

forth nothing interesting or intelligible to the reading public." But is not Mr. Warner (and Cicero) at least half-right? Must not the tree be judged largely by its ripe and edible figs or the lack of them? One Latin masterpiece has been served up, in recent years, as a special tribute to American taste: Petronius's "Trimalchio"! Occasionally a graceful essayist revisits the Sabine farm. It sufficeth not.

There is, however, still a third possible audience. I do not recall meeting a single busy professional or commercial American, not a teacher, who really "kept up" his Greek. With Latin it certainly need not be so. Nearly every college man has a pleasant recollection of Horace if not of Virgil. The vocabulary is so upheld by English derivatives that it is mostly retained in the memory. Every large-minded pleader or orator can draw real benefit from Cicero's "Pro Murena," the "Pro Cluentio," and particularly the "Philippics," against Antony. Every cleric may seek inspiration from Augustine, if not from Seneca; Tacitus, again, as a master of style can teach caustic force, pictorial vividness, and brevity, to the cleverest modern essayist. All these can be made sufficiently easy, or can at any rate be made to yield large instruction, for men of middle or riper age, once fairly imbued with Latin; but only in one way. They all require translations, at once truthful and readable, preferably on parallel pages of large-print library editions.

But if the competent comfortably-settled specialist be scornfully indifferent to all save elementary text-books on the one hand, and pursuit of recondite special problems of dialectology, syntax, etc., on the other—verily he shall dree his ain weird. But those that come after may suffer.

WM. C. LAWTON.

Seranton, Pa., August 1.

Literature.

OUTLOOK OF THE YOUNG TURK.

The Fall of Abdul-Hamid. By Francis McCullagh. With a preface by His Excellency Mahmud Shefket Pasha. With 10 illustrations and a map. London: Methuen & Co.

Nothing probably, among all the new experiences with which the student of the East must deal when he actually comes face to face with his subject, is so perturbing as the close semblance of an organized conspiracy of misinformation of which he, sooner or later, becomes conscious. For a time—it may be long or short—he asks, is told, and is satisfied; but there is a day when he realizes that ninety per cent. of that copious and confident information cannot possibly be what it pretends. In very many cases he can reach no conception why his informants are so full of misinformation: they can have no interest in so misleading him. But gradually he learns that Orientals, with a large proportion of Europeans and Americans who have lived long in the East, have, on one side, no feeling for agreement with fact,

and, on another, have as great an abhorrence as nature of a vacuum. Before emptiness of knowledge they are like children and grasp at anything with which to fill out the void. Of course, if they really know and have no interest in substituting something else for what they know, they will give facts. But when they have no facts, they will certainly give something else. And in so doing, be it remembered, they have first deceived themselves. This may seem like a railing accusation, and there are certainly exceptions, but those who know the East know this, too, to their sorrow.

In consequence of this it is of primary importance in the East to reach the men who know and to pay no attention to any one else. And no one really knows who is not actually on the spot, in contact with the occurrence. Another link in the chain brings such uncertainty that the prudent observer will avoid all such evidence. Now, Mr. McCullagh's book, compared with others dealing with the second Turkish revolution, has this peculiar value, that its writer fell most luckily into the very centre of events and into contact with the people who were making that decisive bit of history. From the middle of the picture he tells of occurrences at which even so privileged an onlooker as Sir William Ramsay—see his "Revolution in Constantinople and Turkey"—could only guess. With this of necessity went a certain disadvantage. During the days of panic and apparent chaos from the mutiny of April 13 on, only two parties in Constantinople can have seen clearly the trend of events. The promoters of the mutiny are dead, exiled, vanished, and from them no sound has come or will come, while those leaders of the Young Turks who saw their way through and finally brought their country out, can hardly be expected to give a perfectly unbiassed report. Yet we must follow them or nothing, and there can hardly be any doubt that their statement of the case will be very close to the final finding of history. And there can be still less doubt that Shefket Pasha's word on his own actions—and he is one of Mr. McCullagh's chief authorities, quoted immediately some ten times—can be accepted implicitly.

So taking the book as a frank statement from the Young Turk point of view, it is one of quite extraordinary interest and value. Beginning with the opening of Parliament in December, 1908, it traces the resultant situation and its elements—the Committee, Abd al-Hamid himself, the *Ahrar* or "Liberals," the Mohammedan League, the personality of Kiamil Pasha, the returned exiles from Europe and how they behaved, the private soldier and how he took it all—through the general disillusionment to the mutiny. Then the rising of Macedonia, the gathering of

troops and the march on the city, its capture and the fall of Abd al-Hamid. In one thing only was Mr. McCullagh unhappy. He does not seem to have been in Turkey at the first revolution, and did not know the great outburst of relief, joy, and brotherhood—that first fine careless rapture—which was so soon obscured. The present reviewer was in Damascus when the revolution broke out, and it was his great good fortune to travel from Beirut to Constantinople with a shipload of returning exiles. The scenes on that boat and thereafter in Constantinople itself were not of a kind ever to be forgotten. To see aged Turkish generals kiss each other with tears on their wrinkled faces, or a Greek priest in full canonicals being led round S. Sophia by a turbaned Muslim verger, and to hear that verger with joyful countenance proclaim, "We are all brothers now; there is no difference"; to march through the streets of Constantinople in a mixed procession of Muslims and Armenians, after a memorial service in the Armenian cathedral for all the Muslims dead under the tyranny; to hear that Greek and Bulgarian bishops in storm-rent Macedonia had embraced with an emotion which, for the time, was evidently real and that the Macedonian question was solved; to know all these things—even though Yildiz lay glittering and silent on the slope above the city, and all were well assured that behind those walls was hidden guile enough to disrupt the fairest fellowship and that the city itself and the country were full of material on which the great Sultan could work—was enough to give the lie for a time to our growing doubts of democracy and to turn us again to the old ringing line, "Freedom makes men to have liking."

But it is with the period of growing discouragement, uncertainty, and fears that this book begins. The brilliant opening of the Parliament is described, but the atmosphere then had promise of storm. The sordid intrigues of the different communities had begun, and the unity of the Ottoman Empire no longer seemed so easy. And the opposition which had developed was not healthy. The non-Muslim elements of the population were not honestly taking up their part of the burden and learning to live and let live, sunk in the people as a whole. But, clinging tenaciously to that community-existence in which the Turks so long had separated them and ruled them, they were even, with now almost incredible blindness, looking back to the rule of the Sultan as better than that of the committee which would make them Ottoman citizens—Turks as they would say—and while it gave them rights would also impose duties. The debates over the school-law, over language and over army-service all brought out this irresponsibility; and a mush-

room press, especially in its Greek forms, added conscienceless venom to the strife. On the Muslim side, too, doubt had entered. It was one thing to be relieved of the terror of the Sultan—and that had weighed with more persistent pressure on Muslims than on Christians—but it was another thing for the foundations of Islam to be shaken. And there is no question that for a time things moved too fast for prudence. Women threw back their veils and even had a club-house; a school was started for the education of girls; the Young Turk officers and leaders were notoriously irreligious—on the voyage to Constantinople, the present reviewer saw only one man saying his prayers. In the army, there were special difficulties. Officers raised from the ranks by Abd al-Hamid, and always his especial tools, were steadily retired. The army had to drill as it had never drilled before. When prayer-time came in the midst of duty, prayers had to be neglected. To become immersed in prayer has always been a way in Islam of avoiding unpleasing tasks. The attempt was even made to keep the hodjas out of the barracks, and the soldiers were warned that they should pay attention to none save their officers and Allah. Exactly what and how great a part—it may here be thrown in—the clergy of Islam, to use a convenient term, played in the great reaction, is very obscure. Multitudes of the inferior ranks were undoubtedly used by the fomenters of the mutiny; but many of the higher clergy worked with the committee. In S. Sophia itself, a series of sermons was preached to prove that parliamentary government was not inconsistent with Islam, and the Shaikh al-Islam made no difficulty about issuing the *fatwa* of deposition. But that the Ulama took no steps against the mutineers, even seemed to join them and certainly advised yielding to their demands, was only to be expected. Islam has always admitted the sacred right of insurrection and even lays it as a duty on the individual to deal personally and immediately with any infraction of the divine law. In Turkey this has often taken the form of *émeutes* by the army, and the official Ulama, in Turkey and elsewhere, have always shown themselves ready to accept the *de facto* governments which have thence resulted. A final source of instability lay in the thousands of spies and unnecessary government employees who were thrown out of occupation by the revolution.

Out of all these and from the necessity of some form of parliamentary opposition sprang the so-called *Ahrar*, or Liberals, and the Mohammedan Association. The first was a miscellaneous crowd of critics of the methods of the committee, fairly honest but without essential coherence or definite ideas except an inclination towards decentraliz-

ed government. The second was simply a palace conspiracy. Both, first or last, were the well-used tools of Abd al-Hamid. And so, probably, not even the *Times* ever made such a mistake as when it backed the Liberals with all its influence, while the English support of Kiamil Pasha was a good example of English obtuseness in foreign policy.

Of all this perplexed situation Mr. McCullagh gives an excellent and clear account. His sources were authoritative and he used them discreetly. Again and again he cites information given directly not only by Shefket Pasha and other Young Turk leaders, but also by Kiamil, Mukhtar, and Hilmi Pashas. In this way, from the very words of the latter, their demoralization and collapse when the conspiracy broke out are vividly contrasted with the swift decision of the march of the avenging army. Plainly, a dictatorship was needed and an amply adequate dictator was there. Perhaps the most striking of these bits of decisive information is Shefket Pasha's contradiction of the tale that his entry into the city was hastened by any information as to an "impending general massacre" (p. 50). He did learn on the morning of April 23—and only so far is that tale true—that the First and Second Army Divisions would not take the oath of allegiance, and he therefore hastened to anticipate their further action (p. 212). With this should be contrasted, and the contrast will be found luminous for "facts" in the East, the apparently perfectly authenticated story told by Sir William Ramsay, on pp. 83, 162, and 183 of his book cited above. Of course, not everything that the Young Turk leaders say is to be accepted implicitly, but it is significant that virtually all their positions and statements have been gradually confirmed by the development of events. It has become plain that the choice from the first lay between the Committee and the old Absolutism. And now again, as at first, they are face to face with the same problem. Can they keep the Parliament going through the motions of a constitutional government and also preserve public order for twenty years while an educated generation is growing up? That means a system of schools and a system of gendarmerie like the Canadian Mounted Police, and both are being worked out. But, further, can they hold the army for twenty years? For that is the kernel of their problem, as it was the kernel of Cromwell's. In fact—but *absit omen!*—the analogy between the position of the Committee and that of Cromwell when he was trying to rule through a Parliament is of the closest.

On the closing scenes down to the final passing of Abd al-Hamid to Salonica and his imprisonment there, Mr. McCullagh is vivid, and apparently, to judge by his sources, trustworthy. The

account of the military operations is derived from *Streffleurs Militärische Zeitschrift*, picked out with color from his own experiences. He is no Orientalist of the schools, but a journalist of experience, common-sense, and conspicuous good luck. In gratitude for a valuable and entertaining book, we need not lay against him that he regards Beirut, the Lebanons, and Damascus as belonging to Arabia. The illustrations are negligible, but the map of the investment of Constantinople is clear and useful.

CURRENT FICTION.

Whirlpools. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The popularity of "Quo Vadis" with the English-reading public was due largely to the fact that it interpreted with a certain Slavonic intensity, but without strangeness, a theme of common interest to all Christendom. The subject was worthy of the great canvas employed. There was a vigor about the whole performance which distinguished it absolutely from the machine-made historical romances upon which we had even then been over-fed. One of the most shadowy periods of human history was made to live; if the light thrown upon it was somewhat garish in places, that was a fault of which we did not incline to make too much.

"Whirlpools" has little of that largeness of effect, unless to the novelist's compatriots. As an interpretation of the modern Polish life and character, both individual and national, it lacks to the alien eye both force and definition. The dominant mood is elegiac, plaintive even. One finds the whole matter in a nutshell in the final chapter, a sort of epilogue in the form of a soliloquy by one of the characters:

Whirlpools? Whirlpools!—and of sand! Sand is burning the whole of Poland and transforming her into a wilderness, on which jackals live. If this is so, it would be better to put a bullet in the head. We are lost past all help? That is untrue.

If it is so that we prefer to suffer than renounce Her, then where are the jackals and where is Her destruction? So She lives in every one of us, and in all of us together, and will survive all the whirlpools in the world. And we will set our teeth and will continue to suffer for Thee, Mother, and we—and if God so wills it and our children and grandchildren—will not renounce neither Thee nor hope.

This extract displays the clumsiness and even illiteracy to which the translation frequently declines—a quite unnecessary obstacle between author and reader. It is a pity that the publishers, who have issued translations of Sienkiewicz's former novels, should not have taken more pains with their choice of translator in this instance.

Apart from its national character, as a study of Polish society and politics,