

of Rome. It almost expunges our memory of the art and letters of the middle ages, lighting up rather the fact that we have to thank Italy for the art of secret poisoning.

However, we command our indignation, and reflect only that there is truly a certain genuine discontent among the Italian population of the Austrian provinces of Trieste and the Trentino. It is here inadvisable to rectify the frontier, which is strategically admirable from the Austrian defensive standpoint. If the Italian armies advance to Trieste, they must infallibly be destroyed by a descent from the impregnable Trentino salient upon Verona, cutting them off from their base, while Pola threatens any attempt to support them by sea. The solution is therefore to remove the disaffected elements, compensating them so far as they hold property, and replacing them with a solid German-speaking peasantry from the Austrian Tyrol. This colonization should be fostered with sedulous care; the system of peasant proprietorship should be fully developed, and the new inhabitants rooted firmly in the soil by prosperity and independence.

(c)

The Balkan problem. This is, of course, the crux. It was the Balkans that precipitated war, and settlement is difficult, owing to the chronic anarchy of the whole country. It has always appeared to me that the fall of Abdul Hamid was the withdrawal of the bolt of the hangman's trap on which blindfolded Europe stood with the noose of war about her neck. And I confess to seeing no solution but the restoration of the Turkish Empire, with the important reservation noted below, that it must be rendered homogeneous. No better buffer could be devised. The division, not only of religion, but of civilization, is so acute that Turkey is not likely to meddle in European politics. It has a unity all its own, as could never be the case with a confederacy of cut-throats such as recently destroyed it only to fall out over the spoils, like the snarling dogs they are. So long as England supported Turkey, Russia, the only real menace to European peace, was throttled. So much was this so that she actually abandoned temporarily the idea of westward aggression, and occupied herself with the Far Eastern adventure. The threat remains, and will survive the war, will indeed survive any event but the civilization of Russia, which may begin (one perceives favorable omens) some two hundred years from now.

The transplantation scheme suggested above will still serve, but it must be applied on a colossal scale. The actual frontier of Turkey should be chosen with regard to strategic considerations, looking first of all to her defense against Russia. The "Christian" elements of the populations in the territory gained by Turkey should be drafted (with proper compensation) to other parts of Europe, to fill the gaps made by the war. They would assimilate easily, and form a useful and vigorous new strain of blood. Any lack of inhabitants in the new and greater Turkey could be supplied readily from her congested Asiatic possessions.

(d)

The only other problem of importance is that of Poland. This has been discussed at length in the essay, "The Blunder of Edward VII."

(e)

The question of England is not urgent. In a paper, "England on the Brink of Revolution," the probability is indicated. The day of the little peoples whom she has enslaved may be at hand. In particular, the Irish Republic must be no longer a poet's or a patriot's dream, but a fact. Much, too, will have to be done before her mad desertion of Mussulman Turkey is atoned for. Her hearty co-operation (if she exists sufficiently to co-operate) in the scheme of a greater Turkey outlined above would be her best chance. The Indian Mohammedan would perfectly understand, and believe, if he were told that England's war on Turkey was only a feint made with the real object of strengthening her. He would know that such duplicity was quite like England.

VI.

It is to be hoped that no one will deem me megalomaniac to the point of supposing that I am the man, and that political wisdom will die with me. The scheme outlined above no doubt needs modification; but the principles involved are unassailable. They may be summarized briefly:

- (1) The establishment of a new balance of power.
- (2) The removal of all discontented political elements either by granting autonomy (as in Ireland) or transplanting them (as in Italia irredenta).
- (3) The establishment of inalienable peasant proprietorship, especially near frontiers.

However, one might give up even these ideas. But of this one thing one can be as sure as one is of death, that no lasting settlement of any sort on any terms can be made unless the mental attitude disclosed in this article be adopted by all the better elements of the warring nations.

National hatred must be put aside utterly; even national aspiration must be forgotten. The peacemaker must come to his task as if he came from Canopus. He must be as passionless as a god. His first principle of thought must be this: All men are brothers. He must be as wise as the serpent, and as resolutely deaf as the adder to the clamor of partisanship and false patriotism. He must be ready to give up the dearest principle for which his country has just shed its blood, if sweet reasonableness woo him. He must see Europe steadily and see it whole, if he is to make it whole again.

The mood of the Peace Congress must be that of Christ upon the Cross. No spark of malice or revenge must lurk in any breast; no self-seeker must pollute that sanctuary. The professional politician might be excluded with advantage; the philosopher and the poet might be lured from their retreats to make the peace. It is the mind and temper of a Plato that Europe needs today. *Adsum.*

EPHEMERIDES

By Francis Livingston Montgomery.

WHEN once again an old but unknown sun
Beams on our vision through unbounded space;
Or comets, onward hurling in their race,
Flash in review, though centuries have run;
Or the bright light of some world new-begun
Grows from the hewing of Time's mighty mace;
Who of the sons of men

Of yesterday or of tomorrow? None.

For thou and I are atomies and must
Be scorched by fire or crumbled in the rain,
Driven about by every fitful gust
Of strange desire and loathsome human lust.
What is there of us then that shall remain
To make where once a soul was tempted? Dust.