

tions in German aerodromes. It is the one undeniably international feature in the document. Its significance was borne in upon us the other day, as we sat in the small hut of a flying-ground not far from Paris. Some three hours previously we had sat in a similar hut not far from London. There was really nothing to show that two natural frontiers had been crossed. The languages were the same (French, English, and American). The subject of conversation was the same, flying in all its aspects. The scene was the same, a large open space with aeroplanes of all shapes and sizes. The old sensation of being in a foreign land, due to the formalities and delays inseparable from custom houses and porters and proceeding from trains to steamers and from steamers to trains, simply did not exist. Two American pilots had made a forced landing and internationally were trespassers. But our English friends knew all about their machine and plunged at once into technicalities. Here, in the concrete, was an instance of the international power of science. In a few years aeroplanes will be flying from end to end of Europe, all obeying the same rules, observing the same code, meeting with the same kind of welcome and assistance, whether they be registered in London, Paris, Prague, or Berlin.

Nevertheless, we have no disposition to exaggerate the importance of this apparently modern development of internationalism. Science as an international force has always existed; but so far, it has usually meant that the men of all nations are ready to unite in order to discover how more effectively to compete with one another. The march of science and the advance of material progress did not prevent the great war, but only added to its horrors when it came. When Prometheus brought down fire from

heaven, it was doubtless prophesied that men would no longer fight one another, but would henceforth all be found warming themselves amicably by the comfortable beacons of a new civilization.

We do not think there will be another great war for some time to come. But we do not base this hope on the League of Nations, still less upon the Treaty of Peace forged by the Paris Conference, but upon the fact that this generation has seen war close at hand. It has eaten its fill of horrors, and has already destroyed so much of its inherited wealth that ruin stares it in the face, unless an end is made for many years of the worst forms of unproductive expenditure. The nations will be international, not because they desire to be so, but because they must.

The Saturday Review

## DANILO RETURNS FROM EXILE

BY FRANCESCA M. WILSON

Our transport left Bizerta on January 31. It was a small transport — only one hundred soldiers and one or two officers, among them a colonel, his wife, and two children, and myself. Our boat was a merchant ship taking oats for French cavalry horses in Dalmatia; there was no real accommodation for passengers, but we strewed ourselves somewhere and usually found shelter of a sort. A transport vessel or a hospital ship would have been more comfortable no doubt, but it was more in the picture, more Odyssean altogether for exiles to return to their country in a rough-and-ready craft without modern equipment. For those habitually sick on the sea there was perhaps little consolation in this reflection, but for me who am not of their society, there was something to

I got out of it. It was such a homely ship. The gale might be blowing forty knots an hour, the sea might be flashing with magenta lightning, and the boat trembling with the shock of thunder, but still one could always hear the Colonel's dog barking, the ship-mate's pigs grunting, the baby crying — there was a motherless two-year-old being carried to his grandmother in Serbia by a soldier — and the note of a fiddle that a gypsy soldier played in the intervals of seasickness. And the ship was so small, that the gales could never quite bear away the friendly odor of soup and the evening's roast. There was nothing lonely in the storm. What bland arrogance it seemed. The Phœnicians had steered their craft over those same seas — with ropes and canvas and a hollowed trunk they had made themselves merry with the elements and were at home as we were. The Serbs unused to the ocean could not but reflect on these things with astonishment; and with pride, too, since at last the time has come for them to enter the order of those who subdue the sea to their human purposes.

The first sight of land was a procession of mountains — dark and wild and cloud-shrouded, the Balkans at last and the true Balkans of the imagination. We coasted up Albania (very beautiful in spite of its sinister sound), and came to the Dalmatian coast where we waited for the mythical Ragusa. It grew more mythical as we neared the coast. It was hard to believe that anything but a fishing hamlet could have maintained itself on such an inhospitable shore; and yet there was Ragusa right enough, built on the rocks that jut out into the sea, and climbing up the steep cliffs behind — cliffs on which by some miracle of warm winds and shelter there were orange trees and palms and aloes. It was a wonderful little place — com-

pact with its steep town walls — as perfect and complete as an expensive toy. I wandered over its tessellated pavements and up and down its maze of little streets and every now and then I fell by chance into a church, or still more happily into the courtyard of a monastery — places where the peace and beauty of a remote age were still enchaliced. Very little of the really ancient city exists as it was destroyed by an earthquake in the seventeenth century, yet nothing in it jars with modernity. Everything in it is harmonious — everything in it belongs to Ragusa: Ragusa which has something of the East in it and something of the West and yet is Ragusa and unlike anything else in the world. It is a brave little city, and when I am disillusioned with the Serbian race — and that may happen frequently — I shall remember that they made Ragusa or Dubrovnik as they call it in their speech. Here they kept the lamp of culture burning not only through the Middle Ages, but in the centuries that followed when all the rest of the Balkan Peninsula was hid in the night of Turkish rule. Ragusa was the one watch fire that was never extinguished. Here laws and literature were made and an independent republic maintained right up to the tenth century when the Austrians got hold of it.

All sorts of people were wandering up and down the steep streets of Ragusa when we joined them — French troops in charge and English and American sailors and Serbs en route for home from all the quarters of Europe where their exile had thrown them. At the harbor a haggard band of Bulgar prisoners was working in a faint-hearted fashion and everywhere was the native Dalmatian soldier, still in the gray-green uniform of bondage, but a Serb in speech and heart. There was a light-hearted feeling in the town,

After a century of enslavement it had got back its ancient birthright and was free. Of course it was free, let the Italians clamor as they will. The air that blows up through its streets tastes of freedom and the sea trumpets freedom at its gates.

It is an upside-down arrangement to know a people first of all in exile and afterwards in their own country, but it has its charms. There was a peculiar pleasure in seeing live men come into market in the richly ornamented Dalmatian costume which so far I had only seen on the dolls which our women dressed in the workrooms in Corsica—in finding, too, that old peasants walked about quite nonchalantly with bags bright with the purest Serbian patterns and everybody was slipping over the mud in the *opankas* which one had been inclined to consider too pretty and romantic to be useful, in spite of all assurances. All through the journey from Ragusa to Belgrade I had a series of these pangs. At the station there were first of all the Herzegovinian peasants and then the Bosnian—always as perfect as the dolls, though rather more worn, and everywhere were the narrow carts with open woodwork just like the models our one-armed Obrad used to make at Ben Negro.

It was a terrible journey as far as sheer discomfort went, but the interest of it kept one going. Our little train had carried thousands of Austrian troops throughout the war and the windows and the doors were all broken, and as we climbed higher up the bladeless rocks of Herzegovina and got farther and farther away from the tempering breezes of the seas, a fierce air began to blow into the train, freezing the water in our bottles and the thoughts in our brains; and of course there was no attempt at either heating or light. Still, the Serbs could

not forget that the wind was blowing from the snows of their own country—and the first two days of the journey there were still light hearts in the train. It was almost as homely a train as the ship. At every farm (you could n't call them stations) we stopped for about half an hour, and often a peasant would turn up with a *nationale swirka*; the soldiers, at the call of this instrument which they had never heard in exile, would suddenly find their numb limbs flinging out into the measures of a *kola*—and often as I have seen the *kola* danced it has never been with such abandoned glee as these soldiers danced it on the way back to their homes after nearly four years of absence. Balkan trains are weak-kneed affairs all over, I believe, and ours was no exception. It had taken on a larger number of wagons than it could really cope with, and one night the wagon where the three 'Popes' of our transport had congregated jumped the rails, and we had to tumble out into the snow while officials with lamps rushed about wildly wondering what to do. But the Serbian Tommy, who is really very *débrouillard*, soon had found logs in a wood near by, had levered up the wagon and thrust it on to another line. The 'Popovski' wagon was then left to its own devices and we proceeded on our trek. After all, the three hours delay was not much more than we were accustomed to at the farms—I repeat I can't call them stations.

All nights had to be spent in the train. At Brod we changed and had the variety of continuing our voyage in cattle-wagons. These were so vast that one might as well have been out of doors for chilliness, but we had the advantage that one could walk about and stretch one's limbs; and the men soon stole wood from passing trucks and made a fire. The smoke was bitter

in the nostrils but the heat was a recompense for all such suffering. Soon all sorts of strange creatures in sheepskins had climbed into our 'special,' attracted by the flames, and while I made tea for them they told their adventures.

At last on the evening of the fifth day we arrived at Semlin. This sounds Biblical, but there is something Biblical in the return of exiles so that is all right. It must always be an epic whether it is Jews going back from Babylon or Odysseus returning to Ithaca, or the Serbs going back to the country which they have lost and gained again. But, alas, at Semlin this epic quality was entirely lost.

It is a terrible place to arrive at with the temperature of sixteen degrees below zero centigrade, even if it is with returning heroes. Immediately you feel the bitterness of devastation, for the first work of the Austrians was of course to destroy the bridge over the Save, and you are now dependent on the irregular ferry to take you into Belgrade. Hungry-looking people with the Bolshevik air crowd round you at Semlin, refusing to carry your traps, but at last you get on to the boats — leaving most of your luggage behind you, probably for a more auspicious occasion.

On the boat I began to make inquiries as to the possibilities of hotels, for it was quite dark by this and too late for sledges; I had no notion where our mission had hung up its sign. The answers were discouraging. The hotels were not yet in swing and it might be very hard to get a room. It was then that a little man with a pointed beard stepped forward, — a gnome-like creature, wizened with care and slender through underfeeding, — from his civilian dress and his appearance evidently a *tchinevnik* (a civil servant).

He told me that his name was

Danilo Somethinglivitch, that he was coming back to his home after four and a half years' exile, that he had a great respect for the British whose work for the Serbs he had seen in Corsica, and that he would like to take me to sleep with his *punitza*. I did n't know at all what a *punitza* was; it sounded to me like some sort of a little animal; but as I was homeless and Danilo was so very kind, I told him that I should love to sleep with his *punitza*. When we arrived at the quay, I went along dark snow-laden streets with Danilo, carrying my bag and his, for he had a heavy box, poor soul, with all his possessions in it and all his loot from foreign countries. At last we came to a door and Danilo opening it discovered a narrow alley and some old tumble-down houses on each side of it. He struck a match and we went up an outside staircase and along a corridor that was spacious and pleasant in spite of its poverty. Then Danilo tapped at a little door and a shaky, tired voice from inside asked 'Who is there?' 'A friend,' replied my guide with a firm ring in his voice. 'But what friend — who?' the voice was still intimidated. 'A friend — Danilo. Don't you know my voice?' 'But what — not my Danilo?' the voice trembled on a high note, half of hope and half of fear. Then the door opened and a little old woman came out and fell on her Danilo's neck. It was the *punitza* and she was the mother of Danilo's wife; for *punitza*, it appears, is the Serbian for their relationship.

Then the *punitza* had to be told about the lost Engleskina in need of her hospitality and though she was in bed when we arrived (because to be in bed saves light and fire and these are still scarce and dear in the towns of Serbia) still it was not more than half an hour before she had got fires lit for us and a meal cooked — macaroni and

fried pig and tea. And all the time she was telling her son-in-law the history of all the years of the occupation — poor soul, it was a short story. 'It was all tears,' she said, 'and we never thought they'd go — never, never. But never mind, my son was the first to enter Belgrade,' and she showed me a picture of an officer with an embroidered *peshkir* round it to make it more sacred.

There was more to hear than to tell — how the daughter had always suffered since Albania, but how Zorka — her grandchild of fifteen — was filling out and becoming a stout and handsome maiden with all sorts of foreign languages on her lips. Danilo had come in advance to prepare his home for his family. Then he had to learn that his house was bare; that the Austrians had n't left a stick, and worst of all had carried off all his books. The sadness of this certainty made him look a little more wizened, a little more gnome-like than before, but it did not make him forget his courtesy to me.

He refused to let his troubles preoccupy him and with admirable self-control insisted on making polite conversation with me throughout the meal. Then I was offered a sofa, and far more than my share of wraps. Danilo and the *punitza* retired, too, but I imagined neither of them to sleep. The tired little old woman must have been much too happy to sleep; as for Danilo the disenchantment of arrival must have kept slumber from him. Ah! it has a fine sound — an exile's return — but when the exile is no longer young and he comes to find his home looted, his little gods all gone, and life to begin over again, he needs a brave heart; and the first night he can hardly hope for rest.

The next day I left my friends and soon tracked down the little flat where the S.R.F. had installed itself.

Reconstruction

## THE BERLIN REVOLUTION OF 1848: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

BY ROSE WEIGALL

WHEN I was seven years old my father was appointed English Minister in Berlin and we went to Germany. This was in 1842. We went first to Cologne, where there was a great gathering of princes and people for the reopening of Cologne Cathedral after the restoration by King Frederick William IV of Prussia, the elder brother of the future emperor. King Frederick William was a very different type from the military caste who have since ruled Prussia — an idealist, a dreamer, artistic, literary, and essentially *unmilitary*. Germany was all split up into a collection of small states. United Germany was a dream of advanced Liberal Professors and Democrats, whose name was in those days considered synonymous with Jacobins and cut-throats, like the first Terrorists of the French Revolution. Berlin itself was practically little more than a provincial city, but under the influence of the King it possessed a very intellectual society — art, music, and literature were all fostered there, and life went on quietly and pleasantly enough. I was too young, of course, to know anything of what was going on, and only remember of this now what I have been told in later years by my mother.

My parents belonged to the generation which had witnessed the Napoleonic Wars, and had themselves in their youth known many of those who had witnessed and endured the horrors of the Terror of the French Revolution. The present generation, when they talk of the narrowness and intolerance of the Tory régime then in force, forget that the Tories were still under the