly alien to those made under the Obrenoviches.

Similarly, in 1912, he again attempted a solution to Serbia's difficulties, and made definite advances to Vienna. Francis Ferdinand's succession to the throne, possible at any moment, offered an additional reason for showing that government that Serbia wished only to be on good terms with her powerful neighbor. But hatred and contempt blinded the victors at Vienna. Otherwise, even before Pashich's advances, they would have realized that, though the alliance concluded in 1912 between Serbia and Bulgaria may have seemed—thanks to Milanovich—to have its anti-Austrian barb, Pashich at once eliminated this feature when he succeeded to Milanovich's office at the latter's death. Pashich—and herein lay the real secret of his political genius—recognized fully that any agreement between the Balkan states, any victory over Turkey, any reaffirmation of Serbian army prestige, was a dire obstacle set up in the path of Austria's ambitious covetousness. But he also recognized that the very fact that he was attacking Turkey only to free his Slav brothers from the Turkish yoke insured him, so far as Europe was concerned, against an Austro-Hungarian attack. Obviously, Austria-Hungary must have appeared as the aggressor in the eyes of the world had she dared to rise up against the victory of the Slavic allies over the Turk.

In his choice of the man to whom he intrusted his confidential overtures in Vienna, Pashich again displayed his tact and his dignity. That man, destined after the World War to become one of

the greatest, noblest figures in Europe, was then quite simply called Professor Masaryk. About the end of 1912, Masaryk, a member of the Austrian Reichsrat, went to Belgrade thrice: the first time, he saw Pachu, the minister of finance; it was only on his second and third journeys that he saw Pashich. Without giving Masaryk any formal document, Pashich begged him to make exact notes of what he, Pashich, suggested that he tell Berchtold. These notes Masaryk later communicated to Baernreither and Redlich, the two Austrians who best understood the necessity of an entente with the Yugoslavs, and to Wickham Steed, then Vienna correspondent of the London *Times*. They may be considered as dictated, word for word, by Pashich. His style is easily recognizable.

1. Serbia wishes and is compelled to remain jealously independent, economically and politically, but she can initiate more friendly relations with Austria.

2. Though we favor a division of Albania, we can bow to the Austrian thesis of an autonomous Albania, as proof that we are prepared to take into account Austria's wishes.

3. Of Austria, we ask a port and a corridor leading thereto.

4. We are prepared to offer all necessary guarantees and to bind ourselves never either to fortify this port, or to place it at the disposal of another power, or to cede it to another power.

5. We wish to grant Austria every possible economic concession and to afford her preferences in every respect, to conclude a trade treaty in 1917, and to favor Austria in the matter of all loans and all advantages arising from possible tariffs.

Should we fail to reach an agreement along these lines, we will nevertheless maintain a proper attitude; we will not engage in war to obtain a port, but we will constitute an outlet at Salonika, we will associate ourselves economically with the Balkan league, and we will buy no Austrian goods.

To this message Pashich added that he was prepared to go to Vienna to explain in person his offers and his desires, and to pursue the negotiations.

Pashich's last words to Masaryk were: "Now I beg you to repeat

all that I have told you to Herr Berchtold; come what may, Serbia will be grateful to you.”

On December 12, 1912, Berchtold received Masaryk, now home from Belgrade. The visit lasted one hour. At its close Berchtold did not even bother to employ the highly convenient formula, “I must speak to the Emperor about it.” He told Masaryk bluntly that a visit from Pashich was useless, that a private conversation with Pashich would only duplicate the discussions being held by the conference of ambassadors in London, that he most certainly did not wish “Serbia to grovel before Austria,” but that to go beyond normal existing relations was out of the question.

Despite this check and the uncivil form in which it was couched, Pashich was magnanimous enough to try again the following year. Masaryk himself advised it. Belgrade knew that the Austro-Hungarian government had been seriously contemplating war against Serbia during the summer of 1913. Indeed, on August 9, 1913, on the eve of the signature of the Treaty of Bucharest (which sanctioned Serbian gains in the Balkans and the acquisition of Salonika by Greece), the Marquis of San Giuliano, in Rome, received a most startling communication from Mery, Austro-Hungarian ambassador in Italy. This communication was the more extraordinary since it arrived without the slightest psychological preparation. Austria-Hungary, Mery declared, had determined to attack Serbia; she trusted that Italy would recognize this to be a “defensive action,” and that, accordingly, the clauses of the Treaty of Triple Alliance would operate in Vienna’s favor. As San Giuliano later told me, his answer was assuredly both prudent and clear, but his cold demeanor must have shown the Austro-Hungarian diplomat how senseless the Austrian idea appeared to him.

No sooner had Mery left the Consulta than San Giuliano telegraphed to Prime Minister Giolitti, who was vacationing in his Alpine village of Cavour:

Mery informs me—and I know he is informing Berlin at the same time—of Austria-Hungary’s intention to take up arms against Serbia.

Hoping that the clause of *casus foederis* may operate in its favor, the Austro-Hungarian government declares this action to be defensive. I do not find this to be the case and will deliberate with Berlin in order to forestall such Austrian action. However, we may have to declare openly that we believe such action would not be defensive and that consequently the *casus foederis* does not exist.

Giolitti immediately replied:

If Austria attacks Serbia, it is wholly evident that there can be no *casus foederis*. She would be acting on her own account, not in self-defense, since no one dreams of attacking her. Austria must be told this in the most formal fashion. It is to be hoped that Germany will also act in order to dissuade Austria from embarking upon so perilous an adventure.

Had Giolitti not replied in so categorical a manner, the war provoked in 1914 under the pretext of the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand might have broken out one year before, without any pretext whatever.

Despite or because of this, in October, 1913, Pashich again offered to go to Vienna, with a view to seeking bases for sound relations between the two countries which would last "for decades." Once again, Berchtold refused the offer, though this time he did discuss the matter with both the Austrian and Hungarian prime ministers. What else but a preconceived determination to make war can explain this refusal?

Thus there was more than mere rumor in the sinister reports circulating in authoritative Viennese quarters at about that time. Two such reports Duke Avarna communicated to Rome as absolutely authentic.

First, General Baron Krobatin, minister of war (1914-1917), on a visit to Prince Fürstenberg, president of the Chamber of Peers, declared: "If another opportunity arises to settle accounts with Serbia, we must not waste it as we did in 1909."

Second, Count Berchtold himself whispered to one of the members of the same Upper House: "I will not have people reproach

me as they did Aerenthal in 1908. Should the occasion arise, you will not find me standing in the way of a definitive settling of accounts with Serbia.”

Those who believe that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand could have changed such ideas and such passions do so, perhaps, on the strength of the century-old authority which the imperial power enjoyed in Austria. They do not know that the monarchic loyalty of aristocracies and feudal castes is nowhere so aptly described as in an old proverb of the East Prussia Junkers: *Sei der König absolut, dass er unsern Willen tut* (Let the king be absolute so that he do our will).

It is very likely that the accession to the throne of a peace-loving sovereign who was determined to grant justice to his Slav subjects would merely have hastened the creation of the most critical incidents. And if an incident were provoked, the Krobotins, the Berchtolds, and all their kind would almost infallibly have made sure that, thanks to “patriotism” and “prestige,” no one would be left capable of stopping the bloody adventure.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S WILL TO WAR

FROM 1914 to 1917 a favorite axiom in European diplomacy was that the Balkan states could never possibly agree among themselves. That diplomacy, indeed, was fully aware of all that it was doing to sow discord between Belgrade and Sofia, between Athens and Bucharest. The political history of the Europe of the Triple Alliance may be said to have been concentrated in the Balkans; anything that happened in the Balkan capitals was almost invariably the result of intrigues hatched by the European cabinets, especially those of Vienna and of St. Petersburg.

But before the age of Bismarck and Austro-Magyarism, Europe had lived in a loftier atmosphere, intellectually and morally. It had known the diplomacy of Cavour, the political ideal of Mazzini.

Mazzini was the first to preach the necessity of a league of Balkan states. Thinkers and poets—Lamartine, Michelet, Louis Blanc, Quinet—adopted Mazzini's ideal and popularized it. Aulic Vienna smiled at the ideas of these writers; but the best minds in the Balkans understood them.

In 1859 Kossuth, then an exile in London, was sounded out on the subject by Michael Obrenovich. In 1868 Obrenovich managed to conclude an agreement with the Bulgarian National Committee, then sitting in Bucharest, whereby both the Serbian prince and the Bulgarian exiles actually agreed on the common name and the common flag to give to the two sister nations.

The same year another pact was negotiated, apparently easier to draw up, since it concerned two peoples of identical language, but actually more difficult since two dynasties had to agree. This convention was about to be concluded, when the murder of Michael

Obrenovich in June, 1868, destroyed the dream just when it seemed nearest to realization.

But the idea was not dead. It is to the honor of Bulgaria that Sofia in 1884 initiated negotiations with Belgrade for a customs union which would necessarily have given birth to a political federation. The following year, Milan risked killing the idea by his mad war against Bulgaria—the most criminal error that the Serbian king committed.

What the Slavs had been incapable of doing, the Young Turks accomplished. In its dealings with its "rayah" subjects, Abdul Hamid's government had been at once intolerable and tolerable: intolerable because all possibility of progress was excluded, tolerable because its indolence compensated for the lack of liberty.

The Young Turks, on the contrary, by their insane pretensions to making Turks of the Christian subjects of European Turkey, made the union of the Balkans inevitable. Here was a case of tyro conceit unsurpassed even by the Fascists in Italy and the Nazis in Germany. When the deposed Sultan, Abdul Hamid, a prisoner in the Villa Allatini at Salonika, learned that those who had dethroned him had also placed themselves on the very worst terms with Serbs, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Rumanians, he murmured: "They have set all the Christians against them; they are lost!"

In this formula "all the Christians against them" what most astonished European diplomacy was the Serbo-Bulgarian entente. For the cabinets of the great powers had made a dogma of the supposed impossibility of any agreement between the brother peoples.

In 1920 I myself was to appreciate how much alive the old axiom still was. When, as minister of foreign affairs, I directed the Italian agents in the Balkans to favor a reconciliation between Serbs and Bulgars as a matter of policy, my guiding principle seemed so evident that I did not consider it necessary to give my agents too detailed an exposé. I felt the danger of an aggressive Pan-Germanism which must sooner or later reassume the form of Mitteleuropa. Against it, I wished to set up not only a sound Yugoslav state

friendly to Italy; but also a potential union of all the South Slavs, all equally desirous of remaining independent. What was my surprise when I realized that my instructions had given rise to considerable confusion in the minds of several Italian diplomats. For their minds were still worried by the Sonnino policy, which steadfastly believed that the old Austria would survive despite four years of the most terrible of wars and the revolt of most of her subjects. I had to summon some of these diplomats to Rome.

"Are you agents of the Ballplatz?" I asked. "Can you conceive of the power and future of a country as strong as Italy only in the equivocal Hapsburg light of *divide et impera*. The closer the bonds of intimate concord which the Yugoslavs can establish with their Bulgarian brothers, the greater the security and influence which we stand to win in the long run."

This, then, was how certain Italian and, I may add, French diplomats felt on the morrow of the turmoil of the World War. Is it strange, therefore, that the eve of the Balkan wars found Vienna, which had for so many years been harping on Serbo-Bulgarian discord, hoping for the failure of Balkan union?

In the negotiations in 1911 and 1912 which preceded the Serbo-Bulgarian alliance, Pashich was astonished and sometimes worried by the confidence with which the Bulgars dismissed all fear of the threat of Austro-Hungarian intervention, should the Balkan powers prove victorious over Turkey. For instance, almost on the eve of the declaration of war upon Turkey, the Bulgarian premier, Gesov, sent Stoyan Danev to Serbia on a secret mission; he was to settle a few final points with Pashich. The latter was much perplexed at the Bulgarian envoy's calm dismissal of possible danger from Austria in the future.

The two men met secretly at Nish. Danev explained to Pashich in detail all the steps which Sofia had taken for the sole purpose of convincing the Austro-Hungarian ministers that the Balkan alliance did not, and could not in any sense possess a single feature inimical to the Danubian Monarchy. Pashich was but mildly reassured. For

his part, he knew that the two problems and the two theaters were inextricably bound up. He knew that for the Serbs to conquer the Turks was for them to menace Vienna, and for them to be conquered by the Turks might well mean their subjection to a thinly disguised Austro-Hungarian vassalage. Here, I think, was the specifically unique feature of his political belief. Other Serbs sometimes considered other fields of life and expansion for Serbia; but Pashich alone always remained convinced that, on the heels of any success, wherever it occurred, Serbia must find herself faced with an eternally threatening Austria.

Each time that Pashich framed a policy tending to create an atmosphere of peace with Vienna, he was utterly sincere, despite his own personal, immutable reservations.

"Even if they accept," he would say, "even if we agree, it can never be more than an armistice. But," he would add with perfect sincerity, "let us hope for a long one."

Few episodes in recent history reveal a diplomatic mastery equal to that which Pashich evinced in the Balkan negotiations of 1912 and after. We know that his mind was always set upon Austria and the historical fatalities which Austria's downfall might set in motion. Yet he succeeded in preventing the slightest pinprick to Vienna's jealous pride; and he succeeded in maintaining the deepest silence not only on the problem of the Slavs of Austria but also on Bosnia and Herzegovina. Better still, Serbia's request for an outlet on the Adriatic Sea was made to appear as arising from friendly pressure on the part of Italy and Russia; the request was filed purely as a problem of European equity and European prudence. On the other hand, Pashich's whole activity was concentrated upon a bold denunciation of Turkish misrule in Macedonia; a problem in which any veto by Austria on more human reforms would have appeared as a selfish provocation to the whole world, including those Balkan states which, like Rumania, were closer to Vienna than to Rome and London.

But reality remained. And the reality was that the whole Balkan

enterprise was a defensive war against the imperialistic aspirations of the Danubian Monarchy. The childish madness of the Young Turks, who had learned the history of the French revolution in the lodges of secret societies of Salonika, simply hastened the day of the "rayahs'" deliverance. Like the Conventionnels, the Young Turks believed the proclamation of the New Turkey, "one and indivisible," sufficient to fulfill the aspirations of the subject peoples, making them overwhelmingly content at becoming Turkish "citizens." The end of the Sick Man might be awaited with calm. But Belgrade could not rashly run the risk of watching a new government in Vienna developing an Austria so intelligent and regenerate as to rise in the Varder valley as the liberator of the Slavs.

At the end of the Balkan wars, Francis Joseph's and Berchtold's Austria understood, too late, that she was almost as badly beaten as Turkey herself. After the Serbian victory at Kumanovo, the Austro-Hungarian military attaché had reassured his masters in Vienna as much as possible:

"The Serbs were victorious at Kumanovo and elsewhere only because they enjoyed a numerical superiority. . . . The Serbian high command was mediocre . . . the Serbian auxiliary service insufficient. . . ." He concluded: "It is absurd to pretend to place the Serbian army on a footing with the army corps of the great powers."

Austria was now behaving just as Germany was to do in regard to France, Great Britain, and Italy in 1914: she made the mistake of despising her neighbors and eventual enemies too much. This is the habitual fallacy of oligarchic and dictatorial governments. They declare so often and so repeatedly that their own rules of government alone guarantee strength and cohesion, that they end by believing it, just as they end by gambling on the alleged weaknesses of the democratic governments.

When disappointments occur, their fears are transformed into hatred, their haughty contempt of yesterday into a desire for vengeance. Such was the case with Austria after Serbia's victories and

conquests in the Balkans. Hatred of Serbia became an obsession; the Austrians believed themselves in a state of peril as mortal as when the Turks had threatened the gates of Vienna two centuries before. But with a difference. Today there was no Prince Eugene of Savoy; today the Serbian and Croatian troops were no longer reliable. Once they had shed their blood for the Empire against the Infidel; but today they would be called upon to fight against people who were their brothers in language and in the Christian faith. In 1912, Molden, Vienna's unofficial but obliging publicist, announced that the only policy which might save Austria was "to force the Serbs to political disarmament: if they refuse, they will be crushed by strength of arms."

The speed with which the Serbophobia of official Vienna was artificially propagated in Austria coincided with the appointment of Count Forgach to one of the most exalted posts in the imperial and royal ministry of foreign affairs. He had spent several years at Belgrade as Austro-Hungarian minister, giving proof of his complete lack of perspicacity in the affair of the false documents in the Friedjung trial at Zagreb in 1908.

It is relevant, here to pause a moment to consider this personage. For he represents the perfect type of second-rate agents, who, hiding their incomprehension, their jealousy, and their personal rancor under a veneer of patriotic fear, manage, in states like that of old Austria, to guide the destinies of the realm more than the Sovereign and his ministers, and thus form a mandarinat aloof from the people.

In our early conversations at Corfu, it was wholly to Pashich's interest to ascertain the Italian plenipotentiary's true state of mind. But he was unwilling to show any feeling that I might mistake for suspicion. For my part, I found his preliminary reserve quite natural. One of the first occasions when this reserve began to disappear was when he learned that for two years, while I was in Constantinople as quite a young man, I had been thrown into that intimacy with Forgach which is required of the personnel of the embassies

of the Great Powers at Pera and on the Bosphorus, and that I had speedily judged Forgach's mental and moral indigence.

Certain historians of pre-war Austria have described Count Forgach as typical of the Magyar aristocrat in his violence and contempt. This description was true only on the surface. No people and no caste but has the vices of its virtues and the virtues of its vices. Now Forgach had only the vices of the Magyar aristocracy, its violence and arrogance; he had none of its virtues, among which a happy psychological security and an absolute lack of shiftiness have always appeared to me undeniable.

In reality, behind his arrogance as a Magyar and an Austrian diplomat, Forgach was the victim of a painful inferiority complex caused by the numerous drops of Jewish blood running through his veins. How often in Constantinople his youthful Italian and British colleagues used to smile at young Forgach's uncertainty about the advisability of accepting or refusing an invitation to the house of some rich Armenian pasha or of some Greek banker! We would go there and spend pleasant week-ends; Forgach, unsure of his ground, feared to commit himself. Even then, in old Baron Calice's embassy, Forgach seemed predestined to hate everything that was Serbian. We used to take our meals every day at the Cercle d'Orient. One evening I gave a dinner for General Sava Grujich, then Serbian minister in Constantinople, and for some Byzantines who were passing through. Forgach never recovered from his surprise at seeing me converse with old Grujich for two hours after dinner. "What can you find to talk about with such people?" he asked me.

During the lamentable comedy of the forgeries of the Friedjung trial, which exposed the Ballplatz and the Austro-Hungarian legation at Belgrade to the ridicule of all Europe, a colleague of Constantinople days, at that time counsellor of embassy at Vienna, confessed to me: "Every one is talking of Forgach's diabolical inventions. Don't believe a word of it. He is just as he was at Constantinople: vainglorious, and contemptuous of the Serbs, but ter-

rified of seeming to lack zeal. Forgach simply toed the mark because Vienna wished him to."

Count Stephen Tisza, whom I used often to meet at Budapest during my short mission in Hungary, voiced exactly the same opinion in 1911. "Forgach is a weakling and a skeptic," he told me, "but he parades a policy of violence in order to conceal the mediocrity of his character."

Count Tisza, contrary to Forgach, possessed all the virtues and vices of the Hungarian aristocrat. I answered: "Don't you consider it extremely dangerous to appoint such men to delicate political posts?"

Because of his very weakness, a Forgach, risen in Vienna to be one of the directors of Austro-Hungarian diplomacy (with, for immediate superior another weak man, Count Berchtold) spelled mortal danger in two ways.

In the first place, the factors working for war were no longer met, at the Ballplatz, by the usual counterpoise which even a poor diplomacy always sets up to neutralize the "trouble-makers." Again, in his hidebound mind, Forgach had come to hate the Serbs for his own most extravagant blunders. He never forgave them the fact that his Serbian documents in the Friedjung trial were all forgeries. To him, the destruction of Serbia had become his chance for personal revenge, just as to the Magyar aristocrats it meant a chance to safeguard their economic privileges, and to the *Beamte* in Vienna a chance to counteract the plans for new policies laid by the Archduke. Indeed, in my opinion, even those historians who have most clearly set forth the Austro-Hungarian statesmen's responsibility in the provocation of the World War have not sufficiently stressed what petty and base motives inspired these statesmen.

When, in our Corfu conversations, Pashich mentioned the Forgach case, he was quite right in remarking: "The approach of the catastrophe was quite obvious to me when I saw them intrusting a post of high command to a man as poorly equipped as Herr Forgach. With people of the sort, disaster is inevitable."

In order to judge Austria's responsibilities, it is enough to consult the testimony of a people whose interests, to the last minute, were identified with those of the Danubian Monarchy. I refer to the Germans.

Here is what Tschirschky, German ambassador in Vienna, wrote to Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg a few months before the Serajevo murder. This report still amply warrants a reading, enriched, as it is, by the Emperor William's marginal comment. After considering the attitude of the non-Slav political circles, and of the military circles, the ambassador stated that a war against Serbia would be very popular among them "if it might solve the Yugoslav problem from the German point of view." By the word "German," of course, he meant the directing spheres of German-Austria, not his own Reich. The military and feudal circles felt humiliated, Tschirschky remarked, because the monarchy dared not take definitely such steps as the situation called for. Tschirschky added:

"With amazement and sorrow, these circles observe the growing power of the Slavic wave. Anxiously, one and all wonder what will happen to Austria. The Germans are discouraged. In the Upper House, recently, one of them said to me: 'It marks the end of the Germans in Austria.'"

(Marginal note by William II: "Kopf hoch!" [Keep your head high!])

"Indeed," Tschirschky continued, "they will lose all influence in the Monarchy, and I wonder whether some day they will not be driven to secession."

A little further, Tschirschky stated:

In the southeastern territory of the Monarchy, a new Lombardo-Veneto, a new irredenta, has arisen which can turn its glance only beyond its frontiers, towards the young, great, and powerful Serbian state. Official circles are not at all sure whether Slavic regiments could now be used against the Serbs in case of war. . . . Since the Serbian victories in the Balkans, religious differences between Yugoslavs no longer seem to offer a serious obstacle to their national unity. . . .

The idea of a united Monarchy and the feeling of solidarity are fast disappearing. . . . At present, internal conditions in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy are discouraging; they are also discouraging from the point of view of their Germanic ally. Only great wisdom and great energy on the part of the central government could avail to gather the centrifugal forces of the Slav peoples and direct them to serve the state, and thus to continue the policy of a great power, side by side with its Germanic ally.*

Obviously, the final sentence of Tschirschky's dispatch makes vague and prudent allusion to the plans attributed to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne. Thus matters of great import were under discussion. What comment, then, does the august German sovereign make in the margin of the text?

"Mit Blut und Eisen sind die Kerle noch zu kurieren." (Those fellows can still be cured by blood and iron.)

Such was the understanding granted the mighty of this earth in the years before the Great War.

This notion that the use of "blood and iron" was axiomatic gained ever more ground with the Austro-Hungarian rulers. Among a thousand proofs, we have erred in forgetting the final words of the Austrian premier, Count Stürgkh, to the Crown Council on July 7, 1914, when, with his heedless colleagues, he sealed the doom of his country:

We must achieve a decisive action; a purely diplomatic victory cannot possibly suffice. . . . If, for international reasons, we must first pass through a diplomatic phase, it must be clearly understood that we do so with the firm will to arrive at war.†

This explains why the ultimatum to Serbia was so drawn up as to make it unacceptable by the most pacific sovereign state. It explains why the ultimatum was communicated to the Italian government only at the last minute, when all discussion was impossible. It explains—a detail your French and English Austrophiles have so blithely forgotten—why the Vienna government actually pre-

* *Die grosse Politik der europäischen Kabinette*, XXXIII, No. 12402.

† *Diplomatische Aktenstücke*, Part I, p. 31.

scribed consultation with a dependable jurist to ascertain means of arriving at war, even in the inconceivable case of complete acceptance by Serbia of all the most humiliating conditions.

One man, in the moment of declaration of war upon Serbia, found in his heart the sorry courage to exclaim in the hall of the Hungarian parliament: "At last!"

That man was Count Albert Apponyi. As Hungarian minister before the World War, he had left no stone unturned to make the conditions of the Slavic subjects to St. Stephen's crown even more humiliating than they had been before. After the war, he managed to turn his advanced age to account and became one of the most applauded orators at the League of Nations, where the naïve western democracies allowed the old wolf to play the innocent lamb. His "At last!" was indeed the exclamation of all the Austrian and Hungarian rulers, with the possible exception of the solitary inhabitant of Schönbrunn, Francis Joseph.

Apponyi's "At last!" does not even represent a cry of deliverance and despair, qualities which might have lent it a certain nobility. It was, instead, the cry of the armed colossus who, confident in his alliance with a neighbor whom the whole world believed to be all-powerful, had discovered an excuse for crushing a small neighbor state which lacked arms, money, and, he hoped, friends.

Both Vienna and Berlin believed France, Great Britain, and Italy, peoples of democratic rule, incapable of reacting. As for Russia, the rulers in Vienna were still enjoying the humiliation which their thinly veiled ultimatum had inflicted upon that country by imposing silence upon her after the annexation of Bosnia. Not one Austrian diplomat was able to read the signs of destiny on the banks of the Neva. One Englishman, alone, knew. Out of all the welter of diplomatic dispatches from St. Petersburg on the occasion of the humiliation of Nicholas II and of Izvolsky, one passage seems to me to be worthy of record. It figures in the report made by Sir George Buchanan to his government in London:

"The St. Petersburg cabinet has yielded. So much the better for

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peace. But Vienna and Berlin are courting disaster if they believe that Russia can ever undergo a like trial again. On that day, near or far, when they again seek to reckon without Russia, no force on earth will stop Russia from marching."

This was also Pashich's secret thought. He had made a thorough study of Moscow's policy. He knew that on April 13, 1876, Giers had told the German ambassador: "We Russians have one objective, namely peace; but we cannot allow Serbia to be crushed." If one statesman was not astonished to hear Sazonov repeat the same words almost textually in 1914, that man was certainly not Pashich.

All this accounts for Pashich's enduring patience in regard to Austria-Hungary; he knew that *fata trabunt*. And it accounts for his unshakable serenity when the storm threatened his native land.

12

SERAJEVO

THE CRISIS precipitated by the annexation of Bosnia was a dress rehearsal for the crisis of Serajevo in July, 1914. The assassination of the Archduke, his wife, and his heir, on June 24, 1914, was but a happy pretext for the Court *camarilla* and the Hungarian rulers.

The proof that Serajevo was but a pretext is furnished by the compilation of the memorandum drafted in Vienna just a few days after June 24. It formally requested German assistance in an attack upon Serbia. Twelve months earlier, as we have seen, Vienna had tried the same game, but she had solicited Italy also; and Italy had formally rejected any idea of a war which Giolitti defined as "offensive."

This time, determined to stake their all, the Austrians referred their plans to Berlin alone, thus violating in letter and spirit Article VII of the Triple Alliance, whereby they were bound to a preliminary agreement with Italy.

The celebrated memorandum submitted to William II after the death of Francis Joseph's heir had been prepared and drawn up in detail. Support of Austria by its German ally was thereby assured the day after the German Kaiser visited Francis Ferdinand at his castle of Konopischt, in mid-May, 1914. The Serajevo murder served only to add the following postscript to the document:

This memorandum was completed before the terrible events at Serajevo. It is difficult fully to realize the extent and consequences of this abominable crime. But, as if that were necessary, it has offered complete proof of the irreconcilable antagonism existing between the Monarchy and Serbia. It has also illustrated the intensity and danger of

Pan-Serbian propaganda, which will stop short of nothing. . . Under such circumstances, the Monarchy is compelled perforce to break down the net in which its enemy seeks to entangle it.

The Bosnian crisis, I said, was the dress rehearsal for the crisis of 1914. But with a certain difference. In 1909, the Austrian statesmen dominated events; in 1914, the lesser men that succeeded Aerenenthal were more the victims of their passions and the playthings of events.

Aerenenthal possessed a certain limited but clear view of the future. Above all he was a man and, in a definite sense, a new man. His successor, Berchtold, was simply a symbol of old Austria whose masters were old, narrow-minded bureaucrats. Count Forgach was typical of them. One day he told a subordinate of his at the Ballplatz, a fellow Hungarian, Baron Szilassy: "I should like to see the legend, *Serbia delenda est*, written upon the walls of every ministry in our country!"

I have mentioned how intimately I knew Forgach, as a young diplomat at Constantinople, and how bitterly he loathed anything Slavic, even before he played his ridiculous role in the forgery of the Friedjung papers, to the laughter of all Europe. Afterwards I was minister in China and so I did not see Forgach in his all-powerful role at the Ballplatz. But I did come from Peking to spend a few weeks in Austria in 1912 and 1913. Duke Avarna, the Italian ambassador, Dumaine, the French ambassador, and Count de Dudzele, the Belgian minister, all of whom had also known Forgach intimately in Constantinople, repeated to me: "The peril in Vienna is that the foreign ministry, thanks to Forgach, no longer serves to counterpoise the militarists' belligerency, but actually encourages it."

The memorandum which was to plunge Europe into war could not have emanated from any foreign office but one directed by men of Forgach's stamp.

The fatal document was dispatched to Berlin on the evening of

July 4; Count Hoyos, Berchtold's *chef de cabinet*, delivered it. Next day, July 5, Francis Joseph granted Conrad, Austrian chief of staff, a long audience. The latter left an exact record of the conversation. Conrad wrote: "I expressed my opinion upon the inevitability of war against Serbia."

The following dialogue ensued:

THE EMPEROR: "Yes, quite right. But how do you expect to make war if every one attacks us? Especially Russia."

CONRAD: "Will not Germany side with us?"

THE EMPEROR: "Are we certain of Germany?"

CONRAD: "But, Your Majesty, we must know what the situation is."

THE EMPEROR: "A note was sent last night to Berlin. We asked for a clear answer."

CONRAD: "If Germany answers that she will surely side with us, shall we fight against Serbia?"

THE EMPEROR: "In that event, certainly."

Francis Joseph would have worried less about the reply from Berlin if he had known what notes the fulminant pen of William II was already making in the margin of Tschirschky's dispatches. Immediately after the assassination of Francis Ferdinand, Tschirschky had cabled from Vienna to Bethmann-Hollweg: "Even deliberate people in my presence voice their desire to settle accounts with the Serbs. I use every opportunity, gently but firmly, to advise against any rash step."

William wrote in the margin by the first sentence: "Now or never!" In the margin by the second, he wrote: "Who commissioned him to do so? It is none of his business. Austria herself must decide what she wishes to do. Tschirschky will oblige me by dropping all such nonsense. The Serbian mess must be settled, once and for all. The sooner, the better."

On July 5, three days after his audience with Francis Joseph, Conrad had a decisive conversation with Berchtold. The meticulous exactitude with which Conrad reproduced this conversation in his

Memoirs* is astounding. Here is the language of conspiracy, and Conrad is not even aware of it.

CONRAD: So we enter Serbian territory.

BERCHTOLD: What if Serbia does nothing?

CONRAD: Then Serbia will be occupied until our war expenses are paid.

BERCHTOLD: Shall we put off the ultimatum until after harvest and after the Serajevo investigation?

CONRAD: Better today than tomorrow; we must exploit the situation. The moment our enemies become suspicious, they will begin to make preparations.

BERCHTOLD: We will see that the secret is strictly kept. No one will know anything.

CONRAD: About what date should we dispatch the ultimatum?

BERCHTOLD: In a fortnight, on July 22. It would be well for you to go away on leave for a while. The war minister, too. It would dispel any anxiety.

Such was the atmosphere in Vienna when the assassination of Francis Ferdinand provided an opportunity that was lacking in 1913—one that had to be seized at all costs. Apponyi's exclamation, "At last!" was the confession of official Vienna; those statesmen who, like Tisza, hesitated did so through no love of peace, but through uncertainty as to whether sufficient help would come from Germany. When Vienna and Berlin learned of William II's "Now or never," there remained no Magyar or Austro-German who did not favor war.

In the dramatic meeting between the members of the Deutsch-oesterreicher Staatsrat and the Emperor Charles, on November 2, 1918, the latter protested that he "did not want it to happen." A Socialist leader looked approbation. The veteran Christian Socialist Mayer alone had the dignity to declare: "Let us be sincere, gentlemen. We all wanted war, even the people. You need but recall our universal enthusiasm in the summer of 1914 . . ."

* Conrad's Memoirs—*Aus meiner Dienstzeit* (My Days of Service)—are at least sincere where other more sensitive writers might have been tempted to color the truth.

In the spring of 1914, when the Austria of the Berchtolds and the Forgachs was resolving to make war upon Serbia, no one deigned to recall the words that Aerenthal had written to Forgach at Belgrade on April 15, 1909:

The question of our relations with Serbia is but one part of the South Slav problem; this question can therefore be treated only in connection with the internal policy which we must pursue in regard to the Slav subjects of the Monarchy.

If excuse need be found for people of Berchtold's type, who led to ruin a state they believed they were serving, that excuse may be found in the character of Francis Joseph. At first hostile to war, he had come around to it. Why? Because war—a preventive war—was certainly graver and more dangerous than an internal transformation of federal character. But it did not impinge upon the fundamental ideas of his reign. It had nothing to do, first, with German supremacy, and, next, with maintaining the *Ausgleich* of 1867, which assured Germans and Magyars an equal share in the imperial supremacy. War, horrible as it always was, spelled for Francis Joseph but another maneuver such as he had already witnessed three or four times in his reign—a maneuver directed on one hand by a minister of war, on the other by a minister of foreign affairs.

Francis Joseph hated nothing so much as ideas or projects beyond the competence of the chief of a ministerial bureau. A radical reform of the interior organization of the Monarchy must needs have gone considerably further. In brief, Francis Joseph was instinctively jealous of the unknown Metternich who might make over the Empire. Francis Joseph was a sovereign and a man. The man was hard-working and personally as honest as the day; all his life long he sought only to serve the state. But, in his lack of vision, he proved a bad sovereign. He was perhaps better than his grandfather, Francis I; he was better than William I. Yet both Francis and William were able to perceive the superiority of their ministers, Metternich and Bismarck, and to allow them to act freely.

It is worth remembering that once before, as a matter of fact after the Crimean War, Francis Joseph was quite ready to consider war against Russia as inevitable. If that war was never waged, no thanks is due to official Vienna.

Even Bismarck, with his inhuman genius, sometimes saw clearly in the matter of preventive wars. On August 18, 1875, from his retreat at Warzin, he wrote to William I about the current incidents with France: "Today, as in 1867, at the time of the Luxemburg question, I would not for the world urge Your Majesty to decide upon war merely because our enemy might subsequently be better prepared. In this respect it is impossible plainly to foresee the dispensations of Providence."

At Belgrade, on the contrary, a king reigned who had granted his full confidence to a great minister, and he displayed his magnanimity by a complete absence of jealousy; at Belgrade, this minister knew that the future was working for the enlargement of the Serbian state and nation, and that *coups de force* were not necessary to the life of the state. After the peace that concluded the Balkan Wars, Pashich never once swerved from his conviction of the necessity of improving the relations between Serbia and the Danubian Monarchy. Throughout the Balkan Wars, he had sedulously prevented those around him from reacting to any provocation on the part of Austria. He kept telling his ministers, and the editors of *Samouprava* and other journals that voiced his policy: "The instigator knows what he is about; the other does not, and therefore must be ever so much more prudent."

Again, I quote verbatim: "If Austria-Hungary does everything within her power to provoke us, it means that this is her interest. Our interest therefore is to refuse to play her game. If we grow angry, and in turn begin to provoke, we are playing Austria's game at the very moment when we believe we are expressing our patriotism."

In conversations with his most intimate friends on the eve of Serajevo, Pashich often disclosed his deepest thoughts. I have gath-

ered their testimony; it bears out the fragmentary confidences which Pashich made at the time to Squitti and to Boppe, the Italian and French ministers at Belgrade. His general conception, and the terms in which he voiced it, could not fail to recall, at least to his Italian interlocutor, Cavour's words when, in the fulness of life, he was about to succumb to a sudden blow: "Italy now exists; soon she will have Rome as her capital. The delivery of Trieste and the Trentino is the work of the next generation."

Similarly, here are Pashich's own words, quoted from unimpeachable testimony:

I cannot conceive how Vienna fails to realize that our supreme interest is that there should be no Austrian question, at least for one generation and perhaps for two. For the moment, certainly, we have plenty to do assimilating Serbian Macedonia. What, indeed, would happen if Austria were to perish tomorrow? We would fatally inherit the territory inhabited by our racial brothers; and the Russian government would exert enormous pressure upon us to yield Macedonia to Bulgaria in exchange. National territories cannot be exchanged as farms and fields are. We Serbs have shed too much of our blood for Macedonia to risk losing her. The disappearance of Austria would create precisely that risk.

Certain writers have actually published books attempting to prove that Pashich was directly or indirectly cognizant of the plot which led to the crime of Serajevo. They succeed merely in proving what hatred the World War left in its wake. They also give significant proof of the intellectual debasement to which Europe was reduced by four years of war, and of the propagandistic lies attending the period.

Most of the works that deal with the crime of Serajevo suffer by being pleas for one cause or another. Were it possible to attain calm historical perspective, the following capital fact would emerge: A more humane administration of Bosnia would probably have sanitized the psychological milieu which gave rise to the crime. Nor would nationalist passions have availed to arm the assassins, even

with the encouragement and help of the fanatics of the Serbian Black Hand—incidentally, a group which nourished a fierce hatred of Pashich. The murderers, let us not forget, were sons of Kmet, Bosnian peasants subjected to almost feudal slavery.

At the trial, one of the chief defendants, Chabranovich, stated:

We bore Austria no hatred. Nevertheless, though the occupation has continued for thirty-three years, it has neither improved agriculture nor solved the agrarian question. That is what urged us to commit this crime. Before we part, I beg our judges, too, to understand us and to consider us as something more than common criminals. We love our people, who are now groaning under a heavy burden, living in wretchedness, deprived of all education and culture. The peasantry forms nine-tenths of our people. We pitied its tragic lot; we suffered as it suffered.

Following Chabranovich, his fellow assassin, Prinzip, testified: "I watch our people perish daily. I am a peasant's son; I know what happens in the villages. That is why I resolved to seek vengeance. I am glad I did so."

Under the Turks, the Slav peasant was exploited by the great Moslem proprietors; uprisings, moreover, were not infrequent under the Ottoman regime. But under the Austro-Hungarian regime, other exploiters, the great Hungarian landowners, were added to those already existing. On orders from Magyar magnates and in their interests, the Austro-Hungarian administration limited the cultivation of cereals in Bosnia and in Herzegovina, and even obstructed the establishment of mills. Had not the shareholders of the Budapest flour mills to get rich? Strangely enough, the very good done in Bosnia by the stranger lords turned against them like a boomerang. Austria's economic policy in Bosnia-Herzegovina was thoroughly selfish. It increased the wretchedness of the peasantry while raising cultural activity to a great, and relatively generous, standard.* But this amounted to creating artificially an intellectual class, with its needs and hopes, yet shutting it off from any

* Relatively, I say. For long years, without fear of ridicule, the government declared in its official publications that the Serbo-Croatian language was Bosnian.

access to public life while exploiting its country to an extent unjustifiable even in a Negro colony. It amounted to developing forcefully various groups of discontented individuals, from among whom rose the murderers of Serajevo.

In 1913, a monster trial in Bosnia condemned some dozen students for "belonging to secret associations hostile in tendency to the state." And this was the country into which Austria sent Francis Ferdinand to appear at Serajevo, on June 28, the five hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of the Field of the Blackbirds, hallowed in Serbian history and folklore.

The anniversary that year had roused all Bosnia's youth to fever pitch, coming as it did immediately after Serbia's *revanche* over the Turks. Serbian writers have maintained that the Austrian government chose the day expressly in order further to humiliate Serbian national feelings. This is untrue. There is a simpler, even more serious explanation. The Bosnians were only natives; in what colony do the masters ever give a thought to the susceptibilities of the natives?

It happened that the question had never occurred to a soul; that was the Austrian way of doing things. Similarly, a few years before, the chief of staff of the Italian army was visiting Vienna. A large official dinner was tendered to him. It took place on the anniversary of the Battle of Custoza, in which the Austrians defeated the Italians in 1866.*

In sum, Austria's mistake lay in steadfastly failing to understand or to respect the feelings of the peoples which she held under her proud tutelage. She failed to do so because her ruling caste was incapable of doing so. That is why imperial Austria perished.

* The truth is, the outcome of the battle remained uncertain; but the Italians, who had hoped for better things, believed it was a defeat. This created the Austrian victory.

THE YUGOSLAV IDEAL

THE UNITARY CHARACTER of the South Slavs was far better recognized by eighteenth-century than by nineteenth-century Europe. Then the problem was not a political one; a search for means to solve it was therefore less difficult. As early as the seventeenth century, papal encyclicals defined the South Slavs as "a people of Illyrian tongue"; at the end of the eighteenth century, Rajich, in his history of this people, includes within "Illyria" all those provinces known under the names of Croatia, Serbia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria.

The great wave of 1848 almost brought life to something which had hitherto been but a conception of scholars and of men of letters.

The popular uprising of the Croatians under Governor Jellachich in 1849 was far more than a mere episode in Hapsburg history; it was, in fact, the first armed gesture of an awakening nationality.

Eight thousand Serbs, for their part, poured in from the east across the borders of the principality in order to fight in Hungary for the liberty of their brethren. It was at about this period that Louis Gaj exclaimed: "We are but one nation; today there are no Serbs or Croats!"

And the Diet of Zagreb replied to the imperial Austrian government as follows:

An understanding is possible only if our Serbian brethren in Hungary agree to it and profit thereby. For we form but a single nation with them, a nation so homogeneous that nothing can divide it. This is all the more necessary, since they, in these days of liberty, equality, and fraternity, were the first to suffer from Hungarian aggression. . .

And since our people bitterly resent the fact that, on one pretext or another, their desires have not been met by the Throne, no peaceful solution is possible until satisfaction has been given the Serbs.

This was but a flash in the pan. Vladika Peter II, then reigning in Montenegro, was deeply discouraged, as these words written in 1849 to Count Pozza, a friend from Ragusa, show:

I had hoped for a moment, my dear Count; but I am now convinced that Yugoslavism is for the time being but an empty word. The Yugoslavs are ignorant of their own strength; they sell themselves unconditionally to the strongest. It is a source of deep sorrow to those who love them and to all generous hearts. All is in vain, since our brothers do not understand the meaning of liberty.

But there was in Europe a man of prophetic insight who was not deceived by the lull. That man was Mazzini. The apostle of Italian political unity and liberty did not hesitate to declare that the South Slav movement was, after that of the Italians, the most important for the Europe of the future. And later, in 1857, he wrote:

The difficulties in the path of this nation (that of the Yugoslavs) are serious; and Austria is ever ready to take advantage of this. There is, in the first place, the religious question, which gives rise to distrust between the Slavs of Austria and those who are subject or tributary to the Turks; the former are Roman Catholics, the latter, Orthodox. Furthermore, the Croatian aristocracy is disliked by the Serbs and Bulgars, who are accustomed to social equality. To this must be added the political diversity between Serbia, which is almost independent, a free Montenegro, and the provinces subject to Austria. Finally, the very name of Illyria, used by Gaj and his followers to embrace all these southern Slavs, offends the Serbians; the Croatians contend that this name describes the aboriginal Slavs, but the Serbs, conscious of their proud medieval past, despise it as being of Roman origin. . .

But these are obstacles which time, intellectual progress, and the increasing relations between the various branches of this people will rapidly overcome. If today Italy were to rise up in arms in the name of all peoples who wish to be free, and if after every victory, she were to offer treaties of peace and liberty to those selfsame people who are

our enemies on this side of the Alps* but who would become our brothers beyond them . . . if this were to happen, all difficulties would disappear, and the prize crowning our struggle would be the end of the Austrian Empire.

Here is almost a portent of the fruitless misunderstandings which separated so many Slavs and Italians in the war against Austria-Hungary.

Mazzini did not hesitate in 1857 to proclaim that the Illyrian Serbian state embraced, in a common aim, the more or less well-defined regions of Croatia, Carinthia, Serbia, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria. Finally, in 1871, a year before his death, Mazzini wrote in a moment of prophetic inspiration:

The Turkish and Austrian Empires are irrevocably doomed to death. The very existence of Italy among the nations is conditioned thereupon. And it is the Slavs who hold in their hand the pommel of the sword which shall kill them.

But if a genius like Mazzini was able to lift the veil hiding the future, Austria's interest in the *status quo* was consciously or unconsciously upheld by nearly the whole of Europe.

General ignorance of the true condition of the peoples of the Monarchy contributed to the safeguarding of the latter's prestige. As a young attaché at the Italian embassy in Paris, I well remember Anatole France, at a luncheon given by Count Torielli, recounting his impressions of travel in Dalmatia and referring to the Dalmatian peasants as speaking Czech among themselves. Shortly thereafter the same Anatole France in an article in the *Figaro* spoke of Ragusa as a permanent possession of Venice.†

In the political world, Austria-Hungary continued to enjoy every kind of consideration and friendliness. This vast area, uniformly

* This refers to the Croatian forces in the imperial Austrian service quartered in Lombardy and Venetia.

† Similar ignorance still prevails in conservative circles in England and even to a greater degree in France. To cite but an instance: the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 1, 1938, in an article on Bosnia-Herzegovina, spoke of "Austrian" as being the official language in 1914.

colored on maps and stretching from Prague to the very gates of Belgrade, seemed far more reassuring than the multi-colored mosaic of the Balkans, where so many conspiracies and wars disturbed the slumbers of diplomats.

England's ingenuous aristocracy frankly liked the great nobles of Austria and their hunts, and the magnates and horses of Hungary, not to mention the latter's thousand-year-old constitution. To French conservatives Vienna represented the last glimmerings of the *ancien régime*, while to more "advanced" thinkers, the Jewish press of Vienna offered its liberal countenance.

Finally, for Roman Catholics the world over, Austria-Hungary was the only great power whose sovereign, with head bared, followed for hours each year the religious procession of Corpus Christi. The Vatican was fully aware of the price which must often be paid for such demonstrations—hands bound in Albania, painful compromises in the East. But these humiliations were borne in secret; at most, they were suspected by the French and Italian embassies at Vienna and Constantinople, both jealous of any Austrian encroachment upon their rights of political protection over the Catholic missions in Turkey.

Even those rare observers who struck beyond appearances to attack fundamentals were sickened by the pseudo-scientific discussions among Serbian, Croatian, or Bulgarian professors, who joined in wordy battles, with partisan or distorted texts and documents as weapons.

As far back as the eleventh century a Byzantine, Skilitzes, referred to "the Croats, who are called Serbs." Nine centuries later, the same game was being played. Those who served as young diplomats in the embassies at Vienna and Constantinople between 1900 and 1914 cannot have forgotten their skeptical occidental smiles as consular reports from Dalmatia informed them that villages which had believed themselves to be Slovene had suddenly—under the influence of some schoolmaster?—declared themselves to be Croatian. Similarly, in Constantinople, we would believe that some

consular agent was in a Bulgarian region of Macedonia when one fine day he would inform us that the area had actually turned Serbian.

Among political writers before 1914 Wickham Steed was the first to realize the importance of the Yugoslav movement. As Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, he had become intimate with men such as Baernreither and Ante Trumbich. Baernreither, alone among German Austrians, had for years preached the doctrine of an entente with the Southern Slavs and Trumbich had been the chief author of the Fiume Resolution of 1905 which, twelve years before Wilson, had formally affirmed in relation to the Austrian government "the right of each people freely and independently to dispose of its life and its destinies."

But the miracle of the conversion of many important figures to the Yugoslav cause, particularly in England and in Italy, was the work of a man sprung from the people—a self-taught man, Frano Supilo, son of a mason of Ragusa. Expelled from all the schools of the Monarchy for having trampled upon the Austrian flag, Supilo had perfected his Italian, and learned German, Hungarian, and, to a lesser extent, English and French. The teachings of Mazzini and the other great Italians of the *risorgimento* were familiar to him. As editor of a Croatian newspaper in Fiume, he heralded an understanding between Italians and Slavs in order to check the offensives of their common enemies, the Germans and Magyars.

The young and unknown Ragusan soon became one of the most important leaders of his people; for many a year Supilo alone stood behind every Croatian agitation. His name headed the list of Slavs whom the incautious Friedjung, trusting to the false documents forged at Belgrade by the agents of Forgach, accused of being in Serbian pay. The Friedjung trial gave Supilo a European notoriety, but it increased the Austrian government's hatred of him. He was considered the traitor "par excellence." On the eve of the annexation of Bosnia, he was approached by Dr. Lueger, the famous mayor of Vienna and head of the Austrian Christian Social party. Lueger

sought to win Šupilo over to the annexationist policy. What did Šupilo actually do? He notified the Russian diplomats of the coup that was being prepared. Had Izvolsky attached as much importance to the young Croat as did Asquith and Grey, in 1914-1915, the annexation would perhaps have been less easy.

Surprised in the Trentino by the ultimatum to Serbia, Šupilo managed to reach Italian soil. In Italy he made valuable and faithful friends. But it was chiefly in London that this giant of a peasant, who was always badly dressed and was ignorant of all social niceties, succeeded in exercising an influence in many ways miraculous. Asquith, as prime minister, received him in the intimacy of his house and described him to me as a "boiling Stromboli." The insistencies of Serbian diplomats or the arguments of cultured Croatian intellectuals were not irresistible; but, as Asquith told me after the World War, it was impossible not to be moved by this man's faith in the life of his people, by his disdain for the ignorance of statesmen, by the intensity with which he made his listeners feel that the interests of the Entente lay in recognizing the justice of a national cause.

I have before me the letters which he wrote before and at the time of the World War to his closest Italian friends, Guglielmo and Gina Ferrero. They breathe a unique spirit, a mixture of child-like freshness and of genius. The author of the *History of Rome* has related how he came to know him. One day in September, 1902, a young man entered his study in Turin. He was—I quote Ferrero—of gigantic stature; his body was gawky, ill-balanced; his head and face were enormous. He entered, smiling in an embarrassed and timid manner, sat down awkwardly, and introduced himself, saying in Italian:

"Sono un Croato" (I am a Croat).

At the time, in northern Italy, people called each other "Croats" when they wished to be insulting. It was a survival of the Austrian domination when the Lombardo-Veneto had been occupied by Slavic troops.

Somewhat surprised, Ferrero asked him what he wished. The stranger replied that if Ferrero were interested, he would like to discuss the position of the Slavs in Austria, and he began to converse easily in colorful and picturesque Italian. Thus began an intimate friendship which was to last fifteen years until Supilo's death.

No clear-thinking Italian can read Supilo's letters to the Ferreros* without deep emotion. Had Supilo's ideas been understood and adopted, the battle of the Piave, the first of the Entente's great victories in 1918, might well have taken place two years earlier. For two years before then Rome would have learned how to attack Austria from without, as well as to dismantle her from within.

Yet Supilo possessed none of the secondary if useful qualities of the professional diplomat. Fired by his inward passions, by his vision of the future, he could not tolerate the doubts of the mediocre and the objections of the timid. He assailed them violently. The Pan-Slavic prejudices which he noticed in St. Petersburg, when he went there in 1914, had increased his native Croatian mistrust of the Russia of the Holy Synod. Supilo confided to Bissolati that Sazonov had impressed him as being very hostile to a Yugoslav union in which Roman Catholics would be as numerous as those of the Orthodox faith.

Considering Pashich's reputation as a Russophile, it was not surprising that the first contacts between the two men were not easy. Nevertheless, if Pashich maintained a reserve before Supilo's somewhat overwhelming turbulence, he immediately recognized the force the peasant possessed. It was together with Supilo that on April 4, 1916, he gave the *Times* an interview in which he stated:

It is my duty to explain frankly to the British government our position, our aims, and our interests, which coincide on all points with the interests of the Entente, and to show that the creation of a great military South Slav State is indispensable to the prosperity of the Allies. By South Slavs I mean not only the Serbs of Serbia proper, but also the Serbo-Croats and Slovenians of Austria-Hungary, who count upon

* Bogdan Radica published some of them in the Yugoslav periodical *Nova Europa*, in 1926, and in the *Obzor* of Zagreb, in 1929.

The Yugoslav Ideal

the victory of the Entente for their liberation, a victory to which we hope to contribute our full share. We Southern Slavs are all of us in the same position. Together we vanquish or we fall.

Pashich's relations with the Yugoslav committee sitting in London during the World War and with its president, Ante Trumbich, were not without friction, particularly in the beginning. It is difficult to conceive of two men and two temperaments of more contrary nature than Pashich and Trumbich.

I venture to say that Trumbich hated the old police-ridden and clerical Austria even more than Pashich did. To Pashich, Vienna and Budapest represented two dangers; to the lawyer from Spalato, Austria represented the systematic and daily throttling of an entire people. Nothing was more ridiculously unjust than the campaign in which Italian nationalists attempted, in the World War, to portray Trumbich as an Austrophile. But Trumbich and all his friends (save Supilo, thanks partly to his spontaneous and popular genius) had waged a lifelong fight against Austria and Hungary with their only weapons, those in use in the Diets of the Monarchy. And nothing could be more opposed to Pashich's spirit than these judicial and formalistic lawyers' struggles.

When Trumbich came to Corfu in the summer of 1917 to establish the basis for an understanding which, under the name of the Declaration of Corfu, was to proclaim to the world the will of the "one people with three names" and to create the "Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes," nothing irritated Pashich more than the interminable discussions of the Croats on questions of flags and emblems. It was a natural means of struggle for Trumbich and his colleagues, but Pashich, at least for the time being, did not take this sufficiently into account. Had not each phase of the long Croatian resistance to the progressive encroachments of Hungary been filled with discussions on emblems?

In the midst of war, at the end of 1915, the deputies of the Croatian Sabor engaged in a violent struggle with the ban, Baron Skerlec, and with the Hungarian prime minister, Tisza. The quar-

rel arose because on October 15, 1915, in a letter countersigned by Stürgkh for Austria, and Tisza for Hungary, Francis Joseph decided that in future a single shield should replace the separate Austrian and Hungarian shields for all institutions common to both partners in the Dual Monarchy. In order not to make the new shield too complicated, the Hungarian half was represented by the emblem known as the "small Hungarian shield" which did not contain the arms of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. At Zagreb, for two months, the discussions grew more and more bitter; the Sabor resounded with ancient phrases such as "*Liberi sumus non mancipia . . .*" Viewed from abroad, and at the height of the World War, this seemed strange; yet the Croats knew that by agitating for heraldic representation they were defending their little homeland.

Trumbich would have been surprised and grieved at Corfu had some one told him that, for all his hatred of Austria, he still continued to argue in the Austrian manner. But this was the truth.

Even after the Declaration of Corfu, Pashich and Trumbich never got on well together. But, after so many years, I can merely repeat what I wrote to Sonnino from Corfu. I had acquired a high regard for Trumbich; I was writing to Sonnino in order to warn him against the insinuations of the Italian nationalists, who were ever ready to play upon their favorite theme: the supposed impossibility of a real understanding between Croats and Serbs:

True, relations between the two men have been full of friction. But if, despite their common aim, they reason differently, it is not because of the lazy, too facile formula of Croat versus Serb. It is chiefly because Pashich is an engineer, educated at Zurich and accustomed to reckon with time; whereas Trumbich is a lawyer, who in the Dalmatian Diet and the Vienna Reichsrat has above all learned the procedure of passive obstruction.

After the Declaration of Corfu, Pashich went to London. There, in August, he again met Supilo, with whom he had hitherto had nothing but stormy discussions. They talked for three hours. This

time Supilo was won over. The following day he wrote to Gina Ferrero at Turin:

. . . I was outwardly calm, but in a state of extraordinary tension. I spoke out, I accused him, I defended my own political conduct . . . but I thanked him for the immense moral sacrifices which the old Orthodox Serbianism had made in agreeing to fuse its century-old mentality into the new spirit . . . I felt myself transfigured, so strong, so happy. . .

Thanks to Pashich, the end of the colloquy took on an almost religious elevation, as Supilo later acknowledged. The impassive Pashich arose, his eyes filled with tears; he took Supilo's head in his hands, and kissing him several times on the forehead, murmured: "Ah, that brow, that brow!" Then he thanked him for two things: for the struggle which Supilo had been waging for years for the resurrection of the Yugoslav people, and even for the opposition with which the young Croat had harassed him for so long. "How well I understand you now!" Pashich repeated several times.

A month later, September 25, 1917, Frano Supilo died in London, in the fullness of his intellectual vigor. With him there disappeared more than a man; he was, as Asquith described him to me, in some ways "a force of nature."

Had Supilo lived, especially after his understanding with Pashich—an understanding which was almost by way of a sacred revelation for him—and if Italy had been ruled by an intelligence like Bissolati's instead of by Sonnino the war on the Carso and in the Alps could have ended earlier and, with it, the World War.

I fully realized this a month later at Corfu, when Pashich told me in the greatest secrecy that the Croats were ready to organize a revolt of the Croatian and Slovenian troops on the Italian front. I studied the matter at length with him. I felt how desirable it was, how natural it could and should be. There was, however, another side to the question, though I did not say so openly to Pashich. I knew what minor obstacles, due to misunderstandings, existed in official Italian circles; but I also knew what grounds there were for

suspecting deeper and traditional obstacles among the Croatian people.

Pashich divined my thoughts. After one of his long silences, he said:

“This is a case where nothing in the world can replace the action Frano Supilo could have supplied both in Rome and among the Croats. . . .”

The differences which had existed in the past between men like Supilo on one hand, and Pashich on the other, were merely differences of method. The theory that Pashich was a prototype of the Pan-Serbian and the antithesis of the Yugoslavic ideal is egregiously false.

With all the tenderness of his heart Pashich loved his native land and his Serbian peasants. When, in the evening of his days, sitting by the hearth with his wife and his daughters, he would still sing the old Serbian folk songs, it was impossible not to see in him the living image of Old Serbia, awakening to her destiny with Karageorge. But the highest ideal toward which his spirit strove all his life long was the union, within a single free Slav state, of all his Slav brothers who were subject to Austria.

Naturally, in the course of the World War, his aims and hopes seemed occasionally to vary. When Prince Sixte de Bourbon attempted a separate peace in order to save Austria, Pashich took steps to safeguard Serbian interests in case the Hapsburg scheme succeeded even partially. It was his duty to do so. His only idea was to limit the damage, to retain a living Serbia which might shine as a beacon for the future union of Yugoslavs.

Cavour himself more than once seemed resigned to accept plans which threatened to exclude the immediate pursuit of Italian unity. I have already said that, several days before his death, Cavour repeated to some friends: “Venice, the Trentino, and Trieste—these will be for our sons.” To accuse Pashich of being all-Serb is tantamount to accusing Cavour of being all-Piedmontese.

Were I to admit some contradiction in Pashich’s political activi-

ties as concerns the Yugoslav ideal, I should advance this fact. Pashich was eager to see a union of all Yugoslavs. At the same time, as he often admitted to me, he was convinced that the widely differing historical background of Croats and Serbs would make a common norm of administration difficult. Yet, in 1921, he imposed upon the Yugoslav State a constitution with extreme centralization as its essential principle.

How can this contradiction be explained? Those who wish to see the all-Serb in Pashich have a ready reply. "Convinced of the political and military superiority of the Serbs," they say, "he wished to impose their leadership upon the Croats and the Slovenes for all time."

In my opinion the explanation is more complex. If Pashich made a mistake, and I believe he did, it was in his ideas on the constitution of a state. These ideas were necessarily different from those of western statesmen. In the course of his long life, he had seen constitution after constitution, particularly under the Obrenovich dynasty. Accordingly, faced with the enthusiasms of the miracle of national union, he must have thought of the widely differing traditions and beliefs which were bound to clash. He must then have said to himself: "The future alone can decide what political shape the union will assume. In the meantime, let us avoid the pitfalls which lie in the path of the new state; later, we shall see."

The Constitution of Vidov-dan was for him but a law of expediency. Accustomed as he was to consider himself as strong and as ageless as the oak trees of his native forests, he believed that the necessary autonomy would be carried out as the second step in the development of Yugoslavia. And he told the Croats so more than once.

In 1922, one year after the proclamation of the Constitution of Vidov-dan, Pashich went to Paris. I had recently been appointed ambassador there. He came to see me one day at the embassy, and we spent two hours discussing the past and the future. Two days

later, I returned his visit at the Hotel Continental. At both meetings we spoke of the internal condition of his country.

He reminded me of how firmly convinced of the inevitability of Yugoslav union I had been even at Corfu.

"I have never forgotten," he said, "that in those times you considered our unity as a historic law of the twentieth century, just as Italian and German unity had been the law of the nineteenth."

"Yes," I replied, "I only wish that a great many Serbs were as firmly convinced of it as I, in conscience and in spirit even more than in words. They might then understand that there is no need for the iron hand. Be careful: the iron hand may yet destroy your dearest wishes."

"I know you believe this," Pashich countered, "and I thank you for it. The present situation is merely a phase. You shall see, you shall see; you will be satisfied with our future."

I repeat his words just as he spoke them. Cautious words, as all those he ever spoke, even though our conversation was infinitely more personal than diplomatic. Cautious words, but certainly sincere, when he stated his intention of evolving toward broad and secure autonomies.

Here again, as always, Pashich's chief fault and his chief virtue were identical. Life had taught him to be eternal, to count on some sutra, some tomorrow, to solve all difficulties.

THE TREATY OF LONDON

I HAVE QUOTED some passages from Mazzini's prophetic pages on the Yugoslav people, passages known to the entire world. Less celebrated are the pages written by other far-seeing Italians of his day, who understood quite as clearly what the Slav movement might grow to be.

Among Italian books or speeches partisan to the Austrian Slavs in 1848, the most important is Count Cavour's address to the Turin parliament on October 26. It deals with the Slav movement in general and specifically with the Croatian-Hungarian War.

No other political figure in Europe read the situation as intelligently as the young Piedmontese deputy. His speech already bears the imprint of that idealism and realism which later characterized his genius. Here are its essential passages:

There exists in the territory of the Empire a numerous, hardy, and brave race, a race which has been tried and tested for several centuries. I refer to the Slavs. They extend from the banks of the Danube to the mountains of Bohemia. They desire their complete freedom; they wish to reconquer their nationality. This is a just and noble cause. It is upheld by legions, untrained as yet, but legions that are bold, energetic, and are therefore bound to triumph.

The important Slav movement has produced the greatest poet of the century, Adam Miczkiewicz. This leads us to place the utmost confidence in the destiny of these peoples. For history teaches us that when Providence creates a sublime genius such as Homer, Dante, Shakespeare or Miczkiewicz, it is proof that the people from which he is sprung are called to high destinies.

Be that as it may, shortly after the triumph of the liberal cause in Vienna, the Slav movement began to manifest itself openly in the Empire. Until April, the inhabitants of Bohemia, the most gifted branch

of the Slav family, attempted to free themselves from Germanic predominance, and to establish a center for all Slavism in Prague.

This gallant and generous enterprise failed. All the political parties of Vienna combined to paralyze the Czech movement. Unhappy Prague resorted to force; but, after a desperate struggle, Prague was conquered, bombarded, shelled, and, until quite recently, subjected to the military yoke.

Repressed in the north of the Empire, the Slav movement spread more vigorously, threateningly, and powerfully in the south, in the Danubian provinces inhabited by the Croatian Slavs.

I shall not examine here the motives and protests which provoked the war waged by Croatia against Hungary. I do not wish to enter into the details of the great struggle which so fiercely brought Slav and Magyar to grips. I will only remind this Chamber that the Magyars, so noble and generous in defending their own rights against imperial ambitions, have always proved haughty and tyrannical oppressors of the Slav race scattered in the Hungarian provinces.

VALERIO: That is inaccurate.

CAVOUR: Yes, gentlemen, no one can deny that in Hungary the aristocracy belongs to the Magyar race, that the people are of Slavic race, and that the aristocracy has always oppressed the people of that race.

Nevertheless, I do not intend to offer an apology for the Croats [*laughter*], not even an apology for their valiant ban, Jellachich.

Suffice to say that the banner which they unfurled was the Slav standard, and not, as some believe, the banner of reaction and despotism.

Jellachich did indeed use the name of the Emperor, and, by so doing, displayed great political acumen. This does not disprove that his principal, if not his sole, aim was the restoration of Slav nationality. What indeed is the imperial power? An empty symbol used by the parties which reciprocally divide the Empire. Seeing the Emperor at odds with the Viennese, Jellachich declared himself for the Central Power, but not by any means for the reconstruction of that Gothic political edifice which the March revolution overthrew.

To prove that Jellachich's uprising was not merely a military reaction, it is sufficient to note that, when he approached home, the Slav deputies (notably those from Bohemia who represent the enlightened section of Slavism) withdrew from the Assembly and repaired to Prague or Brunn to establish a Slav parliament there.

I therefore believe that the struggle now raging in the heart of Aus-

tria is in no wise a political one, as in March, but rather the forerunner of a terrible racial war, the war of Germanism against Slavism."

In 1914, when the "War of Germanism against Slavism" broke out, Italy had no Cavour. Nor had the great powers. The Marquis of San Giuliano, who governed Italy's foreign policy at the time, possessed neither the courage nor the vision of a Cavour. He was a believer in diplomatic finesse; he attached too much importance to contingencies.

Another principle of his provided a daily subject of friendly dispute between us. San Giuliano had returned to Rome from his embassy at London, where I served under him as chancellor, convinced of the decline of British power in relation to the German.*

It is therefore scarcely surprising that when Berchtold sent his ultimatum to Belgrade, leaving his Italian ally in complete ignorance until the last moment, San Giuliano should not have decided at once openly to denounce Austria's violation of Article VII of the Triple Alliance. It was, perhaps, his duty to remain patient. But the significance of the events of August, 1914, had not escaped him. With a cold stoicism, he felt death approaching (he suffered horribly); his mind had, as it were, undergone a purification during the last months of his life. Two principles guided San Giuliano. He believed it to be of supreme interest for Italy to fight on the side of the Entente; but, at the same time, he believed it essential to ward

* I permit myself to quote from chap. XXVIII of my *Makers of Modern Europe*: "San Giuliano was convinced that while Germany was on her way to omnipotence, England and France were on a down-hill path. When I objected by indicating to him that the atmosphere of court flattery in Hohenzollern Germany was fatally lowering the moral character of the Germans and that history is made with men, he would smile: 'You are a moralist.'"

At the outbreak of the European war, I was Italian Minister to China. San Giuliano wrote to me as follows: "Dear Sforza: I fear you are right; the old, shaky coach is safer than the wonderful motorcar. How I envy you your Chinese serenity."

San Giuliano, whose memory was prodigiously clear, used this picture to evoke our former conversations in Hyde Park. I must have used the comparison to conclude that everything in Germany's wonderful organization depended too much on the folly or the wisdom of one man.

against those weaknesses and illusions which he foresaw rising in favor of Austria-Hungary in London and Paris.

As early as August 20, 1914, he telegraphed to the Italian ambassadors in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg:

"What, exactly, are the Russian forces against Austria? It is essential that Italy should know this. The Entente seems to wish to spare Austria-Hungary; I consider that this state of mind offers the chief obstacle to our eventual decision to abandon neutrality."

Receiving the British ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd, the day before, San Giuliano had said to him:

"Before entering upon any kind of negotiations, I must see pledges and actions against Austria. Up to the present, I see none. I am under the impression that there is a desire in England to spare the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. . . ."

A week later, San Giuliano received visits from the German and Austrian ambassadors, Flotow and Macchio.

"They called," he wrote, "in order formally to declare that both governments adhered unconditionally to our interpretation of Article VII of the Treaty of Triple Alliance, not only during the present crisis, but also for the duration of the Treaty. This naturally includes our interpretation of the words 'in the region of the Balkans.' Macchio added that as soon as the situation was cleared up, his government was prepared to enter upon more concrete discussions."

After these vague flowers of rhetoric, a precise request followed. The ambassadors of the Central Empires begged San Giuliano to take steps in London and in Paris to prevent Franco-British naval actions in the Adriatic. San Giuliano at once replied: "An Italian step in this direction is out of the question because we would not have the slightest right to do so."

What contacts San Giuliano maintained with the Central Empires were extremely chill, even when some one at his side began to apprehend the possibility of a German victory. Moreover, on September 7, 1913, the French government itself requested him to

make overtures in Berlin "with a view to ensuring the safeguard of the monuments of Paris." San Giuliano was more firmly convinced than perhaps any other statesman in power, that the war would be of long duration. In fact, on September 15, he expressed his chief ideas in a dispatch to the Marquis Imperiali, ambassador at London. In it, he said in substance that Italy could bear too long a war only with great difficulty, and that, in the end, economic conditions would influence the outcome of the war. London should be informed, he continued, that Italy considered neither the Trentino nor Trieste to be concessions which the Triple Entente might offer her. On undeniable ethnical grounds, the Trentino must fall to Italy on that inevitable day, be it near or remote, of the Dual Monarchy's disintegration. That was why several Italian statesmen had always refused to accept the theory of cession of the Trentino to Italy as compensation for Austrian territorial acquisitions in the Balkans. As for Trieste, Italy's acquisition of this port was not only of interest to France, but also to England and to Russia; for such a step would destroy the Pan-German aspirations on the Adriatic and would provide a future cause of friction between Germany and Italy.

San Giuliano concluded his instructions to the Marquis Imperiali thus:

Never forget that our chief adversary is not Germany but Austria-Hungary; that, on the other hand, the Triple Entente's chief end is to crush Germany; thus the Adriatic question is of merely secondary interest to the Entente. That is why we need explicit and peremptory pledges of real collaboration against Austria-Hungary.

Towards mid-September, Pashich had overtures made in Paris and in St. Petersburg, begging that "the Slav interests in Dalmatia should not be forgotten."

San Giuliano did not take this step amiss; he felt that it was entirely natural. His only reply was to ask the Italian minister to Serbia to approach King Peter and Pashich on the subject, since "Serbian action should be in accord with the Italian."

Pashich having made further overtures to Baron Squitti, who in-

formed San Giuliano of them, the latter answered the Italian plenipotentiary: "As I do not wish to speak at Bordeaux about our entrance into war, because nothing remains secret there, we cannot open negotiations at Nish. Still, continue your conversations."

Contrary to Sonnino's idea, San Giuliano believed that once Italy had entered the war, Serbia would be an ally of enormous moral effect for what was to become the anti-Austrian bloc. Indeed, in another dispatch to Squitti, he did not hesitate to say: "The extreme friendship of the Triple Entente for this small country will also be useful to us against Austria; the disintegrating force of the nationalities must have a supreme influence on the outcome of the war; it must be our weapon of war." From these words we may judge what a disaster San Giuliano's death was for Italy and for the Entente.

A few days later, the Italian volunteers who had enlisted in France to fight against German militarism made requests at Rome and at Nish to be transferred to the Serbian front. They complained of the inaction in which they were left on the French front. Was it a diplomatic inaction, they asked?

Pashich was overjoyed at seeing Italians eager to fight side by side with the Serbians. San Giuliano declared: "So much the better; let them go there. But you cannot expect the minister of foreign affairs of a country that is still neutral to take up the matter officially." Salandra, the prime minister, was opposed to it.

In the meanwhile, San Giuliano's health was growing worse. In spite of atrocious pains, he had stoically continued at his post of duty. To a foreign ambassador who on October 10 congratulated him upon his improved appearance, San Giuliano answered: "Oh! anche senza di me, la nostra politica continuerà" (oh, our policy will continue without me!) Unfortunately, he was wrong.

Six days later, on October 16, 1914, he died. How much a single man counts was quickly discernible. As we have seen, one of his last momentous thoughts had been: "The disintegrating force of the nationalities must be our weapon of war." This lofty and noble

ideal, which would doubtless have sufficed to destroy Austria-Hungary long before November, 1918, died with him.

At San Giuliano's death, Prime Minister Salandra took over the portfolio of foreign affairs ad interim. He kept it only four weeks. Honest, timid, uninformed as he was, those four weeks seemed like a century to him. Each telegram, each answer of Salandra's bore the mark of uncertainty; he impressed those about him as no statesman but rather as a lawyer who had mastered the subject matter of his case poorly and therefore wished to gain time by interlocutory discussions. Almost all his telegrams to the Italian ambassadors contain this phrase: "I leave to Your Excellency the care of deciding whether . . ."

With so much uncertainty in Rome, Pashich and Squitti, in Serbia, realized at once that the conversations which San Giuliano had authorized were futile. Matters were at a complete standstill.

In mid-November, Sonnino accepted the post of minister of foreign affairs. He was the only Italian politician to declare, the very day when the World War broke out, that Italy might well fight beside her allies of the Triple Alliance. This was by now forgotten. Anyhow, his distrustful character and his instinctive will to go against the current (the latter quality not without an element of moral nobility) were well known. Thus his attitude of early August, 1914, came to be considered as a merely fleeting opinion, an expression of mistrust caused by what he believed to be excessive general sympathy for Belgium, for Serbia, and for the democratic powers.

All Italy gave Sonnino its confidence. He had never been tried in the government of foreign affairs, but his known gifts, especially his faculty for silence, were not of the sort to displease the Italians. "He will be nobody's fool," they said.

The Germans had begun to hope again. Jagow, German secretary of state for foreign affairs, had been long in Rome, where personally he counted nothing but friends. To Sonnino, in Italian, he offered *il suo saluto personale*, expressing the hope that one day—

un giorno—if the war were continued, Italy might decide to take her place beside Germany. Jagow assured Sonnino that the “Imperial Government would bring pressure to bear on Vienna for eventual concessions to Italy in the Trentino.”

Sonnino contented himself with replying to the German ambassador Flotow that “by now, Italian public opinion is far too opposed to any participation in the war by the side of their former allies.”

The Germans were not discouraged. A few days later, Flotow returned to the attack with more precise statements and with what Berlin believed to be more tempting offers. They recognized that no human force could make the Italians march side by side with the Austro-Hungarians. But why should not Italy organize a rapid expedition into Savoy, which was then completely free of French troops? Italy would thus be rendering Germany an immense service, because the French would have to send forces into Savoy, as well as into the Alpes-Maritimes, and the Dauphiné. This would be enough to assure the Germans a crushing victory in the north. With the elimination of France, one swift blow would bring about the defeat of Russia, and, with it, the end of the war. And then, who would dare to contest Italy’s possession of Savoy, Nice, Corsica, and Tunisia?

Thus spoke Flotow; later he confessed that he had felt rather embarrassed at having had to write in such insistent vein. Sonnino listened impassively and said nothing.

In the meanwhile other events of a different nature must have impressed Sonnino, who, by reason of temperament, of his political education, and especially of his lack of imagination, was not fitted to follow the road which San Giuliano had so clearly outlined in his last formula: a death struggle with Austria, especially through the weapon of the nationalities.

Sonnino was from the very first offended by English actions which seemed to him to be virtual blackmail. Sir Rennell Rodd now came to ask him for an explanation as to the nature of the Italian

occupation of the Dodecanese. This gave Sonnino additional reason to shroud himself in silence so far as London was concerned, and London was anxiously waiting for him to continue the conversations begun by San Giuliano.

On the other hand, the Serbian reverses were becoming more serious; the Austro-Hungarian armies, having occupied Valjevo and Belgrade, pushed on to Rudnik and Kolubara. The Serbs complained bitterly of having been left without munitions by the French; Pashich, in spite of his reserve, spoke about it to Squitti. A man like San Giuliano, who had ended by understanding that the World War was in reality a new War of the Austrian Succession, would probably have seized upon the occasion to make a deal with Pashich. Sonnino merely sank still further into his silence.

France and England, unable to send munitions in any quantity to the Serbian army, wondered whether they should not offer the northern portion of Albania to Serbia and the southern to Greece, in order that the Greek government yield Macedonia to Bulgaria, and that Greece enter into action beside the Serbs against Austria.

As soon as Sonnino had wind of these exchanges of ideas, he protested in the most definite terms to the governments of the Triple Entente. He declared that they could not violate the decisions of the Conference of London concerning Albania; these decisions, he added, were of primary interest to Italy. This done, he relapsed into silence. So far as London and Paris were concerned, an atmosphere of mistrust had been created; so far as Serbia was concerned, an atmosphere of silence.

The conclusion of the treaty signed in London, on April 26, 1915, to settle Italy's entrance in the war did not succeed in dissipating this atmosphere. At bottom, this was as natural as it was paradoxical. For a month and a half negotiations were one long series of bitter and petty discussions on both sides.

In this treaty Sonnino showed that he had understood nothing of the temper of the times; he actually believed that it would be a short war. This explains why, though a celebrated financier, he

asked for only a wretched loan of forty million pounds sterling. Also he believed that the contents of the treaty might remain unknown to the Serbs for the duration of his short war. This explains his silence, in so far as they were concerned. He dismissed as dangerous romanticists all those like Bissolati, who held that the war would terminate in the complete collapse of Austria-Hungary. Had he not sacrificed Italy's claim to Fiume on the altar of his certainty that Croatia must be eternally separated from Serbia? * Had he not been completely unaware of the hypothesis—a certainty for Bissolati and myself—that the Slav forces could sap and destroy the bases of the old Empire?

However, we must likewise allow that the statesmen then in power in London, in Paris, and in St. Petersburg, showed a comprehension of the war no more lofty nor generous than Sonnino's. Far from it; to them, too, Serbia was only one pawn in their game. Not one of them understood that they should win over all the Slavs of Austria cordially and openly to the idea of a final struggle against the Hapsburg monarchy. Sonnino's mistake was in reality the mistake of the whole Entente.

To Italy's honor, we must at least recognize that she produced men like Bissolati who struggled steadfastly to lend Mazzini's thought a diplomatic reality. The war cabinets of London and Paris may be combed in vain for ministers with Bissolati's insight and courage. For a moment, Lloyd George seemed to be enthusiastic over the ideas and plans of the Italian minister; but, as often was the case with the Welsh leader, it was a flash in the pan.

Unfortunately, Sonnino's narrow, false conception of the problems of the war paralyzed Bissolati's action, the more so since the first two war premiers, Roselli and Orlando, had vaguely understood how right Bissolati was. But, being weak characters, they

* In a first draft presented to London and subsequently abandoned Sonnino reserved Fiume for "Hungary and Croatia."

The Treaty of London

dared not face the threat of Sonnino's resignation, and Sonnino remained silently entrenched in his Treaty of London.

When, in the enforced sojourn in Corfu, I would make rapid visits to Rome, Bissolati struck me as the only Entente statesman with whom I seemed to speak the same language. Italian diplomats who knew of my intimacy with him used to warn me. "Take care," they said. "Bissolati is a good man, but he is too much the idealist."

He was so little the idealist that only he and San Giuliano, on the eve of his death, understood the character of the war. He was so little the idealist that all his forecasts proved true in the war and in the subsequent peace. Meanwhile no forecast whatever made by the so-called "realists" ever came to pass.

Broken-hearted by Sonnino's honest incomprehension, how often I would end the rare days which I spent in wartime Rome in Bissolati's modest apartment in the *Passegiata de Ripetta*. "Everything seems to be going badly on all the fronts of Europe," I would tell him. "But if you were minister of foreign affairs, Italy would be saving the world by helping the Yugoslavs and the Czechs to carve up the Austro-Hungarian Empire."

One day, Bissolati replied: "Perhaps; but still, that is not certain. You see, even the most intelligent of all these gentlemen—I mean Lloyd George—understood our thesis. But only for a week! Then he thought of something else." Yet I was right. Bissolati, in Sonnino's place, would have spared Europe one or two years of war.

In his chill, unimaginative way even the chief of the Italian armies, Cadorna, understood that our diplomatic conception of the war coincided with the military conception. In 1921, in his book *La Guerra alla Fronte Italiana* he wrote:

It was not at all a question of a localized war between Italy and Austria-Hungary; it was a question of a general war, in which Russia and Serbia and ourselves shared common decisive objectives on enemy territory. Therefore the three armies should have lent one another mutual support and acted . . . with the common aim in view . . . namely, the destruction of Austria. Austria eliminated, Germany must needs have fallen.

I have already said that Sonnino believed in a short war. Speaking to Bülow in January, 1915 (Bülow himself confirmed this to me after the war), Sonnino admitted that, in his opinion, peace would be made in the autumn of 1915. He added that the Italian government, heading a people that was not exhausted like the others, could dictate its terms. On the contrary, Bissolati, the idealist, said in the winter of 1914: "The Italian people must know that a very long war lies in store, with several reverses in its course." In August, 1914, Giolitti was the first to speak of a one-year war; his optimism led him astray.

More than once at Corfu, Pashich discussed his problems with me. Pashich spoke circumspectly; he had been quick to understand the depth and earnestness of my faith; yet he displayed a tact and a subtlety which would have been unanimously termed aristocratic in another country and in another social sphere. Always he spared me the necessity of passing implicit judgment upon Sonnino, my chief. We alluded only once to the question. I had been continuously pressing Sonnino, and had met only silence on his part. I considered it my duty to ask my chief to recall me.

"What useful work can I do," I wrote, "if here in Corfu they come to believe that I am consciously or unconsciously modifying the ideas of His Majesty's government? Are we not running the risk of suggesting to necessarily suspicious foreigners that they are facing a case of mythical Italian Machiavellism? Nothing could be further removed not only from your intent but also from your temperament."

For answer, Sonnino requested me to visit him at the earliest possible moment in Rome. "You must stay," he told me. "It is your duty to stay. Go on speaking and acting according to the dictates of your conscience. You know quite well that I have never disapproved you. I am sure that I can count upon you in the future too."

Such was Sonnino: an obstinate, unimaginative man, ensconced in the clauses of his London Treaty as in a besieged bastion. But

he was also beyond all personal vanity; and for this reason he respected opinions contrary to his own when they were firmly stated to him.

Returning to Corfu, I told Pashich just enough to keep him confident. "Let us wait," he said. "But don't you think that you should arrange a meeting in Rome between Signor Sonnino and myself? We should at least have a chance to exchange views." And he added with his usual courtesy: "I don't believe that I could plead the cause of an agreement between our countries better than you have done. But it might be useful for Signor Sonnino to understand directly how very sincerely I hope for this collaboration because it will speed the war to its end."

The meeting in Rome took place shortly after, on September 10, 1917. I had no part in it, for the presence of the Italian plenipotentiary would have lent it the character of negotiations between governments, whereas its whole purpose was to create a psychological atmosphere. What the two parties to this meeting repeated to me was essentially identical, a somewhat rare phenomenon in conversations of the sort. Generally one of the speakers emerges, thoroughly convinced that he has said or heard things which the other never dreamed of. Herein lies the main danger of direct diplomacy conducted without benefit of ambassadors. Sonnino was most favorably impressed by Pashich's spontaneous admission that "in the case of Italy and Yugoslavia, a sharply drawn demographical frontier is unthinkable; geographic and strategic factors must be taken into account."

Pashich emphasized the new security which Italy might find with the eastern shore of the Adriatic in the hands of a state much weaker than Italy rather than in those of a great power. Further, with Pola, Trieste, Valona, and a few islands in her hands, Italy, in the riches of her secular maritime traditions, would boast the undisputed mastery of the Adriatic.

This entire portion of the conversation impressed Sonnino very favorably, since he had possibly expected some such theoretic state-

ments as had appeared with scant tact and even less political sense in the *Yugoslav Bulletin*, then printed in London.

What irked Sonnino was an allusion to "one-half of Istria and the partition of Albania."*

No matter how the parley was conducted, it could scarcely achieve positive results.

Personally, I advised Pashich to see Orlando, the premier, too; Orlando, I thought, was more likely to grasp the necessities arising from the conduct of the war upon our front.

When I asked him why he had not seen Orlando, Pashich said: "I sensed that it was not agreeable to Signor Sonnino; I wish to be in a position to continue to speak to him as man to man . . ."

A remark which proves that, short of agreeing, they respected each other.

One month later, Sonnino solemnly uttered a statement which proved the impossibility of any understanding.

"In this war," he said, "we are not seeking to dismember the enemy states or to alter their internal systems."

All of Sonnino's blunders arose from the fact that he never suspected that the war was purely and simply the War of Austrian Succession, even though some hundreds of thousands of Italians had already been killed. After three years of fighting, he still believed that Hapsburg Austria could emerge out of Armageddon alive.

Presently, we shall see how certain men and the course of events forced Sonnino to alter his line of conduct. But the change did not serve to enlighten him.

* I had often confessed to Pashich that we could not consider the partition of Istria; if he alluded to the division of Istria in his conversation with Sonnino, it was, I daresay, to prove to the London Yugoslav Committee that he remembered their suggestions.

THE RETREAT THROUGH ALBANIA

TO APPRECIATE fully Pashich's serenity and strength of soul throughout the diplomatic negotiations conducted as the war progressed, it is essential to have witnessed the horror of the trials which he and his people experienced.

The retreat through Albania, the hell of waiting for the Italian ships which were to convey the Serbs to security, their exile at Corfu, are episodes which, in other times, would have inspired lyrical legends.

The plain, unvarnished truth suffices.

One day in September, 1915, at Nish, Baron Squitti, the Italian minister, and Auguste Boppe, the French minister, asked Pashich whether it were not timely to consider abandoning the city, which had been the capital of Serbia for the last fourteen months. They pointed out that the Bulgaro-Germans were approaching Nish.

"We shall leave only when we hear the guns thundering at the city," Pashich replied, and quickly changed the subject.

Next day, however, he tactfully sent a secretary with a message for the two diplomats. He knew that they had not for one moment thought of their personal security, and he did not wish them to take his answer for so much bravado. He announced that he had considered their question carefully and that he was studying the means whereby the whole diplomatic corps might leave, except, of course, the British, French, Italian, and Russian ministers, who would not have abandoned the King and his government.

First, Pashich chose Kraljevo as the new provisional seat of the government; he wanted particularly to choose a town of some historical importance to the Serbs. Next, he decided that the personnel

of the Belgian, Greek, and Rumanian legations, as well as of the British, French, Italian, and Russian legations, the four plenipotentiaries excepted, should leave for Monastir. In reality, the vast caravan could not reach Monastir, since the Bulgarians had meanwhile cut off the railway line.

Pashich and the other members of the government reached Kraljevo on October 29, nine days after the president of the Skupshtina, the four Allied ministers, and a few high officials of the foreign office.

But Kraljevo remained the capital for only two days. Already, the high command had ordered the armies to retire, fighting; and the plans for retreat called for the almost immediate evacuation of Kraljevo.

On October 31, Pashich and the ministers left for Rashka, a small mountain village of a few hundred inhabitants. Into the Ibar, the small stream bordering it, where the current is swiftest, Baron Squitti, as he told me later, tossed the confidential archives of the Italian legation, which, with the discipline of a veteran agent, he had carried with him until then.

Thus the ancient fief of Nemanja, father to King Stephen and to St. Sava, became once more for a few hours the capital of Serbia. Pashich must have been keenly conscious of the fact that, until three years previously, Rashka had been merely a minor frontier and customs station on the Turkish border.

A few days later, on November 12, the capital was Mitrovica—Mitrovica, where, three years before, the Serbs entered as victorious liberators, and, as their first gesture, visited the ruins of the castle in which the Emperor Douchan's father died.

On November 15, Prince Alexander arrived with the army chiefs. Pashich spent the whole afternoon with him at the prefecture. Night fell. Pashich, whose secretaries were waiting for him to join them in a simple meal, did not return. Everyone was anxious, tense. The four Allied ministers met. Presently, at midnight, Pashich returned to his modest dwelling. He received the ministers of the

Entente at once, and shook hands in silence. The foreign diplomats respected his emotion; they dared not question him. At last, mastering himself, he said:

“Gentlemen, the Bulgars have occupied Ghilan. Mitrovica is no longer secure. We must leave. A special train will take the Serbian government, yourselves, and the general staff to Prizren. There we will see what is to be done.”

The foreign ministers were silent. Pashich again shook hands, and, in a hollow voice, continued: “Yes, we must leave. We shall meet again tomorrow morning.”

The night was spent in preparation; secretaries buzzed about Pashich; for a quarter of an hour he himself stood stock-still by a window, staring into the emptiness of the night. Then he repeated to his secretaries: “Yes, we must leave. We shall meet again tomorrow morning.” And he withdrew to the tiny bedroom reserved for him.

Next day, Pashich, the Serbian ministers, and the four Entente diplomats with their suites, were piled into the two second-class coaches which comprised the entire special train. At the station, almost an hour away from Mitrovica, there was considerable trouble in keeping the train clear of fugitive soldiers. Pashich was in a brown study; he could scarcely answer his colleagues or the Allied ministers, but, as the occasion arose, he found the appropriate word or gesture with which to calm a hysterical mother or a tumultuous group. In those tragic days, he was closer than ever to the people.

The train started; the rails ran parallel to the road on which Prince Alexander was driving to Prizren, followed by the cars of the military attachés. Pashich sat by the window of his train; Alexander waved to him. The autos soon outsped the paltry train.

At Prishtina, as the train came to a stop, an officer reported at Pashich's compartment, conveying King Peter's desire to see Pashich. The King had reached Prishtina before the others; having been suddenly taken ill, he had had to stop there. Perfunctorily,

Pashich consulted his ministers and bade the Allied plenipotentiaries farewell, promising to meet them again at Prizren.

An auto drove him to King Peter's, where he spent two hours. The King, irritated by his enforced idleness, wished to consult Pashich on the advisability of sending a fresh personal message to Czar Nicholas and to King Victor Emmanuel. (Both, especially the latter, were very fond of him.) Pashich replied that the retreat to the Adriatic now seemed inevitable; it was better, he said, to hold the royal message for that tragic moment which would mark the end of the retreat.

The terrible odyssey has been related several times. Besides, it is easy to imagine what Pashich must have felt when he crossed that plain of Kossovo, which had witnessed the epic periods of Serbian history from the heroic days of the Nemanjas down to the miraculous stand of the Serbs at Kumanovo.

After four days of a very arduous journey through the valley of the White Drin, Pashich reached Scutari on November 30. Here his ministers and the Allied ministers, who had gone all the way to Cettinje to greet King Nicholas of Montenegro, joined him on December 1. Prince Alexander arrived next day with his guard.

Pashich had stoically borne the fatigues of the grueling journey over the Albanian mountains. The only memory which he often evoked later was his grief at having had to abandon such precious war material; but naturally it could not be transported over the steep mountain paths of Albania. His only fear was that he might not manage to find sufficient provisions for his Serbs. He knew perfectly well that the armies cherished the dangerous illusion that the Adriatic coast would at least mark the end of their physical trials, since the Entente was mistress of the seas.

The retreat of the Serbian army was conducted over three different routes: through Elbassan and Tirana on to Durazzo; through Ipek and Podgorica on to Scutari; and through the valley of the White Drin on to Scutari. Pashich took the last—the hardest route but the shortest. Indeed, the contingents traveling over the third

route were the first to arrive, reaching Scutari on December 3. Later, at Corfu, Pashich told me that the moments which he spent awaiting their arrival were among the most poignant in his life. What would they be like when he met them? Would they be bands in revolt, like the Russian soldiers who deserted the western trenches twelve months later? Or Serbs who still retained their traditional loyalty to the ideals of their race?

The detachments that had preserved a military appearance were rare indeed. Most of them no longer bore arms; they had had to exchange them for hay and for bread in the few Albanian villages through which they passed. Day after day, in the pouring rain, thousands of gaunt, hollow-eyed ghosts kept arriving; they could barely murmur "lleba!" (bread!). But no bread was forthcoming; rations diminished daily, and, on the morning of December 16, the corpses of some fifty soldiers and non-commissioned officers, all dead of hunger, were picked up off the streets of Scutari. That morning, Pashich summoned the four Allied ministers. And he, the man of all men who detested the bombast of rhetoric, said:

Do you believe that there is another army in the world capable of suffering silently as our soldiers have suffered? For my part, I am amazed that they have not killed us. Are we not responsible, in their eyes, for having been unable to organize anything? Yet you know quite well that it was not our duty to do the organizing.

Once again the diplomats telegraphed to Paris and to Rome. A few hours later, tidings of the long-awaited help came at last. A transport had just cast anchor at San Giovanni di Medua; it was bringing flour, bread, biscuits, and fodder from Brindisi. It was even bringing a sum of two million dinars, in small denominations, supplied by France.

But the Austro-Hungarian navy had received orders to starve the Serbs; and its role was easy, since any supplies sent from Brindisi to the Albanian coast offered a ready target, especially in the lengthy work of unloading. Yet, day by day, Serbian troops kept pouring into Scutari.

"They are peasants, you see," Pashich explained to Squitti. "They understood that their long columns were doomed to death. Instinctively, without orders, they chose the best tactics: they broke up into little groups, each proceeding through a different valley."

The more heavily the Serbs poured into Scutari, the more hopeless the problems of the hour. But Pashich already felt that this wretched mob would soon again become the Serbian people. He felt this so clearly that he was opposed to shooting a few treacherous or bewildered individuals who went through the cantonments preaching a return to Serbia, "where Austria makes us suffer less." It was certainly necessary to reestablish discipline, if only a formal and outward discipline, at the earliest moment. Since the minister of war had left Serbia for Salonika, Prince Alexander and Pashich quickly agreed to appoint a new minister. Their choice fell upon Colonel Terzich, who enjoyed a deserved popularity among the troops and the populace.

Terzich, the soul of valor, was the first to point out to Prince Alexander and Pashich how dangerous it was to remain at Scutari. If the Austrians were to advance, if the Montenegrin government were to put up only a purely formal resistance, how could the Serbs, whose artillery strewed the roads of Albania, avoid a capitulation that must deprive them of their last possession, their honor?

Pashich, therefore, began to exert daily pressure upon Boppe and his three colleagues to make them settle the issue at once. First, Bizerta in Tunisia was considered as the future base of a Serbian army to be reconstituted. To the Serbs, in their unshakable enthusiasm, the place had not seemed too far distant. But the fall of Mount Lovtchen, now in Austrian hands, quelled all criticism; Scutari, about to become a mousetrap, must be abandoned in favor of any place whatever.

On January 13, Pashich took the first step. He announced to the four Allied ministers that the Serbian government would leave Scutari next day for San Giovanni di Medua, where they would

await the first Allied vessel. For what destination, he did not know; that question he left in the hands of the Entente governments.

Luckily, Baron Squitti had already managed to communicate directly with the Duke of the Abruzzi, commander in chief of the Italian squadrons. Hoping to find an Italian ship along the coast, Pashich left Scutari. A journey of ten hours on horseback, but what a road to Calvary! The corpses of Serbian army horses littered the way by the hundred; here and there, men lay dying by the roadside, staring dully as their officers passed by.

On the way, Pashich learned that the *Città di Bari* was in sight of San Giovanni di Medua. They sped even faster. As they approached the harbor, progress became difficult; the Italian ship had immediately begun to land provisions which an endless file of carts was already transporting to Alessio, where one part of the Serbian army was encamped. Presently the situation ceased to be merely difficult and became downright dangerous. A few thousand Serbian soldiers had been sent from Alessio to the sea. Believing they were to board the *Città di Bari*, they left camp, singing. At San Giovanni di Medua they were told that on this trip the vessel was taking only the Serbian government and the diplomatic corps. Accordingly, they turned back to Alessio and, on the road, passed the man who to them was the fortunate Pashich, about to embark for Italy.

Gibes poured forth from their lips; their eyes, usually so serene, gleamed with hatred. Pashich must have still been thinking of such incidents when, two years later at Corfu, he told me that to him the Serbian people spelled everything, and that he had never suffered so acutely as in the rare instances when the soul of his people seemed to have gone far astray.

The men who had insulted Pashich a few hours before should have seen him in the small customs office at San Giovanni di Medua, with the Italian officers, waiting to board the ship. Auguste Boppe, the French minister, has described this moment.*

* Auguste Boppe, minister in Serbia throughout the War, later minister in China, where he died prematurely, had been in Serbia before as Secretary of the French Legation, in the reign of Alexander Obrenovich. At Belgrade, he had published a

We went in. There sat Pashich before a plain table, his head in his hands, plunged in thought. That man, ever master of himself, stubborn, as ever true and firm, able to confront the most diverse vicissitudes, could not rule the emotions that swept over him. He was about to leave Serbian soil, to carry the Serbian government and army abroad . . . His moral suffering lent his stern countenance, with the long white beard, a tragic aspect. For a moment, we stood in silence before his grief. But our entrance roused the premier from his dream; in a choking voice, he told us his sorrow and anguish in the gravity of the moment, his apprehension for the future. "It is Serbia herself that is about to sail away," he repeated. Gradually, the Serbian ministers, depressed and at a loss, gathered about Pashich as though they were seeking a prop and a consolation.

One of them, for all the trials he had withstood, broke down and fainted as he came into Pashich's presence. The Serbs were not used to reading despair upon the faces of their leaders. An Italian orderly soon put the unfortunate man back on his feet. A moment later, an Italian officer entered and begged every one to be ready to board ship.

At eleven o'clock—they had to sail at night to elude Austrian submarines—Pashich left Albanian soil. He boarded a launch which was to convey him to the *Città di Bari*, along with the six Serbian ministers, the wives of two of them, the four Allied ministers, and the Italian officer of the harbor. Then, minutes later, the master of the *Città di Bari* received Pashich on his ship. Silently they shook hands.

About twenty other small boats brought a few ministers and whatever Serbs had been able to embark, pell-mell. When the *Città di Bari* had taken on three times as many passengers as she could normally hold, the skipper gave the signal of departure and the dangerously loaded vessel plowed through complete darkness

study on the relations of the Karageorgeviches with Napoleon I. Auguste Boppe was also author of a delightful essay on *The Painters of the Bosphorus in the Eighteenth Century*. I hope that his despatches from Corfu will be published some day; they describe, in turn, all the hopes and anxieties of the Serbian government.

towards Brindisi. Two Italian cruisers and three destroyers formed the convoy.

At the last moment, despite formal orders from the Italian admiralty—orders prompted by the necessity of leaving the cruisers every combative facility—the masters of the ships had been unable to resist the prayers of the Serbs. They took several hundreds of them aboard on condition they hide in the hold until the vessels reached the protected zone of Brindisi.

BRINDISI

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, January 15, 1915, at ten o'clock the *Città di Bari* docked at Brindisi after threading her way through the barriers which defended the port against enemy submarines. The crossing had been horrible. But in spite of fierce seas, Pashich and his ministers, eager for a glimpse of Italian soil, were on deck at dawn. Almost at once Pashich descried the figure of his valiant wife on the dock. She was speaking in her very pure Italian with Admiral Cutinelli, to whom she pointed out her husband. Pashich greeted the admiral with a weary gesture. Slavko Grujich, secretary general of the ministry of foreign affairs, and two or three other Serbs at Madame Pashich's side waved their hats. But the scene remained a mournful one.

Admiral Cutinelli immediately went on board to welcome the Serbian government in the name of the Italian. He then informed Pashich that Italy was placing the auxiliary cruiser *Città di Catania* at his disposal, and invited him and the other ministers and their staffs to occupy it. Cutinelli courteously explained that the *Città di Catania* was a most comfortable craft with numerous de luxe suites, and that the Serbian ministers would be able to rest there a little.

It was obvious, however, that Pashich was not listening; he broke in curtly: "I beseech you, Admiral, save the Serbian army. Save our people who with outstretched arms implore your help in Albania. Do you imagine that all those brave Serbs can be reduced to captivity? My people will never forget such a service . . ."

The admiral, moved, pointed out the state of the sea. The storm which had buffeted the *Città di Bari* throughout the crossing of the night before was growing in intensity; it would last three or four

days more. In such weather, he concluded, it was inconceivable that they attempt ticklish embarking operations which would have been difficult at San Giovanni di Medua even in a dead calm. Was this not setting up the Serbs as an easy target for the Austrians?

Pashich remained prostrate. He felt that Cutinelli was right, so he did not wish to insist. But not for a moment did his thoughts wander from his people massed on the Albanian coast.

As soon as he arrived aboard the *Città di Catania*, a sumptuous meal was served in the main saloon. Every one sat down to it; but after a few moments Pashich retired to his apartment. He wished to be alone with his grief.

That afternoon he was informed that the French government had prepared two or three buildings in Aix-en-Provence to house the Serbian government. Pashich barely listened; nothing interested him except the fate of the Serbian people. Next day, at dawn, he called on General de Mondésir to whom the government had intrusted the reorganization of the Serbian army. It was a joy for Pashich to learn that Mondésir was to leave that very day for San Giovanni di Medua. His beloved Serbs would see that they were not being abandoned!

When, later in the day, he was informed that the plan to reorganize the Serbian army at Bizerta had been abandoned, and that, instead, it would be reorganized at Corfu, occupied by French troops since June 12, Pashich really believed that he was alive once more. If the Serbian army was going to Corfu, he would go there with it; he would not desert his people in arms. There would be no more talk of Aix. The idea of an easy life in the old parliamentary buildings of the charming Provençal city had from the outset proved repugnant to him.

On January 18 Pashich experienced further cause for satisfaction. This man who had always despised honors and ceremonies was deeply moved by the announcement that King Victor Emmanuel had unexpectedly left for Brindisi to welcome the Serbian ministers.

At four o'clock, soon after his arrival, the King received them at

naval headquarters. On the quay, whither a launch from the *Città di Catania* brought Pashich, a company of infantry presented arms to this knot of men whose clothes, unchanged since the retreat, were like beggars' rags. A squadron of cavalry, swords drawn, followed the automobiles of the Serbian ministers to headquarters; upon arrival, the captain in command rode up to Pashich's car and saluted. Pashich replied with innate dignity.

But for one instant his impassiveness forsook him; he turned towards his ministers as they alighted, and made a sweeping gesture which seemed to signify: "You see, Serbia, our Serbia, still exists."

THE ARRIVAL AT CORFU

THE *Città di Catania*, the seat of the Serbian government in Brindisi for four days, received orders to transport it to Corfu on January 19. The admiralty was informed that the sea was clear of Austrian submarines; the crossing was therefore made in broad daylight. The auxiliary cruiser was convoyed by four Italian torpedo-boats. At five o'clock in the afternoon, Pashich and his ministers landed at Corfu.

The charming little Venetian city offered a quite novel spectacle to Pashich, who knew only Fiume, Trieste, and Bari among the Adriatic cities. In all three, there are large modern buildings and sumptuous shops along spacious avenues which hide the older sections of the city. Corfu, on the contrary, seen from the deck of an incoming steamer, looks like a modest assemblage of slate-colored little houses, with but two features of grandeur: on the left, the old Venetian citadel, with its cypresses rising like minarets to the sky; and, facing it, the Portezza Nuova (incidentally, almost as old as the other), with its high walls of grey stone. Only such of the Serbian ministers as knew Dalmatia—Ljuba Jovanovich for instance—recognized the Venetian color of the city which was about to become their refuge. Its old lions of St. Mark, after Bonaparte killed the "Serenissima," had seen Austrians, Russians, French, and British pass through Corfu. This time, it was the Serbians' turn to occupy the city, not as conquerors, but as the victims of misfortune.

Corfu possessed two hotels ready to shelter the Serbian government: the St. George, in the lower town, on the Spianata, a pleasant square lined with trees opposite the old fortress; and the *Bella Venezia*, in the upper quarter, far from the shops and the crowd.

Pashich chose the *Bella Venezia*. From his windows he could see the blue mountains of Epirus, behind which rose another chain of mountains separating him from Macedonia, where three years before the Serbian armies had commanded the admiration of the world. The *Bella Venezia* also housed the ministry of foreign affairs. There, for three years, the Allied legates came to confer with Pashich. There I myself presented my credentials to the Prince Regent when I reached Corfu five months after Pashich.*

A few hours after his arrival, Pashich was overjoyed to learn that the first transport arriving from Albania with a part of the Serbian army had just anchored off the islet of Vido, in the waters of Corfu.

The soldiers had embarked on Italian transports that morning. Bombs from the Austrian aeroplanes had rained down around the vessels and small craft which were furrowing the coast to pick up Serbian soldiers and civilians, including the metropolitan of Serbia himself. But the Prince Regent had stayed ashore; serenely but firmly he refused repeated offers from the commanders of the Italian ships:

"I shall never forget the help which you are giving my people today," he answered, "but it is my duty to stay here until the last Serbian soldier is evacuated.

"Our ship of state is wrecked," he added with a sad smile. "Isn't this duty of mine merely the law of the sea?"

Pashich was unable to go immediately to meet the arriving transports, a circumstance which turned out to be most fortunate for him.

The very strict orders of the physicians to the crews on board the Italian transports seemed cruel but were providential: "Give these people nothing to eat; we have only bread and biscuits; they are too weak; they would die if they ate."

But as soon as the transports reached Corfu, the small Corfu merchants rowed out to the vessels to peddle their dainties, their

* I was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the King of Serbia long before my arrival at Corfu; but Sonnino begged me to go to Switzerland first on confidential missions and investigations.

mandorlato and their wine. The Serbian troops all had a little money; it was the only thing available to give them in Albania. And the Italian crews, sleepless for the last three days, relaxed their vigilance, with the terrible result that hundreds of Serbs who had resisted the direst suffering died then and there with a crust of bread or pastry in their mouths!

The Corfu peddlers were driven away; launches approached to debark the Serbs; a few hundred more died in the brief ten minutes it took to land them.

Most of the Serbian tombs in the shadow of the olive groves of Corfu are those of soldiers who died in the first week of their arrival on the island.

CORFU AND MACEDONIA

ARRIVING in Corfu, I spent a few days at the Hotel St. George on the Spianata, where the Senegalese troops at drill awakened us every day at dawn. Then I established my residence at the Villa Condi, at Mandukio on the seashore, ten minutes by motor from the city. I signed a two-year lease. My colleagues, Auguste Boppe and Sir Charles des Graz, remained at the St. George.

In the monotonous siege life which we led in Corfu, some people questioned my decision. Were not my British and French colleagues, who lived with trunks virtually unpacked, more optimistic than myself?

One day, by way of a joke, Ljuba Jovanovich put this problem to Pashich and a group of friends. Pashich replied:

“As an exile in Bulgaria and in Rumania, I too always settled into small quarters of my own; yet day in, day out, I thought of nothing but Serbia.”

The Villa Condi was a roomy house built early in the nineteenth century; its whole beauty lay in the abandoned park, with its dark lanes of cypress trees and its rose laurels mingling in inextricable confusion with the open branches of the fig trees and medlars. Parasol pines bordered the heights which rose almost perpendicularly from the arm of sea separating us from the mountains of Epirus, which were tinted every evening at sunset with rose and with mauve. Out of this romantic landscape the Austro-German aeroplanes sometimes flew towards us.* The long mast planted at

*No enemy planes ever bombarded the city of Corfu. The Corfiotes being pro-German, Austria would do nothing which might make them change their opinion. But, pro-German though they were, they behaved with exquisite courtesy towards the Entente ministers and with a touching compassion towards the Serbs.

the highest point of the park, atop which my *carabinieri* ran the Italian flag every morning, guided the planes; soon we grew used to their visits, which left us indifferent. Marinkovich, future minister of foreign affairs of Yugoslavia, had rented the house before my arrival; but he had never made up his mind to inhabit it. He had brought into it only a few books and easy chairs, which he came to take away the day after I moved in. Our conversation turned to Pashich. Marinkovich admired him, with the curious reservations of an over-cultivated man:

"You see Pashich is this sort of man," he explained. "If you told him to go to the North Pole, he would prepare for a polar expedition; he would ask which way the pole lay; and by nightfall he would have covered about twenty-five miles in that direction."

"But, my dear Monsieur Marinkovich, so long as he started out again the next day, that temperament would be particularly useful in this war," I answered, laughing.

From the windows of the Hotel Bella Venezia, where he settled with the staff of the ministry of foreign affairs, Pashich surveyed a marvelous panorama. All the ranking Serbs had rented houses and apartments near there; the quarter formed a sort of huge club where they exchanged news and ideas. To have settled in a villa in the country would have meant a double exile for them. But the Serbian ministers often came to lunch or to tea at the Villa Condi, especially Pashich and Ljuba Jovanovich.

Jovanovich always ended by spending an hour in the library, where some old member of the Condi family had gathered a collection of Italian classics. From time to time he would join us under an arbor to ask me the meaning of some line of Dante's which he did not quite understand.

As for Pashich, his favorite book was the book of nature; he could not live in any country without knowing the names of its trees and wild flowers. There was not one plant in all Serbia whose story he could not tell; after a few months in Corfu, he might have passed there for a professor of botany. Certainly his knowledge had

soon surpassed the slight information on Mediterranean fauna and flora which I had imparted to him. Nature study and sea bathing were the only pleasures of his long exile in Corfu.

More than once we went swimming together in some creek near the Villa Condi. He would take along some fruit to eat after his swim. Amusingly enough, this man who never knew the base pangs of vanity derived as much pleasure as an adolescent from the fact that he sometimes crossed the creek more quickly than I.

One day I told him that the spot where we stood was described so exactly in the *Odyssey* that this or that adventure of Ulysses might well have occurred here. Such things did not interest him. He was far better grounded in history than his opponents and enemies believed; but his classical education was nil. The history of Corfu and its present conditions interested him keenly. He had been struck by the fact that all the townsmen spoke Italian—an Italian sweetened by the Venetian accent—and that most of the peasants, too, spoke, or rather mangled, the Venetian dialect.

“Why was Venice able to impose Italian even in the country districts here,” he asked me, “when it never spread beyond the cities in Dalmatia?”

One day, I took Pashich to see the Achilleion, the home of Elizabeth of Austria, which had passed into the hands of William II in 1907.

The Achilleion is a vast, low, semi-Italian and semi-Pompeian house. The trees and colors of Corfu embellish everything, even this mediocre token of the taste of that overrated, crowned anarchist who was Elizabeth of Hapsburg.

All the naïve Germanic clumsiness which ruins the place bears Emperor William’s mark. Did we not find mirrors at the end of two grottoes, one thinning and the other fattening the advancing visitor in ridiculous proportions? For any one who like myself knew William of Hohenzollern, there can be no possible doubt; these grotesque inventions were typical of him.

And, in the imperial study, that saddle with its stirrups mounted

on a stool to serve as a chair in front of his immense desk, is most certainly his. It is almost a portrait of the man. His, too, the profusion of crowns surmounting a Gothic *W* on the most insignificant decanter and the humblest glassware.

But the old white-lacquered sofas, the cretonne ottomans, the wardrobes for ladies' dresses, were of Elizabeth's period, and could not have been more commonplace. To keep Elizabeth's legend alive, we must suppose that she lived only in her dreams, blissfully unaware of the furniture supplied by the atrocious taste of some secretary of the household.

Everything left Pashich indifferent except the room in which William had sat down to pen his imperious marginalia. Pashich's Serbian democratism made him laugh at all the Emperor's dynastic nonsense. He much preferred the sight of five age-old olive trees which, I told him, had belonged to an old local peasant who for thirty years refused to sell them either to Elizabeth or William. Surrounded by a paling, they still stand as testimony to the frantic individualism of the Greeks.

"That's beautiful, that—that's *noble!*" the taciturn old man repeated several times.

The Serbian soldiers were stationed at random in camps among the hills and valleys which make of the island a gigantic park. The Serbians felt its beauty, but their peasant instincts could find no interest in a nature which yielded only oranges, lemons, and oil. They did not feel at home in the shadow of the knotted olive trees which the Venetians planted at Corfu during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

At Corfu the olive trees constitute wealth. "She will be rich," they say of a girl, "she will inherit two hundred trees."

In fact in Corfu an olive tree is worth ten olive trees in Lucca or in Toulon; for the Tuscans and Provençaux cut them and keep them tame, while in Corfu these trees often rise higher than the village belfries. No one trims them, no one cultivates the olives which are

picked up from the ground after the first great winter winds, a custom which scarcely improves the quality of their oil.

Pashich rarely left Corfu, save for occasional visits to the capitals of the Entente countries. Prince Alexander, on the other hand, would leave his army in Macedonia only for short sojourns in Corfu, the time necessary to maintain contact with the members of the government and the three Entente plenipotentiaries. As he had felt when the Serbs reached the Adriatic coast after the retreat through Albania, so now the Prince felt duty bound to stand by his troops and to share their dangers and their sufferings.

Each time he came to Corfu, we would spend long hours together. Each time, as he left, I would say to myself:

"Truly, whatever hardships or pressure the Austrians and Germans may bring to bear upon this young leader to make him understand 'the interests of his house' will be labor lost."

The presence of so many encampments of Serbian soldiers in Corfu never gave rise to the slightest incident. When, in his rambles over the island, Pashich came to one of these barracks, he always stopped. That was where his companions in the retreat through Albania lived. He had seen their sufferings; he had never forgotten them. Several times I noticed that he found it repellent to punish any one who had been through the Albanian retreat, even a civilian.

The only purely Corfiote incident which worried Pashich for a moment during our exile was that of the "Montenegrins." One fine day, the French authorities received orders from Paris to "reorganize the Montenegrin army under the same conditions as the Serbian." This so-called "Montenegrin army" arrived ten days later, a few hundred men, troublesome only from the point of view of discipline. Contrary to the exemplary conduct of the Serbs until then, they began to commit all manner of depredations. To tell the truth, it was a question of Yankee indiscipline, for in the group were some Montenegrins who had emigrated to the United States, and had returned, in 1914, to fight in the ranks of King Nicholas's

army. After an old Montenegrin colonel who was stranded in Corfu harangued them, almost all of them agreed to enlist in the Serbian army; the others were sent to Salonika to rid the island of them.

What memory did the Serbs leave behind them in Corfu? The Corfiotes have seen too much to be exercised about any one episode, for they know how transitory episodes are. A Norman seized Corfu in 1146; the Venetians stayed there for centuries; the monuments and lions of St. Mark are tokens of a sovereignty which assured a long peace to the Ionian isles. But the Venetians' greatest benefaction was the olive tree which they planted especially in Corfu, and which at present constitutes its sole riches. After the Treaty of Campoformio, which sealed the fate of the "Serenissima," Corfu was occupied for some time by the French; after them, by the British.

The least loved were assuredly the French, because, newly emerged from their revolution, they were too eager to govern and to "enlighten." Did they not go so far as to forbid the Corfiotes to swear by St. Spiridion, the patron of the island? What is the use of having a Saint if he may not be blasphemously invoked? Far from forgetting him, blasphemy is almost a fashion of cherishing him.

Venice left a memory of affection and of regret among the nobles and the rich. And the British are remembered among the poor, for the public works of all sorts which they set up on the island—aqueducts, hospitals, schools—and the improved conditions in the country. The old families of Corfu hated the British for their aloofness; but the peasants, simpler or more genuinely proud, did not notice it.

Of all the foreigners who passed through Corfu, the Serbs, for various reasons, won the warmest sympathy. For one thing, the Serbian officers and officials stayed in town. In marked contrast to the frugal Italians and the even more sparing French, they were only too eager to spend their money the moment they received it. For another, the Serbian soldiers in the numerous small camps scattered over the island were always, to a man, very respectful to the

Corfiote women, whereas the Italians and the French sometimes became the heroes of tales reminiscent of Boccaccio. Finally, the Serbs were particularly loved because none of them desired to remain, because every Serb looked forward to returning to his bit of ground in the Sumadija or to his little house in Belgrade or in Nish.

The Serbs in Salonika or in the trenches of Macedonia envied those of Corfu as lucky slackers. The reproach was unjust, but how excusable was the state of mind which prompted it!

Climate, disease, and homesickness for distant Europe caused all the fighters—British, French, and Italian—to loathe the Macedonian front. But from Salonika to Monastir, no officer or man in the Entente forces dared to compare his irritation with the tragic grief of the Serbs.

Barely recovered from the sufferings of the Albanian retreat, they were condemned to undergo tribulations in Macedonia worthy of Dante's *Inferno*. From afar, they contemplated their mountains and their native plains, anxiously wondering all the time whether their army, the only army which could not fill up its gaps, could husband its strength against the final, decisive days. Hence they underwent grievous alternating periods of impatience and despair. From the lips of a Serbian general, a hero among heroes, I heard this poignant exclamation: "What is the use of delivering Serbia if all the Serbs die in the undertaking!"

And one week later, he asked: "When will Salonika ever order us to advance? We are all ready to die, in order that a few thousand of us manage to return to our liberated fatherland." The man spoke with like sincerity on both occasions.

For my part, I was gratified to realize quickly that, in this international army, rife with disagreement, relations between Italians and Serbs gained swiftly in cordiality as generals, officers, and soldiers came to know one another better. General Petitti, later my colleague and friend in the Italian Senate, deserves credit for being the first of the various Italian commanders to create an atmosphere

of exceptional cordiality between Italians and Serbs. The Serbs depended for their supplies on the French; nothing is so difficult as knowing how to give and how to receive, even, or rather especially, among allies.

After the bloody fight which the Italians put up to capture Hill 1050 in February, 1917, Voivode Michich wrote to General Petitti:

I am filled with admiration for the magnificent exploits of your valiant troops when they stormed Hill 1050 yesterday in an attack which proved irresistible, despite determined enemy resistance, the murderous fire of enemy artillery, and the difficulties of the terrain. The two heroic columns of your 160th Regiment of Infantry have covered themselves with glory, adding a new and noble page to the celebrated annals of the Italian army. Under your high command, your officers and your troops have given signal proof of their dauntless valor and their great bravery.

I congratulate you with all my heart, my dear General, and I beg you to convey to your troops the tribute of my army's admiration and my own.

A few weeks later I met Michich and I told him how deeply I was moved by his letter, which Petitti forwarded to me. The Voivode replied: "So many compliments are exchanged here that I said less than I really thought. I have learned to know the Italians; they do not boast, they do more than they say."

In his extreme courtesy, Pashich, for his part, never failed to send me news of activities on the Italo-Serbian front, which he felt were inspired by the policy which I was urging. For instance: "The Italians have sent us two ambulances to Monastir. In the villages near Monastir occupied by the Italians, General Mombelli* has opened some schools where only Serbian is taught . . ." and so forth.

There was one really touching and fortunate feature of Italo-Serbian relations in Macedonia. The Italians understood that while

* Mombelli succeeded Petitti on June 18, 1917. He held the command of the Italian forces in Macedonia until the victory and the armistice.

the Serbs, a naturally proud people, appreciated the material aid which they had perforce to accept, they were even more thankful for the manner in which it was offered. Nothing vexed the Serbs more in Macedonia than to hear murmurs, as was too often the case in certain circles, about their "refugee mentality."

Pashich knew that all this was part of the price which must inevitably be paid for a coalition between the great and the small of this earth. It did not bother him. What did bother him was the legend spread among the Serbian troops in Macedonia about the "delights of Capua," for life in the little streets and cafés of Corfu appeared glamorous to those at the front. Though he knew how false the legend was, Pashich was careful never to keep any one very long at Corfu.

The several unfortunate intrigues which ended tragically in the trial and execution of Colonel Dimitrijevič in January, 1917, and in the retirement of some sixty of his friends may be explained only by remembering the waves of irritation and of anger that sometimes swept over the Serbian officers and men during their most nerve-racking period of suspense which they underwent at their country's very door sill. No historian, Yugoslav or foreign, is yet in a position to pass final judgment upon this sad episode of Serbia in exile.

In the Serbian microcosm of Corfu, news of the trial produced the same silent sorrow that I had read on every face at the time of a great Allied reverse. With patriotic reserve and an unmistakable dignity, even my most intimate Serbian friends avoided discussing the question.

But the silence which I maintained with Pashich himself began to appear to me as affected; I therefore broke it one day when we were discussing the Macedonian situation. After a silence, weighing his every word, Pashich replied:

"Ah, you would like to know about it. It was very painful for me. I shall tell you all about it some day. For the present I assure you that my conscience is clear. I have done my entire duty."

This book aspires to be only a testimonial. This testimonial would be incomplete if I failed to add that, when Pashich affirmed his ease of conscience, I felt that he was telling the truth. But, in mentioning his own conscience, did he not seek to imply that other ministers might have been partly mistaken, and might quite honestly have exaggerated the gravity of the faults committed, or of the remarks made, by the guilty officers?

I must confess that I was under that impression at the time.

Pashich never again mentioned the trial. Events did not allow us to review incidents which were rapidly dissolving in the mists of the past.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE
NATIONALITIES

AS I SAID above, in Chapter 14, Sonnino's chief error was that he had never realized the impossibility of beating Austria "up to a certain point." The dilemma was inexorable: either the victory of the Central Empires (and even an inconclusive peace would have soon meant their victory), or the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Occasionally, Sonnino glimpsed the truth. But the truth was too revolutionary for him; it disturbed his forthright but narrow mind. So he ended by setting it aside.

When, on January 8, 1918, Wilson proclaimed his Fourteen Points, I again believed it my duty to report from Corfu to my chief in Rome, giving him my opinions and forecast. I did so in a long private letter from which I need reproduce only these words:

...and at the Peace Conference, they will all pay lip service to Wilson's principles while thinking only of safeguarding their material interests. We alone, imprisoned in far too antithetical a formula, will be in danger of disagreement with Wilson and with every one else. In this desperate struggle to keep the Treaty of London intact, we will jeopardize all our interests. European hypocrisy will "make itself a countenance," as the Chinese say, by denouncing Italy's *sacro egoismo*, which may well turn out to have been the least realistic of all Allied egoisms.

A few days later, an Italian torpedo-boat brought me Sonnino's reply. He afforded himself the pleasure of appearing not to be answering my letter. But he wrote: "We must admit that President Wilson's conditions may make the field of discussion more difficult.

I therefore beg you to resume the conversations which you had with Pashich before his last visit to Rome."

Unfortunately, Pashich was not then in Corfu. He came back only three weeks later. I was impatient in the extreme; but, for all the deep mutual confidence of our relations, I could not with propriety say to him, "Come back; I have propositions from Sonnino, but I am afraid he may change his mind."

That is precisely what did happen. Just before Pashich's return, Sonnino canceled his instructions and begged me to "wait for news," which never arrived.

One fresh fact broke the psychological *status quo*; this was the meeting in Rome, in April, 1918, of the Conference of the Oppressed Nationalities of Austria-Hungary.

The Italians were represented by Senator Ruffini, with the writer Borgese,* the journalists Torre, Emmanuel, Amendola, and others, as collaborators. With his intimate friend Albertini, editor of the *Corriere della Sera*, Ruffini had been one of the first personages of official Italy who dared affirm that the policy which Bissolati was urging might become most fruitful for Italy. It was, of course, a policy which I approved with all my heart.

The Yugoslavs were represented by Trumbich, president of the Yugoslav Committee of London, and by seven other Austrian Slavs, amongst whom was the famous sculptor, Ivan Mestrovich. A delegation of eight members of the Serbian Skupshtina accompanied them; I made arrangements for their journey from Corfu to Rome.

Before they left, one of them, Kosta Stoyanovich, came to see me. He told me with real emotion: "All those who are about to meet in Rome are most sincerely anxious to agree. But the more they speak, the less chance there will be of an understanding. I hope that the presence of a group of Serbs from Serbia will prove helpful."

* In his book *Goliath: the March of Fascism* Borgese has already given his highly interesting personal memories of the Conference of Rome. Borgese, of course, was its moving spirit. Any one wishing to study the divergences of opinion in Italy during the World War on the Yugoslav problem should consult the files of *Unità*, a weekly periodical in which its editor, the historian Salvemini, campaigned against the falsifications and illusions of the nationalists.

Besides the Italians and the Yugoslavs, all the other oppressed nationalities of Austria-Hungary sent their representatives to Rome; the Czechs had sent Benes, whose conciliatory attitude was highly appreciated by the Italians.

If the discussions at Rome were so laborious, if they obliged the Italians to display a truly admirable patience towards the Yugoslavs of Austria, it was not so much because of the divergence of views as because of the difference in methods of reasoning.

I have already indicated in what profound esteem I held Trumbich's moral character, and how far beyond hint of suspicion lay the loyalty of his anti-Austrian sentiments. On my flying visits to Italy in the war, nothing saddened me so much as to meet people who would ask me in a whisper if I were really sure that Trumbich was not an Austrian secret agent. In their defense, it must be said that this sly infamy was sometimes spread by important foreigners who sought to give the impression that they regretted speaking thus, and did so only through love of Italy. I shall name only two of those whose action I was in a position to observe: Jacques Bainville of the *Action Française*, and the King of Montenegro. How could the average Italian suspect that Bainville was in reality speaking thus because he favored a Catholic and dynastic Austria? And that King Nicholas was moved by hatred of a union of the Serbian peoples—the union for which he had striven in his youth when he hoped to become its chief beneficiary?

But if Trumbich was the most honest of men and the most ardently patriotic of Slavs, he had one defect which, in the course of discussion, irritated Italians and Serbs alike. He reasoned as every one had learned to reason in Austria, from the standpoint of historic rights based upon an extremely theoretical jurisprudence. At the outset, this jurisprudence was proclaimed as intangible in Austria; then, after endless bargaining, it was abandoned in favor of a new juridical formula over which the succeeding generation, whether Croatian, Czech, Polish or Rumanian, would have quarreled every bit as furiously.

An agreement was finally reached, thanks to the patience of the Italians and to the sincerely cordial collaboration of Benes and Wickham Steed. The latter, an old friend of Italy's, rendered us yeoman service in those difficult days. I must add that no one was more delighted than Trumbich himself, who had salved his juridical conscience by sowing a thousand objections in the way of the agreement.

Here is the text of the accord adopted by acclamation by all members of the Conference on August 10, 1918:

The representatives of the nationalities entirely or in part subject to the domination of Austria-Hungary—Italians, Poles, Rumanians, Czechoslovaks, and Yugoslavs—have agreed to the following declaration of principle with a view to common action:

First, each of these peoples proclaims its right to set up a national State entity of its own, or to complete such an entity in order to attain its full political and economic independence.

Second, each of these peoples recognizes the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy as an instrument of Germanic domination and as the fundamental obstacle to the realization of its aspirations and of its rights.

Third, this Congress accordingly recognizes the necessity of a common struggle against common oppressors until each of these peoples has attained its total liberation, its complete national unity, and its political independence.

Fourth, concerning the relations between the Italian nation and the nation of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, known also under the name of the Yugoslav nation, the representatives of both peoples recognize that the unity and independence of the Yugoslav nation is of vital interest to Italy, just as the completion of Italian national unity is of vital interest to the Yugoslav nation. The representatives of the two peoples therefore undertake to devote all their efforts, both during the war and at the conclusion of peace, to the integral realization of this aim.

Fifth, they declare that the liberation of the Adriatic Sea and its defense against any present or future enemy is of vital concern to both peoples.

Sixth, in order to foster sound and heartfelt future relations between the two peoples, they similarly agree to an amicable regulation of all pending territorial questions on the basis of the principle of national-

ities and of the rights of self-determination of peoples, and this in such a way as shall not prejudice the vital interests of the two nations, which interests will be defined on conclusion of peace.

Seventh, such fractions of either of the two peoples as might find themselves included within the frontiers of the other shall be guaranteed the recognized right of safeguarding their language, their culture, and their moral and economic integrity.

On the morrow, April 11, Orlando, the Italian prime minister, received the members of the Yugoslav committee and assured them of "the identity of Italian and Yugoslav aspirations," adding that he considered "the movement for Yugoslav independence and unity was in full harmony with Italy's war aims."

An understanding had indeed been achieved!

Pashich was jubilant. At the same time, it is a man I am describing, a living man, and not a disembodied idea. I must therefore add that he was neither astonished nor unduly regretful to learn that Trumbich's legalistic prolixities had sometimes vexed the other members of the conference at Rome. Pashich wanted to work with Trumbich; he appreciated his collaboration. But he intended to remain the sole foreign minister of his country. That was why he used the success of the Conference of Rome to scuttle a project which was aimed to force him to appoint a Serbian minister of propaganda accredited to the three Allied capitals, London, Paris, and Rome. Certain Serbian Progressives and Liberals, who blamed Pashich especially for "failing sufficiently to impress the Serbian point of view upon the Entente," had conceived the idea.

A cabinet crisis arose as a result of the slim majority by which the Skupshtina had elected the cabinet candidate as its president. The Prince Regent was compelled to come to Corfu from Salonika. The crisis was being protracted beyond all reason. Prince Alexander finally mentioned it, and was kind enough to ask my opinion.

"Even my esteem for Pashich could not determine me to express an opinion on Serbian governmental questions," I replied. "But there is one point I feel compelled to speak of quite frankly, since you ask me to do so. Pashich's critics blame him specifically for failing

to express himself forcefully enough in his dealings with the Entente. You know very well that this is not the case. You know, too, that these gentlemen are acting in the best faith. Suppose they succeeded Pashich, would they not harbor the illusion of increasing their influence with the Entente governments by intimating that they might not necessarily be loath to consider eventual overtures from Vienna? Of course they would do this only as a maneuver, for their loyalty to the Entente is unquestionable. But you can see clearly what dangers might arise as the result of what they considered only a tactical move. We would not suffer from it; but the moral unity of the Serbs, so far miraculously preserved, would be in deadly peril. . . .”

A few days later, Prince Alexander summoned me in great haste. He showed me telegrams from various neutral and Entente capitals. They all reported the rumor that the Serbian reigning family had made overtures of peace to Vienna, and that Vienna would consent to an immediate separate peace with Serbia, provided Serbia yielded Serbian Macedonia to Bulgaria. As compensation for this sacrifice permission would be given for Serbia and Montenegro to fuse, thus assuring the Serbs an outlet to the sea.

“You see,” Prince Alexander remarked, “even without a successor to Pashich, they have acted already. Let a cabinet crisis drag on, that and that alone is enough to give rise to all sorts of pro-Austrian rumors.”

Once again, the Prince Regent repeated what he had already said to me several times before: his most ardent desire was to secure coöperation between the government and the Skupshtina, but his duty bade him keep Pashich at the helm.

Later I learned that the Austrian intrigue which Prince Alexander disclosed to me had originated in the Austro-Hungarian legation at The Hague.

As soon as Vienna realized that the trick had failed, it resumed the haughty air which it always affected the moment the Serbs were

mentioned. Count Czernin made a disdainful allusion to "Serbia, which desires peace."

Pashich seized the occasion. On August 12, 1918, he told the Skupshtina that if Czernin claimed Serbia had made the slightest overture for peace, then Czernin was lying.

"Herr Czernin says that Serbia desires peace and that the Allies forbid her to conclude peace," he declared. "Herr Czernin also says that Austria, having beaten the Serbs, enjoys the moral right to bind them to her. You see, gentlemen, how Austria believes herself entitled to deal with the Serbs. But the Austrians are wrong. Austria-Hungary attacked Serbia without sufficient reason . . . Austria pretended and still pretends that people in Serbia think in the Austrian fashion. That is impossible; it will never be."

I was present at the meeting. I was pleased but not at all surprised to see that Pashich's proud words moved even his opponents. And, as always, he never once made the slightest attempt at oratory.

A few days later, Pashich confided in me. This was just one month before the battle of the Piave, which Austria launched on June 15, 1918, and which after nine days of violent fighting resulted in the first of the great Entente victories. Pashich felt justified in believing that the Austrians were about to attempt to break through the Italian front in full force. They hoped thus to settle the fate of war on all fronts. Berlin and Vienna, he continued, hoped that Italy could not resist, that Lombardy and Piedmont would remain open to the passage of the armies of the Central Empires, and that when these occupied southern France, the whole Flanders front would crumble.

My reply instilled confidence in Pashich. I said that the great reverse at Caporetto eight months before had tempered Italy; without the Allies' help,* she had stemmed the Austro-German avalanche at the Piave. Now, nothing could possibly surprise the

* The Franco-British troops arrived in Italy after the Italian forces had re-established the front on the Piave. When Foch came to visit the new Italian front, before the arrival of the French troops, he said in all honesty: "But you've done everything already." Cf. my *Makers of Modern Europe*, chap. VIII.

Italians any longer; no enemy force could ever pass through again. Pashich understood the truth of my words; he understood that they were devoid of all boastfulness. I am not sure that a statesman from a country which had been spoiled by a history of triumphs would have understood quite so well.

In our common interest, however, Pashich did make two suggestions. In the first place, he believed that Austro-Hungarian prisoners of Yugoslav nationality were wasted by being used only for agricultural work. Their usefulness might be increased infinitely were it known in Croatia and Slovenia that they were being treated as free brothers and as allies. In the second place, we might derive enormous advantages by forming a Yugoslav legion on our front. Fighting in Serbian uniforms, under a Serbian flag, it would help powerfully to undermine the morale of the Croatian divisions which had been fighting fiercely against us.

I immediately wrote of this to Sonnino; he agreed to special treatment for Yugoslav prisoners. As for a Yugoslav legion, the question went before the Council of Ministers. Orlando approved Pashich's suggestion, which I had supported as best I could; but Orlando, who understood everything and persisted in nothing, immediately yielded to Sonnino's categorical refusal.

A few days later, the Austro-Hungarians unloosed the battle of the Piave, the fiercest and most terrible which they inflicted or suffered in four years of warfare. The Monarchy's entire forces, sixty divisions strong, were thrown into battle with for sole object the destruction of the Italian army. The Monarchy was playing its last card.

After nine days of incredibly violent fighting, the Austrians knew that they were beaten. By their own count, they lost two hundred thousand men, two hundred cannon, and two thousand machine guns. But they lost something far more important still; from that moment on, they lost all hope of ever conquering the Italians.

The fighting spirit of the Emperor's Croatian troops on the banks

of the Piave was not noticeably inferior to the warlike determination of the Austro-Germans and of the Hungarians. This merely proved that in politics, especially foreign politics, gross errors and false calculations should be avoided from the beginning. Whoever plays upon national souls and national consciences must avoid basic misunderstandings and early wounds. Subsequent remedies and changes rarely succeed in dissipating impressions born of our primary carelessness.

- Certainly, the historical aftermath of 1848 offered the Italian masses an initial barrier to a complete Italo-Slavic understanding. Were not Croats the mainstay of Hapsburg oppression? Did they not form the most faithful Hapsburg garrisons in Milan and Venice?

However, the gravest obstacle was more pressing. It rose from the following circumstances:

The most farsighted and generous minds in Italy understood that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was doomed. Fate would thus be of incalculable benefit for Italy if she established sound relations with the Austrian Succession States immediately after the war. The *Corriere della Sera*, then Italy's greatest newspaper and one of the greatest in the world, frankly adopted this thesis. But Sonnino and his followers, both as diplomats and as members of the Nationalist party, persisted in preferring a double policy. They dared not profess it too openly, but they advocated the continuance of a fairly strong Austria. They believed they were practising *Realpolitik*; as a matter of fact, they were impairing the country's military strength by thwarting certain precious moral alliances. They were at the opposite pole to realism, because your true realist knows that idealistic motives form an essential part of reality.

FROM THE ARMISTICE TO THE TREATY
OF RAPALLO AND AFTER

LATE in the summer of 1918 I spent some time on the Macedonian front. Chiefly through questioning many Austrian officers among our prisoners, I realized that the outer crust of Emperor Charles's army was still sound, but that the Monarchy within was ready to crack. Pashich felt the same way. In my dispatches to Rome I therefore insisted upon the need of an immediate offensive; Sonnino supported me vigorously in his conversations with General Diaz. Thanks to delays which in my impatience I deemed useless, the new attack began only on October 24.

During the first few days, Austro-Hungarian resistance was still strong enough to account for the loss of forty thousand men between October 24 and October 28. General Caviglia's lightning advance upon the Austrian wings soon turned the battle into a rout. It was the end. On November 4, Austria-Hungary signed the armistice.

In September and October the Serbian victories in Macedonia had proved to the world what ardor their army still possessed. They were now preparing to transfer the seat of their government to Skoplje; the Prince Regent was already there. At my request, the Italian command in Albania lent the Serbian government fifty automobiles and about one hundred trucks to transport the cabinet, ten higher officers of the diplomatic corps, the archives, and the treasury. Every one and everything else was to reënter Serbia via Salonika. I had dispatched a technician to Skoplje to restore the Italian consulate; I intended to take up residence there, and I knew

that the Germans had removed the furniture, windows, and doors. However, on November 4, in the night, a telegram from Sonnino informed me that I was appointed high commissioner in Turkey, where, on October 30, the delegates of the Sublime Porte had signed an armistice between the Ottoman Empire and the powers of the Entente.

Therefore, on October 7, I sailed on an Italian destroyer; two days later, I was in the Bosphorus, my flag aloft a cruiser already anchored before Galata and Stamboul.

I was disappointed at not being able to greet Pashich, who was absent from Corfu. Besides, my farewells to the many Serbian friends to whom I was bound by ties of memory, were necessarily abrupt. I wondered if, despite my deep friendship for Pashich, I would ever see him again.

Late in June, 1919, after being eight months on a mission which often placed me in opposition to the decisions of the "Big Four" sitting in Paris,* I received a telegram from Nitti, who had just succeeded Orlando as premier. He offered me the post of under secretary of state for foreign affairs in his Cabinet; Tittoni was foreign minister. I accepted and reached Rome a few days later. Tittoni had already been forced to leave for Paris for the Peace Conference. Having taken up my post, I hastened there to consult with him.

Tittoni spoke wearily and crossly of the diplomatic legacy which Sonnino had bequeathed him. So far he had had no contact with either Pashich or Trumbich; and he earnestly wished to settle the Adriatic question as soon as possible. Tittoni possessed some genuinely statesmanlike qualities; he knew how critically Sonnino's narrow views had endangered Italian interests throughout the world. "He has riveted us to a few rocks in the Adriatic," he told me.

* They still believed in the division of the Ottoman Empire; whereas I warned them that a new Turkey, stronger than the old, was about to rise in Asia Minor under Kemal Pasha. The senseless scheme whereby Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George were to give Smyrna to the Greeks (a decision made in hatred of Sonnino rather than of Italy) animated the remarks I made against the mad policy which the masters of the Conference practiced in regard to Turkey.

"He forgot colonies, mandates, raw materials, war debts, everything—everything that counts!"

Newly-appointed ministers usually tend to exaggerate the errors of their immediate predecessors. It is a convenient and prudent procedure. But in Sonnino's case, Tittoni was right.

Sonnino had arrived at the Peace Conference with three weighty burdens. First, he must discharge what he honestly believed to be his moral obligations. He must, from the start, tell the Allies: "You Frenchmen were attacked; for you Britons, war was inevitable; while I might have kept Italy neutral. I made Italy enter the war on the strength of a pact to which you are in honor bound. Italy has lost six hundred thousand men. Am I to go tell my fellow countrymen that the promises held out to them, promises which I deem necessary for Italy's security, are to be broken?"

Second, was his Treaty of London which bore the signatures of Great Britain and France, but not Wilson's. And Wilson, at the moment, seemed to be the supreme arbiter of peace.

Third, were his differences with Premier Orlando. More pliant than Sonnino, Orlando had understood that a direct and generous agreement with the Yugoslavs would have allowed Italy to obtain world-wide advantages of far greater importance than the so-called strategic pseudo-defenses* of the Treaty of London. Orlando, however, was less courageous, and, fearing attacks in the nationalist press, he dared not voice his convictions.

Incidentally, the famous "Big Four" of the Conference owe their origin to Orlando's desire to negotiate alone with Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson. Not daring to get rid of Sonnino, he relegated him to a secondary rôle among the Pichons and Balfours.

Sonnino's tragic lot and Poincaré's melancholy fate were in some ways analogous. Both men were thoroughly honest; both were jurists who pleaded briefs, contract in hand. For Sonnino, this contract was the Treaty of London of 1915; for Poincaré, a little later,

* "So-called" because Marshal Diaz himself (and heaven knows how avid of outposts the military are!) told me several times that had Italy obtained Dalmatia, general headquarters would have had to evacuate it at the first sign of war.

the Treaty of Versailles. Poincaré rejected or spoiled marvelous French opportunities as when, in accord with Mussolini who had recently come to power, he declined Bonar Law's extremely generous offer on inter-Allied debts, simply because it did not derive formally from the law of Versailles. Similarly, in the Peace Conference, Sonnino brushed aside every truly favorable Italian opportunity because he feared it might serve the Allies as an excuse to reopen discussion of the Treaty of London. Sonnino's whole law was the written law, his law of 1915. Certain eminent Italians vainly objected: "Your treaty was conceived with the object of defending us against a neighboring Austria-Hungary and a distant Russia which might have established naval bases in the Adriatic. These two countries no longer exist as great powers. Our problems have changed. Is it not better to make friends of these Yugoslavs, whose liberty Mazzini already desired, and to secure infinitely more important advantages in other parts of the world?"

To all such pressure, Sonnino remained unmoved, deigning only to answer: "Apply my treaty." In fact such Italians or foreigners as broached the existing chance to insure the colonial expansion of Italy, he considered almost as *agents provocateurs* charged with the task of blowing up his precious diplomatic instrument.

In the poisoned atmosphere of the Peace Conference, Sonnino did not even struggle. Shocked, in his honesty, by the avidity and covetousness which his foreign colleagues hid under generous phrases, and irritated to find that they spoke of his selfishness only, he composed himself in his silence, refusing all negotiation. Beside the compromises of every nature to which Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and, to a certain point, even Wilson were so often a party, Sonnino's attitude seems to inspire nothing but respect. But such an attitude can be adopted only in private affairs, not in those involving an entire nation. Did I not warn him at Corfu* of the atmosphere he would find in Paris?

I repeated to Tittoni everything I had been vainly telling Sonnino

* See chap. XIX.

for years. Tittoni declared that he thoroughly agreed with me. But I felt that he was prompted by a desire to settle an awkward situation rather than by any such hopes as inspired me—namely, to create a new atmosphere of peace, of concord, of unity of action between Italy and those new states of central Europe and of the Balkans whose highest interests I believed were identical with my own country's.

When I told Tittoni that I wished to call on Pashich before returning to Rome, my chief approved, but advised me to do so without the newspapers commenting on it. "Your reputation as a counter-poison to Sonnino is already too firmly established," he said, laughing.

Pashich and I arranged to drive together in the forest of St. Germain. Our long conversation left me with the impression that Pashich, too, felt psychologically and politically ill at ease amid the feverish and unhealthy atmosphere of the Conference. Knowing him as I did, anything else would have surprised me. I urged him to pin his faith upon Tittoni; but the hazard of the negotiations never put the two of them into any real contact. Adriatic affairs were then being treated by our French and British allies; it was inevitable that they should be abortive.

At the fall of the Nitti Cabinet, in June, 1920, I myself became minister of foreign affairs, with Giolitti as premier.* A few days later I met Trumbich at the Conference of Spa, which he was attending as Yugoslav minister of foreign affairs. The absolute frankness which inspired our conversations filled me with confidence regarding the outcome of the direct negotiations to which I intended to invite him in the near future. Only direct negotiations seemed to me to correspond to my notion of Italy's prestige and interests.

* I have published in *Makers of Modern Europe*, chap. XX, my conditions to Giolitti. Having established beyond doubt that he approved my views concerning our relations with Yugoslavia and that he accepted the idea of a new policy, creative of a new order rather than of a liquidation of the old, I accepted his offer.

Early in November, 1920, the Yugoslav plenipotentiaries came to Rapallo to solve at long last the Adriatic question. The Yugoslav plenipotentiaries were Vesnich, then premier, Trumbich, minister of foreign affairs, and Kosta Stoyanovich, minister of commerce; Italy was represented by the Prime Minister Giolitti, myself, and Bonomi, minister of war, an old and faithful friend of Bissolati's.

Elsewhere I have described* the principal fluctuations of these negotiations; I shall not hark back to them here. To the honor of the Yugoslav plenipotentiaries it must be said that if they resisted certain of my demands for a long time, they never for a moment abandoned that honesty and frankness which alone justified direct negotiation. Like their Italian colleagues, they felt duty bound to bear in mind the future great advantages of an Italo-Yugoslav entente for our prosperity and for peace.†

In brief, this was the first peace freely consented to in the post-war years. Had the spirit of Rapallo inspired the other treaties, a Europe less blind and less cruel would have resulted.

Pashich was one of the first among the various statesmen to congratulate me upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Rapallo and

* *Makers of Modern Europe*, chap. XX.

† The Serbs, and perhaps the Slavs in general, are braver on the field of battle than when faced with the necessity of making political decisions. This especially would explain so many instances of hesitation on their part in Poland, at Belgrade, etc. At Rapallo, too, I at first met this sort of hesitation. A single short passage of my *Makers of Modern Europe* recalls the uncertainties against which I had to struggle: "The Yugoslavs resisted my demands for a long time; they found it hard to cede half a million Slavs, although—as I said to them—it was no fault of ours if these were on our side of the Alps. The discussion, one night, reached a degree of dramatic tension quite uncommon in conversations of the kind; I reproached them with not bringing to the accomplishment of their civic duty the same courage they had had during the war. 'You know,' I told them, 'that the settlement I submit to you, with the diplomatic entente I am offering, is good for you; but you are afraid of the jingoes in Zagreb and in Belgrade; you are afraid for your popularity. And I? Do I not know that I risk mine? I tell you this only: When you will go back to Belgrade, you will feel the sting of remorse.' Turning on my heel, I abruptly left them. Seeing my interlocutors deeply moved, I knew they had grasped the sincerity of my words, and that they would not shirk their duty as I was not shirking mine."

upon the anti-Hapsburg agreement which I, at the same time, had proposed to Vesnich and to Trumbich.*

It was with Pashich, after his return to power, that I negotiated for the forming of that consortium of the harbor of Fiume which I had planned at Rapallo. Composed of Italians, of Slavs, and of citizens of the Free State of Fiume, it might have insured the prosperity of that port. Pashich shared my ideas on the need of creating a sort of common center for the development of Italo-Yugoslav commerce and relations in a free, independent, and Italian Fiume. The annexation of Fiume to Italy, which the Fascist government later decreed for the sorry reasons of theatrical prestige which so often govern dictatorships, was certainly not to the advantage of that unfortunate city. The citizens of Fiume are unanimous in admitting as much whenever they can speak out fearlessly, which is seldom under governments like the Fascist.

In 1922, on quitting the Cabinet, I was appointed ambassador to France. Pashich, in Paris for negotiations with the French government, visited me at the embassy. We spoke at length of the past and the future. I have already reported† his words on the situation in Yugoslavia. We were strolling in the embassy garden; we had not forgotten that it was our constant habit at Corfu and in Macedonia to get out into the open air as soon as ever we could. A plain ivy-covered railing separated the garden of the Italian embassy from that of the Russian. I showed it to him; he went up to it and gazed through the leaves at the abandoned lawns where Izvolsky had given so many garden parties before 1914. Turning towards me, he said, smiling: "Do you know what King Milan used to repeat? 'Because of the Russian Czar Nicholas and because of Nicholas Pashich, I have finished by loathing even St. Nicholas, the patron of my *slava*.' The Russian Czars," Pashich went on, "are gone forever; with their departure, the simulated terrors of Pan-Slavism are vanished. So much the better if that allows our country and Italy to form an

* See the text in my book *Pensiero e azione d'una politica estera italiana*, Bari, G. Laterza e Figli (1924), chap. V.

† Chap. XIII.

ever-closer entente. Imperial Russia could wish only to Balkanize us."

After Mussolini's rise to power in Italy, Pashich lent full support to the laudable efforts which Monchilo Ninchich, then minister of foreign affairs, made to maintain friendly relations with the Italian state. Indeed, there was fear in certain quarters in Belgrade that the Fascist party, having seized power, might retain something of its Dalmatian claims in its program. Did not these claims constitute one of the factors of the party's agitation among the small bourgeoisie which, in all countries, is more vulnerable to morbid appeals of nationalism than to healthy confidence in a hateless, unresentful patriotism?

In 1924, for the last time, Pashich came to Rome with Ninchich. The purpose of his visit was to sign the new treaty which Ninchich had carefully drafted in agreement with his chief, and in collaboration in the Italian capital with Antonijevich, the Yugoslav minister to Italy, whose high qualities I had been able to appreciate when I was foreign minister. The treaty, signed on January 27, 1924, bound the two countries "to lend each other mutual aid and to work in cordial collaboration for the maintenance of the order established by the peace treaties." They were also to afford each other reciprocally all "political and diplomatic support" in cases of aggression or of any "violent incursions," a phrase which evidently alluded to the dangers of a Hapsburg restoration. To tell the truth, this treaty was merely a repetition of the anti-Hapsburg convention which I had proposed to the Yugoslav government and which the Fascist government had rashly dropped while it still clung jealously to the Treaty of Rapallo.

Next day, at a large political dinner given in honor of Pashich and Ninchich at the Palazzo Venezia, appropriate toasts were exchanged. After the ritual compliments to the chief of the Fascist government, Pashich added:

"We desire that the treaty of peace and amity which we have just concluded remain a historic act, affirming perpetual peace and amity

between our two peoples and serving to develop their commercial relations, their cultural *rapprochement* and the maintenance of world concord, now reestablished after so many common sacrifices.”

Official toasts are usually of scant worth. The sentiments expressed are short-lived when those who utter them, instead of fostering the permanent interests of the countries they represent, seek mainly the transient successes of prestige. Such was certainly not the case with Pashich. For him, indeed, the Treaty of Rome in 1924 offered the hope of a lasting understanding between Italy and his country. As he was kind enough to write to me on his return to Belgrade, the signature of this treaty, which was the last diplomatic act of his life, brought him “a great moral relief, a veritable joy.”

Why did he write to me on this occasion? The fact is worth noting, since it does high honor to the grand old man's moral character. Pashich's extreme caution almost always led him to eschew writing private letters on diplomatic controversies. But he was also the accomplished gentleman. During his stay in Rome, he had had to avoid visiting me, since I belonged to the Opposition and opposition in a Fascist regime is a crime. But to be silent with me, who had worked so long to bring about a genuine understanding between our two countries, must have seemed to him a discourteous act. Hence, his letter.

Despite his desire and his hopes, Pashich must have felt that something was lacking in the substance of the pact. Indeed, on January 25, 1924, just two days before, Eduard Benes had signed the Franco-Czechoslovak treaty in Paris. Not only had each negotiation been conducted completely independently of the other, but for a while it looked as though an effort had been made to use each of the instruments as a shield or a weapon against the other.

The French governments of the post-1918 period have not always acted clear-sightedly towards Italy. But, in so far as Italo-Yugoslav

relations are concerned, I am qualified to state that France, especially during Briand's long incumbency, proved herself honorably eager to recognize the rank and position to which Italy has a right in central Europe and in the Balkans.* But they neither could nor would understand this in Rome. In a personal government, questions of mere appearance often assume an importance counter to the true interests of the country.

In order for treaties like the one Pashich signed in Rome to prove living, fruitful realities, both sides had necessarily to be imbued with the firm conviction that a country like Italy was vitally concerned with the prosperity and independence of all the succession states of Austria-Hungary—I repeat, *all* the states. At Rapallo, I obtained the Belgrade government's voluntary and cordial acknowledgment of the fact that half a million Slavs had to become Italian, since they lived on our side of the Alps. And I was able to do so only because the Yugoslav plenipotentiaries understood my argument that some day we might together have to defend Trieste, Pola, and Ljubljana against the new threat of a Germanic march to the south. For her part, Italy should always desire an independent and prosperous life for all the national states whose resurrection the genius of Mazzini foresaw. An Italian government which neglected this truth would amount to an Italy oblivious of the fact that six hundred thousand of her sons perished in order to bring about the destruction of that European anachronism which was the Hapsburg State, with its ancient and hateful policy of *divide et impera*.

In spite of such errors as they may have committed, the new nations which have replaced old Austria are healthy realities. An understanding must be reached with them, but not after the Austrian manner, which attempted to set them against one another. Any policy of misunderstanding between these nations contradicts both the ideas of the *risorgimento* and Italy's most permanent interests.

If certain Italians are incapable of grasping the nobility of the

* On this subject see my book *Les Frères Ennemis*, chap. XV.

policy which Mazzini foresaw, they should at least pretend to believe in it, if only for reasons of national selfishness.

As I once said in the Italian Parliament:

“Our peoples must agree; if it is not out of love, one day they will have to agree out of necessity and interest.”

THE STATESMAN

THERE ARE MEN who personify an episode in the history of a people. In England Gladstone was such a man when his whole country turned liberal without being aware of it; so was Giolitti when he established universal suffrage in Italy.

Other men represent an epoch rather than an episode. Their genius and their moral strength have succeeded in making use of the events of their time. Cavour was such a man; so was Pashich.

Had it not been for the selfish blindness of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy and for the intellectual superficiality of the Young Turks, Pashich would probably not have given the full measure of his strength. But history unfolded itself, Pashich read its pages, and his heart never faltered. Therein lies his greatness.

From the outset, Pashich was helped by the rulers of Austria. It is possible that Beust, the Saxon statesman whom Francis Joseph called to Vienna to direct the Monarchy's policy, favored the creation of the Austro-Hungarian dual system of 1867 for use as a weapon against the expansion of the new Hohenzollern Germany. But fate willed that with Beust's eclipse, Count Andrassy succeeded him. Most of the Hungarian magnates frankly believed themselves to be anti-German. Andrassy, on the contrary, soon realized that every good Magyar aristocrat's mistrust and contempt for everything Slavic were quite childish unless they could be welded into a positive system of struggle. Andrassy therefore forced his Hungarian compatriots to adopt a new slogan. "To be an effective Slavophile," he said, "you must begin by being an ardent Germanophile."

The idea was at first most unpopular. But it was Andrassy who

vetoed Francis Joseph's coronation as king of Bohemia. In brief, Andrassy was the worthy forerunner of the Berchtolds and Tizas who staked the Monarchy's all in the Balkans.

Under the Andrassy regime, the revolt of Bosnia and of Herzegovina was the first Balkan incident. A year later, July 1, 1876, Serbia and Montenegro, the twin Serbian principalities, declared a common war upon Turkey.

As an adolescent, Pashich was fortunate enough to witness the last, passionate feelings which quickened the Serbian peasants in their long struggle to preserve their moral and social traditions under the Turkish yoke. As a young man returning from his studies in Switzerland, Pashich awakened to a new fact. He discovered that the Serbs were developing their age-old hatred of the Turks into a loftier, broader patriotism which tended to unite all their brothers by race and language in one common realm. This applied both to the Slavs who were still subjects of the Hapsburgs and to those under the Turks. Pashich personified this new ideal; he devoted himself to it entirely.

In this sense, Pashich is unique in the Europe of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Cavour contemplated only Italy's struggle against Austria, and he knew that he could count upon the liberal current in France and in England. Bismarck fought his three wars with virtual certainty of success, for he headed the strongest military organization of his day. Pashich alone dared constantly to face the fatal necessity of a future conflict with two dread neighbors, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. Love of the old Serbian liberties inspired his long struggle against King Milan, and he never for a moment forgot that this struggle was waged against Austria's aspiration to dominate the east.

He most certainly maneuvered; to do so was both his right and his duty. He possessed the greatness of true statesmen, with their skill, and their caution.

When Austria annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina, Pashich was the only tranquil, serene man in Serbia.

"It is like the fable of the wolf and of the lamb," he told his faithful friend Spalajkovich philosophically. "But you must not be angry on that account. It has been so since the world began. That is why the fable exists. But there is also another fable: that of the lion and the fox."

Yet in his foreign policy, Pashich never considered it strategic action to break pledges. He believed that to honor international engagements freely contracted was to preserve the very honor of his country. Thus in 1913 he did all that was humanly possible to maintain the Balkan alliance. Again in 1915, in spite of Serbia's tragic position, he never allowed himself to become a party to conversations with agents whom Berlin and Vienna more than once dispatched, even when he was approached in the most roundabout way.

To be sure, when Prince Sixte de Bourbon made his shady attempt to influence Poincaré to sign a separate peace in favor of Austria (a peace whereby Austria hoped that France and Great Britain would betray Italy), Pashich deemed it his duty to take private, confidential measures in Paris. But while taking these steps, he put the Entente governments on their guard against the Austrian proposal. He reminded Paris and London of their duty to stand by Serbia, but he did so only in the event of a Franco-British compromise, an eventuality which he believed impossible. To have acted otherwise would have been to fail in the essential obligations of his office. Not for an instant did his total good faith towards Italy waver. Too, he was fully aware of latent pro-Austrian sympathies of all sorts which were still active, despite the war, in certain aristocratic and bureaucratic circles of England and France, and which were directed as fully against Serbia as against Italy.

His political integrity showed in his very style. Not one of his notes, not one of his telegrams, was equivocal.

At Corfu, I would smile whenever some young Serbs, redolent of Montpellier, Paris, or Lausanne, and very proud of their di-

plomas, qualified their admiration for Pashich with reservations on his ignorance, his lack of force as a writer.

For my part, I have rarely seen so happy a gift for diplomatic writing as Pashich's. Diplomatic style generally sails between two shoals: either it is vague in order to avoid risks (in which case it becomes soft and ineffectual), or it is vigorous (in which case it may be tactless or offensive).

More than once, especially towards the end of our stay in Corfu, Pashich sought my advice on the phrasing of his ideas. Out of his desk drawer, he would take a sheet of paper on which he had made some notes in Serbian in his firm, masterful script. Then he would call his secretary and say:

"Translate this for us literally, just as I wrote it in Serbian." And, with a certain exaggeration, he added: "Sforza is conversant with our phraseology."

The documents were invariably perfect, a quality I ascribe to his innate tact, which, however, never in any way detracted from his forcefulness. From among the numerous quotable examples of his diplomatic style, I prefer to choose one which was not strictly official. An Italian journalist had come to Corfu to ask Pashich whether he did not believe that "certain Croats are working for a greater Croatia rather than for a greater Serbia." The journalist went on to ask whether their actions did not provoke feelings "between our friendly and allied states which might turn to the sole advantage of Austria-Hungary." Pashich replied impromptu:

Our press has actively discussed the question raised by foreign, especially Italian, newspapers as to that Austrian territory peopled by Croats, Serbs, and Slovenes, which should fall to Italy if we are victorious. We Serbs were naturally interested in the fate of our Croat and Slovene compatriots when their future destiny seemed to be neither liberation, nor independence, nor union to their racial brothers. So far as concerns us, the problem of the Adriatic, so very vital to Italy, can be easily solved. We recognize beyond a shadow of doubt that Italy should occupy a predominant position in the Adriatic. Serbia's sole aim and desire is to arrive at a conclusion whereby our

compatriots on the Adriatic seaboard can find no motive of dissension with Italy. That is why we are convinced that Italy will cherish that principle on which its unity and the present Italian kingdom are founded. You are perfectly right when you state that the present discussions can only impair the speedy settlement of our common struggle; you are right again when you state that it is futile to share the bear-skin before you have killed the bear. But Serbia never began this sharing of spoils and is not doing so now. It is simple justice to recognize this fact.

It would be difficult to write in a style at once subtler and more dignified. The question, quite apart from its technical aspect, was thornier for Pashich than for the Italians, since Pashich never relished certain polemical exaggerations of the exiled Croats, yet he could not criticize them in public.

In his domestic policy, Pashich was profoundly convinced of the advantages of the parliamentary system. He knew that all political systems have their flaws and that in the long run it pays to choose the lesser evil. But Pashich loved the parliamentary system more vitally than most liberal politicians on the European continent. His sympathy for it was not born of a bookish admiration for the British precedent; Pashich's parliamentary doctrine had its roots in the purest Serbian traditions. Free Serbian peasants had always discussed the decisions of their princes; two generations later, they controlled their deputies' votes.

Occasionally certain Serbs who did not sense Pashich's nobility in his lifetime accused him of deriving his ideas from the discussions of others. To tell the truth, constantly and with infinite patience, he suffered any one to speak, even in the Cabinet. And his Cabinet was devoted to him. The discussion ended, Pashich would sum up; and, without giving his opponents any cause for complaint, he would emphasize such passages in their speeches as agreed with his views, even though the speakers had not been conscious of this accord.

With that somewhat skeptical wisdom which age lent him, Pashich would comment: "They have spoken; they are happy."

In my opinion the great statesmen of the past—Cavour, Gladstone, and some Italians I knew as a young man—enjoyed a marked advantage over Pashich. A glance at Cavour's letters shows how he exulted when he discovered some one among the young diplomats or deputies who seemed to him to bear promise for the future of Italy. Old Giolitti always pushed ahead the youngsters who he hoped might become useful leaders in the following generation. I am afraid that Pashich was not sensible to this rather difficult duty. Perhaps the atmosphere and the times did not lend themselves to it.

On the other hand, Pashich was notably free from a flaw which I observed in Giolitti, in Poincaré, and in Lloyd George. These statesmen were determined to accept nothing which might at some time turn to the advantage of their predecessors of yesterday or of their successors of tomorrow. I hasten to add that this was not through egoism, but through party spirit. Pashich's career reveals nothing of the sort; his will to serve his country brooked no such taint.

In problems which he considered to be secondary, Pashich did not hesitate to alter his program according to the necessities of the moment. He did this not only because, so far as he was concerned just a few points were significant from the national viewpoint, but also because he mistrusted ideas that were too general and too pompous. After all, Pashich himself was gifted with an almost irresistible force of persuasion when he spoke in a small group of persons; but when it came to orating in public, he froze.

It was one of his virtues never to disguise his thought in magnificent phrases. Thereby he taught a lesson which was effective in raising the standards of public life in his country.

If he never favored pedagogy in politics, still he believed in the force of example. That is the best pedagogy. Pashich gave his people the example of a life, every hour of which was consecrated to the pursuit of a great national renaissance.

THE MAN

ON THE PAGES FOLLOWING, I shall merely set down a few scattered memories which, though lacking order, reveal my purpose. I write them just as they occur to me. If I have remembered them, it is because in each case I felt how much they revealed of Pashich, the man.

I was quick to gather that what attracted me in Pashich's *forma mentis* was the exceptional blend in its composition. He represented both the feverish, clear-sighted activity of the west, and the fatalistic, confident serenity of the east.

Pashich belonged to the race of men who detest to shine in public. How often I caught a sparkle of somewhat pitying surprise in his glance as he watched a compatriot treating an audience to a lavish display of oratory expressing the very thought which he himself had long since presented.

The oriental side of his character—and I use the word "oriental" in its noblest sense—showed up in a picturesque brevity of phrase.

One day at Corfu, for instance, we were discussing the Serajevo crime. I remember asking Pashich what importance I should attach to the steps taken by Jovan Jovanovich, Serbian minister to Vienna, when he warned the Austrian authorities. It was foolhardy for the Archduke Francis Ferdinand to visit the Bosnian capital, Jovanovich said. Pashich's laconic comment was: "Isn't it natural to expect hot weather in summer?"

Again, on the occasion of some criminal event which had remained unpunished, someone said: "No, there is no God!" And Pashich retorted tersely: "Do you see God as a policeman, drawing up a report at the scene of the crime?"

Religious problems, even the simplest ecclesiastical questions, have always interested me. I brought them up several times in conversation with Pashich. Once, in the practical, forthright way that was so characteristic of him, he told me: "When I am in Italy or in France, I like to go into a Roman Catholic church on Sunday to meditate. Isn't it strange that Roman Catholics never set foot in our Orthodox churches in order to pray?"

This idea brought us to the union of the churches, the preoccupation and hopes of Pope Leo XIII. "A splendid ideal," Pashich said, "but I believe in parliament, not autocracy. So I prefer the law of the councils to the law of a single infallible pastor."

I told him that as a very young attaché at the Italian embassy in Constantinople I was charged by my chief to broach the subject to the Orthodox Patriarch, Joachim III, at the time when Leo XIII, in the evening of his life, uttered his encyclical in favor of the union of the churches. The venerable old man received me benignly at the Phanar. After lengthy disquisitions which may indeed be qualified as Byzantine, he finally said: "Leo XIII's idea is very noble; I pray to God that it may be carried out. But what obstacles are there? Only one, the vanity of the Bishop of Rome."

Pashich laughed at the anecdote. But immediately he countered: "True. But I fancy that had Joachim III been in Rome rather than at the Phanar, he would have been even vainer."

One day at Corfu he found my wife and me in the garden, thumbing an album of the monumental churches of central Italy.

"Will you show me Santa Maria Novella?"

"Here it is. But why that church particularly?"

"I was married in Florence. And it was there that I prayed God for her happiness in life."

These are his bald words. But under his reserve, I knew all the religious tenderness he felt for his admirable helpmate, Georgina Pashich.

He never expressed his most intimate sentiments in words; with a modesty unimpaired by age, he kept them locked in his heart.

That day he had simply said "she," not a word more. Similarly in public addresses, despite his burning patriotism, he never exalted his love of his country and people in hollow phrases.

In September, 1916, at a meeting of the Skupshtina in Corfu, a deputy of the Opposition blamed Pashich for failing to impress the Allies with Serbia's sacrifices. Summing up the various speeches, Pashich merely replied: "Must we forever expatiate upon the sacrifices of our people? I believe that the manner in which our people suffered their fate and did their duty speaks for itself. To boast of this in the Entente capitals would be humiliating."

Pashich was fully conscious that such haughty patriotism could not please everybody. But he was indifferent to the criticism of professional "patriots." He knew that the powerful masses which he had awakened to political life in his youth were more confident in his silences than in the most passionate speeches of other men.

His knowledge of his intimate communion with his people was the joy of his life. That and his devotion for his wife accounted for the youthful flame that shone in his blue, vivid eyes, and the radiance of his patriarchal countenance. Up to the last day of his life, he would gather his children about him in the evening and sing the Serbian folk songs of his childhood. A hush of veneration and tenderness would fall upon the circle as he reached for his old song book.

An aged Serb, one of those veterans who accounted Pashich's friendship as their dearest possession in life, told me that he was beside Pashich at Nish when news came that the last Austrian had evacuated Serbia. It was the false alarm which followed the retreat of Potiorek's army. Pashich, as usual, remained unmoved. As his friend and the Serbian officials about him congratulated him enthusiastically, he answered: "They are still powerful. Let us thank God, but let us steadfastly await what threatens us still."

But he went home earlier than usual, for he wanted to bear the good news to his wife and to his children. His daughters, deeply stirred, kissed his hands. Then, secure in the silence of the friend

who had accompanied him, Pashich wept, his famed impassivity melting away the moment he was with his family.

Once Pashich himself stated truthfully what he wished to be and what actually he was. Someone had asked him to write two maxims for a publication which his party was preparing; unhesitatingly, he wrote: "My principle has always been to work with the people and for the people." And, a moment later: "Work and advance, even if the going is slow. But ever and especially be sure you are taking the right road."

In the Albanian retreat, some exhausted soldiers taunted him. "Let them have their say," he remarked. "Do not punish them. Their children will bless my memory."

That day his aspiration and his words betrayed both more and less than a desire for glory; what he sought was to make his memory part and parcel of the epic heritage of his people.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

SERBIAN SOVEREIGNS

1804. Karageorge Petrovich chosen as leader by the Serbs in revolt against Turkish domination.
1808. The national Soviet confirms the election of Karageorge Petrovich "and his legitimate offspring" as leaders.
1813. The Turks defeat his army. Karageorge takes refuge in Hungary.
1817. Milosh Obrenovich elected Prince of Serbia.
1830. A Hatti Cherif of the Sublime Port recognizes Milosh Obrenovich as Prince, with hereditary and familial gift of title.
1839. Milosh Obrenovich abdicates; his elder son, Milan, succeeds to the throne.
1840. Milan succeeds to the throne, but dies in a few weeks; his younger brother, Michael, succeeds.
1842. Michael is expelled. Alexander Karageorgevich succeeds.
1858. Alexander Karageorgevich is in turn expelled; Milosh Obrenovich comes again into power.
1860. Death of Milosh Obrenovich; his son Michael succeeds.
1868. Assassination of Michael Obrenovich; his cousin Milan succeeds to the throne, and, a minor, is assisted by a Council of Regents.
1872. Milan comes of age.
1882. Milan proclaims himself King of Serbia.
1889. Abdication of Milan; his son, Alexander Obrenovich, succeeds to the throne.
1903. Assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. Peter Karageorgevich succeeds to the throne.
1914. King Peter, ill, appoints his son Alexander regent on June 24.

YUGOSLAV SOVEREIGNS

1918. On December 1, Prince Alexander assumes the title of Prince Regent of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.
1921. Death of King Peter; Alexander succeeds to the throne.
1929. Alexander assumes the title of King of Yugoslavia.

Chronological Table

1934. Assassination of King Alexander. His son, Peter, succeeds to the throne, and, a minor, is assisted by a Council of Regents, whose chief member is his cousin, Prince Paul Karageorgevich.

TREATIES

1812. Treaty of Bucharest with clauses whereby Turkey and Russia contract to grant Serbian autonomy.
1858. Treaty of Paris, wherein the international entity of Serbia is reaffirmed.
1878. Treaty of San Stefano, conceding Pirot and Nish to Serbia.
1878. Treaty of Berlin, entrusting to Austria-Hungary the government of Bosnia and Herzegovina.
1881. Secret treaty of alliance concluded by Austria-Hungary and Serbia.
1886. Treaty of Bucharest establishing the *status quo* after the Serbo-Bulgarian War.
1912. Secret treaty of alliance concluded between Serbia and Bulgaria on March 13.
1912. Secret treaty of alliance concluded between Bulgaria and Greece on May 29
1912. Treaty of Ouchy, Italy and Turkey end the Italo-Turkish War on October 18.
1913. Treaty of London, whereby on May 30 Turkey cedes to Balkan allies all territory west of the Enos-Midia line.
1913. Treaty of Bucharest, concluded August 30 and granting to Serbia all Macedonia west of the Vardar.
1915. Treaty of London, concluded by Italy, the British Empire, France, and Russia on April 26.
1915. Treaty of Pless, concluded by the Central Powers and Bulgaria, arranging for Bulgaria's entrance into the war. (September 16.)
1918. March 3. Treaty of Brest-Litovsk between the Central Empires and Russia.
1918. May 7. Treaty of Bucharest between the Central Empires and Rumania.
1918. June 29. Treaty of Versailles between the Entente Powers and Germany.
1919. September 10. Treaty of Saint Germain between the Entente Powers and Austria.

Chronological Table

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1919. November 27. Treaty of Neuilly between the Entente Powers and Bulgaria.
1920. June 4. Treaty of Trianon between the Entente Powers and Hungary.
1920. August 14. Convention of alliance against a Hungarian attack between the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes and Czechoslovakia.
1920. November 12. Treaty of Rapallo between Italy and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.
1921. February 8. Italo-Czechoslovak agreement, signed in Rome, regarding the anti-Hapsburg convention.
1921. March 13. Italo-Turkish agreement in London.
1921. April 23. Convention between Czechoslovakia and Rumania, analogous to that of Belgrade of August 14, 1920, signed at Bucharest.
1921. June 7. Convention between Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, analogous to the above, at Belgrade.
1924. January 25. Treaty of alliance between France and Czechoslovakia, in Paris.
1924. January 27. "Pact of friendship and cordial collaboration" between Italy and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes at Rome.
1926. November 27. Treaty of Tirana between Italy and Albania.
1927. November 11. Treaty between France and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes in Paris.
1937. March 25. Treaty of "friendship" between Italy and Yugoslavia at Belgrade.

NICHOLAS PASHICH'S CAREER

1878. Elected Deputy to the Skupshtina.
- 1883-89. Exile.
1889. President of the Municipality of Belgrade.
1891. Premier of Serbia.
1893. Minister Plenipotentiary at Belgrade.
1893. Minister Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg.
1898. Sentenced to nine months for *lèse majesté*.
1904. Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Grujich Cabinet.
- 1904-05. Premier of Serbia.
- 1906-08. Premier of Serbia.

1909. Minister of Public Works in the Novakovich Cabinet.
- 1910-11. Premier of Serbia.
- 1912-18. December 16. Premier of Serbia.
1918. December 20. In Paris as President of the Delegation of the Serbo-Croat-Slovene state at the Peace Conference.
- 1921-26. April 8. Premier of Yugoslavia.
1926. December 1. Death of Pashich on the morrow of a violent discussion with King Alexander about restriction of freedom in Yugoslavia, planned by the King.

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