THE HUNGARIAN Quarterly

VOLUME VII SPRING 1941 NUMBER 1

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THE

HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY

A periodical designed to spread knowledge of Danubian and Central European affairs and to foster cultural relations between Hungary and the Anglo-Saxon world

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THE
HUNGARIAN
Quarterly

HUNGARY THROUGH THE AGES

FORWARD THRUSTS IN EDUCATION

By CAROLINE J. PORTER

This is the second article in Miss Porter's appreciation of Hungary's contributions to culture in various fields, and deals with progress in education. Miss Porter's first article appeared in our Autumn 1940 issue, and the authoress will be remembered as the initiator of the Hungarian-American Student Exchange.

THROUGH her mechanical, electrical and engineering inventions, as an earlier article tried to indicate, Hungary made telling contributions through the centuries toward a more comfortable, broader, fuller way of life.

This way of life was partly a result and partly a cause of her pathfinding in another field where Hungary has made noteworthy advances. With these, however, the outside world is even less generally acquainted. And yet, in education, including her handmaidens, libraries and the printing press, the Magyars have made unheralded and unacclaimed forward thrusts of great significance. In spite of many obstacles, frustrations and hindrances, Hungary has achieved an amazing record of educational advance and progress.

* It is a duty as well as a pleasure to express most grateful indebtedness to Dr. Julius Kornis *(Education in Hungary);* Count Kuno Klebelsberg, Elemér Varjú, Louis Várhidy, Anthony Bodor, Eugene Balogh, Corneille Zelovich, Prof. Thomas Carter *(The Invention of Printing);* De Vinney *(Invention of Printing and The Practise of Typography);* Haskins *(Rise of the Universities),* Rashdall *(Universities of Europe during the Middle Ages)* and through translation, Charles Szabó and Hiador Sztripszky and many others from whose writings this brief record was compiled.

AKADÉMIA KÖNYVTÁR

Does it not mean something, for example, that of her early established schools and universities, there is still functioning even in present-day dismembered Hungary one university with a continuous history of more than three hundred years? In spite of war, Turkish occupation and Austrian suppression and more recent dismemberment, the Péter Pázmány University has survived.[1]

Established at Nagyszombat by Cardinal Péter Pázmány, it was enlarged and transferred to Buda by Queen Maria Theresa and thence by her successor, Emperor Joseph II, to Pest where the professors and students still maintain an enviable record of achievement of a very high order.

Hungary's first real University, the University of Pécs, started in 1360 and established by a Papal Bull in 1367, is called the second university in Central Europe, Prague University (1348) being the first. Although it did not survive the Turkish invasion, it is, with nearly two hundred years of service, included by Rashdall among the early universities of the world.

Not only were Hungarian educators ready to adopt such wise innovations, but they also brought forward educational ideas and practices of their own which, amazingly, even the educators of to-day would call modern and "progressive."

At Selmecbánya, for example, appeared in 1763 the first School of Mines of college rank. Here first were introduced experimental laboratory methods, supplementing theoretic classroom lectures in the natural sciences. This was the school and the method to which, in 1794, the Committee of Public Welfare of France turned for their model when founding their now famous French Polytechnic Institute. As Fourcroy, the then French Commissioner, expressed it: "The School of Mines in Hungary furnishes a striking example of the wisdom of having the pupils execute the operations which are the foundation of useful sciences. At Selmec, laboratories are open and furnished with utensils and necessary materials, so that all the students can repeat the experiments and see with their own eyes all the phenomena which bodies exhibit by their

[1] Other early colleges or universities were at Veszprém, founded in King Stephen's time (died 1038); Pécs, begun in 1360 and established by a Papal Bull in 1367; the short-lived Universities of Ó-Buda (1389), Pozsony (1465), Sárospatak, Debrecen, Kolozsvár, Gyulafehérvár (Transylvania), Eperjes (Slovakia) and many others.

union. Such a method," he continued, "has the double advantage of using all the senses at once, and fixes the attention of the student on a multitude of circumstances, factors which almost inevitably escape the attention of the professors as well as of their auditors, in the classroom. In their own laboratories, they perform assigned experiments, and in repeating them they become used to that method, and through habit acquire ease and the greatest possible perfection of production." Thus France frankly followed the method of experimental laboratory instruction first practised in Hungary.

It was in a Hungarian town, Sárospatak, that the so-called "first text-book of visual education" appeared. For Sárospatak had invited the great Moravian, Comenius, a refugee from religious persecution in the Protectorate of Bohemia-Moravia, to come and work out a unified plan for reforming Protestant education in that town (1650—1654). This he did, and while in Sárospatak, he, not a Hungarian to be sure but a welcomed educational adviser in Hungary, wrote his *Orbis Sensualium Pictus*, which "representing by pictures all things a pupil could not see," really was the "first successful application of illustration to the work of teaching."

Even at that early date, he arranged that education in Sárospatak should be a pleasure, not a task, should present practical courses, be conducted in the child's mother tongue, and free to all.

Many of these novel ideas John Csere of Apácza (1625—1660), a contemporary scholar and teacher, son of a poor Hungarian serf, also urged, especially a unified logical system of education for all Hungary; practical and technical studies dealing not with words but with actualities; the use not of Latin but of the Hungarian language, and more village schools for peasants.

About a hundred years later, one finds that practical subjects such as agriculture and trades were indeed taught by Tessedik at Szarvas even to the children of serfs as early as 1780. Using methods similar to those of Comenius and his own contemporary, the German Basedow, Tessedik made his students actually practice agricultural experiments, wise methods of agriculture, cattle breeding, acclimatization of plants, village improvements and even the "well-being" of

the people. Thus his students were eagerly and joyfully "learning by doing" in these early "vocational schools."

Practical instruction, including book-keeping and economics, found favour also in the Collegium Oeconomicum of Szempc, which, according to Dr. Kornis, was the first professional agricultural school of Hungary.

Another agricultural institution, the Georgikon, founded by Count George Festetich to train supervisors of manors, began its work in agricultural education in 1797, just five years ahead of any agricultural school in Germany.[1] Hungary thus pioneered not only in agricultural education but, beginning in 1818 (at the School of Magyaróvár), in scientific agricultural research as well. This early and rapid development of agricultural education and scientific agricultural research, incidentally, made of Hungary a leading country in Europe in both the quality and the quantity of its agricultural production, especially in the cultivation of wheat and corn.

In industrial instruction also, Hungary's long record as a matter of fact dates as far back as the thirteenth century, to the monasteries and industrial plants of the Benedictine Order and to their itinerant teachers, as well as to the Piarists who in very early days were giving practical industrial instruction to masons, carpenters and stonecutters. Hungary's oldest industrial school, the School of Industrial Arts maintained by the City of Budapest, was founded in 1773 (before America's Declaration of Independence). From these beginnings industrial education, considered of the greatest importance, early came to be an integral part of the national programme of education.

As a consequence of this, when the practical need for better communications began to force itself upon the attention of leading Hungarians, Count Francis Eszterházy, then Chancellor of Hungary, offered to give the necessary buildings and land at Szempe to start a school for engineers. Thus in 1763, only about sixteen years later than the first engineering school in the world,[2] training for engineers was started in Hungary. Shortly afterward, in 1782, the Engineering School

[1] Kornis, *Education in Hungary*.

[2] (1747). The French École des Ponts et Chaussées. See Corneille Zelovich, *La Hongrie et La Science Technique*.

of the University of Budapest, the then so-called Institutum Geometricum, began its training of engineers, for Hungary in this respect also "anticipated other nations."[1] Later, detached from the University and amalgamated with the Joseph Industrial School, reorganized and raised to the rank of a University, it finally became the Royal Hungarian Joseph Technical University. This school, therefore, has a history of more than one hundred and fifty years of continuous training for engineers.

As in professional, specialized and advanced education, so also in training for the very young, Hungary helped to blaze new trails. The opening of Hungary's first kindergarten, on which Hungary's claims as a pioneer in kindergartening rest, is due to the private initiative of Countess Theresa Brunsvick. A favourite student of Beethoven and friend of Pestalozzi whom she visited, Countess Brunsvick gave up her own education and unselfishly devoted herself to the education of the people. Permission to start a kindergarten was at first refused to her. Overcoming bitter opposition by her personal charm, wide connections and influence, she finally opened her "Garden for Angels" in her own Buda home on June 1, 1828. From then on there have been kindergartens in Hungary, fostered by many prominent friends, — even Louis Kossuth was included in the membership of a very successful Society for the Propagation of Kindergartens. The Columbia Encyclopedia says: "Kindergartens . . . originated in Germany in 1837, when Friedrich Froebel started the first one at Blankenburg." Hence Theresa Brunsvick was indeed a pioneer, for her school opened some nine years earlier.

Even now, in spite of partition and terrible losses, Hungary considers education and educational leadership a sacred trust. Adult education, rural schools, continuation schools, conferences for parents and teachers, music schools, teacher training, hygienic care (started by Maria Theresa long ago), remedial education (dealing with reasons for defects, prevention and relief), — all are in her present-day programme.

Often at great sacrifice, Hungary has authorized heavy expenditure and made generous provisions for her programme of education since she believes that good citizenship depends

[1] Kornis, *Education in Hungary*.

on good and universal education. Since, moreover, she knows that research produces professional men, she has, with some outside help, kept up as many of her research institutes as possible, especially where they are doing original work, peculiarly their own, or had already an established and recognized leadership of long standing.

And so, on the shores of Southern Europe's largest fresh-water lake, Hungary's own Lake Balaton, there still is the Royal Biological Institute at Tihany (on the promontory where, incidentally, King Charles and Queen Zita were "detained" after their last unsuccessful attempt to recover part of their lost empire, the throne and Kingdom of Hungary).

Moreover, the Baron Roland Eötvös Geophysical Institute, founded to further the unique work of Eötvös in the field of gravitation and to improve and perfect the exceptionally sensitive torsion balance which he invented, still functions. There these torsion balances are prepared for use in Japan, Mexico, Texas in the U. S. A., England, France, Holland, Italy, Poland, etc., and help to solve successfully many problems of geophysics, geology, geomagnetism, searching out, measuring, developing the earth's hidden wealth, as well as determining changes in gravitation throughout the world.

Since Hungary had played a leading role in meteorological observations, begun by request in 1781, as well as in her observation of earthquakes, she still maintains that work, because she feels bound to continue such an important and essential like in connection with about three hundred other observatories abroad.

This is true, moreover, of her work in astronomy, begun in the eighteenth century. This attracted the attention of Europe as early as 1813 when the observatory on the St. Gellért hill was used as a model for similar observatories at Munich and at Naples. Later this observatory was transferred to a location now, alas, in "lost territory;" but its significant work goes on in the modern and more powerful observatory built since the Great War on Sváb Hill. Here, so the *New York Times* announced, as recently as February 24, 1940, Dr George Kulin of the staff of this same Budapest observatory discovered a new comet.

Each of these highly specialized and essential tasks is cared

for by its own Institute since, as the late Count Kuno Klebelsberg put it, "for all of these, either because of our location, or climate or our peculiar conditions, or some other special reason, we (Hungarians) have a trust that we must fulfil." He might have added, "and because of our long-continued training and experience and our demonstrated ability and accepted leadership along these lines, it is our duty."

Out of Hungary's love of learning, as evidenced by all these various institutions, is it not logical that there should have come the greatest of all the innovations made by Hungary in the field of education, the *Ratio Educationis* of 1777? This *Ratio*, according to Dr. Paul Monroe — the authority on the history of education — is one of the outstanding, but not generally known, documents of the historical development of education. Therefore, "Professor Kornis has performed a real service in making known the significance of this document. Not another country of Europe at that time had such a universal and unified textbook code of education," covering (I) administration and material needs, (II) subject matter and instruction regarding methods of teaching, (III) discipline and supervision.

Instruction must be (1) universal, open to students of all denominations since "all are subjects of one king and citizens of one country;" (2) utilitarian, *i. e.*, practical, with the curriculum bearing on the future life of the child and containing such subjects as will be useful; (transposed into modern educational lingo, does this not have a familiar ring — "education for life?"); and (3) free.

Startling and illuminating it is to find provision demanded and prescribed in that same *Ratio* of 1777; —

for physical education at a time when not one other European state provided for systematic physical instruction;[1]

for games, to take the place of war, so that, as Comenius long before had quaintly phrased it, "a body disciplined

[1] The first physical education training institute in Hungary actually was opened in 1839 to train instructors as well as children; and physical education became compulsory in Hungary during the 1880's. This programme since 1863 has been largely extended by Clubs for Physical Education and Sports Clubs and by the Boy Scout movement, which under Count Paul Teleki achieved a remarkable growth both in numbers and in the quality and excellence of its attainments. There is also a Girl Guides' Organization. An appreciation of the late Lord Baden Powell will be found in our *Notes and Letters*.

by games might be a worthy shelter of the soul." Moreover, from the common planned games, unworthy students were to be debarred;

for playgrounds even, — one near the school and one in the confines of the village with shady trees and near fresh water since children were to be made "sport-conscious" and "sensitive to fair play;"

for reading of newspapers;

for study of natural rights and laws (civics?) and for rural economics in the upper grades of the secondary schools.

The use of Latin, to be sure, was to be continued since Latin was the language of public affairs and law courts and so in a way it was vocational and essential for possible future public officials.

Teachers' training courses recommended by this law were actually instituted while, as indicated above, experimental laboratory techniques and methods, trade schools and technological, agricultural schools and vocational had already come into being in Hungary or were started shortly afterward.

Unfortunately, Queen Maria Theresa died in 1780 and her successor, Joseph II, would not let the *Ratio* be carried into full execution. His emphasis was placed only on compulsory universal education in order to secure useful and obedient subjects, and on his own royal prerogative, the control of education.

Nevertheless, this pioneer code of education which prescribed free, compulsory, universal, useful instruction in subject matter corresponding to the future condition of the students, "to furnish all future citizens with knowledge which they could use in later life" stands as Hungary's ideal and through many efforts and many failures remained a hope deferred, vigorously and insistently pursued.

In 1790, the Hungarian Parliament itself took up the cause, declared it a national matter and appointed a committee to study the principles of a nationalist education. Thereby the Hungarian Parliament, so Dr. Kornis asserts, was the first legislative body in Europe to make a systematic study of education.

This committee, following the lines of the *Ratio* of 1777, worked out a similar plan, emphasizing such basic principles

as uniform organization of public education, both intellectual and physical, and instruction suitable for all classes, races, religions, free, open, available, accessible and compulsory, as well, inculcating in all students and subjects loyalty to the Constitution "as the source of many blessings."

Since education was to be compulsory, they maintained furthermore that it must also be acceptable to all denominations, as well as free. "The possibility of cultivating one's mind was an inherent right of man and none can be divested of it, ignorance, absence of culture, and intellectual darkness all being fatal crimes against the individual and against the nation. For this very reason, even the lowest stratum of society, the peasants, were not to be kept from the blessings of culture and were to be elevated intellectually by making specific provision for their needs."[1]

Thus, even during that age of class privilege, education was again recognized as the common right of all, regardless of rank, condition, race or creed and as a matter of common concern for everybody in the nation.

Francis I would not even permit Parliament to discuss this report but issued the conservative *Ratio* of 1806 instead. Though this effort had also failed, the Hungarian people and Parliament clung to their ideals and again and again returned to the fray. They even added, as time went on, more new ideas like self-government of the students, excursions, open-air schools, more laboratory experimental education, until 1825—27, when democratic liberal ideas once more became rampant. Under the impetus of the slogan, "The school should prepare for life," raised by Széchenyi and echoed by all the best of Hungarian society, Parliament renewed its demands for practical education for all, recommended travelling teachers for distant farms and village libraries for "adult education," secondary schools for girls, general compulsory education, and again urged the use of Hungarian as the language of instruction.

Once more, Parliament appointed a committee which brought out a report. This report, the *Opinio* of 1830, widely distributed throughout Hungary, was fervently and publicly discussed by all groups in cities and counties. Was not this

[1] Kornis, *Education in Hungary*.

novel and inspiring, not only to let, but to urge, the people as a duty to help formulate a plan for compulsory universal education? Again, however, the king ruled that public instruction was his prerogative and that therefore no law was necessary, thereby almost strangling this lusty baby.

Although thwarted thus by the absolutism of Vienna and by the ruthless control of Count Thun, and in spite of nationalistic hatred roused by being compelled to use German as the language of instruction, the level of education was, nevertheless, definitely improved by the Ordinance of 1849.

Finally, under separate Hungary's first responsible Ministry of Education, the Act of 1868 enabled Baron Joseph Eötvös, the Minister, to succeed in regulating along these lines the entire system of public instruction, thereby antedating by two years England's first public education act (Elementary Education Act of 1870). Even then, the English Act did not include general compulsory education. Piedmont was the first to pass such an Act; Hungary was second; all Italy, third (1871); and France some fourteen years later, although France, in 1833, had passed what was actually the first educational act. Hungary's Act of 1868 was the first to require unified development of elementary education throughout the nation.

Thus Hungary's Parliament was a pioneer in national legislation for education.

As storehouses and reservoirs of education and learning, Hungary already had both libraries and printing-presses. In 1095, the ancient library of the Benedictine Abbey of Pannonhalma had seventy-two "volumes." This library, as well as the Archiepiscopal Library of Esztergom, still contains rich and ancient documents, some of them dating back to the eleventh century. By 1265 there was also a valuable library at Veszprém, while churches, monasteries, convents and castles of the nobility collected and conserved manuscripts and books. Some of these old collections are still shown, though for the most part even these oldest and richest existing private collections of old Hungary are in the territories now lost by Hungary through the Treaty of Trianon. In present day Hungary, alas, not many books have survived the burnings

and plunderings and troublous times which followed the death of King Matthias and the Battle of Mohács (1526).

The famous library of King Matthias Corvinus itself at Budapest, exists now only in fragments. Out of several thousand volumes, only about 116 exquisite and priceless, richly illuminated "volumes" still remain, and even they are scattered throughout Europe and some are now in the Pierrepont Morgan Library in faraway New York City. Yet in its day, it was an outstanding collection; many of the manuscripts were gems of the illuminator's art.

It is said that this library, with its carved open shelves (shelves against the walls also were an innovation in those days) was freely open to any who wished to see or to use it.

To the little almost unknown town of Bártfa in Slovakia, then in Hungary, Professor Mihalik gives the credit for the first public library in Europe, belonging to the people themselves, while Sopron is said to have the distinction of providing the first circulating library.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, the organization of public libraries in Hungary was looked upon as a public duty. Books, of course, had become available through the early introduction into Hungary of printing.

Twenty years before Columbus discovered America and about four years before Caxton began his work in England, and more than four score years before Good Queen Bess ascended the throne of England, during the brilliant reign of the same King Matthias Corvinus, one of Hungary's most enlightened and progressive kings, creator of the Corvina, a printing press was established by Hess in Buda (1472). A year later the *Chronicum Budense*, the first book printed in Hungary, was issued. This was less than twenty years after the first known dated bit of printing, a papal edict issued at Mainz in 1454; the Mainz Psalter of 1457; and the Mazarin Bible, believed to have been completed at Mainz in 1456, but not dated. Thus the *Chronicum Budense* of this early press can be counted among the world's pioneer books and Hess's among the pioneer presses of the world.

This first Hungarian press, however, was soon closed. It was quickly followed by others in rapid succession and in 1537 Nicholas Telegdi, at Nagyszombat, started his "university

printing press." Transferred to Buda two hundred years later, in 1777, this University Press was put under the protection of what is now the University of Budapest and it has been functioning about 363 years, a pioneer press and an important factor in Hungarian life even to-day.

Incidentally, in Brassó, Transylvania, according to Professor Béla Raffay, there was started very early a mill for making paper.[1] It was the increasing use of paper instead of the more expensive vellum or parchment (it took no less than 300 sheep-skins for a Bible), coupled with the discovery of a more satisfactory ink, which facilitated the growing use of printed books. Because of lessened cost, there was a wider and wider dissemination of learning, which in turn developed better equipped men.

Perhaps it should not be a surprise, therefore, to learn that before 1711 Hungarian printing presses had edited 2245 books in the Hungarian language and 2733 in other languages, a total of nearly 5000 books (Charles Szabó and Stripszky), some of which may still be seen.

Without doubt, the preservation of such documents and relics as do remain owes much to the initiative of the two Széchenyis — Count Francis, who gave his own library and valuable collection of coins as a foundation for the National Museum (which, significantly, received as its first donation more books from a furrier of Pest named Matthias Kindi), and the son, Count Stephen Széchenyi, who dramatically gave one year's income to start the Academy of Sciences to encourage and stimulate the study of the Hungarian language and of science. These two men laboured tirelessly and generously to

[1] Paper-making had been introduced into Spain where the Moors started a paper mill in Toledo in 1085. Marco Polo reported paper money in China, where paper seems to have been in use since the third century.

But paper was not produced in Europe in sufficient quantity nor of good enough quality until the beginning of the fifteenth century (De Vinney, *Invention of Printing and the Practice of Typography*) and apparently then it came from Greeks who had been taught by the Saracens in Constantinople. And Brassó even in those days was not too far from Constantinople.

On what apparently insignificant and inconspicuous developments and inventions (printing by movable type, paper and ink) must even the greatest of movements depend! For, trivial as these were, De Vinney says they were of highest service in bringing man from "qualified barbarism" to civilization. Hungary, because of her early paper mills (there were other very old paper mills in Upper Hungary) and printing presses helped lead the way.

Incidentally, the first printing press in the United States of America was started in Cambridge, Mass., by Stephen Day in 1638.

stimulate the people to make up for the time lost during their submerged, suppressed ages in the field of cultural progress.

That anything survived those dark centuries shows the wealth of treasure Hungary must have accumulated, as well as the Magyar determination to save all they possibly could to serve a brighter future in which the Magyar has always believed.

To them resurrection is a reality, a sure reality. They see it in the grain of corn, they see it in the little sprouting new blade of grass. So they are strong to endure. For they know that "except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth alone." Otherwise it cannot be born again into its new life and bear new fruit. They know these forward thrusts in education are but a prelude to a golden future.

Such, in brief and sketchy outline, with far too many omissions, are some of the high spots, novel institutions, methods, laws, ideals, illuminating some of the ways in which Hungary stretched her mental borders and opened up new world frontiers in education.

Is it any wonder that Hungary in many diverse lines of life, — mathematics, medicine, law, music, painting, sculpture, literature, — has produced creative men whose original contributions have made life in civilized countries more full, more beautiful, more gracious?

Of these men, the next article will try to present a few especially conspicuous examples. A small list it will have to be, selected within the range of a remote public and limited to works of such universal appeal that no national barriers or separations of time, space, language, race or hostile neighbors could imprison them or keep them from reaching far distant shores. Significant, as showing the product of Hungarian education, this forthcoming sketch may also be suggestive because it may perhaps reveal to many English-speaking people the Hungarian origin of some things — already beloved and familiar, but not credited to Hungary, — that the Magyars have done for the fullest and deepest enrichment of human life.

HUNGARIANS AND SOUTHERN SLAVS

A HISTORICAL SURVEY

By LOUIS GOGOLÁK

Readers will find an account of the signature of the Pact of Friendship between Hungary and Yugoslavia in our Danubian Chronicle. In view of this new factor in the affairs of Central Europe, we have asked the author of this article, who is an expert on Hungaro-Slavonic connections, to review the historical connections between the two peoples.

IN the history of the Balkans and Southern Central Europe we more than once find Hungarians and Southern Slavs opposed to each other. Yet the close and frequent contacts of the two peoples developed numerous elements which must inevitably be borne in mind by those who work for a rapprochement between them. The struggles were interspersed with many signs of amicable understanding. Now that Hungary and Yugoslavia, recognizing their common interests and the exigencies of the South-East-European situation, have seen their way to the establishment of friendly relations, historic research should find it a congenial task to trace and present in their proper light the periods when there was goodwill between the two peoples.

The withdrawal of the Turkish power at the end of the seventeenth century marked a new era for Hungary. At this time there was a considerable influx of Serbs to the recovered territories, in which the century and a half of Turkish domination and incessant warfare had wiped out the Magyar population. The Central Government in Vienna, which directed the destinies of Hungary at this time, saw no reason for returning these once fertile but now depopulated regions to their former owners. The Hungarian Estates were as far as ever from tamely acquiescing in Vienna's methods of government. The motive force behind the resistance was the struggle

between Protestantism and the Counter-Reformation engineered by the Habsburgs, and the tension between those who had the country's independence at heart and the centralistic endeavours of the Viennese Imperial Power. The end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth saw two wars of independence in Hungary, the first led by Emeric Thököly, the second by Francis Rákóczi II. The Central Government, which had in its hands the disposal of the territories recovered from the Turks, was not minded to extend the area of Hungarian influence and retained the south Hungarian regions under its own administration, first as a defence-line against the Turks; and later, when this ceased to be necessary, as a territory specially set aside for the Serbs. Henceforth, for nearly a century, the national development of the Serb people occurred on Hungarian soil. It was to this separate administration of the Hungarian Serbs that many of the Hungaro-Serb differences must be ascribed, so that their original cause lay in the antagonism between Hungary and the policy of Vienna.

This development could be traced back to the fact that after the expulsion of the Turks the Habsburgs had for a time played with the idea of uniting the peoples of the Balkans under their own rule and using their support for the furtherance of their own interests. When this policy failed, the Balkan peoples turned to Russia. It was Peter the Great who, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, drew them into the Russian sphere of influence, by supporting their political and religious aspirations against Turkey. Russia's designs in the Balkans were a perpetual source of anxiety to Austria. From this time on the maintenance of the Balkan *status quo* and the inviolability of the Turkish Empire became a primary interest of Austrian policy, since it was evident that any derangement in that direction would be the signal for the appearance of Russian influence on the scene. As this policy was opposed to the aspirations of the Christian Slav peoples of the Balkans, the natural result of the Russo-Austrian rivalry was to drive them into the arms of Russia and under the spell of the Pan-Slav idea.

But this development only reached its height at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At the end of the seven-

teenth and beginning of the eighteenth the House of Habsburg still appeared to the peoples of the Balkans as the hoped-for saviour against the Turkish power. More especially were their hopes centred on Prince Eugene of Savoy. It was in accordance with his plans that immediately after the recapture of Buda in 1686 a large force was sent against the Turks. The Serbs joined the Imperial army at once under the leadership of a man who called himself George Brankovic and who pretended to be a descendant of the old medieval despots of that name. The attempt failed, and it being revealed that he was a common adventurer, he finished his days as a prisoner in Eger in Bohemia. Another important personage of his days was Arsene Čarjonević, Patriarch of Ipek, who ultimately became the sole leader of the Serbs. His participation in his people's struggle for freedom was of particular importance, since the patriarchate was the sole national and political centre to which the subjected Serbs could look as well as the last refuge of the idea of medieval Serb independence and greatness. Čarnojević brought great diplomatic acumen to the discharge of his task. After the failure of the Turkish campaign he immediately concluded an agreement with the Emperor Leopold I, on August 20, 1690, securing for himself and his descendants the leadership of all Serbs, wheresoever they lived in the Emperor's realm. Herein lie the roots of the political development of the Serbs under Habsburg rule. Shortly afterwards the Imperial forces were compelled by the Turks to retire from Serbia. The Patriarch, fearing Turkish vengeance, fled under their protection, and with him went nearly forty thousand families, whose numbers are estimated at between 180,000 and 200,000 persons. It was these Serb refugees who settled in the depopulated area of southern Hungary, giving their own political and national character to these level regions. It must be remembered that these refugees who followed their Patriarch were recruited from among the upper, leading classes of the Serb people; this explains the pride, racial consciousness and pronounced political sense which they displayed. At first, following the course of the Danube, they came up as far as the bend of that river; the town of Szentendre and the scattered Serb settlements in the neighbourhood of Budapest still preserve

the memory of this national flight. But the majority subsequently withdrew to the southern territories. Henceforth this region acquired an enormous importance from the point of view of the national development and political evolution of the Serb people; the Serb settlements along the Danube and the Tisza maintained their contacts with their motherland and later on exercised a considerable influence on the formation of the independent Serb State and on the beginnings of its literary and cultural life. Western political and intellectual currents found their way via Hungary and the great river route to the south-Hungarian Serbs, who transmitted them to their southern brothers.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century matters affecting the south-Hungarian Serbs were treated as Austrian affairs, and the territory they occupied was termed *patrimonium domus Austriacae*, despite the protest of the Hungarian Estates. The Serbs on their side formed, under the wise leadership of their Patriarch, a closed, race-conscious entity and political organization. With all Balkan peoples political consciousness is intimately connected with the Orthodox Church and its organization; under Turkish rule only the Patriarch could represent the entirety of the Serb people, and only by taking his stand on a religious basis. The modern political consciousness of the Serbs was developed by the Patriarchate. The supplementary provisions to the agreement concluded by Čarnojević are a proof of this. Under these provisions the Emperor, in case he defeated the Turks, was to re-settle the refugee Serbs in their own country, where they were to be allowed to live under their own special headmen; the property of those among them who died without issue was to go to the Patriarch, who was to be the political as well as religious head also of the Serbs who had remained in Hungary. This Charter was also issued on August 20, 1691 by the Royal Hungarian Chancery. All subsequent political endeavours of the Hungarian Serbs found their justification in this Charter. In 1694 these endeavours assumed definite shape; Arsene Čarnojević attempted to obtain for his people a completely separate territory under his own headship, with an independent administration. Henceforth the Patriarch, in whose election the whole people participated, bore the title of

caput nationis. From the circumstances attending these elections there had developed by the nineteenth century the "Serb National Congress" which became invested with such political importance. Meanwhile the Serbs made very good soldiers who fought valiantly for the dynasty, and relying on these merits they drew up, in June 1705, a petition of twenty-four points in which they summed up their national aspirations. They asked that the counties of Lika-Krbava, Körös, Belovar, Pozsega, Verőce and Szerém in Croatia-Slavonia, and the counties of Bács-Bodrog, Csanád, Arad and Békés in Hungary, should be assigned to them as their own special territory, where they could live as a separate nation under their own Patriarch. They obtained their Charter on September 29, 1705, from which time on there were constant disputes between the Hungarian Estates and the Viennese Court concerning the separate standing of the Serbs.

The Estates naturally wished to re-establish their old county administration in these south Hungarian territories. The Serbs protested against this, fearing that it would endanger their freedom and their military standing. They had the Court on their side, since their martial qualities made their allegiance a valuable asset. The time came when the sons of these Hungarian Serbs supplied the Austro-Hungarian army with its best soldiers as well as with many highly-placed officers who, no less than their Croat brothers, had an important role to fill up to 1918.

Loyalty to the Habsburg dynasty became deeply rooted in the hearts of these Serb settlers; and this loyalty was placed in a painful dilemma when, in the nineteenth century, the independent Principality of Serbia came into being, and at the same time Russia, relying on the appeal of a common religion and of Slav racial solidarity, began to make her influence felt in the Balkans. Slav national sentiment in the Balkans and in the south-central-European territories meant new dangers for the two composite States, Austria and Turkey. But this was not to appear until later. In the eighteenth century the bond between Vienna and the Serbs was still intact. The Court was only too ready to avail itself of Serb assistance against the Hungarian Estates; on the other hand, it disliked the idea of the Hungarian Serbs gravitating towards

political or religious centres lying outside the confines of the Monarchy. For this reason the Patriarch of Ipek was moved, in 1741, to Hungarian territory; and from 1741 the Metropolitan, who had his seat in Karloca, Slavonia, became the political and religious head of the Hungaro-Croatian Serbs. In the beginning the Patriarch-Metropolitan claimed the right to appoint the Serb Bishops in Hungary; but in the end he had to acquiesce in an arrangement by which the King chose one of three candidates submitted by him. How widely the Serbs were scattered all over Hungary at this time is shown by the fact that there were eight Serb bishoprics under the Metropolitan's headship — those of Bács, Temesvár, Arad, Karánsebes, Buda, Pankrác and Kostanica. The Patriarch continued to be elected by the entire people; since, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the office of "voyvode" was suspended by a prudent measure of Viennese policy, the patriarchate represented the totality of the Serb people.

The time came when the Hungarian Serbs were no longer satisfied with the Austrian military administration on the borders; they were anxious to escape from its shackles and did all they could to bring their life more into conformity with civilian conditions. They were also influenced to a certain extent by the Hungarian county system, which at first they had been so reluctant to adopt; with the difference that they wished to organize it on more democratic and popular lines.

By this time the social development of the Serb people had made a great stride forward. The eighteenth century was the great age of Serb civilization. The improved standards of life in Hungary, the social and economic results attained in that country, were bound to have their effect on the Serb people. Western civilian influences crept ever further south along the course of the Danube. More and more the war-like Serbs became habituated, on the fertile soil of their new home, to peaceful occupations. They developed an aptitude for agriculture but also and in an even greater measure for commerce with the result that the Serb merchant class, waxing more and more prosperous, came to occupy an important place in the economic life of eighteenth-century Hungary. Most

important of all was the role of the Serb corn merchants. The corn trade of the towns along the Danube was almost exclusively in the hands of Serbs; Komárom, Szentendre, Buda, Pest, Paks were all involved in it. The only rivals of the Serbs in this field were the Greek merchants who were also beginning to make their way up from the Balkans; not until the 'fifties and 'sixties of the nineteenth century did the Serbs and Greeks lose their hold on Hungary's corn trade.

More and more decisively did the Serbs, emancipated at last from Turkish subjection and a Balkanic mode of life, demand a part in political affairs. Maria Theresa was not disinclined to adhere to the old policy of the Viennese Court which aimed at emancipating the Serbs in order to keep the Hungarian Estates in check; but she could not forget all that she owed to the latter, and it was during her reign that the Serb claims to be regarded as a separate political entity, under the leadership of the Patriarch, came to an end. The regulations issued in 1771 under the title *Regulamentum Illyricae Nationis* expressly ordered that the Serb frontier guards living in the border regions of Hungary were to obey the military authorities, while the other Serbs were to be subjected to the county and the landlords. In this way the south-Hungarian territory inhabited by the Serbs was divided into two administrative regions, and the political power of the Patriarch came to an end. The *Declaratio Regulamenti Illyrici* clearly stated that the Serbs, like any other inhabitants of the country, were subject to the civil authorities and in the last resort to the Royal Hungarian Chancery. When, in 1790, after Joseph II's enlightened but unconstitutional absolutism, the Hungarian Estates prepared to reorganize the State under the influence of the ideas of the French Revolution, the Serbs were ready with their demands. At an assembly held in Temesvár they demanded that a separate territory should be assigned to them in the Bánát of Temes and that a separate Serb chancery should be set up for them in Vienna. Previously to this, the Metropolitan of Karloca and the Serb Bishops had petitioned the King to allow that the Patriarch and other suitable Serb personalities should be invited to attend the Hungarian Diet. Acts XXVII, 1791 and X, 1792 granted the Serb wishes to a certain extent; they

did not assign to them a separate territory nor confer on them a separate status, but they secured for their prelates a place in the Hungarian Diet, among the magnates of the land, and declared the complete equality of all the Serbs of Hungary with the other inhabitants of the country. It must be observed that this development was a natural outcome of the spirit of the age; the Resolutions of 1790 conferred equality on the Serbs entirely voluntarily, without compulsion.

The Resolutions set their seal on the social and political development of the Serb people and marked an important step in the reconciliation of the Hungarian Serbs and the Hungarian nation. By this time there were many families of Serb origin among the Hungarian nobility. The rich Serb merchants and landowners were particularly anxious to be enrolled in this class, inclusion in which did not mean a rupture with their own people, all the less since they retained their Greek Orthodox faith. The spacious, well-to-do life of southern Hungary formed a bond between the Serbs and the Magyars of those regions. In the second half of the nineteenth century the wealthy patrician Serbs became still more closely allied with the leading Hungarian classes. There were many men of Serb extraction among the participators in the rising of 1848; and it is not without interest to remember that the descendants of Arsene Čarnojević, who laid the foundations of the Serb settlements in Hungary, became, like so many others of their kind, members of the Hungarian petty nobility. This social connection between the Serb and the Hungarian upper classes is still maintained.

Meanwhile the Serbian State beyond the Danube began to exercise an ever stronger attraction on its former children. After 1790 the political aspirations of the Hungarian Serbs continued to gather strength until they burst into flame in 1848/49. Garašanin's programme of Pan-Serb unity became the creed of the Hungarian Serbs up to 1918. But it is interesting to note that even in 1848/49 Serbia was by no means averse to joining forces with Hungary against Austria. When Count Julius Andrássy, as Kossuth's emissary, passed through Belgrade on his way to Constantinople, he established friendly relations with Garašanin; whiled later on the exiled Kossuth's far-reaching plans for a Danubian confederation were made

the subject of serious consideration by leading political circles in Serbia. Certain other projects entertained by Hungarian emigrants in 1861 and 1866 met with a ready response; and under Bismarck's prompting Hungarians, Serbs and Germans thought at this time that it might be possible to start a Hungarian rising against Austria on Serbian soil.

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Let us now return to our starting-point and examine what settlement in Hungary and a connection with Hungary's social, political and intellectual life meant for a portion of the Serb people. Serb historians readily acknowledge that the cradle of their country's new culture lay in South Hungary; they even admit that Budapest had a considerable share in its fostering. The most notable Serb writers, poets and scientists of the eighteenth and nineteenth century were born and educated in Hungary. A great part of the best Serb books of the age were printed in Buda, and the first Serb cultural society was founded in Pest. Between the Serb immigration and such results as these, there lay the labour of a century and more. The eighteenth century was a period of social and intellectual strengthening for the Serb people. The influence which furthered this development came not so much from the closed Serb enclaves as from the regions where Serbs lived scattered among the Hungarian and German inhabitants. An important part was played in this respect by the settlements along the Danube, which transmitted the culture of the West via Vienna, Komárom, Szentendre and Buda. This culture was spread, not by the primitive and warlike soldiers of the marches, but by the class which by its occupation was in close contact with the Hungarian and European world, the wealthy merchants of Buda, Komárom and Szentendre. Újvidék (Novisad) situated in the marches, called the "Serb Athens", only rose to eminence at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the independent Serb State began to flourish and when the centre of the Serb social and national movement was pushed ever further south. As the natural centre of the land acquired more and more importance in the evolution of Hungarian life, the scattered Serb settlements moved ever further southward. The first Serb middle school was founded

in Novisad; in 1813, 41,900 florins were collected for its establishment (the magnitude of the sum casts a favourable light on the material circumstances of the Hungarian Serbs) and in 1815 it was opened for the first time. One of the first headmasters was Paul Joseph Safařik, the great philologist and historian of literature, who played so important a part in the Southern-Slav-Illyrian movement of the early nineteenth century and in the evolution of the idea of Slav unity. It was in Novisad that he collected the material for his history of Slav literature; there that he became acquainted with the pearls of Serb popular poetry; and there that his Slav consciousness was developed. How far north the Serb element had spread is shown by the fact that for a long time the Orthodox Bishop of Bács had his abode in Szeged, in central Hungary, and that that town, although its population was purely Magyar, had in the eighteenthcentury Serbs as well as Swabians among the members of its municipal council. But by the end of the eighteenth century Szeged could boast of such men as the writer Andrew Dugonics, who although descended from a Serb-Dalmatian stock, was an ardent Magyar nationalist and a strong opponent of Slav sentiment.

For the rest it was not only along the borders of the Danube and the Tisza that the Serbs penetrated northward into Hungary; they were also to be found in other commercial centres, such as Miskolc, and the wine-growing towns of Eger and Tokay, where they mingled with the Greek merchants who had come, like themselves, northward for purposes of trade. In Eger their memory is preserved by the fine baroque Orthodox church and the Rascian gate. The church was built in the eighteenth century on the ruins of the thirteenth-century cathedral of the Dominican Order. Eger had had Serb inhabitants already at the time of the Turkish domination and these were reinforced later by swarms of new immigrants. In neither case did these Serb inhabitants hold themselves aloof from the Magyar population. And it was from these immigrants that at the beginning of the nineteenth century there emerged a Hungarian writer of worth and standing, Michael Vitkovics, son of the Orthodox priest of Eger, who felt himself to be no less a good Hungarian than a good Serb and who was the first to undertake with deliberate intent

the role of mediator between the two peoples and two literatures, which were alike dear to his heart.

Komárom, on the Upper Danube, was also an important Serb centre, being the focal point of the Danubian corn trade. Its originally pure Magyar population became intermingled with a large Serb colony consisting of wealthy corn merchants, traders and brokers. The Danubian corn trade declined with the introduction of steam-boat traffic, and the Serb colony of Komárom became gradually a thing of the past.

Szentendre was another town which declined when the horse-drawn grain-carrying barges were replaced by steamers. It had been built, on the ruins of a medieval Hungarian town, by Serb refugees in 1690, who brought to it the body of their dead Tsar, Lazarus, slain on the Field of the Blackbirds (Kosovo Polje). They buried him temporarily in a little church in the town, but in 1697 they took him away to the monastery of Vrdnik, in the south. Szentendre is a little old-world town whose winding streets and ancient churches, its ornately framed spring beloved of the Patriarch Arsene Čarnojević and its horse-chestnut grove where the Serb youth liked to picnic, show us the mode of life of the wealthy Serb merchants of the past, a mode of life which they transmitted to their southern kinsfolk. Szentendre's baroque houses and churches are a symbol of the encounter between the Serb people and the culture of the West; they show a paradoxical mingling of Byzantine Orthodox taste with the style of the Catholic counter-reformation.

This Hungaro-Serb civilization reached its height during the Napoleonic wars, when the Hungarian corn-bearing regions fed the Austro-Hungarian armies. It was at this time that corn-growing on a gigantic scale was adopted in Hungary, which resulted in an enormous boom for the Serb corn merchants.

During the Turkish domination the centre of the Serb settlements was in Buda. It is said that they had three churches there. At present two Serb churches, one in Buda and one in Pest, witness to this people's prosperity in the tranquil eighteenth century. The Buda church is the older of the two; its foundations were laid in 1742, but it was not finished until 1775. Pest too, like Komárom, has its Serb Street, preserving

the memory of the days when the Serb corn merchants had their dwellings there, in the vicinity of the quay where their barges used to be moored. They were the wealthy members of the Serb community; their kinsfolk across the river, living huddled together on the northern slope of Gellért Hill, in the picturesque quarter, recently demolished, known as the Tabán, were mostly artisans, shop-keepers, farmers, and, more particularly, vine-growers. It is a well-known fact that when the Viennese Government settled German citizens in the depopulated Hungarian capital, there was a good deal of trouble between the newcomers and the older Serb settlers. In Pest at the beginning of the nineteenth century ten per cent of the inhabitants were Serbs. That the percentage must have been high in Buda too is shown by the fact that the German teachers in the Tabán district had to know the Serb language.

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At the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the germs of Serb intellectual life were beginning to stir in Buda and Pest, perceptibly under Hungarian and western influences. Buda became the centre of the new-born Serb literature and of Serb book-printing. It may even be said that the founder of Serb literary production was the Royal Hungarian University Press, recently established in Buda. In 1795 an agent of the court named Stephen Novakovič offered to the University Press his printing press, which was not only supplied with a Cyrillic alphabet but also possessed the exclusive patent for the publication in Hungary of books printed in Cyrillic type. In 1798 the University Press published its first Serb catalogue, which included as its best item a historical work by Raič. The acquisition of the Cyrillic printing-press necessitated the employment of Serb proof-readers. In the years between 1797 and 1827 the post of reader was filled by one George Petrovič, a lawyer of Buda, who though he took no part in the new Serb political movement, was glad to serve the cause of Hungaro-Serb friendship in Vienna. In 1795 he published a Hungarian-Serb grammar.

The Metropolitan of Karloca tried to hinder the development of the Serb printing press, as he wished to reserve for himself the publication of Serb books, for reasons connected

with ecclesiastic church policy. In 1811 the Serb Synod wished to found a printing works, but failed to obtain the necessary permission. The significance of the question was primarily religious, not national. The Government was anxious to supervise the Serb book production, fearing lest Russian books from Kiev might filter into the Monarchy through the medium of the Church. Serb intellectual circles were far from sharing the Serb Church's hostility towards the University Press. Many Serb writers patronized it, and there were times when it was called on to issue their best productions. It was here that the works of Dositej Obradovič, the great reformer of the Serb literary language, were published. Obradovič (1739—1811) was himself a native of Hungary. He was born in Csákova, in the county of Temes; he became a monk, and travelled all over the Balkans and Italy collecting data and historic mementoes concerning the Serb people. In 1783 he was in Halle, after which he went to England and France; in 1802 he settled in Venice, where the generosity of the wealthy Serb merchants of Hungary enabled him to continue his researches with a quiet mind. In 1806 we find him in Belgrade, where he became Minister of Education and a member of the princely council, and set about raising Serb education to a European level. His work was of enormous importance; he was the first to draw the attention of Europe to the Serb people, and the attention of the Serb people to Europe. He discarded the old Slavonic ecclesiastic language, replacing it with the language of the people. Following his example, other writers, like Vuic, Vidakovic, and Popovič, had their works published in Buda; it was here that in the period between 1826 and 1863 there appeared the year-books of the Serb Matica, among popular calendars, and a great number of ecclesiastic publications.

The foundation of the first Serb scientific and literary institute, the Matica Srpska, is also associated with Buda and with Pest. It was started in Pest, on February 26, 1826, and its initial venture was the publication of the Serb periodical *Letopis*. Four years later, in 1830, the Serbs of Buda and of Pest sent presentation copies of all the published issues to the Hungarian National Museum, the Viennese Court Library, the Czech National Library of Prague and the Tsar's Library

in St. Petersburg. The Matica owed its foundation in a great measure to the inspiring example set by Count Stephen Széchenyi in founding the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.

The enthusiasm with which in the first half of the nineteenth century Hungarian society at large embraced the cause of national culture could not but influence the educated and wealthy Hungarian Serbs. The foundation of the Matica was speedily followed by another foundation, made by Sava Thököly, a descendant of the wealthy Popovič-Tekelije family, who had been raised to the ranks of the Hungarian nobility. His wife and relations were Magyar, and for all his Serb sentiments he was imbued with a sincere love for his native land. In 1810 he made, with twelve rich Serbs of Arad, a foundation for the benefit of Serb students; in 1838 he contributed another 20,000 florins towards the foundation of an institute which henceforth bore the name of Thökölyanum and in which twenty Serb students were lodged and boarded free. The control of this institute soon passed into the hands of the Serb Matica, which was thereby enabled to exercise an increased influence on the development of Serb literature.

Unfortunately, situated as it was in Pest, it was out of touch with the life and literary movements of the Serb people. Its head, John Hadžić, was an opponent of the great Vuk Karadžić, to whom Serb literature owed its revival. Being in great financial straits, Karadžić appealed to the Matica for assistance, but in vain; he could not get a hearing, and his linguistic and spelling reforms were met with derision, regardless of the fact that owing to his activities all Europe was beginning to know the popular poetry of the Serb people. Goethe himself was charmed with the beauty of the Serb heroic songs, and in Hungary there was a veritable rage for them. The succeeding generation realized that residence in Pest handicapped the Matica in a complete understanding of Serb literary endeavours, and in 1864 it was moved to Újvidék (Novisad), where it became the real centre of Serb intellectual life, radiating an influence that was felt no less in Serbia proper than among the Serbs of Hungary.

Buda can also boast of having contributed its quota to Serb cultural life. In 1831 there was born there, of a long-established

Serb family of Tabán, Cornelius Stankovič, the discoverer of Serb folk-music. Stankovič, a gifted pianist already as a child, finished his schooling in Arad, Szeged, and Buda, after which he was sent, with the assistance of Pák Rigyičky, a well-to-do Serb citizen of Buda and friend of his father's, to Vienna to perfect himself in music. In Vienna he became acquainted with Vuk Karadžić and an Orthodox priest named Rajewsky, who awakened in him an interest in Serb folk music. His first composition, a mass which he conducted personally in the Russian Church in Vienna, was built up on folk airs and old Slav ecclesiastical motifs. Settled in Karloca, he continued his musical researches, travelling all over the Serb regions of Southern Hungary in search of popular motifs. Two years later he published the results of his researches in Vienna. In Vienna he met Prince Michael Obrenović and his Hungarian wife, a Countess Julia Hunyady. At their invitation he went to Belgrade, where he became the conductor of the first Serb choir, and a favourite both of the Court and the general public. But failing health soon made him throw up everything and return to Buda, where he died at a comparatively early age. He was buried in the Tabán cemetery, whence not long ago his remains were removed to Belgrade by the musical society which bears his name.

In the first half of the nineteenth century Serb folk poetry and folk-lore made a conquest of all Europe. It was, strangely enough, from the West, primarily through Goethe's, Herder's and Grimm's intervention, that they made their entry into Hungarian literature; the immediate intermediary was the above-mentioned Michael Vitković, who first published translated versions of Serb songs; he also wrote essays on the Serb or Rascian language and on Hungarian writers who were sons of the Orthodox Church. His essays in the art of Hungarian folk-song writing are patently influenced by Serb models, more particularly as regards their form. Hungarian writers like Kazinczy, Vörösmarty and even Petőfi tried their hand, in some of their poems, at reproducing the peculiar rhythm of these Serb songs. Later, in the second half of the nineteenth century, we again and again come across Hungarian translations of Serb literary products. Paul Gyulai, the eminent Hungarian critic, was particularly zealous in

urging the public to obtain a better knowledge of Serb literature.

This was paralleled by a similar interest in Hungarian literature on the part of the Hungarian Serbs. The great Serb poet, John Zmaj-Jovanović, made excellent Serb translations of Petőfi's and Arany's works already in the 'fifties of last century. Various more or less successful translations of Petőfi's poetry were made also by Balagoje Brančić, Dömötör Popović, Alexander Márić, Milan Popović, John Zivonović and Stephen Čiric. Latterly the excellent modern Serb poet, Swetislav Stefanović, has turned his pen to translations of Hungarian poets; he has, among other things, made a new and distinguished translation of Madách's *Tragedy of Man*.

From this it will be seen that whereas in the second half of the nineteenth century, the political relations between Serbia and the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy were steadily deteriorating, Hungaro-Serb cultural relations still bore abundant fruit. It must be observed for the rest that Hungarian statesmen, among them Count Julius Andrássy the Elder, ascribed great importance to the existence of an independent Serbia and was at pains to restrain Viennese political circles from all anti-Serb manifestations. After the misunderstandings of the new post-war political era Hungaro-Serb relations entered upon a different phase. The pleasant aspects of the old intellectual and historical contacts serve as a basis for a new understanding. The Pact of Friendship between Hungary and Yugoslavia concluded at the end of 1940 by the late Count Stephen Csáky, Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, marks an important stage in the evolution which is tending to draw together, in their own interests, the nations of south-eastern Europe. Mutual understanding and the recognition of common interests are extremely useful materials with which to construct the future of these regions. The historical relations between the Hungarians and the Southern Slavs yield many interesting and valuable data whose psychological and spiritual aspects cannot be neglected by those who hold the reins of international affairs.

RUMANIAN CONSTITUTIONALISM

By ZSOMBOR SZÁSZ

THE Rumanian Constitution of 1923, under which Greater Rumania spent the brief span of its existence, was a remodelled edition of the Constitution of 1866, which in its turn was a fairly close copy of the Belgian Constitution of 1830. Both the Belgian original and its two Rumanian copies were emanations of nineteenth century liberalism, and it was a natural supposition that they would have made of Rumania a liberal State like Belgium. The Rumanians themselves were eager to maintain this assumption. "We must," said Michael Kogălniceanu in 1859, "adhere closely to the wonderful Constitution of Belgium in order to deserve the name of the Belgium of the Orient."

The Belgian model was excellent, and the Rumanian copies were fairly good. But while the former was a living force guiding the constitutional life of the State, the latter remained on paper and never became a real, operative force in Rumanian public life. The principles they embodied looked very fine on paper but they never found their way into the national consciousness.

According to the first clause of the Constitution of 1923, the Rumanian Kingdom was "a unitary and indivisible national State." In actual fact the kingdom as constituted in the Paris Treaties was not a *national* State at all, but a *nationality* State, which in the terminology of Continental jurisprudence meant, in this case, a State in which one-third of the inhabitants belonged to non-Rumanian nationalities. Nor could it be called a unitary State; the new provinces, Transylvania and Bessarabia, were in continual revolt against Bucharest's centralizing tendencies and wanted self-government.

According to Clause 5 all nationals of the State "without distinction as to race, language or religion" were to enjoy liberty of conscience, of the press, of assembly and of education, while various special laws provided for all other civic liberties.

But this, too, was only on paper. In reality the boon of these liberties was denied to the national minorities and, in a lesser degree, even to the Rumanians themselves. Clause 22 provided for the freedom of the Churches and denominations, yet Rumania was one of the few European States where the dominant State Church violently persecuted all the other creeds, including the Greek Catholic or Uniate church. Churches were sequestrated, and ruthless proselytising was carried on.

Freedom of education was equally non-existent. The children of minority nationals were debarred from unrestricted attendance at their own denominational schools; hundreds of these schools were closed, and in those that remained the teaching of Rumanian subjects and the Rumanian language was made obligatory to such an extent as completely to swamp the use of the children's mother tongue.

Clause 25 emphatically reaffirmed the freedom of the press and prohibited every kind of censorship; yet the press was constantly censored, and day by day both the Rumanian and the minority papers appeared with blacked-out columns.

According to Clause 128 the Constitution could only be suspended by a special law, yet during the twenty years of Greater Rumania's existence hardly a day passed without martial law being in force in one or other of the provinces.

Many other clauses could be cited whose liberal and democratic provisions were never translated into real life. But we prefer to restrict ourselves to one particular point, the method of Government in which theory and practice were so widely at variance as completely to invalidate the liberal spirit of the Constitution.

Rumanian writers on constitutional law maintain that there was "parliamentary government" in Rumania.

Parliamentary government cannot be defined by drawing up paragraphs about it. On the other hand, certain underlying

principles may be laid down on which such a form of government might have been established. Thus the Rumanian Constitution declared that "the Ministers are appointed and dismissed by the king"; it also said that no action on the latter's part was valid unless countersigned by one of the Ministers, who was consequently responsible for that action. The dependence of the government on the political parties — which is the very essence of parliamentary government — could be inferred from Clause 96, which laid down that Ministers might take part in the parliamentary debates even if they were not members of the legislative assembly, while on the other hand the latter could command their presence in the House.

All these things are incidental to parliamentary government, and Professor R. Boila believed himself entitled to state that "as the normal functioning of the State's constitutional organization is unimaginable without parliamentary government, the character of the Rumanian Government is parliamentary." He seems to regard parliamentary government as an essential attribute of the constitutional State.

The fact that in the period between the framing of the first constitution of 1866 and the outbreak of the war in 1914 there were two political parties in Rumania, the Conservatives and the Liberals, who were alternately in office, lends colour to the assumption that the administration of the country was carried on by party government.

The first brief administration, a kind of Coalition Government, formed in 1866 when the two principalities were united, was followed by a Liberal Government under I. Ghica, which was replaced in its turn two years later by the Conservative Catargiu Administration. During the succeeding five decades, until 1914, the Liberals and the Conservatives governed alternately, but their alternations had nothing to do either with party politics or with their situation within the Parliament. A Government having the strongest following in the country and enjoying the full confidence of Parliament might resign or be dismissed by the king for no palpable reason. In 1881, in the year of the proclamation of the kingdom, Ion Brătianu retired in favour of his brother, for reasons which — to use Professor Seton-Watson's words, written in

1934, — "still remain obscure after the lapse of fifty years." Nor had Brătianu's final retirement from office in 1888 anything to do with the parliamentary situation of his party. The last previous elections had given him the usual crushing majority, but the malversations and general corruption of his administration were such that he found himself compelled to resign and to hand over the reins of government to the Conservatives.

This alternation of the parties had, in fact, nothing to do with parliamentary government as known in western countries; it was merely, as the less pretentious Rumanian politicians expressed it, a "system of rotation". It was a "two-party system," it is true, but the parties succeeded each other in obedience to the will of the king; they were a kind of political oligarchy; a few families, represented in Parliament and in the administration by their relatives and friends, governed the country whichever party was to the fore. Yet even this two-party system was a fallacy; for the Conservative administrations lasted only a few months or at most a year or two, and were mere *interregna* between the long spells of the Liberal régime.

This system was invented by King Carol I and applied with complete succes during his long reign before the World War. It was admirably suited to the needs of a Balkan State which had but just emerged from a medieval atmosphere and oriental servitude. But it was hardly good enough for a Greater Rumania that had incorporated provinces like Transylvania and Bukovina, whose previous administration had been of the western type. When, in December 1918, the Transylvanian Rumanians declared their union with the Rumanian kingdom, they demanded "a pure democratic government" such as existed "in the most progressive western States", and the eminent Hungarian constitutional lawyer who concurred with the Rumanians in defining their government as "parliamentary", did so in the expectation that the former "rotative" method would give way to a veritable representative party government.

This was an erroneous supposition. The elements of political life underwent certain changes, but the method survived the cataclysm of the war and persisted to our own days.

The first conspicuous change was in the composition and distribution of the political parties.

The Liberals came out of the war with enhanced prestige. It was their policy, as partisans of the Allied Powers, which had brought Greater Rumania into being, and if, in the first few years, they kept in the background, they did so deliberately in order to evade responsibility for the Government's post-war difficulties.

The Conservatives practically disappeared from public life. During the war they had been more or less Germanophile, and were responsible for the odious Treaty of Bucharest concluded with the Central Powers. This, and the need of some radical reforms which they were reluctant to carry out, destroyed them. At the general elections of 1920 they failed to secure a single seat in Parliament.

Their place was taken by two new parties: the National Party of Transylvania, a moderately liberal and democratic formation led by J. Maniu and Alexander Vaida-Voivod; and a strongly radical Peasant Party which emanated from the eastern provinces, Moldavia, Bukovina and Bessarabia and had at its head Ion Michalache, a former village schoolteacher. Under pressure of the Liberal policy these two parties amalgamated in September 1926 under the name of "Tsaranist" or National Peasant Party and as the second party of importance in the country were much to the fore in the years that followed.

No real importance can be attached to the parties of General Averescu and of Professor Iorga, the former the national hero of the disastrous campaign which ended with the Treaty of Bucharest, the latter the omniscient and indefatigable propagandist of the Rumanian cause in Europe, recently murdered by the Iron Guardists. They merely filled the role of temporary stop-gaps, in times of political stress, between the two larger parties.

The future Iron Guard, which was destined to play such a fateful part later on, was only just burgeoning from the perennial anti-semitism of the Rumanian people, while the other small parties — there were about thirty at the general elections of 1937 — were too insignificant to count. The parties of the national minorities — the Hungarian, German.

Ukrainian, and Jewish — were prevented by the Government's oppressive policy from exercising any material influence on public affairs.

At the end of October 1918, when the victory of the Allied Powers was assured, the Conservative Germanophile Cabinet of A. Marghiloman resigned and a Liberal Government was formed under Ion Brătianu the younger. It was not of long duration; differences arose between his attitude and that of the Peace Conference, and a year later, in September 1919, Brătianu resigned, giving place to a half-hearted Liberal administration under General Vaitoianu. The general elections in November of the same year resulted, surprisingly, in the defeat of the Liberals, more especially in the newly-annexed provinces. The National Party in Transylvania and the Peasant Party of Bessarabia gained a great victory. The Conservatives and General Averescu's People's Party did not enter the lists at all.

General Vaitoianu resigned and a somewhat heterogeneous Cabinet was formed under the Transylvanian Alexander Vaida-Voivod, on whom devolved the task of signing the Peace Treaties and of regulating Rumania's international relations. He was still pursuing this aim in London when, on March 13, 1920, the King dismissed the Cabinet in his absence and without his previous knowledge, appointing General Averescu as Premier. It was rumoured that King Ferdinand was not well disposed towards Vaida-Voivod, who during the war had favoured the deposition of the dynasty.

As General Averescu had no parliamentary following, he dissolved Parliament and had general elections held in May, from which his Party emerged with 209 seats out of 369. The Transylvanian Nationals and the Bessarabian Peasants, taxed with Bolshevik propensities, suffered a crushing defeat.

The Averescu Cabinet was not long in office. Its reactionary, anti-social and anti-socialist measures met with violent opposition, and as neither the General nor his Party had any experience of the parliamentary arena, they could not maintain themselves and he resigned at the end of December 1921. The only achievement of his administration worth noting was the famous agrarian reform which was aimed against the

racial minorities and despoiled the Hungarian and German landowners.

General Averescu was succeeded by Take Ionescu, one of the old Liberal-Conservatives. No one knew why he was appointed and still less why he was dismissed exactly one month later, on January 19, 1922.

By this time Ion Brătianu though the time ripe for the return of the Liberals and, accepting office, he dissolved a Parliament in which his party was represented by only seventeen members. The ensuing elections were among the most notorious ever held in Rumania. The Liberals won 260 seats and General Averescu's former majority was reduced from 209 to 11. The Transylvanians secured sixty-two seats, the rest were distributed among the minor parties, Take Ionescu's group, the Socialists, the Germans. It was the first time that the Hungarians took an active part in Rumanian public life, and they were badly defeated, succeeding only in returning one member.

Ion Brătianu remained in office for four years, during which various momentous events took place. In October 1922 the King and Queen celebrated their coronation, in 1923 the new Constitution was made, and in 1925 Crown Prince Carol renounced his rights to the throne and went abroad with Mme Lupescu.

In March 1926 Brătianu resigned. Before announcing his resignation he did an extraordinary thing. He laid before Parliament an electoral Bill which, as regards the distribution of the mandates, was a slavish copy of the Fascist electoral system. The Central Electoral Committee — it ran — settles the percentage of the votes polled by each party and declares the party which obtains a majority of at least 40 per cent of the votes to be the majority group ; half of the total seats is given to this group, while the other half is distributed among all the parties, the majority group included, according to the percentage of their polled votes. If there is no majority group the seats are distributed in proportion to the votes.

An official communiqué — this was in 1926 — explained that parliamentary governments being on the wane all over the world, the fever caused by the prevailing great historic changes could only be allayed if the administration of the

various countries was placed in the hands of strong dictatorial governments. A strong opposition was superfluous; it would only interfere with the course of the administration.

The peculiarity of the situation lay in the fact that the Government responsible for this reform manifestly had no intention of itself profiting by it, since it was on the eve of resigning office; it was paving the way towards a certain majority for its successor, presumably to be formed by a different party.

The strangeness was further enhanced by the fact that the Brătianu Administration had no visible reason for retiring. It commanded a compact majority in the House, enjoyed the confidence of the Crown and managed the small and divided opposition with consummate ease. Nor had it anything to fear from the elections, which in Rumania can never bring disappointment to a Government in power. There was nothing to hinder a repetition of the elections of 1922. The leader of the German Party, Herr O. Roth, called the resignation of the Cabinet a political mystery. Yet it was only the consummation of the fate which sooner or later came to all Rumanian Governments; sated with corruption, nepotism and venality, aware of the disgust with which they were viewed throughout the land, they fell as a rotten apple falls. When, in 1922, the Averescu Cabinet retired, V. Madgearu, one of the leaders of the Peasant Party, declared: "It was not we or the Liberals who caused the downfall of the Government; it was their own sins." It was so in the present case.

The largest parties in the House after the Liberals were the Peasants with forty members and the Transylvanian Nationals with twenty-five. They thought that their hour had struck; but the king distrusted them and preferred to recall General Averescu, who had only eleven followers in Parliament. Averescu promptly formed a Government and dissolved Parliament, with the usual results: the Government gained 292 seats in the place of the previous eleven; the Nationals and the Peasants together got sixty-nine seats, and Brătianu's Liberals sixteen. Brătianu himself failed to get elected and retired to the Senate.

This second Averescu Government lasted a little over a year. It was generally regarded as a mere continuation of its

predecessor; it was even rumoured that there was a pact between Brătianu and Averescu to the effect that the latter would resign at any moment if Brătianu demanded it. This moment came in June 1927. King Ferdinand was dying, and it was believed that Brătianu wished to be at the helm when the change occurred in the person of the ruler.

After a few days' interregnum with a Stirbey Cabinet at the head of affairs, a second Brătianu Government was formed and new elections followed. The Liberals gained 318 seats, while General Averescu's party was unable to win a single mandate. The Nationals and the Peasants, now amalgamated, secured fifty-four seats.

On July 20, 1927, a month after the formation of the new Cabinet, King Ferdinand died and his grandson Michael, aged five, succeeded him, supported by a regency. Five months later, on November 24, Brătianu also died. In him, Rumania lost her greatest leader, the founder of "România Mare".

He was followed by his brother Vintila; but though the change caused no hitch in the political machine, neither Vintila nor his government proved as successful as Ion and his administrations had been. The National Peasant Party attacked him violently and finally, in March 1928, organized a regular revolt. 50,000 peasants marched to the capital, while Maniu declared that his party had no intention of sitting in an "illegal" Parliament and would have no dealings with a "usurping government".

These party troubles were aggravated by financial difficulties. The Liberal Party's slogan, *prin noi înşine*, "by ourselves alone", did not prove a sufficiently potent factor in the economic and financial field. The Government applied for a foreign loan and was vehemently denounced for it by the National Peasants. Brătianu, believing the Regency to be on his side and wishing to strengthen his position by a re-appointment, tendered his resignation. To his great surprise, it was accepted. Negotiations were started with the aim of forming a coalition Government, and on their proving fruitless, Maniu was empowered to form a Cabinet of his own.

The new administration was naturally unable to work with the old legislative assembly, and Maniu immediately dissolved Parliament. He declared that no Government pressure would

be exercised at the elections, and they were certainly comparatively free from corruption, so that the Government's victory could be regarded as the legitimate expression of the popular disgust with the old liberal régime and of the popular approbation, especially in the new provinces, of the National Peasant Party. The Government secured 348 seats, the Liberals 13, the Social Democrats 9, while the sixteen representatives of the Hungarian minority became the largest oppositional party in the House.

But the breaking of the Liberal spell brought confusion in its train. The Government found itself faced with enormous difficulties. Neither the Transylvanians nor the Bessarabians were popular in the old kingdom; the latter were taxed with Communistic propensities. The chief item of their programme, decentralization and autonomy for the provinces, was regarded with aversion by the Liberals as tending to break up the unity of the State.

In the summer of 1930 another difficulty arose. On June 6 Prince Carol returned to Rumania and was received with enthusiasm by the masses, with hostility by the Liberals and with a certain reserve by the National Peasants. The regency resigned and so did Maniu, the latter's place being taken by M. Mironescu. A National Assembly was convoked which proclaimed Prince Carol King, after which Mironescu resigned in his turn and Maniu returned to office. The history of these days, the relations between the various parties and the ruler, have never been completely cleared up. But these things are outside the scope of this article.

Three months later Maniu, inconsistent as ever, resigned on the plea of ill health; and on October 10 the public learned of the formation of another Mironescu Cabinet, which was practically identical with its predecessor except that it lacked the commanding figures of Maniu and Vaida.

But it was not King Carol's intention to rule with the help of the National Peasant Party, towards which he harboured a comprehensible distrust. His wish was to form a coalition government "which should concentrate all the forces of the nation". Unfortunately Maniu was unwilling to cooperate with the Liberals, with Averescu and with the reactionary anti-semites. The king, on his side, only waited for an

opportunity to get rid of the National Peasant Party altogether, and when the Lower House rejected an insignificant Bill introduced by Manoilescu, his confidential man in the Cabinet, he gladly accepted Mironescu's resignation, and entrusted M. Titulescu, the Rumanian Minister in London, with the formation of a new Cabinet.

After two weeks of fruitless effort, Titulescu had to confess himself powerless to fulfil this task, and on April 18 it was entrusted to Professor Iorga, King Carol's former tutor. Professor Iorga's Cabinet, when formed, proved a most heterogeneous gathering, not "of all the talents", but, as he expressed it, "of all who are well-intentioned, unselfish, and capable of making sacrifices", a somewhat queer basis for the administration of a country. The National Peasant Party refused to collaborate, as did a part of the Liberals under Professor Gheorge Brătianu ; which did not prevent Professor Iorga from calling his Government "the Cabinet of National Unity".

The first step, as usual, was to dissolve Parliament; the new elections, held on June 1, were comparable only to those of 1922. The government won 292 seats, the National Peasant Party 31, the Dissident Liberals 12 and Averescu's Party 10.

The Cabinet was short-lived. The dramatic story of its dismissal on May 31, 1932, was told by Iorga himself in a booklet published a few weeks after the resignation and entitled "Two Years of Reconstruction: What I found, what I wished and what I was able to do."

On May 31 — he tells us — a Crown Council was held, which had only some unimportant financial proposals on its agenda. Nothing unusual happened. When the Council was over the King made a sign to the Prime Minister to stay on; left alone with him, Iorga observed that he wished to say something but seemed unable to find the right words; made suspicious by his embarrassment, Iorga asked the king whether the Cabinet enjoyed his confidence. The King did not reply immediately, whereupon Iorga added that "if His Majesty had any solution which he thought preferable to the present situation, he, (Iorga) was willing to tender his resignation at once." The King stammered that perhaps Titulescu . . . another Government . . . might enjoy the col-

laboration of the National Peasant Party. "It was my wish to form a big coalition," he said, "but now I should be satisfied even with a small one." "I pointed out to the King", writes Iorga, "that small parties have great ambitions; nevertheless I sat down at his table and wrote out my resignation."

Curiously enough, what followed after this was not a coalition but a National Peasant Administration, formed not by Maniu but by Vaida-Voivod. Maniu refused the task offered, mentioning, as the cause of his refusal, a certain degree of antagonism between himself and the "highest constitutional factor" and his own disapproval of the method in which the administration of the country had been carried on since the King's return. "A Prime Minister," he said, "cannot work with his hands tied, nor shoulder responsibility for actions which lie outside his sphere."

Once more Parliament was dissolved and new elections were held on July 17. An unusual feature was the great increase in the number of parties; as many as twelve participated in the elections. The Government won 274 seats, the Liberals 28, the dissident Liberals and the Hungarians 14 each.

The months that followed brought the most absurd situations.

In October the Prime Minister, alone of his Cabinet, resigned in consequence of a difference of opinion on the Russian question between himself and Titulescu, and he was succeeded, strangely enough, by — Maniu. How and why his relations with the Crown had improved in the meantime is not known.

Two months later he resigned once more, because the King refused to dismiss at his instance two army officers who had been employed in the civil service. But the Government remained, and Vaida-Voivod resumed the premiership.

On November 8 he had an audience with the King from which he emerged with the news that he was no longer Prime Minister. "It was not I who resigned," he informed his audience at a conference of his party, "I was quite simply dismissed."

The Duca Administration which followed was formed on November 15 and the day of the elections was fixed for December 22. A few days before, the Iron Guard, the anti-

semite extreme right wing party, led by the notorious Zelea Codreanu, was dissolved by the Government so that it was unable to participate in the elections. "The Guard", ran the order, "wishes to change the administration of the country by revolutionary means and aims at introducing a form of government at variance with the existing Constitution; its instruments are violence and terror and its methods those of conspiracy."

At the elections the Government Party secured 300 seats, the National Peasant Party 29, and the lesser parties ten each.

In the evening of December 29 Duca was shot dead by two members of the Iron Guard.

After a short-lived attempt on the part of M. Anghelescu to form a Cabinet, the Tătărescu Administration came into power on January 4.

It was still in power when, in November 1937, the Parliament which had been elected four years before came to an end. In conformity with the Rumanian conception of parliamentary government, according to which the expiration of the parliamentary term involved the retirement of the administration in power, Tătărescu offered to resign and found his resignation accepted by the king. But the solution of the crisis offered difficulties. The largest oppositional party was, as we know, extremely distasteful to the king, while the "All For Rumania" Party, the successor of the Iron Guard, was not yet willing to assume responsibility. The King solved the problem by a stroke of genius: he invited the leader of the National Peasant Party, M. Mihalache, to form a government under conditions which he knew to be wholly inacceptable to the party. As he had expected, Mihalache refused, whereupon His Majesty felt himself at liberty to recall Tătărescu, who duly formed a new administration. The general elections were held on December 22.

And then the unthinkable happened. The Liberals, that is to say, the Government party, were defeated. They only polled 152 votes, while the National Peasant Party polled 86, the All For Rumania Party 66, the National Christians, a new radical right wing party, 39, the Hungarians 19 and two smaller parties a negligible number.

A week later, on December 29, Tătărescu resigned.

The *Popularul*, one of the daily papers, hailed the event with joy. "Does this mark a new era in the history of Rumania?" it asked. "Have we advanced a step further in the history of Rumanian parliamentarism? Are our political morals approaching those of our western neighbours, of whom we were hitherto only a parody? Shall our governments be parliamentary governments in future?"

The King speedily answered these questions. He summoned, not one or other of the two great parties of the opposition, but the insignificant National Christians, a right wing party of pronounced anti-semitic tendencies led by Octavian Goga and Professor Cuza, aged eighty-two. The new Goga Government, branded by Maniu as unconstitutional and unparliamentary, in as much as it represented no more than 9·99 per cent. of the electorate as proved by the late elections, had no material support in the House and so the usual dissolution of Parliament followed, the elections being fixed for the first day of March.

On February 8 the Prime Minister broadcast a speech in which he declared that all difficulties in the path of the new Government had been removed, that the administration was firmly established and that consequently he, the Prime Minister, had no thought of resigning.

And the very next day the king dismissed the entire Government, causing a new Cabinet to be formed under the leadership of Mgr. Miron Christea, the Orthodox Patriarch. The old Constitution was suppressed and a brand new one introduced by plebiscite. "Parliamentary Government" was at an end.

But had it ever existed in Rumania?

In the first years after the world war, as we have seen, experts on constitutional law had contended that Rumania's government was parliamentary. The fable was upheld also in after years. In the spring of 1934, when the Government dissolved the Iron Guard, a Bill for the defence of order in the realm was introduced in the House; on this occasion the *rapporteur* said: "We have no wish to hinder the normal activities and struggles of political parties and ideas; all we want is to defend the fundamental institutions of our State: the monarchy and parliamentary government."

Yet anyone who has followed the shifting course of governmental changes in Rumania will have to concur with ex-King Carol's characterization of his country's political organization. In an interview given in 1938 he averred that the terms "democracy" and "dictatorship" had no general, universal significance, and that democracy in Rumania was a very different thing from what it was in England.

So was parliamentary government. In fact, it was so different from the English prototype that it was no parliamentary government at all.

HUNGARIAN PIONEERS IN AMERICA

by STEPHEN TABA

The author of this article describes the arrival in America of the early Hungarian emigrants, quoting from their letters and diaries. We feel that we should apologise for the outspoken comments of one of the early settlers about American women; our readers will, we hope, bear in mind that this was almost a hundred years ago, and in any case we are convinced that this diatribe must have been the result of a stormy crossing or, perhaps, a disappointment.

THE last quarter of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century was an era of renascence for the whole white race. A spate of revolutions, prepared by the literature of French enlightenment and starting from America, swept over France and over most of the countries of Europe. By overthrowing the barriers which history had erected between man and his fellow, these revolutions had as their ultimate aim the freedom and happiness of peoples and nations.

The wave of revolution reached Hungary on March 15, 1848; but it was a bloodless one and the eighteen months which followed were no revolution but a war of independence. Hungary's struggle for liberty was crushed by the united forces of Austria and Russia; those who had taken part in it ended their lives, some on the gallows, some in prison, — or they were conscripted into the Austrian army, so that men who, a short while before, had been fighting for freedom were now forced to become the oppressors of other nations, of the Italians for example. Many who were able to do so, appealed to the protection of foreign States. In the winter of 1849, the capitals of Europe were filled with Hungarian emigrants; their aim was to reach the country where the equality and liberty of man had

been realized half a century ago: the United States of America.

Among the refugees we find Baron Joseph Majthényi, first under-sheriff, then, at the time of the War of Independence, commissioner for the county of Baranya. As may been seen from the September 23, 1851 issue of the *Magyar Hirlap*, he was, together with Louis Kossuth and many others, accused of *lèse majesté* and on January 1, 1850 "publicly summoned"; but he did not appear and the court-martial therefore sentenced him to confiscation of his fortune and to refund the damages caused by the "rebellion." This verdict found his companions in various places of the earth, himself in New Buda. He has left a detailed account of the various stages in his emigration and of his settling down in America in letters written to his wife, who remained in Hungary. From this correspondence we may see how a Hungarian aristocrat, educated in the ancient traditions of his country, saw conditions in the young America and how he and his fellow-refugees were received there.

The Americans knew the Hungarians as a people related to them by their love of work and of liberty. The leader of the Hungarian War of Independence, Louis Kossuth, was received in America with ceremony and enthusiasm. His arrival there in December 1851 aroused the whole city of New York. The big hotels and shops put out immense posters in Kossuth's honour. Many children were given the name of Kossuth; the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia rightly stated that a real Kossuth-craze had overwhelmed the metropolis.[1]

The other Hungarian refugees were received with the same cordiality, but before they reached the land of their dreams, many difficulties had to be overcome. The first problem to be solved was that of a home; the emigrants wanted to begin a new life and they did not know which part of the New World would be best suited to their purposes. On November 28, 1850 Majthényi writes to his wife: "... our goal is not North America, but the Republic of Chile on the western shore of South America; the climate

[1] Denis Jánossy: *The Kossuth Emigration in England and America*. Budapest, 1940, pp. 206—207.

of this country is the healthiest on earth, there one does not catch fever, chronic or contagious diseases . . . cattle are very cheap . . . and we derived our information not only from written descriptions, but from intercourse with persons living in and arriving from that country. Among others, a certain Jermann has arrived here lately, who after 18 years' industrious labour now possesses 14 square miles of land and may be called a millionaire . . ." But, although "the representative of the Chile Government, himself a landed proprietor there, is very anxious" that the Hungarian emigrants should choose no other country, and although the Government was likely to do everything to prepare them an agreeable sojourn and would be willing to grant them all facilities, as Majthényi writes in a letter of December 20, from Altona, the plan of settling in Chile came to nothing. The reason for this was that the old friends and comrades all emigrated to the United States and the news arriving from there was no less favourable than the information about Chile provided by government agents or strangers living there.

The first news from the States came from Alexander Lukács, former deputy for the town of Győr. On November 19, 1850 he writes from St. Louis (Missouri) :

"I set out early in October to explore Iowa. As far as scenery and climate are concerned, Iowa is entirely different from all the other states. Its chief rivers are the Missouri and the Mississippi, but there are numerous minor ones too. About two English miles to the right and left of the rivers there are vast stretches of virgin forest, within the woods from one river to the other there extend many hundred thousand acres of prairie. The forests consist mostly of oak and sugar-maples. The grass of the prairie is one or two fathoms high, like the reeds in our country, and richly interspersed with multi-coloured, wonderfully aromatic flowers of kinds that are unknown to us. The rich grass is well suited for cattle-breeding. The swine can feed in winter and summer in the forest, where there are plenty of acorns and walnuts for their nourishment . . . For eight days we searched mountains and dales, riversides and woods until we found at last a very beautiful, suitable, spacious and healthy spot . . . The land belongs to the Congress and it lies on the right and left banks of the river Thomson . . . in the part of Iowa State which is called Decatur County. The length of my estate from one ditch to the other is five English miles, its width from the last mount to the road leading towards California four English miles . . . it is divided into two almost equal halves by the river Thomson, flowing from the north to the south ; it is not navigable but suited for the driving

of larger mills and factory machines . . . Its bed consists of sand and pebbles, its water is crystal-clear and wonderful to drink. The earth of the prairie is as good as the best Hungary, the high and thick grass is extremly well suited for the breeding of horses, sheep and especially of cattle. There is such an abundance of game that a huntsman may shoot as many as he likes within half an hour. Briefly, the territory is an excellent one for colonization, and there is plenty of room for everyone even if the colonists arrive by the thousand, because to the north and west of my estate there are millions of acres of prairie and woodland which are not yet settled. An acre of land may be bought for 1¼ dollars, but there are many who have cultivated their land for eight or ten years and have not even paid this price. Besides, we must not fear anything, for the sympathies of the Americans towards the Hungarians are so strong that they are rather trying to help them than to stand in their way."

These accounts are confirmed by László Ujházy, former lord-lieutenant of the county of Sáros and commissioner of the city of Komárom during the War of Independence. He had arrived in the United States before the others, on December 16, 1849; in the summer of 1850 he settled with several other Hungarians in Decatur County on the river Thomson, in an uninhabited area to the south of Burlington, Iowa. They called their settlement New Buda. Captains George Pomucz and Ferdinand Takács settled in the same district, as well as Francis Varga, former under-sheriff of Torontál county, and a certain Kovács who may have been identical with that Austin (Ágoston) Kovács who later on in the American Civil War rose to the rank of a major in the Lincoln rangers which was mainly composed of Hungarians. In a letter dated December 3, 1850, Ujházy writes in more or less the same strain as Lukács, only somewhat more briefly; according to him, too, the land is beyond reproach, and very cheap: 800 to 1000 acres of land, fenced in, with a habitable house and farm buildings, could be bought for 1000 dollars. The price of a horse was between 60 and 70 dollars, a pair of oxen cost the same, sheep and pigs were to be had at very low prices. The monthly salary of a bailiff was about 8 to 10 dollars, and the wages of a day labourer 50 to 75 cents. The climate of the region is "not quite as warm as I would have liked it, but I was not able to descend further south as I would have been obliged to settle in a slave-owning state, which was against my principles."

In the end the scales were turned in favour of North America by the general assumption that Kossuth too intended to settle down in the United States.[1]

"Pulszky informed us," so Majthényi writes to his wife from London on January 18, 1851, "of Louis Kossuth's probable liberation in February, and according to Pulszky, he too has decided to emigrate . . . He does not know yet, however, which part of America he is going to choose, for he first wants to get acquainted with those districts of North America where there still exist free and unoccupied congress lands, in order to establish there a Hungarian colony, and I, my dear, do not want to be missing from his company." This letter "I write from the capital of Albion, which might be called the capital of the world, for if somebody wants to see the whole world in a nutshell he should come here, for here he may see it. While walking in the streets, one's head is dizzy at the immense crowd of pedestrians, and even more so by the mass of rattling carriages which run at such a speed that one's safety is due to the amazing cleverness of the drivers alone. The number of omnibuses circulating to and fro in the streets is about 10,000 and if it happens that the horse of one collapses from exhaustion, the driver just leaves it there, and, harnessing another horse, continues his way . . . My dear, London is a wonderful city. I have seen more here within a few days than elsewhere in all my life hitherto. Since I left my country nothing has surprised me yet, but this immense town overpowered me. For the first time since I came out of Hungary, I experienced the delights of the soul. I saw many interesting things, among others the biggest and most famous building in the world, the new Houses of Parliament . . .[2] I have seen the zoological gardens too; and in it all the animals of the world and of the most different climates, from the elephant and the giraffe down to the smallest insect. I have seen the British Museum and the Thames Tunnel, but the latter made an unpleasant impression on me as I was aware of its uselessness. It cost a lot of money and has no use whatever. How many poor villages might have been made happy with this money, all the more as I have seen many a ragged, starving poor creature . . ."

At the end of July Majthényi set out at last together with his son Theodore, later on a lieutenant under General Fremont. On August 13, 1851 they arrived in America on board the *City of Manchester*. Though everything was new and unusual, altogether different from what he had known at home and in Europe, Majthényi liked his new home.

[1] This, as Mr. Denis Jánossy points out in his article on p. 105 proved in fact to be an erroneous supposition, though of course he was invited by Congress to do so.

[2] The writer was, however, probably exaggerating.

"Imagine, my dear, how great my astonishment was when I saw at last the long-desired land of freedom: on the borders of the river Delaware marvellous woods were extending, the weather was beautifully warm, such as I had not felt since I left home, and my imagination carried me back to Hungary . . . Nowhere have I felt at home as I do here. The forests and the nice new farmhouses seem to be smiling at me . . . all the towns, villages and farms look fresh and new. And I don't know what to say about the new and splendidly-equipped steamers, so different from the European ones both in their construction and elegance; this display of pomp cannot be described . . . To be short: Europe with all her industry and civilization cannot compete with America . . ." So he writes on August 14 from Philadelphia. He liked New York too. "This is on the whole a beautiful, pleasant town with white and brown marble houses of two or three storeys. A lovely park forms the centre, in it stands the Town Hall tastefully built in the classic style. The major part of the city consists of high timbered houses gaily painted in many colours; that is the reason why fires are so frequent here as well as in other towns. The Americans have got so used to them that nobody looks at the fires except the firemen, and the American does not leave his room before his own walls begin to get hot. In America . . . I have seen neither a beggar nor any poor-looking person, because the flourishing industry and extensive trade provide an honest livelihood for everybody unless he prefers to remain lazy. Work is a virtue here, and by it one can acquire not only the daily bread, but even, within a few years, a little capital. If a man emigrates to America, he does not need to have money, all he needs are strong hands and the will to work . . ."

The newcomers' opinions on the relationship of man and woman, and on women in general are much less favourable. On November 19, 1850, Alexander Lukács writes:

"It seems inexplicable to me that the free and independent American has become the slave of woman. I have never seen lazier, dirtier, more primitive and untidy creatures than the American women. They are terribly fond of clothes, changing three or four times a day into heavy velvet and silk dresses; they do nothing all day long but walk and rock themselves in armchairs, they can talk only about finery and marriage. They have not the slightest notion of anything sublime, besides, they are very vain, careless mothers, and so are all of them, from the richest to the poorest. If I wanted to curse a European, I would force him to marry an American woman. Here a man dares neither to put on his hat in the presence of a lady, nor greet her in the street for fear of offending her; it is the woman who greets the man she likes and then he may return her greeting. Men are called to eat only when the women are already sitting at the table. The man has to do all the shopping, to buy meat and vegetables; one often sees smartly dressed gentlemen in black tails and trousers, with a gold watch and diamonds going to the market early in the morning with two baskets on their arms, and trotting home with a load of potatoes,

butter, meat, milk, eggs, flour and lard; and heaven knows what other preposterous things . . ."

Three months after his arrival in the United States, on November 20, Majthényi is at last able to write from "home," after two years' wandering across continents. He went out to the new Hungarian colony New Buda, baptized by Ujházy and his companions, and there he started to build the house of Francis Varga. The Hungarian magnate turned out to be a good architect, for he writes: "It is indeed a nice little house, and you cannot find the like of it in the whole of Decatur County. The Yankees are streaming over here to admire it and they have called it "Big House." Last week I went to Princetown to buy wheat and maize flour and in the house where I lodged, my host asked whether I was the Hungarian who was building the "Big House." The "Big House" was not yet Majthényi's own home; that real "home" would not be ready before the following summer, but the refugees were helping one another. When the Majthényis came to New Buda, Ujházy lent them a tent; by December the "Big House" was ready, where they could spend the winter. There was no lack of amusements and pastimes, for the refugees united in their efforts to re-create a piece of Hungarian countryside amidst the American prairies. During the whole week, Theodore Majthényi was looking forward to the wild turkey-shooting on Sunday. The same custom existed at home in the old manor-house, only the purpose was a different one: in Hungary the shooting was sport and recreation, in America it was part of the work to be done, a means of stocking the larder. Another winter work was killing the pigs. Five pigs were killed, which gave about forty sausages, each 1½ yards long, five "pig-cheeses" (a kind of very thick sausage filled with pieces of meat) and the usual kinds of meat. "You see, my dear, we shall not need the help of anyone," the big family of the Hungarian refugees was able to subsist by its own efforts. But the neighbours were helpful: a sugar-manufacturer of St. Louis presented the Hungarian colony with two barrels of white sugar; each household got 90 pounds of it. In a letter dated April 12, 1852, Majthényi describes the inhabitants:

"They are uneducated but thrifty and speculative people of good morality. I never dreamed that one's person and property could be as safe as it is here. One can leave everything open, one need not lock the house, nothing is stolen. Sometimes we do not see our cattle for a fortnight, but they never get lost; tomorrow it will be a week since we last saw our horses, but we hear the bell and are reassured."

The Indians too were a kindly people, enemy to no one who did not hurt them, and one could conclude very good bargains with them. They give buckskin for as many cotton or silk (that made no difference to them) kerchiefs as cover the skin. They did not live near New Buda, but several hundred miles away, beyond the Missouri.

These shipwrecked mariners of the Hungarian War of Independence thus found a new home in the New World, in the land of freedom where "one does not even know whether there exists a government and pestering officials or not"; they achieved their ideal of full individual freedom, though not where they had craved it, but far away from their home. They had, of course, to suffer privations of various kinds: "It is hard for me to be deprived of my beloved wife and of my little daughters, while I can easily do without a couch and armchairs . . ." Majthényi writes on August 22, 1852. But life does not often produce happy endings, and most refugees have to suffer these privations to the end of their life. There was no hope of return to the old country, and most of them ended their days in the United States.

Finally it must be told how the Hungarians expressed their gratitude to the American nation for the hospitality and assistance they had received. They were the refugees of the War of Independence, and it seems natural therefore that in the American Civil War we find them fighting in the army of the North. At that time about 4000 Hungarians were living in the United States, and of these 800, *i. e.* 20 per cent. were on active military service — a higher percentage than any other nationality living in America. Of these, 100 were officers, many of them of high rank: seven generals, two colonels, fifteen lieutenant-colonels, fourteen majors and fifteen captains. A whole regiment was commanded by Alexander Asbóth, chief of staff in General Fremont's

western army; under him served Colonel John Fiala, Colonel Gustav Wagner, chief of the engineers' staff, Colonel Albert Anselm, Major Alexander Zágoni, commander of the guards, Captain Leo Haskel, Captain Joseph Reményfi and the young Baron Theodore Majthényi, with the rank of lieutenant. In 1863, Julius Stahel was entrusted with the command of the 11th Infantry Regiment as chief of the staff, and decorated by Congress. Apart from these, the names of Eugene Korlay, Charles Pándy, George Pomucz, Austin Kovács, Peter-Paul Dobozy, and Philip Figyelmes are preserved in the history of the American Civil War. The 39th New York Infantry Regiment consisted of nearly 50 per cent. of Hungarians. Their colonel was George Utassy, and with him served Major Anthony Vékey, Captains Victor Sándory, Francis Takács, Anthony Utassy and many others. The Chicago Lincoln rangers regiment consisted almost entirely of Hungarians; under the command of Géza Mihalóczy it was ready to march 48 hours after the mobilization. On March 11, 1864 Mihalóczy gave his life for the idea whose champion he had been first in Hungary and then in America; by his death he confirmed that America was not wrong in regarding the Hungarians as a people for whom the preservation of freedom had always been their chief task and calling.

MEDIEVAL ETHNIC FORMATION

THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

By STEPHEN SZABÓ

THE Hungarians were not the first nomadic people of horsemen to arrive from the steppes of the East in the Danube Valley and found a state there. But while the Huns, Avars and other predecessors of the Hungarians on this territory soon vanished from the stage of European history, the Hungarians survived, thanks to strongly developed ethnical peculiarities, to the keen political instinct of their leaders and, last but not least, to the favourable political and ethnographic conditions in the Danube Valley at the time of the conquest. Ethnically, the conquering Hungarians were composed of a fusion of two different races: one Finno-Ugrian and one Turkish. The ancient home of the Hungarian part of the original Finno-Ugrian folk was the region of the Volga and the Kama. From here the Finno-Ugrian tribe which was to become the Hungarian people moved to the forests of the Ural Mountains and to the borders of the Ob and Irtis; here it met western Turkish tribes with whom it continued its wanderings, first to the Caucasus and the mouth of the Don, then to the shores of the Sea of Azov, always under the aegis of rising and falling nomadic empires.

This connection between the Turks and the Hungarians of Finno-Ugrian origin was more than mere contiguity or the supremacy of the one over the other. Under Turkish influence, the fishing and hunting Hungarians changed their mode of living, and adopted the cultural, economic and military habits of the nomadic Turkish horsemen, becoming also racially intermingled. A new racial unit was formed by this symbiosis, and this explains why the new Hungarian race could

be carried away by the onrush of nomadic horsemen without losing its individuality.

The symbiosis of the Finno-Ugrian and Turkish elements of the Hungarian people began probably in the first century of the Christian era; the fusion must have been complete by the time that the people left their common home in the Urals. Amidst the storms of the age, living within the boundaries of various countries, among friendly or hostile peoples, the Hungarian people could only continue in a fully developed ethnical unity and in comparatively significant numbers.

Politically and strategically, the conquest of Hungary at the end of the ninth century was not a difficult task for a people which united the political instincts and strategic ability of the nomadic races of the East with the vigour of a homogeneous and structurally well-balanced nation. After the dissolution of Charlemagne's empire, the new Latin, Germanic and Slav states were on the point of formation, and in this fermenting age the Danube Valley was politically disorganized after the extinction of the Avars. Transylvania, the Great Plain and the region of the Drave and Save belonged to the sphere of influence of the Bulgarian Principality of the Lower Danube, without, however, being populated, politically organized or defended by the Bulgarians. The western parts of the future Hungarian territory were dependent on the Frankish-German Empire. Two Slav principalities existed before the conquest: in the north-west, Svatopluk's country, which included the Bohemian-Moravian basin and extended through the Carpathians approximately to the river Garam, and, in Transdanubia, the Pannonian Slovene Principality which extended from the Drave to Lake Balaton and the Rábca. These principalities had come into being under the patronage of the Frankish-German Empire, but after several attempts at secession and much interior discord they collapsed under the attack of the Hungarians who arrived as the allies of the German Emperor Arnulf. The last obstacle being thus removed, the Hungarians occupied the whole territory enclosed by the Carpathians.

Neither was the conquest a difficult one from the ethnical point of view. In the past the historical conception has often been put forward that the Hungarians settled here amidst a

great mass of Slav population, exceeding, perhaps considerably, the number of the conquerors, and that they intermingled with them and completely absorbed them, which would of course have changed their own ethnic composition and characteristics. Had this been the case, the Hungarians would have been overtaken by the fate which caused the downfall of the Danubian Bulgarians: the latter had indeed settled down among a larger number of Slavs and, being unable to assimilate them, had lost their language and racial characteristics. No such danger threatened the Hungarians. From the fact that our historical documents of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries hardly ever mention Slav or other foreign elements of pre-conquest times, we may conclude that these soon disappeared entirely and were assimilated by the Hungarians. If we consider, on the other hand, that according to the evidence of ethnography, even small racial fractions or single settlements continued to exist for centuries in alien surroundings, we may conclude that the foreign population found in the Carpathian Basin subjected and assimilated by the conquering Hungarians must have been comparatively insignificant. Recent linguistic, archaeological and anthropological research has proved convincingly that at the time of the conquest, the Carpathian Basin was sparsely populated, and in many places even entirely uninhabited.

The Hungarians, descending from the slopes of the Carpathians, found a coherently populated area only in the north-western mountains, which were inhabited by Moravian Slavs, who had left their old home and settled there in the seventh century. They occupied the southern slopes of the Carpathians, while behind them, still within the circle of the mountains, there were deserted areas. Other parts of the country were populated sporadically, and others, such as the plain between the Danube and the Tisza, not at all. The scattered groups of foreign population, Bulgarian Slavs on the left bank of the Tisza, Slovenes in Pribina and Kocel in the south-western part of the country, all belonged to the western and southern group of the Slavs; there was hardly any trace of the former inhabitants of the country at the time of the conquest. The Avars had been annihilated by the campaigns of Charlemagne, they had been scattered to the East or absorbed by the Slavs who per-

secuted them methodically. The Gepids too had disappeared. As far as can be ascertained, the ethnical composition of the Hungarian people was augmented by Avars on the western border, in the region of Moson and Sopron, by Gepids in the south-east, and by a few remainders of the earlier Germanic population as well as by Moravian Slavs in the north-west.

Although the Hungarians retreated before the pressure of the Bessenyős who threatened them from the east, and thus did not voluntarily choose the time at which they conquered their new and definitive home, they arrived at a fortunate moment: after the storms of the preceding centuries, which had swept away peoples, cultures and empires, the basin of the Danube and the Tisza was practically in a state of ethnographic and political "vacuum." The new state which occupied a key position in the Danube Valley was soon threatened by the aspirations of foreign powers, while racially foreign elements settled within its borders in the Middle Ages; but until the catastrophe of Mohács in 1526 the ethnical and political supremacy of the Hungarian nation remained firm and unshakable. By gradually abandoning the nomadic way of living and the periodical raids upon other countries, by adopting Christianity and European civilization, the nation fortified its position and at the same time settled itself permanently in this country where it had first established itself and built its first fixed abode.

In the first half of the seventh century the nomadic tribal system was replaced by new social institutions, adapted to the requirements of permanent settlement, and by new political forms. The frontier-line encircling the Hungarian ethnical block in these early days of settlement may be established with approximate certainty from the linguistic evidence of geographic names and the names of settlements, from archaeological finds and by the help of written historical sources. This frontier, marking the line to which coherent groups of the Hungarian people had penetrated in this age, corresponds in the west and south more or less to the historic Hungarian frontier, while in the north and north-west it coincides with the borders formed by the mountains, extending, however, far up into the valleys of the rivers.

The first conquerors hardly penetrated into Transylvania, or else they would not have needed protective barriers between

Hungary proper and Transylvania. But the influx of the Hungarians into this area seems to have begun in the very century of the Conquest, and in the eleventh century Hungarians were settled in the whole central part of Transylvania. As to whether the Székelys inhabiting the south-eastern corner of Transylvania settled there at the time of the Conquest or before or after it, no conclusive and incontestable opinion has been formed as yet, but the circumstances of settlement and linguistic data prove convincingly that — whenever this event took place — the Székelys took possession of their land at a time when it was entirely uninhabited; they were its first and autochthonous conquerors.

The first border of the Hungarian colonization naturally did not coincide with the border of the purely and exclusively Hungarian-speaking area. Already in the earliest times after the conquest we find smaller Hungarian groups beyond the lines of the coherent Hungarian ethnical block; within them, on the other hand, there were considerable Slav territories in the north-west and in the south, between the Drave and the Save, — not to mention those insignificant Slav ethnical fragments of which we have spoken already. In the two above-mentioned places the Hungarians never pressed forward, in the second area they even constantly withdrew in the Middle Ages. Within the ethnical borders, the density of the Hungarian population was of course uneven. The western part of the country was much more densely populated, because it had been the centre of gravity of the conquest. Our first data are from the fourteenth century, but we may gather to a certain extent what the situation had been in the eleventh: in the Great Hungarian Plain there existed only 416 settlements possessing a church, whereas there were as many as 885 in a much smaller area of Transdanubia, under the Bishop of Veszprém. To certain territories, such as sandy wastes, marshy land and mountain forests, the Hungarians, who were on the look-out for pasturage, did not penetrate in the eleventh century.

This was the ethnographical aspect of St. Stephen's realm in the eleventh century. It was indeed a country and not an empire, if by empire we mean the union of several countries under *one* central power. The Hungarian conquerors did not subdue countries in the Danube Valley and unite them into

a political organization, but they populated a politically practically unorganized and sparsely inhabited area and organized it for themselves. It was only later on, by the conquest of Croatia, that the Hungarian Empire came into being, reaching its highest development in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, under the Angevin and Hunyadi kings. At that time the Hungarian people, from the racial point of view, was at the zenith of its development; on the territory conquered in the tenth and eleventh centuries all gaps had been filled, all foreign racial elements found there completely assimilated and absorbed, and increasing numbers, conquering more land by peaceful work, pushed forward beyond the frontiers.

In the age of transition between the decline of the old nomadic world and the growing attachment to the soil, the old social ties were broken and different elements of the old order amalgamated in new groups. To quote a characteristic example, in the county of Nógrád in Central Hungary the names of settlements contain those of six out of the seven Hungarian tribes which took part in the Conquest, and the seventh is to be found in the neighbouring county of Hont. Thus all the conquering tribes met and mingled in a comparatively small area, although the tribes had originally settled in different parts of the country and were divided from one another by barriers; but now they overflowed into community settlements.

At the time when the land was covered by a network of coherent settlements, the political structure of the country was built up, new social strata developed and military defence was organized. The territories, about half of the country, which were not distributed among the tribes became crown properties, on which the peoples, organized into a system of royal fortresses, were settled. When the custom of grants of land by the crown was introduced, the estates disconnected from the royal properties were populated by their respective ecclesiastic and secular owners; but among the *latifundia* there appeared everywhere the noblemen-communities of the free small-holders, the descendants of the professional soldiers. In the course of time, between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, the crown lands as well as the ecclesiastic and secular *latifundia* and the land of the free small-holders, were populated by new colonists, who formed new branch-settlements, so to speak; in the central

parts of the country this long process took place essentially in the first centuries after the conquest. In the Transdanubian county of Fejér, for example, which was occupied by the tribe of the Prince, two-thirds of the medieval villages (not including, of course, the communities of the Bessenyős who settled there under Prince Géza in the second half of the tenth century and the Cumanian settlements of a still later period) existed, according to the very scarce documentary evidence we possess, as early as the tenth to thirteenth centuries.

Parallel with the gradual population of the original territory of settlement, the increasing masses of the Hungarian people were extending beyond the limitations of this area. In the west this expansion was met by the closed wall of German settlements, while in the region of the Drave and Save it was, as we have already said, held up by the Slavs and did not penetrate further than the original border-line of the Conquest; in the north it spread through regions sparsely populated by Slovaks into the emptier valleys of the Carpathians, and in the north-east, east, and south-east it proceeded towards the frontier across uninhabited areas. This expansion usually took place under the protection of military forces, either sent out in advance or pushed forward gradually.

The growth of the Hungarian people as expressed in settlements may be observed within a single county. Let us take for example the county of Nyitra in the north-west of the country: in its purely Hungarian southern part, 79 villages came into being in the Middle Ages. Of these, 32 were founded in the tenth and eleventh centuries, 38 in the twelfth, two in the thirteenth (the century of the Tartar Invasion) and seven in the fourteenth century. In the central part of the county, where the Hungarians had from the first settled among Slovaks, 33 villages were founded in the tenth and eleventh centuries, 39 in the twelfth, 19 in the thirteenth and 7 in the fourteenth. Percentually expressed, this means that in both the purely Magyar and the mixed Magyar-Slovak part of the county, 35 to 40 per cent. of the settlements came into being before and in the eleventh century, 40 to 50 per cent. in the twelfth century alone, while only 10 to 20 per cent. of the settlements are of later origin. This means that in this region the Hungarian people reached the climax of its expansion in the twelfth century.

In the eastern part of the country, in Transylvania, this happened only two centuries later. Of 123 medieval Hungarian communities in the county of Kolozs, five belong to the tenth or eleventh centuries, 20 to the twelfth, 32 to the thirteenth 56 to the fourteenth and five to the fifteenth century.

In the south, the Danube stood unchanged as the frontier of Hungarian ethnical expansion throughout the Middle Ages. The Hungarians densely populated its fertile northern shores; in the counties of Bács, Bodrog, Torontál, Keve, Temes and Krassó 59 fortresses, 67 market-towns, and 1937 villages of a purely Hungarian character existed in the Middle Ages. They were all swept away by the terrific storms of the Turkish Wars, without leaving a trace of Hungarian life behind.

The growth and expansion of the nation was sometimes hampered by obstacles of a temporary character, such as wars, invasions by an enemy, civil wars, and epidemics; two of them, the Tartar Invasion of 1241 and the Black Death or Great Plague of 1347—49 entailed especially heavy losses for the nation. They did not, however, affect the ethnical and military vigour of the nation, and Hungary lost nothing of her standing as a European power, since of course other peoples were decimated by similar catastrophes.

While the Hungarian people was expanding ethnically, the non-Magyar population of the country was also gradually increasing. Since the earliest times after the Conquest, foreign ethnical elements had continually been entering the country; they settled either among the Hungarians, scattered and disconnected from the bulk of their own original people, or by gradual infiltration in the deserted or sparsely populated borderlands of the country, still remaining territorially connected with them. The smaller fractions were soon absorbed by and assimilated into the Hungarian people, while the larger ones, and the foreign elements that settled in the borderlands preserved their ethnical unity and so gave rise to the demographic complexity of Hungary.

Among the foreign elements scattered about the country there were some of oriental origin, ethnographically akin to the Hungarians, and others of Indo-Germanic, northern and western origin. Among the oriental ones, who may be considered as related to the Hungarians by the admixture of Turkish blood

in the latter, we find the Uz of Turkish origin, the Bessenyős, Bulgarians and Cumanians. Bessenyős and smaller Uz fractions found a home in Hungary as early as the tenth century, and greater masses arrived after the Tartar Invasion and settled chiefly in Transylvania and in South Hungary. Bulgarians mixed with Arabs, tradesmen of Mohammedan religion, who were called Ismaelites or *böszörmény*, arrived in Hungary in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and again in the thirteenth century, fleeing before the Tartar hordes. These fractional groups were greatly outnumbered by the Jazygo-Cumanians *(jászkunok)* settled on the crown lands of the devastated Great Plain after the Tartar Invasion of 1241—42. The Bessenyő, Uz and Bulgarian newcomers were soon assimilated by the Hungarians; the natural course of assimilation was accelerated by their conversion to Christianity. King Coloman for instance issued laws prescribing that churches should be built in the villages of the Ismaelites, after which half of the village population should move and give place to Christian inhabitants. Towards the close of the Middle Ages, the Jazygo-Cumanians were also very nearly absorbed by the Hungarians, their upper stratum having mingled with the Hungarian nobility, and the lower, peasant class with the Hungarian serfs.

Of the western peoples, "Latins" and Germans settled in medieval Hungary. By "Latins," the Hungarians meant Frenchmen of the Rhineland, Walloons and members of the other nations speaking the Romance languages. We know of their settlements chiefly from the evidence of the names of villages and streets containing the names of peoples. The first "Latin" immigrants entered the country during the reign of King Andrew I. (1046—1060); they came from the surroundings of Liège. These were followed by others, chiefly after the Tartar Invasion, who settled among the surviving inhabitants of Pest and Buda, together with German colonists.

Of the western peoples, it was the Germans who sent most settlers to medieval Hungary. There were St. Stephen's German knights, of whom some even founded a clan of their own; there were the Saxons, immigrating in two main waves in the twelfth century, the German citizens settling in the fortified towns and the Germans penetrating imperceptibly into the western borderland, exposed to the great struggles of the four-

teenth and fifteenth centuries; and apart from these, German elements arrived in many other parts of the country. King St. Stephen's German knights, richly rewarded for the services rendered to the country in its internal struggles, mingled in the course of time with the Hungarian clans, as did the dispersed German peasantry which was not protected by any privileges with the Hungarian peasantry. The coherent Saxon territories and towns, however, protected by their privileges, preserved, together with these, their unchanged ethnical characteristics until the time of the awakening of national consciousness.

Apart from "Latins" and Germans, small groups of Polish, Croat, Bohemian and Serbian settlers arrived in Hungary in the Middle Ages, and a small number of Jews settled in the towns. All these — with the exception of the Jews who were secluded in the ghettos — soon disappeared by assimilation into the mass of the Hungarian nation, as did the "Latins," the German peasantry and the Bessenyős and other oriental races. In enumerating these processes of assimilation, however, we must not think for a moment that the original ethnographical character of the Hungarian people was lost thereby. It must be considered that in medieval Hungary 25,000 settlements came into being, and of these about 20,000 were founded by the Hungarians. And even if it is evident that in some twenty or even a hundred of these there were Bessenyős, Germans or other aliens later on assimilated by the Magyars, this number is negligible compared to the numbers of purely Hungarian settlements. This circumstance also explains why these fractions disappeared so soon in the sea of the Hungarian people.

There were three elements of the population which settled in the borderlands of the country, left uninhabited by the Hungarians, so as to remain in organic territorial connection with their respective mother-peoples: Moravian Slavs, Ruthenes and Vlachs.

Of the three, as we have seen, only the Moravian Slavs lived within the girdle of the Carpathians at the time of the Hungarian Conquest. This original Moravian Slav population was later enriched by considerable Slav and even Hungarian and German elements and it developed, already under Hungarian rule, into the present-day Slovak people, and its language into the Slovak language. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

the prolific Slovak people spread eastwards along the Carpathians, and here mingled with considerable numbers of the Polish and Ruthene population, thus developing ethnical characteristics differing in many respects from those of the western Slovaks.

The Ruthene or "Little Russian" people began to populate the uninhabited slopes of the Wooded Carpathians in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and this voluntary immigration, which was not caused by any superior power, lasted for almost 500 years. The poor Ruthene peasants, seeking an improvement of their hard lot and a higher standard of living, arrived under the leadership of their princes, who were called *kenéz* or *soltész* and settled within the *latifundia* which were developing at that time and welcoming fresh immigrants. In the Middle Ages they populated the whole mountainous region, although they were scattered somewhat sparsely. In the county of Ugocsa for example, of 62 communities existing in 1567, only 18 had a Ruthene, or mixed Ruthene-Vlach, population, and this constituted only one-ninth of the serfdom of the county.

Just as the Ruthene herdsmen, who adapted themselves to agricultural labour, drifted into Hungary only two or three centuries after the Conquest, the nomadic Vlach tribes of the Balkans appeared on the mountains of Transylvania only a considerable time after that period. It is a universally acknowledged fact that the Rumanian theory of Daco-Rumanian continuity is scientifically untenable. According to the evidence of unbiassed linguistic investigations, the original home of the Vlachs was on the Balkan Peninsula in the vicinity of the Albanians; in the sixth century they came to live among the Bulgarian Slavs, and it was here that they acquired their definitive racial and linguistic characteristics. In the tenth century the line of the Lower Danube was only crossed by smaller groups of nomadic Vlach herdsmen; such groups may have reached the Transylvanian mountains as early as the tenth or eleventh century, but the beginnings of permanent Vlach settlements there do not go back further than the twelfth or thirteenth century. Even at the end of the thirteenth century their number in Transylvania must have been small, for in 1293 King Andrew III. wanted to settle them all on a single royal estate to the east of Gyulafehérvár. Their

number rose quickly through constant gradual infiltration, and soon they reached the western slopes of the Transylvanian Mountains looking down on the Great Hungarian Plain. In the Middle Ages 54 entirely or partly Vlach communities came into being in the county of Kolozs side by side with the already-mentioned 123 Hungarian settlements; of these, 7 were founded in the twelfth century, 5 in the thirteenth, 30 in the fourteenth and 12 in the fifteenth century.

Towards the close of the Middle Ages, the Hungarian ethnical border, as compared with the situation in the eleventh century, shows considerable progress in the north, east and south-east. In the north-east the Hungarians penetrated deeply into the valley of the Tisza, and in the south-east the Székelys were connected with the Hungarian area of Central Transylvania by a broad Hungarian zone. After this expansion, the Hungarian people constituted about 80 per cent., that is to say, the absolute majority of the total population living within the historical frontiers of the country.

The big Hungarian majority and the other racial elements who had found a home in Hungary lived peacefully side by side throughout the centuries of the Middle Ages. The nationality question was as yet unknown in those days; besides, the Hungarians already possessed high traditions in the treatment of minorities: they had learned the art of organizing racially different peoples from the eastern nomadic empires, who had brought this art to a high degree of perfection. Larger groups of foreign peoples entering Hungary were usually granted certain privileges securing their autonomy, and within this autonomy they were allowed to live undisturbed according to their own ideas. It happened now and then that smaller groups lost their privileges, but this was never the result of nationality questions, but simply of social — political and economic — interests. Although our medieval laws contain certain regulations excluding foreigners from the holding of certain offices, these are never directed against the nationalities, for they do not affect the non-Magyar population of the country with the exception of the Jews and Ismaelites. They were directed against some powerful foreigners who came to the Court as the result of some royal marriage and fostered political tendencies alien or hostile to the Hungarians.

But it was impossible for Hungary to allow foreigners and newcomers to represent her political aims and interests: in the late Middle Ages she became more and more clearly aware of her own national individuality and mission. This consciousness was born amidst the terrible dangers of the Tartar Invasion in the thirteenth century and derived from the recognition of the fact that Hungary was destined to be the bulwark of the Christian religion and of European culture in the fortress of the Carpathians. The relationship between the people and the elected King and his dynasty then broadened into the great unity of the *nation*, and the Estates developed as the representatives of national aspirations. This consciousness was linked to the idea of the Empire; since the conquest of Croatia at the end of the eleventh century, other adjacent countries also surrendered, for varying periods, to the Hungarian arms, and though these conquests were usually dynastic rather than national enterprises, it added much to the pride of the Hungarian nation that the Hungarian knight wearing the armour of the Christian faith could cross the frontier of the country and still walk on ground that belonged to the King of Hungary.

The fifteenth-century Hungarian had every reason to be confident of the future of his country. Social conflicts existed in Hungary, but these appear in every age and in every society, and find the path that leads towards a new equilibrium; the country was among the first of the European powers, the population equalled that of England, it had built up and maintained an empire, was considered as the shield of Europe, and the court of Buda was one of the foremost centres of European civilization, where scholars, artists and diplomats of all countries met. Under her great national king, Matthias Hunyadi, Hungary was at the zenith of her national existence and ethnical development, which was to be followed in the sixteenth century by a rapid decline as the country came between the antagonistic forces of the German and Turkish empires; this led to an immense loss of life for the Hungarian people and thus indirectly to the settlement of great masses of foreigners in the country in the eighteenth century.

THE MUSIC OF THE HUNGARIANS VERSUS HUNGARIAN MUSIC

By PAUL HENRY LÁNG

IN the brief article devoted to Hungarian music in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1935), the authoritative English encyclopedia of music, the author of the article, after a summary and incorrect description, states that Hungarian music was the result of the "combination of Gypsy melodies with Magyar rhythms." This statement is followed by a most curious conclusion: "The importance of Hungarian music lies not so much in its intrinsic beauty or interest as in the use made of it by the classical masters." While such opinions represent an astonishing lack of information, the author is not altogether at fault. What music reached the rest of the world from Hungary was, until very recent times, considered merely as a sort of curiosity, to be used preferably as a tonic, or to furnish an exotic touch. The innumerable compositions entitled *all'Ongarese*, "Hungarian Dance," "Gypsy Reverie," "Scenes from the Puszta," etc. have as little to do with genuine Hungarian music as the music of the parlour cowboys we see in the moving pictures has with American folksong. But before we can accuse any writer of misinformation we must admit that it was one of the greatest and most universally known composers of Hungarian birth who is responsible for the perpetuation, if not for the origin, of the myth of the identity of Hungarian and Gypsy music. Liszt's *The Gypsies and their Music in Hungary* (1859), written with more eloquence than factual knowledge, is the work from which most subsequent authors have quoted. They did not take into account the fact that Liszt was a citizen of the world, more closely attached to the music of France

and Germany than to that of his native land (although never forgetting his origins nor dampening his enthusiasm for anything Hungarian) and all his information on this subject was perforce from secondary sources. His aristocratic nature and mode of life and his having forgotten his native tongue prevented him from coming into contact with the people themselves. That Sir Philip Sidney already praised Hungarian music in the sixteenth century, and that a century before Sidney (and about the time when the vanguard of the wandering Gypsies first appeared in Europe) the papal envoy reported home that music at the court of Hungary rivaled the papal chapel choir, no one concerned with music seemed to know, although political scholars could easily have enlightened the musical historian.

Being a nomadic tribe and resisting political and economic organization unless forced to it by necessity, the Gypsies always shaped their life to the opportunities offered by the social organization of the country of their residence. In so doing they usually appropriated some of the cultural properties of the host nation and these properties they acclimatized to suit their taste. The part of the Gypsy population which did not continue its incredibly primitive nomadic life sought employment in the urban centres. Among the latter were the musicians, always numerous among the Gypsies. The folk music of the Gypsies, or rather the little that is known of it, is naturally vocal music, unaccompanied songs, whereas what became so popular in Hungary and abroad is exclusively instrumental music performed by Gypsy bands. This alone should make us wary, for ensemble music presupposes a high musical culture ; the people sing or play single instruments. One look at the typical Gypsy band with its fiddles, viola, occasional clarinet, cello, bass fiddle, and *cimbalom* will convince us of the relatively recent origin of the "Hungarian-Gypsy music" as we know it to-day, for the so-called thoroughbass practice, the highly developed instrumental ensemble technique of the baroque era, is clearly indicated by the invariable presence of the *cimbalom*, a variety of the dulcimer, or percussion zither, the *cimbalom* taking the part of the baroque harpsichord or cembalo. This the Gypsies could have obtained only from the predominantly

Germanic musical culture of the cities, hence theirs is neither an ancient nor a Hungarian heritage, nor is theirs an original creative art. What distinguishes the Gypsies and what left a considerable impression on Hungarian music was their original and peculiar art of performance. It was this which arrested Liszt's attention, and this is what prompted the author of the above-mentioned article to deny intrinsic value to Hungarian music. But Hungarian music proper has a separate identity and has other and clearly older sources, for the Gypsy paraphrases contained elements of Hungarian popular as well as German art music, otherwise we would hear more about Rumanian-Gypsy music or Serbian-Gypsy music, eastern and south-eastern Europe harbouring a substantial Gypsy population.

National literatures and national music both stem from folklore. The great wealth of early epic poetry, balladry, and minstrelsy of the western nations is well known not only to scholars but to the public at large, but Hungarian folklore, while the subject of investigation since the early nineteenth century, was not accorded a thoroughly scientific treatment until the beginning of our century. It was the literary historians, studying the texts of the folksongs, who called attention to the necessity of exploring the musical elements contained in them, for they knew that the origin of folklore is musical. They were baffled, however, by the frequent and marked discrepancies between prosody, textual rhythm and metre, and the corresponding musical passages. The researches of the eminent literary scholar Béla Vikár were followed by those of Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály, each of whom united in one person the rare qualities of great composer and trained musicologist. They established the fact that the music published in most earlier anthologies was not genuine native folksong but what we may call popular art-music, most of it the residue of foreign "light" music. There began a scholarly activity of large scope. Bartók, Kodály, and some of their disciples began a systematic search for uncontaminated Hungarian folklore.

The modern folklorist does not trust his ears alone, he takes to the field with phonographic equipment which records all the subtle shades and variants our ears cannot pick up with

absolute certainty. After having collected thousands of examples, Bartók published a treatise on Hungarian folksong (1924). One fact of the utmost importance became evident from his findings, namely that after the Gypsy and other alterations and additions had been peeled off, these folksongs exhibited definite traces of an ancient national musical culture going back to the times when the Magyars lived in the company of other western Asiatic tribes. Some of these tunes show a remarkable similarity to recorded songs of such other members of the Finno-Ugrian group of the Urals as the Vogul, Cheremissian, and Baskir. Migration to Europe, the establishment of Christianity and of royal power, and the assimilation of Western European cultural elements caused profound changes in the life of the Magyars. The political, religious, and social reorientation did not favour their ancient traditions, their heathen gods, stories, and songs. Their age-old national poetry and mythology were slowly starved and disappeared completely save for some Latin descriptions found in the chronicles of contemporary clerics. From such chronicles we know that these ancient Hungarians had national epics comparable to those of the western nations, and since old epic poetry was invariably sung in every civilization, there must have been music that accompanied the poems. That this ancient epic poetry as chanted by the minstrels was still fully alive in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is proven by the *Gesta Hungarorum* of "Anonymus," the celebrated chronicler of King Béla II (or III) who admits that he based the history of the ancient Hungarians' conquest of their European home on the "garrulous" stories of the minstrels.

The meeting of primitive western Asia with the culture of Europe created a conflict that accompanied Hungary throughout its millennium of existence in the European commonwealth of nations. Cultural assimilation is a slow process, and while the upper strata of society readjust themselves with relative ease within a generation or two, the large mass of the people retain their heritage for centuries. The power of the elemental national traditions among the unsophisticated peasantry is such that it not only resists foreign influences but assimilates, in its own fashion, such foreign cultural goods as succeed in penetrating its domain. This

power is latent and somnolent sometimes for centuries, but whenever the higher culture of the nation exhausts its resources and slackens its pace, the indestructible and irresistible force of popular art pours through the open breaches to rejuvenate and invigorate arts and letters. It was thus in Italy when the declining music of the *trecento* was followed by a wondrous flourishing of popular song which brought about the great madrigal art of the Renaissance, and in Germany, where the spiritual folksong, raised to an "official" status by Luther, ushered in the great era of German baroque music; and in more recent times, the emergence of Russian music, the phenomenal resurgence of English music at the end of the Victorian period, and the rise of a truly national school of Hungarian music, all owe their impetus to the power and vitality of long quiescent aboriginal forces, now awakened and given freedom of action.

Music is a social art *par excellence*. To reach higher flights it must, more than any other art, form "schools," that is, certain groups for its cultivation. Such schools usually arose from the middle classes, which produced the artisan who in the service of aristocratic households was given an opportunity to develop his art. Being a person frequenting both strata of society, the people and the aristocracy, he absorbed influences emanating from both and when, with the passing of a courtly period, the leadership fell to him he was able to institute a school of his own. This presupposes, however, an urban, middle-class civilization which in Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, France, and England produced an uninterrupted and incomparable musical culture. The situation in Hungary was entirely different. The country was an agrarian land with few urban settlements of any size, and in these cities there was a substantial population of Germanic origin (Transylvanian Saxons, Zipser Germans, etc.) which naturally brought with it a developed musical culture diametrically opposed to the Hungarian. Thus the transfer and merger of popular and aristocratic musical practice could not take place for lack of a suitable agency. On the other hand, the German urban population, with its characteristic thoroughness and fondness for its cultural properties, never ceased to foster its own art, looking with the same condescension upon the artistic pro-

ducts of the Hungarian populace as present-day English and American Wagnerites reserve for Italian opera. In both cases it is a question of diametrically opposed national cultural elements that do not bear comparison and can be approached from their own perspective only.

Other important influences that contributed toward the course that Hungarian music was destined to take were the dissemination of Christianity and its ritual music, and the extinction of the House of Hungary. By the twelfth century, monastery and cathedral schools were well established and undertook the systematic teaching of plainsong and hymnody. Another century or two, and the cultivation of Gregorian chant became an inalienable part of Hungarian musical life. The famous *Codex Pray*, a Latin manuscript from the beginning of the thirteenth century, which contains the oldest extended monument of the Hungarian language and as such has been the object of intensive studies, is equally important where music in Hungary is concerned. The learned secretary of the Hungarian National Museum, Coloman Isóz, published in 1922 an interesting analysis of the musical part of the *Codex*, from which we learn that the manuscript was in continuous use for a century and a half, as proven by the successive entries of antiphons, Psalms, and hymns made by eight different Benedictine monks. Such uninterrupted practice of Gregorian music is of great importance, for the history of music has taught us that all western art music arose from the various arbitrary treatments to which the Gregorian melodies were subjected. For the next generations the existence of such a course of affairs can be proven only through circumstantial evidence, namely through the periodic synodal decrees against "unlawful alterations" of the consecrated melodies; then, in another manuscript dating from 1508 *Codex Nádor* the first Gregorian tunes appear with a Hungarian text, soon followed by a number of Hungarian Graduals and Protestant hymnals. The music of these songbooks still awaits the musicologists' spade and magnifying glass, but the few specimens so far published testify to a secularization that parallels the similar course of events in the west; consequently we are dealing here with an original branch of the great European musical culture engendered and influenced by Gregorian music.

The first Hungarian dynasty of the House of Árpád became extinct in 1301 and the monarchs coming from the Anjou and Luxemburg line brought with them a foreign education and orientation which inevitably resulted in the exchange of cultural relations. While formerly it had been rather unusual for a noted foreign musician to visit the Hungarian court (Peire Vidal, the great *trouvère*, visited King Imre's court about 1200) the visitors now became numerous until, in the court of Matthias Corvinus, Wladislas II, and Louis II, some of the best of Europe's musicians, among them Barbireau, Stoltzer, and Willaert, found at least a temporary home. King Matthias's choir ranked with the papal chapel choir and with the celebrated imperial chapels and *maîtrises* in Germany and in the Low Countries. It appears that in the meantime instrumental music made great forward strides. The chronicles testify to an animated musical life, with instrumentalists mentioned in numbers from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and by the time of King Matthias's brilliant reign there were elaborate organs in the king's palaces and forts as well as in the cathedrals. It must be said, however, that all this was a segment of the international Franco-Flemish musical art and not a manifestation of Hungarian national culture.

Meanwhile the Hungarian literary language grew. Practised by clerics, this native literature dealt mainly with the history of saints, with hymns of praise and supplication, and there are fragments of a fifteenth-century translation of the Bible. Christian civilization, now centuries old, could not, however, eradicate entirely the memories of the dim past, for the presence of ancient heathen cultural elements is again demonstrated by the ecclesiastic fulminations against the storytelling wandering musician, the *igric*, evidently a Hungarian variety of the minstrel and jongleur. Indeed, the many popular epics flourishing during the reign of King Matthias Corvinus (1440—1490) can be explained only by the survival of popular elements unaffected by the ages. The impact of the Renaissance, noticeable in the court of the great king and among the feudal nobility and the high clergy, exerted no appreciable influence on national culture proper since it was a humanism practised entirely in Latin. Nevertheless, the Renaissance did not pass without leaving its impress on Hungarian life, for the

study of the culture of classicism secularized the spirit of the clergy, and fostered a spirit of scepticism. The great catastrophe of the Turkish invasion after the disastrous Battle of Mohács (1526), was followed by bloody uprisings of the peasantry and the fratricidal rivalry of the two kings, resulting in a universal decline of cultural life. Then came Protestantism, and the nation, torn between the contending kings, its religious leaders fallen on the battlefields, was ripe for the propagation of the new faith which spread with unbelievable rapidity. Now another wave of music, the Protestant spiritual song or hymn, reached the country. The ancient *igric* relinquished his position to the lute-playing rhapsodist known as *kobzos* or *lantos*. We no longer need to rely on circumstantial evidence, for in Peter Ilosvai Selymes (second half of the sixteenth century) and Sebastian Tinódi (c. 1505—1556) we are dealing with historical figures and their printed works. Tinódi, who carried as his middle name the epithet "the lutenist," is the most important early Hungarian epic poet, a man of wide culture and experience, equally familiar with the traditions of the courtly minstrels, and the popular fiddlers. Both of these ancient arts represented a musical culture of great variety, encompassing chronicle, balladry, *chanson de geste*, parody, Biblical story, and classical legend. This literature was not intended for reading but for singing, and if the literary historians have considered Tinódi's poetry rather for its historical value, Benedict Szabolcsi, the distinguished Hungarian musicologist, was amply justified in regarding him as an epoch-making phenomenon in the history of Hungarian music, for if the verses are somewhat wobbly, the twenty-three melodies noted in his *Chronicles* are remarkable not only from the point of view of Hungarian musical history, but in the larger orbit of European musical history. Once this modest poetry is sung, the tunes endow it with a singular fervour.

The period of the Protestant Reformation was the first period of lyric poetry in Hungarian literature, and ever since Anacreon and Sappho lyricism has been synonymous with music. The old love-songs, rejected by the learned clerics and not considered worthy of preservation by notation, managed to survive and now appeared as so-called "flower-songs." At the same time the same phenomenon that accompanied the Re-

formation in Germany, the spiritual song, made its appearance and found universal acceptance. This animated and warlike era produced the first great lyric poet, Valentin Balassa (or Balassi, 1551—1594). Raised in a strict Protestant home, he proved to be a true son of his times; a soldier fighting the Turks, writing magnificent love poetry to the wife of the commander of his fort, then taking part in a rebellion and spending his time in captivity, addressing to God the most moving supplications of a man conscious of his sins, again falling in the throes of passionate amours and, returning to the battlefields, dying of the wounds received in battle. This highly gifted poet was acquainted with both classical poetry and the folksong of the nations around him, as well as with the Psalm translations of Marot and Beza. More than his eminent French colleagues Balassa was a well informed and trained musician and the lyric forms he created were shaped to induce musical settings, some of them of his own composition, although the majority of the melodies notated by him were borrowed from a variety of sources. Both poets and musicians of the following era were entirely under his influence, but while they imitated him copiously, they could not rise to his lyricism.

In the epic chronicles of the sixteenth century (such as Tinódi's) we discern the basic rhythmic and melodic peculiarities of Hungarian music, and by the end of the century a remarkable merger and consolidation took place. War, rivalry, and misery forced the royal court to disband its many resident artists, who sought asylum in the cities and in the castles of the great lords, thus decentralizing musical life. Printing and the importation of Protestant songbooks from Germany promoted a double purpose. On the one hand it diluted the Franco-Flemish style reigning in art music by acquainting the musicians with the less developed products of the German Protestant *Kirchenlied*, which, in its turn, made possible a less supercilious attitude toward the music of the people. The first printed Hungarian songbooks (Warsaw, 1536 and 1538) were soon followed by many others.

Balassa's melodies prove that the various ingredients were already thoroughly assimilated by his time, but they also prove that in spite of centuries of Gregorian culture, and the more

recent and powerful influence of Franco-Flemish, Italian, and German music, the ancient native folksong which gave this amalgamated dialect its final stamp could not be overpowered. The Gypsies and their peculiar manner of performance have nothing whatever to do with this national musical idiom. Some of Tinódi's tunes together with others dating from the sixteenth century were still alive in the unspoiled hinterlands of the Hungarian peasantry when Bartók and Kodály began their momentous task in the first decade of our century, but this music is not identical with the export article of the nineteenth century. While a truly national musical culture was thus slowly overtaking the older and isolated German, flourishing in the cities, the latter was by no means stagnant. It gave to European musical life such celebrated musicians as Valentin Greff Bakfark, one of the most eminent composers and lute virtuosi of the sixteenth century.

Shortly after the advent of the seventeenth century a new spiritual orientation made itself felt. The bloody wars, the intense misery, plague, and general disorganization had shaken people's belief in the new religion which they had hoped would give them peace and respite from their sufferings. This forlorn feeling coincided with the revival of the Catholic Church in Hungary, now enlivened by the European-wide movement of the Counter-Reformation. The fearless and devout soldiers of the movement, the Jesuits, began their activity, organizing schools, the printing-press, and soon dominating the intellectual life of the country. They regained much of the provinces lost to the Mother Church, especially since the Protestant factions were warring against each other. While the controversy was sharp, the convictions of the Protestants resulted in a lyricism as sincerely felt as the brilliant oratory of the leader of the Counter-Reformation, Peter Pázmány, Primate of Hungary. In this atmosphere epic poetry cast away its popular nature and became more purely literary by renouncing musical rendition. On the other hand, lyric poetry, which had started so auspiciously with Balassa, came to the fore and flourished both in the Protestant songs and in the aristocratic entertainments. Much of this lyricism also was more literary than musical, even though the most important poet of the period, Stephen Gyöngyösi (1625—1704), still carried the epithet "lutenist."

The pendulum again swung back to Catholic music, and while the Protestant song literature did not continue its growth, Catholic church song — learning much from the earlier Protestant experiments — developed so rapidly that after the middle of the seventeenth century it was already able to evolve, besides the popular branch, an artistic literature which testifies to organic connections with the reigning church style as represented by Viadana, Durante, and the other leading Italian composers of the century. At the end of the century these interesting if unexplored experiments in Catholic church music were summarized in Prince Paul Esterházy's *Harmonia Coelestis*. This distinguished ancestor of the Esterházy princes who became well-known as Haydn's benevolent mentors, although the premier peer of Hungary, was an accomplished musician equally familiar with the art music of his times and with specifically Hungarian music and musical aspirations. Using the developed technique of western concerted church music he gave us in his anthology a work as significant in Hungarian musical history as was Viadana s *Cento Concerti Ecclesiastici* a century before in Italy. Prince Esterházy had no true followers, for in the eighteenth century the Hungarian accents which made this church music unique disappeared almost entirely as the country succumbed to German and Italian influences.

In the meantime the aristocratic residences interested themselves more and more in music, and in the wake of a growing number of instrumental *ensembles* active in the castles an instrumental literature of great variety arose. The wealth of this instrumental music is well described in various writings, but the music itself is lost — that is, almost lost, for while the original *ensemble* scores are not extant, the general European practice of making "piano reductions" saved enough examples for us to form an idea of its nature. The instrument for which these transcriptions were arranged was the so-called virginal, popular in Elizabethan and Jacobean England. John Kájoni (1630—1687), learned custodian of the Franciscan Order in Transylvania, collected many such transcriptions, for nowhere was Hungarian music more assiduously practised than in the old Hungarian principality of Transylvania. The much treasured manuscript bearing Kájoni's name is our chief source of seven-

teenth century music in Hungary. An integral edition of the engaging and interesting pieces contained in the *Codex Kájoni* would be most welcome to all students of the history of music.

In the second half of the seventeenth century as well as in the first quarter of the eighteenth, the nation again produced a remarkable folklore. Although peace was nominally secured. Hungarians watched with apprehension the Habsburgs' systematic destruction of national life. Opposition and insurrection were rife, but the retaliatory measures were swift and cruel; under their blows people forgot even the Turks and the religious hatred which had surrounded them since the Reformation, and desired nothing but riddance of the foreign dynasty and the recovery of their freedom. The fervent patriots, the *kuruc*, were taunted and challenged by the "loyalist" *labanc*, and the sufferings of the former were eloquently expressed in the so-called *kuruc* poetry and music, especially rich and moving after the defeat of Francis Rákóczi (1711), when the adherents of the Prince of Transylvania became outlaws hiding in the woods and marshes. The *kuruc* songs belong to the finest of Hungarian music, but the general decline that followed Rákóczi's times prevented their being noted down like the virginal pieces. Thus most of them lived by oral tradition and were collected and noted down generations later. This alone would not have prevented their preservation for, as we have seen, folksongs live for centuries, but the historian is here faced with the same dilemma that troubled English literary historians of the last century. The eminent scholar of *kuruc* literature, Coloman Thaly (1839—1909), carried away by his enthusiasm like another Macpherson, inserted a number of his exquisite poems in his anthology, supposedly the publication of authentic manuscript material. The melodies, published by Julius Káldy, likewise require thoroughgoing musicological scrutiny, for many of them are obviously of much more recent origin and show the traces of Gypsy influence.

Exhausted in its struggle for constitution and territorial integrity, the nation began to be reconciled with the rule of the Habsburgs. While the heroic *kuruc* fathers suffered privations in exile, and were hunted like convicts, their sons accepted governmental positions. The high aristocracy spent

most of its time in Vienna basking in the aureole of the court, speaking French and German instead of their native tongue (the lower gentry took to Latin), and learning to appreciate the minuets and rondeaux of the then fashionable Louis XIV style. Until the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when a revival set in, there was neither a political nor an artistic concept or ideal to be followed. We have arrived, then, at the period when the contamination of the original musical patrimony of Hungary began. The subsequent chapter in the history of Hungarian music, until the resurgence of national music in the twentieth century, requires an entirely different approach and treatment, which we shall present in another article.

* For previous articles on various aspects of Hungarian music we would refer our readers to contributions by Béla Bartók (Summer 1937), Herbert Antcliffe (Autumn 1938), and Zoltán Kodály (Autumn 1939).

THE HERDSMAN'S LIFE

By BÉLA GUNDA

SEVENTEENTH, eighteenth and nineteenth-century English travellers to Eastern Europe such as Brown, Townson, Brace and Paget often mention the fine cattle and interesting pastoral life of the Hungarians. As a result of these descriptions a romantic picture of the Hungarian *puszta* grew up in people's minds: the *puszta* was the home of fierce *csikós* and the *betyár*, the cowboy and the brigand, the monotony of the endless plain broken only now and then by a *csárda*, a lonely well or a small mound hiding, according to popular belief, a magic treasure; in reality these hillocks are burial-places from the epoch of the migration of peoples. The picture of the Hungarian *puszta*, the great open plain, as outlined by these western European travellers is often far removed from the reality, but it shows that the western visitor was struck by the exotic character of Hungarian pastoral life, though this is merely the outcome of Hungary's history, geographical situation and ethnical peculiarities. A Hungarian traveller of the same epoch might have written of the Welsh or Provençal shepherds with the same admiration his western European contemporary had for the Hungarian *csikós*.

When the Hungarians appeared on the South Russian steppes in the eighth or ninth century A. D., they were a fighting and nomadic people. They bred horses, cattle, sheep, swine, goats and camels. The latter were used mainly as pack-animals, and their breeding ceased only towards the end of the thirteenth century. The horse was an import-

* The decorations for this article were specially drawn for *The Hungarian Quarterly* by Nicholas Győry, whose work is by now familiar to our readers. The border of the first is taken from a design dating from the time of the migration of the peoples, while the other motifs are from wood-carvings made by Hungarian shepherds.



ant animal to the Hungarians; horse-offerings were customary and from finds in ninth and tenth-century tombs we know that warriors were often buried with their horses. The Hungarians milked the mares and from their fermented milk they made a drink called *kumiss*, known to the Turkish peoples of Central Asia as well.

The life of the nomadic Hungarians living to the north of the Black Sea in the ninth century has been described by the Arabic writer Ibn Rosteh. They lived in tents, he tells us, moving always to places where they found suitable pastures for their animals. In winter they lived on the banks of a river, fishing. Ibn Rosteh also tells us that they cultivated the fields; their agriculture in the steppes of South Russia may have been similar to the present-day agriculture of the Kirgiz people. The Kirgiz sow their fields in spring, and then move along to the mountains or to their remote summer pasture-grounds, leaving behind a few servants and old men to guard the land. They return in autumn to harvest the crop. Only such a form of agriculture made it possible for the Hungarians to breed pigs, for pig-breeding is impossible with a purely nomadic way of living.

At the end of the ninth century the Hungarians occupied the basin of the Carpathians, inhabited before them by a small number of Slavs and a few minor peoples of Turkish race, *e. g.* the Bessenyős. The first settlements of the Hungarians are characteristic of their nomadic, cattle-breeding life. They settled in the first place in the Great and the Little Hungarian Plain, the eastern part of Transdanubia and the central areas of Transylvania, avoiding as far as possible the territories unfit for pasturing, sandy areas and woods of beech and conifers without undergrowth; they settled for preference near oak-forests, where the brush provided good food for the flock, and the acorns for the swine.

What was pastoral life like in the centuries following the Conquest? We do not know exactly its ethnographic

peculiarities; it was undoubtedly characteristically nomadic, though it was strongly influenced by the new geographical and historic conditions. The new laws of the Hungarian kings, inspired by western European institutions, the new economic and social order did not favour nomadic herdsmanship, but could not destroy it; and up to our times Hungarian animal-breeding has preserved nomadic elements, linking it to that of the Turkish peoples.

The real domain of herdsmanship was the Great Hungarian Plain, the *pusztas* of the Hortobágy, Bugac, Ecseg, the district between the Danube and the Tisza. In the Transdanubian counties Baranya, Somogy and Veszprém the animals, pigs in particular, were pastured in the woods. In Transylvania, in the valley of the Black Körös, around Kalotaszeg and in the Székely areas, cattle-breeding was especially developed. During the summer, the animals were driven up to the mountains, in the county of Udvarhely, and the women too accompanied them. We have evidence that as late as in the nineteenth century the Székelys kept their horses in the mountains during winter as well.

Though the Great Plain had always been the home of nomadic herdsmen, the real *puszta* came into being only in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in consequence of the Turkish conquest. In the areas conquered by the Turks towns and villages were destroyed, the population dispersed, agriculture stopped, the forests burned out. Drainage, started in the eighteenth century, desiccated the territory and the barren alkali lands came into being, which are now gradually being turned into cultivated regions by irrigation. Forests were ruined by pasturing; the flocks fed there particularly in winter, eating the young shoots and scratching the undergrowth out from under the snow. These forests could never revive on the sandy ground; in the eighteenth century, the authorities usually prohibited the herdsmen from feeding their flock in the woods.

The Hungarian *pusztas* and pasture-grounds usually formed the property of a town or village: the animals of the peasants were guarded by paid herdsmen. Most of the animals lived on the pastures the whole year round; this custom survived until the end of the nineteenth century. The old Hungarian breeds

were well suited to this way of life, for they could stand heat and cold equally well. In winter they ate dry sedge, reeds or rushes. The herdsmen entrusted with the guarding of the animals were unmarried and lived in the *puszta* for many years on end; they were called *szilaj* herdsmen, which means "unmanageable." They only cared about the number of their flock; quality did not matter to them. Being unmarried, they did women's work too: cooked their own food and provided for their simple clothing consisting mainly of animal hides. A strict discipline ruled among the herdsmen. Their head was the *számadó*; he was responsible for the whole flock and at the same time himself the owner of animals, who ran his own stock together with the rest of the flock. The *számadó* was assisted in his duties by younger herdsmen, the *bojtárs*, whose number depended on the size of the flock. It was the youngest *bojtár's* job to fetch the provisions of the herdsmen from the village. Women were to be found only in the huts of the shepherds. Their job was the manufacture of cheese, but in winter they returned to the village. The number of flocks and herds varied according to the district and the kind of animals; in the Kiskunság (a part of the Great Plain once settled by Cumanians) sometimes 800—1000 cattle were herded together.

There was also another method in use, by which the animals were kept on the pastures only from spring till autumn, and in winter were driven back to the village, to their stalls.

The villages and peasant towns of the Great Hungarian Plain had two belts of pasture-ground: an inner and an outer one. On the first they kept the animals needed for agricultural labour; it was near to the inhabited areas, often just outside the town or village proper. The outer pastures were sometimes fifty to eighty miles away from the village or town. The boundaries of the pasture-grounds were fixed by the municipal or village authorities, but they were usually disregarded by the herdsmen. We find the same system, only less regularly, in Transylvania. There, the flocks are driven up to the high mountains in summer and after the fall of the first snow they are gradually driven down into the valleys. In the marshy areas and the moorlands, the cattle were usually driven to an island where they remained as long as there was anything



to eat; in such places, the flock could remain unguarded.

To-day, pasture-grounds having greatly diminished the flocks are fed on the stubble-fields after the harvest, in the maizefields after the cobs have been harvested, and in early spring, on the green corn.

In the Great Hungarian Plain the areas devoted to animal-breeding represent, so to speak, agricultural-settlements complementing the dwelling-settlements, *i. e.* the villages and peasant towns where the farming peasants live. Each area, the Hortobágy, the Kiskunság, has its own peculiar form of settlement, consisting of primitive buildings made for the protection of herdsmen and live-stock. These buildings, more or less remote from one another, form a part of the landscape, as plants and factories do in a manufacturing district, and an observant eye will easily distinguish their manifold variants.

There are shepherds who have no shelter whatever from spring to autumn; they live in the open together with their flock. A donkey easily carries all their belongings. The animals have to be protected in the first place against the wind. To this end, reed-work walls two to three metres high are built, branching from a centre in different directions. The Hungarian name for this fence is *szárnyék* or *karám*. The word *karám* is of Bulgaro-Turkish origin and from this we may conclude that the Hungarians became acquainted with this sort of primitive building to the south of the Ural Mountains. The *szárnyék* is built in a different place every year, so that the dung of the animals should improve the land in more than one place. The *szárnyék* is characteristic of the Kiskunság as well as the Hortobágy; it is interesting to note that we find many of them around Hajdúszoboszló in the inner pastures, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town itself. The primitive hut of the shepherd is usually attached to one of the walls of the *szárnyék*. The Hortobágy shepherds collect the dung around the *szárnyék* and sell it in the towns for fuel.

Sometimes uncovered folds or pens are built of reeds, dung or wickerwork in order to keep the flock together; these are often of a circular shape and called *akol*, *karám* or *kosár* (basket) in the language of the Hungarian herdsmen. A typical building of the inner pastures, where the sheep are kept, is the *esztena*, a fold built of reeds, wickerwork or planks. It is usually quadrangular and has two entrances. The sheep are driven in by the larger one, the shepherd sits in the narrower one, and milks the ewes before letting them out again. Herdsmen often use horses' skulls for stools. The *esztena* is better known in Transylvania than elsewhere. Covered sheds were never built in the *puszta* for the animals; the quadrangular, covered huts now used for sheep are of recent origin.

The dwellings of the *puszta* herdsmen were as primitive as those of the animals. The important thing was to have a place protected from the wind, where a fire could be lighted and food cooked. The cowherds of the Kiskunság spread the hide of dead oxen between two of their staffs to protect their fire from the wind; at a more advanced stage a wall of reed or wickerwork was used for the same purpose. In the eastern part of the Great Plain the herdsmen sleep under the shelter of reeds or twigs. The shepherds of the Kiskunság, when they guarded their flock in the forest in winter, drove a few stakes into the ground in a semicircle, covered them with wickerwork and spent the nights in this shelter round a fire. To the east of the Tisza, herdsmen lived in cone-shaped, round reed-huts; a kettle hanging from a wooden hook in the middle served for cooking purposes. The *cserény* is to be found only between the Danube and the Tisza: it consists of four reed or wickerwork walls held by stakes. Originally the *cserény* was entirely roofless, or only roofed in one corner; we know, however, of covered ones in more recent times. The *cserény* remained in its place for about three or four weeks, then it was put up in another part of the pasture-ground. To the *cserény* belonged a two-wheeled cart, in which provisions, tools and the *cserény* itself could be carried from one place to the other. Before the *cserény* the herdsmen put up a strong, forked pole: the animals rub against it, the herdsman hangs his various belongings on it, and he climbs on it when he wants to see where his flock is

grazing among the sandhills. Another post is made out of a young poplar. The upper part of the crown is left and often decorated with red paprika. This indicates the home of the herdsman among the hills and woods; it serves to indicate at the same time that the herdsman possesses the right of pasturage for the area where he has put up his signpost, and no other herdsman is allowed to graze his flock in the neighbourhood.

On the Hortobágy, the horse- and cowherds originally lived a nomadic life. Unlike shepherds they did not use the ass as a pack-animal, but had vehicles similar to the two-wheeled carts of the Kiskunság herdsmen. These carts were drawn by a horse, sometimes even by one of the younger herdsmen. The cart did not follow the flock everywhere, but in the morning when the herdsmen took the flock out to the pastures, they told the young herdsman, whose duty it was to look after cart and horse, where they would be at noon or nightfall, and he drove directly there and waited for his comrades with their meals all prepared. These two-wheeled carts are the late descendants of the wheeled tents of the nomadic Turkish peoples. They are only used in the plains; in the Carpathians, the herdsmen have wooden huts built on sledge-runners, which can easily be pulled up on the steep mountain pastures. In summer, hay is also carried down from the mountains on sledges.

All these primitive buildings for the protection of herdsmen and flocks are the settlement forms of the *puszta*. But pastoral life has left its traces in the forms of settlement of the villages and peasant towns as well.

In the northern part of the Great Hungarian Plain we find villages where the houses, built close to each other, are surrounded by the stables and other farm buildings. This type of settlement was the usual one in the southern part of the Plain as well, before the sixteenth century, but the Turks destroyed these ancient settlements. The newcomers, ignoring the old system, settled in regular villages and rows of houses as ordered by the authorities. In the old type of Hungarian village the houses occupied the centre; there the women lived with the old people and the children. In this central part there existed originally neither yard nor street; the houses stood higgledy-piggledy and one passed from one to the other



without any obstacle. This nucleus was surrounded by the belt of the stables. Here the men lived with their animals, and this was the place where farm work was done. Hay and straw was stored there, and there too was the threshing-ground, where the corn was trodden out by horses. In this outer belt the possessions of the farmers were divided from each other, usually by walls built of mud. The men lived in the stables, more or less like the herdsmen on the pasture-grounds. In a corner of the stable there was a fireplace, around it mud-benches for sitting and sleeping. Sitting on the bench, the men roasted bacon, toasted bread, but cooked only now and then. In these stables surrounding the houses, the milch-cows and sheep were kept, and those animals that were needed for farm work. These were only driven to the inner pastures, which lay in the immediate neighbourhood of the stables, surrounding them in a belt just as the stables encircled the houses. Only seldom the house and stable of a farmer adjoined each other; usually other buildings were wedged between the two, and in larger towns the distance between house and stable amounted to half a mile or more. The yard around the stable was always larger than that around the house. From the centre of the village, several roads led out to the pastures; they were shaped like funnels, broadening outwards, because the number of animals that were driven to the pastures increased towards the outskirts of the village.

This form of settlement remained unchanged until the end of the past century. It is essentially identical with the settlement type of certain Turkish peoples. The winter quarters of the Kara-Kirgiz people, for example, also consist of two parts. The nucleus is formed by the tents erected close to each other; it is surrounded by the live stock, usually in the open air, or protected by some primitive shed or improvised stable.

Until the eighteenth century land was held in common on the Great Hungarian Plain, and the farmers used the land

for a few years, after which it again became common property. It was not worth while therefore to erect permanent buildings in the fields. When this system of farming was abolished, and the peasants could do what they liked with the land, the farmer took his stable from the village or town out into the fields and thus the above-mentioned form of settlement was dissolved. To the north of the Kiskunság and around the Hortobágy this process set in as early as 1730. The old form of herdsmanship continued on the common pasture grounds, although an increasing part of the land was devoted to farming purposes. At first the stables transplanted from the villages or towns were primitive buildings to be used only in summer; in winter the peasants moved back into the towns. The authorities severely persecuted and punished those who lived out in the fields the whole year round. The main accusations brought against them were that they did not assist in public work, and endangered public security by maintaining connections with all kinds of vagabonds and highwaymen. But the precautions of the authorities were in vain. This new form of settlement continued to spread in the nineteenth century, the time when the Great Hungarian Plain was being drained. Much land was gained for farming by drainage and agriculture was promoted furthermore by the building of railroads and the improvement of communications which provided new markets for corn. The distant fields could no longer be cultivated from the village and the farmer had to move out, temporarily or permanently, to his farm. This was the origin of the peculiar form of settlement of the Great Hungarian Plain, the group of *tanyas*, farms widely scattered around the villages and peasant towns.

Originally, the *tanya* was nothing but the stable moved to the field. The traditions of the Hungarian peasant do not allow his wife and children to live under the same roof as their animals, thus the stable could not develop into a house. A separate house, quite similar to the houses of the village, was built close to the stables. Thus the old settlement suited o the purposes of extensive cattle-breeding developed into tthe intensive agricultural settlement. To-day we find only here and there an island of the old immense *pusztas* amidst the territories devoted to intensive agriculture; these *pusztas* are



now, as has been mentioned already, common pasture grounds in the possession of a town or village, where paid herdsmen guard the animals of the peasant farmers.

Nomadic peoples have very few belongings to encumber them in their wanderings; their animals or their surroundings provide them with all they need. The same may be observed with the Hungarian herdsmen. Far from the villages, out in the *puszta*, there is no choice of food; the herdsman has to eat what he has. That would mean meat in the first place, but the Hungarian herdsman has plenty of vegetable food too, and bread is often replaced by the mealy roots of reeds. In autumn the Hortobágy herdsman digs up the holes of the field-mouse and takes away the corn and maize stored up by these animals. Milk is another important item of their food. Mare's milk was drunk by the Hungarians up to the fifteenth century, and *kumiss*, the fermented drink of Asiatic peoples, was made of it. To-day it is sometimes used medicinally. Cows are milked in the nomadic way, standing or squatting. Cow's milk is drunk either fresh or *tarhó*, the Hungarian equivalent of the yoghurt of the Turkish peoples, is made of it: the milk is curdled by bread-crust soaked in milk and water, and by milk taken from the stomach of young lambs, but to-day it is made only in the Kiskunság. Butter-making never belonged to the occupations of the Hungarian cowherd.

Dairy-farming exists only in connection with sheep-raising. We have said already that in old times the milch-sheep were kept in the inner pasture-ground around the village and here the milking was done too. Small farmers keep their sheep in a common flock, guarded by a shepherd and divide the milk among themselves according to previous agreement. In the county of Borsod, for instance, 120 sheep form a flock, of which 20 belong to a single farmer; one shepherd thus guards the sheep of six farmers. On each day of the week, another farmer milks the sheep, and on that day the whole milk

belongs to him, while on the seventh day, it is the shepherd who does the milking and gets the milk. Various kinds of cheese and curds *(túró)* are made of sheep's milk; formerly, this work was done by the farmers' wives, but to-day by the shepherds. The young animals are muzzled, so that they shal not take the milk from the ewes; the muzzles are very much like those used by the nomadic peoples of Central Asia.

Meat is naturally one of the most important articles of food of the herdsmen. Old herdsmen still remember that they used to eat horsemeat too; the meat of young foals was their favourite titbit. Horses were killed for their fat as well. The dried meat of foals, sheep or cattle is used for provisions. The meat is boiled with paprika, then dried in the sun for four or five days, and when dried it is put into sacks. When the herdsman settles down in a place, he buries the sack in the earth, where the dried meat can be kept for several months. Like the Kirgiz, the shepherds of the Hortobágy boil the entrails of the sheep together with the meat. The herdsmen had to render account of the dead animals to the proprietor, and when they happened to kill animals in secret, they strangled them so that no wound should be seen on the hide.

Apart from these, herdsmen eat much soup into which they boil dried paste. The provisions of paste, bread and bacon are brought from the nearest town every fortnight. Each farmer who had 20 or more horses or oxen, was obliged to feed the herdsmen for a fortnight every year, in addition to his fixed salary. The *szilaj* — "unmanageable" — herdsmen, however, provided their food themselves.

Watch-dogs are generally used. The most important parts of the herdsman's outfit are his staff and whip. The Hungarian herdsman's whip has a short handle and is similar to the Kirgiz one; the short-handled whip is characteristic of equestrian peoples. Generally only the herdsmen guarding horses and cattle are mounted, while the others follow the herd on foot. The staffs used by the Hungarian herdsmen are of a varying shape according to the different kinds of animal. The staff of the herdsmen guarding horses and cattle is clubbed, that of the shepherd has a hook at the end to catch the sheep out of the flock. Originally, though, the Hungarian shepherd had no staff, only a whip. Horses and cows are caught by lasso.



A good herdsman knows his animals so well that he can tell whose property each one is; but different brands are used all the same. The simplest one, used in the Kiskunság, is to tear out a bunch of hair from the cows. Various marks are branded on the flanks of cattle and horses, and these brands are inherited from generation to generation. Sometimes the ears of the animals are split, or various signs carved in the horns of the cattle. The number of animals entrusted by the owner to the shepherd is marked by the herdsmen on a notched stick, or on the handle of his whip.

The herdsmen's social sense is developed, though patriarchal. Their head, the *számadó*, usually originates from a dynasty of famous herdsmen. He gets his pay in cash, kind and stock-keeping. He negotiates with farmers and authorities, he hires the younger herdsmen. The youngest of them guards the house, and does the milking and the cooking. The younger herdsmen respect the *számadó*; they obey him and carry out all his orders. In days gone by many criminals and deserters who wished to hide from the military or civil authorities went to the *puszta*; and for one year they lived as herdsmen, for another as highwaymen and vagabonds. In the eyes of the herdsmen, stealing from the owner was no sin, and stealing from another herdsman only a matter of skill. They were famous for their swearing and much persecuted for this reason by the authorities. In the eighteenth century, swearing herdsmen were severely punished, their tongue was torn out, and we even know of some who were beheaded or hanged for blasphemy. They hardly ever went to town; some of them had not been there for thirty years. Herdsmen were not allowed to spend more than three days in the towns of the Kiskunság, for all they did was drink and make trouble. They spent their spare time in the *csárdas*, the *puszta* inns, in the company of the servant-girls. It goes without saying that they had very vague ideas of religious life. Once a herdsman was asked by

the authorities in the eighteenth century what denomination he belonged to, and he answered proudly: "I am a true Catholic-Calvinist."

Many curious traditions and superstitions survive among the herdsmen. One of them is the new-fire. When the animals are first driven to the pastures, or when the flock is decimated by epidemics, the herdsmen light a "new-fire" by rubbing two sticks together, and the animals are driven across the fire thus lighted. Before the hut of Transylvanian herdsmen, the new-fire is never allowed to die. It has a protective and preventive character. This custom exists with all herdsmen of Eastern Europe. Another means of protecting the animals against evil is to make them step over a chain on the day they are driven out to the pastures. The festivals of the wolf, bear and snake were celebrated on certain days of the year; on these days the herdsmen did not work, nor did they touch a knife, scissors or other sharp instrument lest they should arouse the anger of these animals. In the days preceding Christmas, the children walk along the village streets cracking their whips and ringing bells as a means of protection against evil spirits. The following ceremony on New Year's Eve is meant to keep the animals in good health: the older farmers assemble in the house of the village magistrate, and invite in the herdsmen. When they have drunk their wine, the mayor throws a coin to each herdsman which he has to pick up while he is jumping on one leg. On Christmas Eve, the herdsman goes from house to house, reciting a greeting in each. Then the farmer's wife draws a stick out of the bundle the herdsman is holding in his hand; this twig is carefully preserved and in the following spring it is used to drive out the animals to the pastures the first time they go out.

In former times the herdsmen had their own festivals; they went to the village church, had their balls and other festivities. Now their life has lost much of its traditional colour; the great pasture grounds are gradually disappearing and agriculture takes the place of stock-breeding and the herdsman's life. But in the mountains surrounding the Great Hungarian Plain and especially in Transylvania, the old customs and traditions may still be observed by the ethnographer.

HUNGARY AT THE NEW YORK WORLD FAIR

By VIRGINIA CREED

The author of this article is a frequent writer on Hungary, which she has often visited and knows very well.

THE New York World Fair closed on October 27, 1939 after two eventful and on the whole highly successful seasons. Its immediate concrete aims were achieved. Its original hope of promoting international good will could not, of course, be expected to overcome the obstacles of an era so devoid of that attribute; the cultural seeds of its sowing await some future flowering. Paradoxically, Hungary's contribution to the Fair and the results of the participation for Hungary itself show results in reverse order. The Hungarian Pavilion was a financial success and the American buying public, in addition, became familiar with many Hungarian products, but the current hiatus in world trade makes an immediate effect on Hungarian export to the Americas unlikely. It was in the cultural and spiritual field that Hungary's participation had the most dramatic effect. The message presented by the Pavilion, enthusiastically received by the American press and public, created, extended and deepened widespread interest in Magyar life, art, customs and problems. The fact that Hungary was so conspicuous, especially during the second season of the Fair, in maintaining the international idea and atmosphere that were endangered by the withdrawal of so many foreign exhibitors, made a deep impression that will not soon be forgotten.

To understand the real achievement of the Hungarian Pavilion and all it stood for, it is necessary to glance at the

problems that confronted the Fair as well as those that beset the exhibit of Hungary.

Few world expositions have opened under less auspicious circumstances, although it is amusing if irrelevant to note that almost every great world fair has taken place on the eve of a major war. The current world political situation needs no amplification. But the New York Fair had difficulties peculiar to itself, some indeed of its own making. Most of the overseas exhibitors were from the outset aware that prevailing currency restrictions abroad combined with existing conditions of the overseas passenger traffic to make the Fair management's expectations of a large foreign visitation abortive. As far as the public experiencing the Fair was concerned, there was never any question of its being a world public. Hungary understood that her message was to be delivered to an American public. This American public was in an economic condition which did not predispose it to the spending of large sums of money in visiting any Fair. Furthermore, the great American hinterland perennially suspects New York of designs on its pocketbook. The failure to bridge by effective publicity the gap that separates the people of that hinterland from New York represents the Fair management's most conspicuous failure. It is remarkable, therefore, that despite an unfavourable economic situation and the aloofness of non-New Yorkers, some forty million Americans, among them indeed a very high percentage of non-New Yorkers, attended the Fair. It is safe to assume that the majority were deeply impressed. That they left it well pleased is due in no small measure to the exhibitors in the International Section. Of these Pavilions, Hungary provided one of the most effective and distinguished.

It is easy to understand the difficulties that Hungary faced in exhibiting at the World Fair. All foreign exhibitors were obliged to compete with huge American industries prepared to spend millions to attract the public and having the advantage of an immediate return on their investment because of the direct nature of their sales appeal. Non-American exhibitors shared with American participants the knotty labour problem that threatened to paralyse the actual construction of the Fair. In the opinion of most of the contractors who did

extensive work at the Fair, this arose, not through any acute crises in the long struggle of capital and labour, but through the failure of the Fair management to realize that labour negotiation is now a distinct technique and their resultant failure to supply adepts in it.

Hungary, however, faced severe competition right within the International Section. There she had to compete for attention with large rich countries, willing to spend vast sums to express themselves to the American public. Hungary, in the throes of a domestic reconstruction project that made the most stringent national economy essential, could not invest vast sums. It therefore became imperative that her exhibit should accomplish the maximum in results with a minimum of expenditure. The problem could only be solved by experts in material, display, administration and the psychologies involved. Hungary was fortunate in having such experts available and the problem was solved.

Its solution derives from the individual and combined efforts of four men who were, of course, ably assisted by Hungarian artists, craftsmen, officials and business men, American and Fair officials and Hungarian Americans to whom the exhibition had a specially heartening significance.

Baron Charles de Kruchina, Hungarian Commissioner General to the New York World's Fair, was selected for that position, not only because of his undoubted general qualifications, but also because he had performed the same function in connection with the Berlin Exposition where Hungary as an exhibitor had the same problems of competition and where the Hungarian Exhibit was an unqualified success. Baron de Kruchina brought to the New York exhibit the benefit of his experience there. The choice of the Baron was also fortunate because he combines in his person so many of those qualities which the American public likes to associate with the Hungarian nation. All his appearances and contacts with American officials and public were marked by warmth and mutual satisfaction. His work of spurring Magyar contributors to their most inspired efforts was clearly apparent in the Pavilion which, in its integrated harmony, showed the Baron's touch very distinctly.

The limited if precious space available to Hungarian exhibitors made it necessary to forego both large sensational exhibits as well as those that did not illustrate some phase of life, art or production that was distinctly Magyar and could not possibly be anything else. To the Co-Chairman of the Committee, Mr. John Szablya, fell, among other duties, that of selecting and arranging the exhibits in the large section devoted to Hungarian Applied Arts. Hungarian Applied Arts have always been enthusiastically received abroad and furnish one of the most forceful means of extending Magyar expression abroad. Mr. Szablya, as Executive Vice-President of the Hungarian Society of Applied Art, was the obvious person to handle this phase of the exhibit. His achievement in doing so illustrates how closely his gifts and work have kept him in touch with the very essence of Magyar life.

Much hinged upon the selection of an architect. Mr. Charles Weichinger, to whom the design of the Pavilion was entrusted, is a distinguished European architect. At the New York World's Fair, his problem was to create an expression of the Hungarian spirit that harmonized with the general architectural spirit of the Fair itself, no mean task since the Fair was conceived in the most modern of display-exhibition styles. Mr. Weichinger met this severe test admirably by going to provincial Hungary for his inspiration, by rigorously eschewing all superfluous ornamentation and by a functional attitude toward the use of vivid detail. His genius is evident even in the lesser touches throughout the Pavilion. He left nothing to chance, even going so far as to design himself the handsome wrought iron gates that flank the arch containing the Győr Reliquary.

The force of the Hungarian message as conveyed through the exhibits at the Fair would have been vitiated, perhaps lost entirely, if it had not found the channels through which to flow into the American consciousness, a very distinct consciousness, different in pitch and tone from anything in the European scale. Only one long familiar with it through day by day work and contact can be sure of reaching it. Mr. Stephen Goerl, Deputy Commissioner to the New York World Fair, upon whose shoulders fell the work of public relations on the American end and the task of administration, as well as a

hundred and one other duties growing out of special American conditions and methods, was extremely well equipped for his position. Mr. Goerl is the American representative of the Hungarian State Tourist Department, conducts the New York office of the Hungarian Railways and during the years when he was establishing Hungary as a goal of American tourists, which he did with conspicuous success, came to know the American public thoroughly. His work at the New York World Fair was outstanding and attracted much favourable and expert attention.

The Hungarian Pavilion started with a decided advantage in the way of location. The Fair was intended to mirror the world; the foreign exhibits to reflect the countries of their origin. The location of the Hungarian Pavilion symbolized Hungary's vital position in the heart of Europe for it was in the centre of the International Section, adjacent to the Court of the Nations and on a spot which visitors to the elaborate pavilions maintained by such countries as Great Britain, Italy and France must needs pass. Furthermore, it overlooked the Lagoon of the Nations which was the nightly scene of a spectacular display of water and fireworks. This display drew every visitor to the Fair at least once. A large number who might not otherwise have done so thus lingered in the Hungarian Exhibit before the display and in the restaurant after it. During the second season, when the latter was enlarged, a window overlooking the Lagoon was cut, making it possible for late diners to view the nightly spectacle from within the Pavilion.

The art of fair exhibition depends more upon arrangement and background than upon lavishness. For this reason, Hungary was able to give a clearer idea of her life and arts than some of her neighbours in the International Section because in some cases the profusion of display and illogical arrangement greatly detracted from the total effect. The stark white walls and rounded arches of the Hungarian Pavilion and its beautiful inlaid ceilings formed a fitting backdrop for a series of exhibits calculated to arouse interest, to give a glimpse of the whole Hungarian scene and then to induce the visitor into the treasure house of Hungarian arts and crafts, to give him a realistic picture of Hungarian husbandry and industry, to acquaint him with the actual feeling of Magyar life. So

compellingly did the exhibits themselves speak, so shrewd was their psychological sequence, that even the least informed, most insensitive, observer could not but feel the strong spirit that runs like a vivid thread through all Magyar creation.

Most fittingly as well as most effectively, Stephen Rumy-Rajki's superb statue of St. Stephen stood outside the entrance to the Pavilion, compelling attention and admiration. Immediately within the Pavilion, in a small reception hall, the bust of the Regent, by Erdy, stood upon a pedestal beneath a bronze plaque inscribed with the Hungarian message to the people of America. So well did this message express Hungarian intent that it does not seem amiss to quote it:

> "The blood of many Hungarians was shed in America's War of Independence. The toil and genius of many more have contributed substantially to the growth and progress of these great United States.
>
> "Extending a hearty welcome to all visitors, the people of Hungary hope that this small collection will in some measure strengthen the bonds of friendship and understanding among all peoples."

The aforementioned reliquary from Győr Cathedral, the St. László bust, was beautifully if very simply enshrined in a tiled alcove beyond a rounded archway whose entrance was flanked by the Weichinger wrought iron gates executed by Sándor Sima.

One of the first exhibits to greet the visitor was that of the Hungarian State Tourist Department, a happy circumstance, since its magnificent photo-murals not only performed their function of highlighting the beauties of Hungary as a vacation land, Budapest as a spa and so forth, but gave the American visitor a visual conception of the actual geographic scene, of the landscape in which the rest of the exhibits originated. He saw here how the city of Budapest looks, could therefore readily conceive of its producing some of the exquisite craftsmanship he would later view in the commercial exhibits; he acquired a striking image of the Hungarian peasantry, the riders of the Great Plain, which made it easier for him to account for the treasure of applied art and home industry immediately before him.

MAGYAR
JOGTUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA
KÖNYVTÁRA

It was to have been expected that the applied art section would be a striking high light of the Pavilion, that it would strike an immediately responsive note in the American breast. Magyar applied art has always been a forceful medium for the Magyar message. Here in arcades opening off a high bright-ceilinged hall, outspread in show cases cunningly contrived in rounded arches, on counters beyond other arches that suggested rural Hungary with an almost nostalgic force, was the most gorgeously romantic glimpse of Magyar creative genius. This was that vivid, provocative reminder of a remote, idyllic, high-spirited life for which Americans had come to the Fair. They wanted to see evidences of lives different from their own, lives less prosaic, more steeped in ancient lore and tradition. Here it all was, in the Matyo embroideries, the Tolna jugs, in the laces and appliqués of a hundred villages, in the necklaces of a Székely beauty, the boots of a Hortobágy herdsman, in the drollery of dolls, the painted legends on wooden boxes. Here it was also in the fine faience of Zsolnay, in the lovely bone china of Herend, in the metal work, the canvases, the bronzes of dozens of great artists. Traditional Hungary as conceived by the modern spirit moved in vigorous colour and bold design upon the tapestry designed by Jenő Remsey and worked by the students of the School of Applied Arts. American imagination responded at once to all this. The wares on sale sold briskly. Students of folk-lore thronged the Pavilion. In the course of the acclaim lavished by the American press upon the Hungarian Pavilion — and it was out of all proportion to its size or the expenditure involved — peasant art, peasant costumes, customs as here shown, were emphasized. Of course many Hungarian products like Mátyo embroidery and Herend porcelain were well known to American shoppers, but the Fair widened their possible markets, revealed their place of origin. Through the exhibits of this section, the Magyar motif passed into the peasant vogue that has become a persistent feature of American costuming. Magyar motifs are becoming very numerous in American design and ornament and, as soon as conditions permit, a greatly increased importation of originals is sure to take place.

The Applied Arts Section filled the lay visitor with a desire

to know more facts about Hungary, with the result that he examined the commercial and agricultural sections very carefully. Textiles, furs and accessories were the outstanding features of the commercial exhibits. Space prevented showing the great strides Hungary has made in heavy industry in recent times. The American public is, in any event, less interested in foreign industrial exhibits than in others. Hungary's remarkable progress in the textile trades was graphically shown. The importance in world textile markets of such firms as Goldberger, Kistex Textile, Kammer Brothers and Richards of Győr have long been recognized by experts, but the fact that they were Hungarian was not generally known by many accustomed to accepting them as originators of modern dress fabrics. Budapest as a world fashion centre received a decided promotion and Hungarian influence has become apparent in American design as a result of the Fair. This happened at a very fortunate time, for the New York fashion situation had been severely affected by the disorganizations of its Paris sources and was seeking new material. The fur exhibits attracted favourable attention by popularizing the successful Hungarian method of processing lambskins. The interest shown in craft guild products, fine linens, shoes, riding boots, leather accessories and so on will doubtless result eventually in a much increased American import in these lines, for there is a strong bias among American shoppers in favour of high class foreign craft guild objects.

The Foreign Trade Office of Hungary presented the export-import situation through a series of displays grouped around a large illustrative map. Hungary was shown to be one of the important customers of American sellers and the American public became acquainted with the nature of the products they already buy or might most profitably buy from Hungary.

Hungary's position as an agricultural producer, the nature of her crops and herds, was dramatized by a large illustrated map in the form of a mural which dominated the part of the Pavilion devoted to Hungarian agricultural and food products. But Hungary's great food producer, the farmer, had a prominent place throughout the whole Pavilion, so there was little danger of visitors not grasping his significance. The

American public, to whom the farmer as such is beyond the realm of actual experience, reacts readily and strongly to picturesque folk life. Although the beauties and quaintness of Magyar village and plain life have long been known to folklore experts here and to the widely travelled public, the emphasis upon folkways and the Hungarian Pavilion served to bring them before the great masses of Americans. Perhaps no other note struck at the Pavilion vibrated so long or so poignantly in the memories of the great Hungarian-American public, a factor of great import, for had the Pavilion done nothing else, it would have served a noble aim in reawakening dormant memories and preserving active ones as it did among the Magyar-Americans.

Possibly eating the food, drinking the drink, of another land recreates that land's way of life most quickly and sensibly. The American public ate Hungarian, drank Hungarian, with gusto. Astoundingly, after the national favourite, the hot dog, more *gulyás* was sold at the New York World Fair than any other single food. The Hungarian Restaurant, a blithe hunting lodge complete with trophies, tapestried chairs, costumed waiters, folk motifs, gypsy music, a choice wine list, and all the favourite Hungarian delicacies, was crowded from the day it opened. The second season it was enlarged. Americans whose knowledge of Hungarian cuisine had ended with *gulyás*, extended it to include *Pörkölts*, *Paprikás*, *Halászlé*, *Rétes* and dozens of other specialities formerly regarded as exotic. Mr. Charles Gundel of the St. Gellért supervised the restaurant, and Chef Géza Kiss, formerly of the Hungarian Legation in Paris, presided over its kitchens. For the "charm" which the American press constantly reiterated when referring to it, the entire Magyar way of life is responsible. The gay good humour of the waiters, the silk and fire of the wines, the scent of bitter almonds on the air, all made an unforgettable impression on American diners who acquired a startlingly accurate impression of what life in Hungary can be. The Hungarian Restaurant is now opening at a permanent New York address, there to continue its happy mission among the patrons who frequented it so merrily.

Five millions Americans visited the Hungarian Pavilion. Through them Hungary was certainly able to convey a touch-

ing and beautiful appeal to the American public. The New York World's Fair itself owes much to Hungarian participation. There were indeed times when the Hungarian Pavilion was very nearly alone in supplying that air of international amity the Fair was so hopeful of promoting. That it preserved it so well was due to the enthusiastic cooperation of all who contributed to the Pavilion, not only to its commissioners, manager, exhibitors and guides but to distant workers firing the kilns at Zsolnay, the Mátyo needle-women, the hard-riding *csikós* who never heard of New York, let alone its World Fair, to the hundreds of Hungarian-Americans who came from distant parts of the United States for a glimpse of their homeland, to the American visitors who entered so heartily into the spirit of the Pavilion. One wonders if the sculptors Z. B. Kovács, F. Medgyesy and A. Lux, and the painters W. Aba-Novák, István Csók, István Szőnyi, Paul Molnár and József Egry know that theirs were the only foreign works shown at the Fair's Exhibit of Contemporary Art in 1940? Or if they know what the fact means? The canvases, like the whole work of the Pavilion, symbolize a harmony of effort that profoundly impressed the American public. That the Hungarian Pavilion was in its way more succesful than the huge enterprise of the Fair itself is not as significant as that the Hungarian people through the Fair conveyed their message to the American people by virtue of being themselves. The message was deeply felt, was responded to in kind.

KOSSUTH AND THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1852

by DENIS JÁNOSSY

The author of this article, who has previously contributed to our columns, has made an exhaustive study of the period in Hungarian history of which Kossuth and the War of Independence form the central point. Among his other publications on the subject we may mention his Great Britain and Kossuth, *published in 1937 under the auspices of the* Etudes sur l'Europe Centre-Orientale. *This article deals with the part played by Kossuth in the Presidential election of 1852 in the United States, whither he had gone shortly after his release from internment in Turkey following the defeat of Hungary in the War of Independence of 1849.*

IN the middle of the nineteenth century, American public opinion was focussed upon two main issues. The first was the domestic one, the question of the abolition of slavery, while the second, with much broader implications, was that of foreign policy. It must be remembered that this was the period of revolution in Europe, and revolution had fared ill; there had been the triumph of absolutism in Austria following upon the defeat of the Hungarian War of Independence, and not only from that unhappy country but also from Italy, Ireland and France political refugees were pouring into the United States, the home of liberal principles and personal freedom. The arrival of these exiles — Louis Kossuth, ex-Regent of Hungary, prominent amongst them — had an even greater effect upon American public opinion because even then there was a considerable foreign-born population whose interest in the affairs of their native lands was stimulated by the presence of refugees bringing with them personal

accounts of what was going on in the lands which they still remembered as their homes.

It will be remembered that President Taylor's administration actually tendered an invitation to Louis Kossuth to settle in the United States, but his actual liberation from internment, detention, or imprisonment, however one regarded it, in Turkey was carried out by Predisent Fillmore. While Kossuth was undoubtedly grateful for the resolution passed by Congress, he had no intention of settling down permanently, as he stated in Lisbon on his way in the U.S. frigate *Mississippi*. At Gibraltar he had received word from his friend Pulszky in London which induced him to break his journey, for he was anxious to meet the leaders of the French and Italian political refugees and discuss with them his plans for raising the standard of revolt in Europe again for the liberation of their countries.

It was in October 1851, in Southampton, that Kossuth met Robert James Walker, formerly Secretary to the Treasury, who gave him the idea of attempting to launch an alliance between Britain and the United States; it was his firm conviction that only such an alliance, based as it would be upon the constitutional liberty of the two countries, could provide an effectual check to absolutist government in Europe. But Kossuth went further — so far that at this particular phase his dynamic personality was almost ahead of the twentieth-century conceptions of the League of Nations. In those famous speeches of his which electrified England with their fierce and picturesque oratory, he laid down the principle of the right of nations to manage their own affairs, and pleaded that if this right of self-government were infringed it should be the duty of other nations to resort even to armed intervention to ensure those rights for an oppressed nation.

On his arrival in America, however, he was forced to realise that one of the essential preliminaries of his grandiose schemes was impossible of realisation. The political parties were unwilling even to consider the possibility of an alliance between England and America. The reason for this attitude had certain apparent justifications, such as England's threatened intervention in Nicaragua and the Sandwich Islands,

which affected American commercial interests, so that as a political platform, and necessarily a major one at that, the alliance was out of the question. Not only this, but Kossuth's theory on the right to self-government was accepted only with reserve by both parties, since there was an idea that it might aggravate dissension, and also have repercussions in the abolition question. Apart from the occasional display of mild approval, only the progressive Democrats were inclined to a more active foreign policy, and even they would not hear of an alliance with England. The Irish section of the population, of course, mainly ultra-Democrats, were dead against it. Yet there was a feeling that Kossuth, with his gift of stirring up feeling, might be politically useful as a factor in the coming election, and that his personality might well have its influence in favour of the Democrat party.

Before Kossuth had even reached Washington, representatives of the party had got in touch with him and given him the fullest information as to what attitude he should adopt in American politics. He was warned against cherishing the illusion that he could influence American public opinion in the direction of European affairs, and he received practical hints as to what he should avoid in the public speeches which he was to deliver. He was explicitly warned against demanding American intervention in European affairs, and also against suggesting the alliance with England, which would inevitably be unpopular. He would, in fact, have to realise that even if Austrian absolutism triumphed in Hungary, he could expect no more than an echo of sympathy in the United States. Instead of taking Hungary as his main theme, he was told, he should cite Ireland as an example of a country which had been forced to submit to centralisation. With the administration what it was, there was little more to be hoped for than a recognition of the international validity of constitutional rights, and the question of whether Austria had acted legally in suspending the Hungarian constitution could only be discussed by the American legislature if the Democrats won at the coming Presidential election.

Along with all this advice, Kossuth was urged by his

advisers not to lose any opportunity of making an eloquent appeal to the adoptive citizens, the banished children of the European monarchies, who would certainly be willing to support him in his campaign against absolutism.

The progressive Democrats, however, went further than merely tendering advice; they offered Kossuth financial assistance towards the purchase and shipment of war material for the projected revolution in Italy and Hungary. Amongst their other offers was that of the fastest steamer in the mercantile marine, which was to be at his disposal as soon as the rising actually started in Hungary or Italy. These offers were certainly impressive, and incidentally the most concrete that he received in America, but it was made clear that they depended upon the successful issue of the coming Presidential election. This was too precarious for Kossuth; the risk was enhanced by the time-element, for Mazzini was planning the new revolution in Italy, and the date fixed was less than six months ahead.

If therefore he was to collaborate with Mazzini, haste was indicated, and Kossuth pressed the ultra-Democrats to give him the promised assistance without waiting for the result of the election. He even drafted the basis of a resolution which they were to introduce in Congress, to the effect that 'foreign interference in the domestic affairs of any country is a violation of international law,' and even urged them to go further and ask that the United States should declare the neutrality law of 1818 suspended as far as it might concern powers interfering, or claiming the right to interfere, in the internal affairs of any nation. "You will excuse me," he wrote to George Sanders, "in urging so much the details and the means how your proposal can be realised, but I got in America already so many promises and professions of sympathy which were empty words and led to no result at all that I wish now always to know with certainty, as soon as it is possible, how far I can rely upon the promised aid . . ."

It was evident that the difference of attitude between Kossuth and his potential helpers militated against any effectual cooperation. Nevertheless Kossuth maintained his contacts, for he still hoped that he would eventually receive

from them the sinews of war which had been so freely promised. They on their part were unwilling to lose Kossuth, for it seemed that his influence with the foreign-born voters might prove invaluable in the coming campaign.

These electoral plans and the part that Kossuth was to play in them did not, of course, remain a secret, and comment was rife. The British Minister, for example, reported to London in the spring of 1852 in ironical tones that Kossuth had been 'taken up as an electioneering speculation.' Even Webster was aware of the plans that were being made, and it is evident that he turned a blind eye to Kossuth's two small factories, in Weavertown and Morningville, for the manufacture of ammunition and the repair of the fifteen thousand rifles which he had bought in the United States. Apparently Kossuth, relying on the assertions of Mazzini, made it clear to Webster that the revolutions in Hungary and Italy might be expected to break out in the very near future, and there is no doubt that Kossuth himself was perfectly convinced of it, and invested no less than sixty-three thousand of the eighty-four thousand dollars he had collected in preparations and war materials. Webster himself was very much impressed by Kossuth, and went so far as to promise him recognition for the *de facto* governments of Hungary and Italy if the coming revolutions had any measure of success. Even in anticipation of this he was prepared to receive Kossuth's permanent representative in Washington in a semi-official manner, and finally he gave Kossuth a statement in writing to the effect that he would make no objection if Hungary placed orders with the Federal armouries in the event of a new uprising taking place. It was thus Webster's assistance that made it possible for Kossuth to make his preparations for war; more than this he was unable to obtain from him. That 'more,' a revision of the foreign policy of the United States, he hoped to get from the Democrats, although at the moment they did not seem anxious to follow the path which he mapped out for them.

At the close of his trip in the United States, Kossuth complained bitterly of the disappointment he suffered in the attitude of the Democrats, and the German leaders

had the greatest difficulty in persuading him not to take steps which could only have led to a crisis in the party. It was to be foreseen that the struggle between the two democratic candidates, General Cass of Illinois and Senator Douglas, would lead to the elimination of both, and the next nomination was General Pierce. He was informed of Kossuth's influence with a large portion of the foreign-born population, and advised to invite Kossuth to his home, being warned however against offering him more than the customary courtesies and civility. He went so far, however, as to accept, in Concord, the chairmanship of the Society of Friends of Hungary, and showed his sympathy with the liberal movements on the Continent. In fact, the party organ, the *Democratic Review*, made much play with Kossuth's plans and principles, though the party itself made no official allusion to them.

Kossuth himself, noting the open hostility of the Whigs and the reserve of the Democrats, hoped for little assistance from either of the great parties. At the instance of his friends, however, he decided to support Pierce's election, for there lay the only chance, however remote, of assistance from the United States. In a farewell address delivered in New York to the foreign-born population, he used all his personal charm and gifts of oratory in support of Pierce. His success encouraged him to urge the leaders to arrange meetings and adopt similar resolutions for the Democratic vote as well as for the principles for which he himself stood. With these behind him, he hoped to be in a better position to urge the Democrats towards open avowal of the ideals which he himself cherished so warmly.

Little remains to be told of this phase in the efforts of a patriot whose hopes were so frequently raised only to be dashed again. Kossuth's work was not in vain, and he could fairly claim that he had given valuable assistance in Pierce's overwhelming victory. Hardly had the news arrived when he set out to bombard the Democrat leaders with letters urging them to fulfil the pledges which they had so willingly given him when he first landed in America. Francis Pulszky, for so long his friend and helper, actually went to Pierce to remind him of his promises and to urge a change

in foreign policy such as he had envisaged before his election.

What the result might have been is a matter upon which it is idle to speculate. For Mazzini had started his revolution in Milan, and that revolution had quickly been put down. No more could be expected of Pierce than what he gave Kossuth — the assurance of his lasting sympathy.

* The author has obtained his material from various sources, and without giving a full list we may mention that he has had access to the Public Record Office, Budapest, and also to the manuscripts in the National Museum, the Kossuth Papers and the Vörös Papers, the latter being those collected by Kossuth's secretary.

IGNAZ PHILIP SEMMELWEIS

By STEPHEN K. SCHIMANSKI

He was, in short, a poet of goodness, who more than others made a reality of his dream. — *Dr. Bruck.*

IT has been the age-old privilege of men to ridicule, curse and stone those whose lives were spent in attempting to bring about a happier world for mankind to live in. Although the men destined to fulfil such a task were few, their goodwill towards men was, in most instances, turned against them, for it was their tragedy that the minds of human beings were not sufficiently ripe as yet to understand the deeper and real significance of their mission. This inability to understand made the beneficiaries turn against their benefactors: made them publicly confess their mistakes; exiled them or burned them in market-places. Hardly any of these men whose life work had been devoted to the cause of humanity could escape this fate — least of all, perhaps, Ignaz Philip Semmelweis, — the "Saviour of Mothers."

He was one of those whose destiny it had been to strive for a happier world as a result of which it was to be his lot to live a tragic life and to meet a still more tragic death. His one aim in life was to mitigate the miseries of human sufferings and in particular his undying battle was fought against the appalling number of dead among expectant mothers and newly born children. In those days, nearly every fifth mother, when giving birth to a child, died of that mysterious and sinister illness known as the "puerperal fever," whose origin and remedy nobody was able to explain. It was around the discovery of the cause of this fatal disease that Semmelweis's whole life was centred; and all his power, all his energy was spent in diminishing its devastating effects. And in this murderous battle Semmelweis did, indeed, conquer Death. But there was another

enemy who proved more formidable, more stubborn, who fought with the weapons of ambition and hatred and vanity: that enemy was Mankind itself. And in this struggle, in the savage fight that ensued, Semmelweis, in turn, was conquered. He fought bitterly; too bitterly, perhaps, but the degree of intensity alone reveals the real greatness of his character. And he knew that although he himself might be conquered, his teachings could not be vanquished. There was something fundamentally tragic in his conviction of the rightness of his doctrine.

Few, — very few people, indeed, — have placed their existence so unreservedly and reverently at the disposal of Truth and ignored so completely the love of self. This love of truth, however, was also the tragedy of Semmelweis. It was an unequal weapon which deprived him of the power to fight this exhausting battle; it drove him into silence first; into hatred, stubbornness and despair later and finally into the darkness of insanity. He never lived to see his doctrine established as a universal truth although he knew that it could not but triumph in the end. All that he was allowed to see was the utter stupidity and narrow-mindedness of those human beings he had so desperately endeavoured to save. Seldom have they shown a face more coarse, more base, than when opposing the real progress Semmelweis had made. As for himself, equally few people have, till this very day, ever received so little in return for services so great — his Hungarian fatherland, in all probability, was the only country which did full justice to his genius.

Semmelweis was studying law in Vienna when a medical student asked him one day to attend an anatomy demonstration in a hospital. His biographers have said that it was this incident, "pure chance," that made him choose the medical profession. But medicine came quite naturally to him; his life would have, inevitably, had to end in failure had he remained a student of law, — for genius knows only one course and becomes frustrated if it decides on a different way. We have no record as to his father's reaction to his sudden transfer; he must have felt disappointed: he was a well-to-do, hard-working Budapest merchant whose ambition it was to see his son as an auditing clerk in the army. Neither his father nor his pro-

fessors expected genius to be hidden underneath the surface of that gay and happy student who was, at times, even more interested in botany than medicine; in that carefree and easygoing doctor in whom the sufferings of his patients could arouse nothing more than pity. But two years after the degree of doctor of medicine had been conferred on him, — after two years spent in the surgery where nine out of ten persons died during the operation or of its after-effects, — the real, the true Semmelweis begins to emerge in that characteristic, impatient outburst of his pen: "Everything they are trying to do here seems quite futile, deaths follow one another with regularity. They go on operating, however, without seeking to find out why one patient succumbs rather than another in identical circumstances." Here, for the first time, Semmelweis asks that question which he will ask again and again: Why do they die? Pity no longer is an end in itself; henceforth it becomes the means to answer this ever-present question. Already the main feature of the man, — devotion to the relief of human sufferings, — which will raise him above his fellow-beings and lift his character out of the ordinary into the realm of greatness, begins to crystallize and to take shape.

In February, 1846, Semmelweis chose the saddest and most depressing of all medical specialities, obstetrics, entering the First Maternity Division of the Vienna General Hospital as assistant to Professor Klein. In that month thirty-six mothers out of two hundred and eight died of puerperal fever. All over Europe this maddening dance took place: 18% of all mothers died on the average in Paris; 22% in Turin; 28% in Vienna. Nowhere was death more tragic, more cruel than in the maternity wards, claiming indiscriminately its victims at the moment of greatest joy and highest fulfilment: in the moment of giving birth to new life. The greatest doctors, the most careful researches had failed to reveal the cause of this terrible fever which consumed in one single year "more human lives than the most devastating epidemic or the most sanguinary war had ever destroyed." Then it was considered an unknown epidemic which no power on earth could arrest; an invisible miasma beyond the control of men; it was fatalism in the last resort that seemed to offer the most satisfactory explanation.

Only Semmelweis was not satisfied. The Lying-in Hospital in Vienna was divided into two sections, the First and the Second Division, — with medical students restricted to the former, and midwives to the latter. The most remarkable difference between the two sections, however, was the mortality rate, which was five times higher in the First Clinic as compared with the Second. This phenomenon, again, nobody could explain. Small contributions to obstetrics were made, — the blunt decapitation hook was invented, endless lectures were delivered, — but in the maternity wards the mothers went on dying incessantly and in increasing numbers. Yet the fact remained that more women died in the Clinic in which the students worked than in the other with the midwives. "This observation alone," wrote Semmelweis, "made me unshakeably convinced that epidemic influences could not possibly be responsible for the awe-inspiring devastation which the fever caused among expectant mothers." But when he spoke of his observations to the other doctors, to Professor Klein in particular; when he carefully prepared statistics to prove his case, they would merely shrug their shoulders in reply to his passionate pleas. Semmelweis was stubborn; he was violent in his outbursts; he would not see the wall of indifference that stood between him and progress, but which, in the end, proved stronger than a human being. He would openly attack the hypocrisy of the doctors; he would make sarcastic remarks about the conditions prevailing in the two maternity wards. — Why, he would ask, did this all-pervading atmospheric-cosmic-telluric influence not pervade the Second Clinic as well as the First? But this attitude, his lack of tact, his failure to recognize the mentality of his fellow-beings, did not advance his cause. Worse still, — soon everybody in Vienna knew all about the strange difference in the mortality rate between the two divisions, and as admission to the two clinics took place on alternate days, the poor women would hold off their labour pains in order to be admitted at all costs to the "safe" Division. Semmelweis had to witness many heart-breaking scenes when these women came too late or found, on arrival, that they had made a mistake in their calculation. "They knelt down, wrung their hands and begged that they might be discharged. Lying-in patients with uncountable pulse, meteoric

abdomen, and dry tongue, only a few hours before their death, would protest that they were really quite well, — only in order to avoid medical treatment."

The doctors, of course, regretted this situation but had come to accept it as inevitable. Only Semmelweis worked incessantly to find the answer to that great question: What is puerperal fever? "I was like a drowning man clutching at straws," he wrote when he found himself in the midst of so much suffering and so powerless to prevent all these proud and happy women from being carried away daily from under his hands. The library, the dead-house and the bedside entirely filled his life in those days. He tried new methods; between the examinations he performed endless autopsies "to an extent only few obstetricians have done"; he introduced the lateral position for the women to deliver their babies, — but the *danse macabre*, the whirlpool of agony, could not be arrested by any of these efforts; all seemed to be in vain. "Everything was questionable, all was doubt and difficulty, the great number of dead alone was an undoubted reality."

Traditional ceremonies aggravated this position still further, for it was a custom, each time a woman lay dying, for the priest to march through the ward, preceded by an attendant ringing a little bell, to administer the last sacrament. Whenever the bell began tolling a fateful atmosphere began to descend on the hospital. "Even upon my own nerves," Semmelweis remarked, "it had a strange effect when I heard the bell hurried past my door; a sigh would escape my heart for the new victim that the unknown power had claimed again. This bell was a painful exhortation to me to search for this unknown cause with all my might." And he appealed to the "sense of humanity of the servant of God" to stop the bell ringing, — but he could not appeal to Death to prevent the mothers from dying. Yet in spite of those "unhappy moods which did not make life enviable," he went on to eliminate one by one the various factors put forward as an explanation of the puerperal fever and as his researches proceeded, he became more and more convinced that the "number of dead in the First Clinic was not due to epidemic influences but to endemic causes." And one day, in the middle of 1846, he suddenly declared to his friend Markusovszky with a clear-cut precision: "The factor that

I am searching for is in our own clinic and we need not look elsewhere." At last Semmelweis had found the way that would ultimately lead to the answer of the paramount question.

But however much this discovery must have meant to Semmelweis, and, consequently, to humanity at large, — the other doctors, and also public opinion to a certain extent, replied with cold hostility and wounded pride to his researches. Their prestige was at stake and had to be retained at all costs, — even at the cost of a few thousand dying mothers. Klein, especially, considered the work of his assistant unnecessary and his questions most embarrassing. According to the memoirs of a doctor, "he made the impression of a very ordinary practitioner . . . From time to time he would come into the lying-in wards without, however, remaining there for long . . . As for the efforts of his assistant, Klein showed no interest . . . in fact, he put obstacles in his way, hardly out of malice but from want of judgment." But the simple truth is that a master does not love a pupil whose brilliance and greatness overshadows his own fame . . .

Just then Semmelweis' predecessor, Dr. Breit, happened to return to Vienna and asked for his old position to be given back to him. Personal prejudice triumphed for the first time and Semmelweis was asked to interrupt his work and to give up his post. It was the only reward Jealousy would pay for his untiring efforts to improve the science of medicine. He had to go so that the others might save their faces; so that the explanation of the puerperal fever would again be accepted without challenge as it had been handed down for generations. Nobody asked embarrassing questions any longer . . . and Klein felt relieved. "It will be to his eternal shame," Vernier declared later, but in the meantime the folly of vanity continued to bring untold sufferings and laments on mankind.

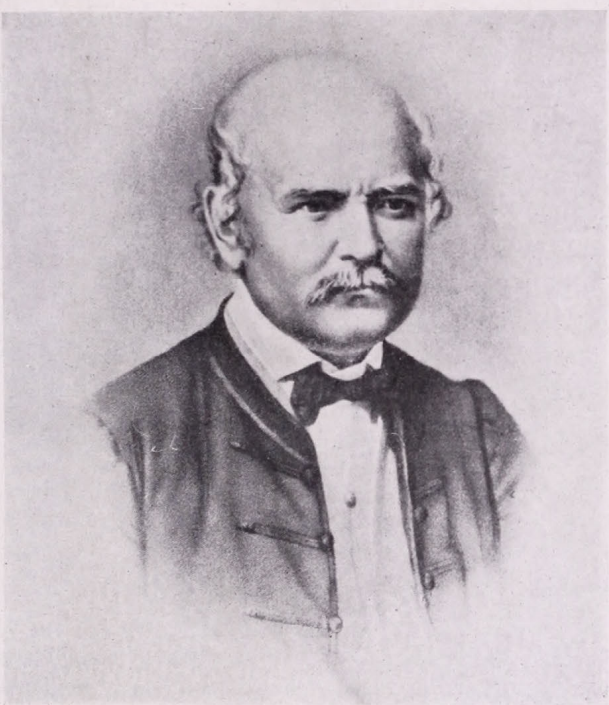
The final discovery of the cause of the puerperal fever, although accelerated by the death of his greatest friend, Professor Kolletschka, was not due to a caprice of fate or to a happy coincidence, but was the result of persistent investigation and logical elimination of all the vaguely defined explanations. Semmelweis had already progressed such a long way in the right direction that it had become a question of time only when he would eventually reach his goal.

Shortly after he had returned to Vienna, — in March, 1847, — he was informed that Prof. Kolletschka had just died following a punctured wound on one of his fingers which he had received from the knife of a pupil during a dissection. Then he became affected with lymphangitis, phlebitis in the upper extremity, and he died of pleurisy pericarditis, peritonitis, and meningitis. Metastasis had occurred a few days before his death in one of his eyes.

Suddenly the dawn broke; an invisible hand seemed to cut the veil which had enveloped the secret of the terrible illness. With an unmistakable clarity Semmelweis realised that the women had all died with exactly the same symptons which caused Kolletschka's death. In his case the disease was brought about by cadaveric material carried into the vascular system. "Day and night the vision of Kolletschka's illness haunted me, and with ever increasing conviction did I recognize the identity of the disease from which he had died with the one which I had observed to carry off so many lying-in women." And then he reflected: "Did . . . the individuals whom I saw dying from an identical illness also have cadaveric matter carried into their vascular system? To this question I must answer: Yes." And in this reply lay the great and simple answer to the unsolved mystery of puerperal fever.

Not the wound caused death, but the wound rendered unclean by cadaveric material and it was rendered unclean by the decomposed animal organic matter which the students and doctors carried on their hands from the autopsies and which was conveyed to the pregnant mothers It was a terrible blow for Semmelweis to realize in this hour of triumph that he himself was carrying death instead of bringing life, "God alone knows the number of those who died prematurely because of me," he shouted, true to his principle of frankness. But this admission was a sign of strength which none of the others could share and thus they could not recant.

But Semmelweis now knew the answer: to prevent death, you must keep the wound clean. And then this young assistant, not yet thirty years of age, augured in one single sentence the "golden age" for all mothers. "Disinfect the hands of the students," he demanded, "The whole problem is there." Death, for once, was defeated by the "puerperal sun" which



Ignaz Philip Semmelweis
(1818—1865)

had suddenly arisen in this "eternally true" doctrine. In May 1847, 12% of all women had died in the First Clinic. Then he introduced a chlorine solution with which all students had to wash their hands. Next month the figure dramatically dropped to 2%; in July it fell further still: 1% only, actually fewer than in the Second Clinic, died of the puerperal fever. Having a child no longer was a gamble with death, and proudly could Semmelweis proclaim: "Not a single point is a hypothesis any longer and the future has nothing more to solve in that respect." Later on he added further discoveries; he found that the air itself might be a carrier of those death-bringing particles; that even the linen, not properly washed, might be responsible for the outbreak of the fever; that it was not sufficient to wash the hands between dissection and examination only, but that they had to be washed with the solution between each separate examination, — but, from the very first, as Widal once said, he had "indicated . . . the prophylactic means that must be taken against puerperal fever, with such precision that modern antisepsis had nothing to add to the rules he prescribed." This is all the more astonishing since he was not aware why these decomposed animal matters infected the puerpera; nor was he certain what precisely caused their death-bringing effects. These discoveries were to come later, — with Pasteur, with Koch, — they belong to the period of biological science, — but it was Semmelweis's immortal achievement to have established the fundamental principles that once and for all removed the terror and fear which were the inseparable companions of every birth in his days. He had secured a happy future for all mothers, for everyone, in fact, — with himself, strange and sad to record, as the sole exception.

There was only one drawback, but a decisive one, in his doctrine: that was its very greatness, too great even for Semmelweis. It was too clear-cut; too simple and too complete. It made all the high words of the greatest professors topple down like a badly built house of cards; it carried with it all their prestige and their reputation, and recognition of this easily understood doctrine would make them, so they thought in their stupidity, ridiculous in the eyes of the world. His teaching presented too logical a picture to be accepted without hurting their pride and conceit. And so they attacked it for

the same reason for which it was most remarkable: it was "too simple," they said, and thus could not possibly be true. And their only reply was to belittle, to oppose and, worst of all, to laugh at his ideas. Semmelweis, on the other hand, was too kind at heart, too much "a poet of goodness," to respond to their malice in the proper manner. It is pathetic to see how he would refuse to believe that man's vanity could overrule the welfare of human kind. Here, partly through their jealousy and egoism, but partly also through his optimism and unselfish conduct, the tragedy of the man Semmelweis begins to unfold itself.

Three outstanding professors, Skoda, Rokitansky and Hebra, — incidentally none of them obstetricians, — took up his fight. They published articles about Semmelweis's "epoch-making" discovery; they wrote letters, — most of which remained unanswered, — to all the great obstetricians in Europe; they sent young doctors to London and Paris to expound the new doctrine without, however, making any converts. But the principal actor in this tragic comedy, Semmelweis himself, remained silent and in the background. He wanted to convince the world by facts, — but the facts he offered were too damaging to the doctors' reputation to be accepted by them as a truth. Even the students and nurses turned against him because he stormed at them in his crude, passionate, undiplomatic manner; he insisted on cleanliness to such an extent that he began to tire them. And before long the patients, too, those very patients for whom he had been fighting all his life, began to look at him with suspicion and mockery.

In retrospect, the whole story resembles an incredible farce which only succeeds in showing the depravity of human beings.

But Semmelweis' refusal to carry the fight into the open himself not only proved dangerous but fatal to him eventually. His enemies were not slow in realizing their opportunity. Soon all the greatest names with hardly an exception had gathered round his most outspoken adversary, Prof. Klein, declaring his statistics falsified and his doctrine "quite erroneous and wholly arbitrary," and these opinions, put forward with sufficient vigour, sufficed to convince the world. It seems unbelievable

that such eminent men, such recognised specialists could descend so low in their stupidity and wickedness. Yet it was exactly these qualities that gave their words a magic effect: everywhere Semmelweis was insulted and laughed at. Here stood love for mankind and there love for oneself; goodness and malice, sacrifice and egoism faced each other brutally. The struggle was short but terrible. It turned Semmelweis's life into an inferno; it shattered his health; it began to undermine his belief in men and culminated in the refusal of the authorities to renew his assistantship in 1849. In essence, however, this refusal did nothing else but confirm once more, and more strongly, the futility of too much goodwill and devotion towards men, for their soul is but an endless sea of hatred and warfare, and their heart is too kindred to that of a beast to appreciate these qualities.

Only a person so utterly convinced of his mission and so completely devoid of all personal ambition as Semmelweis could have been so weak as not to be able to face this challenge of mankind. In his love for humanity he forgot that the discovery of every new truth scandalizes and frightens men, for usually it is proclaimed at the expense of their own interests, — and personal interest is the one thing they will most tenaciously defend, whatever the cost to others may be. Thus it has always been and thus, unfortunately, it will for ever remain. Thousands of mothers had to die a senseless death as a result of this madness. But Semmelweis was convinced of the basic goodness of human nature, — a disastrous conviction which made him blind to the realities confronting him. In the end he was as tragically defeated by life as he had shown himself triumphant in his struggle with death. One cannot help feeling, in the midst of immense admiration, a deep sympathy and pity for the man who failed because human nature betrayed the innermost belief on which the whole of his existence had been based.

In disgust, Semmelweis left Vienna to return to his native Budapest where he was made, eventually, Professor at the University. From a personal point of view he probably gained by this change, for in Vienna "nothing pleased me." But Vienna was the centre of Europe; to conquer Vienna meant to conquer the world, but one could not succeed in that fight

from far-away Budapest. And to leave this stronghold in the hands of his enemies was tantamount to suicide and defeat.

For thirteen years Semmelweis remained silent to all the insults hurled at him and in all those years the strength of his enemies was continually growing. His own teachings and ideas were misrepresented and falsified; his doctrine derided and distorted; his life work torn to pieces and mutilated, and future doctors were again taught the deathbringing "remedy" of puerperal fever.

Slowly did Semmelweis understand that, in spite of his aversion "to everything connected with writing," he had to fight for the application of his doctrine if he wanted to save his work from oblivion. "I think I would commit a crime in waiting any longer," he shouted and, like a terrible river, carrying with it every obstacle in its way, he burst forth with the most savage, the most furious onslaught on mankind the world had ever witnessed in his masterpiece: "The Aetiology, Concept and Prophylaxis of Childbed Fever." Seldom has a work shown more indignation, more feverish impatience; seldom has a document pleaded more passionately, more inexorably than did this book. It was the last cry of a drowning man, dying because a criminal conspiracy prevented the application of his life-bringing doctrine. Every sentence, every word carried conviction and the same thought, the same quest for truth echoed through the whole of the book. As the work went on, the attacks on those who opposed his views became more and more furious, ending in a violent personal tirade. Only a person who felt as deeply as Semmelweis could have written so powerfully and sincerely. All his energy, his entire soul was put into those pages; he was, mentally and physically, a wreck when he had finished the book.

But if Semmelweis hoped for a reply, he hoped in vain. The book was too devastating, the challenge too provocative to receive a reply. Only then did he realise that all this was futile; that contempt and ingratitude were the only rewards he had ever been given and as a last, as a final desperate attempt to obtain a hearing, he delivered his most deadly, the most fatal of all his blows. "Assassins," he roared across Europe in his "Open Letter to all Professors of Obstetrics," "I call assassins all those who defied the rules I prescribed to combat puerperal

fever." And again, in that confused, recurrent condemnation, "I denounce you before God and the world as murderers."

Semmelweis no longer knew what he was doing. The first unmistakable signs of madness had already become apparent. In his lectures he would suddenly burst into tears or hysterical laughter, — and then he would stop expectant mothers in the streets to give them advice . . . and finally that pathetic, pitiful complaint, "What is wrong with me? There is something wrong with my head."

On the saddest of all his journeys he was once more taken to Vienna, to die there in the public insane asylum a few weeks later, on August 13, 1865, in his 47th year. By an irony of fate he died of blood-poisoning, which he had contracted during a last operation in Budapest through a cut on his finger; strangely enough he died of exactly the same symptoms which had caused Kolletschka's death and which were responsible for his immortal discovery. But there was another reason, a deeper cause: his life was but one long struggle. It would be vain to pretend that he was able to master it. In the long run, life itself defeated him. And human beings are Life . . .

He died, however, knowing that the answer to his challenge had to come. "The conviction that such a time must inevitably come sooner or later will cheer my dying hour." And he was right; he had always been right. It was this knowledge that defeated him. Perhaps, also, the greatness of his discovery, for he proved to be the clinical precursor of antisepsis; modern bacteriology fully confirmed his discovery which "constitutes the very basis of medicine in these days."

At last the answer had come. But, as was to be expected in this world, it had, of course, arrived too late.

GRANDMOTHER'S FAVOURITE BOOKS

By ALEXANDER BAUMGARTEN



READERS of these pages will have found frequent references to the great Corvina Library of King Matthias, whose priceless volumes are now the treasured possessions of museums and collectors all over the world, where they were scattered after the tragic destruction of the library by the Turks. From the Corvina to a mere lending library is, perhaps, a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous; but this lending library, whose catalogue recently came into our hands, existed here in Pest in the year 1855, and is in its way a guide to and commentary on what was being read by the elegant public of those days. It was, incidentally, just after one of the great crises of Hungarian history; the War of Independence had just been lost, Kossuth was in exile, the Austrian yoke was perhaps at its heaviest. The Chain Bridge had been open for four or five years, connecting Buda and Pest, the censorship was rigid. The catalogue, a small booklet containing 86 pages, is headed as follows:

> Catalogue des livres français, anglais et italiens qui se trouvent au Cabinet de lecture de Ch. Edelmann et Comp., ci-devant Gustav Heckenast à Pest Waizner-gasse Nr. 7, vis-à-vis de l'hôtel Palatin, au fond de la cour. Prix 10 Kr. C. M. Pest 1855.

The composition of the library is interesting. There were about 1500 works in French, 300 in English and some two dozen Italian, and in spite of the hard words about statistics being the third degree of the lie, these figures none the less show fairly accurately the proportionate knowledge of foreign languages in Hungary, a proportion which as a matter of

fact did not change much until the end of the last war. It was, of course, a small library, not to be compared with the Mudie's of those days, which is said even then to have had a staff of 250 and delivered books to its subscribers by means of six two-horse carriages. This Pest library was visited, we may imagine, mainly by ladies in the course of their morning shopping who had the courage to visit the 'end of the courtyard' and, after hesitating between *Hamlet* and *Ten Thousand a Year* finally carried their books home themselves. And it would seem that most of the subscribers were ladies, for such titles as *A Choice Miscellany of Elegant English Literature* are strongly suggestive of feminine hands.

There must have been male readers as well, country squires coming up to town, foreigners on their way through, resting for a while before resuming the arduous journey, for we can hardly imagine even the most determined emancipationist or the most ardent bluestocking (a word which incidentally found its way over here early) asking for *Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination,* or *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau* by An Old Man, or such a promising title as the *Diary of a Désennuyée* — titles reminiscent of the books sold under the arcades of the Palais Royal in Paris, which are handed to the blushing purchaser discreetly contained in an envelope, and which, if the truth be told, are usually much below his expectations.

Children were catered for ; there were the adventure novels of Captain Marryat, classics then as now, and *Robinson Crusoe* was just as fashionable. This latter, however, seems to have been more used for practice in the language. Peter Vajda had made an abridged edition some ten years before, explaining in a preface that this was intended 'to make the book cheap and accessible to everyone.' 'This abridgement,' the note continues, 'means that all the actions are given an account of, but the descriptions were abridged.' This disadvantage was compensated by the handsome appearance of the book 'with four coloured picture-plates.'

But there is little doubt that the majority of the readers were women, or, as the expression was even then, the fair sex. They had time to read poetry, and the presence of Thomson's *The Seasons* and of Ossian show that it was not

so necessary for a library to keep itself up-to-date. Byron, not yet a classic, had the charm of forbidden fruit, and, such are the ways in which immortality may be achieved, there is that R. Montgomery who has survived only because of Macaulay's murderous essay. We find Thomas Moore, incomparably popular, and if

> 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
> Which I gaze on so fondly to-day . . .'

had reached Hungary, so had Hazlitt's malicious remark that 'Mr. Moore converts the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box.' But readers apparently regarded this surprising metamorphosis as being to the sentimental bard's credit. There is no trace of Keats, and the absence of Shelley is also remarkable. We find only the name of his wife, who is represented by *Frankenstein*, now thanks to the movies better known than *Lodore*, which is quite forgotten.

The majority of the books were, of course, novels, published in London, Brussels and Berlin, everywhere where English colonies were to be found and where *Galignani's Messenger* was read. Then a good number were published in Leipzig, where the Tauchnitz editions were scoring their early successes. Many of the books were of recent publication, such as Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, which was published in 1848, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which came out in 1851. But Harriet Beecher Stowe was not the only representative of American literature. Franklin's autobiography was there, but *Poor Richard's Almanac* is missing, possibly because some parts of it had been translated at the time of the War of Independence by a country gentleman, as he says, 'to produce the same effect in the period of our glorious reforms as in the country of the great Franklin, which like our own is composed of many languages and creeds.'

Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper were also to be had, and the latter, like *Gulliver* when it appeared, was not simply for nursery reading, for it is an interesting fact that in the effects left by Louis Kossuth there were, among the serious works on political and philosophic problems, some paper-bound eighteen-penny editions of Cooper, which he had bought while on his visit to England. There was also information about America from other sources, such travel-

books as Harriet Martineau's report on *Society in America* and the writings of Frances Trollope. The latter, it may be remembered, was far less popular in the United States, for she was one of the first of a long line of 'distinguished foreigners' who, after being hospitably entertained from Pennsylvania to Florida, returned home and described her hosts and hostesses in indiscreet and uncomplimentary terms. Hungary, it might be added, suffered similarly from 'distinguished foreigners' at about the same time.

G. P. R. James, who was British Consul-General in Venice and died there in 1860, must be regarded as an English writer although he spent most of his life abroad. He is forgotten now, but in his day he was known, and Petőfi even thought it worth while to translate one of his novels, *Robin Hood*. A modern critic writes of him: 'We have all been accustomed to laugh at the time-honoured scene with which his stories were wont to open, where the last beams of a setting sun gilded the valley along which rode two horsemen, one of whom appeared to be some six or seven summers older than the other. But we have had time since then to become accustomed to even more bombastic and inflated styles, with perhaps even less literary merit to redeem them.' James took his subjects from the histories of different countries, and the nearest to a Hungarian theme is his *Attila, a Romance of the Danube*, which is that popular type of novel where culture clashes with a rather attractive barbarism; but there is little more of Hungary than a few place-names.

There is more about Hungary in another novel, this time by Jane Porter who on the strength of one of her earlier novels entered literature as 'the muse of the Scottish Chiefs.' *The Hungarian Brothers* appeared at the turn of the century, and had a great success and went through several editions, both in English and in French. Readers liked the historic background of the wars between the Armies of the French Revolution and the Habsburgs, and the distinguished cosmopolitan characters. We dipped into this book ourselves, and learned that 'in a steep recess of the Carpathian mountains stands the castle of Leopoldstadt'. Unfortunately the aristocratic family which owned it had 'fallen into decay. The virtue of some of its individuals and the vices of others

had dissipated its once rich revenues.' One of the noble members of the family enjoyed life in Vienna, while the other was brought up at home and 'wore the Hungarian habit which from its grand simplicity *(sic)* is so well calculated to heighten the beauty of manly proportions.' This frankly rather sapped our courage, and we leave it to someone else to tell what did happen to Charles and Mlle. Ingersdorf and Demetrius and Mlle. de Fontaineville; their loves may have ended in marriage, but they might have died too.

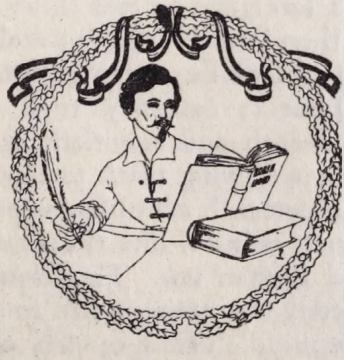
Grouped around Miss Porter in the catalogue are several other women writers. There is Maria Edgeworth, whose *Belinda* was the first novel which a tenderly-nurtured young lady was permitted to read, and Mary Russel Mitford with her enchanting *Our Village*. There is Lady Morgan's *Wild Irish Girl*, and another of quite a different type, *Woman and her Master*, while Charlotte Bronte, disguised under the nom-de-plume of Currer Bell, is also included.

But no novelist of the time could compete in popularity with Walter Scott, all of whose books were to be found in the library, and German and French translations of his works were popular all over the country. Stephen Thaisz had made a translation of his 'selected novels' into Hungarian as early as 1829. Scott had a considerable influence on Hungarian literature, and an even deeper one on the popular imagination. There was an enthusiastic public for plays and operas based on his tales, *Ivanhoe* or *The Bride of Lammermoor;* 'Caledonia stern and wild' was a source of inspiration to the designers of fashions of the day, and, conclusive proof if needed, girls were named after his heroines and racehorses after his heroes.

Thackeray and Dickens were on the horizon, the former apparently the writer for the happy few, and the latter because of his interesting stories and what aesthetic people called English humour. The obscure depths of London failed to raise any great sympathy in Pest, which of course in those days was no more than a medium-sized provincial town. Such problems as the expansion of capitalism, social differences, sweating, children working in factories, found no echo in a land where the industrial revolution was hardly in its infancy. *Oliver Twist* and Bulwer's *Rienzi* were translated

by the same man, Gálszécsi, in 1843. It is an interesting sidelight on the period that the censor, who was strict and all-powerful, did not apparently see anything suspicious in Dickens, but regarded him as a peculiar type of novelist, an example of that extraordinary and uncomprehended John Bull; that, at least, is the only explanation that we can see for this laxity in an absolutist period.

There are Ainsworth and Disraeli among many others, but the general conclusion that one inevitably draws from the catalogue is that the average citizen of Pest in the 'fifties read for entertainment, and had little interest in problems. There were the *enfants terribles* of literature, Edgar Allan Poe and Carlyle, but, much as the Hungarians appreciated the traditional values of the western world, the memory of the War of Independence and its tragic end in 1851 did not make them receptive of new ideas. Even in the second year of the Crimean War, when the catalogue was published, we were still very early Victorians, less inclined to make history than to read it and to live for a while in the past. This cultural distance decreased gradually, but it was really only at the end of the century that the lag was made up. The roaring 'eighties and the naughty 'nineties came in England, but the Hungarian public was still reading Ouida. But who shall blame them? Least of all their grandchildren, who read war communiqués. Those marvellous guardsmen, those roguish and ruinous actresses of Ouida's . . . grandmother often knew best.



MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN HUNGARY

By VIRGIL BIERBAUER

WITH the great decision of St. Stephen's age the Hungarian nation became Christian and European. For the following 900 years it was capable of being Hungarian and European at the same time, — a quality that is expressed in every field of culture : in forms of life, in science and art. Hungarian art kept pace with that of Europe, which until the last century virtually had its eastern boundary in Hungary. The gothic churches of Transylvania on the eastern and southern slopes of the Carpathians already reflected the oriental splendour and mystery of Byzantine art. At the same time, however, European architecture always acquired a singular aspect, a peculiarly Hungarian flavour in this country. It would, of course, be difficult to make this original flavour perceptible in a few words to anyone who is not acquainted with our architectural art in its entirety. Indeed, the question might be put whether it is possible for a foreigner to feel it.

In its own way, therefore, Hungarian architecture followed all the manifold paths of European architecture through a thousand years. Thus it naturally took its share of the efforts of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, since its European character is a living truth to this day. The classicism of the early nineteenth century was particularly closely related to Hungarian culture, like the Latin language, classical literature and Roman law. This classical architecture, so to speak, reflected the nation's life in space. Since the romanticism of the middle of the century coincided with the great reawakening of the nation's life, it equally found an echo in art : poets, painters and architects strove to revive

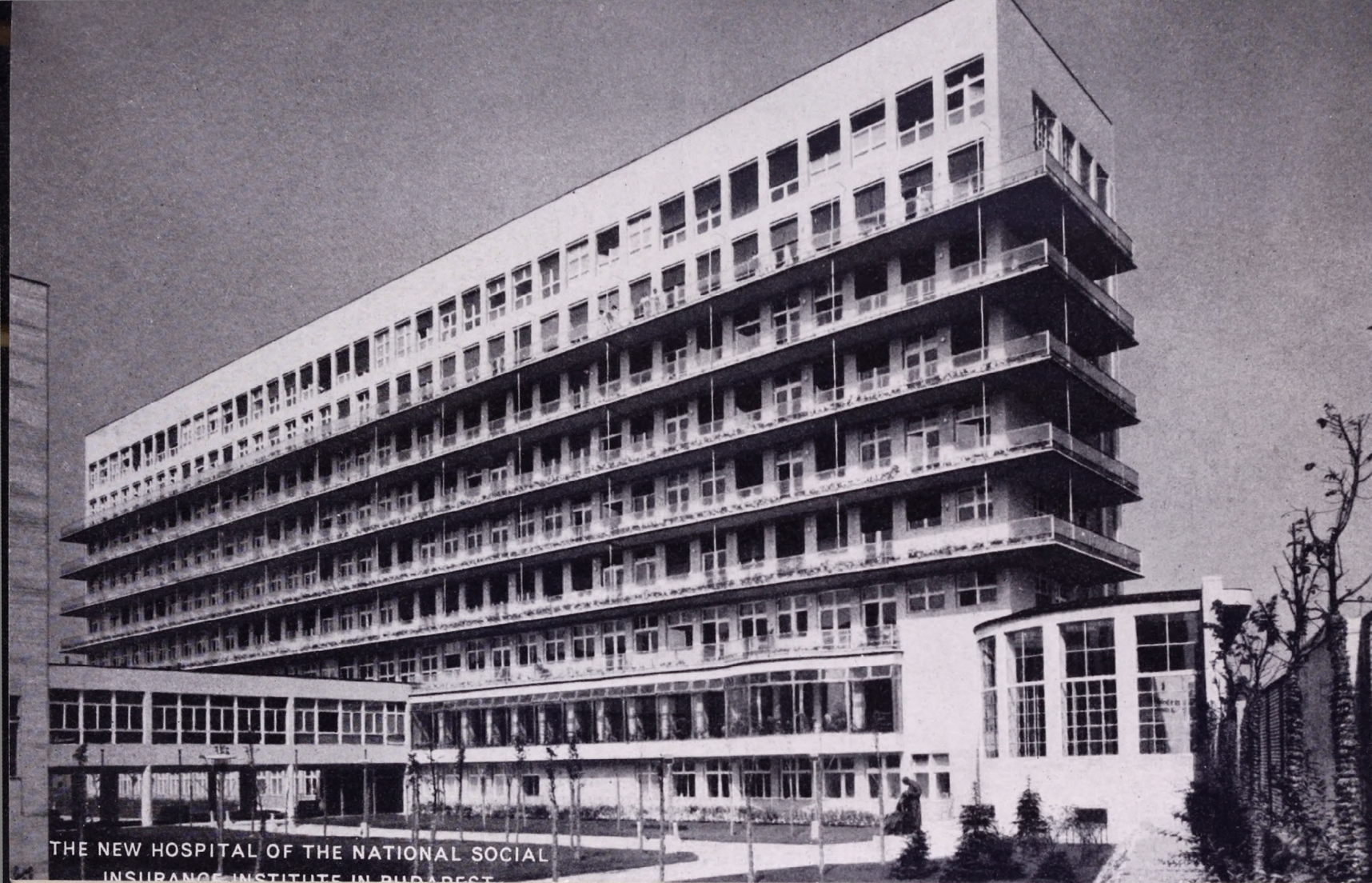
the brilliance of a fabulous past. When the best artists of Europe, tired of reiterating reminiscences of historical styles, began to search for new possibilities, simultaneously with Van der Welde in Brussels and Otto Wagner in Vienna the Hungarian architects arrived at the same phase and fell into the same errors as their western colleagues: they ended in barren liberty and secession. It seems, however, that all had to pass through this school. It represents a phase that ensued everywhere throughout the European cultural circles, only to be followed everywhere by a return to the everlasting source of Greco-Roman art. Again and again, classical revivals appeared, which after a short while always produced attempts to express the true, peculiar will of the age. It seems that Greco-Roman form is always the cure for artistic disappointments in Europe — its pure, inimitable nature encourages to new experiments, to seek something that is an expression of the age as sincere and true as that of Hellas was at one time. This pulsation in the evolution of European culture is also a quality of Hungarian art.

The brief classicist wave that followed the excesses of Hungarian secession gave rise to the art of Béla Lajtha, who sought the way to a style that would simplify forms, eliminate exaggerated decoration, and above all, rationally employ modern materials and construction, steel, concrete and glass. This was around 1910, during the feverish years preceding the first Great War, when ambitions, especially in the realm of architecture, were rent asunder by the gigantic conflagration. Only a very few buildings by Lajtha are left us: a school and two business houses in Budapest. Even so, as they stand in their surroundings, they represent milestones of an architectural regeneration. In the midst of the Rákóczi Street houses, his powerful ferro-concrete pillars, his severe brick façade are heralds of a new metropolitain architecture. Even more significant is the office building in the Szervita Square, whose consistent architectural form contrasts strikingly with the neighbouring building, which, though equally of iron structure, possesses a façade still drowned in the arbitrary forms of secession. The vigorous forms of the commercial school are related to the ideology of a Transatlantic contemporary, Francis Lloyd Wright. And if we consider the

period when Béla Lajtha was building in Budapest (1910—1914), — we are almost compelled to say that it anticipated the world-wide architectural renascence which followed 1920 by a considerable period.

It would take too long to explain why this initiative was broken for 10—15 years. It would require an elucidation of the spiritual experience that broke the Hungarian nation to pieces. Briefly, let us say only that the nostalgia for the greater, more glorious past engendered a new eclecticism, — a fact that in a certain sense corresponds to the above-mentioned dialectics of European culture : every disappointment takes the evolution of our artists back to Greco-Roman art. Almost a decade had to elapse after Trianon until a new generation surmounted the catastrophe and dared to contradict for example the fashionable Maria Theresia baroque imitation, dared to rebel against this profound lie. While between 1920 and 1930 our leading and creative personalities withdrew rigidly from the present, the ideology of that Europe which had so utterly humiliated the Hungarian nation, the new generation became aware of certain great European minds that were not concerned with politics but attended to the soul, the spirit of the life of their age and sought the forms to express it. It was an unforgettable experience for me to read Le Corbusier's book *Vers un style nouveau* in 1925, when this new gospel of architecture went from hand to hand among us. It is equally difficult to forget the return home of the Bauhaus of Weimar and subsequently Dessau, which brought the teachings of Gropius with them. They were the heralds of an emancipated spirit of architecture, and what they brought affected us profoundly. As in the rest of Europe, a veritable spiritual revolution broke out in young architectural circles, — and it is easy to imagine the opposition they met with, how their opponents dealt furious counter-blows and, in keeping with the custom of the age, in their helplessness attempted to settle spiritual problems by cheap political means. The most convenient way to do this in the world of re-awakening nationalism was to accuse this new architecture of internationalism, or to call it Soviet architecture.

But the roots of the architectural revolt of the younger generation went too deep for such superficial methods to



THE NEW HOSPITAL OF THE NATIONAL SOCIAL INSURANCE INSTITUTE IN BUDAPEST



BLOCK OF FLATS IN POZSONY ROAD,
facing the Danube
(Architects: Béla Hofstätter and Francis Domány, 1937)

MAGYAR
TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA
KÖNYVTÁRA

overcome it. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the struggle was the fact that — as it was all over the world — it was fought for the sake of building more hygienic, spacious, sunny dwellings, and not for questions of style. We protested constantly against the term "modern style"; on the other hand, however, we conducted a violent struggle against the ultra-conservative building statute, which precluded the very possibility of such legitimate construction, and on the contrary encouraged every effort at bad building. For this building statute was simply a copy of the one brought from Vienna a hundred years ago and allowed e. g. that in addition to the street front, a site be built in along its three other boundaries, i. e. so densely that there was hardly any courtyard left. The result was that on narrow sites apartment houses with 5—8 floors were built around courtyards hardly 8—10 metres wide. Consequently the rooms of a considerable proportion of the flats overlook these narrow, dark and airless yards from where they get neither sunshine nor air. Thus the struggle for a new architecture was fought chiefly in the plane of flat-reform, — and fought, let us admit it, with striking results. The houses built in the new residential quarters of Budapest to-day are in keeping with modern life, they serve this life, satisfy its demands and express our age. A new and extremely characteristic type of flat has developed, in striking contrast to the older type. While the latter were very extensive, not only as regards the number of rooms — upper middle-class flats consisting of 4—6 rooms — but even more, their size, these new flats contain 3 or at most 4 rooms; two or three rooms overlook the street front, while behind them one room, termed the hall, occupies the central line of the body of the house and gains its lighting through a glass door from the windows of the rooms facing the street. The bathroom, dressing-room and the antechamber leading to the staircase, open into this hall. The kitchen and servants' room face the yard. The rooms are smaller than before: 45—75 square feet with an average height of 10 feet — formerly they used to be 12—13 feet high. The whole flat, therefore, is not too spacious, but on the other hand its equipment is all the more complete; it is fitted with central heating, constant hot water, gas and electricity, an electric or gas refrigerator, connected

with the state telephone system and the house's central wireless aerial. The flat is always furnished with one or more open balconies. In certain cases separate butler's rooms are built on the top floor of the house. The attic floor contains the wash-house and the servants' bathroom, the cellar level the garages and air-raid shelters.

Owing to their equipment and judicious disposition these flats are comfortable in spite of being smaller than the old ones. Furnished with modern, smaller-scale and lower furniture the artistic effect of the rooms is heightened, while with large and heavy antique furniture they appear overcrowded. Through the large windows of the rooms the brilliant sunshine of Budapest floods the bright textiles covering the furniture — and it may be mentioned that the bedrooms with two large beds have been replaced by living-rooms furnished with couches.

In addition to these family flats there is a great number of bachelor flats consisting of one or two rooms, a bathroom, a kitchenette and an open balcony.

While formerly, as we have already mentioned, the houses were constructed around the narrow courtyard that could be set up on one site, now, since it is only permissible to build to a depth of 36—42 feet along the street, a spacious court develops between the houses in the centre of the block, and usually even an air space of 30 ft. remains free on the two opposite sides of this court. While previously a kind of open gallery or corridor led from the staircase to the flats facing the yard, so that they could only be reached by passing in front of their windows, to-day each flat opens directly onto the staircase : mostly two family flats and two *garçonnières*.

As regards the architectural appearance of the houses, this reveals a powerful process of simplification. The fronts are smooth, their articulation derived by the designers from their peculiar architectural circumstances : the masses of the projecting closed balconies, the system of adjoining open balconies, their closed parapets afford the articulation. The unwarranted cornices and pillars, false columns that bear no burden, have been forgotten. Indeed, what part could they play in these houses whose supporting framework is made of steel or ferro-concrete ? This structure also makes it

possible for the windows to extend from pillar to pillar, with the result that the perpendicular supporting elements appear in small dimensions, the window-spaces dominate and assume a horizontal character. This renders the façade-composition horizontal; consequently the adjacent individual houses of 45—60 feet merge into unity along the street, a phenomenon encouraged by the fact that in the new residential quarters the authorities prescribe an identical height of cornice. It has also become extremely popular to cover the houses in their entirety, once they have been lined, with stone ; either with hard lime-sandstone, or with polished travertine slabs, which give the house a distinguished appearance and at the same time eliminate subsequent repairs.

The employment of quality materials spreads from the front of the house to its interior. In better houses the walls and flooring of hall and staircase are usually lined with marble, or covered with wainscotting made of some good wood. The entrance door of the flat is covered with walnut or oak. Frequent employment of bronze and chromium enhances the wealth of materials. It occurs on the frames of doors, on balustrades, inscriptions, lighting, etc. Compared to this lavish work the older houses with their dust- and soot-covered plaster and stucco ornaments assume a shabby aspect.

These houses, born of a new spirit, constitute whole residential quarters with an entirely new aspect in certain parts of Budapest. The most striking and attractive among them, by reason of its situation, is the outer St. Stephen district on the Danube Embankment, whose flats have a view unparalleled throughout Europe over the Danube and the verdant groves of St. Margaret's Island. The effect is heightened by the fact that in this area the Budapest Board of Public Works has created a modern park with grren lawns and water-basins. A similar spirit is revealed in the so-called Viziváros (Water-city) beneath the Vár, whose ancient one-storey houses along winding streets are being pulled down in rapid succession, and two or three-storey flats along broad streets adorned with strips of grass put up in their place for the middle classes. In this case, of course, that luxury of execution which has been described above is inadmissible. The façades are plastered, the entrances simpler, the flats consist of no more than two

or three rooms; but the principles of wholesome architecture still assert themselves. The surprising thing is that in their appearance these less pretentious buildings are just as tasteful as the most luxurious. The pleasant and peaceful streets contrast strikingly with those of twenty years ago, in which the designers attempted to compose every single house differently, their chief ambition being the balancing of opposites. The remark made by a critic, that since the 1800's there has been no architecture in Budapest so honest in style, is most appropriate.

Thus the revolt of the younger generation resulted in essentially reforming the town flats of Budapest. Nevertheless, the supreme ambition of its inhabitants of all classes is to live in a house of their own with a garden. For some 40 years we have been witnessing a veritable migration of peoples: from the closely built-up districts to the outer quarters, even to areas beyond the limits of the capital, where sites are cheaper, where it is easier to build a detached house. This movement, of course, is not without its effects on the construction of the dwelling-house, the family house. Originally, before the first Great War, most of the designers were inspired by the comparatively free ground-plan of the English detached house, in addition to which they were fond of employing the charming forms and motives of the Hungarian country house. Later on, the stricter forms, the columned verandahs of the so-called "*kuria*", the country seats of Hungarian classicism, became fashionable, until finally the pulsation of new architecture permeated architectural ideas. Freedom of ground-plan once again became the slogan, associated with the basic principle of the new architectural spirit: expediency, more sunshine and air, broader and freer vistas into nature, better, differentiated room-dimensions: a spacious, big living-room, small, but if possible many bedrooms. It is interesting to note that in spite of their aspiration to free, i. e. non-symmetrical ground-plans the architects endeavour to achieve a certain compactness in the total, mass-effect of their buildings. Another aspiration of aesthetic character is to eliminate the steep roof, and even the projecting, protective cornice in order to assure the clearest assertion possible of the building's block-like effect. In order

to render the composition of the front surfaces as harmonious as possible, its apertures are arranged, their dimensions and proportions chosen with the utmost care. There is a characteristic preference for long, horizontal windows, while perpendicular windows are avoided — only to be applied in the case of the staircase, whose windows extend through several storeys, as a consciously-sought contrasting effect. Wherever we may walk among the garden quarters of Budapest, and especially among the hills of Buda, we keep coming across these modern houses, the best among which are designed by Bertalan Árkay, Joseph Fischer, Louis Kozma, Farkas Molnár, Imre Platschek, Julius Rimanóczy and the Szabó brothers. Let us add that as a result of their work such houses of modern character are also found in smaller towns, and even in villages; the tendency of even the most modest country constructions bears the mark of the new architectural spirit developed by them.

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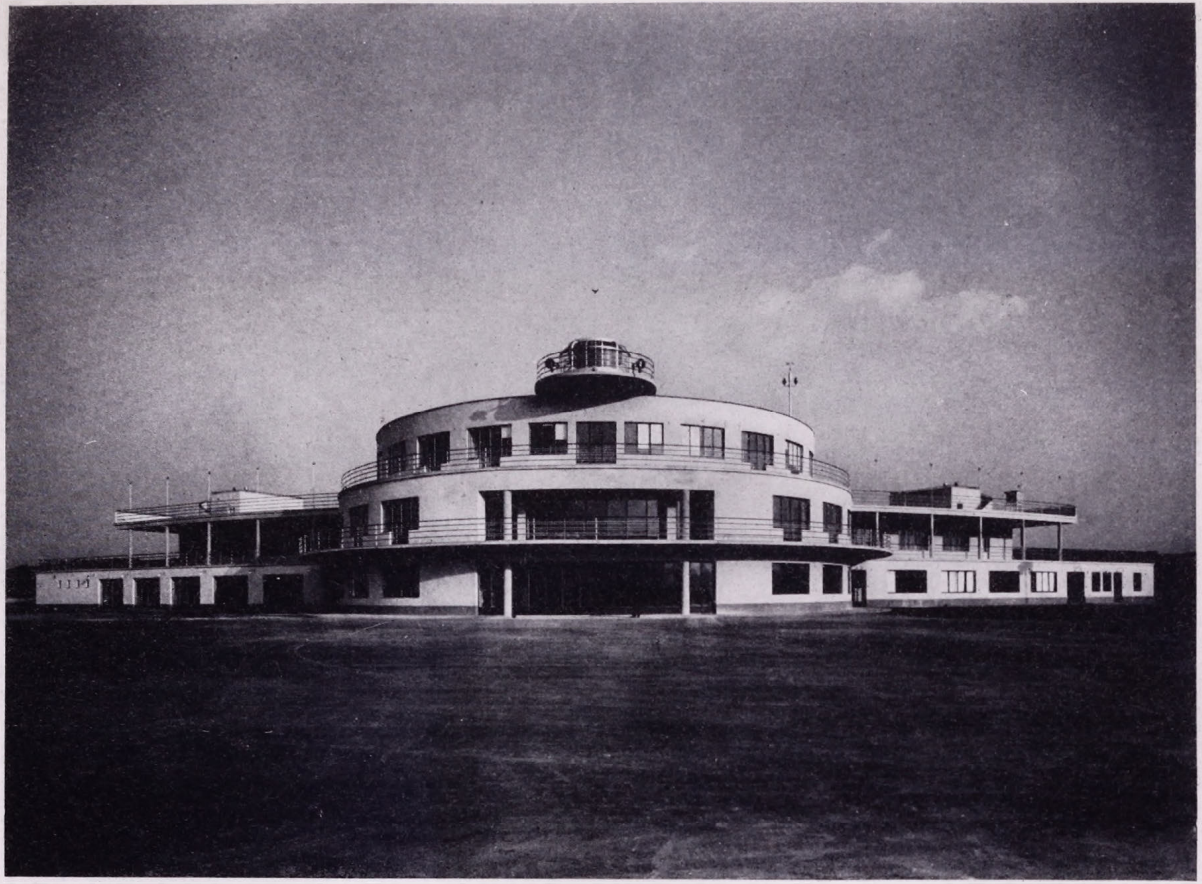
In one of the most beautiful and ancient parks in Buda, the Városmajor, there stands, among century-old plane-trees and horse chestnuts, the first Hungarian church of modern tendency. It was built in 1932 by Bertalan Árkay for a Catholic priest with a great appreciation of art. For its size this church was built with surprisingly small material means, and it realizes extremely original architectural ideas. It consists of three naves, but its aisles are very narrow and lie outside the rows of seats. The external side of the aisles is made up alternately of altar recesses of small depth and enormous windows that reach up to the roof. The chancel rises above the nave in height and can be illuminated from above through the ceiling at evening service. The altar is a very low table, and the reredos is provided by the stained glass of the curved rear wall. The outside of the church is composed of beautifully shaped and proportioned blocks, its inside is flooded by the dim colours of the walls and the brilliance of the gigantic stained glass windows. The latter are the *chef d'œuvre* of Lili Sztéló, the architect's wife. Its rich and burning colours, and particularly its dimensions make this church akin to the gothic cathedrals, and there are those who are actually reminded of the Sainte Chapelle of Paris when they see it.

In the work of Bertalan Árkay and his wife the aspirations of modern architecture, and in particular its inexorable quest after purity of form, appear in their entire clearness and with the greatest severity at a time surprisingly early considering the progress of evolution.

Not far from this church, in the midst of a villa-quarter embedded in emerald green gardens at the foot of the hills of Buda, another modern church has been built for the Franciscans by Julius Rimanóczy. This church is not perhaps so categorically modern, it does not assert the puritanism, the strictness of form of modern architecture so emphatically, but for this very reason it is almost preferred by many. It must be admitted that, while the first modern church at first provoked a certain hostility, the second opened the way, and since then numerous churches in the new spirit have been built in several towns of Hungary, such as the church of the Order of St. Paul at Pécs, designed by Charles Weichinger, that of Balatonboglár by Iván Kotsis, those of Komárom and Csorna by Nándor Körmendy.

It is only natural that the young generation which achieved these results also demanded and had a say in the great state and municipal constructions of the past decades. While about fifteen years ago any modern designs conceived in the spirit of the age were simply smiled at and dropped at a competition, to-day the situation has been reversed: in any competition of plans at present one hardly encounters an attempt to forge architecture out of the reminiscences of the past, and sketches based on an up-to-date conception appear in large numbers. Although some of these wish to achieve modernism by a feeble effort, the rest have actually experienced and felt the spirit of our age and introduce most fortunate ideas. And since to day the group of architects is the decisive factor on the committees which decide the fate of these competitions, the successful designs are those that reflect the spirit of the age, and consequently their authors are commissioned to carry out state and municipal buildings. While in the years following the first Great War the neo-baroque of public buildings influenced private buildings, more recently the example is set by the clarified forms of modern public construction.



BUDAPEST AIR-PORT

(Architects: Králik and Bierbauer)



CHURCH IN PASARÉT, BUDAPEST

(Architect : J. Rimanóczy)

MAGYAR
TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA
KÖNYVTÁRA

The greatest builders in the country to day are the Social Insurance Institutes, which do a great deal of building both in the capital and in the country. They put up consulting institutes, offices and dwelling-houses, thus introducing modern rational architecture on all sides. Far and away the most prominent among the many successful constructions of these institutes is the convalescent home of the Private Employees' Insurance Institute on Lake Balaton, whose spacious, sunlit premises provide the comfort of practically an hotel de luxe for its visitors. The biggest building of this kind is the Budapest Accident Hospital of the Workers' Insurance Institute, designed by Gideon Gerlóczy, Nándor Körmendy and Tibor Brestyánszky. The ten-storey, iron-frame, wholly fayence-covered block of the main building, which is wide open to the sun towards the south-east, towers characteristically above the capital's throng of houses, thus not only serving the comfort of the patients, but at the same time constituting a truly remarkable architectural composition. A military officers' hospital in Buda is built in a similar spirit; and the construction will soon be completed of the Civil Servants' Hospital, whose tower-shaped building will rise out of the trees of an ancient forest, with the panorama of the Buda valleys spread out before the eyes of the convalescents.

In addition, we must mention several office-buildings in Budapest. One of them, designed by Julius Rimanóczy, is the new Post Office Directorate which also contains the Telephone Exchange. The block of ferro-concrete construction overlooks three streets with its geometrical regularity and wholly stone-covered façade; its top floor, which houses the officials' restaurant, cuts into the blue sky with a pergola of Italian design. On Liberty Square, the largest square of Budapest, there stands a new bank building, an eight-storey steel-frame building covered with brownish sandstone, by the architects Lauber and Nyiri. With its network of square windows above the ground-floor row of pillars, the front in its regularity contrasts strikingly with the appearance of the other sides of the Square; in opposition to the restlessness of the other houses it represents order. Special mention must be made of the building's interior: the spacious, marble-covered hall, the cashiers' office with its glass-brick wall, the

staircase with its bronze parapet, the marble-covered corridors, the board-room with its atmosphere of distinguished tranquillity, all are expressive of the spirit of our age in both design and furniture. For its purpose, the building is equipped with a great deal of mechanical apparatus, in particular its heating and ventilation, which add the advantages of air-conditioning to those of ceiling-heating by radiation.

It is only on such a large scale that we encounter successful and attractive public buildings. They exist equally among those which serve the lighter side of sunny life. On St. Margaret's Island, one of the loveliest spots in Budapest, the sunshine of summer is given a most interesting architectural setting by the Palatinus open-air baths with their slender colonnade, and terraced wings of dressing-rooms which dissolve in winding stairs with acheerful effect. The splendid fresco by Stephen Pekáry has been excellently fitted into this architectural framework by the designer, Stephen Janáky. In many respects, the open-air theatre on the Island creates an entirely original impression ; the designer, Peter Kaffka, has succeeded in forming the auditorium, in spite of its huge capacity, in such a way that its masses are hardly felt among the trees. One might almost say that the designer has built negative form.

A similar spirit of lightness characterizes the Budapest Aerodrome, which was planned by the author of this article in partnership with László Králik. It is a peculiarity of the building that the air-passenger comes up a drive into the circular central hall, from which he overlooks the green field of the busy airport through a window 50 ft. wide. The lateral wings of the building branch off in curves from its terraced, cylindrical central block, — somebody once said that the whole reminded him of an eagle about to fly up. The soft curving of the lines is the building's chief characteristic, and the wealth of form derived from it greets all arrivals with a cordial smile.

The new World War has not paralysed the country's building activity. From the autumn of 1939 to the autumn of 1940 more flats were built in Budapest than in the preceding year. In addition, public buildings of vast dimensions are under way : thus a covered stadium and a huge 'bus garage,

and the construction of a spa hotel on the slope of the Gellért Hill is about to be started, and the sudden increase in air-traffic has made it necessary to construct a new air-field. Moreover, it is intended to build an enormous new Town Hall.

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This is a brief survey of Hungarian architecture in the past few decades. We believe that those who are acquainted with the evolution of European architecture during this same period will notice the deep-rooted parallel that manifests itself unchanged in this era of Hungarian architecture. This means that the ancestral traditions of our art continue to live unaltered.

It might be asked, where does the specifically Hungarian character manifest itself? To find a definite answer to day would as yet be difficult. Turning over pictures of recent European architecture, for example Alfred Roth's *The New Architecture* which was published in Zurich a year ago, we feel the remarkable difference between what was built by the Finnish Alvar Aalto or born on the Czech Honzik's drawing board. The same applies to new Hungarian architecture: we strongly feel its specific character, which is determined by the peculiarities of soil and life, but would not venture to describe these divergences in words, — probably because we are as yet too close to the life that produced this architecture, — indeed, we still live in the very midst of this life and see no more than the aims we have set ourselves, for which we have fought and still are fighting. On the other hand, it seems to us that we do not in any respect lag behind the evolution of European architecture. As at all times in the last thousand years, we wanted to be European and have succeeded in being European.

THE FARTHING

A Fantasy in Three Acts

By EUGENE HELTAI

The writer of this play is one of the most popular of Hungarian dramatists and writers, and many of his works have already been translated into English. His play "The Silent Knight" was produced in London a year or two ago, and in our Spring 1940 issue we published a one-act sketch of his under the title "Three White Roses."

"The Farthing," one of Eugene Heltai's latest successes, was produced in Budapest recently, and at the moment of going to press is still running. We have been compelled, for reasons of space, to summarise a short portion of the play.

Persons in the Play:

The Poet, *aged 56*
Martha, *his wife, aged 28*
Doctor, *friend of the family, incidentally in love with Martha*
Irene
Dora, *an actress*
Wen-Hai, *the Black Emperor*
Tai-Kong, *a Chinese Beggar*
Nurse

First Act

(The Poet's study, a spacious room with vaulted ceiling and whitewashed walls, lined with book-shelves. In one corner a deep window embrasure is curtained off. Near it a table on which stands a brass bowl of Chinese workmanship filled with flowers. On the mantelshelf two Chinese Mandarins in green and yellow robes. A fire burns in the grate. As the curtain rises the Poet is seen sitting in an arm-chair, dictating to Martha. He is mortally ill but manifestly clinging to life with all his remaining strength.)

Poet: *(dictates with closed eyes):* "...taking her hand he draws her gently towards him, raises her tear-stained face to his and kisses her on the mouth." Curtain.

MARTHA *(types swiftly):* Very fine and touching.

POET: And completely new.

MARTHA *(with a laugh):* As to that . . .

POET: It's their first kiss. There's nothing newer in the world than for two people to kiss each other for the first time.

MARTHA: At any rate it's an excellent curtain.

POET: I'm glad you think so. Now for the second Act.

MARTHA *(jumps up):* Second Act nothing. You have worked enough for to-night.

POET *(feverishly):* If I leave it to-night it will never be written . . . And Dora says she won't take the part unless she has it at once. Besides, we need the money . . .

MARTHA: Why do you keep bothering about money? You're rich.

POET: But I have been poor. I refuse to be poor again. And I want you to be provided for when I am gone.

MARTHA *(rises and comes round to him):* Get well. Don't bother about me. You serve me best by taking care of yourself.

POET: How cool your hand is. *(Kisses it and lays it against his forehead.)* My head burns.

MARTHA: It's the heat of the fire — and working yourself up like this . . .

POET: You don't know what it is to have to abandon all — work, fame, everything. What will become of all the thoughts I have left unwritten? The thoughts I could not, or dared not express. I am only fifty — not old enough to die. I have only made money so far; *now* I want to write something really great and fine.

MARTHA: You will. Don't be so impatient. You think all is over if a day passes without your name being in the papers.

POET: I am a poet. Vain, sensitive and selfish. I can only see my own side. I am, to myself, the entire world. And this world is going to be annihilated. Is it any wonder that I complain?

MARTHA: Don't flirt with death. That's the privilege of young poets. You are not going to die.

NURSE: The Doctor.

DOCTOR *(enters behind her):* Good-evening.

MARTHA: Good-evening, Ivan.

POET: Hello. What are you doing here? You came this morning.

DOCTOR *(camouflaging his professional anxiety):* I happen to be dining next door — at Irene's. *(Feels his pulse.)* What sort of a day has he had?

MARTHA: Excellent. No pain at all, and he has finished his first Act. He wanted to start on the second, but I wouldn't let him.

DOCTOR: Quite right. What's the hurry?

POET *(gives a short laugh).*

DOCTOR: Why do you laugh?

POET: You know perfectly well I am done for.

MARTHA *(losing control for the first time):* He keeps on saying that . . .

DOCTOR: Courage, Martha. We can't have you breaking down.

MARTHA: Sorry.

POET: Forgive me, Martha. *(To Doctor.)* Well? You didn't say how you found my pulse.

DOCTOR: Fine. *(To Martha.)* You had better go and lie down a bit. You're tired. As for me, I'll toddle along. We'll be playing bridge after dinner.

MARTHA: Who are the other guests?

DOCTOR: The usual lot. So-called good friends.

POET: Charles — with Dora in tow, naturally.

DOCTOR: That's right.

POET: Alfred, Irene's boy friend . . .

DOCTOR: Four or five young men and as many young matrons . . .

POET: With Irene herself and her husband.

DOCTOR: Not the husband. He's been in Zurich, for some big deal. He's expected back to-night.

POET: With a new string of pearls, of course. Poor wretch. *(To Doctor.)* Go and amuse yourself.

DOCTOR: Thanks, I will. Try and get a nap — it'll do you good before dinner. *(To Nurse.)* Nurse Margaret, you'll stay?

NURSE: Yes, Doctor.

MARTHA *(kisses her husband):* Sleep well.

POET: Better lie down too for a bit. You've worked hard all day. I've teased you — I've often teased you. Forgive me. Good-bye.

(Martha and Doctor leave the room together.)

POET *(to Nurse):* There's a little leather-bound volume over there — on my desk. Could you let me have it? And some paper and a pencil.

NURSE: You're not going to work? You promised to try and sleep.

POET: Later. The book . . . It's called Su-King. It's a sacred book. Chinese. Thanks. You can go now, Nurse. I'll ring if I want you. But first please draw the curtains. I hate that embrasure — they all come from there.

NURSE: Who?

POET: They . . . shades — spirits — ghosts — voices . . .

NURSE: Surely you don't believe in ghosts — a famous, learned man like you?

POET: Only when I have a temperature. And now, out you go.

NURSE: All right, all right. *(She leaves the room.)*

POET: At last! *(He draws the telephone to him, lifts the receiver, and pretends to dial a number, but only sketches the gesture in the air.)* Hello! *(A woman's voice answers from behind the curtain.)* Hello!

POET: Dora, is that you? I have finished the first Act.

VOICE: One Act is not enough.

POET: I know. But in two days' time . . .

VOICE: It will be too late.

POET: You promised to wait . . . I am ill, you see, — very ill. Perhaps I shall never get well. This is my last play. What? I can't hear. Why don't you answer? . . . Hello, hello . . . She's rung off. *(He sinks back annihilated.)* She's rung off! *(Replaces receiver and sits with closed eyes. Pause. Suddenly he starts up.)* Who is that?

(The curtain parts and reveals Irene, a slim and beautiful young woman in evening dress.)

IRENE: It is I. How are you, Stephen? You have been talking to Dora? Why do you bother about that little goose? Am I not better company? I hear you've been ill.

POET: I've been ill a long time. Why didn't you come to see me?

IRENE: Martha is jealous of me.

POET: Wasn't that sufficient inducement?

IRENE: I didn't wish to hurt her. That's why I came like this, in secret, when I knew I'd find you alone. *(She makes a pirouette.)* Am I beautiful?

POET *(simply)*: Strumpet.

IRENE: What did you say?

POET: You heard me. Shall I repeat it?

IRENE: No need, I heard you. I was only surprised that you said it so calmly, almost politely, without passion or hatred.

POET: I said it as I call my physician: "Doctor".

IRENE: All right, all right, you needn't elaborate. Do you think you are the only one to have applied that word to me? A young and desirable woman — for I am desirable, am I not? — is called a strumpet almost as often as she is called an angel. Some women regard the epithet as a compliment — the amateur is always proud of being taken for a professional. May I have a cigarette?

POET: Over there, on that table. Sorry I can't get up. Got it?

IRENE: Thanks. *(She sits on the arm of a chair, smoking and dangling her legs.)*

POET: Tell me, you heartless little beast, why is it that you have given yourself to everyone except to me? No — I'm wrong. There's one other to whom you deny yourself.

IRENE *(smoking tranquilly)*: Who's that?

POET: Your husband. Poor, lame Alexander, my brother in adversity and desire.

IRENE: I despise my husband.

POET: Because he married you?

IRENE: Because I no longer love him. Because I have told him so and he has not killed me. *(After a slight pause.)* You would have killed me. You I could have loved.

POET: Why did you not love me?

IRENE: It was your fault.

POET: For five years I did everything I could...

IRENE: You did nothing. You were mean and wanted me for nothing.

POET: I could not guess that you wanted money.

IRENE: Money! What did I care for your money! It was your love I was after. You wanted me to be yours but you would not be mine. You wanted everything and would give nothing — you were careful of your reputation, your dignity, your wife's feelings — you feared a scandal and feared to trust me. You treated me as a strumpet even before you knew whether or not I was one. You never deserved me.

POET: And those others — the dozen I knew of and all I did not know of — did they deserve you?

IRENE: Each of them gave me something...

POET: Money, jewels, cars, furs, flowers, chocolates...

IRENE: No — love. Words of comfort when I was sad. Tenderness, foolish rhapsodies. One implored, another threatened, a third bullied, a fourth employed cunning devices, a fifth entertained me... Each and all came out of himself, betrayed that he wanted me desperately, uncontrollably. You alone were cautious, superior and cold as marble. I shivered when I was near you.

POET: And all the time I was suffering tortures.

IRENE: You did not let me see it. Never for a moment did you lose your head; you only wanted to make me lose mine, so that you could study me, watch me, dissect me. You noted my words, my jests, the play of my eyelashes for use in your novels and plays. It was ink, not your heart's blood that you spilt for me. Ass!

POET: Come here.

IRENE: What for?

POET: So that I can strangle you.

IRENE *(laughing)*: Too late. You ought to have done it before.

POET: If you would come here and kiss me once — for the last time.

IRENE: You would not feel my kiss, any more than I should feel it if you strangled me.

POET: Why not?

IRENE: Because I am not here. You are alone in this room. I am only a shadow — a vision — your own desire, anxiety, remorse. I am what you have missed, what you would recover in haste, before the gates of life are closed in your face for ever.

POET: It is too late, you say?

IRENE: It was not I who said it.

POET: Why did you come?

IRENE: You called me. *(She throws her cigarette into the ash-tray.)* Good-night. I must make room for the others.

POET: What others?

IRENE: All the other ghosts that haunt you. Shadows, like Dora and me.

POET: Yes — they all come from behind that curtain. I shall have that window walled up when I get well.

IRENE: You will never have it walled up.

POET: You mean I am going to die?

IRENE *(walks silently towards the curtain and vanishes).*

NURSE *(opens the door):* Did you call? It thought I heard you talking.

POET: I want nothing, thanks. What is this funny smell?

NURSE: I smell nothing.

POET: It is something spicy — opium — incense . . . Look behind the curtain — is no one there?

NURSE *(draws the curtain and discloses, sitting on the window seat, a Chinese beggar. She herself does not see him):* There's no one here.

POET *(smiling):* I thought so. You don't see the Chinaman?

NURSE: What Chinaman?

POET: There — on the window-seat.

NURSE *(soothingly):* There's no one there. Let me give you a sleeping-draught.

POET *(testily):* I want no sleeping-draught. Leave me alone. And for goodness' sake go away.

NURSE: All right, all right. *(She leaves the room.)*

BEGGAR *(comes out of the embrasure and bows low, his hands on his temples).*

POET: Come in, come in. Who are you.?

BEGGAR: My name is Tai-Kong. I am a hermit and a holy man, who sometimes mingles with the foolish crowd in the

guise of a beggar in order to convince them of their errors and lead them into the right path.

POET: I have been reading about your people lately.

BEGGAR: I see you have Su-King, the Holy Book, in your hands. For what reason?

POET *(taken aback):* For what reason?

BEGGAR: Are you really thirsting for the wisdom of the Great Emperors, or only hoping to find among the wise sayings of the ancients something to bolster up one of your trivial writings?

POET *(with a rueful laugh):* Enough, I understand. You are no more Tai Kong than Irene was Irene. You are simply my literary conscience. You come to me from the dim Chinese Ages because when I have finished the tripe I am writing at present I intend to try my pen at a lovely Chinese legend . . . I have thousands of notes for it here . .

BEGGAR: China is in fashion at present. You, my honourable brother, are not minded to be left out of the swim. But before you start on the lovely Chinese legend, you are writing some rubbish for Dora. Isn't it so?

POET *(nods):* Your far from honourable brother frequently writes rubbish. If you will take the trouble to look round you, you will see signs of a certain well-being. I like to live well, to travel, I like amusing company, good wines, lovely women . . . All these things cost money.

BEGGAR: Those are Philistine pleasures. You are supposed to be a poet.

POET: Poets are human beings like other men.

BEGGAR: More's the pity. But you are not even human. You know nothing of human feelings. You neglect your wife. You have no offspring. You wanted none. You will not survive in your children.

POET: I am content if I survive in my works.

BEGGAR: You think you will survive by writing rubbish?

POET: It is only rubbish in my own eyes. My publishers like it, the public laps it up. And I love applause and popularity. I cannot do without them.

BEGGAR: You will have to learn.

POET: Not while I live. They have become a habit.

BEGGAR: Life, too, has become a habit, yet you will give it up.

POET: I know. But until I have to . . .

BEGGAR: There is no "until". You have only a minute left.

POET: Impossible. I have much to do still.

BEGGAR: You have done it all.

POET: I must take leave . . .

BEGGAR: You have done so already.

POET *(shivers slightly):* I fear you . . .

BEGGAR: There is no need. I am your friend. I have been sent to fetch you and to take care of you.

POET: Who sent you?

BEGGAR *(bowing low):* Wen-Hai.

POET: Wen-Hai? I think I have read that name somewhere. Who is he?

BEGGAR: The Lord of Darkness. The Black Emperor. The Eternal Solitary.

POET: You mean Satan?

BEGGAR: If you prefer to call him that. Come.

POET: How light I feel! What has happened to me, Tai-Kong?

BEGGAR: You are cured.

(Curtain.)

SECOND ACT

(A corridor in Hell, out of which open the great bronze portals of the Throne Room, now closed. When the curtain rises the Poet and the Beggar are seen sitting on a bench to the right of the portal.)

POET: Honourable Tai-Kong, how long shall I have to wait?

BEGGAR: Don't be so impatient. You have hardly started. We have not been sitting here more than a thousand years.

POET: How time flies! I had no idea we had been here that long. But I'd like to get back to finish my work. It's wanted.

BEGGAR: You're wrong. No one wants it now.

POET: Dora . . . if I could have a word with her . . .

BEGGAR: Impossible.

POET: Could you not get her to come here? She's quite ripe for this place as it happens.

BEGGAR: Even if I could you would not meet her. She would go to a different Hell.

POET: Are there several Hells?

BEGGAR: No, only one — one vast, international Hell — but to each of you it appears to be different. It is the Hell which your imagination created for you while you were on earth. To you, who have been reading a good deal about my country, it is a Chinese Hell. Dora's Hell, when her turn comes, will be the good, old-fashioned kind where little red demons leap about and screech just as she herself leaps about and screeches on the stage. On the whole, people have given up wondering what the NetherWorld will be like since Dante's grandiose and terrifying description of it. They say: "let come what must", relying on Dante as they rely on Baedeker.

(During this speech the great portals have slowly opened, showing the Throne Room within. On a raised divan in the centre sits the Black Emperor, a parchment-faced, wrinkled old Mandarin dressed in black, with a tall black cap on his head. Behind him, on either side, sit his two Ministers, life-sized China figures, exact replicas of the two figures on the Poet's mantelpiece. Their only role is to nod in the manner of their kind whenever the occasion seems to require it. At the sound of a gong Tai-Kong and the Poet rise and prostrate themselves before the throne. The Emperor, whose eyes have been closed until then, raises his lids and looks at them.)

BEGGAR: Oh, Wen-Hai, Eternal Solitary, I have carried out your orders.

WEN-HAI: Rise, holy man. *(Beggar and Poet stand up. To Poet.)* Don't be frightened.

POET: I am not frightened. I know very well, Eternal Solitary, that you and your Hell and your honourable Ministers are all an illusion, a figment of my brain like Irene and the rest. I am ill, that's all.

WEN-HAI: You are no longer ill. You have been cured.

POET: Thank God. Or — is that Name forbidden here?

BEGGAR: Oh no. There is no place where His Name is appealed to as frequently as in Hell.

POET: You persist in maintaining that I am in Hell. All right. Have it your own way. But it is my own individual Hell, a Hell of my own creation. You two have sprung from my mind — you are my invention. It would be different if I were really dead. But I am alive, I move, speak, think...

WEN-HAI: You are dead.

POET: I don't believe it.

BEGGAR: My honourable but obstinate brother, don't argue.

WEN-HAI: Let him be. It will be all the worse for him when he awakes to the reality.

POET: The reality?

WEN-HAI: I shall personally mete out your punishment.

POET *(resigning himself, bows low):* I shall remain eternally grateful for this imperial favour. But before I begin my punishment I should be glad to know why I have had to come to Hell?

WEN-HAI *(smiles):* They all ask that question.

POET: What have I done? *(No one answers him.)* What have I done? *(Again there is silence.)* I understand. You want me to accuse myself, to make, as it were, an authentic list . . . That's not so easy. Looking back — into myself — I find that I have been neither very good nor very wicked. I thought of no one but myself . . . I told lies, but no oftener than was absolutely necessary . . .

WEN-HAI: All that is nothing.

POET: I have harmed a few people, but not appreciably. I have helped a few — in the same moderation. I have never infringed any law.

WEN-HAI: Goodness of heart is worth more than the law.

POET: That's a strange saying for the Lord of Hell.

WEN-HAI: It is a well-known Chinese proverb. Go on.

POET: Have I not said enough?

WEN-HAI: These are trifling common-place faults — mere human frailties. What have they to do with Hell?

POET: Are you thinking of graver matters? *(No answer.)* My wife — Martha — she is an angel on earth . . . I have caused her much pain . . .

WEN-HAI: It is the lot of angels to suffer.

POET: Then it's not that? What else? Money? I have loved money, I confess, but . . .

BEGGAR *(interrupting):* You are on the right track at last — don't leave it. It is self-accusation, not excuses that we want.

WEN-HAI: All is forgiven to those who do not forgive themselves.

POET: Does that saying come from Satan?

WEN-HAI: No. That, too, is an ancient Chinese proverb.

POET: I loved money inordinately, not for its own sake but for the fun of throwing it away. I wanted cars, cards, women, — every sort of intoxication — and so I sold my soul to the hucksters, or rather, became a huckster myself.

BEGGAR: That's better.

POET: It was my only chance. *(Hastily.)* Forgive me, I am not defending myself, only trying to make you understand that under the present economic conditions a writer . . . In short, I needed success in order to turn it into cash . . . After all, my pen was my own.

WEN-HAI: You are wrong. It was not your own. It was only lent to you, and you dishonoured it, betraying those who trusted you.

POET: Possibly. I, too, was full of reverence at the start. I thought literature a sacred thing. But when I found I could make no headway and saw others triumphing, I gradually sank to their level. Why not I as well as they, I thought. I pretended to myself that it was only for a little while — as soon as I had enough and to spare I should wash my hands and write my masterpiece, exchanging my cheap popularity for immortality and the stars.

WEN-HAI: You did not write your masterpiece. And so you are in Hell.

POET: For that?

WEN-HAI: For that.

POET: Is Hell really so concerned for the purity of literature? Does it trouble Satan when a poet strikes a false note?

WEN-HAI: No bird ever strikes a false note. Why? Because birds are not paid to sing.

POET: Oh mighty Wen-Hai, that saying marks you a poet yourself — a greater poet than I.

BEGGAR: Which is not saying much, my tricky brother.

WEN-HAI: I respect and admire poets. But only those who make honest use of the talent entrusted to them.

POET: Strange. I thought the worse muck one wrote, the more Satan would be pleased.

WEN-HAI: The writer of muck is a mere petty underling. We pay him for his services, but we do not praise him. The traitor, on the other hand, we punish according to his deserts.

POET *(with resignation)*: I am in your hands.

WEN-HAI: Your offence lies outside the ordinary run of sins. Those worthy Ancients *(he bows his head into his hands)* who drew up our laws failed to provide for it. And though we have modernized this place in many respects, we have

not been given leave to make new laws. I am therefore compelled to stick to our old and somewhat antiquated code. Fortunately I have discovered two Acts which with a little goodwill can be applied to your case. One concerns the disloyal merchant, the other the corrupt judge. I admit to a preference for the latter. The analogy is simpler and more patent. The poet stands in the place of a judge. He has to be impartial, he must neither lie nor prevaricate, neither trample on the truth nor help falsehood to victory for the sake of lucre. Truth must be for him a holy thing... For you it was not holy. You betrayed it and abused the power, the poet's power, which was given you.

POET: It is true.

WEN-HAI: Consequently I shall punish you as I would punish a corrupt judge. You sinned for money's sake, by money you shall be chastised. *(He fumbles in his pocket.)* Holy man . . .

BEGGAR *(claps his hands, whereupon two minor devils appear and bow low before the throne).*

WEN-HAI *(he has found what he sought, and holds it up before Poet):* Do you see this coin?

POET: Yes. I have one like it on my desk. I know that in China it is called a *cash.* We call it a farthing.

WEN-HAI: Fill the nine-legged cauldron with boiling oil, throw into it this farthing, and fetch it here. *(The two minor devils bow, pick up the farthing and depart.)*

WEN-HAI *(to Poet):* This farthing is the symbol of lucre. For this farthing you have sold your pen, your soul, your life. It is the price of your shame.

POET: It is little enough.

BEGGAR: And yet it contented you. You turned for its sake from better, purer and more lasting riches. The poet who writes truth is rich; the beggar whose heart is filled with love is rich. You never loved anyone but yourself.

(The two minor devils bring in the steaming cauldron, which is a larger edition of the brass bowl in the Poet's study.)

WEN-HAI: Take off your coat, put your hand into the boiling oil and fish out the farthing as penance and atonement for your sins. When you have done so your soul will

start on its pilgrimage towards Nirvana. *(To his Ministers.)* Have I awarded the right penance? *(Ministers nod.)*

BEGGAR: The cauldron is large, the farthing small, the oil hot . . .

POET: The hand naked — the idea devilish.

WEN-HAI *(with a shrug):* What did you expect?

POEU: So that's what is in store for me? Tai-Kong, you have been good to me. Do you not think it unjust that I should have to die just when I was going to turn over a new leaf? I might have been able to retrieve my mistakes.

WEN-HAI: This is not a reformatory. Our business is to punish. *(The minor devils catch hold of the Poet's arm and prepare to lead him to the cauldron.)*

POET *(desperately):* Tai-Kong — Holy Hermit — is this how you stand by me? *(Beggar makes a sign and the devils release him.)* Don't think me a coward — I can set my teeth and plunge my hand into the hot oil as well as another. But — I want to live. Give me back my life!

WEN-HAI: Why should I?

POET: I don't know. Perhaps because you are not merely Satan but also a poet. My brother among the Elect. They call you the Eternal Solitary — a name only poets have a right to. I, too, have been an eternal solitary — with lapses, it is true, but we cannot all be as perfect as you. To quote a Chinese proverb in my turn: "Even the Emperor has poor relations". My Emperor, I am your poor relation, — a vile and worthless member of the family, but a relation notwithstanding.

WEN-HAI: You certainly know how to flatter.

BEGGAR: O Eternal Solitary, this man has passed through Hell in his lifetime. Suspend his punishment and give him back his life.

WEN-HAI *(after a brief pause, nods to the devils):* Take away the cauldron.

POET *(prostrates himself):* Thank you, wise Wen-Hai! And you too, holy man.

WEN-HAI: I cannot raise you from the dead. That is the privilege of One greater than I. I can give you back your soul, but not your body. You will no longer be the man you were.

POET: Can I no longer be Stephen, the poet? Can I not finish my play and write new ones?

WEN-HAI: No. I can do no more for you than for a dead dog or cat, a crushed butterfly or a rose that has been broken from its stalk. I must transfer your soul into another body.

BEGGAR: You must know that we are the servants of the great Buddha. In his marvellous world, which has neither beginning nor end, the soul sheds its body as human beings shed their garments. It passes from the coolie's body into the emperor's, from the emperor's into the ant's, and from the ant's into the lotus flower. Thus it wanders endlessly, through millions and millions of lives.

POET *(with some impatience):* I know all that. My soul will pass on, with all the innumerable other souls, a drop in the river. That is its destiny, but also its right. It is entitled to another body — it doesn't have to apply for it as though it were a special privilege. I have not abased myself merely to obtain what was coming to me in any case. I asked for something over and above that. Not for the millions of lives which await me in the womb of Time but for the one life which I know — my own, old, miserable, beloved life. What possible pleasure could it give me to become — say — a mosquito?

WEN-HAI: I am willing to accomodate you, although I must say you are extraordinarily impudent. In actual fact you should only be given a new human life in eighty-two thousand years. But we are not petty down here. A few years more or less . . . You shall have a human life at once; but naturally in another body.

POET: Why naturally? Would it not be much more natural to continue in my own? What use is human life to me if it is not I, myself, who live it? Permit, at least, that even in this new, unknown body I may remain the person I was — Stephen, the poet.

WEN-HAI: You are asking for a greater punishment than I was going to give you.

POET: Why then, Hell is the gainer on the transaction.

WEN-HAI *(to Beggar):* Holy man, is there, among those who died at the same moment as this man, one whom he knew, perhaps envied? One, in short, in whose place he would have liked to be?

BEGGAR: There was a motor accident at the moment of his death. A millionaire on his way back from Zürich. The chauffeur died on the spot; his master — he was a cripple — was taken home in an ambulance.

POET *(has been listening in growing agitation):* Irene's husband . . . Poor chap! So he's dead . . .

WEN-HAI: You can choose. Which of these two bodies shall have your soul? Whose life do you wish to live? The chauffeur was young and healthy . . .

POET *(contemptuously):* A chauffeur . . .

WEN-HAI: The other an elderly man, lame and worn.

POET: But Irene's husband. Oh, mighty Wen-Hai, you do not know Irene!

WEN-HAI: We do. *(To his Ministers.)* Don't we? *(Ministers nod.)*

POET: I want to be Irene's husband. I have an account to settle with that woman.

WEN-HAI: Is that all you can do with your own life? To settle accounts with Irene?

BEGGAR: There is still time to change your mind. The chauffeur . . .

POET: *(obstinately):* I want to be Irene's husband.

WEN-HAI: Very well. You have your wish.

POET *(raising his eyes):* Thank you, dear Heaven!

The Poet, in the body of the lame millionaire, miraculously saved after the motor accident which cost his chauffeur's life, finds that he has inherited the contempt with which Irene had been wont to treat her husband; having none of that unfortunate man's humility and patience, he chafes under the treatment, and his angry passion is fanned rather than allayed when she hurls at him that she could have loved Stephen, who was dead. One night, goaded past endurance by her taunts, he smothers her in her bed — and is immediately seized and handcuffed by two emissaries of the Black Emperor. The Beggar saves him, and, moved by his entreaties, grants him another life, this time as the chaffeur who was killed. He finds employment with the Doctor, who by then is married to his own wife, Martha. She is happy in her marriage and expecting a child, and when, finding her alone one day, he discloses to her that he is Stephen and implores her to go away with him, she refuses. Realizing at last that she no longer loves him, he resigns himself to his fate and meekly follows the Beggar who has come to fetch him.

THIRD ACT

(Scene: the Poet's study as in Act I. The fire still burns in the grate and in front of it, comfortably ensconced in an armchair, sits Wen-Hai. The Poet and the Beggar stand before him.)

POET: It was good of you, mighty Emperor, to come to my modest abode and so spare me the well-known walk to your place.

WEN-HAI: I always come when called. Why did you call me?

POET *(wearily):* I am finished, All-Powerful Wen-Hai.

WEN-HAI: You could have gone on living.

POET: As a chauffeur? No thank you.

WEN-HAI: It was your own desire.

POET: It seems there is no blessing on Satan's gifts. I have failed in both lives — neither Irene nor Martha would have anything to do with me. And they were right.

WEN-HAI: You are very humble and modest all of a sudden. But you needn't hope to escape your punishment. The hour of retribution has struck. Your soul will have to set out on its pilgrimage, and as I said, it will be eighty-two thousand years before it will inhabit a human body again.

POET: What will be the first stage?

BEGGAR: You will be a silk-worm, expiating your egoism by unselfishly spinning silk for others to wear. When you have done your work you will be fertilized, lay eggs, and die.

POET *(indignantly): I* lay eggs?

BEGGAR: You will be a female silk-worm. You will learn to bear children and to know that the ultimate disgrace is to have none.

POET: Much has happened to me since I died, but this . . .

WEN-HAI: You humans think that when you die all is at an end, whereas it is only then that things begin to happen. They will now begin for you.

POET: What, here in my own room? We are not yet in Hell.

WEN-HAI: The locality makes no difference. Hell is where I am. *(He claps his hands and the curtains of the window embrasure part to reveal the brass cauldron.)*

POET *(startled):* You have brought that horrible vessel along?

BEGGAR: It is not we who brought it. You have it always with you. You feed the fire that keeps it boiling, so that you may plunge your hand into the boiling oil the instant you feel the need of atoning.

POET *(starts towards cauldron but stops halfway)*: No, not yet.

WEN-HAI: Stop arguing. Don't you know that the sinner is drawn towards the act of expiation as iron is drawn by a magnet? You are thirsting for your penance as a little while ago you thirsted for life. Go and slake your thirst. Immerse yourself in the burning agony.

POET: I obey . . . but . . .

WEN-HAI: What is it now?

POET: The Chinese laws permit me to furnish a substitute. Is it not so?

WEN-HAI: Satan is cunning, but his cunning is nothing to man's.

POET: Oh, Eternal Solitary, grant my request. What difference can it make? If I find no substitute, I am still at your mercy.

WEN-HAI: You will never cease haggling.

POET: I shall never cease thinking. Tired as I am of life, I am not tired of searching for its meaning. Was I really so dastardly a creature in all my three lives as you want to make out? Was there nothing good, nothing fine in me, nothing for the sake of which these two women might have given me absolution? Was I *only* selfish, greedy, venal and insensitive? Was I not a poet, even if a bad one?

WEN-HAI: What do you want?

POET: An answer to my question.

BEGGAR *(bows low)*: Oh, Eternal Solitary, permit him to furnish a substitute. *(To Poet.)* Is that how you hope to have your question answered?

POET: You have guessed it, perfect Tai-Kong.

WEN-HAI: Selfish as ever.

POET: Time enough to be unselfish when I am a silk-worm. I must know whether there is anyone who loves me sufficiently to get the farthing out of the hot oil for my sake.

WEN-HAI: Will you be content when you know?

POET: I shall be content. And I shall depart feeling rich happy and... *(Telephone rings.)*

POET *(takes up receiver)*: Hello? Who is it?

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE: Don't you know me?

POET: Dora! What a strange coincidence! I was just going to ring you up. Could you come round at once? It's rather urgent.

VOICE: Why?

POET: I want to ask you to find a farthing for me which has been dropped into some hot oil.

VOICE *(laughs sweetly)*: You think I'll put my hand into hot oil for the sake of a farthing?

POET: Not for the farthing — for my sake.

VOICE: For you — that's different. But not just now. I'm busy. Charles is here and we're trying his new play. Good-bye.

POET: Good-bye. I must say I didn't put much trust in Dora. *(Curtain parts and Irene comes in.)*

IRENE: Good-evening, Stephen. You were telephoning to Dora?

POET: Yes. But I wanted to speak to you as well. I am glad you seem none the worse for the other night.

IRENE: You are thinking of that little adventure with the pillow? But that only occurred in your imagination.

POET *(points to steaming cauldron)*: Do you see that cauldron?

IRENE: Yes. How did that come here?

POET: I put it there. I have a mind to make an experiment. It is filled to the brim with hot oil, and at the bottom of the oil there is a farthing. I ought to fish it out myself, but . . .

IRENE *(laughing)*: You're afraid?

POET: No. But I want to know whether there is anyone willing to bear the agony for my sake.

IRENE: I'm willing.

POET: Because you love me?

IRENE: I do not love you.

POET: Then why . . .

IRENE: I'm sorry for you. I want to help you.

POET *(in disgust)*: Compassion? No, thanks. I don't want it. Go away. *(Irene vanishes and Martha appears in her place.)*

MARTHA: You called me?

POET *(discouraged)*: Yes, I called you, but no matter. I was going to ask you to do me a favour. But it's no use.

MARTHA: Why not? Ask anything you like. Whom should you turn to if not to me?

POET: You are another man's wife now.

MARTHA: I was yours once. *(She looks round.)* How untidy this room is since I went away. What's in that cauldron?

POET: Nothing much. A little hot oil. The corrupt poet's punishment. I am supposed to fish out from its depths the money that corrupted me — a farthing.

MARTHA: And you're afraid? That's easily remedied. *(Takes a step towards the cauldron.)*

POET: You? I cannot demand so great a sacrifice from you?

MARTHA: It is no sacrifice. It is my duty.

POET: Duty, duty — don't talk to me of duty. The only explanation I could accept would be — that you still love me.

MARTHA *(after a pause, softly)*: No, Stephen, I don't love you any more. I did for a long time — up to the moment of your death. And that love carries with it an obligation. *(She is about to plunge her hand into the cauldron but Stephen stops her.)*

POET: Martha, no! I won't have it. Go away! *(Martha vanishes.)*

BEGGAR *(after a pause)*: Who comes next?

POET: No one. It is my turn. *(He goes up to the cauldron and rolling up his sleeve prepares to put in his hand.)*

BEGGAR: Wait!

POET: For what? A miracle? *(Suddenly a naked arm appears between the curtains, fishes out the farthing and handing it to Poet, vanishes.)*

POET *(dazed)*: What was that?

BEGGAR: The miracle you did not count on.

POET: Who was it? Dora, Irene, Martha? Or . . .

WEN-HAI: It might have been a fourth.

POET: A fourth? But who . . .?

WEN-HAI: What if it was the Muse?

POET *(radiantly)*: The Muse?

BEGGAR: The lady you betrayed, and who forgave you at the last.

POET: She loved me — the only one of them all who did.

BEGGAR: Because you loved her too. Hopelessly as you loved Irene, faithlessly as you loved Martha, but with a genuine love. You *were* a poet — a bad one, but still a poet.

POET *(with a happy sigh)*: Poet . . . !

(Curtain.)

(The curtain rises on the same scene, but now the Poet, still sitting in his armchair, is dead. Enter Martha and Nurse together.)

MARTHA *(stops short at sight of Stephen and stands transfixed).*

NURSE *(follows her glance)*: Good gracious! *(She rushes to the dead man, raises his hand and drops it.)* Some one go for the Doctor quick! He's next door.

MARTHA: No use. Too late. *(She sinks on her knees by dead man's side, kisses his hand and stares dumbly before her.)*

DOCTOR *(entering)*: What's this?

NURSE: I was just going to send for you.

DOCTOR: I told you I'd come back. *(He looks down on the dead man.)* How happy and serene he looks! He did not suffer at all.

MARTHA: How do you know? His right hand is clenched.

DOCTOR: True. I wonder why? *(He raises the clenched fist and tries to open it.)* There is something in his hand. How tightly he holds it. *(He opens fingers and looks up in surprise.)* A farthing. I wonder what he meant to do with it?

(Curtain.)

NOTES AND LETTERS

American Presidents through Hungarian Eyes

THE recent presidential election in America may give point to these notes on the contacts between Hungary and the Presidents of the United States. There is little doubt that the political and intellectual relations between Hungary and the U. S. A. were always determined by the President. The omnipotent head of the most democratic confederation in the world had, however, little occasion to concern himself directly with the affairs of the distant Carpatho-Danubian country, or to impress his own ideas on Hungary's course. Yet it happened more than once that Washington had to occupy itself for a considerable time with Hungarian interests, since they form an indissoluble part of the political system of Western Europe. Several of the one million Hungarian immigrants who found their new home in the United States, and a good many of the great political thinkers of Hungary, drawn by the guiding star of American democracy, came into contact and had personal acquaintance with the Head of the State in the New World. Naturally, reminiscences have come down to us, especially from the last century, written by Hungarians who paid their respects to the President. In the descriptions of their journeys as well as in their political writings and their personal letters, their visit to the White House and its occupant is always mentioned with deep respect and great reverence. The President of the U. S. A., with his simplicity of person and surroundings, and his friendly tone typified for them the new statesman who, regardless of origin and upbringing, is able to achieve the highest position. Here only personal memoirs will be recounted, as they are valuable evidence enough of Hungary's connections with the Presidents of the United States. To collate the entire material of their political connections with Hungarians remains the task of future research and requires a thorough study of our archives. Contacts between Hungarians and Presidents of the United States date from almost before the constitution of the Presidency. It is a well-known fact that Hungarians recruited by Benjamin Franklin in France to fight for the independence of the new state in course of formation played, if not a decisive, undoubtedly a worthy part in the American revolution.

The first President, George Washington himself, was personally acquainted with one of his Hungarian soldiers; the name of Colonel Michael Kowatch — often mentioned of late by American journalists — was commended by the famous Brigadier Pulaski to Washington, then commander-in-chief in the Civil War. In his report of January 9, 1778, General Pulaski warmly recommends Colonel Kowatch as an instructor of cavalry. In his reply of January 14, Washington showed himself willing to engage the Hungarian officer whose character and capacities had already often been mentioned to him. Later, on April 18, 1778, Colonel Kowatch was repeatedly recommended by Pulaski to Washington and soon after, by agreement with the President, on the proposal of the Continental Congress and the competent committee Michael Kowatch was commissioned as colonel in command of the Pulaski legion. But Colonel Kowatch was not the only Hungarian acquaintance of the President. Washington knew two other Hungarians. One of them was Maurice Benyovszky, the much-travelled adventurous Hungarian, who had brought civilization to Kamchatka and been Emperor of Madagascar, who met Washington in the spring of 1782 and offered to recruit three thousand soldiers on the Continent with whom he would fight under the star-spangled banner of the United States against the English. Washington was undoubtedly attracted by the daring spirit of the Hungarian and recommended his proposal to Congress. However, James Madison, second President of the American republic and president of the competent committee, rejected his plan with thanks, considering it impracticable.

Among the succeeding Presidents of the United States, John Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, — described as representatives of the oligarchy by their American historians, — not one was acquainted with Hungarians. This is not surprising because the Emperor Francis, the ruling head of the Habsburg dynasty, being a narrow-minded reactionary, isolated Hungary entirely from the outside world in retaliation for the democratic-revolutionary Martinovics plot of 1795. Naturally, Hungary's isolation lasted no more than two or three decades, and with the relaxation of this intellectual quarantine the intellectuals of Hungary seized every opportunity of forging links with the western world.

Thus a Székely nobleman from faraway Transylvania visited America and, returning to his country, recorded his experiences of the New World. His book had such a tremendous success that in three years it went through two editions.[1] *The Voyage to America* became one of the most popular and effective books of the Hungarian Reform-period. Its influence on the Hungarian political thinkers of those days is of vast importance. Széchenyi, Wesselényi, and Kölcsey — men of genius of this period — were all eager to visit America and to obtain information from the Promised Land. However, what they were unable to do, was effected by Alexander Bölöni Farkas. The younger generation at the Pressburg Diet of 1832/36 was enormously impressed by the *Voyage to America*. Undoubtedly, the great admiration and enthusiasm which Louis Kossuth felt for the New World originates from this book. Indeed, its animated and enthusiastic style, its lively and exact descriptions did not only

[1] See *A North-American Journey* by Zsombor Szász, in Vol. IV No. 2 of *The Hungarian Quarterly*.

instruct and inform the reader but were able to awake the desire for the way of living and social order of the New World. In this book Farkas records in full detail his visit with his travelling companion, Count Francis Béldy, to President Jackson:

> "Next day we arrived exactly at the appointed hour at the house of the President. The same maid as yesterday led us into the reception room. Two gentlemen, sitting on the sofa, were also waiting. The reception room is not at all big and lacks every luxury. The floor is covered with carpet and there is no other furniture than several chairs and sofas and a clock. But everything is arranged with taste and care. Undoubtedly, there are moments in our lives when we are awaiting something with a beating heart, when all our feelings and thoughts are bent on a certain subject and yet our heart is full of confused agitation, — and struggling inwardly, we look forward hesitatingly to the long-sought moment. Those who have experienced such moments in their life will easily understand my state of mind in these minutes of expectation. After all, I was waiting for the man who was elected by the free will of thirteen million citizens to the highest official rank, and who was raised above them not by reason of his origin and wealth, or by a caprice of fortune, but for his own personal merits.
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> After a short time, the President, Mr. Jackson arrived. He is a tall kind-looking old gentleman, with grey hair, clad in simple black clothes without any distinguishing sign. As he entered, we rose to meet him, told him our names and nationality and that we were extremely eager to see him. He shook hands with us in a friendly manner, sat down and bade us do the same. Then he introduced us to the other gentlemen who were present. We spent almost half an hour with him and we had to tell him about our country and our journey. Then our discussion turned to American subjects; we praised their institutions and he seemed to be very pleased at our good opinion. His simple conversation and kind manners made us almost forget that we were talking to the first man among thirteen million Americans. In the meantime, several others arrived and the President greeted them with simple kindness as if they were guests coming to an ordinary middle-class family. At our parting, he again shook hands and invited us to visit him again should we come back to the Congress.
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> Indeed, I shall never forget my happiness at having been able to meet that great man and to have talked to him. His hand-shake made me feel more proud than any honour in the world and enriched my memory with a treasure which will be always very dear to me."

The tribute which Farkas paid to the first, outstanding figure among the Presidents of the democracy had great effect in Hungary. From that time on one of the chief aims of Hungarian travellers was to visit the White House. Charles Nagy the famous astronomer, who had a letter from a French friend of his, visited President Jackson in 1832. The Hungarian scientist was heartily welcomed by the President who gave him letters to every State governor in the United States. Nagy made use of these, thus being able to create the connection between the newly-established Hungarian Academy of Science and the most important scientific institutions in the United States.

Another Hungarian, Augustus Haraszthy, pioneer of American-Hungarian commercial connexions, an early settler in the State of Wisconsin in 1840 visited President John Tyler. In company with Webster and other well-known politicians, he appeared in his picturesque Hungarian gala dress at the reception given in Washington by the President.

The politicians of the Hungarian War of Independence relied, indeed, very much on the friendly feelings of President Zachary Taylor towards their country. It is true that President Taylor approved of the idea of the American-Hungarian cooperation and he could easily have adopted Kossuth's plan: to establish a middle-Danubian democratic Confederation under Hungary's

control with the rear-guard of the Western Anglo-Saxon nations against the reactionary and dictatorial powers of Europe. However, the unexpected death of Zachary Taylor in 1850 put an end to Hungarian hopes. Only one possibility remained, to try to maintain the sympathy of the White House towards the democratic emigration movement of Hungary through Daniel Webster, former Secretary of State. Historical documents now show clearly that Webster, one of the outstanding exponents of American foreign policy, did everything to keep the hopes of the Hungarians alive, but could do nothing to realise them. Indeed, Louis Kossuth, who was Regent of Hungary in 1849, was received with the same pomp on his visit to Washington (1851/1852) as General Lafayette. The ceremonies at his reception were the same as those arranged for the great French general of the American War of Independence.

Undoubtedly, Millard Fillmore who was then President, could not be considered one of the greatest and most representative men of the United States. His name however is mentioned most frequently in the reminiscences of Hungarian emigrants of the period. Even if the American President has not always been a man of genius, the respect due as to the representative of his high office has always been accorded to him. Charles László, Kossuth's secretary, gives the following description of their meeting:

> "1851, 31st December. At noon, Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, introduced Kossuth and his company to President Millard Fillmore in the President's palace. We were agreeably surprised by the simplicity we saw there. We came right up to the President without having seen a single soldier or guard, either in the court or in the palace. The President as well as his ministers were clad in simple black suits. We were received in the state room which is also called the 'blue room' after the colour of its tapestry — or the 'east room' after its location in the house. There is no throne-room.
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> Kossuth greeted the President whose answer was short and insignificant. The questions he addressed to Kossuth during our short conversation betrayed such utter ignorance of Hungary and the foreign countries as would shame a school-boy in Hungary. How could we expect the assistance of a statesman who knows nothing about our country? It is true, however, that before the Hungarian War of Independence and Kossuth's visit to the United States Americans knew almost nothing about Hungary and Hungarians."

It is certainly a characteristic manifestation of the sympathy American citizens felt for Hungary, that when coming to pay their New Year's greeting to the President, they also came to see Kossuth. Charles László writes:

> "1852, New Year's Day. This is always a very busy day in Washington. The President's door is open to everybody . . . Kossuth also had a reception, and those who paid their respects to the President, came also to visit and greet his Hungarian guest."

A later banquet is described thus by Charles László:

> "1852, 3rd January. Mr. and Mrs. Kossuth, Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky and Massingberd and his mother were invited for dinner with the President. Kossuth wore black trousers and a black *attila* and a black hat with a big ostrich feather. Mrs. Kossuth and Mrs. Pulszky were clad in Hungarian gala dresses. The dress of Mrs. Kossuth was made of black satin trimmed with white galloon, whereas Mrs. Pulszky wore a white satin dress trimmed with black galloon. Their headdresses were also in half mourning with a long black veil. With the exception of three all the ministers were present at the dinner and also some well-known men. Our conversation was rather constrained and though they wished to hear his political principles and plans from Kossuth himself he remained reserved and would not reveal his secret."

It is very characteristic of the Hungarian emigrants that some of them visited the President in order to become acquainted with the leading man of a great democratic state. Captain Lewis Dancs's description of his visit to the President is amusing:

> "I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fillmore, then President of the United States. The audience consisted of his asking me what I came for, to which I replied, that I was a Hungarian and came to see the President. He shook my hand and said to me 'I am very glad to see you,' and thus the audience ended."

The Hungarian emigrants of 1849 remained in constant touch with the White House. Year after year Kossuth besieged the President's office with new ideas, information and memoranda concerning political affairs in Europe and the conduct desirable on America's part in them. John Xantus, a young emigrant with Kossuth, topographer of the Pacific Railway expedition, a professor in New Orleans, Texas farmer and head man of the U. S. Coast Survey in South California, and later American Consul in Mexico, had been on very good terms with the first presidential candidate of the Republican party, but he was in personal contact also with President Fillmore. In 1857, on March 22 he visited James Buchanan who had just been elected President and who was acquainted with many Hungarians from the time when he was American Ambassador in London. John Xantus describes his visit to Buchanan in Washington as follows:

> "I had the pleasure of being introduced this morning to the President of the United States. In America such an event is the most simple thing in the world. The President gives audience every day, except those days when the Cabinet has a meeting. If someone wants to speak to the President he has to apply to the secretary, who after entering his name in a book, leads him to the anteroom where he has to wait till his turn comes. I did so and after no more than half an hour's wait the usher called my name and opened the door before me. And without the least ceremony I stood face to face with the greatest elected official in the world. James Buchanan, just elected President of the United States, is a tall, lean man about seventy years of age. Long thin white locks surround his kind old face. He was clad without any luxury in a simple white waistcoat, black trousers and black frock-coat. The big reception room was covered with a fine carpet and furnished with red and dark blue sofas and three small round tables. Senator Caleb Cushing introduced me with a few words to the President who bowed and shook my hand and after offering me a seat sat down himself on one of the sofas. He addressed many questions to me about the mineral regions of the rivers Kansas and Arkansas. He also asked about my parents and brothers, whether they were still alive, if so where and in what circumstances. He also put a few questions about the events of 1848/49. Finally, he asked me where Kossuth was staying now. The audience lasted about fifteen minutes and then he expressed his pleasure at having seen me and told me to rely on him should I need anything, and he offered to help me in any way in my work. Then he asked me to write my name in the visitor's book; which done he bowed, shook my hand and I left. After me, the minister of Sardinia was ushered into the reception room and after him a Michigan farmer. The anteroom was still full of all kinds of people, because every American citizen has the conviction that he has a right to visit the highest official elected by his vote and if he comes to Washington will not fail to shake hands with the President and to commend himself to his good will. Such a visit does not even require special clothes, neither are gloves required."
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> Xántus also mentions that "the President has to be addressed simply as Mr. President and his wife as Madam. He describes also the lodgings of the President: "Except his domestic servants no one is about the President and anybody may come into the house and the park to have a look at it at any hour of day; it often happens that the President and his visitor walk together smoking in the park."

But American democracy was not only to be observed in such visits by the Kossuth emigrants. The day came when everybody had to express his opinion in plain terms without reserve. During the American Civil War, that critical period in American history, a good many Hungarians, about eight hundred in all, fought with the Northern forces. It was by permission of Abraham Lincoln — a document found only recently in the Library of Congress and published by Edmond Vasváry,[1] a Hungarian-American clergyman — that a Hungarian volunteer-corps came into being and took part in the struggle for the maintenance and expansion of real democracy. Three members of the Hungarian corps were personally acquainted with the President himself. One of them talked to him more than once, and another spent a considerable time with him.

A Hungarian emigrant after 1849, Julian Kuné, writing in English, describes thus his meeting with Lincoln:

> "When I think of the few occasions I had to listen to the encouraging and inspiring words of Abraham Lincoln, while paying my visits to him at Springfield, I more than ever think of him in the words of the Psalmist:' The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall go aside.' He certainly fulfilled all the deeds which these words had promised.
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> I cannot forego the temptation to relate one interview I had with Mr. Lincoln at his office in the State House at Springfield. As there were no ushers or lackeys to announce me, or to carry my card, I simply knocked at the office-door, and on receiving a hearty 'Come in' I entered and found Mr. Lincoln romping with one of his boys. After some unimportant exchange of words about various subjects, we touched the slavery question. At first I was very cautious in my remarks for some of the Republican orators and campaign documents averred that Mr. Lincoln was far from being at heart for the abolition of negro slavery; that if he was elected he would not interfere with the institution of slavery where it now existed; that the fugitive slave law would be upheld and executed in every part of the Union.
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> When I related to him my recent experiences in Southern Illinois, where I was prevented from speaking freely my sentiments regarding the extension of slavery beyond its present limits, and that as a naturalized citizen I was one of the Hungarian exiles, who had fought for liberty under Louis Kossuth, he arose to the full height of his six feet four, and with great warmth expressed himself (as nearly as I can remember the words): 'No man has the right to keep his fellow man in bondage, be he black or white; and the time will come, and must come, when there will not be a single slave within the borders of this country.' This was enough to convince me that a truer sentiment was never expressed by a votary of liberty, either here or abroad."

Later, in time of the Civil War, Julian Kuné played an important part in getting President Lincoln's permission for the organisation of a Hungarian-Slav volunteer-corps. However, this volunteer-corps was established under the command of Géza Mihalotzy and named the Lincoln Riflemen, and fought heroically on the most dangerous parts of the battlefields. Mihalotzy's letter in which he asked for the President's permission was handed by Kuné himself to the President. The following are only the most significant lines from Kuné's extensive memoirs:

[1] Edmond Vasváry: *Lincoln's Hungarian Heroes.* The Participation of Hungarians in the Civil War, 1861—65. Ed. by the Hung. Reformed Federation of America. Washington D. C. 1939.

"During the session of the Legislature . . . as my quarters were in the same building in which Mr. Lincoln had his modest office, I got well acquainted with John Hay, his secretary, who afterwards in various ways showed his disinterested friendship for me.

. . . Many of the naturalized citizens, who formerly had served in European armies, began to organize companies, and drilled them night after night. Of these a friend of mine and fellow Hungarian exile, Mr. Géza Mihalótzy, stands pre-eminently in the front rank as a patriotic and farseeing naturalized citizen. While at Springfield I received communications and letters from him.

I at once presented the letters to the persons addressed. Mr. Lincoln readily and gladly accorded Mr. Mihalótzy's request, in a letter addressed to him, which he gave me for transmission.

In Washington . . . after a consultation with our representative, Mr. Arnold, to whom I related my last interview with the Secretary of War, we decided to seek an interview with Mr. Lincoln himself, urging him to accept the regiment. Without tarrying in his office, Mr. Hay led us into the President's room, where we found Salmon P. Chase and General Banks, who evidently had spoken about us to the President.

I was startled at the haggard appearance of the President. The cares of State seemed to weigh heavily upon him. The buoyant spirit which had kept him up during the late political campaign had left him. I had never seen such a change within so short a time in the appearance of a man. These sad reflections were soon dispelled by Mr. Arnold formally introducing us to the President and the Secretary of the Treasury as Col. Knobelsdorf and Major Kuné of a German-American Regiment the application of which had been returned to me during my last interview with the Secretary of War.

Mr. Lincoln quietly handed our application to Mr. Hay with the remark: 'John, enclose this paper with an order to the War Department to accept this regiment.' The order was immediately written out and signed by the President and given to me, as I thought then, the happiest mortal on earth."

President Lincoln was known also to two other Hungarian heroes of the American Civil War: Charles Zágonyi and Julius Stahel-Számwald. In February 1862 Zágonyi took an important report from his general to Lincoln in Washington. Julius Számwald, the cavalry general, entrusted with the defence of the capital, spent quite a considerable time with Lincoln. When the battlefield of Gettysburg was made a shrine of national remembrance in November 1863, Lincoln charged Számwald with the command of the military escort which accompanied him on his way. And it was Lincoln who sent many Hungarian emigrants to Europe as well as to Asia and South America as representatives and consuls of the United States.

President Ulysses Grant, declared by Moltke the greatest strategist of the United States, was also personally acquainted with several Hungarians. Julian Kuné, the above-mentioned journalist, who wrote so extensively about Lincoln, knew Grant when he was a colonel. They fought in the same troop which was commanded by Grant. This happened at the time of the Mexican campaign when Kuné rode for a considerable time side by side with Grant. Kuné describes his acquaintance with the President in these words:

"I am bound to confess that my first impression was not of the extraordinary kind. I simply saw in him a colonel whose appearance indicated good common-sense in not endeavouring upon his great importance by outward regimentals and adornments. I had occasion to learn this lesson, that good common sense in matters of dress and general deportment, if not always yet very often, indicates good generalship . . .

On the day following my arrival at Ironton, an Ohio regiment of infantry was to arrive there and become part of General Grant's brigade, and the general came

down to my tent, inviting me to accompany him on a horseback ride in quest of a good camping ground for the Ohio regiment. Our ride of two hours duration can never be effaced from my memory, for although my taciturn riding companion did not betray any marked traits of great generalship, by his silence and quiet listening to my recital of events connected with the war which Hungary waged against the combined armies of Austria and Russia, in which I was a participant, still he impressed me as being a deeply thinking man, by his many questions relating to that war, its cause, and the reason for its unlucky closing. He showed a familiarity with the traits and characters of the various generals engaged in that war. Before leaving this subject I cannot refrain from giving here my humble testimony to the magnanimity of the man who, arrived at the zenith of his victory over a fallen foe, advised the Confederate prisoners to retain their swords and horses, have the first turned into plowshares and the latter into working animals, and whose last parting word to them was: 'Let us have peace.'"

President Grant was described also by an other Hungarian journalist, one of the creators of modern Hungarian journalism whose talent was exceeded only by his cynicism. Thus even those parts of his witty descriptions may be understood where he writes about his visit to the master of the White House. Count Ladislas Hoyos, Ambassador of the Monarchy in Washington, promised Aurel Kecskeméthy to introduce him personally to the President of the United States. But the Hungarian journalist could not make use of this promise because, while walking in the garden belonging to the President's lodgings, he came unexpectedly upon Grant. He was even glad when he reached part of the garden where strangers were not allowed to enter:

"I was almost pleased in my monarchico-conservative heart that there is at least some sign of respect and discipline towards the head of the state. There is at least a spot in the large park which is not public and where the President may have a rest with his family without being obtruded upon by his quid-chewing sovereign electors and without being compelled to endure their spitting before his wife."

Kecskeméthy enquired of the porter when the President gave audience. "Every day between eleven and two o'clock" — answered the porter. However, when Kecskeméthy wanted to put off his visit to the next day the porter would not let him go and thus he appeared before Grant in his everyday clothes, naturally in the company of other visitors. He describes thus his impressions:

"After twenty minutes waiting the well-fed negro butler of the President appeared and ushered me into the reception room. To my great surprise, some ladies accompanied by a gentleman, came after me. We came to the reception room which is a simple room with a table in the middle and the President's bureau standing somewhat apart. I was the first who entered and Grant stood up and shook hands with me. After some banal questions and answers (Had I seen the exhibition? When did I come to America? etc.) I felt that I must put to end to commonplaces, so I bowed and after shaking hands again stood aside, listening to his talk with the ladies. Again the same commonplaces. And then we parted.

However, that was an error on my part, because a few minutes later, Count Hoyos arrived to request a special audience for me from the President. No doubt had I been introduced by Hoyos to the President, our talk would have been more interesting and I should have had the opportunity to make a closer study of his personality. But perhaps even then I should not have talked more to him as his taciturnity is compared to that of General Moltke. Suffice it to say that as I saw him, he did not make a great impression on me. He is a small, thickset man with a round head on a short neck: he has thick chestnut hair and his face is not remarkable. In his features I read cunning and obstinacy. It is however said by

those who know America well that a public career requires both. Polite men with good manners never succeed here; they are unpopular.

It is a question whether the simple manner in which the President can be visited and the manner in which he is treated are judicions. Are people intelligent enough to respect the first man in the state without any ceremonies and outward signs, seeing him as the personification of a great idea? Does not this simplicity rather encourage people to disrespect, as it is always apt to do towards great men. I do not want to enter into a discussion of the point, but I am unable to admire such things."

From the turn of the century Hungarians were always in personal contact with the Presidents of the plutocracy, from Grant onwards. But among these connections, the most noteworthy was undoubtedly the acquaintance and friendship between the great American President Theodore Roosevelt and the great Hungarian statesman, Count Albert Apponyi. Count Apponyi as founder of the Interparliamentary Union went to America as leader of a Hungarian Committee in 1903. He describes thus his acquaintance with Th. Roosevelt, who made a great impression on him:

"By then the whole world echoed with Roosevelt's fame, so that I regarded a meeting with him as the chief attraction of my American journey. As is known, Roosevelt almost dropped into the Preisdent's chair. His strong personality completely asserted itself in that office which gives more power to its holder, while he is in office, than a constitutional king has under a well-developed parliamentary system. Undoubtedly, Roosevelt is a great personality who even in his faults exceeded the normal dimensions. What I heard about him induced me to think of him as a most interesting and sympathetic personality.

"I therefore made arrangements to meet him not only without the usual ceremonies, but in such way that I might really get to know him and have an opportunity of exchanging ideas. I was enabled to do so by the fact that Mr. Bellamy Storer, then American Ambassador in Vienna, and with whom I was on good terms, was one of the Presidents intimate friends, and gave me a letter of introduction to him. This letter, it seems, must have been in such warm terms that on sending it to the President through Baron László Hengelmüller, our Ambassador in Washington, we both immediately received a telegraphic invitation to lunch with the President at his summer residence in Oyster Bay. I had now the desired opportunity to meet the President and his family under the most favourable circumstances, without any formalities which I had not dared to hope. Except for Hengelmüller, who was much liked by the President, no one else was invited for lunch but Mrs. Roosevelt, a most distinguished lady, whose quietness and self-control is a real blessing as a counterpoise to her husband's extravagant temperament. There was also her daughter Alice, generally called by everybody 'Princess Alice', a most interesting young lady, who in many respects resembles her father and whom I had occasion to meet later several times as Senator Longworth's wife. I easily adapted myself to their society and felt immediately at home. After lunch I spent at least two hours in confidential talk with my host and was surprised at his knowledge European matters, especially the internal affairs of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Naturally, my object was to arouse his sympathy and understanding for Hungarian ideas and feelings, and I succeeded in doing so, especially because he was so astonishingly well versed in many characteristic periods of our history. Duting our conversation, I suggested to him among other things that he should instruct his Ambassador in Vienna to seek closer connection with Hungarian political circles, as in Vienna he could not get a true picture of our country: indeed Hungarian ideas would appear to him rather in a perverted form. After all, Hungary counts for something in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and to get a true picture of the Monarchy, one must also know Hungary. Roosevelt fully appreciated this point, and later acted or at least tried to act accordingly.

However, the real significance of my American journey culminated in the few hours I spent with the President and in the lasting connection which arose from them.

Roosevelt behaved without any reserve as if we had been old and good friends. He spoke of his problems to me openly and I think we parted with mutual esteem. I say mutual, because he insisted on my visiting him again before my departure for a confidential exchange of ideas, and because later. — during his European journey he found time to visit me in Eberhard."

This visit took place in May 1911. It may be imagined what a great sensation it caused in Hungary. A detailed and authoritative account of this visit for the information of the American public remains to be written. The two illustrations to this article — selected from the many original contemporary photographs — show President Roosevelt's arrival at Pozsony and Cseklész, the railway station for Eberhard.

Before he came to Europe to rest after the fatigues of his two periods of office, another Hungarian visitor was impressed on his memory. This was Count Peter Vay, an enthusiastic Hungarian clergyman, who devoted his whole wealth and life to the spiritual care of the simple masses of his fellow-countrymen living in America. He came to Washington on March 5, 1905, and in his book gives the following account of his visit:

"I visited again the new president Mr. Roosevelt, who undoutedly was the hero of the day. He is an interesting yankee type, because I never saw a man who could express so clearly the real meaning of this word. He is a strong, energetic, loquacious, noisy man, open-hearted yet reserved, modest and yet ambitious. He is natural and at the same time artificial in his manners. He is a great poseur and utters every word with pathos. His whole being is now modest and now theatrical. In England he undoubtedly would be considered theatrical and everybody would laugh at him. In America he succeeded for the very same reasons.

We talked for a long time, or rather he talked. He broached every subject, and expressed his opinion on every question, discussing everything especially from its moral and ethical point of view. Everywhere and at every opportunity he will break a lance for the moral improvement of America, so I came at the very best moment. It would be difficult to decide what he sincerely felt and how much was merely to produce an effect. But there is no doubt that his ambition to raise the moral level of his people, and his fight against plutocracy truly deserve the applause of the whole nation."

Liberty, the big daily paper of the American Hungarians, celebrated the second decade of its existence on December 21, 1911. Howard William Taft, then President of the United States also appeared at the banquet given in honour of the editor, Tihamér Kohányi. On his repeated journeys to America Count Albert Apponyi also made his acquaintance. Taft received him in 1911. But the succeeding Presidents of the U. S. A. had also their Hungarian commentators. Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, received Hungarian committees and journalists, or at least Hungarians living in America.

To complete this note, it is necessary to mention the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the political genius of to-day. There is quite a bookshelf of Hungarian literature about him, written of course for the most part by those who are not personally acquainted with him, but are carried away by his genuine and far-reaching reforms. He himself as well as his family and surroundings were often described by Hungarian journalists. From the Hungarian Roosevelt literature a short extract may be given from the records of his latest Hungarian acquaintance. Professor Alexis Máthé visited Washington in the spring of 1940. It was then, on the occasion of an international press-meeting, that he was able to observe closely the great political thinker,

whose reputation stands high on the distant banks of the Danube. Professor Alexis Máthé, who is a regular contributor to this periodical — describes President Roosevelt in these words:

> "The furnishings of the White House preserved the very atmosphere of that nineteenth century America, which compared to the palaces of the kings and presidents of the great European powers is in its outward appearance still very modest and in many respects provincial. To-day, however, the President of the United States, in his person, represents one of the greatest powers in the world. But the carefully preserved portraits of the nineteenth century presidents and their wives, and surroundings found everywhere in the rooms, corridors and staircases of the White House revive the memory of a Union politically not yet comparable to the great powers of Europe.
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> A few weeks before, the President had been ill and was away from Washington. It was only after several weeks, April 30, on a Tuesday, that he again held his press-conference, usually given on Tuesday or Friday afternoons.
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> The President sat at his desk and about a hundred journalists crowded into his comparatively small room, pressing around him. Perhaps, it was only in consequence of his illness, but the President looked more worn and tired face to face than in his pictures. His was the exhausted face of a man worn down by tremendous brain-work, though his smiling, open glance made us forget the marks of weariness.
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> From his radio speeches, his voice is well known to everybody, even those who have spent only a few weeks in the United States. His dispassionate voice, which acquires a warmer tinge in conversation, is the voice of a man who could never be apathetic or indifferent. When he is listening to the questioner, he pouts as a child might. He gesticulates much, while in his right hands he always holds his curiously-shaped long cigarette-holder . . .
>
> My meeting with the President was rather meagre as regards outward appearances, yet my days in Washington, and that short half an hour in the White House revealed to me much better the essence of American policy and the President's popularity linked strangely with unpopularity, than would have done a dozen books dealing with American policy and Roosevelt's personality."

This is the essence and meaning of this detailed account of Hungarians who have met Presidents of the United States, of their connections with Hungarians and of memories of them as reflected in Hungarian writings about them.

STEPHEN GÁL

SHORT WAVE TALKS FOR AMERICAN LISTENERS

American readers of *The Hungarian Quarterly* may already have heard the new series of broadcasts from Budapest on the 32.88 metre band at 8.30 p. m. E.S.T. on Friday evenings. These are given by Dr. Alexis Mathé, whose impressions of his last visit to the United States were recently published in our pages. These talks take the form of a news-commentary, in Hungarian and English, and the material is in general non-political in character. Generally speaking they are in the form of a friendly talk to a Hungarian who has settled down for good in the United States, and gives the latest news of his home country: such matters as the lighting restrictions in Budapest, which as is pointed out are merely for the sake of economy, and nowhere near the black-out in western Europe; news of the literary and theatrical world in Budapest; the vagaries of the

weather in this part of the world, and even the success or failure of American films in Hungary.

The broadcasts are bilingual, because most Hungarian families in the United States are bilingual, and whereas the first generation sticks to the native language, the younger members, even if they retain a knowledge of their parents' tongue, are more at home, both for speaking and listening, in English.

Primarily, these talks are intended for Hungarians living in North America, but the news-commentary is also to inform the general public. The broadcasts are non-political in character, and at first sight this may appear a weakness: but in this world of to-day, supercharged with politics, we venture to think that it is more of a virtue. Dr. Mathé has every qualification for the work that he has undertaken, and we feel that our readers will find it worth while listening to him.

(E. M.)

A Hungarian Reference Library in America

There are at the present time some fifty foundations of various kinds whose business it is to make known in foreign lands the fruits of Hungarian culture and the beauties of the Hungarian language. They include Hungarian chairs at foreign universities, lectureships abroad, institutes like the Collegium Hungaricum at Rome, Berlin, and Vienna and last but not least, libraries, among which by far the most important is the Hungarian Reference Library in New York.

A few years ago there died in that city an American citizen of Hungarian extraction named Charles Feleky whose pleasant hobby it was to buy every book, publication and even newspaper article written in English about Hungary or Hungarian affairs. A happy flair enabled him to bring together a really unique collection, consisting of approximately 5000 volumes, not the least interesting part of which is formed by the publications referring to Louis Kossuth's sojourn in the States and contemporary newspapers and pamphlets, some of which even the British Museum does not possess.

After Feleky's death his widow offered the library, through the medium of our Minister in Washington, to the Hungarian State for purchase. Mr. Pelényi, knowing the library as he did, advised its purchase with the idea of making it the nucleus of a Hungarian Institute in America. He communicated his plan to the Hungarian Minister of Education, Mr. Valentine Hóman, who, ever anxious to promote cultural ties between Hungary and other countries, not only welcomed the idea but immediately proceeded to its realization.

The Feleky library was bought in 1937 by the Hungarian National Museum, but its management was entrusted to the Ministry of Education or rather to the department which, under the direction of Under-Secretary of State Dr. Szily, deals with cultural contacts abroad.

The next step was to set things going in America. Mr. Pelényi found in Dr. László Telkes, a Hungarian residing in the States, a person ideally fitted to take over the direction of the library. Dr. Telkes had been the first Hungarian to go to America with a scholarship after the close of the last war; later he settled in the States, qualified as a barrister, acquired a practice and eventually became a lawyer of repute. He was of great assistance to Mr. Pelényi in the work of arranging the library, and when he was entrusted with its control it became clear that no better person could have been found for the task of presenting Hungary's cultural endeavours to the outside world. As Director of the Hungarian Reference Library he was the right man in the right place.

The next step was to find a suitable locality for the prospective Institute. Should it be established in Washington, the cool, distinguished capital which of all American cities is most reminiscent of Europe, and where the President of the Republic, all the high government offices and all the Embassies and Legations reside, or should its seat be New York, the rushing, whirling Babel which has nothing European about it but where, on the other hand, all American life is centred — the home of big business, of Columbia University, of the Empire State Building and of the Metropolitan Opera House. The answer was more or less a foregone conclusion; New York it had to be, and the premises must be in a good neighbourhood.

These requirements were fulfilled when the library was installed in the Berkeley Building in 19th West 44th Street. The Berkeley Building is not one of New York's giants; nevertheless it is quite capable of punching a hole in such clouds as happen to sail rather low, while the interior could easily house one of the smaller Hungarian towns. This became eventually the home also of the Feleky Library, which from now on became known as the Hungarian Reference Library.

Having secured the accomodation, Dr. Telkes went to work with truly American energy and dispatch. With one typist, who at this time represented his entire personnel, he worked day and night at the preparations for the opening. He arranged and furnished the premises, reserving four rooms for the books while a fifth was turned into a reading-room, a sixth into the Director's room and a seventh into an office; he wrote letters, drew up catalogues, issued prospectuses, telephoned right and left, with the result that the library was opened in record time on March 15, 1938. The opening was marked by no high-flown orations or bombastic announcement of ambitious schemes; nevertheless the American public was made aware that henceforth there was to be found in New York a library where anyone interested in any aspect of Hungarian life would have his wants supplied with conscientious precision and promptitude.

Now, in the third year of the Library's existence, the premises have grown to nearly twice their original size. Dr. Telkes is assisted in his labours by two librarians and four clerks, while the original 5000 volumes of the library have increased to well-nigh double that number, chiefly through gifts and exchange-copies. Yet the running expenses have miraculously remained stationary, so that the library has added no new burden to the expenditure of the Hungarian State, this being made possible by the fact

that Dr. Telkes has not only recruited wealthy patrons for the undertaking but has also founded a Society of the Friends of the Library, whose subscriptions materially help its development.

What, it may be asked, is the ultimate object of an institution built up with so much care and directed with such expert knowledge? As already intimated, it is meant to be at the disposal of everyone who desires to obtain information or data concerning Hungary or Hungarian affairs. It exists primarily for the convenience of Americans and only secondarily for the benefit of American Hungarians. But inasmuch as it is designed to spread a knowledge of Hungarian achievements in the cultural, artistic, literary, social, economic and technical fields, it serves, in the last resort, the interests of every Hungarian. It goes without saying that our compatriots in the States can always count on a warm welcome and the atmosphere of their home country within the walls of the library; but they know and appreciate the fact that the primary aim is to serve the American public.

Brief as has been the Library's existence so far, it is already well and favourably known. As a member of the Society of American Libraries it is in constant correspondence with the world-famous American institutions of its kind and frequently exchanges books with them. At least a hundred letters, telephone calls and personal inquiries are answered by the staff every day. Some of the questions are startlingly unexpected. In one case an American physician wanted to know what remedy the Lamas of Thibet use for curing insanity. The question did not find the library at a loss. The librarian appealed to found the answer in the works of the great Hungarian Asiatic explorer, Alexander Körösi Csoma, and was able to inform his correspondent that the question had been exhaustively dealt with a hundred years ago by a Hungarian savant and that the answer was to be found on such and such a page of his book. On another occasion an American lady sought information concerning the breeding of the Hungarian watch-dog called *komondor*. Needless to say, she obtained what she sought by return of post.

I have purposely chosen these curious examples instead of some of the innumerable serious and erudite questions which are daily submitted to the librarian's consideration, in order to show that the Hungarian Reference Library can answer all questions and furnish information to satisfy all needs.

Nor is the role of a living dictionary its only function in this world. Often its great hall is the scene of interesting lectures, receptions and exhibitions of paintings or handicrafts; and it frequently issues pamphlets and other publications on Hungarian subjects. In fact, it makes its endeavour to serve the Hungarian cause by every possible means, while taking care to avoid all cheap propaganda. There are stringent laws in the States circumscribing the field of activity of institutions supported from abroad, and if they transgress these laws even by a hair's breadth they are suppressed without mercy. If we remember what enormous sums are spent by richer and more powerful States on the maintenance of similar institutions in America, we shall realize how strenuously the Hungarian Library must work in order to hold its own among them. Yet there is no doubt that it does so.

The Library's directorate have many interesting schemes in hand. One sees in one's mind's eye an imposing American-Hungarian cultural institute, with a central department for study and research, around which would be grouped all the present activities of the library, considerably extended and developed. In this institute of our dream there would be a club in which Americans as well as Hungarians and visitors from Hungary would find hospitable entertainment and a genuine Hungarian atmosphere. There would also be a theatre, a cinema, a permanent exhibition hall, an extensive and exhaustive library and numerous reading rooms — in fact, everything that already exists in embryo and that only needs to be extended and developed.

For all this to be become possible, the existing budget of the Library would have to be very considerably increased. It is to be hoped that these few lines of description will make wealthy citizens of the home country realize that they might usefully come to the assistance of the State in furthering this important and laudable enterprise.

Whatever the near future may bring to this Continent of Europe, America's good-will can never be a matter of indifference to Hungary. The immeasurable intellectual and material assets of the New World will, in whatever manner the war ends, once again play their part in the affairs of the world. In what measure Hungary will share in the advantages they offer will depend on the impressions which the great American public will have gained of our country; and these again will depend on the spectacles through which it will have seen it. The Hungarian Reference Library fills the role of these spectacles. It is therefore of the utmost importance to enable it to show clearly our country, our culture, our people, our past and our just hopes for the future.

GÉZA PAIKERT

OUR DEBT TO BADEN POWELL

B.P as the Hungarian Boy Scouts see him

Over land and sea from distant Africa came the news of the death of the World's Chief Scout. In Hungary, as in every country, the Scouts paused for a moment and stood to attention to salute the departed. Faces were sad, and every Scout felt that the world was one valuable life the poorer. Smiles were a little fainter, the Scout march one tone lower; the noble and altruistic heart of Baden Powell had ceased to beat.

It was from his family that he inherited his richness of heart, for there, belief in God and respect for national traditions were not vain professions of faith, but realities put into everyday practice.

His solicitude for others, and his life passed in their service confirmed his noble and unselfish nature. From his earliest youth, he knew the satisfaction of working for the happiness of others, or of helping them. He experienced how thankful a man may be for so little a thing as being made

to smile. Baden Powell had a special gift for that. He was aware of it, but this knowledge never made him conceited or overbearing. Any form of boastfulness was completely foreign to him. "It was impossible to doubt his word."

The choice of a career caused him some difficulty, but here again the idea of service was the deciding factor. He swore fealty to the British flag in order to serve his country as a soldier. Much could be written of the many incidents of his military life, of his heroism or his courage, but we will only recall one important experience which was decisive in the formation of the Scout ideal. Already in India, but principally in South Africa, he had been interested in what the sons of his fellow officers did while their fathers were preparing for war. He saw that these developing children followed the course of the fighting with increasing excitement, and often with a thoughtlessness bordering on audacity. By this means they satisfied their longing for action, but in such a way as unintentionally to cause the grown-ups trouble and annoyance. They wanted to take their part in things too, but they did not know how. They would have liked to fight, but found this brought them more recrimination than profit or thanks. The grown-ups of that time scolded them for it, rebuked and punished them. Baden Powell perceived that the parents were not only failing to achieve their object, but were taking a dangerous line. He realised something that very few among his contemporaries were able to appreciate: that the colossal energy arising from a boy's untutored longing for action must be given every opportunity for fruitful development, in work in which the boy may take pride and in surroundings from which he may derive profit.

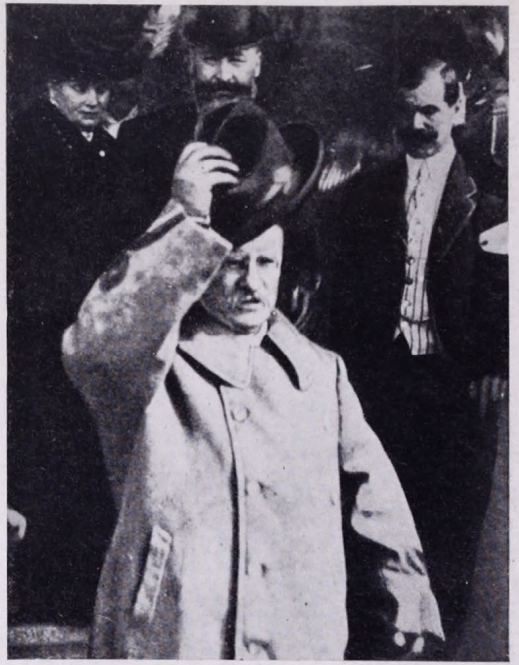
The Baden Powell who in Lucknow made the young people march to Ocarina marches, or fascinated them with fables or with stories of his life, organised the youth of Mafeking after military fashion, so that they might serve the common interest, and they, cheerfully regarding the undertaking as a game, gave help where they were able. They carried food and water, did observation duty, transported munitions and wounded, and rendered first aid. All this they did with the greatest exactitude and discipline so that instead of smiling disparagingly, the grown-ups came to recognise their usefulness.

Having accomplished his military mission, he obtained release from active service, so that, following his calling, he would be able to devote himself to the question of youthful education. In his work *Scouting for Boys*, he established the basis of the Scout Movement, formulating the laws, and suggesting innumerable practical ways of occupying young people and helping them to employ their energy productively. Naturally, he was thinking in the first place of the present and future of the British boy. He felt the same responsibility towards the grimy slum child, the taciturn village lad and the athletic public school boy. His aim was, that in one community, with one common will, they should all seek and follow the life path to good citizenship, and fit themselves to play a worthy part in the of the State; that they should be true "Pathfinders." For rich and poor alike the object was the same; one might call it that of the defence of the



At the Gödöllő Jamboree in Hungary, 1933.
Lord Baden Powell with Count Paul Teleki,
Chief Scout of Hungary, now Prime Minister





President Theodore Roosevelt, with Count Albert Apponyi, at Pozsony, May 1911.

(See article on p. 163)

nation: "to give poor boys a start in life, because it is the crime of the well-to-do, that they abandon the poor instead of saving them for the State."

Only his modesty exceeded his sense of responsibility. When, in the course of many years, he obtained one distinction after another, he never considered it as his own merit, but passed on the appreciation to the boys, saying: "You have gained a new honour."

The World's Chief Scout had already journeyed far and wide before the first World War. Everywhere he roused enthusiasm and sowed the fertile seed of the Scout Movement. He wanted to make it known to the youth of the whole world, as the modern ideal of chivalry, and thus to create a bond between the best of them. But 1914 intervened. As a patriot, he put the Scouts at the service of their country, but at the same time, he prayed constantly for peace. In 1918, the War over, he wrote in his proclamation: "Young and old, Scouts everywhere have done their duty and distinguished themselves in the War. I believe that we are in the world to be happy. There is only one road to happiness, to make others happy. Wish for peace!" It was his dream that all over the world, for the good of every nation, youth, by maintaining voluntary forces, should, through youth, promote what is good, noble and permanent in life.

It is understandable that educationists became more and more aware of his methods and his results. It was not only boys who felt the conquering force of B.-P.'s ideals, but older men too; teachers, clergymen, soldiers, civil servants, fathers of families, were also attracted by the Scout idea. It is remarkable to see these older men march under the flag at the head of the group of boys, climb mountains in shorts, make excursions in fair weather or foul, cook without the guidance of a feminine hand, learn Morse, and in the games, the singing and the shouting of war cries approach more nearly to the children. They hearten the young in their imagined isolation, and fortify them by their example. B.-P. himself was the initiator of this idea, and everyone who came in contact with him felt themselves inspired.

Baden Powell was in touch with the Hungarian Boy Scouts before the War. From the Rev. Béla Megyercsi, leader of the first Hungarian Scout Group, which was formed by the Budapest Y. M. C. A., who went to see Baden Powell at his home in Sussex in 1914, we learn that having listened with pleasure to the account of Hungarian Scouting, he suggested that an International Camp should be held in Hungary. Long and weary years ensued, the lamentable time of our mutilation oppressed us, but at the 1924 Jamboree in Denmark, the Hungarian Scouts won the third place for themselves. At this time B.-P. remarked that he was proud of the Hungarian Scouts, and that a great future awaited them. He was able to convince himself personally of that future in 1928, and more especially in 1933 at the Gödöllő Jamboree. Not only however did he recognise the merits of our movement, feel himself at home here and grow fond of our country, but a hundred times more important than all this was one of his little-known actions. It was his intervention which caused the lifting of the ban imposed on the Hungarian Scout Movement by the peace treaty.

B.-P. really appreciated our Scouts. Once, when he was with us, he said: "Among Hungarians I feel myself more at home than anywhere. I think that they most nearly approach the ideal I originally had in my mind." The Hungarian Boy Scout was also grateful to him for this new way of life, which with its patrol system, its sharing of duty, its expeditions and common undertaking of the risks of camping, brought not only the idea of solidarity based on community, but also that of brotherhood founded on nationalism and Christianity, and above all the realisation of Christ's words: "Bear ye one another's burdens."

All over the world, the Boy Scout does his duty towards his country. The Hungarian Scout who does the harvesting during the summer camps in the place of those who are called up, who gathers together the poor boys from the slums, charges himself with the collection of old iron, takes his part in social services and in the organisation of Air Defence, and thus proves his usefulness constantly, is simply placing himself at the service of his country. When his amusements take him out into the fresh air, and, his thirst for knowledge urging him to the exploration of unknown regions, he immerses himself in the study of the mysterious riches of the national characteristics, he is simply gaining personal experience of the past and of the national traditions. When Scouting is the means of forming good character among its members, it not only increases its moral capital of good deeds, but each time blesses the memory of the man who started the Scout Movement, which provided a life-programme for the modern knight and a new realisation of Christianity.

16,000 Hungarian Boy Scouts look, deeply moved, after the departed. They realise all they owe to him, but they do not want to remain debtors. They will repay their debt, not with money or words, but with service and good deeds.

Only a few were with the Chief Scout in his distant solitude in Kenya, when his heart ceased to beat; but he was not alone. In spirit, enormous armies of boys were beside him, who loved and honoured him as children do their father, soldiers their leaders, and subjects their kings. Yes, Lord Baden Powell was a king; the uncrowned King of the boys.

COUNT LÁSZLÓ TELEKI

A DANUBIAN CHRONICLE

By ANDREW FREY

This Chronicle covers events up to March 10.

OFTEN since the beginning of the second world war, and more especially during the Russo-Finnish conflict, the occupation of Denmark and Norway and the campaign against Holland and Belgium, the situation of the small south-east European States has been compared to that of the northern ones. It has been said that, while the first world war did not touch Northern Europe but involved South-Eastern Europe, the contrary might be the case in the second. So far this prophecy has proved true, in a certain limited sense. The parallel is certainly not an exact one; in the first world war the small northern countries were merely spectators and hardly attracted attention between 1914 and 1918. The south-eastern European States, on the other hand, were, with the exception of Albania and Greece, not only onlookers in the years between 1939 and 1941; and more than once the eyes of the whole world watched them with keen interest on the assumption that they might all become involved in the war in one way or another. This did not happen, however, until the spring of 1941. The parallel between Northern and South-Eastern Europe is inadequate for another reason, too: there is a great difference between the first and the second world wars from the point of view of the countries not actually taking part in it. Many more countries were engaged in the first world war than in the second, but the countries not actually engaged had more chance to remain outside the hostilities during the first. To-day there is no country, at least in Europe, which does not

feel the effects of the struggle in one way or another, and most of all its economic effects. This is shown by the fact that during February an increasing number of restrictions on consumption were imposed in South-Eastern Europe. The unrestricted sale of shoes, for example, was prohibited at about the same time in Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, and the two Slav-speaking countries of the Balkans made simultaneous preparations for restrictions in the textile trade. The experiences of the first world war in the control of production are certainly useful guides for the measures to be taken to counteract this scarcity. Though, as a matter of fact, the stocks of raw materials on hand were smaller at the beginning of the second world war than in the first, regulations and restrictions are now being introduced sooner and more efficiently to meet the shortage and to control consumption.

The War and the South-East

A similar high degree of rationalism characterizes the foreign policy of the South-Eastern European nations. The term "rationalism" may be applied to the policy of the countries of south-eastern Europe, because it does not only mean opportunism, but also the elimination of sentimental considerations. The policy of the South-Eastern nations is focussed on a single aim: each country endeavours in the first place not to become a battlefield, even for a few days. The States of South-Eastern Europe are not willing to take the risk of becoming a battlefield. This is the general opinion in South-Eastern Europe, which varies only slightly with the geographical situation of the various countries, but is essentially the same in each.

This desire is so strong that it is independent of the general world situation. The general situation is regarded by the nations of South-Eastern Europe from the following three points of view: the course of the struggle between Great Britain and Germany, of the relations between Germany and the U. S. S. R., and the development of Anglo-American relations. It may be mentioned that in the course of December and January the campaign in North Africa was the subject of general discussion, because it was thought that events in Africa

might exert a direct influence on the outcome of the war. By the end of the winter, however, the opinion had become general in South-Eastern Europe that the struggle in Africa, and particularly in East Africa, could hardly be decisive for the whole war. This reflection has to a certain extent diminished the interest of South-Eastern public opinion in events in the Balkan Peninsula, for everybody here now concurs in the universal opinion, that the decision will in the last instance be between Germany and Great Britain.

Rumania

Among the events in South-Eastern Europe in the winter of 1940/1941 there are three of outstanding importance: the Hungaro-Yugoslav Pact of permanent friendship in December, the revolution by the Rumanian Iron Guard in January, and the German march into Bulgaria. In view of the fact that the changes in the Balkans last autumn were inaugurated by the appearance of German instructional troops in Rumania, and that the Italo-Greek war broke out only a few weeks after that, it will be appropriate to begin the chronicle of the winter with events in Rumania. This order seems all the more logical, as the first in the series of international events in south-east Europe during the winter was the conclusion of the German-Rumanian economic agreement.

It was at the end of November that the Prime Minister, M. Antonescu, travelled to Berlin in order to conclude the German-Rumanian economic negotiations which had been opened a few weeks before. On December 4, Dr. Clodius and M. Grecianu, the Rumanian Minister in Berlin signed the German-Rumanian agreements in Berlin, of which the *Deutsches Nachrichtenbureau* published the most important points, namely the protocol of the ten-year plan of German-Rumanian economic co-operation.

The first paragraph of the protocol, which consists of eight articles, states that in order to promote the effectuation of the plan, Germany grants long-term loans on special conditions to Rumania. The second paragraph promises machines and equipment for the intensification and increase of agricultural and forestal production and for the drainage and irrigation of agricultural areas. The third paragraph promises Germany's technical and financial support for the planned development of Rumanian industrial production within the framwork of the economic reconstruction of Europe.

The fourth article runs as follows: "Within the framework of the ten-year plan Rumania will develop her communications, the railway and road system as well as the oil-pipes, towards the natural markets of Rumanian production according to the new European order." We quote the fifth paragraph in full: "Germany is ready to place at the disposal of the Rumanian Government — apart from long-term loans — capital for the development of Rumanian industry and of the banking- and credit-system on the basis of private economic collaboration, after previous agreement with the Rumanian Government and under the conditions previously agreed upon." The sixth article says: "At the request of the Rumanian Government the German Government will supply agricultural, industrial and other experts." Article 7 is commercial: "In establishing the relations of commercial policy between the two countries, both Governments will endeavour to secure the German market for Rumanian production as a reliable market with adequate prices independent of economic crises, and to increase the importance of the Rumanian market in its commercial relations with Germany."

In connection with German-Rumanian economic relations we may quote a German opinion which was lately published in Berlin with regard to Rumania, but which applies more or less to the whole South-East of Europe. The news-agencies working in Germany have repeatedly quoted the German opinion that the Continent could make itself self-supporting in foodstuffs more rapidly if the production of the countries in South-Eastern Europe could be raised to Germany's average level of production. If this succeeded, productive areas could be released on which, for example, oil-seed might be grown instead of wheat. But the raising of the level of production is hampered, among other things, by the fact that the land in Rumania is divided up into small units. It has been pointed out repeatedly in Berlin that Rumanian land reform after the first world war divided up about three-quarters of the country's productive territory into dwarf holdings, whereas, it is contended, production could be augmented by the application of modern agricultural methods on big or medium-sized estates only. The idea was mooted in Germany that model farms should be established on the estates recently expropriated by the Rumanian State. It may be inferred from this that the National Socialist régime, though it considers the splitting up of big estates everywhere desirable from the social point of view, does not consider it advantageous to production.

As to Rumanian internal affairs, on December 19, the Foreign Minister, M. Sturdza, resigned and on December 21

M. Grecianu, former Rumanian Minister in Berlin, was appointed in his place. M. Grecianu was in the confidence of the Iron Guard, and he was even arrested after the Iron Guard revolution. This revolution broke out on the night of January 19, when the German Major Döring was shot in the streets of Bucharest when wearing uniform. Two days later, the Prime Minister, M. Antonescu, made M. Petrovicescu, the Minister of the Interior, resign. He was of the opinion that the authorities responsible for public security, especially the new Iron Guard command which had come to power in autumn, were not capable of carrying out their duties. But the officials belonging to the Iron Guard did not give up their authority, and M. Petrovicescu, the Minister of the Interior, conspired with M. Horia Sima, the Deputy Prime Minister; they intended to remove the Prime Minister from his post by force, and, instead of only participating in the Government, wanted to form a new Government entirely in the hands of the Iron Guard.

Previously, the situation had been that the Government had been a coalition between the confidential men of the army and the Iron Guard leaders. It must be noted, however, that this coalition was a mixture of two different elements only as regards persons, for the policy and the whole tendency of the Government were entirely the political aims of the Iron Guard, to such an extent that a special law declared Rumania to be a "legionary" *i. e.* Iron Guard State.

On seeing the violence of the Iron Guard revolution, and realizing that the *coup d'état* was in the first place aimed at removing M. Antonescu himself from the Government, the Prime Minister decided to turn against the Iron Guard. After a struggle lasting several days, the details of which are not yet entirely clear, M. Antonescu succeeded, mainly with the help of the army, in restoring a semblance of order. On January 24, he disclosed that the revolution had been led by the Deputy Prime Minister, for on that day the following communiqué was issued by the Cabinet Council: "From Horia Sima down to the last cut-throat everyone who grants protection and shelter to the rebels will be punished with the utmost severity." At the same time a warrant was issued for the arrest of Horia Sima, but he could not be arrested, and even up to the middle

of March it was not known where the Commander of the Iron Guard is hiding, whether he has escaped abroad or is still on Rumanian territory. For the time M. Antonescu still maintained the Iron Guard character of the Rumanian State; he hoped to carry out the programme of the Iron Guard alone, while excluding the leaders of the Guard. Even on January 24, he issued a communiqué saying that the true legion would now be formed under his personal leadership. On January 27, M. Antonescu re-organized his cabinet, removing every member of it who had maintained connections with the Iron Guard after the outbreak of the revolution. Later, it was made public that altogether 7922 persons had been arrested by the Government in connection with the revolution, and that the valuables stolen by the Iron Guard in the course of their arbitrary actions and house-to-house searches, together with the objects taken from people in the streets, filled 160 lorries. All this compromised the whole Iron Guard movement to such an extent that on February 15, the Government deemed it necessary, after the removal of the Iron Guard leaders, to delete even the term "Iron Guard" from their programme. On that day the Act which constituted Rumania a 'legionary State,' was repealed.

On February 10, Sir Reginald Hoare, the British Minister in Bucharest, handed a memorandum to the Government in which he announced that Great Britain was breaking off diplomatic relations with Rumania. On February 15, the British Legation left, and on the same day it was declared in London that Britain considered Rumania as a country occupied by Germany, that is to say, as hostile territory.

Hungary

In the chronicle of events in Hungary the first was the declaration of Count Paul Teleki, the Hungarian Prime Minister, in the House of Deputies on December 3. The Prime Minister said among other things:

"The countries of Europe are much more dependent on each other to-day than ever before. Hungary has realized the tasks imposed on her not simultaneously, but in a certain order. The present generation must be educated up to the new era. We have to adjust ourselves to the new social

and economic order of Europe. To-day, reconstruction is led by Germany, but if Germany did not do it, somebody else would have to organize the situation according to the changed conditions.

"Government itself changes. We too have to consider certain a terations within the framework of our State organization. These extend to the operation of Parliament and Government, and the reform of administration as well.

"The war is in progress, and we cannot wait for its end. While this process is still going on, we must seek and find the way to adjust ourselves to European conditions. The nationality question must be dealt so as to guarantee the future. This problem must be tackled and solved so conscientiously that the situation of the peoples living here should be secured not for years, but for decades or even centuries." The Prime Minister declared that quality and not only quantity was needed for development, and by producing good quality we serve the interests of the European community. He shared the opinion, he said, that there are no small nations, only nations with a narrow mentality, which submit and adjust themselves unconditionally. Yet it must be stated that the small nations have their special part in the life of the European community. There are eight separate living-spaces in the world, and Europe is one of them. Its political evolution has also been peculiar. Periods of Spanish, French, English and German hegemony followed one another; their order indicates that political power is shifting from west to east, towards Germany. A retrospective historical investigation leads to the conclusion that Europe is the living-space of many peoples. The variety of its peoples gave Europe its dynamic power, its character, its world hegemony, and its spiritual beauty. The conclusions are twofold. One of them concerns the small nations, the other the whole Continent. The small nations' task is to preserve their individual character and at the same time to adjust themselves to general European currents. They must become a part of the great European entity, and at the same time preserve their spiritual values and qualities. The other conclusion applicable to Europe as a whole is that the value of small nations must be recognized. This idea must not be forgotten in the ferment of our days, for the small nations were not always the last ones. In the field of culture, the small nations have done much for Europe, and therefore they must also be allowed a say in affairs. Our foreign policy, continued Count Paul Teleki, is an adjustment to European conditions. The Prime Minister mentioned the friendship of Germany and Italy towards Hungary, thanks to which large territories had been restored to Hungary without a single blow.

A week later Count Stephen Csáky, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, travelled to Belgrade, where he and the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, M. Cincar-Markovich, signed the Hungaro-Yugoslav Pact of mutual friendship on December 12. The preamble to the agreement emphasizes that the pact is intended to ensure peace in the Danubian Basin. The pact itself declares that peace and eternal friendship shall exist

between the Hungarian and the Yugoslav Kingdoms, and the contracting parties agree that they will discuss with each other all questions which concern their mutual relations.

At the dinner given in Count Csáky's honour, M. Cincar-Markovich declared:

"The Yugoslav Government attaches the greatest importance to this happy development in Hungaro-Yugoslav relations. It is their firm intention that the two countries should, by this agreement, find in the general international situation common ground for their effort to prevent the conflict spreading in this part of Europe . . . in concurrence with the efforts of the two neighbouring Great Powers, Germany and Italy."

In his reply, Count Csáky said:

"Your Excellency's speech is based on the conception that our two nations, being subject to the same destiny of alternate suffering and glory, have to agree on a programme of peace. This agreement is the visible expression of the bond already existing between the two nations. That is why it will be firm and lasting: firm, because two peoples have agreed to work together for peace, lasting, because it conforms to the ideal of durable peace which is the first and foremost aim of the Axis Powers."

From Belgrade, Count Csáky travelled to Slovenia where he was invited by the Regent, Prince Paul, on a shooting-party. From Slovenia he returned to Budapest already a sick man, and after a painful illness he died on January 27. In the meantime, because of Count Csáky's illness, the Prime Minister Count Paul Teleki introduced the two latest international agreements in the form of a bill in Parliament and made the following declaration at a meeting of the Government party on January 23:

"To-day I laid before the House the bill concerning our adherence to the international agreement concluded between Japan, Germany and Italy in Berlin on September 27, 1940. I think everybody regards this as the natural outcome of a historical process. The other bill I presented to-day was the enactment of the Hungaro-Yugoslav Pact signed in Belgrade on December 12, 1940. I was obliged to introduce these two bills instead of my friend Stephen Csáky, on account of his illness.

"Speaking of these bills, I would like to add, in order to outline briefly our foreign political tendencies, that our foreign policy is unchanged. There is one problem I must mention in particular, and that is the Rumanian question. I will be short. All I want to say is that I am greatly reassured to know that there are at present many German troops in Rumania.

"In connection with our foreign policy I must mention the visit of M. Bartha, the Minister for War, to Germany. This journey has of course again

given rise to the most absurd rumours. For this reason I have neither explained, nor excused, nor denied this journey. The Minister went to Germany in order to pay a visit, to return a visit and to get in touch with the commanders of the German army. There has always existed an extremely warm and friendly contact between the German and the Hungarian armies. M. Bartha ought to have gone to Germany a long time ago, but up to now events intervened which prevented him from doing so. Now events have taken such a turn that he was able to make his journey, and to this I have nothing to add and nothing to explain."

The House of Deputies discussed simultaneously the bill for Hungary's adherence to the Berlin Pact and the enactment of the Hungaro-Yugoslav Pact. The first was passed, by previous agreement between the parties without a debate on February 4. At the voting there were three votes against the bill. The Hungaro-Yugoslav Pact was accepted unanimously.

It was still the Prime Minister, Count Paul Teleki, who introduced the two bills in the House of Deputies: on the same day the successor of the Foreign Minister was appointed by the Regent in the person of M. László Bárdossy. From 1924 to 1929 M. Bárdossy was chief of the press section of the Hungarian Ministry for Foreign Affairs; in 1930 he became first councillor of the Hungarian Legation in London, and since 1934 he had been Hungarian Minister in Bucharest.

Yugoslavia

Yugoslavia's foreign policy was for a certain time somewhat different from that of the other countries of South-Eastern Europe. This temporary divergency of Yugoslav foreign policy was facilitated by her geographical position: Yugoslavia is the only country in South-Eastern Europe which events might circumnavigate.

On December 24, M. Cincar-Markovich, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, made a statement on Yugoslav foreign policy to the press. He referred to Yugoslavia's efforts to keep out of the struggle and to protect its interests. Yugoslavia endeavours, he said, to avoid all external complications and thereby to prevent the war from spreading to this part of Europe. Yugoslavia is anxious to create an atmosphere of full confidence on its frontiers with all its neighbours and to live on terms of friendship with them. Yugoslavia's friendship with

its great neighbours Germany and Italy is based on vital interests and has been deepened in the course of the last few years; this has been emphasized on many occasions. It should also be stressed that the closest relations exist between Yugoslavia and Hungary. A proof of these insoluble bonds was the visit of Count Csáky, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, to Belgrade, and the signing of the Hungaro-Yugoslav Pact on December 12. Similar positive results of Yugoslav policy may be seen in foreign trade. Commerce with Germany and Italy has enabled Yugoslavia to import not only manufactured goods, but also some raw materials. The present international situation forces Yugoslavia to continue its endeavours to occupy in the Europe of the future the place due to it on the ground of historical rights and constructive work.

On February 13, M. Tsvetkovich, the Yugoslav Prime Minister, and M. Cincar-Markovich, the Foreign Minister, travelled to Germany. On the following day they conducted negotiations with Herr Hitler and Herr Ribbentrop; on the evening of the same day, February 14, a communiqué was published by the German Telegraph Bureau which announced that the Germano-Yugoslav negotiations had been conducted in the traditional spirit of friendship which existed between the two countries. Nothing more could be ascertained, not even which side had initiated the meeting.

This meeting marked the opening of the diplomatic campaign on the Balkan Peninsula. The next stage in this process was the Bulgaro-Turkish pact of non-aggression.

Bulgaria

At the end of November King Boris visited Herr Hitler. On December 3 M. Popov, the Bulgarian Minister for Foreign Affairs declared in the Sobranie that Bulgaria intended to keep out of the war and was determined to defend her security and independence. Many people took this to mean that Bulgaria had no intention of placing her territory at the disposal of her friends. This supposition was confirmed when the Russo-German agreements of January 10 became known. Two such agreements were concluded in Moscow; one related to a frontier readjustment from the river Igorka to the Baltic; the

other brought to a head the Russo-German commercial negotiations which had been going on since October. It was generally assumed at this time that Berlin and Moscow had arrived at an agreement concerning every question connected with the Balkan situation, from which it was conjectured that the Soviet took less interest in Bulgaria than had been supposed. But after the Tass-communiqué of January 13 contrary views began to prevail. The semi-official news agency of the Soviet Union issued the following communication:

"Foreign press organs have affirmed, on the basis of statements made by certain circles in Bulgaria, that a part of the German forces have been sent to Bulgaria, that these troop movements continue with the knowledge and consent of the Soviet Union, and that the Bulgarian Government having addressed a question to the latter concerning the said troop movements, the Soviet Union had expressed its concurrence. The Tass Agency is authorized to make the following statements: 1. If it is a fact the there are German troops in Bulgaria and that the despatch of troops to that country still continues, then this has occurred and is occurring without the knowledge and consent of the Soviet Union, as Germany has never raised before it the question of the presence in Bulgaria or the despatch thither of German troops. 2. The Bulgarian Government has never appealed to the Soviet Union in the matter of the entry into Bulgaria of German troops, consequently it could not have had any answer from that quarter."

Those who tried to trace the connection between the Soviet's foreign policy and happenings in the Balkans did not leave out of account the possible influence of diplomatic relationships outside, and remote from, the Balkan Peninsula. Not only Russo-German relations, but also the fluctuating relations between the U.S.S.R. and Japan, and even between the U.S.S.R. and America. Never did the South-East-European newspaper reader dream that there would come a time when, in weighing the chances of his own future, he would have to take into consideration such items of news as the conclusion of a fishing agreement in the Far East. The decrease in distances to-day is being felt so strongly in South-Eastern Europe that quite simple people took note of the fact that on January 21 the U.S.A. lifted the mora embargo on aeroplanes declared in regard to Russia in December 1939, and that simultaneously the U.S.S.R. renewed the fishing agreement with Japan concluded in 1928. It was interesting to note how divergent were the conclusions drawn from these two events, some people maintaining that

they would increase the Soviet's interest in the Balkans, while others took the opposite view.

Light was thrown on the question by a series of occurrences in February. The *Zora* of Sofia declared — presumably on semi-official prompting — that it would be suicidal for Bulgaria to set herself against the entry of German troops. This was followed on February 17 by the signing of the Turco-Bulgarian Non-Aggression Pact, an event which was also received with various interpretations. The majority held it to mean that Turkey would make no move, even on the plea of preventive self-defence, were German troops to march into or through Bulgaria; that, in fact, she would save up her military resources until a foreign army attacked her own frontiers. It is true that Ankara had declared that the Non-Aggression Pact would lose its validity were Bulgaria to be deprived of her freedom of action; nevertheless South-East-European public opinion persisted in believing that Turkey would shut her eyes and ears to all that might happen outside her own frontiers.

Now that the German troops have actually entered Bulgaria, this conviction is stronger than ever. On March 1, at noon, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, M. Filov, replacing M. Popov, who was ill, signed in Vienna the Protocol declaring Bulgaria's adherence to the Three-Power Pact; in the afternoon of the same day it was made public in Berlin and Sofia that the German troops had begun their march into Bulgaria. It is interesting to note that at the time of the signing of the Protocol the Bulgarian Government issued no communiqué as was done by the Hungarian Government on November 20, 1940, when Hungary joined the Three-Power Pact. The Hungarian communiqué had stated, among other things, that Hungary had hailed with particular satisfaction Article 5 of the original German-Italian-Japanese agreement, the text of which ran as follows: "Germany, Italy and Japan declare that the above agreements in no wise affect the political situation at present obtaining between the several contracting nations and the Soviet Union." The Bulgarian Government merely informed the Soviet Legation in Sofia on the day of the signing of the Protocol, of Bulgaria's adherence to the Pact, the Soviet Government's answer being handed by the Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs, M. Vishinsky, to the Bulgarian Minister

in Moscow on March 3. In this Note the Soviet Government declared that it did not share the Bulgarian view that the step taken by Bulgaria served the cause of peace; and added that Russia could not see her way to support Bulgaria's policy. It did not escape certain observers that the Note restricted itself to criticising Bulgaria's action, and made not the slightest allusion, whether friendly or otherwise, to Germany.

At the moment of writing these lines it is impossible to say what turn the Greek question is likely to take. In South-Eastern Europe in the middle of March the general feeling was that if the Germans attack Greece by way of Bulgaria, it is certain that Yugoslavia and possible that Turkey will not proceed to military action.

* Three events have occurred about the time of our going to press: Yugoslavia's signature of the Tripartite Pact; the re-opening of direct railway communication between Budapest and Moscow; and the ceremonial return by Russia of the flags captured by Russian troops in the Hungarian War of Independence in 1848/49. These matters will be dealt with in our next issue.

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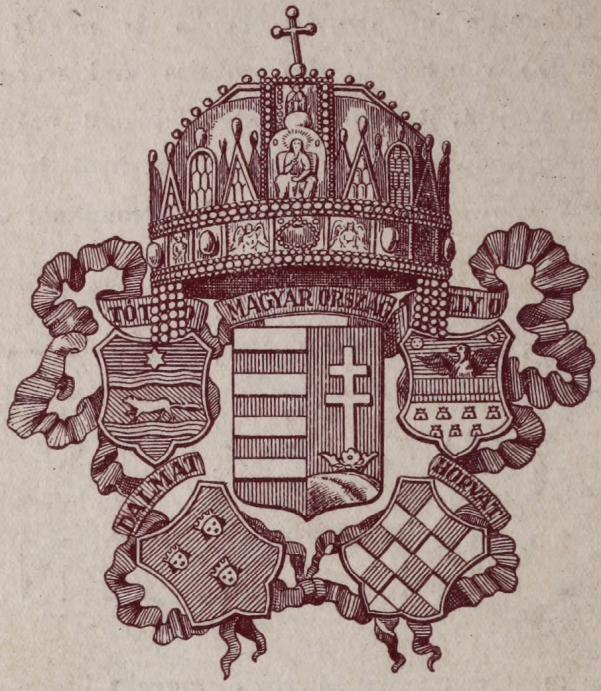

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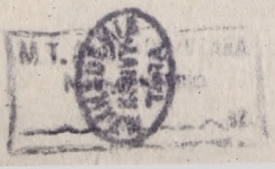

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Information about contributors to this issue will also be found at the beginning of their articles ✶ The Hungarian Quarterly *is glad to publish articles expressing different shades of opinion. The Editor takes no responsibility for the views of his contributors, and does not necessarily agree with the opinions expressed in their articles.*

THE
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RUMANIAN HISTORY

By ZSOMBOR SZÁSZ

BRIEFLY summed up, the history of the Rumanian people runs as follows.

The Vlachs, the pastoral and nomadic ancestors of the present-day Rumanians, wandering at random over the Balkans, crossed the Lower Danube in the course of the tenth and eleventh centuries and spreading gradually northward over the ranges of the Carpathians, appeared in increasing numbers in the regions between the Danube, the Tisza and the Dniester. Later, two small Rumanian Principalities were formed: Wallachia, between the Danube and the Carpathians, in the thirteenth century, and Moldavia, on the eastern slopes of these ranges, in the fourteenth. In the fifteenth century both passed under Turkish suzerainty and remained so until 1878.

At first these Principalities were governed by elected national Princes; but after 1715 and for a century to come, the Sultans appointed Turco-Greek foreigners, the so-called Phanariote Princes, to rule over them. During this time the political and social situation of the Rumanian people reached its lowest ebb.

In 1859 the two Principalities were united under a common elected ruler, Prince Alexander Cuza. After Cuza, in 1866, a foreigner, Charles of Hohenzollern, was elected, and the two provinces assumed the collective name of Rumania. In 1877, on the eve of the Russo-Turkish war, the independence of the State was declared and recognised by the Congress of Berlin. In 1881 the country became a kingdom.

In the first world war Rumania, after two years of dubious neutrality, joined the Allied Powers and although defeated in her campaign against the Central Powers, found herself, at the end of the war, on the side of the victors, a fact which enabled her to annex large territories from each of her neighbours — Transylvania from Hungary, the Bukovina from Austria, Dobrudja from Bulgaria and Bessarabia from Russia. But in the second year of the present war this new-found greatness suffered a sudden eclipse; the loss of Bessarabia and the Bukovina was followed by the re-annexation by Hungary of northern Transylvania.

This brief sketch contains the substratum of the country's history; but the details are treated in a very different manner by the various historians.

Professor Giurescu, Rumania's most distinguished living historian since the tragic death of Professor Iorga, says in his *Rumanian History*, which is still in process of being published,[1] that the history of the Rumanian people contains so many glorious and inglorious pages that the historian's best policy is to keep to the facts. This is an admirable principle which loses nothing by the further addendum that care must be taken to avoid that false brand of patriotism which exalts everything connected with one's own nation and underrates all things foreign.

Unfortunately the principles thus laid down are followed neither by Professor Giurescu nor by his Rumanian colleagues. No historical literature is so dominated by what Professor Giurescu calls false patriotism — we should be inclined to call it political calculation — as the Rumanian. The problems of the people's racial origin, its religious struggles, its relations with its neighbours, the history of the irredentist movements and of the years of neutrality, war, defeat and peace, are treated with the same bias and the same ultimate objective, namely, national aggrandisement by means of racial union.

On the same page on which Professor Giurescu ostracises exaggerated patriotism, he says that the history of the Rumanian people restes on four positive and unassailable facts: 1) that the Rumanians are one of the oldest peoples in Europe and certainly the earliest in south-eastern Europe;

[1] Const. C. Giurescu : *Istoria românilor:* so far vols. I, II[1] and II[2] have appeared.

"noi suntem de aici" — we belong here; 2) that the Dacians and the Getae, the ancestors of the Rumanians, were an élite people of the ancient world; 3) that the Rumanians are the oldest Christian peoples of south-eastern Europe; and 4) that they are the only people in these regions which can boast of an uninterrupted political continuity.

Such theses savour somewhat strongly of the national pride and self-exaltation of which Professor Giurescu disapproves. Apart from this, they tempt one to ask whether they are really positive facts.

As mentioned in the introductory lines of this article, the ancestors of the Rumanians were a nomadic, pastoral people who continually changed their abode in search of pasture, spending the summer months in the high mountains and descending in winter to the lower slopes of the hills. The lowest stratum of the people was of Illyro-Thracian stock, on which Roman, Albanian and Slav elements were gradually superimposed. Their original home was to the east of Albania, between the sites of the present towns of Sophia, Nish and Skoplje; and their language was the Latin of the Balkans, corrupted by Albanian and more particulary by pronounced Slav influences.

About the ninth century this people, restless like all nomadic peoples, broke up into four fragments; one, the so-called Arumuns, settled in Macedonia and Albania; another, the Megleno-Rumuns, in northern Greece; while a third, the Istro-Rumuns, wandered as far as Istria, where a few thousand of them have survived.

The fourth branch turned north-east and, as we have seen, crossed the Danube in the course of the tenth and eleventh centuries. In the thirteenth century we find them mentioned in the Banat of Szörény and in southern Transylvania as subjects of the Kings of Hungary. Nor did their infiltration stop there; gradually they spread over the whole of Transylvania and further to Máramaros, founding beyond the Carpathians two insignificant Principalities.

This is the actual history of the origin of the Rumanians as traced by recent historical research.[1]

[1] L. Tamás : *Romans, Rumanians and Valachs in Dacia Trajana* (in Hungarian) Budapest, 1935.

But these facts have not been accepted by Rumanian historians. They have their own conception of the origin of the Rumanian people, based on the so-called Daco-Roman theory, which furnishes a prop for their patriotic claims. This theory has been built up on the fact that in the first century of the Christian era there existed between the Tisza and the Dniester a mighty realm called Dacia, inhabited by an Illyro-Thracian people. In 105 A. D. the Emperor Trajan conquered this country, or at least that part of it which later came to be known as Transylvania, and made of it a Roman province. A heterogeneous mass of military and civilian colonists were brought from every part of the empire, from Spain no less than from Asia Minor, to people this province. But in a little over a century and a half the Roman domination came to an end; in 271 the Emperor Aurelian, unable to withstand the onslaught of the Goths, relinquished the colony, and the legions as well as a portion of the civilian population were withdrawn to the regions south of the Danube.

Successive invasions of migrating barbarians, Goths, Huns, Gepides, Avars and various Slav tribes, followed the collapse of the Roman rule. In the seventh century a large Bulgarian State was founded south of the Danube, which extended its sway also over the abandoned Roman colony.

According to Rumanian historians, a large residue of the former inhabitants of this colony stayed on and followed their usual avocations. They succumbed more or less to the influence of the invaders, especially of the Slavs, who gave them Christianity and contributed many elements to their language. But while these invaders vanished one by one without leaving any trace behind them, the Daco-Roman stratum of the population continued to exist as a new *natio barbara*, and when, at the end of the ninth century, the Magyars arrived from the east, they found these autochthonous people in the land. After the gradual occupation of the country by the newcomers in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Magyars and Daco-Romans joined forces and together built up a new State.

This is the theory of the Daco-Roman continuity, according to which the present-day Rumanians are the descendants of

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the Romans and Dacians of Dacia Trajana. The bronze effigy of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus which for twenty years stood in the central square of Transylvania's capital, Kolozsvár, stressed the Latin affinity; the reliefs on Trajan's column in Rome mark the Dacian connection. Both symbolise, in Rumanian eyes, the idea that the Rumanians were the autochthonous inhabitants of Transylvania, which is thus to be regarded as the ancestral cradle-land of their race.

It is not difficult to trace the origin of the idea of the Daco-Roman continuity. No reminiscence of such a continuity exists either in tradition or in folk-lore, though the suggestion of a kinship between the Romans and the Rumanians, and between the Latin and the Rumanian languages, is to be met with in early chronicles. But the first systematic elaboration of this idea — so important from the point of view of Rumanian history — came, strangely enough, not from any native of the Principalities, but from the Uniate Transylvanian triumvirate, George Sinkai, Peter Maior and Samuel Klein, who lived and worked in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

We mention the religious associations of these three authors advisedly; for the genesis of the Daco-Roman theory is closely connected with Greek Catholicism in Transylvania.

Until the beginning of the eighteenth century the Rumanians belonged, without exception, to the Greek Orthodox Church. When, at the end of the seventeenth century, the independent Protestant Transylvanian Principality ceased to exist and the Habsburgs became the rulers of the country, the emperors started an intensive Catholic campaign directed not only against the Protestant Magyars but also against the Greek Orthodox Rumanians. The former were impelled to return to the Catholic fold, while everything was done to make the Rumanians join the newly founded Uniate Church.

Little by little this Church gained ground; but although by the nineteenth century it embraced about half of the Transylvanian Rumanians, it never became popular, and its dogmas remained uncomprehended by the Rumanian masses, which were, as before, Orthodox in heart and spirit. A few years ago Mgr. Bălan, Orthodox Metropolite of Transylvania, confirmed this in the Bucharest Senate:

"The Rumanian people," he said, "have always categoric-

ally and systematically refused to allow their Orthodox creed to be tampered with, that creed which is identified with the Rumanian soul. I contend that the Rumanian people have at all times refused Catholicism. If during more than two hundred years — two hundred years of propaganda — this papistry, this union with Rome, has not been able to penetrate the Rumanian spirit, tell me frankly —" here he turned to his Uniate colleague, Mgr. Suciu — "can Catholicism be said to live in the soul of the Uniates? I know that it does not; I know that the people which went over to the Papist Church lives in exactly the same religious and ecclesiastical traditions to-day as before 1700, and in which live its brethren who have not deserted the Orthodox Church."[1]

The Uniate Church was a failure from a spiritual point of view, but it became an immense asset in the social and cultural development of the Transylvanian Rumanians. It enjoyed equal standing with the Roman Catholic Church; its priests were decently endowed. Uniate churches and schools were built, and Roman Catholic schools opened their doors to the Uniate youth not only in Transylvania and Hungary proper but also in Vienna and in Rome. In the beginning of the eighteenth century an important ecclesiastical and educational centre was founded in Balázsfalva, with a bishopric, a middle school, and a seminary for the training of priests.

It was here that Şinkai and Maior received their education and from here that they were sent to Vienna and to the *propaganda fidei* in Rome. In Rome they discovered the similarity of the Italian and Rumanian languages, studied Roman history, and on returning to Hungary continued their studies first as teachers in Balázsfalva and later as Hungarian officials in the printing offices of the Budapest University, where they were paid by the Hungarian State. The result was the appearance of Klein's *Elementa linguae dacoromanae sive valachicae* and Maior's *Istoria pentru inceptul românilor in Dacia*, the latter being founded on Şinkai's *Chronica românilor* published at a later date.

These works contained the first crude literary formulation of the doctrine of the Daco-Roman continuity, and gradually became the Bible of Rumanian historiography. Up to the

[1] *Desbaterile Senatului*, 1922—23, p. 629.

world war there were few Rumanian historians great or small, beginning with Xenopol and ending with Iorga, who did not accept them as authentic documents.

The theory was contradicted later, when the development of comparative philology led to a closer examination of the connection between the Rumanian language and the Albanian. In 1871 the German Rösler attacked it vigorously and other German, French and Hungarian historians and linguists demonstrated with convincing and ever-growing force the fallacy of the theory. After the first world war even Rumanian historians ceased to cling to it as an article of faith, setting in its place the so-called "theory of admixture," according to which the Rumanians are descended from the Daco-Romans of Dacia Trajana, but with a strong infiltration of Balkan peoples. Professors C. C. Giurescu, G. Brătianu and the late Professor Filippide are the representatives of this school.

It is symptomatic of the new development that Professor Iorga, in the large French bibliography *Histoire et Historiens* which appeared in 1927, made only casual mention of the names of Şinkai and Maior.

Historians and linguists, Rumanian and foreign, may dispute about the truth or untruth of the Daco-Roman descent, but there is no doubt that belief in it is firmly embedded in Rumanian public opinion. Şinkai's and Maior's work coincided with the rise of the main current of Rumanian politics in the nineteenth century, the endeavour towards racial unity, and this policy could have found no stronger support than the belief in a common racial and common local origin in the land which was coveted. Indeed, this belief was a pre-requisite of the policy's success. The Daco-Roman continuity, as taught in the schools and preached in the churches, was not a scientific but a political dogma. It was used as the chief argument for the annexation of Transylvania by Rumania in 1919; but this object once attained, the theory could be discarded, and that all the more easily since, as Professor Puşcariu put it, "it was neither an *idée fixe* nor a programme;" the union of all the Rumanians, he declared, was accomplished on juridical, not on historic grounds.[1]

[1] *Dacoromania* IV 1924—26, p. 1401. See also the study by Andrew Alföldi, *Dacians and Romans in Transylvania*, (in Hungarian), *Századok*, April—June 1940.

Having left behind us the question of the origin of the Rumanian people, this "enigma" of medieval Europe, as Xenopol called it, we do not yet reach firmer ground. The story of the foundation of the two Principalities is no less nebulous and enigmatic. With this story we are not concerned, however, any more than with the Rumanian Princes who succeeded each other in the following centuries. Grigore Ureche, the seventeenth-century chronicler, dismissed them with the words: "there is nothing worth telling about them; possibly they did not even have a permanent abode; they soon vanished from the scene and there was no one to write about them."[1] According to Professor Seton-Watson, the most up-to-date historian of the Rumanian people, the political consolidation of the Rumanians was greatly hampered by the competition of the two Principalities, but "the complicated details of the frequent dynastic changes are almost entirely unprofitable even for the Rumanians themselves."[2]

To Professor Seton-Watson we owe also the following description of the situation:

"Conditions in both Wallachia and Moldavia remained extremely primitive for a long period after the first foundation. There were no real towns except a few market centres on the main north and south routes and even they seem not to have been of sufficient importance to be walled. Very little money was in circulation, payments were mainly in kind. Both countries were completely isolated even from such general culture as then prevailed. Education was almost unknown. Even the Church was backward and unorganised, served mainly by Slav priests."[3]

The political situation of the two Principalities was equally unimportant. A century passed amid petty wars with the neighbouring countries, Poland and Hungary, until the Turks, having seized Constantinople, gradually occupied the whole Balkan Peninsula. Moldavia and Wallachia, as already mentioned, passed under Turkish suzerainty and remained so for four centuries, with the result that as Professor Skók says, the Rumanians, alone of all the people of south-eastern Europe,

[1] Hunfalvi Pál: *Az oláhok története*, vol. II, p. 21.
[2] R.W. Seton-Watson: *Roumanian origins, in History*, vol. VII, January 1923, p. 253.
[3] R.W. Seton-Watson: *History of the Roumanians*, p. 29.

are a people "without a history." Nor did the succeeding centuries bring any change in this stagnation; it lasted practically until the declaration of independence at the end of the nineteenth century. "With us," said M. Vintila Brătianu, late Prime Minister of Rumania, in the course of a public lecture, "the Middle Ages began when they ended in other countries. The Rumanian State had to free itself externally before it could transform the Phanariote and Russian rule into a national and democratic régime in which the liberated energies of the people could be turned to account under the new conditions . . . We were outside the civilization of Europe."[1]

The Rumanians are a slow-moving people. The oriental proverb says: "The dogs bark, but the caravan passes on." The Rumanian proverb runs: "*apa trece dar pietrile remân*" — the water flows, but the stones remain.

Professor Puşcariu ascribes the uneventfulness of Rumanian history to the temperament of the people, inherited from their supposed ancestors.

He believes that the fact of their having lived for a thousand years without a political organization is the most important and characteristic incident of their history. This vacuum cannot be explained by the failure of the Roman emperors to maintain their domination in Dacia, nor yet by the barbarian invasions alone; the chief explanation lies in the ethnic composition of the ancestors of the Rumanians, the Thraco-Dacians, whose peculiarities dominate the Rumanian character to the present day. These peculiarities, as Herodotus described them, are a lack of cohesion, an absence of organisatory power, and an inability to set the interests of the community above personal advantage. Like the Dacians who endured meekly the invasions of the Scythians and Sarmatians, the early Rumanians, unorganized and easy-going, bore the yoke of the oppressors with equanimity. Was it not so, asks Professor Puşcariu, in the days of the Phanariotes, and have we not evidence of this lack of organization and civic sense even to-day?

It was such qualities — an exaggerated individualism and a great faculty for adaptation — that the ancestors of the Rumanians brought to their dealings with the barbarians. Had they met the assailants with an organized force, a process of

[1] *Viitorul*, March 7, 1926.

consolidation and ripening might have set in. But things had happened differently. An easy flexibility had helped the people to support every vicissitude imposed on them by the times, while the lack of an organized State life allowed free play to a boundless individualism and furthered the centrifugal forces which, even at the present day, are the most dangerous enemies of national consolidation. Now and then, when the yoke was too heavy, continues Professor Puşcariu, an attempt was made to shake it off; but such occasions were rare; between the rising of the Balkan Vlachs and the revolts of Horia and of Tudor Vladimirscu there lie several centuries. The usual method employed by the oppressed was to abandon their abode, emigrate to other parts of the Peninsula and try to find a *modus vivendi* under a new ruler.[1]

This inertia, this anti-revolutionary "individualism," characterizes the whole of Rumanian history. During five centuries we do not find a single revolt against the successive oppressors; Turkish suzerainty and Austrian and Russian occupation are endured with equal submission. Bukovina and Bessarabia were lost without a single sword being drawn in their defence. The greatest revolutionary figure of Rumanian history, Tudor Vladimirescu, revolted not against the rule of the Sultan but against that of the landlords. His revolt, which occurred in 1820, coincided with that of the Greeks; but while the latter fought for the independence of their country, Vladimirescu only rebelled against the Greek and *boiar* exploiters of the peasantry. The Greeks fought battles; Vladimirescu relied chiefly on his pen and his oratorical gifts. He wanted his revolution to run on constitutional lines — a paradox, says E. Vîrtosu, but one which was substantiated by events. Vladimirescu quietly marched on Bucharest, made peace with the *boiars*, and asked the authorities not to oppose him but to join forces with him, since his only object was the welfare of everyone, great or small.[2] His efforts were directed against the alien Princes and the alien administration; but his words to Ypsilanti: "Greece to the Greeks, Rumania to the Rumanians," were no more than a protest against bad government. His revolution was not a national but a social

[1] Sextil Puşcariu: *Pe marginea cărţilor. "Dacoromânia" anul* VIII, 1934—35. p. 278—81.
[2] E. Vîrtosu: *Tudor Vladimirescu, pagini de revolta*, p. 18—21.

and economic revolution. He was eventually murdered by the Greeks, after which the Turks restored order in the land.

The events of 1848 were even less revolutionary in character. In Moldavia a few thousand liberals set up a cry for reforms, demanding the introduction of ministerial responsibility, a representative assembly, etc. But the Prince called in the Russians and a Cossack regiment crushed the movement.

In Wallachia a radical constitution was drawn up and accepted by the reigning Prince; but once again the Russians appeared, put the revolutionary government to flight, and declaring that they had no intention of tolerating novelties, forced the Prince to abdicate.

Thus the revolutions of Iassy and Bucharest were — to quote the words of the American Professor T. Riker — "little more than an *opéra bouffe* . . . no armed resistance was dreamed of, no martyr's blood hallowed the adventure."[1]

It is manifestly an exaggeration to say of the Rumanians that they are "a people without a history." They did have a history, with many luminous as well as dark pages, even before the nineteenth century, but its light and its shadow fell only on the Wallachian and the Moldavian lands; it was completely dissociated from historic events in the rest of Europe, was bound by no links either to the Occident or the Orient, except for a few decades in the fifteenth century when the Principalities, lying in the path of the Turkish advance, had perforce to defend themselves and defended, at the same time, all Europe. But this state of affairs was of short duration; the Principalities soon sank into anarchy, and "the brunt of the defence of Europe against the Turks," writes Professor Seton-Watson, "thus came to be borne by Hungary, which earned the title *'propugnaculum Christianitatis'*."[2]

[1] T. W. Riker: *The Making of Roumania*, p. 18.

[2] R. W. Seton-Watson: Roumanian Origins in *'History'*, January 1923, p. 253. In his decidedly Hungarophobe *History of the Roumanians* published ten years later, in 1934, Professor Seton-Watson writes disparagingly of the role the Hungarians at this epoch. "In modern times", (evidently later than 1923), "there has been much barren controversy as to the respective merits of the various Danubian and Balkan nations in saving Europe from the Turkish yoke. The Magyars in particular are never tired of putting forward an almost exclusive claim on their own behalf, and indeed use it to justify certain modern ambitions at the expense of their neighbours. In sober truth, it is quite impossible for any one nation to claim a monopoly, and in attempting a broad summary of their joint achievement, we may reasonably affirm that the brunt of the defence was borne by the Serbs in the second half of the fourteenth, by the Hungarians in the first half of the fifteenth and by the Roumanians in the second half of the same century". pp. 48—49.

The claim of the Rumanians to have possessed a few eminent rulers, as well as some who were less distinguished, is justified. The reigns of such voivodes as Radu Mircea, Stephen the Great and another Radu, "misnamed" according to Professor Seton-Watson, also the Great, to whom was added, later on, the son of the barmaid, Michael the Brave, form luminous chapters in Rumanian history; while the rule of the Vlads, surnamed respectively the Devil and the Impaler, makes sombre reading. Therewith the curtain drops on the scene. "The seventeenth century," writes Professor Giurescu, "formed an unimportant era in Rumanian history; it did not produce a single personality who could be compared with the great champions of Christianity of the previous period; the subjection of the Principalities to Turkey became more stringent; while the Rumanian army generally made common cause with the Turkish army."[1]

From 1711 and 1716 respectively, until 1821, Moldavia and Wallachia were governed by Greek *hospodars*, the descendants of Greek families in the service of the Sultan who, from their residence in the Phanar, a wealthy suburb of Constantinople, were called Phanariotes. The political decadence and economic decay which set in with the rule of these Princes had their parallel in the cultural field. Greek schools, libraries and printing works were established, Greek scholars and physicians thronged to the primitive towns, Bucharest and Iassy, which were completely eastern in character. The superficial observer might have received the impression that a higher civilization was beginning here. But appearances are deceptive: the method of the schools, in which the language of instruction was exclusively Greek, was entirely unsuited for conveying practical knowledge, while the products of the ecclesistical printing-works served only to squeeze more money out of the often illiterate priests, and the libraries, in which only too often the books were only painted on the walls, were instruments of vain ostentation rather than the propagators of real culture. The existing culture penetrated only the highest classes of society, mostly of foreign origin, and remained inaccessible to the masses, which lived as before in utter illiteracy under the heel of the cruel and greedy tax-collectors.

[1] C. C. Giurescu: *Istoria Românilor*, in vol. I of the Enciclopedia Românier, p. 55.

Now and then a benevolent Prince who had been educated in Italy tried to remedy matters; he created order in the jungle of abuses by a code of law, regulated schooling and tried by means of social reforms to improve the position of the oppressed peasantry. But these efforts were usually entirely unavailing, and the Phanariote age, although represented by Rumanian chauvinism as an age of "enlightened absolutism" presents a picture of hopeless desolation.[1]

A year after the Vladimirescu revolt the rule of the Phanariotes came to an end, not as a result of the revolt but because of the hatred for all Greeks which the Greek war of liberation had engendered in the Turks. Henceforth they would not deal with any Greeks in the Rumanian Principalities.

In June 1822 the Sultan appointed as voivodes G. Ghica and Ioan Sturdza. The poet Constantine Costachi, greeting the latter on his accession, declared that a new century and a new life had opened before the Rumanians. He was right; the new century was there, and the new ideas of nineteenth century Europe opened up new and dazzling prospects: by the middle of the century, under the dominating idea of nationality, the plan was laid down for the future unity of the Rumanian people, first, as a practical possibility, the union of the two Principalities, and afterwards, at some unspecified date, that of all the Rumanians.

It is unfortunate that we have no authoritative monograph, either in Rumanian or in any other language, dealing with this important phase. We can, of course, read about it in every general history of Rumania, and we have an excellent monograph on the union of the two Principalities, *The Making of Roumania*, by the American Professor T. Riker. M. Moroianu's work, *Les luttes des Roumains transylvains pour la liberté et l'opinion européenne*, apart from its singular lack of good taste, deals, as is shown by the title, only with the irredentist propaganda of the Transylvanian Rumanians. So we must possess our souls in patience until an unbiassed Rumanian or an impartial foreigner compiles an authentic history of this period.

[1] L. Gáldi: *Two Minds in the Rumanian Past* in *The Hungarian Quarterly*, 1939, Vol, V, No. 3. p. 443.

What can be told here, in broad outlines, is as follows:

In 1859 the union of the two Rumanian Principalities came into being. But it did not achieve the union of all the territories inhabited by the Rumanian people. There were Rumanians living in Hungarian Transylvania, in Austrian Bukovina, in Russian Bessarabia and in Bulgarian Dobrudja. Racial unity meant the annexation of all these territories; annexation meant an imperialistic policy, that is to say, irredentism; and irredentism meant war. No one has explained the meaning of Rumanian irredentism with greater clarity and conciseness than the Transylvanian Rumanian, Alexander Papiu-Ilarian, Professor of Iassy University and at one time Minister of Justice, who was an intimate of the first Prince of the united provinces in the 'sixties.

Like the Germans, Slavs and Hungarians, he wrote, the Rumanians also have an ideal goal — the unity of all the Rumanian provinces, Rumania-Moldavia, Bessarabia, Bukovina and Transylvania, in one political body, Dacoromania.

From a racial standpoint such a Rumanian State would be one of the most homogeneous in Europe; all the inhabitants would be Rumanians living in compact masses and speaking the same language unadulterated by any dialects. It was true that in Transylvania there were also Saxons and Magyars, who were more prosperous and more intelligent than the Rumanians, but the latter could easily swamp them by their numbers.

From a strategical standpoint no State in Europe would be in a more advantageous position. The Transylvanian Carpathians would defend all Rumania. The Transylvanian mountains, rising in the centre of Dacia, dominate like a strong fortress the plains of Bihar and the Banat, the hills of Moldavia and the basin of Wallachia. The ruler of Transylvania would be ruler from the Black Sea to the Tisza. Without Transylvania the Principalities had no future in Europe. Their union with Transylvania would serve as a foundation for a Rumanian empire, would save them from death — in fact, would secure them eternal life.

Thus Professor Paiu-Ilarian. But we could quote men who cut an even bigger figure in Rumanian political life. In the 'fifties Ion Brătianu the elder, Rumania's greatest statesman,

wrote the following words in a Memorandum at a time when negotiations were being carried on with the Hungarian revolutionaries :

"I do not trust the Hungarians — but even if I did, we can never come to an agreement with them, because we cannot renounce our claim to Transylvania. The Rumanians beyond the Carpathians wish to unite with us, and we have promised them our support. To leave Transylvania to Hungary would be to commit an act of treachery."[1]

This was plain irredentism ; but in the 'sixties and 'seventies it could not as yet be raised to the dignity of a political programme. The two Principalities had only just been united and were still under Turkish suzerainty.

In a surprisingly short time, however, the situation underwent a change. As we know, Rumania won independence in 1877, and in 1881 became a kingdom. In the Russo-Turkish war her army scored a notable success, with the result that she became a factor in east European politics. The Rumanian State was henceforth a desirable political partner ; and tempting prospects opened out before the eyes of Rumanian politicians.

The time had come to use the story of Dacoroman continuity as a justification for the Rumanian claim on Transylvania.

The Transylvanian Rumanians were, naturally, precluded from overt irredentism ; so they pursued, instead, a policy of grievances. They complained of a lack of liberty and equality in a State whose liberal institutions sufficiently guaranteed both. They invented wrongs and proffered demands, which were voiced by the official programme of the Rumanian National Party of Transylvania. Irredentism, avowed by none, was the secret motive force behind every act. Among the Rumanians of the kingdom, it was an openly proclaimed policy.

In the 'nineties of the last century, a Transylvanian Rumanian who was genuinely loyal to the Hungarian State, G. Moldován, Professor of Kolozsvár University, wrote :

"We have drawn up a political programme for the uninitiated. What a paltry programme it is ! We cannot say

[1] G. I. Brătianu : *Napoléon III et les nationalités*, p. 43.

that we want all of Transylvania as far as the Tisza, because that would be a revolutionary declaration and Europe dislikes revolutions, although it readily sanctions their results. For the rest, it is not our programme but that of the Rumanians of the kingdom. Our task is only to further it by such acts and such an attitude as may be conducive to the overthrow of the Hungarian Constitution. We have put other things into our programme, taking care, however, that it should contain nothing which the Hungarians can grant. Our chief demand is autonomy for Transylvania. There is talk also of a federative Hungarian State. But who takes such talk seriously? Who cares for Transylvanian autonomy, or a federated Hungary? We should, perhaps, like them for a while, until we had gnawed a breach in the Hungarian Constitution and gnawed our way through the Carpathians to the Rumanian kingdom on the other side. The whole Party programme is a sham, designed to veil our relations with Rumania and to camouflage our revolutionary tendencies."

The story of the Rumanian irredentist movement has been written by a Hungarian, Professor B. Jancsó, in two bulky volumes, published before the first world war and complemented by a third volume in 1920. But this work, written in Hungarian and not translated into any other language, is inaccessible to foreigners. Prof. Seton-Watson makes no mention of it in the bibliography attached to his History. It lacks, moreover, the material published by triumphant Rumanians since 1920. What we need is written reminiscences of Rumanian politicians and a comprehensive work based on them.

But the Rumanians are reticent. Professor Lupaş, writing about the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, has not a word to say about Rumanian irredentism.[1] Professor Seton-Watson goes still further. He sets the word "irredentism" between quotation-marks, as though it had been merely a maggot bred in the brains of Hungarian politicians, and not a living force in Rumanian politics.[2]

In 1918 the Rumanian ideal became reality, for notwithstanding the fact that the Rumanian arms had suffered defeat

[1] I. Lupas: *La chute de la Monarchie Austro-Hongroise. Revue de Transylvanie*, I. 1. p. 32.
[2] R. W. Seton-Watson: *A History of the Roumanians*, p. 419.



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THE SWING (1869)

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SAILING-BOAT ON LAKE STARNBERG (1867)

See article on p. 250.

MAGYAR TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA KÖNYVTÁRA

on every battle-field, Rumania was able to annex from friends and foes alike, all the territories she coveted. Hungary, Austria, Russia and Bulgaria had each to contribute to her aggrandisement and that in a measure never dreamed of by any Rumanian politician.

From Professor's Giurescu's description of the formation of Wallachia in the thirteenth century we learn that it was only made possible by the temporary state of debility of all the neighbours who could have prevented it. This favourable situation was used by the Voivode of Argesh to lay the foundations of the first Rumanian State. "It was," writes Professor Giurescu, "a decisive moment such as occurs in many centuries. Another such moment came in our days, in 1918, when by a lucky coincidence all our neighbours were laid low and it thus became possible to bring about Greater Rumania."[1]

It is a fact rarely admitted by Rumanian historians that lucky accidents and coincidences played a greater part in the development of Rumania and the Rumanians than in that of almost any other people. Chance was operative not only on these two occasions but often in the course of the country's history.

Anyone studying Rumanian history must soon realize that the endeavour towards the political, spiritual and territorial union of the Rumanian people was at no time universally accepted or universally popular. At the time of the Crimean war the Great Powers strongly objected to the union of the two Principalities, but their mutual relations were such as to hinder all concerted action. In 1877 Rumania was forced by circumstances — the Russian aggression against Turkey — to go to war against her will and subsequently to declare her independence. In 1916, on the other hand, she forsook her allies of her own accord in order to join the Allied Powers; but it required a concatenation of lucky accidents to make it possible for her to annex all the irredenta lands.

And it was not only in her foreign relations that luck pursued her. The Rumanians themselves were often sharply divided in regard to their prospective unions. The antagonism between Moldavians and Wallachians, between Bucharest and

[1] C. C. Giurescu: *Istoria românilor*, I. p. 350.

Iassy, is well-known.[1] Less well known is the fact that in 1918 the union of all the three provinces hung by a thread. The Bukovineans would have preferred to live in a federated Austria, while the Transylvanians hesitated up to the last moment whether or not to unite with the kingdom, and if they took former course, whether to do so conditionally or unconditionally.

It may be that the four "facts" enumerated by Professor Giurescu as essential traits of Rumanian history are as he sees them. We, on our part, would like to add to them a fifth, contained in the motto of a Hungarian poet of the seventeenth century, Count Nicholas Zrinyi: *sors bona nihil aliud.*

[1] G. N. Ionescu: Mişcarea separatistă din Iaşi. Braila, 1911.

THE SLOVAKS IN THE CARPATHIAN BASIN

By STEPHEN BORSODY

THE Slovak-inhabited territory runs southward from the northern peaks of the Carpathians, through romantic valleys and dwindling hills to the Magyar-inhabited plain. The valleys open southward, the rivers run south, and man followed the same direction. The Slovaks never crossed the northern chains of mountains; what they could not find in their environment they always sought in the south. To the north, east and west the Slovak-inhabited territory was enclosed by solid natural confines; only to the south did this natural cordon open up and offer a way for the inhabitant of the north to his southern neighbour. Thus the Magyars, too, could expand without violence towards the northern marches; and when the centrally-situated Magyar nation founded their State under the ring of the Carpathians, it was a simple and natural process to spread to the Slovak-inhabited area. The Slovaks did not protest against the historic role assumed by the Magyars; and throughout the thousand years of Central European civilization there never developed a power that was able to emancipate itself from the Magyar centre. Upper Hungary, the present Slovakia, has always been an area of mixed nationalities. Nor could it be otherwise, for this territory, with its open character to the south, was incapable of shutting itself off from the peoples of the Carpathian basin. Slovaks, Magyars and Germans lived on good terms and without friction, for up to the nineteenth century a nation lived not in its language but in the common destiny of the homeland. The super-national unity of Upper Hungary attained its golden

age when, after the Battle of Mohács (1526), the central part of Hungary was occupied by the Turks and for two centuries — the sixteenth and seventeenth — the continuity of the Magyar State was maintained by Upper Hungary. These two centuries united the Slovaks and Magyars even more closely, for it was their common task to defend the Magyar country that was now confined to the north. The two peoples alike sang of these historic times, together they mourned for their sons fallen in the battles against the Turks in defence of European civilization, and together they prayed for God's help against the enemy.

In the army of Francis Rákóczi II. (1676—1735) the autochthonous Magyars fought side by side with Slovaks, Ruthenes and Germans for their political and religious freedom and liberty of conscience when they took up arms against an oppressive imperial Austria and placed their trust in the French King Louis XIV's promised support.

The Magyars and Slovaks lived together in peace and without the slightest disturbance until the new ideas of the nineteenth century awoke the modern nationalisms. Even the Czech memoranda, which were prepared before the Peace Conference to support Czech interests, and which revel in their hatred for the Magyars, admit that up to the end of the eighteenth century there was not a single offence against the Slovak language. This statement by a prejudiced enemy may be considered one of the greatest acknowledgements of the Magyar-Slovak past. With the nineteenth century we cross the threshold of a new era. The period of national awakening began in Central Europe and new questions rose to the surface in a transformed world. The language problem, which became the source of so much evil on the soil of historic Hungary with its mixed nationalities, became prominent. But in the same way as we do not conceal the Magyar-Slovak differences which had been accumulating since the beginning of the nineteenth century, we repudiate the slander of a "thousand years of oppression" which was put into the mouths of the Slovaks by the Czechs. There were no thousand years of oppression of nationalities in Hungary, just as there were no thousand years of nationality problem. Up to the nineteenth century Hungarian history

was synonymous with the history of the Hungarian nobility; and the nobility was Magyar, regardless of the origin of its members. Another reason why there could be no question of oppression of nationalities in Hungary is that the general official and scientific language was Latin, while the antagonism between the nationalities reached a critical stage when, in keeping with the spirit of the time, the official Magyar language was introduced into Hungary, and simultaneously the nationalities laid claim to the use of their own language. The accusation, however, that the Magyars committed an injustice against the nationalities, is an unfair and unwarranted attack on a nation which in the period in question did no more than what any other nation would have done in its place. Besides, up to the present, no ideal solution of the nationality problem has yet achieved universal satisfaction in a country of mixed nationalities — with the exception of Switzerland, where, on the other hand, the peaceful solution was brought about by gradual historical evolution, not by intentional regulation.

From the beginning, the dissatisfaction of the Slovaks in Hungary was stirred up by the Czechs. In the period following on the Austro-Hungarian Compromise of 1867, several attempts were made to solve the nationality problem; but all conciliatory efforts were thwarted by the bitterness and inflexibility of the opposing parties. The compromise did not come into being, a fact for which both parties are amply to blame. The Magyars were infused with the ideal of a national State. The Slovaks, on the other hand, — largely under Czech influence, — were prevented from promoting the settlement of the nationality problem by skilful policy and more moderate behaviour. Since Francis Palacky (1798—1876) created the west-east axis of Czech history and, on the basis of Svatopluk's Great Moravian Empire, extended the interest of the Czechs to the Slovaks, the proposition has been increasingly popular in Czech circles that the western Czech nation, wedged in as it is between the Germans, must rely on the eastern Slovak sources of strength in its battle with Germanism. In order to support this thesis, the Czechs exaggerate every connexion that can possibly be discovered between Slovak-inhabited Upper Hungary and Bohemia,

while on the other hand they attempt to obliterate every influence that reached the Slovaks from the Magyar side. It was also Palacky who instilled the hatred of the Magyars in the Czechs. The Magyars cut the Czechs off from Byzantium and the south-eastern Slavs, which — according to him — was the reason why an eastern Slav Empire on the lines of the western Frankish Monarchy could not come into being.

The Slovak-problem in pre-war Hungary was a problem of language. It is all the more regrettable that this question remained unsolved and deteriorated to a point where, in this century, the Czechs were able to make an anti-Magyar national problem of it in the service of their own imperialistic aims. In the years following the Austro-Hungarian Compromise of 1867 the Slovak leaders became alarmed at the rapid evolution of the new, national Hungary, and they associated gladly with the Czech agitators from abroad. The Czechs were angry and envious of the Magyars on account of the dualism the latter had achieved, because all their own efforts to make Vienna recognize their right to a State of their own had failed. The Magyars, on the other hand, unfortunately could not find the means to check the spread of anti-Hungarian Czech propaganda by granting the Slovaks linguistic rights. The excellent Nationality Act of Deák and Eötvös in 1868 was frustrated by the spirit of the age, which, following European nationalistic currents, wished to make the country unilingual and national. This was the period of liberalism and, from the point of view of nationalities, of assimilation in Hungary. This era was capable of treating the nationalities liberally: it opened the way to success to everybody — at the price of assimilation. On the other hand, the period of liberalism had no understanding for a solution that would have brought the national requirements of the Slovaks and the ambitions of the nationalistic Hungarian State to a common denominator. Many errors were made at this time, all of which were proclaimed far and wide by anti-Magyar propaganda.

Czech propaganda succeeded in exploiting the Magyar-Slovak hostility to the uttermost. But it did not succeed in cutting off the spiritual connexions, which continued to be in evidence even at the time of most venomous animosity. The

Magyar authors Arany and Petőfi (later the *oeuvre* of Ady, Kosztolányi, Szabó and Móricz) were a force in Slovak literature too: this is at least one proof of how the force of a common soul and spirit prevailed even at a time of political misunderstanding. The most characteristic Slovak child of Magyar classicism was Paul Országh Hviezdoslav (1849—1921), the greatest Slovak poet. Hviezdoslav, too, was affected by the recognition of Slovak national claims; but the force of tradition and his Magyar culture disclosed that sympathy in him which makes brothers of the Slovak dwelling in the northern mountains and the Magyar of the Great Plain.

We may, however, come near the truth if we seek the chief cause of Slovak-Magyar antagonism in the ignorance and lack of understanding that was a universal European phenomenon in problems of nationality. Under the burden of the great unsolved problem neither party was able to rise to a height of objectivity, sober judgment and discrimination that would have made it possible to avoid a natural conflict of forces. It is true that the problem itself is not so simple, if we consider the last twenty years after the Great War. This was a period that set itself the task of regulating the problems of nationalities; and it resulted in greater confusion than the pre-war era.

The Great War and the peace treaties, which entirely changed the order of Europe, fulfilled the expectations of the Czechs, which had been uncertain until the last moment. According to the wish of the emigrant Czech politicians, Masaryk and Benesh, and a few Czechophiles the Slovaks seceded from the Hungarian State after a thousand years and began a new life under the sign of Czechoslovakia, as "sleeping partner" of the Czechs. This development fulfilled the dreams of individual Slovaks rather than the wishes of the Slovaks *en masse*. The declaration of Turócszentmárton, which was made at a meeting on October 30, 1918, as a manifestation of Czecho-Slovak national unity and separation from Hungary, can hardly be called a manifestation of the Slovak national will. There were no collective national ties between Czechs and Slovaks; Czecho-Slovak "unity" was fostered by certain individuals who had become acquainted with Masaryk in Prague, or during his summer holidays spent in Upper Hungary, and come under

his influence. The group of pro-Czech Slovaks moved around the periodical entitled *Hlas*, which was founded according to Masaryk's intentions in 1898, the Society of Slovak Students in Prague called *Detvan*, and the Czecho-Slovak Society formed in 1896. This is also where the "reliable" representatives of Slovakia in the subsequent Republic came from. Moreover, the Czech orientation of the Slovaks had a denominational colouring, as well: most of its followers belonged to the Slovak Lutheran Church. The easily awakened Czech friendship is a characteristic concomitant of the Slovak political development; and equally characteristic is the anti-Czechism of the Catholics. The historical background of this phenomenon goes back to the days when, in the period of national awakening, the Catholic Anthony Bernolák (1726—1813) was the first to declare war on the Czech language, which prevailed among the Slovak intelligentsia like the biblical language together with Hussitism, and subsequently as the literary language. After 1918 the Czechs endeavoured to stress the historical Hussite relations between Czechs and Slovaks. This may have been sympathetic to certain Slovak Lutherans; but it had just the opposite effect on the Catholics, who in any case disapproved of the Czech State's proclamation of Hussite ideas. However, the chief cause of Czecho-Slovak antagonism, — which was apparent right from the beginning, — was the denial of the autonomy guaranteed in the Declaration of Pittsburg on May 20, 1918. The autonomy was claimed from the Czechs with equal firmness by the Catholic Andrew Hlinka of the Slovak people's party and the Lutheran Martin Rázus of the Slovak national party.

The year 1918 introduced a new phase in the relations between Slovaks and Magyars. In possession of its freedom, the anti-Magyar propaganda of Prague applied its full force to an attempt at eliminating the pleasant memories of the Slovak-Magyar union. This propaganda made it impossible for the differences arising between Slovaks and Magyars to be smoothed over by a mutual recognition of interdependence in the period of the development of European national states. The Slovak-Magyar antagonism was a capital Czech interest. The basis of the Czecho-Slovak Republic was a west to east imperialism that wished to check the natural influence of the Carpathian basin's north to south axis. Thus the new-fangled idea

of the Czech State encountered St. Stephen's thousand-year-old Hungarian political ideas over the Slovaks. The Czechs endeavoured to present the Czech-Magyar antagonism (which resulted from the incorporation of Upper Hungary into the Czechoslovak Republic) as Slovak-Magyar antagonism. By inciting the Slovaks against the Magyars they tried to divert the Slovaks' attention from all that provoked and disappointed them in the new republic. The Pittsburg promise of autonomy was broken by Czech centralism on the grounds that the granting of Slovak autonomy would endanger the unity of the Republic, weaken its power of resistance and encourage its Magyar neighbour, — who in any case had designs on the life of the State, — to hostile action. In this way they wanted to persuade the Slovaks that their autonomy would be contrary to their own interests ; for it would end in the dissolution of the Republic and might easily thrust the free Slovaks of the Republic back into the old "slavery." The Czechs seized every opportunity of interpreting the justified Magyar hostility to the Czechoslovak Republic as though it were aimed against the life and liberty of the Slovaks.

The Slovaks appealed to the promise given at Pittsburg and claimed autonomy in Czechoslovakia. It is possible that at the beginning the Slovak autonomists seriously considered a Czecho-Slovak union and that they considered their autonomy as a definitive solution which, according to them, would have placed the union of the two peoples on an equitable basis. There can be no doubt, however, that the Pittsburg Declaration soon ceased to be a document intended solely for the purpose of regulating Czecho-Slovak relations. More and more, it became the instrument of external attempts at annihilating the Czechoslovak Republic. The Slovaks, too, must have been aware of this. And if in spite of this Hlinka's Slovak People's Party (to which the majority of the Slovak people belonged) set itself the political aim of autonomy, this must mean one of two things : either they had discounted the possibility of a Czecho-Slovak union, or else they meekly believed that the opponents of the Czechoslovak State — who welcomed and even supported the Slovak autonomists — would content themselves with the favours done to the Slovaks and have no further designs on the Republic weakened by autonomy. It seems prob-

able that up to the Munich decision the Slovak autonomists took their stand on republican unity and that they did not deviate into the path of independence until later, when they realized that the external assistance — which had helped them to obtain autonomy — exerted an ever-growing influence on the stunted Czechoslovakia in the shape of the enlarged German Empire.

The territory that was left of the previous Czechoslovakia after the Munich decision, the Vienna arbitration, the placing of Bohemia and Moravia under German protectorate and the return of Sub-Carpathia to Hungary, retained its independence as the Slovak Republic. Except for its boundary toward Hungary, the Slovak frontier coincides everywhere with the frontiers of the thousand-year-old Magyar monarchy. This fact must be regarded as the most recent justification of the Hungarian monarchic frontier as a historical and geopolitical dividing line, with a special significance toward the west, where the power of the Czech Republic with its unnatural west to east effect has ceased and the original situation been re-established on the western spurs of the Carpathians: in the spirit of the reasonableness of this frontier. The present Slovak leaders do not welcome the geopolitical implications inherent in the frontier of their country, nor do they attempt to draw the obvious conclusions from this situation. They prefer to divert attention from the important fact that, after all, the independent Slovakia came into being within the framework of a higher historical unity which was called Hungary a good twenty years ago. Moreover, they disregard the fact that what assured a better fate for them than that of the Czechs was not so much a respect for the rights of peoples, but rather the historical frontier of the Magyar monarchy which, on account of the forces inherent in a historical frontier, puts a different aspect on all questions arising in the Carpathian basin and consequently induced the Germans disposing of the ruins of Czechoslovakia to adopt a different solution in their case.

With the dissolution of Czechoslovakia, the Slovaks formed an independent state "under German protection" (*"unter deutschem Schutz"*). Never in the whole course of history have this small country and its people lived independently; now again they are under German protection: past and present

alike, therefore, prove that the Slovaks must fall within the realm of a neighbouring State or power. Through a thousand years the historical, economic and geopolitical unity of the Carpathian basin kept the Slovaks within the kingdom of Hungary. With the partition of Hungary in 1918 the Slovaks separated from the Magyar State and their Czechophile leaders — without asking the people — linked up their fate with that of the Czechs, only to break with them, too, when twenty years later the Slovak autonomists gained the upper hand.

The independent Slovak State developed with an unexpected turn from the Slovak autonomy. A strange caprice of fortune was this : when the Czechs, who had denied the Slovaks their autonomy for twenty years, lost the independence of their State and became incorporated in the Great German Empire at the same time the independent Slovak State was born from the Slovak autonomy. The independent Slovakia had no time-honoured traditions in Slovak circles ; indeed, the independent Slovak State has the appearance of an improvisation from every point of view. For the first time in the course of history, the Slovaks constitute a State. It is hard to detect a preconceived intention, the organic development of a state-forming will, and the long preparation that one would, after all, expect in the case of a similar undertaking. We are faced only by the results, which bear witness to the strange fact that a nation may sometimes achieve more than it wanted, expected, and even thought itself capable of achieving. Autonomy was always the magic word that excited and united the Slovaks, that urged them to battle and opposition. They broke with Hungary because they could not achieve this autonomy ; and this same autonomy was the condition on which they joined the Czech State community. And what they were unable to extort from the Czechs, they achieved — and even more than that (the independent Slovak Republic itself !) — in alliance with the Germans. In the last years of Czechoslovakia the Slovak autonomists were already subject to the influence of the Sudeten-German party. They accepted advice and guidance from the latter and came under German influence both in ideology and practice. But even if they could not foresee future events with precision, one thing is certain : the

Slovak autonomists gradually discounted the Czecho-Slovak union, that had been conceived twenty years previously, as an abortive experiment, and changed over from their Czech "brethren" to the Germans, the "arch-enemy" of the Czechs. Czechs and Slovaks failed to understand each other. Their linguistic affinity was obscured by the force of separate spiritual, historical, regional and moral traditions and of the effects of their ideology. When the Czechs and Slovaks risked the violent outbreak of open civil war in their enfeebled common State they proved conclusively that the stipulations for Czecho-Slovak common life had finally failed to act and that the two peoples had completely discounted one another, their common country, and all that might have united them even to the extent of a well-meaning friendship. The Slovaks broke away from the Czechs and became indifferent to them. They now show interest for two of their neighbours : one of them the Germans, the other the Magyars.

The Germans are the ideal, the great friend who helped the Slovaks to win their independence. And if on account of comprehensible political reasons no word of doubt can be heard concerning Slovak-German relations, at the same time the relations between Magyars and Slovaks are constantly watched with excited eagerness. One of the chief motive forces of Slovak antagonism to Hungary is the so-called unfair territorial readjustment ; because the present Slovak advocates of Pozsony (Bratislava) pretend to consider the demarcation of their southern and eastern frontiers an atrocious injustice. They preach revision and irredentism ; they demand justice for Slovakia and proclaim loudly that they can never acquiesce in the present frontiers of Slovakia. The Slovaks are electrified by their unexpected and overwhelming independence ; and the leaders of Slovak propaganda believe that they can fan the "state-forming" nationalist zeal of the masses by a large-scale anti-Hungarian campaign. For the time being, it would be difficult to expect sober objectivity and a loftier view of the historical, political and ethnical problems of the Carpathian basin from the Slovaks, who are celebrating their liberty in an orgy of popular rights and principles. In this new clash of national and historical principles the Slovaks regard their Magyar neighbour with irritation. The Slovaks are well aware that their

numbers are small and that the economic conditions of the territory inhabited by them make it impossible for them to live entirely independently. They are also aware that, according to the laws of nature, their southern Magyar neighbour has the strongest power of attraction for them, from the cultural as well as the economic point of view.

The Slovak Minister for Propaganda once said that "a glance at the map could convince us that the Magyars and Slovaks were interdependent" and that "it must be our chief aim that the frontier should be no more than a simple formality." The popularity of this statement in the broadest Slovak circles can only prove that in spite of all incitement a desire for peace and understanding with the Magyars lies dormant in the soul of the people, that lives far from the whirl of daily politics and often feels the ties of the soil better than its leaders. The politicians, who manufacture new ideologies at the head of their nation, fear the central attraction of the Magyars in the Carpathian basin, because they are jealously guarding their present existence as an independent State against any other Danubian solution under Hungarian leadership. Yet until March 14, 1939, even the most extremist Slovaks did not dream of having an independent State of their own. Autonomy was not only the *non plus ultra* of their dreams, but also the claim of a sober deliberation that reckoned with realities. It is therefore unnecessary to interpret "Slovak life as a State" on a broader basis than "autonomy"; for it is obvious that in the spring of 1939 this problem could only reach its present solution because no State was available within which the Slovak autonomy could have been placed.

Throughout a thousand years the Slovaks were a nationality in Hungary. In 1918 the Slovaks exchanged the thousand-year-old common Hungarian State ideal for the Czecho-Slovak Republican ideal (subsequently they also flirted with the Poles), while in the spring of 1939, relying on the Germans, they entered the ideological path of life as an independent State. The age of the development of European nationalist States could scarcely have failed to drive a wedge between Magyars and Slovaks, for political thinking in the nineteenth century could not solve the problem of nationalities in Hungary any more than in the rest of Europe. We must, however, take account of

the existing situation: in the basin of the Carpathians — this natural geopolitical and economic unit — unusual historical events have frustrated the development of a united Hungarian national State in its West European sense. Had the medieval Hungarian kingdom continued to develop in the Carpathian basin under West European conditions, then this Carpathian basin, in view of the strength of the medieval Magyar nation, would have been filled out by a uni-lingual Magyar nation, as was the case with other West European nations. This process did not come about; and in the territory of the historical Magyar Monarchy numerous nationalities remained alongside the Magyars. Specific problems resulted from this situation, and it was not possible to solve them. The peace treaties parti-tioned historic Hungary on the basis of nationalities; and even so at terrible cost to the Magyars. Even this, however, did not succeed in solving the nationality problem in the Carpathian basin. The number of dissatisfied nationalities did not decrease, while on the other hand the old, efficient economic unity was sacrificed to the new arrangement. If geopolitical, economic, or natural facts had been taken into consideration, it would have been far more logical, — and perhaps also more effective in serving the cause of peace, — if, in the peace treaties, the organizers of Central Europe had introduced a modern and internationally-regulated protection of nationalities within the historical Hungarian frontiers.

No one can question the natural unity of historic Hun-gary; and it is the common interest of all the peoples of the Carpathian basin that this unity should be re-established in accordance with modern national claims. The present state of the Slovak problem is to some extent more favourable than was the situation created by the Treaty of Trianon, inasmuch as with the cessation of Czech imperialism it has returned to its proper place, where it belongs, namely, within the historical frontiers of the Hungarian Monarchy. It would have been impossible to adjust the Magyar-Slovak question with the Slovaks living within the Czechoslovak Republic. The Czechs do not belong to the Carpathian basin. The intrusion of the Czechs into the Carpathian basin upset its natural equilibrium and, in following Czech imperialist aims, destroyed the development of peaceful possibilities there.

The imperialistic ambition that penetrated the Carpathian basin from the outside precluded the peace of the peoples living there from the very first, for it turned them against each other. Not only does a similar conception result in everlasting local unrest, but in the absence of balance in the Carpathian basin it also plunges the more distant parts of Europe into constant uncertainty.

The present Slovak-Magyar frontier, too, can only be a small internal frontier (a "formality," as the Slovak Minister for Propaganda once termed it), but the great external and common frontier that separates Magyars and Slovaks alike from the outside world can only run along the ridge of the Carpathians.

THE MAGYARS IN AMERICA

by ENDRE SEBESTYÉN

The author of this article, who is now Reader in the English Language at the University of Debrecen, spent twenty-eight years as a clergyman of the Reformed Faith in the United States. Writing in English, he gives some of the facts and impressions of his long residence among the Magyars of America.

SOMETIME in the early 'twenties the venerable *Saturday Evening Post* published, from the pen of Kenneth Roberts, whose celebrated *Northwest Passage* has been translated into Hungarian, a series of articles, bearing the rather provocative title *Nem! Nem! Soha!* Mr. Roberts gave in these articles what we might call a fair and square account of Hungary's post-war life. The articles, well written and generously illustrated, commanded wide interest at the time of their publication and deserve recognition even to-day as valuable contributions from the other side of the Atlantic to the literature of the post-war period.

There was only one detail in the subject matter, so ably handled by the author of these articles, the depth of which he apparently could not fathom. The utterly unreasonable outcry of the Magyars, *Nem! Nem! Soha!* and the implicit faith they placed into the tenet of their consummate negation. What on earth did a small country like Hungary, totally disarmed, closed in on all sides by relentless foes, deprived, by all appearances, of all chances to survive, mean by throwing into the face of the whole world, a world settling down more or less serenely to the enjoyment of the fruits of its hardly-won victory, this daring provocation? Had the Magyars lost all sense of proportion in sizing up the situation which the lords of the peace conferences allotted them?

Roaming over the hills and vales of his beloved Connecticut, Mr. Roberts may well rub his eyes in wonderment in these days, when what had seemed two short decades ago the most absurd-looking challenge imaginable seems to all appearances to be well on its way to being transformed into reality. The thousand-year-old frontiers of St. Stephen's kingdom are rapidly moving back to the position they formerly occupied, bearing eloquent testimony to the soundness of the then apparently ridiculous *Nem! Nem! Soha!* outcry of the embittered Magyars.

Hungary's Role in Europe

Students of Magyar history know well that at all turns of the nation's life the unexpected may, with an almost uncanny regularity, be expected to happen. When towards the end of the ninth century Prince Árpád led his semi-nomad people through the Pass of Verecke into the "land flowing with milk and honey", the total number of the Magyars could hardly have been more than half a million souls. Prior to their coming, no race had been able to establish lasting national life in the Carpathian Basin. The territory had seemed to be destined to be a mighty arena, where peoples from the four corners of the earth would meet, exchange deadly blows with one another and go down, one by one, to oblivion. To make things worse, the conquering Magyars, as soon as they took the land, instead of settling down peacefully in their new country, started out on a long series of predatory raids on the neighbouring countries which made their name both feared and hated all over Western Europe. The peoples of the countries visited by the raiding Magyars added a new clause to the Lord's Prayer: *De sagittis Hungarorum libera nos, Domine!* — Deliver us, O Lord, from the arrows of the Magyars. They regarded the Magyars as a new scourge laid upon them by God. Yet hardly a century had passed and we find St. Stephen's Christian Kingdom firmly established among the Christian nations of Europe and its king signally honoured both by Rome and the Western Empire, the head of which had given his daughter, Gisella, to be the consort of the

first crowned king of the Magyars. What could hardly be expected had happened.

Western Europe soon came to learn that the arrows of the much-feared Magyars turned out to be their most potent defenders against the recurring attacks of the onrushing Asiatic hordes. King St. László broke the power of the invading Kuns and having won them over to Christianity, settled them down in the region of the river Tisza. A blow threatening Western Europe was thus warded off. In 1241 the mighty Jinghis Khan of Mongolia invaded Europe, bent on wiping out Western Civilisation and founding upon its ruins a Mongolian world-empire. The powerful military machine of the Tartars wiped out the small Magyar army which, unaided by Christian Europe, stood up to block the way of the invading Tartars, and they laid waste the land, set fire to the towns and villages, and murdered the population. The strength of their power, however, had spent itself and they returned to Asia. Christian Europe was again saved. As for Hungary, a Bavarian chronicler recorded these words: "After an existence lasting three and half centuries, Hungary was annihilated." The heroic King Béla IV., however, put the nation on its feet again in the short period of five years and in 1246 waged a successful war against Frederick of Austria who, taking advantage of the helpless state in which the Mongol invasion had left the king, robbed him of his crown jewels and annexed part of Western Hungary to his domain. The unexpected had again happened! We could continue this narrative through the stormy periods of the coming centuries up to the events of our own times, were it our task to throw light on the ever-recurring unexpected turns of Magyar history, but this would carry us too far from our subject.

The Magyar Emigrants

In the course of the mass emigration of the Magyars to America (1880—1913) a number estimated at 1.8 million of them crossed the Atlantic and found a new home on the other shore of the ocean. Possibly about a third of these emigrants returned to the old country, but the rest has

remained there. To-day a Magyar population estimated at between 600,000 and 1,600,000 lives in the United States alone. At the time when this emigration reached its peak, the country began to take notice of the weighty problem it represented. The easy-going liberalism of those days had, however, made short work of the whole problem. Some took the position that only those contaminated had taken the hazard of crossing the ocean. Others satisfied themselves by observing that they would eventually come back the way they left, bringing with them perhaps the rich spoils of their adventurous excursion, or, should it be their lot to be lost there, it would by all means be better for the country to be rid of the flotsam and jetsam they represented.

The Magyars of America have, however, given irrefutable proof of the fact that they were a chip of the old block and they were running true to form in this, too, that the happening of the unexpected, as has always been the case, is even to-day, and with them, too, the order of the day with the Magyars. No wonder therefore that a new interest is noticeable in the nation's consciousness toward the great mass of Magyars which the gigantic forces of modern times cut away from the original stock and transplanted to the soil of the great American commonwealth. A short review, therefore, of the position they occupy in the colourful life-complex of the new world and a fleeting glance at the ups and downs of their life activities will, we earnestly hope, be in place here.

The author of this article spent twenty-eight years in the United States as a Protestant clergyman. Having been appointed to American service by the Conventus General of the Reformed Church of Hungary, he spent the first decade of this period as a pastor of that church-body which before the collapse, following the world war, had been an organic part of the Home Church. After the congregations constituting this church-body were dismissed by the Con-ventus to the Reformed Church in the U. S., a church-body originating with the emigrants of the German Palatinate (Oct. 7, 1921), he served until 1939 as a pastor of the Free Magyar Reformed Church in America which is the only

American Magyar church-body recognised as such by the "Census of Religious Bodies" of the Labour Department of the Federal Government. From 1924 to 1929 he was Dean and from 1929 until 1939 Arch-Dean of that Church. His long stay in America, his frequent travels and his position in the Church offered every opportunity to observe at close range the development of Magyar life-activities in America, both as regards their inner aspects and their intermingling with American interests.

In his estimation the Magyar Americans have established a most remarkable record for themselves among the several nationality groups of the United States and represent among these a marked and well-definable identity. The several nationality groups of the United States have trodden, more or less, the same path after they made their bow on the stage of American life. The Magyars are no exception to this rule. It will easily be seen, however, that, as an American nationality group, they represent a marked individuality and a definite unit in the composite texture of American life, far surpassing in this respect several other nationality groups. Undeniably, the unexpected has happened with them, too !

When, towards the end of September, 1911, the writer was on his way to his first charge, up north in the Copper Country of Michigan, he visited in Chicago the Austro-Hungarian Consulate. The Vice-Consul, Dr. Géza Hoffman, presented him with a copy of his meritorious work, which had just left the press, *A Stunted Labouring Group — The Magyar Americans. (Csonka munkásosztály — Az amerikai Magyarság.)* Mr. Hoffman points out in his work the signs of the rapid Americanisation of the Magyars and reaches the ready conclusion that the Magyars are doomed to rapid assimilation in America, the "melting-pot" being no respecter of persons and even less of nationality groups. Yet to-day, exactly thirty years later, the American Magyars have still preserved a definite identity of their own and, to borrow Mark Twain's well-known *bon mot*, the advance notices of their early decease are most decidedly a gross exaggeration.

This fact gains much in weight when we consider the

circumstance that while in the case of most of the nationality groups in America the guiding, vitalising influences of various agencies of their mother-countries have been potent factors in the shaping of the destinies of these nationality groups, the Magyars have received only the scantiest signs of interest from the land they left behind. If they have made the grade and won their up-hill fight for survival in the face of astounding difficulties, all credit for this goes almost exclusively to them and to them alone. That, on the other hand, ill-advised and ill-executed interferences, directed now and then from the mother-country, have only served to make this fight more difficult, is a fact which admits of no denial.

Another point which must be taken up right at the out-set, a point the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated, is that the Magyars, when they arrived in America were, as Mr. Hoffman aptly suggested, a stunted labouring group. We may well add that even as a labouring group they were stunted. They represented the lowest grade of the labouring class, that of unskilled labour. An over-whelming majority of the factors that go into the making of a well-balanced social order were, in their case, missing. Exactly one thousand years before, when Árpád's people crossed the Carpathians in order to find a new country, their national make-up presented a picture far superior to that presented by the seemingly nondescript crowd of one million and eight hundred thousand emigrant Magyars on the other shore of the Atlantic Ocean.

Therefore, if they stand before our eyes to-day in the formation of a unit, displaying all the elements of a well-arranged social order, then, beyond any shadow of doubt, it must be readily admitted that they have accomplished a task the inherent difficulties of which challenge human imagination to the highest degree. Yet that such is the case cannot, with any amount of sound judgment, be doubted. A mere glance at the attainments of the Magyars in America will bear out this fact. Prominent Americans who have had the opportunity to get better acquainted with their fellow-citizens of Magyar blood freely admit this, and the Magyars themselves are fully conscious of the fact that the

most decisive factor in shaping their destinies is inherent in their indestructible Magyar identity. They are loyal American citizens to the last beat of their hearts, but the mainspring which drives them on in the pursuit of their happiness in the proud immensity of their new country, is their inalienable heritage of being scions of the "gallant Magyar nation," as President Woodrow Wilson once, in the presence of the writer, called it.

The Church, the Press and Social Organism

The three main pillars of the living structure of American nationality groups are their Fraternal Organisations, their Churches and their Press. The attainments of the Magyars in these fields speak well of them. Driven by the inexorable forces of life, they had to find the fixed points around which the bases of their inarticulate social standing could find stability and the wherewithals of their future advancement. Out of humble beginnings quite imposing superstructures have arisen and these, in turn, have enriched the living community of American Magyars with all the corrollaries of well-advanced civic life.

In the field of the Press we find two large dailies and well over fifty weekly and monthly papers. The oldest-established daily is the Cleveland *Szabadság* (Liberty), founded and edited until his death by Tihamér Kohányi, a fine specimen of Bihar's gentry and an outstanding personality in American Magyar public life. When the twentieth anniversary of the founding of his paper was observed at a banquet given in Mr. Kohányi's honour, a former President, Mr. William Taft, attended it in person, bearing witness to the fact that Mr. Kohányi's personality had made favourable impression in American public life. He finished his strenuous life in an insane asylum and, through the remarriage of his widow, the *Szabadság* passed into Jewish hands.

The other daily is the New York *Amerikai Magyar Népszava* (Magyar People's Voice) founded by Mr. Géza Berkó, who died in 1927. Though unquestionably a well-meaning man and most sympathetic toward Magyar aspirations, Mr. Berkó was more a successful businessman than an outstanding news-

paperman. Among the weeklies and periodicals there are some very fine papers, which enjoy great popularity and carry considerable weight in their respective territories. It is a noteworthy fact that radicalism gets little sympathy among the readers of these papers. Radical socialists have made several efforts to keep their head above the water in the Magyar American Press, but these efforts have, with an amazing regularity, gone for nothing. This is especially so in the field of the daily Press.

Under the wing of the Press a noble line of poets and writers has grown up. It would lead too far to list all of them by name but we may mention such poets as John Kemény, Árpád Tarnóczy, László Szabó, George Szécskay and László Pólya, while as writers Géza Kende, Louis Birinyi, Alexander Kalassay and his son László Kalassay, Geo. Borsy Kerekes, Edmund Vasváry, Louis Nánássy, Alexander Finta, Barna Dienes, Joseph Reményi, and Charles Vincze have won recognition in wide circles.

The number of the Magyar American churches is well over three hundred. We list here the denominations in the order the number of their individual churches represent in the whole: 1. Reformed (in five groups), 2. Roman Catholic, 3. Baptist, 4. Lutheran, 5. Greek Catholic. Sporadically we find Methodist, Seventh Day Adventist, Russelite and Spiritualist formations, too, but these attract mostly those who for one reason or other are drifting away from the Magyar nationality group. The number of their constituents is quite insignificant.

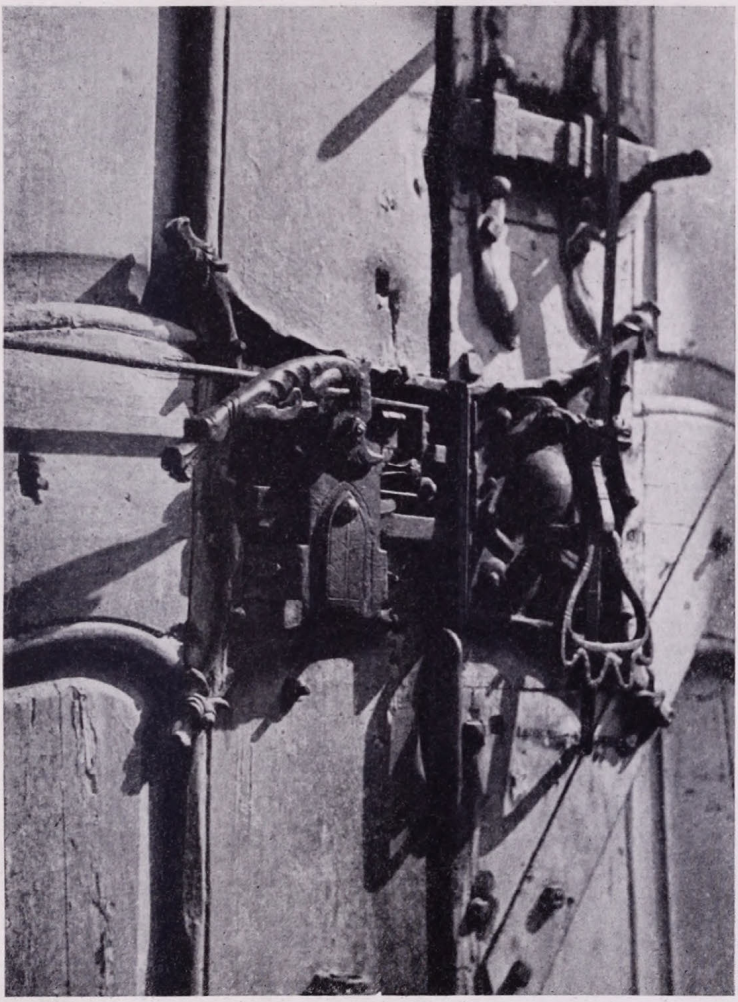
In the life of the American Magyars the Church is unquestionably the most important factor. Though raised in the state-supported churches in their old country, they adjusted themselves in a remarkably short period of time to American church life, and the church stands in the centre of their life-interests. Church services, with negligible exceptions, are performed in the Magyar language and the churches have a decidedly noticeable Magyar atmosphere in them. The devotion of the Magyars to their churches, as revealed through their church activities, has received favourable comments in a very wide circle. Regarded originally as a dangerous horde of semi-pagans, whose quick conversion to

American ideals had only seemed to safeguard America against their contaminating influence and even worse consequences, they are looked upon to-day as a dignified body of earnest Christians, who, through their adherence to the centuries-old traditions of their churches, represent a valuable asset in the religious life of the United States.

The churches, besides their strictly religious activities, carry on social, cultural, educational, and charitable activities in a remarkably vigorous manner. Men's Clubs, Ladies' Aid Societies, Young People's Societies, Singing Societies, Boy and Girl Scout Troops all find their place in the working programme of practically every church. Their Sunday Schools and Summer Schools are efficient training-quarters of children, who thus learn early to love the Church and look upon it with filial respect and devotion. We do not hesitate to state that the attainments of Magyar Americans in the field of religious activities have led to such attainments as are, as yet, only prayed for by devout souls in the churches of the mother-country.

It has been mentioned that the Reformed Church of Hungary had, before its collapse, following the world war, maintained organic union with a large number of churches in America. Adherents of these churches even to-day regard that period of their life as the Golden Age of their churches. It is undoubtedly true that the assistance the Home Church has given to its American children represents the most outstanding example of the Old Country's contribution to the welfare of the American Magyars, and it is a very fortunate turn in their church affairs that, on the one hand, the Reformed Church of Hungary and, on the other, the Reformed Churches of the Magyars in America are making earnest efforts to bring about closer relationships between the Mother Church and its American branches.

Last but not least, we mention the Magyar Fraternal Organisations of Magyar America. While their number is legion, we may satisfy ourselves by taking stock of the four big organisations, which are the Verhovay Aid Society, the Hungarian Reformed Federation in America, the Bridgeport Society and the Rákóczi Society. Their combined membership is well over one hundred thousand, while their



KISCELL
The lock on the main gate

See article on p. 383.



KISCELL

The second courtyard, showing restoration carried out in the early part of this century

See article on p. 383.

MAGYAR
TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA
KÖNYVTÁRA

assets represent an amount well over ten million dollars. The importance of the role these institutions play in the life of the Magyar American can hardly be overestimated. Besides being the trusted guardians of the welfare of tens and tens of thousands of families, they carry on cultural, social and educational activities on a large scale and contribute much to enriching the life of the Magyar American communities. They advance plans for civic betterment, for raising the standard of living of their constituencies and carrying out several other such projects in the fields we have mentioned. The pilgrimages they used to lead yearly to the Old Country, and the scholarships they grant to deserving young people must also be mentioned here.

The conventions held by these big organisations represent the parliamentary affairs of Magyar American life. Here, besides the business affairs of the organisations, the main issues of Magyar public life are usually taken into consideration too, and these, in this way, furnish powerful forces to the advancement of Magyar communal interests. Though not the largest, unquestionably the most influential among these is the Hungarian Reformed Federation, with headquarters at 1726 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. which proudly bears the name Kossuth Building. Possibly because of the live interest the Protestant Clergy takes in the affairs of the federation and the service they render in the efforts for its progress, they are mainly and primarily responsible for this. The federation has adopted a well-planned programme for the cultivation of Magyar American relationships, primarily through reviving the historical contacts between the United States and Hungary of bygone times. They devoted the year 1939 to the memory of Lincoln's Hungarian Heroes, while the present year they marked off as Kossuth Year, it being the ninètieth anniversary of Kossuth's visit to America.

The Magyars have made endless efforts to build up a central organisation among them, which would act as a steering force. Efforts in this direction, however, have not led to lasting results. A few years ago the big fraternal organisations voted a liberal yearly contribution to assist the finances of such a central agency and to-day the American Magyar National Federation, with headquarters at Washington D. C., is

carrying on a most impressive programme in the interest of the cultural, social and civic progress of Magyar Americans. The writer does not hesitate to call this the most momentous event of the last quarter of a century, in Magyar American affairs, which, if properly guided, may bring forth most desirable results in future years. At the present the Magyars rejoice in the fact that, after so many of their efforts in this direction had ended in more and more disillusioning failures, they have finally come to see the realisation of one of their most cherished dreams in the sound formation of their National Federation, which they regard as the rightful guardian of their communal interest in cultural, social and civic affairs. Knowing these Magyars as we do, we should not be surprised to learn that soon the conventions of this national organisation will be looked upon by the Magyars as the full-fledged parliamentary representations of their Magyar Americanism.

Communal Life

We have noted that around these three bulwarks, the Press, the Church and the Societies has developed what we may term the Magyar American type of life. It will be in place now to look in a wider circle and view, even if superficially, the by-products of their concerted actions in the most important aspects of their communal life.

We must not fail to note here that what we have already recorded here bears undeniable proof of the fact that the Magyars of America have proved themselves worthy descendants of Árpád's people. When, after a thousand years of the founding of their country, conditions forced them to recross the Carpathians and find happiness in a faraway land, they did not fail to show their mettle there. If Árpád's people had proved themselves builders of a nation in the region of the Danube and the Tisza, so have the have-nots of Abaúj, Zemplén, Bereg, Ung and the rest who blazed a new westward path to America.

The writer never failed to avail himself of the opportunities to acquaint himself with the views of American men in whose employment large numbers of Magyars were working. The opinion they had formed of their Magyars labourers was

very favourable, holding that the Magyars were hard workers, efficient, reliable and, last but not least, honest. Though hardly able to speak the English language, they soon found representation in responsible positions, fully enjoying the confidence of their superiors.

Some nationality groups prefer to specialise in certain professions. The Greeks seem to have a monopoly of lunch-rooms, the Italians of vegetables and shoe-shine parlours. One can find Magyars practically everywhere. While they are excellently fitted by nature to swell the ranks of heavy industry's toiling armies, we find that they easily find employment in all walks of life. There is nothing stereotyped about the American Magyars. Traders, shopkeepers, holders of white-collar jobs, owners of manufacturing plants, they exhibit all the signs of their good standing in middle-class citizenry.

It is but natural that the Magyars, in America too, willingly go back to the soil, for which they have an insatiable hunger. We find some Magyar farm settlements in Florida, Louisiana, but efforts to establish such settlements quite often ended in failures, owing primarily to poor leadership. Independent Magyar farmers can, however, be found in great numbers in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and even in faraway California. Successful farm settlements have been established in Canada, too.

About ten years ago a professor of Minnesota's State University set out to compile information relating to the criminal tendencies of the different nationality groups in America. One result of his extensive research work is this, that as regards their criminal tendencies, the Magyars have the best records. If they happen to fall into the snares of law here and there, in most cases their misdeeds are the outcome of their fondness for alcoholic beverages or the high pitch of their temperament. In criminal cases where cunning, premeditated planning or base morality serve as the promoters of crime, the record of the American Magyars is surprisingly good. Not a single Magyar was executed in America during the period of twenty-eight years which the writer spent there. In the field of juvenile crime, generally recognised as a dangerous zone of American life, the proportion of the Magyars

is also decidedly low. Americans, as a rule, regard their Magyar fellow-citizens a valuable addition to American civic life.

One can hardly overestimate the service which American Magyars have rendered in bringing about a better understanding between the United States and their old country, Hungary. At the time of Louis Kossuth's visit to America Hungary enjoyed a very favourable position in American public opinion. That, however, soon died out completely. When the new immigrants arrived in ever-growing numbers at American ports, they were looked upon with considerable misgiving. Up went the outcry: the Huns are at our gates! Owing primarily to Austro-Hungarian representation in the field of diplomatic and consular service, Americans had had little opportunity to gain reliable information about who's who in Hungary.

Some time in 1914 the writer visited the fair city of Buffalo, where the 'unscrambling' of a delicate church problem fell to his lot. On one occasion he had to pay a visit to a prominent American Protestant clergyman, residing in the upper regions of Delaware Avenue. In the absence of the minister his wife received the visitor, and upon learning the fact that he was a Magyar Protestant clergyman advanced this question: "Tell me, are the Magyars Christians?" She was very much surprised at the answer she received, which we insert here verbatim: "Madam, at a time when where now the City of Buffalo lies the Indians were the overlords, Pope Pius II. called Hungary *'idem regnum totius christianitatis diceps'* or, the shield of the whole of Christianity." "How interesting," remarked the charming American lady. Interesting, indeed!

In all fairness it must be admitted that America did not fare much better in the estimation of the average Magyar in the days of yore. It had been looked upon as an exotic land and the haven of gentry who were adepts at writing wrong names on innocent-looking papers of negotiable character. Even at the time the writer embarked on his voyage to America in 1911, in certain circles his act was regarded as hardly respectable.

If to-day a fine statue of Washington stands in Budapest's City Park and a statue of Louis Kossuth on Riverside Drive

in New York City, and around these two towering figures a surprisingly rich community of interests has sprung up between great masses of thoughtful Americans and Magyars, let all credit for this be given to the humble Magyar Immigrant, who has rendered most distinguished service in cementing closer relationship between ever-widening circles in the two countries. In the estimation of the writer there is not another nation in Europe which is better equipped correctly to interpret American ideals than the Magyar nation. Possibly the long schooling of the Magyars in the ideals so dear to every American heart is partly responsible for this. Again, the fact that Hungary is a nation of several nationalities which have, in the course of past centuries, learned to appreciate differences along racial lines and bring about a unified national life, based on mutual understanding, verily *E pluribus unum*, may be a decisive element in this order of things. The very fact that the Magyars have, in America, so readily adapted themselves to the American mode of living and are wholly imbued with the spirit of lofty Americanism, serves as a weighty argument in this direction. Walking on the streets of Budapest, Mr. Edison remarked that he could not see much difference in the appearance of Magyars and Americans. A Budapest visitor, strolling on New York City's Fifth Avenue, might easily come to the same conclusion. It has repeatedly been observed that in the American and Magyar ways of thinking there is a striking similarity.

The Younger Generation

A few words will perhaps be in place here regarding American Magyar youth. Magyar emigration is about half a century old and it follows that a large younger generation has grown up of Magyar parentage in America. We mention here, first, the fact that young Magyar Americans present a picture most pleasant to look at. Undoubtedly, American surroundings have brought out in them such qualities as had been but dormant in their parents. In American schools these young Magyar Americans have established a most enviable record. The writer recalls here the pleasant surprise he always felt when hunting for Magyar names in the Honour

Rolls of American public schools. The result used to be most satisfactory, the young "Huns" were easy to find everywhere.

Attending a church service in one of the churches of Magyar Americans, one will find that about half the congregation is made up of the young people, who love their church and are very regular in church attendance. The fact that services in the overwhelming majority of cases are conducted in the Magyar language shows conclusively that the young generation, while thoroughly American in their outlook on life, are yet intensely Magyar too. They cling faithfully to the traditions of their parents and are fully conscious of the fact that their being Magyars is a wholesome addition to their Americanism.

In contemplating the fortunes of American Magyars, it will not be amiss to take into consideration the American influences which have been contributory to their developing into what they actually are. Contrary to generally accepted views on the "American Melting-pot," the writer firmly holds that the several nationality groups of America receive the heartiest encouragement of the American public in their efforts to preserve their identity in religious cultural and social matters. While there are notable exceptions, the fact stands that America and American institutions do not look favourably upon forced Americanisation. There are some religious denominations, the overzealous leaders of which would gladly drive out all foreign traces from American life, but even these begin to realise the fact that too rapid Americanisation is detrimental to sound American development. More enlightened civic leaders are aware of the fact that the young generations, if cut away suddenly from the traditions of their original stocks, do not prove stable elements in the make-up of American society. Juvenile crime primarily finds its victims among those young people whom overzealous Americanisation has deprived of the life-values of nationality backgrounds, without being able to substitute for these sound American thinking. Accordingly, responsible civic leaders prefer to 'make haste slowly' in this field

The first charge the writer had in America was situated in North Michigan's Copper Country, the Northern Peninsula, close to the mining town of Calumet. His visits to

the fine Public Library were quite frequent. On a certain day he approached Mrs. Grierson, the charming American lady in charge of the library, with the question whether it would not be possible to establish a Magyar branch to the library as his parishioners were badly in need of Magyar books. Mrs. Grierson most obligingly answered that the only difficulty she knew of would be, that so far nobody had even suggested the title of a Magyar book to be placed on the shelves of the library, but the board of directors, being anxious to serve the interests of the nationality groups, would be only too glad to comply. He drew up a list of 250 selected Magyar books and in a remarkably short period of time the same number of finely-bound Magyar books were placed at the disposal of his church members. A library of 250 good Magyar books up in the neighbourhood of the North Pole, just because a few humble Magyar immigrants were desirous to read good Magyar books and so alleviate the pangs of their soul's hunger! Was it, we ask, the melting-pot which had done this?

American public libraries are well furnished with Magyar books everywhere where the Magyars took the trouble to ask for them. Americans are anxious to see that their people read good books, as reading good books is generally taken to be conducive to good citizenship. The fact that some of these books are printed in foreign languages does not cause a moment's uneasiness in the heart of real Americans.

The Magyars observe their Liberty Day, March 15, devotedly in America too. Their patriotic Magyar programmes are, as a rule, given in the auditoriums of Public Libraries or High Schools. Has anyone ever objected to the carrying on of such patriotic Magyar activities in those American institutions of learning? If so, the writer has never seen even one of them. So far as real Americans are concerned, the Magyars may be as patriotic as they like and if their patriotism finds better channels in Magyar exercises, as far as they can see, they ought to be encouraged to cultivate their mother-tongue as diligently as they possibly can.

We may observe here that there are no less than five states in the Union in which March 15 is recognised officially as Magyar Day. The patriotic exercises held on this day by

the Magyars everywhere in these states are attended not only by the Magyars, but by leading American men and women, as well. Americans know their Magyar friends, and they know also that Louis Kossuth, whom the Magyars remember on such occasions, ranks with George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and they rejoice that the Magyars, too, have such patriots to look up to in quest of patriotic inspiration. More power to them, that's what Americans would say, should anybody suggest foreign propaganda in such Magyar activities.

Cultural Progress

The International Institute is a national organisation carrying on social and cultural activities on a large scale among the nationality groups of the American cities. They lay emphasis on encouraging the nationality groups in preserving their peculiar national traits. Splendid American audiences come together in the Institute's auditorium to listen to a good Magyar programme, presented by Magyar American youth and regarded by them a most worthy contribution to the cultural advancement of their beloved America. The hearty applause with which these fine American audiences greet the young Magyars as they appear in their national costumes is quite remarkable. There is something profoundly St. Stephenic in the zeal with which Americans welcome the national attainments of their nationality groups and look with keen appreciation on such young Magyars who strive to be better Americans in this, too, that they strive to be better Magyars as well.

Some ten years ago the leaders of the University of Pittsburgh decided that they would offer to the nationality groups of Pittsburgh a classroom each, to be furnished by them in such style as would best represent their cultural contribution to the new central building of the University, the Cathedral of Learning. The several nationality groups and among these, the Magyars, gave a hearty response to this plan. The Magyar Classroom has since been completely furnished and dedicated. The designs for the room have been made by Professor Dénes Györgyi of the Industrial Art School of Budapest. Mrs. Ruth Crawford Mitchell of the University Staff describes the room

as follows : "Sheathed from floor to ceiling with an oak veneer stained soft tobacco-leaf brown, the walls of the Hungarian Classroom create an atmosphere of quiet dignity. Brilliantly coloured ceiling squares decorated with Magyar folk-motifs form a dramatic contrast and introduce an element of gaiety which gives the Hungarian Room intense vitality. The Hungarian Room is unique among the Nationality Rooms in that the decorative motifs of one thousand years or more have been incorporated in a rich setting that is essentially modern."

The Magyar Classroom was dedicated with impressive ceremonies on Sept. 29, 1939 and is generally regarded as the finest of all the classrooms dedicated so far. The whole project cost more than $ 14,000 and every penny of this amount was contributed by Magyar immigrants living in Pittsburgh and its vicinity who are both happy and proud, having signally succeeded in incorporating in the Magyar Classroom the best of Magyar art and culture and their own devotion to the land, their new country. One cannot fail to see in such projects the noble spirit in which America embraces to her heart her immigrant children, who, in turn, serve her with exalted devotion.

Giving such instances as these could be continued, but what has been given serves the purpose of the hearty assistance America has given to her Magyar children in the way of making them proud of their Magyar origin and giving them every encouragement to enrich themselves from the inexhaustible fountain of their mother-country's high cultural attainments, and so train themselves to the full enjoyment of their American citizenship. A most happy combination, indeed !

This short review should not, we believe, come to its end without mentioning that the Magyars of America have rendered innumerable services to their beloved old country, too, solemnly upholding the fact that they regard all that they brought with them from the land of the Magyars as a sacred heritage, which they love and revere as long as they live. Right here, in the city of Debrecen, the "Calvinist Rome" of the Magyars, a fund of a quarter of a million pengős lends liberal aid to deserving students, a fund every fillér of which was given by the Magyars of America as their contribution

to the welfare and unhindered progress of a great educational institution, the famous Debrecen College.

As has been noted, the Magyars of America have been but scantily remembered on the part of the old country and this circumstance they sadly deplore. It is a happy turn, indeed, that lately signs of lively interest can be seen in Hungary towards the American branch of the Magyar race. If translated into realities, this interest is bound to produce most desirable fruits not only among the Magyars of America, but at the same time in the Mother Country, too. There is nothing on earth that would stand in the way of a happy intercourse between the peoples of the old country and the new and its realisation could by no means fail to be a blessing both there and here.

THE EARLY EMIGRANTS

HUNGARIANS IN THE UNITED STATES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By JOHN KÓSA

THE Turkish invasion left Hungary too sparsely inhabited to be able to take part in the movement which took large numbers of the population of Western Europe to countries overseas. Besides, her natural lines of communication pointed rather eastward than westward. The Rhine seems to have been the dividing line. West of it, the people who thought that there was no chance for them at home, felt the love of adventure, or wanted to live in a freer world, all moved westwards to the New World. East of it, they moved still further east.

The few Hungarians who happened to follow the westward tide were led by chance or driven by their individual misfortunes. Stephen Parmenius of Buda, who went with Gilbert Humphrey in 1583, was the first Hungarian to set foot on the shores of Nova Scotia. He was a man of letters who could find no place in the country of his birth, troubled as it was by constant wars, invaded by the Turks. The others were persecuted Protestants, martyrdom-loving Jesuit missionaries, or political refugees.

The hope of rapid fortune, the main motive force of capitalist emigration as a mass movement, did not affect the peoples of Hungary until about 1800. It was then that artisans, small tradespeople, would-be "captains of industry", and adventurers began to emigrate to the United States. Within a few years, there was hardly a town in the States that had not its Hungarian inhabitants.

After 1849 and the ignominious end of the war for national freedom, the movement increased. Hungarians were being driven westwards both by their individual misfortunes and by the spreading fever of emigration. The Rhine lost its importance as a dividing line, and even the Germans began to prefer the New World to eastern Europe.

The defenders of the fortress of Komárom, the Alcazar of 1848, were compelled to emigrate by the Austrian Government. They were simply sent to Hamburg to join the vast stream of German emigrants and were much harassed on their way to Hamburg by the police of the German States. A former Lord-Lieutenant and Governor of the fortress named Ujházy took their cause in hand; he went to London to discuss the situation with the Ambassador of the United States, and, being favourably received, addressed a letter to the President, Zachary Taylor, asking him for asylum. The answer was favourable. The President wrote that the citizens of the States had watched with sympathy the fate of the Hungarians in the war of 1848 and also said that he was speaking in the name of all citizens in welcoming Ujházy to American soil, and promising him all the protection and benefits that a free country, the natural defender of the oppressed, could afford.

Ujházy accepted the invitation and arrived with a few followers in New York in December 1849. He received a warm welcome; great crowds assembled to meet him, and in the City Hall he was given an official reception. Not being able to speak the language, he answered the speeches in Hungarian and was proud of having been the first to speak Hungarian in the City Hall of New York and the residence of the President. The Americans regarded him not as a simple immigrant but as the statesman of a distant country, and his political importance was increased when Louis Kossuth, the Regent, then interned in Turkey, appointed him Hungarian Minister to the United States, rather in contradiction to Ujházy's plans, since he had gone to the States not as an exiled politician but as a bona fide settler.

Preferring to live in a State where slavery had been abolished he settled down in Iowa, in Decatur county, near Davis City, whither his family and some of his friends followed him in



Paul Szinyei Merse
Clothes Hung to Dry (1869)

See article on p. 259.



PAUL SZINYEI MERSE: THE LOVERS (1870)

1850. He bought twelve sections of land and a house. His followers settled down near him, and soon a small Hungarian colony of five families was established, which was given the name of New Buda, in remembrance of the capital of their own country.

In 1850 and 1851 new groups of Hungarians arrived, exiles driven overseas by the struggle to make a living or the spying police. The Hungarian Committee, set up by Kossuth's envoy Francis Pulszky, first to aid the Hungarian cause and later the exiles, promoted emigration. It gave assistance to the Hungarians who could not settle down in London so that they were enabled to come to the States and live there for a month. By the autumn of 1851, before Kossuth left Turkey, 158 exiles had crossed the Atlantic.

Kossuth's visit to the United States — he came to the States as an official guest — increased the number of emigrants. By the end of 1851 the number of Hungarians living in the United States was estimated by the Austrian secret service at nearly 600. The Hungarians were thus the largest foreign group, since the Italians numbered barely 500, the Poles 300, and the Germans even less. They lived scattered all over the States; according to the reports of the secret service of the Viennese Government in the middle of 1853, 69 of the more prominent exiles lived in New York, 21 in Chicago, 7 in Philadelphia, 7 in Boston, 6 in St. Louis, 4 in Albany, 3 in Iowa. Some were in the far western States.

Far from their native land, living in an alien world under changed circumstances, their old occupations proved to be of little value and new ones had to be found. General Vetter gave drawing lessons, Asboth became an agent, Gyurmán worked for the American German Press until he was compelled to give up his post because his employers resented his strong views on the abolition of slavery. He then made plans to open a restaurant. Others kept eating-houses, or gave riding or language lessons. Commercial travellers, clerks, draughtsmen, and photographers were to be found amongst them. John Prágai, formerly a colonel and the aide-de-camp of Klapka, the defender of Komárom, published his memoirs in New York under the title "*Hungarian Revolution,*" stuck to his military career and was killed in action in the service of the United States.

Kossuth, the exiled Regent of Hungary, visited the States in something like a triumphal procession. He had political objectives. He wanted to prepare a new rising of the Hungarians which would free their country, and everywhere he won new friends and supporters for the cause of his oppressed country. During his stay in the States — he stayed more than six months — many schemes were made, amongst them a wild and fantastic idea to establish a Hungarian colony in San Domingo. The scheme was suggested by Henningsen, one of Kossuth's old friends and Nelson, an officer in the warship *Mississippi* which brought Kossuth to the United States from Turkey. According to the scheme a colony of 1500 Hungarians, a sort of civil guard, was to be established in the Republic of San Domingo. They would guard the mahogany plantations and coal-mines in American possession and in case of a rising in Hungary they would be shipped over to help their fellow countrymen. Apparently even Kossuth found the scheme too fantastic, for he left the United States the day after it was discussed and returned to England.

With Kossuth, most of the exiles who took an active interest in politics left the United States. With a few exceptions the remaining ones turned their backs on politics and decided to settle down for good. Their lot was not an easy one.

Újházy's venture in New Buda was soon in difficulties. Újházy was half a farmer, half a politician, and the life of a country gentleman in the early half of the nineteenth century was not a good school for a prospective business man. Besides looking after his farm he found time to translate the letters and proclamations of Kossuth into German and English and to publish them in the American Press. His correspondence was extensive; he exchanged letters not only with his fellow exiles, scattered as they were all over the world, but also with the leading lights in public life in the States, Taylor, the President, Hamilton Fish, the Governor of New York State, Louis Cas the general and senator, Millard Fillmore, Senator H. W. Seward and so on. He was the postmaster of New Buda, and his Hungarian friends used to assemble at his house, the "log castle," to discuss the letters received and the general political situation. The Hungarian settlers, cultured

men with refined manners, commanded the respect of the neighbourhood. A story is told about one of Ujházy's friends, a former sheriff, who when compelled to take on the job of a herdsman, guarded his cattle with the poems of Horace, his favourite poet, in his hand.

As a farmer Ujházy was not very successful. All his attempts to grow vines in Iowa met with failure, owing to the colder climate. Later, when family troubles were added to his business failures, he decided to move and settled with three friends near San Antonio in Texas. There he died, after a few years, a lonely and forsaken man. Others moved to Davenport in the neighbourhood of which another Hungarian, Fejérváry, had settled down. This man emigrated to the States before the revolution and doubled his fortune by successfully speculating in real estate.

When Ujházy left, his role in New Buda was taken over by one of his old friends, George Pomutz, who belonged to the class of successful settlers. The small colony developed in spite of the loss of some of the original members. The number of the settlers never got beyond 75, but the other colonies were not very much larger. Those who remained proved successful in their enterprises; Pomutz, the successor of Ujházy in leadership, also succeded him in the ownership of his house and in the office of postmaster. He kept up the political correspondence, and it was now in his house that the friends assembled to discuss politics. The original log cabins were replaced by typical Iowa farm houses. The settlers took an active part in the affairs of their new country, and their children became completely Americanized. Pomutz, with many other Hungarians, took part in the American Civil War, entered the State service and died as Consul of the United States in St. Petersburg. Varga, once the head of a county in Hungary, was one of the main figures in the public life of Iowa; Hainer was offered the Chair of Modern Languages at Missouri University, while one of his sons was a Congressman from 1892—97.

The small group of Hungarians dispersed and was later swallowed up by the German settlements around them. Today there is a German settlement not very far from Ujházy's house, and the memory of the Hungarian settlers is preserved

only in the name of the administrative unit, New Buda Township.

★

Different from the lot of the small band of exiles was the fate of the other emigrants who began to pour into the States at about the same time with the tide of the great emigration movement. Owing to the peculiar conditions in Hungary the tide swept over her only at a later date.

The United States accorded too warm a welcome to the Hungarian exiles, took too great an interest in Kossuth's schemes to be popular in the eyes of the Austrian Government the head of which, Prince Schwartzenberg, never troubled to hide his displeasure. They regarded the United States as the "breeding place of revolutionary ideas" and, disregarding the interests of their own emigrants, even failed to establish ordinary diplomatic relations with Washington.

They did their best to stop emigration. Any subject of the Austrian Empire, to which for a short time following 1849 Hungary also belonged, could emigrate to the States only with a special permit from the Chancellery which was seldom granted. In 1853 it was decreed that emigrants could not regain their Austrian citizenship and could not even return to Austria unless a special permit had been granted by the Ministry.

No wonder that amongst the 31,566 persons who left Hamburg in 1857 for the United States, there were not more than 868 from Austria, Bohemia and Hungary, although soon after the war of 1848 a number of people conceived the idea of emigrating to the States. It was said that a well-known man of those days, John Török, spread the idea and tried to induce people to emigrate by representing emigration as a patriotic duty, on the ground that in the United States every State with 230,000 inhabitants could send a representative to Congress and it would be in the interest of Hungary to obtain a voice in so distinguished an assembly. It was also alleged that at the same time he tried to persuade the Viennese Government to get rid of the undesirable Hungarians by giving them passports and shipping them off.

The idea proved popular, and few Hungarians refused to consider the possibility of emigration. The Austrian

Government was not hostile to the idea, but only insisted that the emigrants should go rather to Brazil than to the democratic and therefore dangerous United States. The envoy of the Prime Minister, Prince Schwartzenberg, began negotiations with the Duke of Joinville, a fabulously rich landlord, with a view to sending "undesirable" Hungarians to his estates in Brazil, but the plan could not be realized owing to the permanent financial difficulties of the Viennese Government.

The leaders of Hungarian public life repudiated emigration as a dangerous way of reducing the numerically small number of Hungarians. Protests were raised in the Press, and popular stories appeared decrying emigration.

Owing to these considerations and also as a consequence of the rapid economic development which began after the war of 1848/49, the desire to emigrate was very much reduced, although a small stream still continued. It drew on the more mobile elements of the larger towns; some left after obtaining the permit, others left without it. Some of the emigrants were Jews, and a large number was German. But the drain was by no means confined to the towns. The changes brought about by the abolition of serfdom drove many peasants out of the country, especially from the western part of Hungary where the area of the small-holdings became distressingly small. A large group of peasants left the country in 1850 and settled in Wisconsin, and their success was a powerful weapon of propaganda, so that in 1856 22 families went after them in spite of the efforts of the authorities.

Most of the peasants were unable to obtain a permit and left the country by devious routes, or in secret. Their fate was unknown even to contemporary observers. They disappeared without trace in the vast population of the New World, or perhaps became the founders of the Hungarian colonies in the United States.

THE WORK OF A SCIENTIST AND STATESMAN

COUNT PAUL TELEKI: 1879—1941

By ANDREW RÓNAI

COUNT Paul Teleki was that rare combination, a great man of science and a great statesman. In both these capacities he was among the greatest of the Hungarian nation, and his achievements were of world-wide importance and made his name famous both in the Old and New Worlds.

The types of the scientist and the politician are fundamentally different. This is especially true to-day, when the various branches of science are so diversified that it is usual for a man to specialise and make himself an expert in only one of them. The politician, on the other hand, has to exercise his talents in co-ordinating, combining and uniting the intricate and manifold affairs in the life of the state, so that it can hardly be expected that he will be a specialised expert in any one of them. In the modern state, the task of the politician has become mediation and negotiation, acting upon the advice and information of others. This tendency has been so far developed that it is actually considered undesirable for a leading statesman to be an expert in any one matter, since this may lead to his being biased in one direction; he cannot of course be an expert on all the matters coming under his control. The result of the difference and the increasing differentiation in practical affairs between the type of the man of science and the statesman is an evident divergence between science and practical politics. Political arrangements do not always coincide with the results

achieved in the field of science, and practical orders are not always scientifically prepared. For this reason mistakes often occur in the direction of political affairs.

Recognising the possibility of such errors, most countries to-day make serious efforts to secure a greater role for scientific research and preparation in the practical government of the country, and to fit the work of scientific observation and preparation organically into the apparatus of state affairs. Along with this is the approach of scientist and politician as a type, and, in the sciences themselves, the endeavour to sum up and to synthesise for practical purposes the results which have been obtained by the various branches of science.

Paul Teleki achieved world-wide renown as a geographer. His investigations in this field made him well-known in scientific circles both in Europe and America; he was elected an honorary member of numerous scientific societies, and received honorary degrees at more than one university. He did not specialise in any one of the many and widely different branches of geography, but collated the results achieved by them and did his best to place these results at the service of economic and political affairs. He held the chair of economic and political geography at the Budapest School of Economics and Technology, and his most important achievements were in the field of scientific synthesis and summing up; the significance of his work received the recognition of scientific circles both in Hungary and abroad.

Geography, as Paul Teleki understood it, comprised not only the different branches of geography as a natural science, but also the harmonisation of them with the objectives of social science, history, sociology and politics. In this vast synthesis he had, apart from his own keen observation and sense of logic, the aid of extensive reading and also his considerable practical experience which he had acquired in his travels through Europe, Asia, Africa and America, coupled with his knowledge of and admiration for philosophy. Science, in his view, was not a specialised or limited field of knowledge, but a comprehensive survey of the surface of the earth and of the affairs of the human beings who live and strive upon it. A scientist of this type has the abilities required in a political leader, and is capable of governing a country and of directing its affairs in a

judicious manner. For science is a sound basis for a knowledge of humanity ; it gives a calm confidence to decisions, and the strength to assume the responsibility for them once taken.

Paul Teleki, however, cannot be said to have made the transition from the world of science to the domain of politics. His family, one of the oldest in Transylvania, had already given more than one great man to the service of the nation, and the country's service was a tradition. He was brought up in an atmosphere which stimulated his interest in public affairs as it gave him an intimate knowledge of them. But the service of science was also a tradition in the Teleki family ; there had been as many writers and scholars among them as soldiers and statesmen. As a young man, Count Teleki entered upon an administrative career, and in later life he often referred to the influence of this start and to the practical experience he gained from it. He was quick-witted and receptive, strongly impressed by all that he saw or experienced ; quick in his reactions, ready to learn and to draw conclusions, and to seek for the underlying causes of every sympton or event.

Soon after his first successes in science in 1911 the Société de Géographie de Paris awarded him the Jomard Prize, while in 1913 the Hungarian Academy of Science elected him a corresponding member. He served in the Great War, and towards the end of it we find him at the head of the newly-established social scheme, the Hadigondozó Hivatal, which had as its object the well-being of the dependents of the forces. In 1919 he was prominent in the re-organisation of Hungary after the short but chaotic period of Bolshevism. At this time he was entrusted with the task of preparing the material for Hungary's case before the Peace Conference, and was a member of the Hungarian delegation to the Conference in Paris. His rise to a responsible position was rapid, and the times were exceedingly difficult, both at home and abroad, for Hungary. It was these years which completed his training as a statesman and brought his greatness to maturity. For he possessed the very highest mental and spiritual qualities, a desire for improvement, a capacity to give help in the right place, and a full understanding not only of the troubles but also of the weaknesses of his nation. His nature was mild, but his energy was unflinching.

In the course of his administrative and political career, he acquired a deep knowledge of human nature. He selected his collaborators with care and they were assured of his loyal support. No other politician in Hungary had so many friends in different spheres of political, scientific and private life. Thus he learned to know human frailties, the secrets and difficulties of organisation, and developed his capacity for dealing with men, which was of the greatest service to him when, at another difficult period of Hungary's history, he assumed the reins of government. His friendships and connections extended far beyond the frontiers of his country. During the preparatory work of the Peace Conference he had plenty of occasion to recognise the importance of international connections, and in the course of his subsequent travels he maintained and developed them. It was his endeavour not only to get in touch with leading statesmen and politicians, but also with scientists and men of learning. He had an eye to friends, in the same way as he was a discerning reader of books.

After the eventful years from 1918 to 1921 he returned to a scientific career, becoming a professor and devoting his life to the education of the younger generation. But he not only taught and lectured; he organised societies and university clubs, took over the leadership of the Hungarian Boy Scouts and developed them into an admirable organisation comparable with that of any other nation. From that time on, he considered education as his most important task, both as a man of science and as a statesman. He felt that Hungary, after the trials which she had been through, could only be saved and rebuilt by a new, mentally and morally stronger generation.

The mission of education, in Paul Teleki's eyes, was not only to impart knowledge, but to create and maintain a moral standard. He knew the futility of preaching honour and virtue if one did not live up to them. His life was, in this respect, a model to all his followers, and it was no small encouragement to those who worked with him to know that his decisions were not only technically but also ethically on the highest level. The task of educating others developed in him an exceptional degree of self-criticism. His was an example which edified and inspired not only his close collaborators but also all that was best in the nation.

The outbreak of the new world war found Hungary in a difficult position. Times came which called for exceptional men to cope with their problems, and Paul Teleki, after becoming Minister of Education in 1938, was Prime Minister a year later. With war at her frontiers, with many economic and social problems to be faced, with millions of Magyars separated from the mother-country by the Treaty of Trianon, Hungary needed just such a man as Paul Teleki, who remained cool and collected, continued to think clearly, to deliberate, to prepare, and to act. It was his sense of balance that spread a feeling of confidence in his immediate surroundings that gradually extended to the entire public opinion of the country. Calm on the surface covered tremendous activity; he was a hard worker, and nothing escaped his attention or was too small for him to deal with.

Paul Teleki never sought popularity; he disliked noisy successes and vociferous appreciation. Sometimes he hurt people's feelings by refusing the manifestations of their affection. Yet his popularity grew steadily, and the nation looked up to him. In circumstances of the greatest difficulty, Hungary raised and equipped an army in the short space of a few months, considerable territories were at long last restored to her, and the re-building of the country began, in the tradition of St. Stephen.

When he had accomplished the greater part of his task, when the time had come for him to spend the rest of his life in peace and in the satisfaction of his life's work, the spiritual revolution which had so long haunted his mind suddenly broke out. He felt that success may easily lead a nation, as it may an individual, into presumption, exhaustion, superficiality and moral unscrupulousness. He feared for his nation; and it was this fear and tormenting compunction that led him to end his life. His death made the nation once more conscious of its tasks, of the strange ways of fate. For the nation demands of its sons the highest degree of conscientiousness, self-denial and self-sacrifice. Paul Teleki was not the first Hungarian to teach this lesson to his people by the sacrifice of his own life, and he may not be the last to do so. But his achievements, his human greatness and his vast influence for good upon the nation make him one of the greatest among our national martyrs.

PAUL SZINYEI MERSE

By ALEXIS PETROVICS

I

THE life of Paul Szinyei Merse had three principal settings — his native county of Sáros, where he obtained his first decisive impressions and spent the best part of his life, Munich, where he received his education as an artist, and finally Budapest, where recognition and belated success came to him.

Some knowledge of his background and environment is essential to an understanding of the man and his art. The county of Sáros lies in the eastern part of Upper Hungary. Here, in the village of Szinyeújfalu, he was born on July 4, 1845, of an old Magyar family. His father, Felix Szinyei Merse, Deputy-Lord-Lieutenant and later Lord-Lieutenant of the county, was an upright, high-principled, scrupulously fair-minded man, a strict but wise and understanding parent and a real friend to his son. In the letters which he addressed to the latter he referred to himself as a "prosaic" person, but the deep interest with which, according to the testimony of these same letters, he followed his son's artistic career, and the reverence for his vocation evinced in every line, show him as anything but indifferent to ideal or spiritual values. Paul's mother, Valerie Jekelfalussy, was a romantic, exuberant and ardent, an enthusiastic devotee of literature and music.

It is not difficult to trace this paternal and maternal inheritance in Paul Szinyei Merse's character and temperament. His

good sense, keen judgment and proud integrity reflect something of his father's disposition, while his impetuosity and sensitiveness, his alternate fits of enthusiasm and depression, reveal him as the son of his mother. This twofold inheritance had its share in forming the character of the man and the artist, without accounting however for the most important element in him — the mysterious and elemental force which resides in creative genius.

But these were not the only things which Szinyei brought away with him from his Sáros home. The atmosphere of his father's house and of the county society from which he had emerged had decided once and for all the trend of his mind and his manner of life; and there is little doubt that the environment in which he spent his first years and the best part of his life had something to do with the warmth, charm and distinction of his art. It was from this environment that he carried with him to Munich his eager receptivity to all that is implied by the word "culture." To this scion of an ancient Magyar stock who yet was a western European in every fibre of his being, Sáros was not only his native county — it was also a factor in his intellectual development.

Who can doubt, moreover, that the lovely, colourful and varied scenery of Upper Hungary, its gentle hillocks, famous flowery meadows and pure, clear air had their part in the development of his vision and in the evolution of his colour sense? Vain are all the beauties of nature if the artist's eye is lacking, but it is not a matter of indifference what that eye rests on in the formative years when it is most susceptible to outside impressions, and it is indubitable that in this respect also Szinyei's native county was of influence on the character of his art.

II

It is impossible to foretell a man's artistic career from the promise he shows in early youth. It is easy to establish the presence of talent, but not so easy to gauge its extent or the limits which will be set to its development. Surprises, both pleasant and unpleasant, are of frequent occurrence; great promises remain unfulfilled, while novices who falter and lag at the start

may make a sudden spurt and attain unsuspected heights. This is partly due to inherent differences in the capacity for development of talent; but another explanation is that talent alone is not always a guarantee of results; these depend quite as much on external circumstances and on the mental and moral qualities of its possessor — on his intellectual endowment, his industry, his strength of purpose.

No one would have suspected from Paul Szinyei's juvenile efforts to what heights he would rise later on. But his first master, Louis Mezey, had great confidence in him, while his "prosaic" father watched his awakening talent with something like reverence, and was only too glad to give his consent to his son's embracing an artist's career. "It is my greatest wish that you do not neglect this singular gift of nature," he wrote to the boy of eighteen, "but that you develop it as far as in you lies."[1]

In the 'sixties of the last century, when this letter was written, there was as yet no Art School in Hungary. In those days, and for a long time to come, the favourite resort of Hungarian art students was Munich, and that was where, on Mezey's advice, Paul Szinyei was sent by his father.

Munich's artistic life was at its zenith just then. Its many famous galleries — the old Pinakothek and the Glyptotek, the Schack Gallery where the best German painters exhibited their pictures, and the weekly shows at the *Kunstverein* afforded ample nourishment and stimulus to the young artist generation. Wilhelm von Kaulbach was Director of the Academy; but the idol of the students was Karl von Piloty, the most famous and sought-after of the teachers. The élite of the student world thronged to his school, and his pupils included men like the Hungarians Székely, Benczúr and Liezen-Mayer, the Austrian Makart and the Germans Leibl and Gabriel Max. Moritz von Schwind, the eminent romantic painter, also worked in Munich at this time, as did Karl von Spitzweg, the delicate delineator of pleasant idylls; Böcklin, too, settled here temporarily. These were the days when Wagner's genius was revolutionizing the world of music and exciting the ardent adoration of the young King of Bavaria, Louis II, visionary

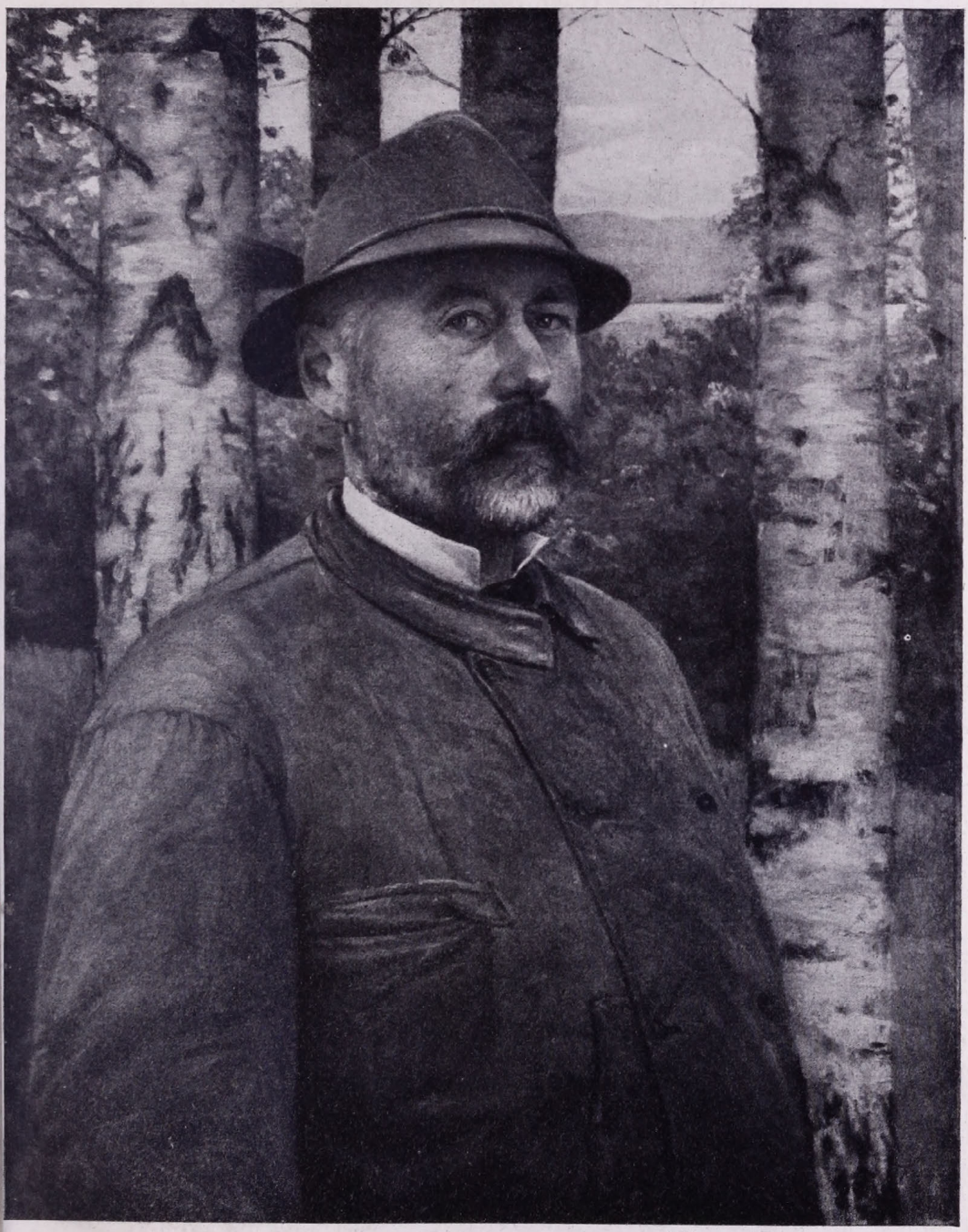
[1] Simon Meller: *Life and Works of Paul Szinyei Merse*. Published by the National Hungarian Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest, 1935. p. 16. We have taken many of our biographical data from this eminent work.

imitator of the *roi soleil*. It was in Munich that *Tristan and Isolde* was first presented to the public, in 1865.

The young Szinyei's receptive mind developed happily in this atmosphere. The best and most talented among the young artists were his associates. He familiarized himself with the masterpieces in the world of art, read Winckelmann, and acquired a good musical education. He loved Beethoven, and had a thorough knowledge of all his works.

He attended the Academy of Munich from the spring of 1864 to the autumn of 1869, the last two years as Piloty's pupil. Piloty was no tyrant in his teaching; he never laid any shackles on the individuality of his pupils; on the contrary, he did everything he could to foster its free development. Szinyei made full use of this freedom. He did not try his hand at big historic canvases *à la* Piloty; in fact, he absorbed as little of Piloty's spirit as did Manet of Couture's.

There is a considerable divergence both as to subject and treatment among the pictures which he painted at the Academy during these years. Figure studies painted broadly in harmonies of ivory, grey and brown, (*Study of a Woman*, 1866, *Two Friends*, 1867) romantic scenes in mysterious twilight settings (*The Transport of the Hanged*, *The Knight and the Nun*, 1867) small, delicate landscape pieces painted in light and tender colours (*Sailing Boat on Lake Starnberg*, 1868, *Bathing-hut and Hollyhocks*, 1868), such are the canvases he produced at this period. The picture entitled *Sailing Boat on Lake Starnberg* is of special interest inasmuch as its silver-grey tones and the delicate vibration of its air and water differed from everything that was being painted at Munich at this time and, strangely enough, struck a note which a few years later was to be found in Claude Monet's sea-pieces, as for example in the *Port of Trouville* (1870) now in the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts. *The Evening Star*, painted in a similar spirit, is of somewhat later date (1869); it is a little masterpiece, full of tender beauty and the poetry of the waning day. Another canvas of this same year, a vigorous, richly green *Study of Horsechestnuts*, strikes a completely different note; we find in it for the first time that masterly realism in the representation of plant life which is so characteristic of the later Szinyei. However different the artistic aim of these several canvases, they all agree in their utter remoteness



Paul Szinyei Merse 1845—1920
Self-Portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence



The Picnic

Paul Szinyei-Merse's chief creation [illegible]

MAGYAR
TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA
KÖNYVTÁRA

from Piloty's theatrical crowd scenes and artificial compositions. They are simple and direct, and their light and easy treatment proves their creator's early emancipation from all academic shackles.

Another facet of Szinyei's vigorously developing genius at this time is his leaning towards Böcklinesque themes conceived in a Greek and Pagan spirit. His chief creation from this period, *The Faun*, 1868, sprang from this mood, and reminds us of Böcklin not only by its subject but also by its soft and warm brown tones. Of the young Böcklin, that is, the painter of *Pan among the Reeds*, who had still to find his final form and was himself under the influence of Schirmer. A sketch, light as spray, entitled *Bacchanalia*, another of a faun carrying off a woman, and one named *Pagans*, all three dating from 1869, belong to this circle of ideas. In later years Szinyei occasionally returned to this field, as though glad to escape from reality into a world of imagination, — perhaps, also, by way of homage to Böcklin's genius, for which he had a great veneration. *Attack by Centaurs* (1873), *Awakening of Spring* (1878) and *Centaurs and Fauns* (1878) were examples of his excursions into this field; but they were no more than excursions; Szinyei's spiritual make-up was very different from Böcklin's. His true element was reality, and even his imaginative pictures were simpler, more realistic than Böcklin's, less interwoven with reflections and symbolic allusions. "Art," he once said, "is like a game of billiards. A stroke counts only if the player has at least one of his feet on the ground."

We have left to the last those of Szinyei's works of this period which best illustrate the newness and originality of his art — the light and extraordinarily colourful and daring pictures and sketches which he painted in the years between 1868 and 1870, and which are not only in direct contrast to everything produced in Munich at this time, but with their novel and individual note marked a new departure in the art of all Europe. The subjects were for the most part taken from everyday life, but they were saved from banality by the distinction of Szinyei's mind, which invested the simplest incident with a genuine warmth and grace of its own. These qualities were an emanation of his inmost being, his geniality, his optimism, his innate love of harmony and sense of the beauty of life, and found their

expression above all in the charm and luminosity of his colours.

A sketch of two lovers, which he painted on the back of the first study for his *Faun*, is the first of this notable series, if we accept Meller's assumption that it dates from the end of 1867 or the beginning of 1868. It is like a colourful nosegay of freshly-picked wild flowers. Already we find in its colour scheme all the charm and audacity which he was later on to put into sketches of this nature. His large canvas, *Mother and Child*, painted in 1868—69, is somewhere in America and we only know it from photographs, but it also betrays the same tenderness of conception and intimate observation of nature; and we know from Szinyei himself that it was painted in light, clear colours. There is every sign that when he painted it he had already set his feet on the path which led him to his masterpiece, *The Picnic*. Two enchanting sketches, *The Swing* and *Repairing Clothes*, (both dating from 1869) continued the series of starkly individual, thoroughly characteristic Szinyei creations. The first holds our eye by the serene and delicate beauty of its colour scheme, the second by its provocative audacity. They reveal the ever-recurrent double aim of Szinyei the colourist: to achieve delicacy of tone combined with full and vigorous colour effects.

He followed the same lines in his picture of *The Lovers*, painted in 1870, after he left the Academy. The couple is seen sitting in a newly-mown field, by the side of a disarranged hay-stack; the man half-reclining, the woman bending over him, their fingers interlocked. The whole lanscape is bathed in a uniform, suffused light by the hot summer sun. Szinyei worked on this canvas with a youthful reverence, and the lines of his figures are a triumph of masterly draughtsmanship. In many respects the picture is a prelude to *The Picnic;* here, as there, we see presented in a poetic allegory the fusion of human beings with Nature. But figures and landscape are not yet perfectly balanced; the figures are too large for the framework of scenery, and their precise delineation makes them appear to be pasted on to the softer and more indeterminate landscape. The whole picture lacks the freedom and audacity of *The Picnic*. It is a low and tender love-song in comparison with the *Picnic's* ringing, triumphant holiday choir.

III

Such were the paths by which Szinyei's courageous naturalism and individual colour sense led him towards his chief creation, *The Picnic*. This canvas was painted in 1872—73 in his Munich studio, after he had spent almost two years at home in Jernye in comparative idleness. *The Picnic* is the brilliant artistic expression of the young Szinyei's optimism and joy of life. Others had painted similar themes — Manet in 1863, Monet in 1866, the German Albert Keller in 1872 ; earlier even than these, in 1856, Courbet had used the idea in his *Les Demoiselles du bord de la Seine*. But Szinyei's picture has no real affinity with any of these works. *The Picnic* is a wholly individual creation, pre-eminent in its originality among the achievements not only of his own narrower sphere but also of his entire period. Wherein, it may be asked, lies its originality ? In the first place in its colouring. The artist's first intention had been to employ a paler, more softly modulated colour scheme, as is shown by his lovely preliminary sketch of the year 1872. According to his own testimony it was at his friend and neighbour Böcklin's instigation that he heightened the pitch of his colours, turning the pale hollyhock pink of the rug into a flaming red, the tender grass green of the meadow into a deep and angry emerald and altering all the other tints to be in keeping. Yet neither in Böcklin's works nor in those of any other of Szinyei's contemporaries do we find the splendour, the boldness and the brilliance displayed in the colouring of *The Picnic*. There is something eastern in its surcharged richness ; one recognizes in it the spontaneous force and fire which is a characteristic of Hungarian painting. It would be difficult to imagine a picture such as this being painted anywhere west of Hungary ; and it is safe to say that Munich had only taught Szinyei to speak ; that which he had to say he had brought with him from home.

The composition of *The Picnic* is no less individual than its colouring ; the way in which the artist has gathered his figures into a compact group and placed them, like a flower-bed, in the centre of the sward, is all his own ; as far as we know he is unique also in having set them, not on a single plane, side by

side, but on an incline, so that he has been able to build up his group perpendicularly and thus to avoid cutting any of his figures in two. Nor have we seen elsewhere the happy idea of finishing off the top part of the picture with a sunny, smiling strip of landscape, in striking and most effective contrast to the half-shadowed, darker hillside.

Another difference between *The Picnic* and other paintings of the same *genre* lies in the symbolic significance attaching to the former. Szinyei wrote in one of his letters that his picture "had no other aim than to depict a fine spring day being enjoyed by a gay company of city folk." But unknowingly and without his own volition he put more into it than this. Not only the blossom-carpeted meadow, the entire picture proclaims the flowering of spring and a joyous rejuvenescence. The light dresses of the women, the blue of the sky, the floating, ethereal clouds, the capricious, vibrating patches of light and shade, the intimate companionship and gaiety of the men and women, all this is fused into a complete unity, and breathes the very essence of spring, conveying with greater force than any allegorical representation the feeling of youth and of the joy of life. In the picnics of other painters we see no more than a group of people lying or moving about in the open air. Szinyei's picture rises above its commonplace theme and conjures up ideas which are generally expressed with the help of allegorical figures.

IV

The Picnic summarizes Szinyei's attitude towards Nature at this time and is a complete expression of all his endeavours. One is tempted to wonder by what paths he had reached this stage. According to his own statement, which is confirmed by an examination of the facts, he came to realize without any external guidance, by independent observation, that the face of Nature was other than it was generally depicted, and he had the courage to believe his own eyes and to paint things as he saw them. And as he had not only courage but also the gift of expression, the result was a novel and individual use of colour. Some people cannot rest content with this simple explanation and insist that external influences must have been at work.



THE LADY IN LILAC (1874)
(PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE)



The Lark (1883)

MAGYAR
TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA
KÖNYVTÁRA

They seize avidly on his own declaration that although he had seen no modern French paintings before 1869, he had heard talk about them. But who has ever learned to see in a particular way merely by hearsay? Szinyei, so conscientious in his scrutiny of his own past, has put it on record that he had already established his own relationship with Nature when he heard about the kindred endeavours of the Paris painters.

It was in 1869, at the International Exhibition in Munich, that he first saw pictures by French artists, among them seven paintings by Courbet. They interested him greatly; in a letter addressed to his father he expatiated on the great superiority of French painters over those of other nations; but their effect on him was merely to confirm him in a course he had already chosen of his own accord. It may not be without interest to mention a statement I once heard from his own lips and set down *verbatim* at the time: "I am not perfectly certain that I had painted *Clothes Hung to Dry* before I ever saw the French pictures, but I am ready to swear that *The Swing* was finished early in the spring of 1869 and already stood on my easel when the French pictures arrived in Munich."

Thus the people who ascribe the development of Szinyei's art to French influences are on a false trail. Other people imagine that the "explanation" of this development is to be found in some of Böcklin's fresher, more realistic canvases. To our mind one surmise is as unfounded as the other. Neither *The Swing* nor *Clothes Hung to Dry* have anything to do with Böcklin. Not only is their simple, commonplace subject alien to Böcklin, who was never content with the prose of life, but their colours and technique are also wholly different from any of his canvases. We never find in Böcklin's work such clear colours, such luminous air, such simplicity and freedom in the brushwork. Wholly alien to Böcklin's spirit is also the picture entitled *The Lovers*. Is it so inconceivable that Szinyei should have arrived at his results independently? Those who doubt the capacity of a young painter born in the East of Europe to accomplish this feat, forget that genius has accounted for much greater miracles than this.

What Szinyei gave the world was novel, courageous and original art. Impossible as it is to nail down intellectual processes to precise dates as one might a historical event, it is safe

to say that in *plein-air* painting and the novel colour effects which went with it Szinyei was a forerunner everywhere east of Paris, and that along his chosen path he marched in step with the French. At the end of the 'sixties, from 1867 to 1870, the same problems occupied him in Munich as confronted Monet in France; unwittingly they were comrades, advancing together along the trail which led to impressionism. We even seem to notice that Szinyei pressed on with swifter, bolder strides towards *plein-air* and the new colourfulness than Monet, whose painting at this time was still linked by fairly strong ties to that of Courbet.

The current of French art took a new and decided turn after Monet's and Pissarro's London trip in 1871. It was at this time that they began to study more intensively the phenomenon of light and to examine the effect produced by the atmosphere and its changes on the colour and appearance of objects. Monet began to experiment with a new process which consisted in laying primary colours side by side on the canvas with small strokes of the brush (divisionism). This ultimate development of impressionism was restricted to France. Szinyei did not follow the French painters into this field; henceforth their paths went different ways. He kept to his chosen trail, evolving and expanding on the lines he had set himself. *The Picnic* marks the highest peak he attained.

V

The Picnic was first exhibited in Munich, where it made a considerable stir and excited a good deal of comment; the next place where it was to have been shown was Vienna, but here it was so badly hung that Szinyei indignantly withdrew it and sent it home to Jernye. He himself followed shortly after and it was several years before he left home again. In 1874, a young and happy husband, he painted a portrait of his wife in a lilac dress, set in a smiling landscape. He put infinite care and devotion into this work, with the happiest results. The nobility of expression, the wealth of colour, the radiant loveliness, perfectly matching each other, of the figure and of the landscape, make of this picture an achievement of note; it is

as though the artist had dressed both his model and the landscape in holiday attire. There is, it is true, a slight hardness in the drawing of the head, its sharp contours and heavy brown shadows betray that this time Szinyei painted his model indoors and forgot to reckon with the difference of effect which would have resulted had he painted her in the open air; but such specific strictures, legitimate as they are, cannot detract from the elevated nobility of the whole work. Seeing it, we are involuntarily reminded of an observation of Szinyei himself in regard to El Greco: "I care little for defects in minor details, if there is elemental force in the *whole*."

During the years which followed the production of *The Lady in Lilac*, Szinyei lived in the country and worked but little. His father's death, the settlement of his inheritance, family affairs and the cares of his estate took up all his energies, all the more since he lacked the stimulating effect of success. Very occasionally he would paint, under the influence of a momentary inspiration, some charming, tender trifle; but he was incapable of sustained effort, and some family portraits, including two fine ones of his wife, dated, respectively, 1879 and 1880, are the only important relics of this period. Szinyei's portraits, these two of his wife as well as his earlier ones of his father and sister, are characterised by great sincerity, some naturalness, and much human warmth. He never painted a portrait on commission; all his portraits represented members of his own family. This naturally contributed to their intimate character, but their unaffected simplicity is due to Szinyei's artistic outlook, which abhorred all pose or artificial "arrangement." *The Lady in Lilac*, for all its superficial pomp, displays this same unstinted spontaneity and earnestness.

In 1882 a tragic event put an end to these years of numb inertia. An epidemic broke out in Jernye which carried to the grave the Szinyeis' two children. He left his home after that and moved for a time to Vienna with his family. Here, released from everyday cares and the provincial environment which yielded so little artistic incentive, his zest for work reawoke, and he began once more to set himself important tasks as in the happy days of *The Picnic*. In 1882—83 he painted *The Lark*. This canvas, too, glorifies the spring, but in a different tone. The fire which burned so fiercely in that picture is tempered

here, the soaring spirit is sobered; the dithyramb has been chastened to an idyll. A gentle serenity has supplanted the glowing radiance of the former picture, dreamy poetry its vivid movement; instead of sharp contrasts there is the even tranquillity of the all-pervading, all-reconciling atmosphere. But if *The Lark* lacks the fire and swing which characterised the treatment of *The Picnic*, the lack is redeemed by the exquisite workmanship of the details. There is, here again, some hardness in the contours of the reclining woman, some heaviness in the shadows; this is the least successful part of the picture. But there is ample compensation for this defect in the painting of the sky, which fills the greater part of the canvas, and in the consummate execution of the meadow and its faithfully observed, extraordinarily truthfully reproduced flowers and grasses. Szinyei was wonderful a connoisseur of plant life; we know of no example in modern painting to rival this representation of a flowering meadow; some of the details remind us of Dürer's plant studies; and we are filled with astonishment when we remember that this canvas, also, was painted from memory, in the artist's studio.

Nevertheless the whole work lacks the courage and spontaneity of *The Picnic*. Szinyei's spirit had lost some of its fire; or perhaps his experiences had taught him caution. *The Lark* showed a certain approach to the general taste; its emotional key-note, and the richness of delightful details, are qualities appreciated by the public. Yet even so the picture was sufficiently novel and unusual to preclude its being a success. It was exhibited both in Vienna and in Budapest, together with the artist's earlier works, but in neither place did it win the approval of the public. The episode was concluded, and Szinyei retired into private life once more, burying himself and his pictures in Jernye.

VI

So far, Szinyei's career had been anything but smooth and tranquil. Periods of mighty inspiration had alternated with slack spells when his work had been spasmodic and intermittent. He had been given to fits of depression and apathy, but his inner fire had never been completely extinguished and

from time to time his genius had spurred him on to new creations. The character of his work had shown something of the same vacillation; works of brilliant inspiration had been followed by excursions into allegorical and pagan subjects in the manner of Böcklin. The hours of divine intoxication had been of ever rarer occurrence; yet in these hours gems had been produced which make us regret all the more strongly the loss entailed by the sterile intervals.

From this time on there followed a more equable period, but one less brilliant, poorer in surprises. The lack of appreciation in Vienna and Budapest caused him to give up the struggle and, as we have seen, to withdraw, mortified, to Jernye. He did not cease working altogether, but for about ten years he painted only at infrequent intervals, mostly mere studies, and he exhibited nothing. Both the character and the technique of his work changed from this time on. Formerly most of his canvases, including *The Picnic* and *The Lark*, were composed out of his head and painted in his studio purely from imagination, with the help of studies and sketches and, sometimes, of his marvellous memory. Now he went abroad and worked out of doors, from nature. This metamorphosis occurred practically overnight, after he had finished painting *The Lark*. It is improbable that he had suddenly lost his capacity for painting from memory; rather he seems to have lost faith in the methods he had employed until then. The strictures of his critics had confused him and shaken his self-confidence, never very strong, and he fled to Nature for guidance. His free and audacious mode of creation had failed to bring him success, so he resolved to take his stand on the firm ground of reality. He probably thought that in this way no accidents could occur. And none did, for his eyes were keen, his knowledge sure, and he was well equipped in every way for the observation and delineation of Nature. But this more objective and imitative work put an end to the free sweep of his genius and therewith to the magnificent possibilities which attended his former mode of work.

In the decade which followed on *The Lark* he only painted nature studies and not many of these. He lived the life of the landed gentry around him and took no part in the life of art. Already he was beginning to be regarded as a dilettante rather

than a professional painter. When, in 1897, he exhibited his picture entitled, *The End of the Village*, the critic of a distinguished Hungarian periodical, the *Budapesti Szemle*, referred to him, the painter of *The Picnic*, as "an industrious amateur." (A double error, by the way, for Szinyei was no more industrious than he was an amateur.)

In 1894 a fellow-painter visited him in the country and spent the whole summer there painting assiduously. Fired by his example, Szinyei resumed work and began by finishing several canvases of an earlier date, among them his excellent *Melting Snow*, all of which he later on exhibited at the Budapest *Műcsarnok*. These pictures were in his new naturalistic style faithful reproductions of Nature, painted in a broader, more sweeping manner, nearer to that adopted by the younger generation of artists which had come to the fore since his days. Public and critics alike were captivated by the serenity and sunny optimism of his art, which had survived his many disappointments, so that these canvases brought him at last the success which his earlier works had failed to win. One of them, called *Oculi*, was bought for His Majesty the King.

But this appreciation was only accorded to his new landscapes. The discovery of the real Szinyei, the recognition of his significance in the history of painting, only occurred in 1896, at the Millennial Exhibition, when a whole series of his canvases were shown, among them *The Picnic* and *The Lark*. At last there was comprehension for these earlier works of his, especially among the younger painters, who were surprised to discover in him a pioneer, and no mean one, of their own endeavours. In 1905 he arranged an exhibition of his collected works and had a great and decisive success with them. From this time on his reputation and authority grew apace. In 1905 he was appointed Director of the Budapest Academy of Arts, a post he held until his death. But his growing prestige owed less to this official position than to his artistic achievements, and his singular, legendary past. The young generation of artists surrounded him with enthusiastic homage, as though eager to compensate him for the injustice which had been his portion in his youth. His winning, serene and sunny temperament, which radiated warmth on all around him, no less than his wisdom and great culture, soon made him the centre of a

large circle of artists and art lovers (it was from this circle that after his death the Szinyei Society was formed), while his name was pinned on the banner of all progressive, naturalistic and impressionistic painters. Nor did recognition abroad tarry long. In 1909 he scored a big success with some canvases sent to the Exhibition of the *Piloty-Schule* in Munich, a success which was repeated in 1910 at the Berlin *Sezession* and in 1911 at the International Exhibition in Rome. In this year at the request of the Italian Government, he presented a self-portrait for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.

This belated appreciation had the effect of reviving Szinyei's zest for work. Henceforth he spent his summers painting in Jernye, returning each autumn with a batch of new canvases. He abandoned figure subjects almost completely, only painting landscapes, for the most part the hills and valleys of his birth-place, now in the even serenity of the summer sun, now in the richly contrasted colouring of autumn. There are also undulating corn-fields gay with flaming poppies, brown fields, newly ploughed, and flowery meadows. We are given delightful glimpses of the trees and shrubs of the park in Jernye, and of its flower-beds, painted with such scrupulous truth to nature that each flower could be identified by its botanical name, yet without any niggling triviality. Sometimes he is content to paint a single tree or bush, as in the fine canvas entitled *Fir Tree* (1904), which is worthy to be placed beside the horsechestnut study of his youth. For the sake of these we gladly forget the occasional hardness of some of his later landscapes. These were fertile years, and it was not until 1919, when the collapse of his country resulted in his own breakdown, that he finally laid aside the brush. He died on February 2, 1920, in his Jernye home, which by then had ceased to form a part of Hungary.

VII

Szinyei is a characteristic example of the man of genius unrecognized by his own age. He was least appreciated at the very time when his powers were at their zenith. The great French pioneers of painting also had mockery and antagonism to contend with, but they did not stand alone. They had the companionship of a little band of fellow artists with aspirations

similar to their own ; they had eminent literary associates, and their advent stirred their world to comment and controversy. Szinyei had no like-minded contemporaries in the artist world even when his gift began to be recognized, nor judges able to gauge the full significance of his work. The exhibition of his principal pictures aroused no echo, or at least none even remotely commensurate with their importance.

This fact was fraught with regrettable consequences. For fate, which had blessed him with the ability to create masterpieces, had withheld from him the strength of will needed for struggling against opposition and defying public opinion. Like an exotic plant, his sensitive and self-distrustful spirit needed a warm and friendly atmosphere for its expansion and blossoming. And this warmth and understanding came to him only when his own blossoming time was past.

Simon Meller, the author of the biography of Szinyei already quoted, is of the opinion that it was not the failure of *The Picnic* which gave so regrettable a turn to his career, but the fact that, at a time when he was most in need of stimulating impressions and an artistic environment, he gave up his foreign travels for the sake of his ailing father and went to live in the country, where his genius was paralysed by family affairs and the care of his estate.[1] "The ill-success of *The Picnic* saddened but did not prostrate him," writes Meller.[2] "There was no reason why it should, for his artist colleagues, whose judgment he valued most, recognized the excellent qualities of the picture." We for our part ascribe the course taken by Szinyei's career to two factors ; on the one hand, his self-doubting temperament, which needed the encouragement of palpable successes, and on the other the absence of such manifest and decisive successes, nay, the repeated failure of his principal canvases. It was not enough for him that a few of his friends and comrades recognized his exceptional qualities ; such recognition does not satisfy the diffident self-doubter, for there is always the possibility that it was prompted by the partiality or complaisance of friendship. "Success" as Szinyei understood it meant public recognition of exhibited work. A letter written by his brother-in-law, Julius Gundelfinger, dated 1882, contains the following

[1] Meller : *Life and Works of Paul Szinyei Merse*, p. 100.
[2] Ibid. p. 98.

passage: "Paul proposes exhibiting several of his pictures at once (in Vienna) and says that if they do not find favour with the public he will give up painting altogether."[1] What he wanted was to hear the "impartial" opinion of the world, and this opinion happened to be unfavourable. Had he scored a real triumph in this sense, which would have strengthened his faith in himself, and given him the necessary impetus, he would probably not have stayed in the country or, if he had, would not have sacrificed his art to the everyday cares of existence. How important the recognition of the world was to him is shown by the fact that when, in his later years, it came to him in full measure, he recovered his zest for work and painted with renewed zeal.

Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the world did not have from Szinyei all that he had to give. Yet even so he was a brilliant phenomenom in the firmament of Hungarian painting, a solitary light, unexpectedly kindled, yet shining beyond the frontiers of the country of its birth. As Louis Réau, the eminent Sorbonne Professor, wrote of him: "The history of European art cannot afford to disregard what his genius contributed to the development of impressionism."[2]

[1] Meller: p. 100.
[2] André Michel: *Histoire de l'art*. Vol. VIII, p. 1014.

AN ENVOY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

A HUNGARIAN IN LONDON IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

By JOSEPH KEREKESHÁZY

THIS article was written in rather strange circumstances. I believe that I was one of the last Hungarians to see London as it was before the Blitz started ; I had been on an official errand to England, and left after the war had begun. Crossing the Channel on an almost empty steamer, escorted by warships and aircraft, it occurred to me to wonder, if I was the last Hungarian to see the peaceful London, the London that Madach described in the *Tragedy of Man*, who was the first Hungarian to see the capital, and what was the city like centuries ago?

It seems a common error to suppose that the Hungarians of old did not travel; there is, as a matter of fact, plenty of evidence that they did travel, and that extensively. Apart from the very numerous wanderers, noblemen or commoners, there were the regular scholarships to England from Transylvania, and there have been several references in these pages to the close connections maintained between the Protestant Princes with the west of Europe ; a stream of political refugees travelled westwards as well as eastwards, and one is frequently struck, in reading their notes and diaries, by their clear and often witty criticisms.

It was only at the beginning of this century that Professor Andrew Veress discovered the notebooks of Stephen Kakas of Zalánkemény, who went to England in 1594 as the delegate of the Prince of Transylvania on a mission to Queen Elizabeth. Little was known until then of Kakas's adventurous life,

except that he died in Persia, again on an official mission from the King of Hungary. Even now the facts of his journey to England require further research and study. Before the last world war one could still see the house of Stephen Kakas in Kolozsvár, in Transylvania. It was a richly-ornamented and carved house, and a wooden head above one of the capitals was said to represent Stephen Kakas himself. If that is so, he seems to be about forty years of age, and the most striking feature of a strong, masculine face is the haughty, thin-lipped mouth, the whole adorned with immense curly moustaches. His forehead is lined and wrinkled, the eyes protrude somewhat, the nose is bony and aquiline and not quite straight; in short, an imposing, rather Jovian head. The head-dress looks rather as if a pan had been put on the head and then clipped to the required length; the hair is short and straight on the forehead, gradually lengthening on the sides. Apart from this, and the fact that Kakas was strongly built if not fat, this is all that we know of his appearance.

In spite of his noble patronymic, Stephen Kakas was of bourgeois origin. His ancestors lived in the fortress of Zalankemény in southern Hungary, whence they were driven by the Turks after the battle of Mohács in 1526. His grand-father had been the governor of a fortress, and there was a story current about him. When the fortress was in need of repair, he had at first allowed only ten masons to enter and work there, until a spy from the enemy camp suggested that, instead of working for fifty days with ten masons, he should allow five hundred in and complete the work in a single day, thus forestalling the arrival of the Turks. This elementary arithmetic appealed to the castellan so much that he admitted five hundred masons, who were, unfortunately for him, all soldiers in disguise, with the result that the fortress was captured.

Stephen Kakas's father had been a simple citizen of Kolozsvár, and had risen to the nobility not by his military exploits, but by his civic virtues, a rare enough matter in those days. He had acquired a considerable fortune through commerce and a rich marriage, and even the Prince borrowed money from him. He had also connections with the Fuggers, and all the other financiers of Europe, and perhaps that is

one of the reasons that the Emperor Maximilian sent him a patent of nobility and gave him the patronymic of 'zalankeményi', after the fortress which his father had defended. Such a career was only possible in certain privileged cities in sixteenth-century Hungary, such as Kassa, Eperjes, Lőcse or Kolozsvár, where trade flourished and made it possible for patrician families to acquire wealth and nobility. It was thanks to these circumstances that Stephen Kakas was enabled to study at Italian and other foreign universities, to learn languages and to enter the service of the court, with the result that he travelled as far afield as England and Persia on diplomatic missions. He entered the service of Cardinal Andrew Báthory, Prince of Transylvania; he had been in Prague at the court of the Emperor Rudolph, the friend of Kepler, and was already looking forward to a journey to Persia, when his master assigned him the task of travelling to London as an envoy to Queen Elizabeth.

In those days, it should be explained, the fate of Transylvania was largely dependent on the whim of the Sublime Porte. In vain the Prince sent his delegates to Constantinople; little attention was paid their requests, taxes and extortions constantly increased, and the Ottoman Empire showed little inclination even to protect Transylvania against its enemies. An indirect approach was therefore decided upon; it was known that the Ministers of France and of England were the most influential persons at the Porte, and Queen Elizabeth was therefore to be requested to give instructions to her Minister at the Porte to support the cause of the Transylvanian delegates there. Stephen Kakas was given the task of approaching the Queen, for at that time he had already high official rank with the Prince and was accounted an expert diplomat. He was given credentials to Her Majesty, and detailed instructions as to what he should say and how he should say it. These instructions even went so far as to tell him what he should stress as being of paramount importance, and what he should only mention, as it were, by the way; needless to say, the latter was actually the most urgent, but the Prince was unwilling for it to be known in England how vital the question was for Transylvania. In his letter to the Queen, the Prince referred to the friendship that existed between

Her Majesty and his uncle Stephen Báthory, and asked her to instruct her Minister to prevail upon the Porte not to let the Sultan's troops invade Transylvania, since there had been a treaty laying down the frontiers since the reign of John Sigmund.

*

It was, so Kakas relates, on a rainy day in the autumn of 1593 that he set out on his long journey in the jolting cart of some tradesman. The land route took him through Poland, Silesia and Germany, to Stettin and thence to Hamburg, and lasted several months. In Hamburg he was amazed by the crowds; he noticed that the docks and canals practically entered the city, so that the big vessels seemed to stand in the streets. The journey from Hamburg to the south of England was an exceedingly long one in a moderate-sized merchantman, and it was already January 1594 when he landed in England, sailing up the Thames and being amazed at the imposing sight which the city presented.

He took up his quarters in one of the many inns, and devoted his first few days to rest and sight-seeing. His first official visit was to Puckering, the Chancellor, after which he visited all those to whom he had brought letters of introduction from Transylvania. These letters, by the way, are still in the keeping of the British Museum (Cotton and Harley MSS). He had a valuable present for each, the work of Transylvanian goldsmiths or embroideries, which were received with appreciation. Kakas now requested his influential friends to obtain an audience of the Queen for him, and within the comparatively short time of two weeks from the day of his arrival in London he was summoned to the royal presence. Here is the text of Kakas's memoirs:

'We had to wait for the Queen in the audience-hall. The walls were covered with costly carpets, but the floor was strewn with straw and rushes, as is the custom in England. Here the foreign visitors waited, in the company of lords and prelates, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Privy Councillors, the Officers of the Crown and the gentlemen-in-waiting, until the Gentleman-Usher signalled the arrival of the Queen. She was preceded by a

stately procession, barons and earls and Knights of the Garter, walking bareheaded. After them came the Lord Keeper, carrying the Great Seal in a red silken bag, with lords on each side of him carrying the sceptre and the Sword of State. They were followed by the Queen herself, the old virgin. Her face is long, rosy but wrinkled, her eyes small but dark and lively, her nose somewhat hooked, her mouth pretty but her teeth blackened by sweetmeats, of which she, like most of the English, eats large quantities. In her ears she wears costly pearl earrings, on her head the red wig is surmounted by a small crown, and her neck is adorned by a wonderful necklace. Her dress is cut low, like that of most English ladies, and embroidered with large pearls and silver; a marchioness carries her train. Her figure is tall and stately, her manners kind and affable. In passing, she spoke to several persons in her soft sweet voice in English, French and Italian, but she speaks equally well Spanish, Dutch, Gaelic and even Latin and Greek. She was followed by her ladies-in-waiting, all dressed in white, and causing a stir with their beauty. At their sides the halberdiers with their gilt halberds marched along the rows of kneeling onlookers, who greeted the Queen with cries of Long live Queen Elizabeth! to which she replied, saying Thank you my good people.

'Sitting on the throne, she receives the visitors or delegates according to precedence; they fall on their knees before the Queen. If their speech arouses a favourable impression, or if the Queen herself is in a good humour, as a mark of her especial favour she extends her small slender hand, sparkling with rings and precious stones, to be kissed; sometimes she even helps the kneeling to rise.'

It was now Stephen Kakas's turn to appear before the Queen and deliver his speech, which he had prepared beforehand and which had been officially examined in Transylvania; he had learned it by heart during the journey. In those days every diplomatic mission and official function carried out by such an ambassador had to open with the same formulas and ceremonies; the delegate had to transmit the greetings, good wishes and respects of his sovereign. This was a tedious panegyric, almost pathetic at times, so full of epithets and phrases that the modern mind would find it ridiculous, and



STEPHEN KAKAS
from a Medallion on the wall
of his house in Kolozsvár



KISCELL
Side Gate

See article on p. 399.

one can hardly imagine how even a sixteenth-century potentate could put up with these fulsome and laudatory speeches, delivered by a diplomat on his knees, and lasting sometimes for as long as half an hour. It was however only after such ceremonies that the envoy could possibly proceed to the essential part of his mission, or the request which he had to make.

The authentic text of Kakas's speech has as a matter of fact been preserved, and apart from this we have much documentation of his activities in the Letters of Edward Barton, who was then Queen Elizabeth's Minister at the Porte; these too are in the keeping of the British Museum.

The speech began with a short historical retrospect on the subject of Hungary; how Transylvania formed the territory of the ancient Dacia, and had separated from Hungary proper only after the battle of Mohács and the tragic death of King Louis II. After the death of his successor, John Szapolyai, the widowed Queen Isabella and her son, John Sigmund, went to live in Transylvania, and the latter as well as Stephen Báthory, who succeeded him on the throne of Transylvania, had done all they could to preserve the independence of the principality. Since then the Báthorys had acquired, as it were, hereditary rights in Transylvania; Kakas's master was the third prince of his family to rule, and he kept the peace with the Turks by the regular payment of tribute to the Sultan, as did the other nations of those parts. But the proximity of the powerful Turkish Empire was now becoming more and more dangerous; the extortionate demands of the Porte grew from day to day, and the Transylvanian borderlands were threatened with armed soldiers. Báthory still remembered, continued Kakas, the case of the Poles whom Queen Elizabeth had, at their request, reconciled with the Padishah Murad. The government of Transylvania was furthermore aware that Her Majesty's Minister to Turkey, Edward Barton, had received general instructions from London to support the cause of every Christian state. Now Pasha Sinan was devastating Hungary and Transylvania as a revenge for his defeat at Sziszek, taxes were continually being increased, the Turkish Governor of Temesvár had gradually occupied some four hundred villages of Transylvania, and there was greater need than ever for the intervention of Edward Barton.

The Transylvanians, therefore, begged the Queen to write a "beautiful letter" to the Sultan himself, desiring that he should be lenient with the country and its government; furthermore they asked her that Barton should be instructed to accompany the Transylvanian delegates to the Padishah and ask him and the Grand Vizier to conclude the affair with Transylvania peacefully.

This was the essence of Kakas's address to Queen Elizabeth, but the whole was almost hidden by a flow of ornate phraseology. He spoke in Latin, which the Queen knew and spoke fluently, though both Kakas and other Hungarians were struck by her strange pronunciation of the language; but they noticed that 'everybody in London' spoke it the same way.

The Queen replied to Kakas's address in an equally finely-phrased oration, in which she expressed herself delighted at his ardent and patriotic words, which had carried her into an entirely new world and acquainted her with a state of affairs of which she had until then known but little. She knew the Báthorys well, she went on, especially that Stephen who had become King of Poland and had, as she said, done much good to Englishmen living in that country. Besides this, Cecil, the 'shrewd manager of foreign affairs', had already informed her of the Hungarian envoy's requests.

A few days later the office of the Lord Chamberlain drafted the letter to be addressed to Sultan Murad by the Queen, in which she espoused the cause of the Transylvanians. At the same time, instructions were sent to Edward Barton that he should do all that was necessary in their interests, and report what results he obtained. Kakas, as may be imagined, was in high spirits at the success of his mission, and hastened to inform Báthory of the result. In his letter he speaks of Elizabeth as an 'incomparable patroness'; the Queen too wrote to the Prince, and a copy of the letter is preserved in the Public Record Office. It refers to Kakas himself in the following terms: *Caetera per egregium hunc virum legatum vestrum, qui rerum vestrarum statum prudentissime nobis exposuit, seque in omnibus graviter et moderate gessit Excellencia Vestra optime intelliget.*

There is no doubt that Elizabeth made a great impression on Kakas; he writes of his admiration for a queen who had

'made her nation great and wealthy, acquired fame for her realm by glorious campaigns, made her name revered by the whole country, and possessed so many talents that they made even the most critical observer forget her feminine frailties and human weaknesses'. He was extremely grateful to all his friends and to those who assisted him in his mission, and wrote letters of thanks to Burghley and Essex. He had been in touch with many of the great figures of the England of those days, with Puckering, the Lord Keeper, Carey, Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chancellor, and Woodward, a letter from whom to Báthory is still to be found in the University Library in Budapest. Other letters are in the Count Zamoyski Archives of Warsaw, and in the Lansdowne Collection in the British Museum, and there are many sympathetic references to Transylvania.

It must be admitted, when one compares the missions of other foreign diplomats of the times, that Kakas had quite exceptional success, especially when one considers that he was the envoy of what was no more than a small eastern principality. We can only conclude that he was a hard worker and that he had a personality which impressed the statesmen of the day, for they certainly concerned themselves to an unusual extent with the small Magyar people who were, one must assume, until then almost unknown to them.

★

The few weeks that Kakas spent in London made a tremendous impression on him. It was April 19 of that year when he returned to Transylvania, and he hastened to Gyulafehérvár to render an account of his travels to the Prince. He was still full of the wonderful things that he had seen. The streets, he related, were as crowded as if there was a wedding every day; the population was enormous — it was in fact about 200,000, but that was an immense number when one considered that few of the other great cities of Europe had more than 10,000 inhabitants. He was especially captivated by the beauties of the three main streets — it seems that he meant those which ran parallel with the Thames from Westminster to the Tower, and here

he remarked the fine stone buildings with pillars, and 'incredibly beautiful idols', as he called the statues. The streets other than these, however, he found narrow and dark. One of the marvels of England, so Kakas informs us, was 'the stone bridge with eighteen arches over the river Thames; there is a church on the bridge, and so many shops that it seems a town in itself, and at the bridge-head there are printing-shops', which especially appealed to him. The town itself, he found, was still Gothic and medieval in its aspect. It was about two and a half miles long, surrounded by moats and walls and entered by several gateways. On the gate on the right bank of the Thames were about thirty skulls, set up as a warning, being the heads of the rebellious English peers who 'attempted the life of the Queen'. The population, however, had got so used to this terrible spectacle that 'nobody looked at it any longer'.

Another thing which greatly impressed Kakas was when he counted the towers of no less than a hundred and twenty-four churches, including Old St. Paul's. He also writes of Westminster Abbey, where he saw the tombs of kings and the 'marble and alabaster sarcophagus of many a scholar, knight and citizen', and refers to the 'university with its forty professors and five hundred students'.

At the 'upper end of the city' he saw the royal palaces, and noticed with astonishment that entrance was free to all. Round the palaces were splendid gardens, with lawns, fish-ponds and trees and flowers inviting the Londoner to take a walk in the afternoon sun. There were big playgrounds: 'here some throw stones or poles, others wrestle or jump'. There were many houses 'built like cathedrals', which were not however built for prayer but for 'playing ball-games, bowling or hoops'. Kakas tried his hand at some of these sports, and was quite carried away by his own enthusiasm and the encouragement of his English friends. 'One is tempted to discard Olympus and Helicon of the poets, such a pleasure is this!'

The London docks fascinated him; he was amazed to see how the biggest merchantmen could come right up to the city, 'though the Thames is hardly larger than the Bodrog'. Each ship, as it came to anchor, discharged its ordnance once

in honour of the Queen, and there were days when as many as two hundred shots could be heard. The cargoes were varied, ranging from food, corn and vegetables to 'sea crabs, some of the size of a ten-day-old sucking pig'. Much spice and other colonial products were brought to London from distant lands, and through many dangers, and Kakas asserts that spices were used as monetary units in commerce, like gold and silver. The exports were mainly cloth, made in London and dried 'in an immense garden surrounded by a high stone wall'.

Finally, Kakas gives us his opinion of the Englishman himself. "The English", he says, "are weak and feminine", by which he means that they have a great respect for their womenfolk. "They will do everything to please their master, their lover or their friend." The men are hardy and industrious, and "the women are very beautiful, fair and tall, and they do not paint their faces". He found the English friendly and hospitable. The stranger, on his arrival, was received with a kiss by the lady of the house and her daughters and 'if he does not return the salute he is considered boorish and rude'. Another custom also struck him — in the morning the English drank first and ate only afterwards, which he found very curious, since in Transylvania they began the day by eating. Guests, too, were not always invited to eat, but to drink ale. As to the cost of living, Kakas states that life was not very expensive, though it amounted to more if one had to pay in Hungarian money; however economically one tried to live, one would 'spend five *garas* a day on bread and vegetables alone, not to mention meat!'

Soon, however, his funds were exhausted, and he went down to the docks every day to enquire for a ship which would start him on his journey homewards. For several days he was unsuccessful, since ships could only sail if the wind were favourable and it was foul for some time. At last it changed, and, leaning on the rail, Stephen Kakas waved farewell to his English hosts and friends, and took leave of the town where he had spent one of the most wonderful periods of his life. So we leave him, not perhaps the very first Hungarian to visit England, but one of the earliest to see London and leave an account of his impressions to posterity.

HUNGARIAN SOCIAL POLICY

THE NEW PHASE

By LÁSZLÓ VALKÓ

Several articles have appeared in our pages on recent developments in social policy in Hungary, and on the economic progress which has been made under the Government's Five Year Plan. Work has been started in various fields, and the author of this article here describes in some detail one aspect of what has been done in two Hungarian counties.

THE industrial population of Hungary is comparatively small and, except in periods of crisis, its situation has always been better than that of the agricultural section of the population, which far outnumbers it. Owing to its smaller proportions, better organisation and the greater prosperity of its employers, the industrial working class has been able to exact the fulfilment of most of its demands. Social policy in Hungary to-day is therefore mainly concerned with problems of the agricultural population of the country and is in fact chiefly an agrarian social policy.

Besides the land reform and a rural housing scheme for which parliamentary measures have already been taken, the main endeavour has been the mitigation of winter unemployment. Owing to a multiplicity of reasons in Hungary, as elsewhere, wages in agriculture are lower than in industry. The wage is in many cases given largely in kind, and varies with the size of the crops. In good years it provides a bare existence as a reward for work which lasts from dawn till dusk. There is practically no work to be had in winter and a family is compelled to live on what it has earned in the summer months. The low prices of agricultural products made the

situation worse, since there was little return for the products they were able to sell, mainly pigs and poultry products reared and fattened on household scraps and the corn which was part of the wage. As a direct mitigation of the distress payments were made in money, but this method was soon abandoned and it was decided that the funds placed at the disposal of the local authorities by the Government might only be used for the payment of wages in connection with a public works programme. The intention was undoudtedly good, but difficulties appeared in practice. The local authorities could not embark on public works on any considerable scale, since they had to meet the cost of material out of their own funds, which were scanty. There was thus need for a larger and more comprehensive scheme which could utilize every penny and which instead of distributing relief payments would improve the economic circumstances of the families and make them more independent.

The improvement of conditions in the Hungarian villages has always been one of the problems of Hungary. For the improvement of public health in rural Hungary an excellent scheme was organized partly with the help of the Rockefeller Foundation, the Green Cross organization, which can justly be proud of the achievements of ten years of hard work. It was necessary however to complement this in the social and economic sphere.

The ground for these schemes was prepared by a series of books and papers published in the years 1934—1938, mostly by young authors who set themselves the task of exploring rural Hungary and rousing public opinion by their accounts of what they found there. The authors, mostly men of letters, were extremely outspoken in describing the state of affairs and they certainly did succeed in impressing the public, which was roused from its inertia. The activity of the Government also became more pronounced.

In 1938 a series of urgent and far-reaching reforms was instituted, mainly for the benefit of the distressed sections of the rural population. In some villages the overburdened clerk of the parish council was given extra help, the main object of which was social work. County councils were ordered to employ a county agent to attend to social problems within the county.

Meanwhile an expert on social work visited each county and drew up in broad outline the programme for each of them.

For working out the details of the plan the Minister for Home Affairs sent a commissioner to each of the counties, then 25 in number. They were young men who had shown interest and ability in dealing with problems of rural sociology. They had to make a comprehensive social survey of their respective counties and to find out the most practicable means of rendering assistance. A conference was held in 1939 to collate the results and prepare the material for an important bill which was passed by the Hungarian legislature in July 1940.

At the same time as the commissioners set to work, a very interesting large-scale experiment was started in one of the counties on the north-eastern border. Mainly with Government money amounting to 750,000 pengős a Fund was created for the purpose of helping to solve social problems on an economic basis. Under official control it gave credit to those in difficulty who could by this means make a new start on a sounder economic basis. The county was well chosen. The natural increase of the population was high and so was the number of impoverished families whose yearly earnings hardly amounted to 300 pengős, which is barely a subsistence level.

At about the same time a similar scheme was started on a considerably smaller scale in one of the south-eastern counties. This scheme was worked out by the administration itself according to the plans and under the supervision of the county commissioner.

These two experiments are a very good illustration of the aims and methods of present-day rural social work in Hungary and a brief account of them might therefore be of interest.

The scheme in the north-eastern county was an ambitious one. It covered the whole economic life of the families who were declared destitute. The basis of the action to be taken was in every case a detailed and carefully drawn-up file. Sometimes when it was found that the cause of destitution was the carelessness or laziness of the head of the family and he was incorrigible, action had to be confined to saving the members of the family, first of all the children, from harmful influence and alleviating the effects of destitution which would be especially harmful. Otherwise by taking all circumstances into

consideration methods were chosen which seemed best suited to the "case."

The simplest measure taken was to give the family a goat. The aim was to improve the diet of the family by providing them, especially the children, with milk. The goat had to be paid for in kind by giving back one or two young goats bred from it which were then given to other families.

Improving the methods of poultry-keeping already added to the income of the family. With the help of the Fund day-old chickens of approved breeds and goslings were distributed and by rearing them the families were able to earn some money. For the chickens cash had to be paid, while for the goslings payment is kind was accepted in the form of down. As the stock supplied was of a quality not usually available to poor people, the marketing of the birds was easier and more profitable.

The main prop of the financial structure of the poor man's household is his pig, which supplies the family with lard, bacon and sausages for the whole winter and also with some meat to add to the staple food of dried beans, peas and potatoes. In 1939 the society distributed 1266 brood-sows and young pigs for fattening amongst 710 families. Here again the people had to pay for the pigs in kind either by giving back part of the litter or some of the pigs fattened.

From the point of view of the small farmers farming a few acres, the keeping of a cow is of very great importance for making the farm pay. It makes better husbandry possible and supplies the family with milk. Nearly 150 cows were given to these very small farms. The price of the cow was repaid in milk. They had to give 2 quarts of milk daily for nine months a year for three years. The milk was used in elementary schools and nursery schools in the school milk-schemes.

The main aim of the Fund was to provide houses for people with little or no means. Such people find it very difficult to build a house themselves even if given a building plot in the course of the land reform. Very often they live in small home-made hovels which are hardly fit to live in, and there the large family stays all through the year. The Fund first provided cheap building material. Using coal dust obtained by a special patented process it was possible to make bricks at half the

price of ordinary bricks. The Fund acquired a sawmill for the making of the necessary planks and rafters, while would-be house-owners found work in these mills and their work was accepted as capital payment on the house. Tiles, fencing material etc. were also made in the Fund's own plants. In the actual building the family could again help in carting or doing unskilled jobs. The houses thus built were not only well-built but also had a good exterior and were an ornament to the village. The first houses cost about 40 per cent less than they would have cost if built by a private builder, and roughly one-seventh of the cost was provided for by the family in the form of work or even materials. The rest had to be paid in yearly instalments which were less than the current rent for a house of that size. No interest was charged.

A similar scheme but on a far smaller scale was run during the last two years in one of the south-eastern counties on the Great Plain.

The county may be regarded as typical of the Great Plain region. Situated on both sides of the River Tisza, it has a population of pure Hungarian stock, numbering roughly 150,000. The country is dead flat, and the landscape may appear uninteresting but it has a rich historical past. The spot where the first meeting of the leaders of the nation took place when the Hungarians settled in their present land is in this county. In demolishing old buildings or digging canals, skeletons, weapons and jewels belonging to even older periods are constantly found.

The county is famous however not only for its historical past. It has the gravest social problems of all the counties. The causes of them are manifold. They lie partly in the fact that in the period of the dual monarchy the nationalities were favoured at the expense of the Hungarians. Another cause is the devastation caused by the Turkish wars which thinned the stock of Hungarians and annihilated all that had been built up by the industry and toil of the people of the Plains. No more than two towns, and only 18 villages, can now be found in the county, which covers a considerable area. The destruction of the scattered villages and the collection of the population in a few sheltered places led subsequently to a form of habitation characteristic of the Great

Plain and reminiscent of certain parts of North America *i. e.* the scattered homesteads, the so-called *"tanya"*.

The county presented an interesting field for social work It was purely agricultural. There was not a single factory of any importance within its boundaries. The distribution of land was unsatisfactory. More than 30 per cent of the land belonged to large estates which, being in firm hands, debarred the peasantry from acquiring more land and thus from the means of material progress. Part of the population lived from agriculture proper, another part of the population consisted of labourers with a high reputation. Not so long ago these labourers ranked amongst the best wage-earners of their class. They went everywhere where work was in hand on a large scale in connection with railway or road building Their efficiency, industry, and endurance were well known and generally appreciated. After the Great War their opportunities dwindled to practically nothing and the navvies, although used to high wages paid for a good deal of hard work, were hard put to it to live.

It seemed that within the sphere of the national plan the most urgent tasks on this territory were the distribution of land and the establishment of industries connected directly with agriculture. Both of these require considerable preparations, financial and otherwise, and pending this the county authorities did their best to solve the problems that could be solved within their competence.

The means at their disposal were scanty in comparison with the funds employed in financing the scheme in the other county mentioned, and the plans worked out by the commissioner of the county and the competent officials were drawn up with this in view. The working of the scheme was not the task of a special body as in the former case but of the authorities and especially the Green Cross organisation. It was thought that, considering the number of large families, the care of the children had precedence over everything else.

The means employed to this and end to help the families to a better economic position and a higher standard of life were manifold. One was the laying out of small cottage gardens. The diet of the people on the Plain is monotonous, very limited and very poor in vitamins. They eat hardly any

vegetables, the staple ones being cabbage and potatoes, which are given to young and old alike. Courses in cooking and housewifery were organized to remedy this, but it was found that it was of little use to teach them how to use vegetables if the raw material, the vegetables themselves, were lacking. Therefore seeds and seedlings sufficient for a small garden of a few square yards were given to needy families where a child had been born in the previous year with the idea that the produce of the small garden should help to nourish the infant according to modern standards. Thus spinach, carrots and other vegetables were made available to even the poorest families. In 1940 more than three quintals of various seeds and more than one million seedlings were distributed for about one thousand cottage-gardens of families who had previously not grown vegetables, much less eaten them. The results observed by the Green Cross nurses were very satisfactory and quite up to expectations. The gardens are actually helping to raise a healthier generation of children.

The distribution of goats and poultry was tried as well. Everything received had to be paid for in kind, the principle being that nothing should be given free, as that would only have a demoralizing effect, whereas the aim should be the encouragement of self-help and not the indiscriminate distribution of gifts of charity.

The principle underlying the housing-scheme also favoured families with many children. Families with more than two children were given a rebate on the capital. A rebate was also granted if a child was born after the house had been built if it reached the age of one year. If the child died the rebate was cancelled.

An attempt was made to foster domestic industry. Bee-keeping received special attention. Would-be agriculturists who attended a course in the winter and made their hives were given swarms of bees, which had to be paid for with bees or honey. Silkworm-breeding was also tried with great success. Nearly ten thousand saplings of mulberry trees were planted out and already in 1939 there was a family which made an income of 196 pengős in the five weeks of the breeding season.

The work of caring for the children was finally completed by the erection of crêches. Their importance was very great

especially in the summer months when the parents, busy all day in the fields, could leave their children under careful supervision. To cover the expenses of school meals the parents had to pay 20 fillérs a day. This sum could only cover expenses if they could be kept low by buying in the summer fruit and vegetables produced by small farmers who could not find a market and were also not in a position to make jam or tinned vegetables. By this means the small farmers were helped and at the same time the nurseries could be supplied at smaller cost. Various other agricultural products milk, and fattened pigs, payments in kind which were mentioned above were also used by the nurseries.

The programme was, as can be seen, comprehensive. To be successful it depended on the close cooperation of the local authorities and the other organisations responsible for its workings. To ensure this lectures and courses in social work were held in autumn and spring.

The schemes described above were the first tentative steps of the new Hungarian social policy. The new phase is marked by the bill which was introduced after two years of careful preliminary work by the Minister for Home Affairs last spring and was passed by Parliament.

The provisions of the bill are mainly financial in character and provide the funds necessary for the social reforms. The annexe attached to the bill shows the care with which the Ministry approached the problem. The principles are clearly evident from the Order which accompanied the Act.

The Act means a final break with the methods based on the charity and the distribution of relief-payments, and regards self-help as the only means for improving the economic conditions of the distressed. The main instruments of the scheme will be the Social Funds administered by the authorities, however making the best use of the help of other organisations and cooperative societies.

The Funds provided are very considerable. For the remaining half of 1940 the Act provided 48 million pengős and the sum for financing the scheme will ultimately be raised to 66 million pengős a year. This sum is larger than the budget of any of the Ministries and seems to be ample for organizing the work properly.

The Act of Parliament which created the National Fund for the Protection of People and Family set up the National Social Supervisory Board as the organisation for the carrying out of Social work, and it began operations in October of last year. The country was divided up into eight areas, later increased to thirteen, in each of which a supervisor directs and controls the work of the official bodies and the organisations which have been set up. A later Act places the whole work under the aegis of the National Social Supervisory Board. All these changes and the new sphere of work opened up by them naturally call for officials with suitable training and experience and for subsidiary organisations.

Being fully aware of the fact that the successful working of the scheme does not depend on the funds alone but also requires expert knowledge on the part of those responsible for its working, the officials and in general everybody who by his or her profession comes into close contact with people, such as teachers, medical officers of health, Green Cross nurses, and parsons will be required to attend courses in social science and administration.

The new phase on which social work in Hungary has entered is a clear proof that in spite of a grave international crisis which compelled to country to mobilize all its available resources for different tasks, the social problems of the country have not been pushed into the background, and considerable sacrifices are being made to bring them nearer to solution.

HUNGARIAN FICTION AND WORLD LITERATURE

By VIRGINIA CREED

NEITHER Magyar critics nor students of world literature take Hungarian prose fiction seriously enough. The result is, on the one hand, that Magyar culture is using only imperfectly one of its best organs of world expression, while, on the other, world literature is being deprived of the works of genius. The latter fact is self-evident to anyone fortunate enough to chance upon, or persistent enough to ferret out that fraction of Hungarian fiction which has been translated into other languages. The following, intended both as a plea and a challenge, is addressed, on the one side, to the writers of Hungarian prose fiction and their sponsors, and, on the other, to those students, critics and patrons of world literature who constantly lament the dearth of great contemporary fiction. The plea is made both on behalf of those who believe that serious literature deepens and elevates man's feeling for life, and of those who know enough of Magyar talent and philosophy to regret that so much of its fruit remains for them entombed in a language they will never understand.

Discussion of whether or not anyone can grasp the spirit of a culture without understanding its tongue must here be dismissed as irrelevant. The practical fact that no sizeable portion of the English reading public will ever understand the Magyar language is singularly unfortunate both for themselves and for the fame of Hungarian fiction, which, after all, expresses the same spirit that has won world-wide popularity for Hungarian music, painting, drama and design. Idle lamentation of course avails nothing. The problem, by no means hopeless, merits careful thought and subsequent action. Now it is particularly timely.

Currently there is a slump in creative fiction. True, astronomical numbers of words are being published daily, weekly, or monthly in the magazines of the world. Much of this material has no international significance, most of it being mere bait to attract readers to the products of advertisers. Almost none of it fits even the loosest definition of the term "literature." Serious world fiction, is for the most part, published in books. At present little of it is being published. The pressure of international events has flooded the book market with what are known technically in the publishing world as "quickies"; volumes of pseudo- or genuine fact, changing opinion, fly-by-night journalism, which, if much of it is fictious, is not creative and has no standing in the world of genuine fiction. A violent public recoil from this kind of book is momentarily expected with a consequent revival of interest in creative fiction of all kinds, including both escapist and realistic fiction. The overwhelming success of the contemporary American historical novel, the puzzling popularity among adults of certain semi-allegorical children's books are prophetic. Publishers await the swing of the pendulum uneasily because of the difficulty of obtaining the type of material which will presently be in demand. Although publishers seldom admit it to fiction writers, good serious fiction is, in fact, extremely uncommon.

Hungary, however, not only possesses good serious fiction, much of it untranslated, some of it lying forgotten in musty Victorian editions, but she has recently welcomed back home one of the most literary peoples on the European continent, the Transylvanians.

Most English-speaking readers, having been introduced to Transylvania by the pen of Bram Stoker, regard that section as the infinitely remote scene of the sinister activities of were-wolves. It comes to them as a great surprise that Transylvania is to Hungarian, what New England was to American, and Scotland and the Lake Country are to English literature. Many factors have contributed to the eminence of Transylvanian literature; the unity of Transylvania itself, the distinctive character of the three groups which constitute its people, the nobles with their intense artistic consciousness and lavish generosity, the Saxons with their intellectual boldness, the Székelys with their profound mysticism and the story-telling tradition

they derive from the east; the events of a stirring history, which preserved Erdély's independence through the years of Hungary's Turkish bondage and developed such stamina that during the last twenty-five years, the Transylvanians, cut off from their homeland, have managed to keep Hungarian indigenous literature flourishing.

From earliest times almost every Magyar literary revival has originated in Transylvania. Heltai, the Transylvanian, created the Hungarian literary language. The famous Guardist writers of Maria Theresa's day were mostly Transylvanians. The Transylvanian, Desider Szabó, first tapped the vein of folklore in which the native literature of the Magyars had lain concealed through the centuries of clerical and courtly culture. Erdély produced the first and the largest number of creators of that form of prose fiction in which Hungary excels, the historical novel. Even after the literary life of Hungary had gravitated to Budapest, Transylvania continued to produce more writers than other regions and to attract to her mountains, towns and institutions some of the most gifted fictionists from other parts of Hungary. In the Székely, Transylvania boasts one of the most fertile sources of literary material in Europe.

The record of Erdély in the years since Trianon fosters the hope that members of the Transylvanian literary world will interest themselves in spreading the fame of Magyar literature abroad. The writers, editors, clergymen and professors of Erdély who have done so much to preserve a high standard of literary excellence at home are peculiarly well fitted to spread its fruits abroad. The human wisdom with which they have tempered their struggle since Trianon might well be imitated to the general good by other persecuted groups. The literary world expects great achievement from a group that produced such figures as Aladár Kuncz, who left Budapest to edit the literary supplement of the Kolozsvár *Ellenzék*, and who in his *Fekete kolostor*, the story of his internment in France, has left us a moving account of the triumph of the spirit over the miseries of the flesh; or Count Nicholas Bánffy, who has sacrificed so much for the culture of the land his ancestors once ruled; or Charles Kós, indefatigable literary organizer, revivalist of medieval style, master of the historical novel; or of the Calvinist, Alexander Makkai, whose novels prove that sectarian-

ism in literature need not be wedded to that shameful conspiracy of silence that has banned religion from English fiction. Such men afford a striking contrast to the hysteria and vituperation that has ruined so much contemporary literature elsewhere. In Joseph Nyirő and Áron Tamási, explorers of the Székely soul, Hungary possesses two outstanding creators of regional fiction. So varied and rich is Transylvania's literary contribution that it is difficult to believe that it has been produced by a population of hardly over a million and a half. In addition to its record, two other considerations fit the Transylvanians to take the lead in popularizing Magyar fiction abroad.

Despite the geographical remoteness, which for practical purposes, exists only in the imagination of foreigners, Transylvania has always been in the closest touch with advanced western culture, has shown a high degree of sensitiveness to trends in world literature. Furthermore, its poets notwithstanding, its writers have a predilection for prose and prose is most easily prepared for foreign consumption.

Perhaps it is rather sad that prose fiction remains the most effective literary media through which the life, character, dreams and hopes of one people pass to another. For history, being more accurate, would form a sounder basis of judgement. However, tragically few men read history and, because the sound historian is justly unconcerned with his reader's emotions, fewer remember it. The soul of a people speaks in its poetry, which, alas, usually defies translation. Who can do for Petőfi, Arany, Vörösmarty, what Chapman did for Homer or Fitzgerald for Omar, or, for that matter, what they themselves did for Shakespeare? Who, translating Dante, Villon, Keats, can preserve the passion of the originals? So, we have only prose which is capable of faithful and full translation, in those creative forms which appeal to the emotions of men. We can dismiss Hungarian drama since, from Madách to Molnár, it is already incorporated into the world theatre. The drama, for all its majesty, is a more limited form than the story. It is physically impossible to say as much in a play as in a novel and what is said is subordinated to the dramatic action. In general the drama falls far short of the novel as a vehicle for a subtle, complicated or profound message.

Here it might be well to say a word about the translation of Hungarian fiction into English. Contemporary Hungarian short stories, for reasons to be touched upon later, are well translated into English when they are translated at all. Nineteenth-century Hungarian novels, the protests of their authors notwithstanding, were also well translated, for most nineteenth century translators possessed considerable culture and learning. With modern translators, such is no longer the case. Not only Hungarian but other novels currently presented to the English reading public are severely handicapped by a fallacy current among the many who speak our tongue not as their first but as their second language. It is easy to learn enough English for everyday use, but to master the language is no simpler than to master any other, a fact not generally recognized. Anyone who knows a few thousand English words, can use a dictionary, has learned and partially forgotten English word-order, possesses a peppering of indiscriminate slang, and knows a publisher, considers himself or herself competent to translate the greatest masterpieces into English. This mistaken self-confidence provides some rich amusement for English speaking readers as, for instance, when they find characters supposedly members of the international intelligentsia flippantly employing the jargon of the New York streets. Such glaring instances, however, are merely funny. The damage is done to the original far less conspicuously than that. Great prose works are needlessly drained of their flavour. The world forms a faulty opinion of the originals. Disinterested attention should be focussed upon the problem of supplying good translators.

The tendency among Hungarian scholars to disparage Hungarian prose fiction by referring to it as "fragmentary," to deny outright that Hungary is one of the great novel-writing countries should be thoroughly discouraged, for it is based upon a misconception. Because their history is long, their form of government ancient, much of their folk-art older than modern Europe, Hungarians are prone to forget that their literature is very young indeed and not to be judged according to the productiveness of literatures many times as old. No nation can be said to possess an indigenous literature until the language of that literature is intelligible to the masses of the people. In Hungary as in other countries where church and court clung

long to the Latin language, this happened in comparatively recent times. The intrusion of German speech and literature further retarded development, so that, although popular anecdotes, songs and ballads and some of the middle culture of the gentry did employ the Magyar tongue it was almost the nineteenth century before the people's language and the literary language became roughly identical. Compare this with the length of Russian or French literary history, not to mention English, which began with the fixing of the Middle English dialect by Chaucer, compare the number of people using Hungarian with the numbers using the languages of the great literary nations and, even in volume, Hungarian output is very creditable. Although volume of production alone is no criterion as a single example will suffice to show.

It is traditional to regard England and Russia as the two greatest novel-writing nations. The English, who developed the form, use it oftenest and best, are rarely challenged. But Russia's claim rests upon four writers, Tolstoi, Turgenev, Chekhov and Dostoyevsky, the last certainly being the greatest transcendental genius ever to use the novel as a medium. The four suffice. Indeed, had Russia given only Dostoyevsky to the world, her claim would still be sound. Although to classify him with Dostoyevsky would be presumptuous, still it can be said, if Hungary had had no novelist but Maurice Jókai, it still would have contributed substantially to the world novel.

At present Hungarian fiction faces a future rich with promise. Unhampered by conventions of form or by the techniques of a vast number of literary ghosts whom the present generation cannot hope to outstrip, the gamut of literary achievement still lies before the modern Hungarian writer. We of the English-speaking world know that for us no pen will ever again write with the unspoiled charm of a Fielding, the careless abandon of a Scott, the quiet elegant innocence of Austen, the fervour of Brontë. With Hungary it is otherwise. Moreover, Hungarian fiction-writers have the immediate advantage of mastery in a form of great and growing popularity — the historical novel.

Notoriously difficult to write, the historical novel has been avoided, outside of Hungary. Only one first class English novelist devoted himself to it exclusively. The French, of

MAGYAR
TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA
KÖNYVTÁRA

course, have a flair for handling fiction with a historic background and the Americans are currently bent upon creating the lengthiest versions of it known to literary history. Witha few notable exceptions, however, outside of Hungary the historical novel has been tediously bound to romanticism. Only the Magyar writers have felt free to be as realistic, ironic, mocking, bizarre or philosophical in the historical as in other novels. The happy result should tempt imitators.

Hungarians possess to an almost unique degree the substance of the historical novel, not only a stirring history but a history in which the majority of Hungarians were actively involved throughout its entire course, about which they have always felt ardently. Contrast this condition with the history of the United States, for instance, which is significant if brief, which, excepting the conquest of the Indians about which most Americans know nothing whatsoever, is marked by only two highly dramatic events, the Revolution, created and maintained by a handful of men related only in spirit to the present population, and the War between the States. Historical novelists in America are forced to seek most of their material within these two sets of events, for the majority of Americans find all other phases of the national history as dull as dust. Furthermore, the feeling of continuity is entirely lacking so that, while the Hungarian feels himself one with the dramatic past, the American considers the Spanish-American war of the 'nineties as remote as Rome's conflict with Carthage. Even the English, surrounded on all sides by the tangible evidences of their history, do not feel its relation to the present as keenly as the Magyar, as a brief comparison of Jókai and Scott at once reveals.

These two masters of the historical form share many weaknesses as well as virtues, but they differ widely in spirit, Jókai being in many respects inestimably greater than Scott. The contrast of tone found in their works is significant. Waywardly, with sublime disregard for accuracy, (it was said that "the great Sir Walter knows perfectly well how it *should* be done and is perfectly content not to do it") he created the past, flinging about it the nostalgia that implies "it was magnificent and is no more"; Jókai tore dramatic entities from a history that still throbbed in the consciousness of living men, presented it with an attitude that suggests "here are the struggles that produced

us, from this *then* sprang our *now*, regard it and act accordingly." In Scott the Scotland of the warring clans, the England of Ivanhoe, "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" are pleasurably viewed from a safe and sentimental distance; with Jókai, by the third page of a novel, no distance exists; the reader moves exalted through battles that resound with the clash of steel, run with blood, are dense with forces in combat, or shivers in trepidation with pretty Michel before the witch, or rollicks with the country squires of *A Hungarian Nabob*. Of course the difference springs partly from the simple fact that Scott laboured in his ancestral home worrying mainly about the debts that menaced it; while Jókai was himself a revolutionary, fought in battles, was proscribed, dwelt hunted in the marshes, survived to become in later life a member of Parliament. He had no need, as had Thackeray when writing of Waterloo, to sense it from afar. Jókai, furthermore, was an accurate historian, but the secret that gives his novels adult vigour while Scott's remain, for the most part, eventful tales that we outgrow with adolescence, is to be traced to purpose. Scott wrote to entertain, Jókai to fire the emotions of living men, to stir them to action. This purpose, which was in his blood, not merely in his mind, gives a force and realism to his historic characterization that even the inimitable Dumas cannot claim. We love but do not quite believe in D'Artagnan, are thrilled but not completely convinced by Monte Cristo; no one could for an instant doubt that the baron's sons walked the world in the flesh or that even the odalisque, Azrael, in *Az aranyember* is a living woman. Yet, despite the underlying purpose that gave Jókai his power, how far he looms above the perpetrators of the modern propagandist novel!

From these writers who have lost art in purpose he, and most historical novelists writing in Hungary before and since, differed in two major respects. He was a sound, accurate historian. He knew how to use the old, rich and faithful chronicles that constitute the early literature of Hungary from the time of the monk "Anonymous"; in general European history he was thoroughly educated. He dared, therefore, because he was liable to no absurd errors of detail, no grave misreading of historic motive, to bring the great figures of history boldly onto the stage, instead of viewing them obliquely, from afar, as is

the convention with the less learned. Writers should take a leaf from Jókai's book. Learning is no bar to wide popularity. Jókai was one of the most widely read novelists of his time and now, a hundred years after, still boasts a future. His second great virtue which is so rare to-day grows out of the first. A wide, deep knowledge of history breeds tolerance. If anyone doubts Jókai's lack of bias he has only to read *Slaves of the Padishah* and observe with what good-humoured justice he treats the enemy Turk.

Before concluding these sketchy remarks on Jókai, we should acknowledge his position as a master of illusion, than which no higher praise can be given to a fiction-writer. For even realistic fiction is not life, but phantasy, that orthodox phantasy without which, in some form, man would quickly disintegrate under the tension of waking consciousness. Nowhere is it as essential but more difficult to maintain illusion than in the historical novel. Jókai does it magnificently, an achievement he shares with other of his countrymen working in this form.

Histories of world literature give the false impression that Maurice was an isolated phenomenon. He was of course no more such in his time and place than William Shakespeare in his. History and fiction had dallied delightfully through several generations before Jókai. The brilliant Nicholas Jósika was an established favourite of European readers before Jókai and Baron Kemény, although his genius remained unfulfilled and expressed itself in fragments more grimly fatalistic than the works of Thomas Hardy, nevertheless, enjoyed considerable recognition.

After Jókai, wide variety of mood and sophistication of technique appear in the Hungarian historical novel. Buried beneath his continental irony Jókai conceals many Victorian conventions. Oddly enough, some of these have survived in the glibbest modern problem novels, but with Géza Gárdonyi, who created the intimate historical form, they disappear from Magyar historical fiction. The "dear reader" note, the moralising, the multiplying of touching references to natural phenomena all are mercifully obsolete. Alexander Makkai is a striking example of the boldness of Hungarian historical novelists in walking right up to historical figures and surveying them. His heroes, Gábor Bethlen, King Béla IV, Saint Stephen,

are full length portraits of human beings. Yet Makkai is free of the limiting modern convention that compels writers to reduce great men to masterpieces of evil motive and selfinterest. Magyar wisdom restrains him. The proletarian "aren't we all alike fallacy" has touched him not at all. He knows very well we are not all alike and is content to permit his saints and heroes to dwell unbadgered upon their native heights.

Enthusiasm for Hungarian historical novels should not lead to a neglect of other Hungarian fiction. Notable, brilliant, profound contributions to the social novel, the realistic novel, anecdotal and impressionist short fiction, regional fiction of all kinds continue to be made. The social novel, from Baron Joseph Eötvös's time to the present has kept pace with world trends. To the fables of Fay, the short stories of Charles Kós, Áron Tamási, Alexander Makkai, some of which have been published in the pages of *The Hungarian Quarterly*, the world is indebted for its knowledge of serious, contemporary Magyar fiction. It is infinitely easier to translate and publish a short story than a novel. Furthermore, with the literary short story, slipshod translation is impractical. Those American students and collectors of the world short story, being both earnest and learned, have been at great pains to ferret out the best and see it well presented to their readers. Hence from Mikszáth to Babits the world has been tantalized by glimpses of Magyar genius, wisdom, humour and cosmic depth. Readers who know nothing of the Hungarian novel are familiar through the translated short story, with the names of Eugene Heltai, Aurel Kárpáti, Charles Kós, Joseph Nyirő and many others.

Almost nothing, however, is known abroad about the longer forms of contemporary Magyar fiction dealing with the lives of those outside of the capital. Yet indigenous regional literature is both the best now being produced and is a splendid vehicle for the dissemination of Magyar culture. The world today judges the modern Hungarian novel by the brilliant but slight novel for export.

Hungarian writers are certainly ingenious to have devised the novel for export at all. They have thereby afforded the world considerable enjoyment. Some of the results display an agreeable blend of philosophic penetration and quiet worldly wisdom that is typically Central European.

For the benefit of those caustic Hungarian critics who decry the form, I quote a passage that illustrates both the above contention and the quaint preservation of the intrusive author.

"Do you know, dear peace-loving or sanely calculating humane and benevolent reader, that in Europe lives a whole generation of men who, every time they must pay rent, and sometimes much oftener, yearn for wartime again? No rents had to be paid in the trenches. It sounds strange, but the war suspended the struggle for life, relieved men of the strain of earning their daily bread. That's how it was. And it provided unparalleled, ardent, heart-rending excitement, the delirium of fear and courage, self-oblivion. A whole generation of men, millions of men, are struggling all around us who achieved the completeness of life in the war and their eyes still sparkle at the word."

Everybody in Europe may know that, but overseas it is a revelation. The Hungarian novel for export serves its purpose. Karinthy's peregrinations around his own skull show us that the bizarre has not disappeared from Magyar writing; Harsányi, the author of *Star Gazer*, helps keep the historical tradition alive — although neither of the works in question are, strictly speaking, fiction. Writers of international groups in Hungary writing for other members of their group scattered all over the world have their place also. But none of this literature is strictly indigenous and the sum total of it is certainly not a sufficient basis for judgement of Magyar literary genius. The great literature of Hungary springs from the Hungarian soul which remains deeply rooted in its own soil and traditions. With the exception of the works of Sigmund Móricz, whose fatal passion for detail prejudices world readers against him, very little of this literature is available.

Yet Hungarian indigenous literature compares very favourably with modern Scandinavian literature, for example. It reveals the power of man when he remains, despite centuries of cultivation, in close touch with the primitive soul of the race. The universal death-consciousness which in the megalopolitan of the late world-city is overlaid by so many devices, emerges rough-hewn and terrible in the novels of Joseph Nyirő. In them also we meet the oriental conviction that the possession of life

is not to be taken too seriously. The world has much to learn from what Nyirő has found in the Székely soul. Tamási, most sparkling and original of modern Hungarian writers, depicts the Székely in another mood and manner. His Székely of the towns, despite his unkind fate, brims with "an April love of living." Áron Tamási's style suggests the folk-tale. The dew of a cultural springtime is on everything he writes, but his flair for story-telling is a heritage from the ancient east. If more of the work of these and other writers could be made available to readers abroad, Magyar culture would greatly increase its renown.

Lamentations about the dearth and imperfection of translations, the scant information available abroad about the rich literature of Hungary are futile without practical suggestions as to how the situation might be remedied. Of course any such suggestions can be but fragmentary and tentative; still, a beginning must be made somewhere. The numerous and active literary societies with which Hungary is so abundantly blessed have shown themselves capable of organization and action. If they interested themselves in publicizing Hungarian fiction abroad much could be accomplished. Information, matter-of-fact, but not necessarily comprehensive, could be sent out regularly in the form of letters or news releases to that section of the world press that is devoted to literature, to reviews, publishers of literary histories, encyclopedias and so forth. Any neglect of Hungarian literature in articles and books on world literature in general should be met with firm protest. Such efforts would, in time, create a demand for more translations.

Foreign novels intended for publication in the English-speaking world are at present selected for translation in a haphazard way. A novel sells well in some other country or is read in the original by an acquaintance of a publisher who is subsequently aroused to interest in it. A synopsis of the story is made, which of course can reveal very little of the real quality of the novel. If the plot has a timely slant, the publisher buys the rights, a quick translation is made and the novel is launched with appropriate advertising. Should the timely angle be sensational enough, the novel sells well for a short while, then is forgotten. Of course most novels are forgotten until their

authors revive them with a newer, more successful work — or the motion pictures screen them. Most modern Hungarian novels translated into English, however, have remained permanently dead because, being carelessly selected and carelessly translated, they said nothing significant to anyone. No novel should ever be submitted to a publisher until it is complete. But who is to undertake the translation of serious Hungarian novels without the assurance of publication? What of the literary societies? Or of having the language departments of the universities undertake such translations as projects? Most novels are written in the first place without assurance of publication and the risk in the case of a successful Hungarian writer is not so great. In many cases, outlines, sample chapters of novels, presented to foreign publishers accompanied by the translated shorter works of well-known writers would produce sufficient commitments to eliminate risk entirely.

Steps should also be taken to bring back to life older novels already translated. Jókai's works might be offered to the reprint houses which are always eager to obtain masterpieces old enough so that the tiresome matter of paying royalties to the author will not irritate them, the copyrights having expired. Jókai's novels might also be offered to Hollywood. The filming of one of his works would create widespread interest in Hungarian fiction in general. Those more familiar with existing facilities will be able to supplement these modest suggestions with far more valuable ones. Hungary is one of the great literary nations. Beauty, imagination, originality flash through the pages of its romances, its folk-tales, its problem stories. All those interested in world literature sincerely hope that ways and means may be found of opening its rich phantasy world to all readers.

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

NOTES BY A HUNGARIAN IN ENGLAND IN 1851

By ÁKOS SZENDREY

WHEN Louis Kossuth hoisted the flag of the War of Independence against the Austrian Habsburgs, many Protestant and Catholic clergymen joined his army. Among them was Gedeon Ács, a Calvinist clergyman, who became a captain in the national guard; his great erudition and his knowledge of languages brought him into close contact with Kossuth himself, and after the defeat of Hungary in the War of Independence in 1849 he accompanied Kossuth on his journeys to England and to America. As a clergyman, the people had always been his chief concern; in England, too, his attention was drawn towards the people, and he read a number of books dealing with English popular customs and superstitions. He wrote a diary on his observations and readings, noting down the corresponding English and Hungarian customs and superstitions, for "I was often amazed", he says, "when I saw that customs that I thought were peculiarly Hungarian, existed in England as well". Gedeon Ács's *Diary* was later on bought by the Hungarian National Museum, where it is kept in the Manuscript Collection. His observations follow the famous work by George Brand, *Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain: chiefly illustrating the origin of our vulgar and provincial customs, ceremonies and superstitions;* consequently the diary as well as our present review follows the arrangement of this book; the diary, it must be borne in mind, was compiled some ninety years ago.

Ács begins by describing the Twelfth-Night custom of writing the initials of the three Holy Kings over the door;

this inscription is still to be seen all over Hungary: in Catholic houses it is the priest, in Protestant families the master of the house who writes the initials "G.M.B."[1] on the door, but in many Protestant families too the Catholic priest is welcome. The letters, usually in chalk, are left there all the year round, just as they were in England. In Hungary, too, a King and Queen of Twelfth-Night are elected, though not a sixpenny bit but a bean is baked into the cake of which the competitors have to eat until one of them finds the bean and becomes King or Queen. St. Agnes' Day is in both countries the day on which girls, after a day's fasting, will see their future husband in their dreams. January 25, the Conversion of St. Paul, is in Hungary a weather-forecasting day: sunshine on that day means snowfall later. In England, it is, moreover, a day on which evil spirits haunt the houses of men; as a protection against them an earthenware pot filled with dust is thrown against the door — a thing done in Hungary too, on days of engagement, or baptism, on name-days or before going to market. The Scots keep a lighted candle in the window; Hungarians do the same on unlucky days in winter. January 25 is also an oracle-day: the oracle in England foretells their future husband to unmarried girls, in Hungary the death of any member of the family. Small cakes are made, and one for each member of the family is put in the oven with a feather stuck into it: the person whose feather is singed will die in the same year. Candlemas (February 2) is a weather-forecast day in both countries. St. Valentine's Day is the day of lovers; even the sparrows mate on St. Valentine's Day. The First of April is called All Fool's Day both by the English and the Hungarians, and in both countries, people are "sent on sleeveless errands"; in Hungary we send children to the chemist's for dove's milk, spread false rumours, invite people for dinner in other people's names, and a thousand other foolish things, and if anyone falls into the trap, we sing: *Április, bolond aki járja is!* (April, it's a fool who believes it!) On the last day of carnival in the Hungarian villages the children go singing from house to house and collect presents from the housewives, and doughnuts and ham are the traditional dishes of the day. The same customs

[1] Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar. The custom is now obsolete in England.



accompany the end of carnival in both countries, continues our author. The young people of the village bury, drown or burn the straw doll symbolizing carnival. March 1 in England, Good Friday in Hungary is the day on which fleas and other vermin must be driven out of the house: at dawn the whole house is roused with a terrible noise of rattling with keys, ringing bells and cracking whips. In Hungary too we have easter eggs; though they are called "red eggs" they are usually many-coloured, and only yellow does not figure among the ornaments, for that is the colour of witches. Girls give them to the boys who come to "sprinkle" them on Easter Monday, but they also give them to the clergymen on the day of their confirmation, and on Whitsunday the young girl sends red eggs to the older girls whose "eternal friend" she would like to be and to whose group she would like to belong. If they have said "thou" to each other, in future it will be "you"; when the girl marries, she chooses her bridesmaids and afterwards the godmother of her children from among these friends. The young men make a friendship for life not with eggs but with strong and richly carved sticks; the egg is the symbol of fertility, the stick that of helpfulness and interdependence; and the friends indeed help one another in the financial or other troubles of their later married life. At Easter, Hungarian girls also wash their face in the water of a spring in order to become more beautiful. A game with eggs is also played in Hungary, but not as in Scotland, by tossing up the eggs; both children hold their egg firmly in their hands, and knock the ends gently together; the child whose egg cracks first must give his egg to the other. This Hungarian custom is mentioned in a thirteenth-century document.

On Ascension Day in England the villagers walk along the boundaries of their village and a few lads are thrashed or dipped in water to make them remember the boundaries. "I thought that this custom of ours was of oriental origin or

exclusively Hungarian", Ács comments in his diary on this part of Brand's book. He is not quite right, though, for because of climatic differences between the two countries, Ascension Day is in Hungary not the day for "beating the bounds," but of "crop-inspecting"; the women in their best dresses walk along the fields, praying for a good crop. "Beating the bounds" in Hungary is done much earlier in the year, on St. George's Day (April 23) or Easter Day at the latest; the landmarks and the reedy boundary paths are readjusted, and a lad is thrashed on the spot as a traditional memento of the boundaries.[1] The same custom is practised in Hungary on other occasions too: on the grave of the secretly-buried heroes of the War of Independence for example a boy used to be beaten so that he should remember the spot for ever. After the thrashing they got a present or "smart-money."

The first of May, continues Ács, is held by both peoples to be a day of evil spirits. To keep them away, green boughs are fixed to the entrance door, and burning candles put in the windows; in the morning, a may-tree is put up before the houses where there is a marriageable girl; in the evening, girls sweep the dew from the lawn with a towel, and they "pick dew" which they sometimes pour into their washing water because it is supposed to give them a fresh complexion. At dawn the girls bathe in the river, and then the young men go from house to house and give them a serenade. All these customs are known and practised both in England and Hungary, and so is the bonfire on Midsummernight and the driving of the cattle across the embers. The day of Simon Judas marks in Hungary as well as in England the beginning of cold, windy weather. On St. Martin's Day it is the tradition in both countries to eat a goose and to see by the black and white spots on its breastbone whether the winter will be snowy or dry. On the day of St. Luce our people too make the "calendar of St. Luce": the twelve days between St. Luce's Day and Christmas foretell the weather for the twelve months of the coming year. On Christmas Eve, the children in England go from house to house, singing carols and performing a nativity play, exactly like our "Bethlehem" plays in Hungary. The

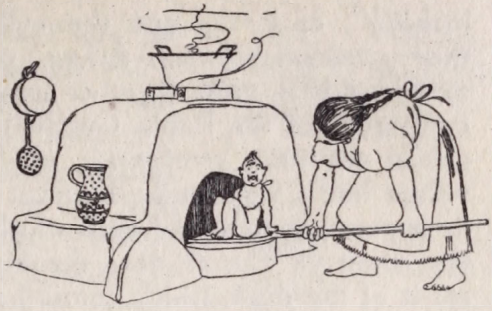
[1] This custom is still observed in parts of London and many other places in England, but the boys are 'bumped' instead of thrashed.

morsels and crumbs, the remains of the holiday meals, are also used in the same way in the two countries: they are fed to the animals or thrown at the foot of fruit-trees. The fourth day of Christmas, called in England Holy Innocents' Day or Childermass — in Hungary *Aprószentek* (little saints) — is celebrated here and there by whipping children, marriageable girls and young wives, the first for their health, the second to get them a husband and the third so that they should have children. On New Year's Day the first male visitor brings luck, but it means bad luck if the first visitor comes to the house with empty hands.[1] Greetings are spoken in England as well as in Hungary, and the fire may not be "given away", i. e. lent to anyone outside the house.

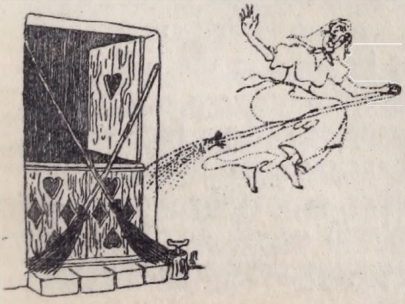
Commenting on the everyday life of the English and Hungarian peoples, Ács notices there too many similar usages. The farmer going out to the fields for the first time has to wear a straw girdle and the occasion is celebrated with a glass of wine. There are many similarities in harvesting customs too; crowns made of ears and flowers are presented to the landlord in a procession; the wearer of the crown is sprinkled with water in order to secure plenty of rain for the coming season. A harvest banquet and dance ends the festivities in the evening. Ács mentions that in Hungary too rosemary is a bridal flower, and he is amazed to find in Brand the exact description of the "cushion-dance" just as it is performed in Hungary. He observes that church bells in England are rung in the same way as in Hungary:[2] steady ringing calls to the service, whereas the passing-bell rings intermittently; and its voice is thinner if the deceased was young, while the deeper bell leads for an older one. If somebody is dying in a house, all the doors and windows are opened wide to make it easy for his soul to escape; his agony would be prolonged by making him lie in a featherbed and therefore he is usually put on the floor on a straw mattress. A twofold vigil is kept over the dead in England as in Hungary: relations and friends come during the daytime; at night their place is taken by old women who sing and pray over the corpse all night.

[1] The custom of 'first-footing' is still current in the north of England. The first man to cross the threshold in the New Year must be a dark man.

[2] Change-ringing is, however, unknown in Hungary.



Passing from every-day-life to the world of spirits, Ács recognizes the similarities of the Scots kelpie and the fairies of Hungarian lakes and rivers, with the difference, though, that in Hungary it is not the fairies who change the children of mortals, but the witches. The witch exchanges the human child for her own sickly and wizened child, and this changeling has to be treated very well because the witch treats our child the same way as we treat hers ! The changeling may be returned, if the parents, after baking bread, seat the changeling on the shovel and pretend to throw it into the oven : the witch will instantly put the mortal child in the place of her own. Ács has much to say about witches ; they have an ointment made of children's fat which enables them to fly up the chimney on a broomstick to their assemblies where the devil, a hideous black figure with a goat's beard, hooves and a long tail, teaches them to raise a wind and to bewitch mortals. As a protection against witches, the Englishman nails a horseshoe over the door,[1] while the Hungarian crosses two broomsticks across the door. The accusations brought against witches at the medieval trials for witchcraft, as quoted by Brand, are more or less the same as they were in Hungary. "They cannot even shed tears, though women in general are like the crocodile, ready to weep upon every light occasion", and the same is believed in Hungary. They cannot say a prayer otherwise than backwards ; and if we want to defend ourselves against them, we have to throw a knife at them ; compare Shakespeare in *Henry IV:* "Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch." Both the English and the Hungarian witches have the gift of "over-



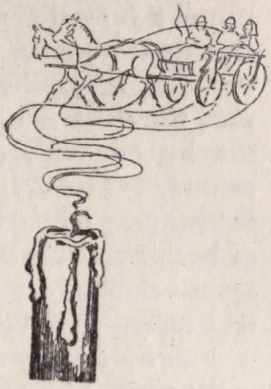
[1] The original meaning has been forgotten ; nowadays a horseshoe is simply 'for luck.'

looking", or giving one the evil eye; as a sign of this they *geminam pupillam habent*, or, at least, thick, bushy eyebrows that grow together over the nose. We have an equivalent of the Robin Goodfellow or Puck, or the Hobgoblin too: the *garabonciás*, who wanders from village to village like a vagabond; he must be offered milk wherever he appears, or he would send whirlwinds and hailstorms over the country. The ghost — the Hungarian *kisértet* — is the spirit of the dead, which comes back to frighten mortals at midnight; he may be seen and heard, yet he is like air, insubstantial, and doors and walls are no obstacle to him. Some are doomed to haunt the earth as a punishment for their sins, some come to warn their family against a threatening danger, some are malevolent, noisy and mischievous.

Hungary has her kelpies too, the water and mountain fairies who show themselves to woodcutters or shepherds in the moonlight, sitting on rocks, revelling in the clearings, their long golden hair glittering in the moonshine. They are kind and benevolent and willing to tell the future to the girl who asks them. The Waterfairies, however, often frighten fishermen and sailors, capsizing their boats and breaking their nets. The imagination of a Scott would be insufficient, says Ács, to describe the deeds of the English and Hungarian fairies.

The moon plays an equally important role in the beliefs of both countries. We know from Shakespeare's *Midsummernight's Dream*, says Ács, what sort of a gentleman sits in the English moon; in Hungary it is either a shepherd drying his socks among the bushes, or, under western Christian influence, it is St. David playing his fiddle and St. Cecilia dancing, both being characterized by this occupation in the *Acta Sanctorum*. The halo around the moon signifies rain, and the larger it is, the more and the longer. New moon is the time to start a new cure against diseases and to cut corns, while haircutting, and vine and carnationplanting must be done at the full moon.

Ács notices many curious similarities between English and Hungarian superstitions. Both peoples believe for example that the bear cub is born as a shapeless lump of flesh and is then licked into shape by his mother, or that the cross on the donkey's back is the mark of Balam's sword, or of his once carrying Christ on his back. The same days are considered



unlucky: April 1, the birthday of Judas, August 1, the day on which Cain killed Abel, September 1, when the rebellious angels were cast into hell. If the head of a snake found before St. George's day is cut with a piece of money, the coin is henceforth believed to bring luck, and if it is spent, it will return to its owner. Old shoes or boots — in Hungary a pot full of dust — are thrown after the craftsman going to market. To be born in a caul means luck, but the caul brings luck to anyone who buys it and carries it himself. Rats leaving a house are the presage of coming disaster in Hungary, in England they foretell that the house will tumble down. Thirteen is an unlucky number for both peoples; thirteen at table means the death of the host within a year, as Jesus too died after the Last Supper with the Twelve Apostles. There was no room No. 13 in English hotels, no cab No. 13; in Hungary, this number was also avoided wherever this was possible. A bleeding nose is considered a sign of being in love, as Lancelot says in the *Merchant of Venice:* "It was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding." Rue was used for exorcising by the Hungarian Catholic priests on Sundays, and Ophelia says: "There's rue for you; we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays."

Ács enumerates a series of superstitious prophecies which exist in English as well as in Hungarian popular belief. A "thief in a candle" foretells guests arriving from the direction indicated by the knot. The call of a magpie before the house means guests to the Hungarian, while it is a bad omen to the English. The noise made by the woodworm or death-watch beetle foretells a death in the family. The wound of a murdered man begins to bleed at the approach of the murderer. Fortune-telling with a sieve and scissors is practised by the English too, says Ács: thieves, witches, even a girl's future husband may be discovered in this way. One of the scissor-blades is thrust into the sieve, the top of the other blade is hooked over the thumb of a virgin, who lifts the whole arran-

gement into the air; an old woman standing at her side repeats the names of the persons suspected of the theft or whatever it may be, and when she comes to name the guilty one, the sieve will move by itself. This procedure was still in use by our village authorities in the 'sixties of the past century! The divining-rod was known in England as well as in Hungary: held horizontally between thumb and forefinger of both hands, it would bend in the middle if a treasure or some valuable ore lay in the ground underneath the feet of its bearer.

There are many similarities in the methods of weather-forecasting too. The strong crackling of the fire indicates a change in the weather; bats flying low mean clear weather, moles digging presage rain. Ács mentions a way common to both peoples of weather-forecasting with onions, and he refers to the already-mentioned "calendar of St. Luce." Then he speaks of palmistry and chiromancy, and other ways of telling a person's fortune by exterior signs. Of these, we are only interested in beliefs spread among the people: a big head means stupidity, a small one slyness, a large and coarse hand indicates brutality, a small and thin one weakness and cowardice, long hands indicate intelligence, short ones light-heartedness, a fat and fleshy hand shows an effeminate, though clever mind, a hairy one sensuality. A man who uses both his hands is a double-dealer, and one whose hands are moist is in love, however he may try to conceal it. Moles on the skin are another way of knowing a person's character, according to popular belief: a mole on the neck indicates good health, on the right arm or shoulder it means cleverness, near the heart riches, on the left knee it presages many children and so on.

Ács then proceeds to point out the numerous similarities in the popular dream-interpretations of the two countries. The loss of a tooth means the death of a relation, walking in clear water, health, walking in troubled water illness; a pig means luck, a bull enemies. A rose foretells love, and a carriage a rich marriage, while a broody hen means marriage with a widow with several children, and a cradle the birth of a child. In some cases, however, the Hungarian interpretation of a dream is just the opposite of the English one: dancing for instance means not happiness but sorrow, blindness indicates good

fortune and not poverty, and that soon. But if we wish our dreams to come true, we too put a laurel leaf, a four-leaved clover, a bible or a prayer-book under our pillow.

Finally, Ács enumerates a number of games that are equally popular in Hungary and England. Hide-and-seek and ducks and drakes are merely children's games in Hungary; "cat in the hole" and the sailors' game called "ambassador" in which one of the participants is made to sit on a tub filled with water, and covered with a carpet, is played by the young men alone, while blind man's buff is played by the youth of both sexes together.

A more thorough research might certainly find many more similarities between the popular customs and superstitions of England and Hungary. The ones referred to here are of course only the observations of one man, and were made about ninety years ago.

CHRISTIAN EUROPE'S UNPAID DEBT TO HUNGARY

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

TO a marked degree and according to the times, Hungary has always been a victim of Propaganda; indirectly rather than directly.

We live in — one might rather say, we welter in — the Age of Propaganda.

Propaganda may be variously defined, even with noble encomiums, in the abstract. In the concrete however it must always be taken with a grain of salt and be viewed in the candle-light of "whose ox is gored." Propaganda is a two-edged weapon. It purports either to give holy evidence in behalf of some sacred "cause," or it bears damning witness against the enemy's counter-enterprise. In each and every instance of its use, propaganda has never maintained for long a level of honest report or integrity or entirely freed itself from the suspicion of ulterior motives. Due to its inherent lack of fidelity, Truth remains aloof from propaganda and is more or less abhorrent to it. Just as facts fade under the more brilliant treatment of fiction and drama, so does Truth grow pale and anaemic under the artificial illumination of propaganda.

There has always been propaganda of a sort and, as we have said, Hungary has always been a second-degree victim. In every era, Europe has found it expedient to avert its eyes from Hungary's plight or to divert the world's attention from it, by a kind of propaganda adapted to the mentality of the times.

Perhaps the blame to some extent was self-inductive, due to the fact that Hungary, unlike many nations both ancient and modern, never raised her voice to the wailing pitch. Perhaps it is because Hungary never became a mendicant or supplicant

nation, abjectly falling to her knees, asking alms and demanding pity. Or perhaps Hungary was just unfortunate in never having a favourable wind of propaganda blowing its way at the propitious moment. I am deeply moved by indignation, not only for the cause of the Magyar people, but also because it is not more universally shared. Stirred then neither by patriotism nor political motives, I can scarcely be accused of propagandism.

I recall vividly the first time I heard Hungary's tale of woe. It was on the occasion of my first visit to Budapest, in 1925. My informant was no less an authority than Count Albert Apponyi.

The significant fact remains that I, an American author of let us say average intelligence and knowledge of international affairs, had only a cursory understanding and practically no appreciation of the Treaty of Trianon and its tragic effect on a first-rank European nation like Hungary. It was in itself a double testimony of the feebleness of Hungary's appeal and of the disinterestedness of the average American in world affairs. This became all too clear in the light of my subsequent knowledge of the undermining power of propaganda.

Once again, it was Hungary's misfortune to have a great Truth to present at a time when the world was more or less drugged by strong and bitter post-war propaganda. It caused an overwhelming majority of the public beyond the boundaries of a shrunken Hungary to turn a deafened ear to such a solemn dirge as the saga of Magyar wrongs and misfortunes.

Furthermore, my country, with seventeen others, had been in the enemy camp, properly propagandized with an enemy complex, so ingrained in the psyche of most people that they can never throw it off. Finally, it was quite impossible to imagine my own 150-year young America being cut down in its flower overnight like Hungary, its people reduced from 21 millions to 7 and its territory diminished by two-thirds !

*

My note-books contain a complete record of my impressions and interviews at the time. They are as significant to-day as they were then. I record leaving my hotel and crossing the Corso, at the moment ornamented with many of the officers of Hungary's Treaty-ized army of 35,000. I was especially intrigued

by the Chain Bridge because it had been so closely copied by our own familiar Brooklyn Bridge. It connected not only Buda with Pest, but also — I remember thinking in the traditional Anglo-Saxon vein — Western civilization with Eastern barbarism!

"Western civilization with Eastern barbarism!" That thought was invented centuries ago in the West and by some pinned on the Magyar, where it has stuck ever since. It is a magnificent example of early propaganda.

I paused over midstream, to admire a tiny steamer fighting her way athwart the turbulent tide of the Danube. I could make out the name painted on the side of the diminutive vessel making such a brave fight to cross from East to West. It was *Hungaria*. Like the little nation she symbolized, straining and panting, her paddle-wheels half vainly clutching in the cruel swift waters that flowed from one predatory Treaty nation after another, she struggled to reach a safe harbour. Ah, I saw her make the landing-stage!

Once in Buda, I pursued my way on foot up the steep zig-zag path. Up there, not far from the Royal Chapel, I found the small palace I was looking for.

I was first admitted formally into the stiff ceremonial apartments facing the Square. Almost at once the Count appeared and ushered me up a back staircase into a *gemütlich* apartment furnished in Biedermayer. There we had coffee — the tea turned out to be — *en famille*, so to speak.

At this point I offer a slight preface if only to illustrate that there was something almost symbolic about each of the too-few contacts I made with Count Albert Apponyi. Each was a revelation of what we Americans — especially in these super-sensitive political times — love to call the "democratic spirit."

Again, there was the last time I met Count Apponyi, the year before his death. My son and I were strolling in the Palace Gardens, in Bayreuth, between Wagner Festival performances at the *Schauspielhaus*, when I espied the tall unmistakable figure of Count Apponyi, a little bent since the last meeting, I thought. He was just as gracious as ever. We walked and talked for an hour, chiefly of his friend Richard Wagner. He had never missed a Bayreuth Festspiel, including the *première*.

The significant thing about all these meetings lay in the revelation of the simple democratic interior that functioned behind the marble façade, and the warm heart concealed by those aristocratic whiskers. In other words, a very simple man was within that distinguished figure and a very human being behind that noble title.

Hungary is something like that, with its thousand-year-old exploits and brilliant career hidden and half-interred behind the forbidding archives of history. Her greatest deeds are allowed to wither and go unrewarded and treated with all the aloofness accorded ancient lore. On the other hand, through the exercise of the most ordinary propaganda, her contemporary foibles and late political *mésalliances* and enforced associations are made monumental and crowned with thorns.

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Although as familiar to Magyar ears as the epithet, "Nem, nem, soha !," many of Count Apponyi's phrases bear repeating here if only to serve as a framework for our discussion.

"All nations must have a *raison d'être*," began the Count as though he were restating the eternal verities one by one. And, in that homey circle with the propagandistic world shut out, certain historical facts were etched on my understanding with all the feeling conviction of my own American history.

"In the face of all that has happened, coloured by what has been rumoured," continued Count Apponyi, "I can well imagine many distant people asking, 'Why should Hungary exist at all?' Eventually, I shall come to one reason, at least.

"We Magyars had planted ourselves squarely in the middle of the great highroad leading from East to West, and have never ceased to suffer the consequences. Not even to-day. That moment in which we received the missionaries from Christian Rome and thus rejected consolidation with Moslem Mecca, we became the inevitable and fatal bulwark between the Orient and the Occident. That moment in which our forefathers made their grave decision and became Christians was providential for the Christian empire of all Europe. Henceforth, Hungary was obliged, often single-handed, to withstand the bloody onslaughts of Tartar and Turk when they were at their zenith. And, although the superior forces of the Turks

decimated, nearly destroyed and finally conquered our nation after 150 years of constant warfare, our *raison d'être* and mission would seem to have been justified for all time. Europe was saved and Christianity successfully defended ! . . ."

On looking backward, we find the plight of Hungary shadowed in cruel contrast with the concurrent business, conduct and progress of the Christian nations whom she had so valiantly safeguarded. While the Magyars were giving their life's blood and sacrificing their continued ranking among the foremost nations and being crushed to earth by the weight of a slavish yoke, those Western nations whose religion and national solidarity they had saved, were enjoying independence and complete freedom from their onerous responsibilities in the East. We discover them carrying on tranquilly or at least without molestation and rapidly developing their own culture and civilization in general. Or we learn that they were engaged in fighting their own civil wars and petty international brawls.

Cromwell was falling in England, Lisbon was becoming the first market in the world, the first English Prayer Book was being prescribed by Parliament, Montaigne was writing his Essays, the first English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister* was being created, Philip of Spain was taking the Netherlands, Britain was fighting her local Wars of the Roses that turned all England into a riotous cockpit, Elizabeth was coming to the throne, Shakespeare was writing his immortal works, Paolo Veronese was flourishing in Italy, Michelangelo was completing his grand career, the Gregorian reformation of the calendar was taking place, Mary Stuart was being executed, the Spanish Armada was being destroyed, thus raising England to be Queen of the seas, the first English colony was being founded by Sir Walter Raleigh in the New World . . .

While the Turks were over-running Hungary. While Hungary, Defender of the Faith, without benefit of recognition — without a monument outside her own borders — was languishing under the Moslem conqueror's heel, with nobody else in Christian Europe giving a hang about it !

Amidst a similar tranquillity, possibly enjoying peace and plenty, what might a free and flourishing Hungary have achieved in self-improvement, in national growth, in world progress !

Hungary, as Petőfi sings, whose "shores were washed by three separate seas," in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and in the sixteenth century was ground to dust for 150 years to come. Hungary, among the first half dozen Great Nations of the day; decimated from 25 millions to less than five.

How different the roll-call of national achievement among European states might have been to-day, had Hungary not been cut down in her flowering!

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On recapitulation, we find that there was at least one recognition and reward, high-sounding and poetic though it was. Pope Calixtus III, in 1456, commanded all the churches throughout Europe to ring their bells, in perpetual commemoration of John Hunyadi's victory over the Turk at Belgrade, thus saving Europe again from domination by the pagan Crescent. But when the Turk had conquered only Hungary and settled down in his conquest, who among the millions who daily listened to the commemorative church bells, disturbed his security by raising a sword in behalf of the vanquished Defender of the Faith? Again, in 1919, when Hungary was partitioned for a second time, who among the Christian nations raised a dissenting voice? And to-day, in 1941, they actually question Hungary's right to the return of the Magyar fragments to the motherland that shed her blood for them for a thousand years!

One point stands out magnificently, Hungary's earlier dismemberment and partial destruction did practically nothing towards demolishing her solidarity or wiping out Magyar-Western faith and culture, as has so often been the case in the conquest of equally powerful nations. What Count Apponyi told me has been a truism for centuries: "To-day, in Budapest, travellers find the last complete culture of the West. Whatever comes afterward is saturated with the dross of the East."

One illuminating fact in the continuity of Hungarian civilization and culture, is the introduction of the first printing-press in Buda, which began its activity in approximately 1472, in the midst of the nation's most troublous times. Its first book was significant: the *Chronica Hungarorum*. The importance may

be measured by the fact that this date was scarcely thirty years after the invention of the printing-press and well in advance of its adoption by the two mightiest and most civilized nations of the day, Spain and England.

Again, Magna Carta was not a decade old when the Hungarians achieved a similar bill of rights to safeguard the liberties of their common people. This "Golden Bull" limited the King's powers and defined equable relations between sovereign and subjects.

Pursuing Hungary's cultural continuity, I recall my visit to Budapest in 1928, when John Galsworthy was as popular — and almost as much read, in English, — as I had found him to be in London and New York. Just as a few decades before, I learned, Kipling, Carlyle and Dickens had been the vogue among the Hungarian cultured class. When Galsworthy was entertained by the Hungarian branch of the P.E.N. Club, I doubt if there was a single listener amongst that large gathering who did not understand every word of his address delivered in his native English tongue. It was the same, I remember, when Claude Farrère was the honoured guest; the intelligent and educated gathering switched with equal facility to French.

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Thus, throughout the ages of slight and often intentional passing over of merited recognition of her virtues or sacrificial service, we discover that Hungary has remained steadfast to all the Christian principles which she espoused a thousand and one years ago; unchanged, undefiled by alien and pagan blights. She emerged from a century and a half of Turkish domination with many scars but with no open sores of unchristian influence. The unsullied religion of Rome and the stern doctrines of Calvin and Luther rallied to her spiritual aid side by side. Once again, she went through centuries of Austrian domineering, but with all the ancient Magyar rites and ceremonies carrying on intact, the dynasty of the Kings of Hungary surviving beneath the Iron Crown.

For years without end, Hungary has been backward and too careful in omitting to remind a beneficiary Europe of the Great Debt, mindful perhaps of the fact that the best debts make the worst enemies.

We have a popular anecdote in America illustrating how debtors never like to be reminded of their debts, even under the most auspicious circumstances. There were two boyhood friends who in the course of the years became widely separated due to one having become very rich and the other very poor, reversing their childhood condition when the now rich man had enjoyed many advantages thereby. Finally, they did at last come together in the millionaire's office. The unfortunate one fell to talking of old times and how he had become poverty-stricken. Finally, the wealthy friend with tears in his eyes was unable to bear it any longer. He summoned his doorman and told him, "For goodness' sake, throw this fellow out, he's breaking my heart!"

In a similar manner, Hungary has more than once poured out her tale of woe into the ears of erstwhile friends and beneficiaries, breaking their hearts possibly with a poignant conviction of their delinquency. In consequence they have more than once ejected Hungary from their conferences and confidences. It exemplifies the familiar line: "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." But it takes no account of niceties of native temperament and the taste and conventions of an ultra-refined society and is actually interpreted as a barbarism. It is motivated by politics and policy and degrades national politeness to the level of a cringing or faint-hearted race. Furthermore, Hungary is too personal at times to elicit sympathy from un-understanding strangers. She is too grand and dignified to arouse mere pity. Credit is not enough to ask for in this straining, grasping world of to-day, that trades like a cunning gipsy and deals only in the coin of world aggrandizement and commerce for the greedy gain of more and more world commodities.

By their own processes of empirical reasoning, of elimination and of attrition, European powers have repeatedly left Hungary — already desperately wounded and weakened by wars, not of conquest but of defence — to her own inefficacious devices. She half rises out of her own ashes to shake off the impotent Turk and build a new Magyar nation, when the Habsburgs clamp down on her the fetters of a dual Monarchy. Finally, in a World War, Austria is destroyed and once again, Hungary weak and bleeding from cruel wounds honestly

received in loyal defence of her Allies, free at last to pursue her destiny as a great nation, Hungary is once again cut down. Defenceless, she is rent apart from the Carpathians to the Adriatic and two-thirds of thousand-year-old Magyarland with their millions of Hungarian inhabitants, to become humiliated minorities, are handed over to alien states. Hungarian rivers, mountains and seashores about which her poets have sung for centuries and upon which folklore has been built are seized to make a Treaty holiday for other peoples. Once again, Hungary found herself one of the Little People of Europe, surrounded by groping, grasping artificial nations who by force of circumstance became cruel and threatening nations. As Count Apponyi said, "To-day we are but an unprotected plain surrounded by enemies encamped in our own natural mountain fortresses that are rich in timber, iron and salt, all of which we must import . . . Thus Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia became greater at the expense of Hungary. In the artificial phenomena of these upstarts, thousand-year-old Hungary and her centuries of valiant and exhausting service, both to humanity and to Christianity, were lost sight of." And once more, Europe marched on, oblivious !

In these strenuous days — if not in all days — the greatest of all dangers to peace, and peril to world civilization, has lain in thus tearing nations apart. Following an unsatisfactory peace, war is renewed with greater fury and perhaps the vanquished becomes victor only to tear apart the beneficiaries of the last war and restore to themselves what they lost !

Pray God, Hungary is about to glimpse the Millennium and that this time no propaganda will delay her destiny again, in rising shoulder to shoulder to her full stature in the New World that it is hoped will arise out of the chaos that again enveloped a so-called Christian Europe that the Magyars more than once saved from destruction.

THE REAL DRACULA

By STEPHEN CSABAI

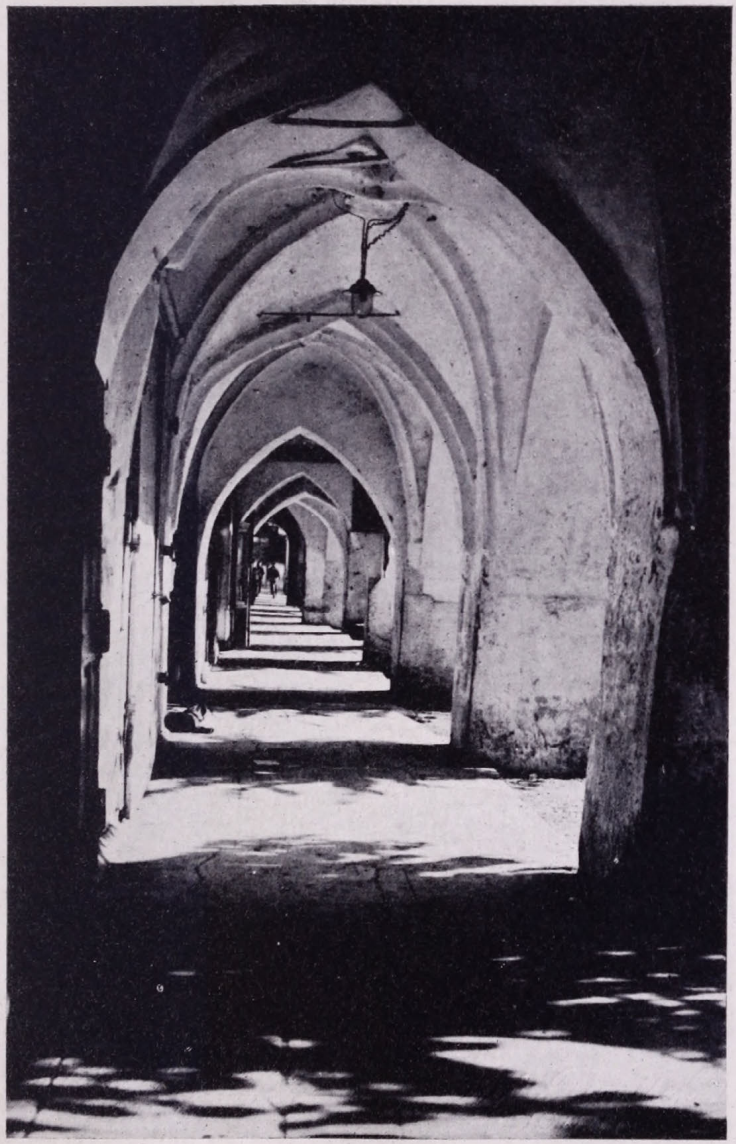
LET me say first of all that this article is not on the lines of the fashionable historical novel which attempts to whitewash the most disreputable characters in history. Whatever may have been the faults and weaknesses of Bram Stoker's monstrous hero, we can only say that he was a mere beginner, a dilettante, compared with the original Dracula on which the author of that classic piece of horror based his Transylvanian Count.

For there was an original Dracula, and not only was he by no means a legendary character, but there is a respectable crop of medieval literature about him, ranging from authentic documents in the Hungarian National Museum to a chap-book which is lurid enough for anyone. It will be remembered that Bram Stoker's Dracula dissolved into dust at the end of the book; let us reverse the procedure, and re-create the original from which Stoker, with some deviations from accuracy in detail, provided the world in general with more sleepless nights, thrills and fascinated shudders than all modern detective-novelists put together. If an excuse is needed, it is that the original Dracula had close connections with Hungary, and I may say at once that Transylvania, where Stoker located his castle, is in fact an exceedingly pleasant country, guaranteed free of vampires in these days, Bram Stoker or anyone else to the contrary.

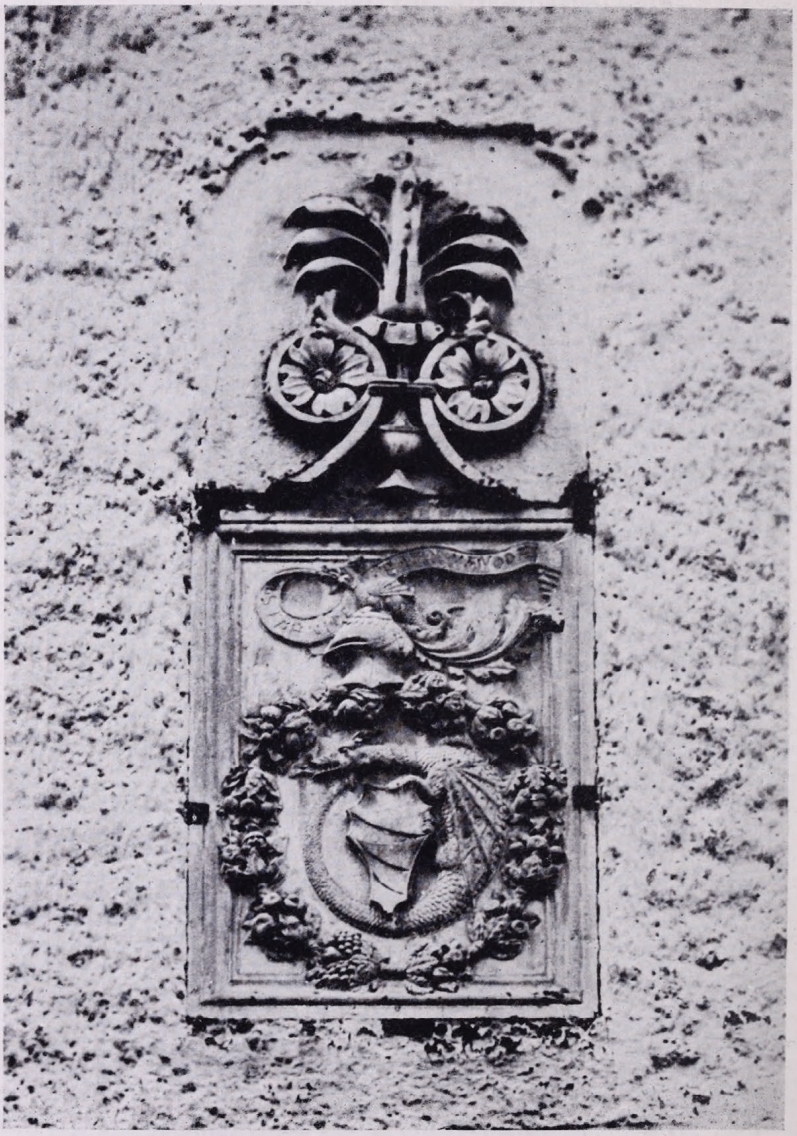
If the reader will accompany me back so far, all this Dracula business began in the year 1408, when the King of Hungary, Sigismund of the House of Luxemburg, later Holy Roman Emperor, founded an order of knights called the Order of the Dragon. One of the first things to be done, in

those days when people wore fancy dress as an everyday matter, was to design a good rousing uniform for the Knights of the Order, and they were accordingly done up regardless in a scarlet tunic and a short green cloak, while their insignia consisted of a double gold chain with a curled-up dragon. This dragon was evidently an important matter, and if a Knight of the Order appeared without it he was fined twenty *denarii*, which paid for five masses; so much is history, for the dragon badges can, or could, be seen in several museums, in Berlin, Leningrad and Munich, while on the sheath of an old sword in the possession of the city of York the dragon occurs six times among the ornaments, and its characteristic shape is found again and again on old tombstones and carved escutcheons in Hungary. The members of the Order were Kings and Princes, and Monstrelet tells us that Sigismund, who was evidently a believer in *panem et circensis*, entered Paris at the head of a suite consisting of eight hundred Knights of the Dragon. And this Order — for Dracula is merely one of the corruptions of the word dragon — was the source and origin of the Dracula legend.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, Hungary was one of the great powers of Europe, and the young Vlach voivodeships of Moldavia and Wallachia were growing stronger under Hungarian leadership and with Hungarian protection. One of the results of these feudal connections was that a certain Vlad, the son of the Voivode of Wallachia, came to the court of King Sigismund, and in 1431 was invested at Nuremberg with the Voivodeship, and also with the Banner of St. László, the ideal of all Hungarian Kings in that age of chivalry, and the Order of the Dragon. This was all very fine, and accorded perfectly with the atmosphere of gorgeous colouring, frequent processions, and symbolic animals. The dragon badge of the Order was, of course, part of the latter, but the unfortunate thing was that when the Voivode returned to his rather backward part of the world, his people, who had very little idea of the world of chivalry and all its trappings, entirely failed to understand what the dragon meant. In fact, they were so misguided as to think that it was the mark of the devil, an impression, unfortunately, which the subsequent behaviour of the wearer did little to dispel. Not that the



Old Street in a Transylvanian Town



COAT-OF-ARMS

of the Báthory family, showing the Order of the Dragon, on the wall of the Reformed Church at Nyírbátor

MAGYAR
TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA
KÖNYVTÁRA

people of Wallachia were alone in their conception of the dragon, for the Hussites identified it with the *draco rufus* of the Apocalypse, and that with the Emperor himself who sent John Huss to the stake. When the Knight of the Dragon, the *miles draconis*, began his rule in Wallachia, his people, who were apt to confuse religion with superstition and fear of magic, simply took the dragon to be a sign of a firm understanding with the powers of darkness, and called the Voivode *dracul*, the dragon or the devil. And so this name was transferred to his son, Vlad IV., who became famous for his cruelty in an age when it was not even fashionable to wear velvet gloves on mailed fists and when tortures and massacres would hardly have been headline news in the papers, if there had been any. Rumanian history, by the way, neatly distinguishes this Vlad from his father by calling him "the impaler," while in the fifteenth-century chronicles he is called Dracuglia by the Ventitians, Voivode Trakle or Dracole by the Germans, and Dracula in the Latin documents of Hungary.

This Dracula seems to have been a capable soldier in many ways but, without going off into a psychologist's discussion of his worse points, he was in common language one of the world's most outstanding sadists. Even his contemporaries were of the opinion that Herod, Diocletian and Nero were mere amateurs in comparison with Dracula, and this was certainly the verdict of Chalkokondylas, Bonfini, and John Gobellinus, who follows Enea Sylvio. Chalkokondylas supplies us with the interesting information that he entirely changed the appearance of Dacia by having all those whom he considered unreliable executed, together with their families. An attempt to justify his actions on the ground that, with a few minor aberrations, they were mainly directed against the Turks, may have carried more weight in those days than it would now, since Hungary was certainly considered as the main defence of Europe against the Ottoman power, then a growing menace. Dracula endeavoured to attach himself to the eastern policy of the Hungarian King Matthias; he left the Greek Orthodox Church and became a Catholic, actually married a relative of Matthias, and engaged in the defence of Christianity and the Holy Crown of Hungary, the two being then synonymous. He is said to have fulfilled his obligations

in a manner which was a little too thorough for the humanist Matthias, who became rather tired of receiving the exact statistics of the number of Turks who had been decapitated, and put him in durance for a while.

This is not surprising, for King Matthias was a man of the Renaissance, and his chivalrous morality, inherited from his father John Hunyadi, was in sharp contrast to the times. It may be said that even in those days kings were not very particular about the means by which they achieved or enforced their power, but Matthias, although in many respects he anticipated Macchiavelli, did not stain his rule by a series of murders, and the words in which he refused the services of an Italian assassin have come down to us: "We fight with our swords, not with poison." The Vlach principalities, however, were outside the current of European events, so that Dracula did not feel himself encumbered by considerations of chivalry or, in fact, by moral scruples of any description. Apart from his undoubted sadism, he was quite unrestricted in his actions in a country which had developed under the influence of the heathen and savage Cumans on the one hand, and oriental despotism and Byzantine corruption on the other. The execution of an opponent, if you could get hold of him, was one of the fundamental principles of party politics.

His misdeeds, however, seem to have developed into a legend even in those unscrupulous times. There is a manuscript recounting them in the monastery of Lambach, and the Hungarian National Museum has a very old book in Low German entitled *Uon dem quaden thyrannen Dracula wayda*, recounting his "horrible and astounding deeds." There are some five pamphlets in High German to the same effect. In 1485 a chapbook *(Volksbuch)* was published in Lubeck under the title of *Dracole Waida*, and had such a success in the succeeding twenty years that it went through ten more editions in Nuremberg, Bamberg, Augsburg and Strassburg. Dracula, in fact, had become the *grand guignol* of Europe, and remained so for centuries. Michael Beheim, the chronicler and poet of the fifteenth century, contributed to his fame in a poem entitled *Von ainem watrich der hiess Trakelwaida uon der Walachei*. Truly the evil that men do lives after them.

How much should be discounted, and how much believed, in these chronicles and chap-books, it is difficult to determine. For the figure of Dracula becomes more and more terrible, and the detailed accounts of his misdeeds more and more circumstantial. The ingenuity of his tortures was on a level with that of the kings of old Persia; without going into all the horrors that he is supposed to have perpetrated, it may be said that one receives the impression of an inhuman monster, taking actual pleasure in the infliction of the most appalling tortures on people who, in most cases, seem to have done nothing to merit them. Whether he did actually wash his hands in blood before a meal, as is recounted, whether he really "had innumerable persons chopped up like cabbage," shot out of guns, or torn to pieces by hounds, we need not perhaps enquire. In the absence of a more serious charge, it is related that he once impaled a peasant's wife because she had made her husband's shirt too short.

The appalling cruelties of the original Dracula — I will spare readers a more precise account of them, though every revolting detail is recorded in more than one chronicle — seem not unnaturally to have warped an outlook that was already somewhat unusual even for those days, and we learn that Vlad was actually proud of his misdeeds, and on one occasion boasted that he was "the holiest man ever born of woman, for that he had made many saints and helped many persons to get to heaven." It is a curious fact that in a woodcut in one of the old chronicles this monster is represented as quite a handsome-looking fellow — the picture is in the Hungarian National Museum, and one of his historians, Gobellinus, surprisingly states that "his exterior was strong and respectable, and he seemed born to rule"; though he adds that "a man's soul is often different from his face." Although I cannot be certain which source gave Bram Stoker his idea of making Dracula a vampire, I believe that it may well have been this same Gobellinus, for the edition of his work published in 1614 makes it clear that Dracula's cruelties were carried out regardless of sex, perhaps even with a preference for women, since there is talk of the "beautiful virgins" killed by him, and one of the most popular passages was that relating how Dracula quite outdid Caligula (or for a matter of that most other monsters) by

having "the most beautiful woman man had ever set eyes upon" cut to pieces; even the date of this erratic proceeding is duly set down.

Whatever Bram Stoker's sources, he was no stickler for historical accuracy or points of detail — not that one need be so pedantic as to demand that in a horror-novel. Such mild errors as calling the Rumanians Slovaks, or confusing topographical and other details, make little difference to the reader who sits and shudders in his armchair, casting now and then a glance behind him if the furniture creaks. Stoker's version of Dracula's family tree is confused to say the least of it, as is his reason for making his Count a Székely. But really, it does not matter very much, and nobody takes it very seriously. The only moral of this short article is that on meeting anyone who comes from Transylvania it is not necessary to say "Ah yes, where those awful vampire Counts come from", as if you knew all about it and had been there and seen them. Because really Transylvania is an exceedingly pleasant part of the world, and, as I said at the beginning of this article, absolutely free of vampires these days. If you don't believe me, come there one day and see for yourself.

THE WANDERING SCHOLARS IN THE HUNGARIAN MIDDLE AGES

By TIBOR KARDOS

THE Hungarians appeared in Europe in the late ninth century, and their conversion to Christianity began about a century later, under Prince Géza and King St. Stephen. Together with the Christian religion, ecclesiastical schools, priests, orders, that is to say, the elements of an educated, Latin-speaking middle-class appeared in Hungary. One of its characteristic figures and entertainers was the *goliard*, a kind of wandering scholar or cleric, sometimes also called the *vagant*. He was at the same time a scholar, a poet and a magician or sorcerer; the Hungarians knew him by the name of *gyák*, which is derived from Greek διάκονος, Latin *diaconus*, and closely related to the Hungarian word *diák* which means a scholar or student. A typically Hungarian version of the itinerant scholar was called the *garabonciás deák*; the epithet *garabonciás* being etymologically connected with necromancy. The word *deák* also means Latin, and thus indicates the close connection of the goliard with medieval Latin civilization.

His first traces in Hungary go back to the eleventh century. Prohibitive laws against itinerant clerics in Hungary were first passed by the Synod of Szabolcs under St. László in 1092, and they were repeated by the synods under King Kálmán. They were directed against foreign priests, friars and clerics, *hospes, advena, alienigena presbyter vel diaconus*, as well as against native Hungarian *vagants*. The Synod of 1114 declared that "it is forbidden to receive a cleric arriving from another province or bishopric." These resolutions followed foreign examples, for the situation was the same in all civilised countries. Though we

are still far from the heyday of goliard poetry, the itinerant scholar and cleric had his own poetry from the very beginning. That is why the Synod of 1114 had to declare: "Nothing shall be read or sung in the church that has not been approved by the synod."

The scholars and clerics took part in the acting of the great religious cycles. This is clearly indicated by the recently-discovered Hungarian version of the liturgical drama, *Stella*, which is one of the richest variants in Europe and bears the marks of French influence. The eleventh-century manuscript, which is at present preserved in Zagreb, contains neums and rather detailed instructions; the drama is divided into three scenes: (i) the three Magi come before Herod, (ii) they find Jesus and do homage to him, (iii) they return home. The same MS contains the scene known as *Quem quaeritis* which takes place at Christ's tomb after the Resurrection and was an important part of the cycle. We have no literary record of the first part of the liturgical drama, of the *Pastores*, but later and still extant Hungarian pastoral plays show an obvious contamination of the original liturgical *Pastores*-play with the "Fools' Feast" of which we shall see presently that it was a typical manifestation of the goliards. In all these plays, the actors were scholars. This is how we see them in the first centuries of Christianity in Hungary. Their role and importance was increased by the arrival of the so-called Romanesque Renaissance in the twelfth century.

The Romanesque Renaissance was brought to Hungary in the first place by the universities of France and Italy. The university of Paris was visited by a great number of Hungarian students in the twelfth century. Among these we may mention Lucas Bánfi, who studied there about 1158; he belonged to the circle of Thomas à Becket, Walter Mapes, John of Salisbury and Stephen Langton, the author of the Magna Carta. A fierce spirit of freedom and resistance against tyranny characterized this group; Thomas à Becket died for freedom of conscience; it is evident in John of Salisbury's *Policraticus*, in Walter Mapes's writings; the Magna Carta and the almost contemporary Hungarian Golden Bull (1222) are magnificent documents of this spirit. The names of several Hungarian students have come down to us who attended the university of Paris

during the reign of King Béla III., and among them we find Peter, the Provost of Esztergom of whom it has been proved lately that he is identical with "Anonymus," the author of the first Hungarian chronicle, the *Gesta Hungarorum*.

Hardly less significant was the influence of the university of Bologna. It is connected with the figure of a single man, Bernardo da Perugia. He was a typical representative of the elegant and refined clerics who populated the courts and the universities of the age. Bernardo da Perugia was tall, handsome, intelligent, and educated; though he was a Benedictine monk, he often wore the garments of a secular priest. For a long time he taught at one of the schools of Bologna University; he visited Hungary several times under the reign of Béla III. with whom he negotiated about the canonization of László, the great Hungarian king of the age of chivalry. King Béla liked Bernardo, and by his protection he became Archbishop of Spalato. No names of Hungarian scholars studying in Bologna at that early time are known to us, but their number in the thirteenth century is so high that we have every reason to suppose that these connections date from the twelfth century. Scholars returning from foreign universities were raised to the highest dignities of the court. The office of the Court Chancery was regulated by Béla III., and a number of anonymous notaries worked under the Chancellor. The style of the chancery was notably influenced by that of the French and Italian universities, and it influenced in turn the style of Anonymus's *Gesta*.

Another important link with the cultural life of Western Europe was constituted by the religious orders. The members of the foreign orders who settled in Hungary remained in touch with their centres, while the Hungarian monks who had studied abroad did not lose contact with their foreign friends. They possessed schools and libraries and promoted in every way a lively cultural intercourse. The Benedictine Order was much favoured by St. Stephen, and it is probable that its members brought with them not only schools, libraries and liturgical traditions, but other institutions as well; for instance, the company of *joculatores*, known to have been in existence at the Benedictine monastery of Fécamp in France. Later Hungarian chroniclers sometimes call the itinerant clerics or

goliards 'the poor of St. Lazarus,' and it seems that they were supposed to be under that saint's especial protection.

The influence of the Romanesque Renaissance soon made itself felt in the cultural life of the court, in legends, chronicles and poetry. In the cycle of St. László, who was canonized in 1192, this influence becomes manifest. The legend is a blend of medieval mysticism with the ethics of chivalry based on classical examples. The portrait is clearly cut: King László is the paragon of chivalry, he ruled *elegantissime*, and the *respublica* flourished under his rule, his head was raised in glory and purity *super aethera*. This image recalls Horace and the *Carmen Saeculare;* in Horace we have *apparetque beata pleno copia cornu*, St. László's Hungary rejoiced in *plenis copiae cornibus*. He was chosen by God to protect his people and educate it by his example; the author of the legend describes his attitude according to the antique ideal of *humanitas* as conceived by Cicero, Paulus and others. The Middle Ages meant by *humanitas* human frailty as contrasted to God's perfection; but there existed another conception of *humanitas* based chiefly on the Epistles of St. Paul and on Lactantius, which thought of it as a Ciceronian *officium*, as Christian compassion and good-will towards our brethren. This conception is rather akin to the classical *humanitas*, and this manifests itself in the legend of St. László. It was maintained and illustrated by the Romance of Alexander the Great and the Romance of Troy, both well known in Hungary. In Anonymus's *Gesta Hungarorum* (written between 1196 and 1203) we see the direct influence of the Alexander-cycle: the address Prince Álmos makes to his soldiers is an imitation and combination of two such speeches that occur in the Romance of Alexander. The conquering Prince Árpád surpasses even Alexander and is more like the 'pious Aeneas' of Virgil's epic. Similarly, the epic influence of the Romance of Troy may be seen in the St. László cycle. Somewhat later, in the early thirteenth century, the Romance of Tristan enjoyed the greatest popularity; one of its motifs is preserved in the so-called Legend of Csanád, dating from the thirteenth century. The romances of chivalry enjoyed an immense popularity in Hungary, the names of their heroes were given to children, and in twelfth- and thirteenth-century Hungarian documents we find persons named Paris, Helena,

Hector, Priamus, Philippus, Alexander, Olympias; the three children of a certain Buzád were named Tristan, Lancelot and Yven. The names Roland and Olivier occurring since the beginning of the thirteenth century mark the popularity of the Arthurian Cycle, although there are no literary traces of its influence.

Anonymus's chronicle, the *Gesta Hungarorum*, shows the direct influence of the romances of chivalry. The Hungarian Conquest is described as a kind of second Trojan War, the conquering Hungarians are represented by Anonymus as a highly cultured minority fighting against a barbarian multitude which they despise, just as the Hellenes of the Romance of Troy despised the Trojans. Anonymus obviously knew the *Rationes dictandi prosaicae* of Hugo Bononiensis and Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae* and, just as Geoffrey's chronicle is one of the chief sources of the Arthurian cycle, Anonymus's *Gesta* is an important source of Hungarian legends although Anonymus himself confesses his contempt for legends, and these elements crept into his work quite involuntarily.

We have to mention another motive of romance which from its earliest appearance was connected with Hungary, the motive of the "Flower Queen," and of the persecuted Hungarian queen. Its first version dates from 1170. Berta is the daughter of the Hungarian king Florus and of his wife Blanchefleur; King Pepin asks her in marriage. But she is detained by dark intrigues and her place at court taken by someone else, until her mother discovers the plot and eventually takes her to the French court herself. The figures of Florus and Blanchefleur — the "White Flower" Queen — once being localised in Hungary, the story was gradually completed by historical elements; in an early thirteenth-century variant Florus is said to have been educated in France, which more or less indicates Béla III. who was brought up in Byzantium, the territory of the later French Empire of Constantinople. The daughter was called Berta, or Constance, and her fate showed a striking resemblance to that of King Imre's wife, Constance of Aragon.

The use of symbolic flower names, in particular for the members of the royal family, became so general in Hungary that it developed into a mannerism; the queen is called a "red

rose" who bore "lilies in her womb" ; the prince is the "Flower of Hungary," and so on. This mannerism was also used by the goliards, and it remains an open question whether the poetry of chivalry influenced that of the itinerant clerics or *vice versa*. There may have been a parallel development, as there was indeed a close connection between the ethical ideals of chivalry and ecclesiastical learning. Here, too, there may have been common sources : in the first place the Song of Songs, the chief inspiratory force of medieval love poetry, which also abounds in the use of flower-symbols ; then certain motifs found in the classics, and, last but not least, motifs of Celtic and Latin popular poetry. A certain dendromorphism seems to have been universal in Europe even before the Romans started to celebrate the *Floralia* in honour of the Goddess Flora on the first of May. These popular traditions, still alive in the Middle Ages, mingled with the imagery to be found in Ovid and the other classical poets and were filled with new life and vigour in the poetry of the goliards, who were both poets and scholars at the same time. In their poems antique imagery is revived by the impressions of reality ; the old gods live in the groves, the old secrets fill the woods, and the beauty of the beloved girl is that of the classical poet's muse. Her name, her charms, her soul are likened to flowers, and as she is a flower, love is confessed by flowers. In the *Carmina Burana*, this important collection of thirteenth century goliard poetry, we see a lovely picture of a youth dressed in crimson and a girl in sea-green ; the youth gives a flower to his sweetheart and says :

Accipe, flos, florem,
Quia flos designat amorem.
Illo de flore
Nimio sum captus amore;
Hunc florem Flora
Dulcissima, semper odora !
Nam velut aurora
Fiet tua forma decora.
Florem, Flora vide !
Quem, dum videas, mihi ride !

Flori fare bene !
Tua vox cantus philomene.
Oscula des flori !
Rubeo flos convenit ori.

Flos in pictura
Non est flos immo figura ;
Qui pingit florem
Non pingit floris odorem.

This manner had an exceedingly long life in Hungary. Hungarian love-lyrics preserved flower-symbolism until the eighteenth century, and they are called "flower songs." The Hungarian flower song shows a certain resemblance to the

cantica de amigo, the love songs of medieval Portuguese poetry ; this collective name also comprised different kinds of poems : ballads, aubades, barcarolles or even pilgrims' songs.

Although we possess no written literary documents testifying to the influence either of the *chansons de geste*, the romances of chivalry or of goliard poetry, before the fifteenth century, the connections and the continuity are nevertheless manifest, from the use of flower names for women as well as numerous other symptoms. The spreading of literary influences is a social process and must therefore be examined as such ; the absence of written documents is at that early period not convincing evidence, written literature not being identical with the actual state of literary life.

The type of the goliard, the itinerant cleric and poet, and of the vagant, the wandering scholar who is also occasionally a poet, developed in the course of the thirteenth century. Besides poetry, they engaged in fortune-telling and sorcery. Ruggeri Apuliese da Siena's *Vanto*, the conjuring formulas of the *Carmina Burana*, the German autobiographical work *De vita vagorum* and numerous other documents bear evidence of that. A specifically Hungarian version of the goliard-sorcerer has survived to our days in the figure of the *garabonciás diák*. He appears in a storm, and his figure has a peculiar charm ; he is easily made angry, but to kindness he responds with kindness. He arrives in a ragged black cloak or in a priest's vestments, and asks the farmer for a little bread, milk or cheese. He does not eat much, but stinginess arouses his fury. Then he disappears and re-appears in the air riding on a dragon ; he "reads" storm and hail out of his black book. In the imagination of the peoples around Hungary he takes on more realistic features ; the Rumanian peasants say of him that he has "studied in seven schools" and is an accomplished liar ; a Polish version of Upper Hungary calls him *Planetnik* because he knows the secrets of the stars ; according to a Croatian version he stays at the vicar's. But in Hungarian mythology he is a direct descendant of the ancient magician, the Shaman ; the young *garabonciás* is called also *táltos*, Hungarian for Shaman and recognized by the fact that he is born with teeth in his mouth. The *garabonciás* fight in the air, like their ancestors, the white and black shamans. But the *garabonciás* rather learns

his magic at school than inherits it from his ancestors, as his name indicates, which is probably distorted from "gramancy", short for "necromancy". "Reading" rain and storm out of a black book points to the most popular branch of medieval astrology: weather forecasting and the conjuring of rain. Booklets containing weather forecasts from the constellation of the planets were known everywhere in Europe, and such magic was often practised by itinerant clerics. In some versions, the *garabonciás* rides on his dragon to Arabia or "Blackamoorland". The legend of a miraculous country in the far East spread in the twelfth century, and later on this legend was enlarged by new features: wizards arrived in Europe from this wondrous country, who rode on dragons, worked all sorts of miracles and finally returned to the far-off land of magic. Roger Bacon also has something to tell us about these wizards. Astrologers, vagants, goliards and their kind liked to announce that they had come from that country.

The question arises where the *garabonciás* acquired his knowledge of "gramancy". All signs point towards Italy, since it was there that the men who rode on dragons appeared for the first time, and the first trials of clerics for sorcery by astrology were started in Italy. Astrology as a means of magic power was taught at the universities of Bologna and Padua; and indeed a Croatian version of the *garabonciás* legend indicates Bologna as the place the magician-scholar arrives from. Towards the end of the thirteenth century there was in fact an astonishingly large number of Hungarian scholars studying at the university of Bologna, in the years 1265, 1268 and 1269 alone the names of more than thirty Hungarian students appear in the lists, while in later years this number seems to have increased. Although they mostly studied law, the natural sciences were not neglected. Traces of this scientific spirit are to be seen in the preface to a chronicle dating from the same period: the *Gesta Hungarorum* of Simon Kézai, court chaplain of King László IV., of whom it is known that he was man of great erudition and European culture.

The myth of the *garabonciás diák* represents the goliard's role as a wizard and sorcerer; this is confirmed by very early literary evidence. In the so-called Pray Codex, a Bene-

dictine book written about 1200 which contains among others a version of the *Quem quaeritis* and the earliest Hungarian literary monument, we also find an astrological divining wheel. The other side of the goliard, his quality as a poet and singer, is documented by the myth of Master Klingsor of Hungary. This wonderful knight defeats Wolfram von Eschenbach at the singing competition of the Wartburg, and predicts the birth of Princess Elizabeth from the stars. Klingsor's figure is largely a poetical fiction, but the formation of the myth was certainly influenced by the Hungarian *joculatores* who accompanied St. Elizabeth to Germany, in order to cheer her up "in the hours of sadness". Klingsor is thus a poet and fortune-teller just like the *garabonciás diák*.

In the last quarter of the thirteenth century the number of goliards multiplied to such an extent that the synods had to take measures against them. The movement spread from the west eastwards; French synods begin to mention them in the first half of the century, the synod of Mainz issued an edict against them in in 1261, Salzburg in 1274, 1291 and 1310, in Cologne 1280, Passau in 1284, and the synod of Buda in 1279 declares with the utmost severity that no cleric should "peregrinate" abroad or outside his province without a special permit, canons and monks should not "evagate" and should leave their monastery only if their duties force them to do so. The edicts of the synods do not always call the goliards "goliard" or "vagans"; often synonymous expressions, such as "wandering scholar", "itinerant cleric", "joculator", "buffoon" or "actor" are used. At the same time the Hungarian name of the goliards appears for the first time: they are called "gyák" another variant of the term "deák" or "diák" meaning scholar or Latin. The "gyák" or *garabonciás diák* was obviously poet *and* magician, and this double function is reflected in the manuscripts of early Hungarian song-books; one of them, the so-called Béldi Codex (date fifteenth century) is a kind of *garabonciás* manual containing, along with a curious version of the goliard poem *De uxore non ducenda* attributed to Walter Mapes, a treatise on atmospheric phenomena and on rain. In other song-books we find religious poems and love songs side by side with the hygienic rules of the *Schola Salernitana*,

weather forecasts, an astrological calendar for household use and other magic abracadabra.

Before we come to the florescence of *deák* poetry in the fifteenth century, we must mention certain school and folk customs that contributed to the development of goliard poetry. The first among them is the Fools' Day *bolondos ünnep*, celebrated everywhere in the schools of Europe on one of the days after Christmas. Its essence was that one of the scholars figured as bishop; he was glorified by liturgical songs and the real church dignities were mocked and derided. School discipline did not exist for the day, bells were rung at random, the schoolboys sat in the canons' seats, sang nonsense songs or obscene rhymes out of tune and ate and drank to excess; the whole ended with dance and mummery. A poetical competition was inserted into the programme at an early stage. This feast was an outcome of the Roman popular New Year's celebration, the *Calendae*, and the mummers wore the same masks. One of these masks was probably called Golias and represented as the figure of a devil. The poetical competition which usually was of a satirical character seems to have been connected with this mask of Golias, and the singing scholars were named after him "sons of Golias", "Golias's family", i. e. *goliards*. The Fools' Day was a well-known custom in France, and spread to England, Spain and Germany, was persecuted in Poland, complained of in Bohemia and often described in Northern Italy. The Church objected to it, and it had to be reformed several times. The comic songs sung at the Fools' Feast were usually composed by a local goliard; the Vatican Library preserves a manuscript which contains twelve poems recited on a Fools' Day in Chartres, written by a local goliard. Most of the poems are satirical, but there are love songs and spring poems too.

We have much evidence proving that this custom was popular in Hungary too. One of the recurring motives of Christmas celebration was the so-called "bird" or "sparrow" mass: originally birds were set free in the church and their voice was imitated by old and young. This custom is still known in certain parts of Hungary, where children imitate the chirping of the birds on little pipes. Traces of the child-

bishop's election are also to be found in certain districts of Transylvania. Besides, some Hungarian pastorals that are still acted as a part of the Nativity Drama, show traces of the goliards' foolery; obviously, the motifs of the Fools' Day celebration have crept into the pastorals, a process that was all the more likely as both were acted by the same actors, the schoolboys, on consecutive days. In the Hungarian Christmas mystery-plays we find many interpolated goliard songs, and one of them, calling in question the Immaculate Conception, has its parallel in the most famous collection of goliard poetry, the *Carmina Burana*. The period at which the custom of Fools' Day celebration became popular in Hungary presumably followed the settling down of the French ecclesiastical orders in the late twelfth and early thirteenth century.

Another popular motif that found its way into goliard poetry is the so-called contention of the flowers', a competition between three flowers (usually the cornflower, the vine-flower and the rose or carnation) that was sung and danced at Midsummernight festivities. The source of the song is a Latin *certamen* written by Sedulius Scottus, an Irish humanist in the ninth century. We possess a Hungarian version of the 'flower contention' which seems to be based on a goliard song. That this motive was taken up by the goliards is all the more natural, as the goliards were everywhere closely connected with the life of the people. In the ecclesiastical schools singing was taught with a practical purpose, as it was the choir's right and duty to sing at weddings, funerals, fairs, and other public festivities. Clerics, that is to say, teachers and scholars of ecclesiastical schools participated so fully in the celebrations of the people that the synod of Veszprém in 1515 had to issue a decree saying that "clerics should not participate in any wedding, dancing or other entertainment."

The importance of the Hungarian goliard, the *gyák*, increased with the spread of school education and the development of the middle classes. In order to understand fully the role of the goliard we have therefore to make a brief survey of university and school education in Hungary. The influence of Bologna did not diminish in the fourteenth

century; when Louis the Great (of Anjou) founded the university of Pécs in 1367 he chose Bologna as the model for its organization. As far as we know, only the seven liberal arts and law were taught at the university; the only one of its professors whose name has come down to us was Galvano da Bologna. The university of Pécs did not exist for more than fifteen years; it was not able to survive the wars of succession that followed the death of Louis the Great. His successor, Sigismund, followed his example; we do not know for certain whether the university founded by him in Buda in 1389 was an independent organization or only a college of the Dominican school of Buda, but it is an established fact that in 1405 Sigismund founded a university in Óbuda and nominated the Provost of Óbuda as the chancellor of the new university. How long this university existed we do not know, for the opinions of historians vary between ten and fifty years. But it meant certainly yet another gathering-place for scholars, another centre of learning. The next attempt was made by Matthias Hunyadi, who in 1467 founded a short-lived university in Pozsony, the so-called *Academia Istropolitana*. He also assisted the Dominican College of Buda and invited Peter Niger, the renowned Thomist, to raise the scientific level of the school. Hungarian students attended all the universities of this part of Europe, and Cracow, Prague, Vienna, Padua and Bologna were centres of lively cultural intercourse.

There was a large number of chapter and municipal schools in Hungary; according to the data hitherto known, there existed about 275 of the latter until 1540. The history of fifteen chapter schools is known to us, and there were many more under the management of the different ecclesiastical orders.

The task of the chapter and monastery schools was to educate the number of clerics and secular literate persons who were needed in that age of rising culture and literacy. Rhetoric was principally taught on the basis of Quintilian and Cicero; an important part of it was the *dictamen prosaicum* and drafting of documents. For this subject the first Hungarian textbook was written in the middle of the fourteenth century: the *Ars Notarialis* that was also taught at the

university of Pécs. The text gives advice to the "wise notary and the clever scholar" as to how he should behave in life. Drawing up documents was a means of livelihood in those days, therefore the book advises the scholar to be industrious and persevering, for "he who wants to drink wine and eat cake shall not mind the trouble of planting the vine and working in his vineyard, tilling the soil and garnering the corn." The scholar's life is full of hardship; most of them are poor and in need of the help of their relatives or of the gifts they receive from strangers. Sometimes the students made a little extra money by singing or "recording" as it was called in the Hungarian schools. But singing was more than a means for earning a livelihood: it was a source of pride and happiness.

Sometimes the cleric or *literatus* was frightened by the difficulties of learning, and there is much complaint against dialectics:

O, ars dialectica,
Nunquam esses cognita,
Quae facis tot clericos
Exules ac miseros!

Then the scholar interrupted his studies and fled from book learning into a freer life. A scholar who did not like wandering was not held in high esteem:

Nunquam erit habilis
Qui non est instabilis
Et corde iucundo
Et discurrat et transcurrat
Et recurrat
In orbe rotundo.

Wandering was one of the inherent qualities of the scholar; the beauties of a vagabond life are described in many specimens of goliard poetry. A characteristic, though belated example of this type is a beautiful poem by the sixteenth-century Hungarian poet Valentin Balassi set to the tune of a similar goliard poem: he cannot sleep for sorrow of love, so he rises at dawn and goes out to roam about in the beautiful countryside. He falls asleep under a tree and in a dream his beloved appears to him. The dream under a tree, in

spring, the vision of a beautiful lady, all belong to the typical requisites of goliard love poetry. Love and the wandering scholar somehow belong together, the goliard is always Ovid's disciple. Noble ladies, bourgeois housewives, peasant girls or paid mistresses could be the object of the goliard's love, and Hugues d'Orléans, the greatest of the French goliards, complains in a beautiful poem of the faithlessness of his Amasia; three hundred years later a Hungarian goliard poem, *De amore regula* which was copied in Buda in 1478, treats the same subject with no less skill than its original and shows much similarity to Hugues' poem. The goliard had no luck with such little Amasias who were avid for money and presents; but he always succeeded in winning the favours — at least in goliard poetry — of the honest girl who wants to get married. A Latin goliard song on this subject was re-shaped into a Hungarian flower song; the Flower does not want to marry the blacksmith, the weaver, Jack or John — only the scholar:

Lányom, lányom, édes lányom,	Daughter, daughter, my sweet daughter,
Kerti virágszálom!	Flower of my garden,
Elmennél-e a diákhoz,	Would you marry the scholar,
Az eszemadtához?	The darling scholar?
Jaj, anyám, a diák	Ah mother, the scholar
Olyan mint a gyöngyvirág,	Is like the lily of the valley,
Biz elmegyek ahhoz!	Indeed I would marry him!

The Hungarian *gyák* poet often boasts of his good luck in love affairs. A seventeenth-century Hungarian songbook contains the following song for a girl:

Azt akarnám, minden füszál	I wish that every leaf of grass
Egy deákot szülne,	should give birth to a scholar,
Minden uton és utfélen	that on every roadside a scholar
Egy-egy deák ülne,	should sit.
Az hol tüle az én szivem	Then my heart would be filled
Örömmel bételne,	with joy, and would be preparing
Minervának táborába	to go to Minerva's camp, I know.
Tudom, hogy készülne.	

Sooner or later, however, the scholar was married. That is the topic of Walter Mapes's poem *De uxore non ducenda* and

its Hungarian versions; monologues put into the mouths of St. John, St. Peter or St. Laurence depict the miseries of married life and the bad temper of women. But the goliard was not made to settle down, his very nature was against a regular life; vagabondage was to him not merely a necessity but his heart's desire. The stations of his wandering are the taverns, for in the tavern he found rest, warmth, friends, wine, play, love and music — all that he needed. At a time when academies did not exist, the poet's most grateful audience sat around those crude wooden tables, and when the Hungarian scholars in fourteenth-century Paris wanted to fête one of their colleagues who had just taken his degree, they always went to one of the taverns, to the "Golden Beard", to the "Zither" or to "St. John's Image". The custom survived, and in the fifteenth century too we hear the gay chorus of the scholars resound in the taverns of Paris, Bologna and Buda. In the Magyi Codex (date fifteenth century) we have a fine example of the drinking-song as it was sung by the scholars of the late Middle Ages; it is based on the famous *Bundeslied*, the anthem, so to speak of the goliards and vagants; and enlarged by new interpolations:

Plenitudo temporis venit, exultemus
Licet ramos alberum calvari videamus
Quamvis proptuaria plena non habemus
Venite omnes socii, fortiter bibamus.
Et si nummis careas, iubeas taxillum,
Fortiter in tabula girare fac illum.
Et si sors dederit quod tu vincas illum
Laetus et intrepidus curras ad ducillum.
Divagorum ordo dicam vobis iura,
Quorum ordo nobilis, dulcis est natura,
Quos bene oblectat pinguis assatura
Et quos bene delectat vini potatura.
Vidi mane bibulum vicinis querentem,
Ut leonis catulum valde rugientem
Quid est quod non video aliquem bibentem
Vinum facit hominem valde sapientem.
Igitur ad poculum mane consurgamus,
Usque ad crepusculum fortiter bibamus,
Donec parietibus lumen videamus
Et prostratis manibus lectum capiamus.
Ordo noster prohibet matutinas ire.
Sunt quedam fantasmata, que insurgunt mane.

Unde nobis veniunt visiones vane,
Si quis tunc surrexerit, non est mentis sane.
Forsan nostra hospita inter Margaritis
Et apertis ostiis clamat: unde sitis.
Hic non est tristitia, fames neque sitis,
Sed aeternum gaudium: quare non venitis?
Nostra docet regula valde manifeste
Nullum inter socios uti duppla veste:
In sola camisia tu sedes modeste
Et habebunt homines te valde honeste.
Et si numpis careas, hoc est veniale:
Pone quidquid habeas immemoriale,
Tunicam, camisiam, si quid habes tale,
Nam pincerna consumit, nec non femorale.
Venite ergo socii, intremus tabernam,
Quam ego nullo tempore sprevi, neque spernam,
Donec sanctos angelos venientes cernam
Cantantes pro bibulis requiem eternam.
Meum est propositum in thaberna mori.
Ubi potus non deest sitienti ori,
Ubi sonant citharae resonantque chori,
Deus sis propitius mihi potatori.

A glass of wine is the best remedy for poverty, sorrows are forgotten, the world appears in a rosy light:

Quando bibo vina
Facio mihi commodam viam . . .

and a poem in the *Carmina Burana* considers the world as a universal brotherhood of drinkers.

We have seen the Hungarian scholar or *diák* in his role as a sorcerer — the *garabonciás* — and as a poet. But apart from these, he acquired a special importance in the course of the fourteenth century by providing, so to speak, the natural basis for the development of the Hungarian middle class. Thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Hungary showed a growing demand for literate persons; as every donation, action at law and so on had to be recorded in writing, the scholars had plentiful occasion to earn their livelihood whether by occasional work here and there, or by accepting a permanent job in the service of towns, counties or monasteries. Secular *literati* or scholars begin to figure in lawsuits, entrusted by one of the parties or executing the decrees of the judge. Sometimes they enter the services of a lord, and thus become the first secretaries and stewards.

They know how to draw up a document and to keep accounts, they speak the language of the educated, they are discreet and in most cases capable of anything. They dabble in medicine and astrology, and now and then write an occasional poem about their lord to increase his fame. Others are a help to the vicar or become schoolteachers. With his knowledge of reading, writing, calculation, laws and languages the scholar ventured into commercial and financial life as well, and from the fourteenth century onwards we find the names of *diák* usurers and *diák* merchants mentioned in documents. In the fifteenth century, the management of the legal affairs of the whole country was almost entirely in the hands of *diák* lawyers, even the barristers and notaries of the clergy and of the chapters being scholars. The scholar's only endeavour was to amass a small fortune and thereby to rise in the social scale. Owing to the almost incessant wars in the country, the life of the nobility always represented a higher ideal than that of the more peaceful middle classes; the scholar therefore dreamed of becoming a landed nobleman. Nevertheless those of the scholars at least who had settled in the towns would have developed into an urban bourgeoisie, had not the Turkish wars devastated most of our genuinely Hungarian towns.

In the same way as the lower branches of jurisdiction, the chanceries were also full of scholars. They continued to educate themselves by discussions, the borrowing of books and so on, thus developing their Latin school education according to the humanist learning of the age. An interesting document of their cultural life has come down to us in the already-mentioned Magyi Codex. Its author, John Magyi, was probably a clerk in the Smaller Chancery of Matthias Hunyadi, then a notary of the Chapter of Buda; eventually he became Imperial and Papal public notary. He compiled his codex as a book of formulae to assist him in his work as a notary, and after his death (about 1492) it was used by the scholars of a monastery school. Both Magyi and the later owners of the book wrote Latin verses, sayings and notes in the margins, on blank pages and spaces between the legal formulas. Goliard poems, love-rules, rhythmical stanzas, sayings of Cato and Seneca, the *Hermaphroditus* of Matthias of Vendôme, excerpts from Leo Archipresbyter's *Alexander* and Johannes de Garlandia's vocabulary in hexa-

meters form a curious medley with humanist epitaphs and administrative formulae.

What were the chief elements of the Latin school education and its relations to the humanist learning of the age? The medieval school system was a uniform one throughout Europe. Poets, orators and romanticized history were taught everywhere; history, fable and mythology were closely intermingled in the world of the schools. Grammar was taught by reading of Virgil; other poets read were Horace, Persius and Juvenal. Poetry and rhetoric were combined after the example of late Roman schools: the scholars had to write poems on given subjects in order to develop their style. Further practice was provided by the reading of Sallust, Livy, Cicero and Boetius. At school the scholar acquired his store of wise sayings and phrases that could be used afterwards in letters, conversation and scientific treatises. Here, too, he became acquainted with the characters of classical mythology and of the romances of chivalry; the penetration of these into historiography and poetry has been discussed already. Parallel with it went a tendency to Romanize Hungary, especially Transdanubia, which indeed had been a Roman colony under the name of Pannonia; it was commonly believed that at Sabaria there had been a Roman academy or university. A typical product of this half-mythical, half historical view is the chronicle of Simon Kézai, the *Gesta Hungarorum*. He creates a duplicate to the Hungarian Conquest by describing the Huns as the forerunners and ancestors of the Hungarians; his Attila bears the features of Alexander the Great, gigantic battles between Huns and Longobards in the style of the *Nibelungenlied* fill his description of this first conquest of Hungary.

This medieval clerical culture contained all the elements that were to form later on the world of humanism. The peoples living outside the boundaries of Christianity were considered barbarians; this attitude is to be seen in eleventh- and twelfth-century Hungarian legends. The notion of the *dignitas hominis* already appears in the *Admonitions* addressed by King St. Stephen (1001—1037) to his son. The ideal of *humanitas* was held in the highest esteem by the age of chivalry, and this process reaches its summit towards the fifteenth century. According to a Dominican oration dealing with St. Stephen's

merits, the *lex Christiana* and the *lex Iustiniani*, i. e. Christian religion and Roman law educate mankind towards the ideal of *humanitas*. An exhortation written by Martin of Nagyszombat, a Benedictine monk, about 1523 calls upon the Hungarian nobility to defeat the Turks and to defend the life of *humanitas* that had been founded by St. Stephen and carried to its highest peak by King Matthias, the "Hungarian Cicero." Here obviously, the religious conception of the *humanitas* as stating the weakness and incomplete nature of humanity as contrasted to the perfection of God, has given way to the conception of *humanitas* as an educational and cultural ideal. It is summed up in the saying of Juvenal: *nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus*. Another clerical saying clearly expresses the view that the nobility of mind is due solely to education and refinement: *Exturbetur autem laicus ut brutus! Nam ad artem surdus est et mutus*.

The age of King Matthias saw the culmination of these humanist ideals. School and university learning also was adapted to them, if not in its methods — these were too rigid to change — at least in its subjects. Classical history, literature and mythology formed everywhere the basis of humanist culture and learning. Terence, Juvenal, Seneca, Horace, Martianus Capella and Boetius are the favourite authors, according to the testimony of Paul Ivanich who collected and annotated the Letters of John Vitéz, the "father of Hungarian humanism," for the use of the Chancery. Instead of being interpreted allegorically as in the Middle Ages, the classical subjects are now studied for themselves, appreciated for their formal beauty. In Hungary the new tendencies were introduced by Italian humanists invited to the country by Matthias Hunyadi, as well as by Hungarians who studied in Italy, among them the greatest Hungarian humanist, Janus Pannonius, the nephew of John Vitéz. Humanist tendencies prevailed even in the schools of the ecclesiastical orders. The following, though insignificant in itself, clearly shows the spreading of humanist learning: in 1515 a certain scholar named Andrew disposes of three books to be found at a village schoolmaster's. The three books are: a dictionary, a poetical anthology and a work he simply calls *Laurentius Valla* and which is obviously the *Elegantiarum Latinae linguae libri VI* by Laurentius Valla, a work which revolutionized the teaching of grammar and which was so

popular that it went through 59 editions between 1471 and 1536. The new ideas worked their way into the writing of history as well. John Thuróczi's *Chronica Hungarorum* is still a work of transition, but it served as a basis for Bonfini's classical *Rerum Ungaricarum Decades Quattuor et Dimidia.*

As to the literary activity of the scholars themselves, it began usually while they were still attending school, and centred around the liturgical drama. In 1498 a Hungarian Franciscan monk complains that the monasteries resound to "theatrical songs," meaning thereby the goliard poems interpolated in the Nativity and Resurrection Drama. Each school had its own company of actors which gave religious or secular plays in Latin or Hungarian. The archives of Transylvanian and Upper Hungarian towns have preserved interesting data concerning the theatrical activity of schools. In 1501 an open-air performance was given in Buda, at which the fall of the Turkish Empire was represented symbolically. King Matthias's second wife, Beatrice of Aragon, was very fond of the theatre; Pandolfo Collenuccio, the most outstanding dramatist of the age came twice from Ferrara to Buda at her invitation. His influence is to be seen in two comedies written in the classical manner by Bartholomeus Pannonius. To a somewhat later period (1569) belongs the *Comedy of Melchior Balassi's Treason,* a typical example of the school drama, dealing with a notorious figure of the sixteenth century, a nobleman who betrayed his faith and his friends. All these dramas were acted by scholars, mostly in Latin.

Epic poetry was also considerably influenced by the *diák* or scholar-poets, whose knowledge of Latin provided them with an inexhaustible source of historical subjects. Thus the *Song of Pannonia's Conquest* by the Franciscan Demetrius Csáti, is based on the *Gesta Hungarorum,* and other subjects taken from the Hungarian *Gesta,* from Thuróczi's or Bonfini's historical works, from the Bible or the classics were treated similarly. But the scholars often turned to contemporary events as well, which they recounted in so-called "historical songs" based on the accounts of eye-witnesses. These historical songs had a great share in forming historical public opinion. In his *Defense of Poesy* Sir Philip Sidney, speaking of the stimulating effect of poetry on the mind, mentions a recurring impression of his

Hungarian journey: at meals and other such occasions the Hungarians sang celebrating the glory of their ancestors. These were, according to them, "the chief inspiration of virtue and courage." The same was observed by Gianmichele Bruto, Stephen Báthori's Italian historiographer, who adds that in this age when the greater part of the country including the capital had fallen in the hands of the Turks, there was no better record of the past than what had been preserved in these songs. Sixteenth-century epic poetry is indeed so rich that it created about forty different new forms.

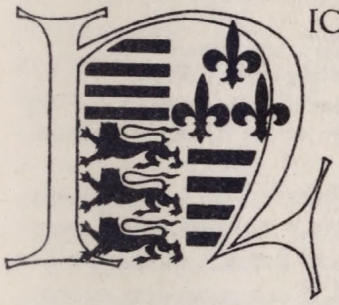
Other epic forms are to be found side by side with the "historical song." There is the *széphistória* (literally "fine story"), a sort of short story in verse, a humanist offspring of the medieval romance. Classical subjects, the story of Alexander, subjects taken from the *Gesta Romanorum*, such as the story of Pontianus, of Titus and Gisippus, of Apollonius of Tyre, and others, are elaborated again and again. Sebastian Tinódi Lantos writes the story of Jason and Medea (1537), Peter Ilosvai Selymes that of Alexander the Great. The influence of the Italian humanist short story, the *bella storia* is also manifest; Enea Silvio Piccolomini's *Historia de duobus amantibus*, a kind of Renaissance Werther, forms the basis of the most beautiful Hungarian *széphistória*, Euryalus and Lucretia. Boccaccio and Petrarch are also used as sources. These versified short stories were written in flowery language, and showed a sense of realism that brought them very close to the public, while the romantic fate of the heroes aroused their imagination. There are other short epic poems, called ballads because they were often adapted to the melody of dance-songs. Their subjects are universally human: love, death on the battle-field, imprisonment, longing, revenge, in fact every kind of human emotion. The style is very personal; either an event in real life was adapted to a literary pattern, or a conventional motive surrounded by an atmosphere of reality by the mode of expression, or the choice of names. The style of these ballads is very concise, rapid but not obscure, and there is a rhythm of thought which reminds one of the old Finnish and Vogul heroic epics. Recent research has shown that this branch of Hungarian folk poetry was also greatly influenced by the poetry of the "lutanist scholar," or goliard.

The scholar's role is greater still in the development of the already-mentioned "flower song" or love lyrics. The first flower songs have come down to us from the end of the fifteenth century; in the sixteenth century they already enjoyed an immense popularity among the people. Some of them, in the manner of the "flower contention" are still sung to-day, like the one quoted above: *Lányom, lányom, édes lányom* . . . Generally speaking two different types may be distinguished. One is a kind of ballad or dance-song in which the girl is frequently apostrophised as "flower," or "my flower." The other is a kind of solo song sung to the accompaniment of the lute, and the name "flower" occurs less frequently, although there is a profusion of metaphor borrowed from every kind of garden flower. The beloved one is called a rose, a lily, a viola, cypress, carnation or ivy. The second is a somewhat later development, though the origins of the two styles go back to the same period. The flower song was popular up to the eighteenth century and disappeared only when the custom of singing poetry to the lute vanished altogether.

The scholars developed from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century into a highly civilized stratum of society which directed and influenced literary taste. The Hungarian goliard, the *gyák, lantos* (lutanist) *deák* or *garabonciás diák* had a great share in the formation of Hungarian literature. They developed and refined old forms, transmitted and created new ones and represented a new type of the poet and man of letters, like the *clerc* in France, the *mester de clerecia* in Spain or the *messer* in Italy. In the first two or three centuries after Hungary's conversion to Christianity the scholars remain within the clerical orders, but from the late thirteenth century onwards they grow more and more worldly, their social influence increases until it reaches its summit in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Every branch of epic, dramatic and lyric poetry was moulded by their influence, especially the latter in which the development of the medieval love lyric, the flower song, was almost entirely due to them. Without the pioneer work of the scholar the achievements of Hungarian humanism and renaissance could not be properly esteemed and understood.

TOLDI IN LIFE AND LEGEND

By ELEMÉR KERÉKGYÁRTÓ



ICHOLAS Toldi is one of the most popular figures in Hungarian legend. To-day he is the impersonation of gigantic physical strength coupled with chivalry, filial affection and reckless impetuosity. This idea is due mainly to the ingenious interpreter of the legend, one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century, John Arany, who wrote a long epic trilogy about Toldi's life. In popular tradition and earlier literature his character was by no means uniform. Peter Selymes of Ilosva, who worked up the legend in the sixteenth century, mentions one or two traits of lesser nobility in addition to Toldi's noble features; in one instance, for example, he appears as a body-snatcher. In popular tradition the hero's characteristics are even more varied. Clearly what has happened is that the spiritual face of a hero has assumed the traits of various legendary and perhaps historical persons; thus the origin of Toldi's figure has given rise to much argument. There were those who regarded him as a wholly mythical figure, the Hercules of Hungarian mythology, and this hypothesis was most ably contested by Sigismund Kemény in the middle of the last century. Subsequently a number of data were found to the effect that Toldi was in fact a historical person, or at any rate that a famous Hungarian champion by the name of Nicholas Toldi lived in the fourteenth century. Literary opinion has since assumed that such a man may have existed on whom the elements of heroic saga became superimposed. This Toldi, too, was an extraordinary figure, a man of unusual

physical strength and prowess, but as regards his life, only very few details were known to us. This much has come to light, that Toldi really lived, and was a count in the time of King Louis the Great. Documents bear witness to this fact. Proofs of his tremendous strength are the weapons seen by Dugonics hung up on the Viennese Gate of Pest. As he says, they were hoisted there as an encouragement and a wonder to the world: Toldi's mighty shield and club, his sling-stones, and a plough-share that he ran through with his lance in the king's presence. Ilosvai's verses also mention existing Toldi relics:

> There to this day standeth Nicholas's head-bone,
> The exceeding huge skull of his mighty great brain,
> There to this day exists his immense thrusting-pole,
> Famous in this world is the courage of his heart.

He must have been a powerful, well-built and robust man, for he wore a breast-plate weighing eighty pounds, which was kept for a long time by the Transylvanian branch of the Toldi family. The question now was, had all these recorded events actually happened to him, or had various notable elements of other Hungarian or foreign tales and stories merely become attached to his figure, and the present legend of Toldi been developed in this way? Certain assumptions have it that the name of the herculean Toldi features in the ancient Turkish and Tartar tales. Others maintain that certain elements of the legend, even its entire structure, greatly resemble Hungarian folk-tales, for example a Danubian tale entitled *The Three Golden Rings*. In this tale Nicholas Királyfia, on account of his stepmother, first becomes a shepherd boy to his father's golden-fleeced lamb, and afterwards gooseherd at the king's court, with the aid of the friar whose beard sweeps the floor. Nicholas discovers the sun, moon and star on the navel, bosom and veiled forehead of the king's blue-eyed, beautiful daughter. The Princess becomes Nicholas's own, but Nicholas goes to sleep and by the time he wakes up, he finds his lovely bride gone. He sets out to wander and comes to the banks of a river; a glass coffin drifts on the water, in it the beautiful Princess, a large knife in her heart. He nurses her, and she is cured. But one day he goes to sleep again, and again the fair Princess is lost. Again he sets out on his wander-

ings and meets the long-bearded friar who gives him advice as to how he can reach Fairyland across the copper, silver and golden bridge. There they meet, become king and queen, and the star, moon and sun once again shine on the Princess's forehead, breast and navel.

Certain elements of this tale were then compared with the corresponding parts of the Toldi story, but only by forced and far-fetched interpretation can their identity be established. The same applies to the tales entitled *Strong John*[1] and *The Golden-Haired* and to many other stories. It is equally possible that Toldi may have been a figure of heathen mythology, as was Herakles in the case of the Greeks. Others again confront it with alien legends such as the German Kurzibold- and Dietrich-saga, a Boccaccio tale, the Old French and Italian Rainouart stories, eleventh- and twelfth-century *chansons de geste*, a Spanish heroic poem, and the French and English Gamelyn-legend.

Of the many hypotheses, the latter gives the most food for reflection. Augustus Greguss was the first to notice a similarity between the Toldi-legend and the French epic entitled *Gamelyn's Story*. He sees the origin of the Hungarian legend in this poem, whose English version afforded the subject-matter for Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. Dr. Alexander Fest, Professor of English language and literature at the University of Debrecen, equally establishes a connexion between Toldi and the Gamelyn-legend, though not the French but the English Gamelyn, and adduces the circumstances with whose aid this legend may have reached us from so far afield and exercised an influence here. The text of the English legend has since been translated and published, so that anyone may now compare the two stories.

The common features of the two legends are: the part played by the elder brother who brings up his younger brother and neglects the latter's education; the younger brother's exceptional strength and courage, the outbreak of the latent feud between the two brothers when the younger brother kills one of the elder's servants; his hiding and wandering, where he is accompanied by his faithful servant; the duel, which is preceded by the elder brother giving

[1] Translated in our Transylvanian number, Winter 1940/41.

the younger a horse and the hero's meeting with a widow, or a nobleman, whose two sons he revenges, in order to win a royal reward in the end.

But let us inquire into this matter of Toldi and Gamelyn more closely. Let us go back to the days of Louis the Great and seek events in Toldi's life which may have brought him into contact with Englishmen. Nicholas Toldi was a soldier, a celebrated champion; the King endowed him with high offices, and, what is more, he was frequently in the company of the royal family. Moreover, Louis sent him on missions abroad, to Florence, whence he brought back two lion-cubs for the king. At that time too, there existed powerful bonds between our country and Italy: large numbers of Hungarian mercenaries fought on Italian soil and mixed with the soldiers of other countries. There was a renowned mercenary army by the name of *Alba Societas*, the White Division which consisted of Hungarian, British and German men. According to a document dated 1365 the Commander-in-Chief of this army was Hugo de Mortimer, and its commanders: the Hungarian Count Toldi, and the English officers Belmont, Birche and Eaton. The corps engaged to defend Pisa against Florence for six months in the service of the Papal State and Queen Johanna. Toldi's appointment to leadership must undoubtedly have been preceded by heroic deeds.

It must not surprise us to find a Hungarian Count fighting abroad for pay. To enlist as a professional soldier was no disgrace at that time; on the contrary, it meant more freedom than service in a king's feudal army, where an extremely severe hierarchy reigned. At the head of their disciplined troops the professional commanders enjoyed a position of great power. The following case is a characteristic illustration of the tremendous authority enjoyed by John Hawkwood, leader of the White Division in later days, and under whom Toldi also served, and of the terror in which he kept even his allies: One day Pope Urban V. was on his way from Avignon to Leghorn and Hawkwood appeared to receive him with his brilliant bodyguard. The sight of the body of British troops, armed to the teeth, intimidated the Pope so much that he did not even dare land. This small battle-hardened army of iron discipline, which consisted of a few thousand men,

was a veritable Great Power among the many rival cities of Italy. No wonder the North of Italy dreaded the mailed fist of these wild men for about thirty years. Their appearance, their shining armour aroused dread and terror everywhere. They consisted of cavalry and infantry. Their most formidable weapon was the lance, so heavy that it took two men to wield it. With this, their mighty swords and cross-bows and their disciplined military operations they soon stamped out all resistance. The night was their favourite time for marauding and robbing incursions, but they also attacked fortified cities openly. With the aid of their perfectly dovetailed ladders they climbed the highest walls and towers with ease, and woe to the city that fell into the hands of these merciless troops.

Florence was unable to resist the powerful Hungarian-English-German army by force of arms and consequently resorted to a defence stratagem of very old standing: she bribed the enemy. This cost her 100,000 gold florins. The majority of the army went over to the side of the Florentines; Hawkwood, however, kept his word to Pisa. With a greatly reduced army consisting of about 800 men he left the field of battle and retired within the walls of Pisa. This happened in June 1364. Thus, very fortunately for the Italian cities, the dreaded and renowned White Division was split in two, though it has been recorded by an Italian chronicler that had it continued united, it might have got Tuscany and even the whole of Italy into its power. Florence and Pisa hastened to make their peace, for the two cities finally comprehended that the foreign mercenaries alone profited by their strife.

Florence, however, now found herself in an unpleasant situation with her numerous allies, and strove to rid herself of her friends. The professional army was sent into camp south of the city, with a view to attacking the Neapolitan kingdom. The Hungarians were in the British division, and between the German and the Anglo-Hungarian divisions there was much jealousy, friction, and even open animosity. At Perugia they became reconciled once more, but the conflict soon broke out afresh when the German corps under Bongarden's command marched against Naples and began to ravage the Roman basin. It happened at this point that the Papal State and

Queen Johanna entered into a contract with Hawkwood's and Toldi's Anglo-Hungarian White Division under the terms of which the professional commanders undertook to fight against Bongarden. Toldi and his good Hungarian cavalry troops soon had occasion to fulfil the terms of their contract. He kept his word, but this time he fared ill. At the head of his army of ten thousand the German professional command had developed into a force that was beginning to threaten Rome itself. The White Division, on the other hand, in addition to being smaller in numbers, was further weakened by internal discord. The Spanish Commander-in-Chief of the Papal forces, having paid off Toldi's two thousand troopers, left the White Division with whom he should have fought and retired in the company of his troops. This army hurried toward the city of Orvieto, to Bongarden, while the four thousand Englishmen set out after them and pitched their camp on the plain before the town where the Hungarians, thanks to their swift horses, had arrived a day sooner. The entire army now marched on Perugia, and the threatened city appealed to Bongarden for help. The latter's army of ten thousand was further re-inforced by part of the population, with the result that Bongarden had a gigantic numerical superiority over the White Division, which numbered only six thousand. The two armies engaged on July 22, 1365, and it is not surprising that the battle of Perugia, which was brief and bloody, ended with Bongarden's complete victory. The White Division suffered an annihilating defeat. Hawkwood was obliged to take to flight, leaving innumerable dead and wounded behind, other portions of the army fled towards Siena and Genoa, and the Hungarians in the direction of Cortona. The bulk of the army, however, withdrew to a stronghold in the neighbourhood of Perugia; but even there their situation was so desperate that eventually they surrendered at discretion. The heat, and especially their tormenting thirst was too much for the soldiers: they had neither wine nor water and were driven to quench their thirst with the blood of their horses. The letter in which they beg their one-time ally, Bongarden, for mercy still exists. Its signature reads as follows: "Your besieged poor English servants." Yet among these "poor British" there were Hungarians too, and our Nicholas Toldi. Bongarden gave

them quarter. About 1,600 prisoners were escorted into Perugia amid great clamour and gorgeous triumph, among them the three British captains and "a Hungarian Count," who was no other than Count Nicholas Toldi. Moreover, we are already acquainted with the three Englishmen : Belmont, the professional soldier of royal blood, Mortimer and Breccia (Brise). The four captains, the four renowned commanders of the White Division meanwhile strode among the prisoners of war, unflinching and ready to die, a cane in their hands. During their entry the population of Perugia exulted in the intoxication of victory and a frenzy of revenge. They drew up in vast masses all along the route of the triumphal procession and wished to lynch the captive commanders. The city's inhabitants were justly angry with them : fresh in everybody's memory was their pledged promise to avoid and spare the town, and hardly six months had passed when they broke this promise. According to an Italian chronicler the Perugians regarded their defeat and captivity as a well-deserved punishment. Bongarden himself feared an outburst of the people's wrath ; when he realized the extent of their indignation, he ordered a strong body of guards to accompany the prisoners and safeguard them. The bulk of the prisoners were released, while the wealthier among them, from whom a ransom could be expected, were retained. Thus the four captains, and among them Toldi, remained in captivity. They were quartered in the Governor's Palace where they were allowed to move about freely. Belmont soon got out and left his three companions, the two British captains and Nicholas Toldi, in Perugia as hostages. One of the conditions on which he was released was a promise not to join the White Division again. But he did not keep this promise, and the Perugians thrust his three companions into gaol. They were the ones who had to suffer for Hawkwood's and Belmont's renewed marauding and incendiary expeditions at the city's expense.

Toldi and his fellow-prisoners must have continued in captivity for a considerable time, though according to the testimony of several chronicles they subsequently came to enjoy great freedom. Almost four years after the battle, in 1369, Bernabo Visconti, ruler of Milan, sent envoys to liberate the prisoners. The two British captains hurriedly left the town

and went to Milan, while the "Hungarian Count" — as Toldi is frequently termed in contemporary documents — remained as a soldier in the city's service. This distinguished commission is a further proof of Toldi's military virtues.

This is as much as we know of Nicholas Toldi's appearance and adventures in Italy. At the head of his two thousand troopers he led a life of alternating fortune in the White Division where for a long time he played a leading part.

After this, his figure reappears on Hungarian soil. But after his departure from Italy we are again frequently informed of military feats jointly accomplished by Hungarian and British soldiers, while at other times the sources talk of animosity and conflicts, always in accordance with the interests whose service the army's commander entered. But even prior to Toldi's arrival in Italy we are in possession of a number of similar facts. Of these, it will suffice to mention the seven hundred men of the Great Hungarian Corps, the *Societas Magna Hungarorum*, who continued to fight on Italian soil long after the dissolution of the *Societas*. To undertake services of this kind was therefore no novelty even in Toldi's time. Similar troops appear immediately after King Louis the Great's first Italian campaigns, and the formation of the *Societas Magna Hungarorum* provides food for much discussion especially around 1361—62. In 1366, that is while Toldi was still in prison, we repeatedly hear of Hungarians joining the White Division. Their commander was Giovanni da Buda. By this time the White Division obviously had much to answer for. A Papal Bull sent from Avignon by Pope Urban V. paints a lively and moving picture of the distress and suffering following in the path of their marauding expeditions. An attempt was made to form a league against them and compel them to set out on a crusade against the Turks, but this effort failed and the professional forces continued their pillaging, and what is more, additional mercenaries arrived in Italy. Thus for example in 1368 Lionel, son of King Edward III. of England, crossed from England to the Continent in the company of two thousand archers. Lionel married the daughter of Galeazzo Visconti, and even the aged Petrarch was present at the sumptuous wedding, which lasted five months. Now for a long period we find a number of Hungarian professional

soldiers in the service of the Viscontis. Hardly a decade later five thousand Hungarian warriors went to Italy under the leadership of Stephen Lackfy, Voivode of Transylvania; they beat Hawkwood's British troops upon two occasions, and again a few years later, made an alliance with them in the interests of Charles of Durazzo. One of the chronicles goes so far as to state that Hawkwood himself, the Commander-in-Chief of the White Division, visited the soil of Hungary. The chronicles, of course, do not go beyond recording bloody conflicts, military issues, pillage and devastation. Yet this did not exhaust their entire life. There were times of rest in plenty, and opportunities for making friends. When, in the words of the chronicler,

> The Magyars had shot the town gates open,
> Soon in the town shops were broken,
> With helmets did the Magyars weigh out money,
> Halberd was the cubit for scarlet and garnet...

i. e. fine cloth was measured by the pikestaff; or if a detachment succeeded in extorting a major indemnity or ransom from a city, wealthy prisoner of war or hostage and filling its pockets, jolly days and weeks followed. It is conceivable that, if similar circumstances provided a motive, a parallel came to be drawn between a well-known Hungarian Count and the hero of a popular English legend; in other words, it was possible for a familiar British legend to become attached to a famous Magyar hero. But was the story of Gamelyn known among the British troops in Italy where the herculean Toldi performed his chivalrous deeds? If so, then this connection may easily have arisen; let us only consider the fact that the person of Hawkwood was invested with miraculous deeds even during his lifetime.

The Gamelyn legend begins with the following words: "Now listen old and young." This proves that the legend was spread by word of mouth. At the same time it shows that the story must have enjoyed considerable popularity. It contains scenes where violent and riotous fun is made of priests and monks, and on one occasion Gamelyn even applies a heavy cudgel to the priests who mock him. "Gamelyn," his servant exclaims, "treat them well, don't hurt their skulls,

just break their arms and legs." A story of such unbridled outspokenness must have been particularly popular among outlaws and soldiers. It must have been equally enjoyed by the mercenaries of the White Division to whom monastic life was anything but sacred; on the contrary, we know that as well as being accompanied by a mass of women and girls they very frequently even compelled nuns to follow them. Nor was their Commander-in-Chief Hawkwood an exception in this respect. On one occasion two mendicant friars hailed this powerful soldier with the customary greeting: "God give thee peace." Hawkwood's reply was as follows: "May God rid you of alms." Upon the frightened plea of the two friars he countered, "Do you want me to die of hunger? Don't you know that I live on war and that peace would ruin me?" Obviously the spirit of the Gamelyn legend was to the taste of the marauding British troops, and it was probably with pleasure that they listened to the story around their camp-fires.

But a story-teller among the members of the British troops in Italy was not the only possible means of conveying Gamelyn's tale to that country; it may equally well have got there by way of England's great poet, Chaucer. It was Chaucer's legacy that conserved the story of Gamelyn. He noted it down for himself, for it was his intention to insert it among the Canterbury Tales. Though he never rewrote the legend in poetical form, it must have engaged his imagination for a long time. On the other hand, Chaucer visited Upper Italy several times on diplomatic missions and came into contact with Toldi's Captain, Hawkwood, and possibly even with Toldi himself. During his first Italian journey he spent most of his time at Genoa and Florence. We are aware that in these years the fate of the White Division was closely linked up with that of Florence. Hawkwood himself finally settled there, and the grateful town had his portrait painted on one of the inner walls of the Dome, near the entrance. It is probable that in the course of this visit Chaucer also made the acquaintance of Petrarch and Boccaccio. During his political discussions the poet-diplomat sought and found contacts with the great Italian poets. His second Italian journey took him to Milan, to Bernabo Visconti, in whose service there were numerous Hungarian troops. It seems therefore that there were two

possibilities for Gamelyn's tale to find its way to Italy, and there to come to the hearing of Hungarians and to be attached to Toldi: either a story-telling member of the White Division, or Chaucer. Subsequently the story, as applied to the herculean Toldi, may have come to Hungary by means of the Magyars who appeared so frequently in Italy. The application of Gamelyn's tale to Toldi can only have ensued on the basis of a similarity between him and the hero of the English legend. This similarity related in the first place to the exceptional bodily strength of both, but beyond this there may also have been identical features in their family relations: the elder brother drives the younger from his home, the latter goes out into the world, and becomes a soldier until he eventually gains the upper hand. These legends, of course, which are spread by word of mouth, change continually: here something is omitted, there something is added, with the result that it is impossible to establish the exact form of the story at that time. The chronicle of Peter Selymes of Ilosva left us the story in an incomplete form. John Arany's wonderful poetical instinct inspired him to supplement Ilosvai's deficient tale from the most natural source, Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. Accordingly, Orlando, who triumphs at the end of his many wanderings, is perhaps a very close relation of Arany's Nicholas Toldi, whom Arany discovered while delving into days long past and set up as an example to every Hungarian.



A HUNGARIAN UNDER WASHINGTON

By ALADÁR PÓKA-PIVNY

ON the southern bank of the little lake in the City Park of Budapest stands the bronze statue of George Washington, erected by the American Magyars in 1906. Every Fourth of July there is a ceremony in front of the statue, almost invariably attended by the American Legation in Budapest, and short speeches are made in remembrance of Washington and on the connections between the United States and Hungary.

Until quite recently little was known of Colonel Michael Kováts (or de Kováts, as he often signed himself), who joined the cause of American liberty in 1778, and a year later fell on the field of battle, after rendering distinguished service as a leader and organiser of cavalry formations. His career as a soldier is interesting, for he fought both in the east and in the west, and his documents carry such famous signatures as those of Frederick the Great of Prussia, Queen Maria Theresa, and George Washington himself. It can have been granted to few soldiers to fight in so many and varied campaigns, to earn such approval from their superiors and admiration from their subordinates, and finally to die in action at the height of their fame. Kováts himself was one of the first, but by no means the last, of the Hungarians who fought in America in the cause of liberty.

Of his early youth very little is known, but it has been established beyond reasonable doubt that he was born in August 1724 at Karcag-Újszállás, the present Karcag, in Hungary, and that his parents were Calvinists and Great-Cumanians who had resided in the neighbourhood for a long time; Kováts thus enjoyed the privileges granted to the Cumanians by charter five hundred years before. Our first reliable fact about him is

his enlistment in 1744 in the so-called Jazygian-Cumanian Hussar Regiment, which was then being raised in those parts; the second phase of the war with Prussia for the possession of Silesia had broken out on the accession of Queen Maria Theresa in 1740, and was then in full swing. This, then, was the beginning of Michael Kováts's long and varied military career.

The Jazygians and Cumanians were the finest material for the Hungarian cavalry, being natural horsemen, and there are indications that Kováts and his regiment took part in the battle of Kesselsdorf (December 15, 1745), where the Austrians were defeated. The regiment returned home from Saxony in March 1746, and Kováts was attached to one of the squadrons in the division commanded by Count Stephen Grassalkovich, but the Hussar regiment in which Kováts enlisted appears to have been disbanded in 1746, for his name appears in a document to this effect addressed by the Palatine, Count Louis Batthyány, to the commander-in-chief of the Hungarians, Count Leopold Pálffy, and dated December 14.

Michael Kováts, however, had evidently no intention of giving up his profession, and we next hear of him in Vienna, endeavouring to obtain service with one of the regiments then commissioning. At the time when he was awaiting the result of his application, his Moravian servant, Sabin, absconded with two of his horses, and Kováts, hurriedly obtaining a passport from the *Hofkriegsrat*, set out after him. He followed him first to Prague, thence to Jägerndorf, and finally to Neustadt in Upper Silesia; here, however, he was arrested by the Prussians, kept in captivity for weeks and then sent to Breslau, in spite of the fact that his passport stated that he was a Hungarian and an officer of Hussars — or perhaps because of it. There, in 1746, he was enrolled in the Prussian army, where he received full Prussian infantry and subsequently cavalry training. On September 23, 1752, Frederick the Great again gazetted him a cornet in his first regiment of Hussars, which was largely Hungarian in character, the majority of its officers, and from 1750 to 1758 even its commander, Colonel Michael Székely, being Hungarians.

The Seven Years War, which was strictly speaking no more than a continuation of the Silesian wars, broke out in 1756, and without giving further details of Michael Kováts's service, we

may state that he served in the Prussian army for sixteen years, from 1746 to 1761, winning the recognition of Frederick the Great who promoted him to captain and, in 1759, gave him a corps of his own, known as the *Kováts'sches Corps*. He distinguished himself as a guerilla leader, fought in numerous battles and was wounded more than once before being taken prisoner, in 1761, by the Austrians, by whom he was accused of high treason and very nearly sentenced to death. It was however proved that he had done no more than his duty as a soldier, and he was not only acquitted on the capital charge, but his freedom and estates were returned to him. What is more, on January 31, 1763, Queen Maria Theresa appointed him a major in his original regiment, the Jazygian-Cumanian Hussars.

Returning to Hungary, Michael Kováts married. His wedding took place on May 29, 1763, at Szinye, and his bride was Francisca, the youngest daughter of Sigismund Merse, former under-sheriff of the County of Sáros, and his wife Susanna, formerly Hedry; the family, now known as Szinyei Merse, has contributed more than one great figure to Hungarian life, and still flourishes. The first and only child of the marriage, George, was born at Szinye on July 2, 1764, but unfortunately lived only three years, so that Michael Kováts has no direct descendants.

In the years that followed, we hear of Kováts in various places in Hungary, Eperjes, Kassa and Buda. Then on August 12, 1776, when the news of the American Declaration of Independence reached the capital, he left for Bordeaux, passing through Venice and Genoa. It was in the early part of 1777 that Michael Kováts left Europe for America; the exact date we cannot trace, but we know of a letter dated January 13, 1777, written by Kováts to Benjamin Franklin, then Ambassador of the United States in France, wherein this experienced soldier, then fifty-three years of age, shows that thirty-three years of soldiering had by no means damped his ardour for campaigning. Confessing that he has insufficient French or English, he writes to Franklin in classical Latin, prefacing it with the quotation *Aurea libertas fulvo non venditur auro*. He states that he is a Hungarian, gives a brief sketch of his career, and an indication of the tasks which he believes await him in the New World. He has come so far, he says, at his own cost, and in

conclusion he writes that "I wish nothing so ardently as to travel with speed, in order that, wherever the greatest strategic necessity may require it, I may live and die in constant dutiful obedience . . . *fidelissimus ad mortem* . . ."

The actual date of Michael Kováts's arrival in America cannot at present be stated with absolute certainty, but we first find his name mentioned in a report dated January 9, 1778, addressed by the commander of the cavalry, Count Casimir Pulaski, to George Washington. For the first eighteen months of the war, Washington had no cavalry at his disposal, but when the organisation of the army was begun, four cavalry regiments were established, though in consequence of the area over which their activities had to be spread they had little importance, and were in any case little more than mounted infantry without even the most elementary military organisation. This was to be the task of Pulaski, himself a former Polish cavalry officer, and his practised eye evidently lighted upon Kováts, for in the above-mentioned letter, written from Trenton, he recommends Kováts in no uncertain terms.

The new cavalry formations, so Pulaski wrote, "must be exercised and taught the service from the Colo. to the private. Colo. Kováts is a man of great merit, and deserves the charge of Master of Exercises; he is an officer worthy of research and exclusive of a thorough knowledge of his abilities I request his being employed by your Excelly. I can recommend him and assure your Excelly. will never have reason to repent your confidence in him, if this proposal should be agreeable to your Excelly., the sooner I am informed the better as he will be of infinite service to the Cavalry this winter in Quarters." About the same time, in another letter, Pulaski wrote that "an officer actuated by different motives would remove the bad habits and correct the defects of the superior officers. There is an Officer now in this country whose name is Kováts. I know him to have served with reputation in the Prussian service and assure your Excellency that he is in every way equal to this undertaking."

There must have been some delay in obtaining an answer to these recommendations, for Pulaski wrote again from Trenton on February 4, 1778, "about the commission for Colonel Kováts with authority to command a detachment as a Colonel. He will be of more sarvice in an attack as in other Duty."

Yet again, on March 19, he writes to Washington: "I would propose, for my subaltern, an experienced officer, by name Kováts, formerly partisan in the Prussian service."

This time his application succeeded, and on April 18, 1778, upon the joint proposal of George Washington and the committee, Congress appointed Michael Kováts Colonel-Commandant of the Pulaski Legion, which had been formed shortly after the battle of Haddonfield, where Pulaski had a horse shot under him. Kováts seems to have been well known by then, for there is extant a letter dated January 14, 1778 from a Colonel Lutterloh to Lieutenant-colonel Laurens, in which we find that "Pulaski wishes also to have that famous Colonel Kováts . . . here are officers and men who served under him . . . Pulaski wants him as his exercising master. He will be better than the French men we had, who did never serve in light troops." Again, in the same month he was in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where the following reference may be found in the diary of the Protestant church: "On Saturday 24th. the well-known Kováts, Prussian hussar officer in the last war, who had long lived in retirement, came here to see what assistance he could find for the equipment and mounting of a hussar corps which he is to raise."

The recruiting went on at once, with Colonel Kováts at Easton, Pennsylvania, Major Count Montfort at Baltimore, and Major Betken at Trenton. The training of the recruits was carried out so rapidly that on August 4, 1778 the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser* reported that "on Wednesday last the Hon. General Pulaski reviewed his independent legion in this town. They made a martial appearance and performed many manoeuvres in a manner that reflected the highest honour on both officers and privates." It was indeed an achievement, for the material in Kováts's hands was of varied origin and language.

A few weeks before this, the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania had instructed Colonel Hartley to take a detachment from New Jersey to Easton, and, joining Colonel Kováts's cavalry corps, to march against the Indians who had attacked the frontiers of the State. On August 15 he received further instructions to proceed to Wyoming and await orders, while in the meantime Kováts was commanded to join General

Pulaski. Later we read of the representations of a Captain Kearney, despatched by Colonel Hartley, who apparently considered the sending of Kováts against the Indians an unfortunate choice, since, whatever the Colonel's capabilities, he was not familiar with the country and local conditions, and even less with the tactics to be employed against the Indians. It would seem that Kováts heard of this letter, for on September 19 he wrote to Henry Laurens at Philadelphia, saying that his long service abroad in the Hungarian and Prussian service had given him sufficient knowledge to be a proper judge of such a regulation as he intended to propose. In the same letter he writes: "And the Lettres I have from the Honorable Bord of War will be a proafe that I executed the orders with approbation against the Indians, but this has given me a certainty. That under my Plan such Security, as mantioned, wuld be made if the honorable Congress will honour me with the Regulation of it — which I shall faithfully execute, and glory in the honour of such a Commend which will give me an Oppertunity to show my attachment and Fideliti for this country cause . . ."

On October 10, 1778, Pulaski was able to report to Congress that the legion had been in action against the English and had repulsed an attack on Osborne's Island, while four days later the action at Egg Harbour took place. A lieutenant in the legion, a German named Gustavus Juliet, who had formerly served with the English in the Hessen-Kassel regiment, went over to the enemy with five men, and assisted them to penetrate as far as the houses where the men of the legion were billeted, with the result that two officers were killed and thirty men killed and wounded, and the English were only driven off by the arrival of the cavalry.

On October 26 the cavalry and the Pulaski legion were ordered to proceed to Sussex Court House, where they again received instructions to move to Cale's Fort; wintering there, they defended the frontiers of the State of New Jersey against the Indians and such of the population as was Anglophile. On February 2, 1779, however, they were ordered south to join General Lincoln in South Carolina. They actually left, with a strength of 336 men, on March 28, through Winchester and Staunton, Salisbury, Charlotte and Campden to Charleston

and Savannah. It was in the latter town that the legion's fate was sealed. Early in May the cavalry of the Pulaski legion reached Salem, and the diary of the Protestant church relates that they attended church there and "altogether behaved extremely properly and paid for everything in cash." But the evil tidings were not long delayed, and soon the legion had forty men down with the smallpox.

They reached the neighbourhood of Charleston with considerably diminished numbers. The town, under the command of General Moultrie, was then menaced by the approaching English under Colonel Prevost, and the situation became so desperate that the townspeople begged the General to surrender the town. But on May 8 the cavalry of the Pulaski legion arrived, followed three days later by the infantry, and the spirits of the people revived. Having weighed up the situation carefully, Pulaski decided to make an immediate sally and attack the English, in the hope of repulsing them and thus relieving the town. The events which followed have been narrated by innumerable writers, but one of the most fascinating is the book of Dr. Johnson, a physician of Charleston, who was a young man at the time and relates his experiences in the following words :

"Pulaski arrived at Charleston on the 11th. of May, having crossed Cooper river from the east, about the same time that Prevost crossed Ashley river from the west. An attack on the British was immediately concerted, which, without him, would certainly not have been made. In this very gallant attack on the British advance, he had personally several encounters with individuals of the enemy, and was always the victor. His next in command, Colonel Kováts, was not so fortunate. Having been bravely engaged with the enemy he was severely wounded, and in the retreat fell from his horse in the road. The British buried him where he fell, on the west side of the road, in land now owned and enclosed by John Margart, at the corner of Huger Street. He was an officer of great merit and experience, a Hungarian by birth, and had been an officer of hussars under Frederick the Great . . ." And Michael Kováts, who thus ended his long military career in the service of freedom, as a soldier would probably have appreciated the tribute to him and the men he trained, from the enemy ; Major F. Skelly, the

Brigade Major of the English forces operating against Charleston, wrote in his diary that the Pulaski legion was "the best cavalry the rebels ever had."

It remains to be related that Count Casimir Pulaski soon followed his friend, for at the siege of Savannah on October 9 of the same year he was mortally wounded, dying two days later on board the brig *Wasp*. With this and its other losses the Pulaski legion was weakened to such an extent that it was disbanded. Its colours are preserved in the museum of the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore.

The news of Kováts's death seems to have reached Hungary very quickly, for a report dated September 28, 1779, from the Buda Fortress Command to the Hungarian General Headquarters speaks of his wife as a widow. She herself, unable to visit her gallant husband's grave, erected a small memorial chapel to his memory near the church of Szinye. There it stands to this day, surrounded by century-old lime-trees, recalling the memory of the Hungarian officer of hussars who died in action for the liberty of the United States of America a hundred and sixty years ago.

THE NEW FRONTIER

TWO STORIES OF THE RETURN

By ALBERT WASS

Count Wass is one of the best-known novelists and short-story writers of Transylvania, and translations of his work have already appeared in these pages. The two short stories which follow describe two aspects of the restoration to Hungary of a part of Transylvania under the Vienna Award last year, and show two typical scenes in the early days of September. Readers may remember the article by Count Hugo Kálnoky in our special Transylvanian number last winter, which told very much the same story.

I.

The Wrong Side

FARMER Telkes stood in front of his gate as though he had already entered on his office as headman of Magyar-Almás. There was not the slightest doubt but that he was to be the new headman. The whole village was of one mind about it; the present headman, Ilia Dan, the Rumanian, was already a mere shadow of his office; he came running to him, István Telkes, every time he had to make a decision, so scared was he of doing the wrong thing. It was a foregone conclusion, certain as death itself, that István Telkes was to be headman of Magyar-Almás; all that was needed was that the Magyar troops should enter the village.

The matter of their reception had been discussed between him and the parson. And it was to him, Telkes, that the schoolmaster had come for advice the night before.

"What do you think I had better do, *domnu* István? Stay or run away? Will the Magyars beat me if I stay?"

"Of course not, Mister," he had told the trembling man, "why should they beat you? Stay where you are — these are unquiet times for travelling. There'll be time enough for you to leave later on, if you want to. Honest men like you need

have no fear of anyone. Least of all of us Magyars. We are not savages."

That is what he had said to the schoolmaster, whose little frightened eyes had blinked at him gratefully. For it was true enough that it would be no easy matter to get away just now, with the soldiers crowding all civilian carriages off the roads.

And he had said the same to the Rumanian priest.

"You, of all people, must not run away, your reverence. There will be just as much need of you as before, for no one will dream of driving away your flock."

As he stood there in his own gateway he felt a mild satisfaction at the remembrance of those words, for they had been the right words — the sort of words you would expect from a Magyar and from him, István Telkes, first farmer in Magyar-Almás and from to-morrow on headman of the village. Because to-morrow the Hungarian troops would come marching through the village, and all the misery of the last twenty years would be ended . . .

Only one thought troubled his serenity as he stood there. It was said that the frontier line would be drawn just below the village, and that a portion of the fields would be left in Rumania. According to parson that wouldn't matter as much as he thought — because they would always give you a permit to get to them. But who ever heard of having to ask for a permit when you wanted to plough or to sow or to reap in your own fields? They might really have drawn the demarcation-line a few miles further south while they were about it — it wouldn't have made much difference to the Rumanians.

He drove away these unseasonable thoughts and turned his mind on the speech of welcome to the troops, for they had reached Kolozs that day, the wireless up at parson's had said, and Kolozs was only a few hours' march from Almás. By to-morrow morning they might be there.

Someone must bid them welcome, and that someone must be he, István Telkes, as headman of the village from to-morrow. No trifling matter, that! He went hot all over at the mere thought of it. To stand under the triumphal arch and deliver a speech to the commander of the Hungarian troops . . . He wondered what his rank would be. A Colonel, perhaps. Or even — why, he might even be a General! How in the world

was he to find out in what manner he must address the great man with whom he would have to stand face to face?

While he stood at his gate pondering these things, his wife was busy setting the house in order. The walls had been white-washed the day before, and a new door and new windows set in. For you couldn't have a homestead in Hungary looking as it had done when it was in Rumania! The yard was freshly swept, and at the end of the passage which ran along the side of the house there stood the two Hungarian flags which were to adorn the gate to-morrow.

Inside, the woman was plying her broom without haste, in the dignified and leisurely manner that befitted the wife of a village headman who on the morrow would be exchanging amenities with a military commander. The afternoon sun filled the yard with a balmy autumn warmth and the three children, over by the wood-pile, squabbled in low tones as to which of them should have the honour of removing the sign which for twenty years had been miscalling their village "Alimis." For of course it must be removed before the troops arrived — their father had said so. And who so fitted to perform the office as the headman's sons?

Into this serene and tranquil holiday atmosphere there suddenly burst a little company of mounted soldiers who, coming from the direction of the highroad, drew rein in front of Farmer Telkes's house.

"What village is this?" asked the officer in Rumanian of the man leaning against the gate.

"Magyar-Almás," replied István Telkes gravely; "in Ru-manian," he added, with the kindly intent to assist the other's comprehension, "it is called Alimis."

"Ah, Alimis, Alimis," exclaimed the officer joyfully. "Then we're on the right track. Where is the headman?"

"The present headman lives further up in the next street," replied Telkes pointing out the direction obligingly; "to the right of the Jew's shop — not far from the cooperative stores. Keep straight on and you'll come to his house."

The soldiers rode on, and Farmer Telkes, still leaning against the gate-post, returned in his thoughts to the speech he must deliver on the morrow. But presently Ilia Dan, the Rumanian headman, came down the street towards him. He

was walking quickly, and for some reason his face was very red.

"I've got to billet some soldiers on you, Stefan," he called from afar, and his tone was quite different from that which he had used only a little while before. "A sergeant and four troopers. Prepare beds for them and see that you make room for their horses."

"For one night?" asked István Telkes with some annoyance, while he thought to himself: "How like a Rumanian, to become high and mighty the minute he sees a few soldiers of his own kind! Twelve hours ago I was still *domnu* István to him, now he calls me simply Stefan . . ."

Ilia Dan came to a halt in front of him. He was a short, misshapen man, but for the moment he seemed, somehow, bigger than his ordinary size.

"Not only for the one night, Stefan — for several nights and days. Perhaps even for several weeks. The village is going to stay Rumanian."

István Telkes started as though flicked with a lash.

"What's that you say?"

"You heard me," retorted the other insolently. "The village is going to stay Rumanian. The *domnu* officer showed it to me on the map. Only some of the fields will go to Hungary."

"Impossible!" exclaimed István, appalled.

But Ilia Dan was already walking away and called back over his shoulder:

"Make ready at once, for they may be here any minute — one sergeant, four troopers and five horses."

The world spun round with István Telkes as he stood in his gate, and the serene, sun-flooded sky seemed to lie like a weight on his shoulders. Could it be true? Was the boundary-line not to be drawn where they had said? Oh God, how was the thought to be borne!

He turned. Up in the passage above him stood his wife, pale and trembling. She had heard every word. With dragging steps he crossed the yard and took his hat from the nail in the passage.

"I'm going up to see parson," he said sombrely. "I must see how things stand. If the soldiers arrive, see that they are housed."

"Oh deary me . . ." whispered the woman, folding her hands as though in prayer.

István Telkes walked through the village with black fear in his heart. "It cannot be," he kept thinking over and over again, "it cannot be . . ."

In the market-place there was a crowd of Rumanians thronging and jostling around the newly-arrived troopers. The village youths were shouting and singing and drinking out of brandy-bottles fetched from the Jew's. Mitru, Telkes's old enemy, called out derisively as he passed:

"There goes the *domnu primar!* The *primar* of the Magyars! Cheer him, you boys!"

And the young men, drunk with brandy and triumph, yelled:

"Hurrah for Greater Rumania! Down with the Magyars!"

Telkes's heart felt black with anger, but he passed without turning his head.

In front of the parson's house a little knot of people had gathered, all Magyars, who had got wind of the matter and discussed it in low tones, with careworn faces. Inside, the parson was sitting mutely by his desk. He was pale and seemed suddenly to have grown very old. The parson's wife, away by the window, had red-rimmed eyes. A few villagers stood a little apart, waiting.

István Telkes burst in upon them like dismay incarnate.

"Is it true what they're saying, Your Reverence?"

"I do not know, István. I cannot believe it. I have sent a messenger to Kolozs to find out the truth . . . But I cannot, cannot believe it."

After that they sat together by the desk, wordlessly. The parson's wife cowered in her chair by the window, looking so small and frail you might have thought her consuming anxiety had wasted her away.

"The troops must be in Kolozs by now . . ."

"That's so."

"Can they do this thing to us, Your Reverence?"

"I cannot believe it, István."

They waited, while Time crawled like a big black caterpillar through the room.

"The messenger might be back by now . . ."

"He can't get across the hills in less than three hours."

The sun dipped behind the crest of the hill, the light grew wan and cold, and outside, the fields wrapped themselves in melancholy greyness. From time to time a horse neighed in the yard below, and the heavy tramp of military boots could be heard, mingled with loud Rumanian oaths.

"We've got some too," said Telkes, alluding to these noises.

"This is not what we expected, István . . ."

"No, by Heaven, Your Reverence."

Outside, the twilight was drowned in black night. All along the street the dogs were barking, excited by the scent of strangers in their midst. Someone lit the lamps. Then they settled down again to wait, sinking into the long-drawn-out hours as into a grey swamp in which their thoughts went round and round, like an old spavined horse in a treadmill, grinding fear instead of corn.

And then, suddenly, the door burst open and the messenger came in, bringing with him the fresh scent of the hills. All sprang to their feet.

"Well? Have you seen them? Spoken to them?"

"I have."

The words fell with a sinister weight into the silence of the room. Fear kept back the rushing questions, and the boy continued unasked:

"I have spoken with them — and I have seen the new frontiers. The Captain showed them to me on the map."

"Are they coming?" came the quavering question from the parson's wife.

"Only as far as the Ménes incline."

A silence heavy as lead fell on the little room. Someone groaned.

"No nearer than that?"

The parson's wife began to cry.

István Telkes rose. "I'd better be going home, Your Reverence," he said in a husky voice. "God keep us all." His fingers fumbled before they found the latch. The creak of the door broke the spell which held them all, and one by one the men murmured some sort of greeting and filed out. The parson still stood by the table, his bent face in shadow. The little figure of the parson's wife, away by the window, shook with silent sobs.

The villagers walked away from the house without a word at first. Then one pulled his hat further over his eyes.

"God Almighty seems to have forgotten us," he said.

"I shouldn't wonder . . ."

They said no more, and after a while they dispersed, each going to his own home. István Telkes walked on alone. It was a raw, foggy night, as raw, and bleak and dark as the night in his own heart.

From the inn came the drunken singing of the young Rumanians, and as he passed a soldier came staggering out of the door and bellowed lustily into the night:

"Hurrah for Greater Rumania!"

The full moon was just rising over the crest of the hill when Telkes reached his home. The creak of the gate and the whining bark of the dog on his chain brought his wife to the door.

"Is that you, István?"

"Yes."

He did not go into the house but walked straight to the barn where the two white oxen gleamed palely in the dusk.

"Is that where you put them?"

"There was no room for them in the stable, with the strange horses there."

He said no more but set himself to pull the cart out into the yard. Then he lifted the plough and the harrow on to it and fetched from the loft a sack of grain which he laid on top.

The woman came down from the passage. She asked no questions but stood watching him with a beating heart.

"Here, lend me a hand."

She helped him to yoke the oxen, then stood while he went and opened the gate.

"Where are you going, István?"

"Out to the fields, to sow the wheat."

"On Sunday?"

"Why not? For all God cares what we do, I may as well."

There was so much bitterness in his tone that the woman's head drooped low, like a frost-nipped flower.

"Won't you eat something at least, before you go?"

"The boy can bring me something in the morning," he grunted, then spoke admonishingly to the oxen. He had to speak three times before they would stir but at last the cart

began to move with a shrieking of wheels which rent the slumbering quiet.

"Where have you put the soldiers?"

"The sergeant is in the best room. The rest are up in the loft, in the hay."

Telkes walked on a few steps, then stopped.

"You'll have to roll up those flags and carry them up to the attic at once, Anna."

She nodded, with her apron to her eyes. The cart jolted through the gate and rolled smoothly out into the street.

The schoolmaster was just passing by, on his way home from the priest's. He was whistling cheerily in the moonlight.

"Where are you off to, Stefan?"

"To the fields, Mister, to sow my wheat."

"What, at night?"

"We have to work, Mister, if we are to live."

They walked silently side by side for a while, with the cart creaking at their heels.

"I suppose you feel sore that this village is not to go to Hungary?" asked the schoolmaster suddenly.

István Telkes looked up at the moon.

"God cares mighty little, I take it, whether we like a thing or not. He does as He pleases, and we just have to lump it."

They spoke no more until they reached the school and the schoolmaster stopped at his own door.

"Cheer up, Stefan," he said. "Things will be no worse for you than before. People who work and who hold their tongue have nothing to fear from us."

Once again István Telkes looked up at the moon.

"Good-night, Mister," he said.

II.

We Come Home

We sat by the wireless and waited for the news — hands and brains equally inactive. Our eyes fixed on a picture or a pattern in the carpet, we sat and waited, as so often before, in that numb apathy in which the stifling expectation of coming events had encased our souls. What else had we done these last twenty years but wait, all unaware that we were waiting?

Unaware that the reason why things had never gone as they should, why we had never been able to settle down to anything but had just drifted, aimlessly and at random, was that we were waiting for something all the time. It was only in the last few months that this truth had dawned upon us; the knowledge that we had been living from hand to mouth for years, pursuing our activities without plan or object, intent only on keeping our heads above water for yet another day, since the morrow would take care of itself, wrapped as it was in the haze of a nameless expectation without which our whole existence would have been meaningless.

This last year, having fully realized all this, we had consciously given up everything else and concentrated our energies on waiting. The accustomed daily nuisances — the struggle for justice and fair treatment, the interminable waits in harsh and unfriendly offices, the domiciliary visits, — all had rolled off our taut indifference like shot from the thick hide of a boar. We simply did not care, for we were waiting for something that hung in the air as a rain-cloud hangs over the thirsting fields.

I had spent the day in town, seeking redress for a wrong done me by the authorities. After a vain and painful struggle, in the course of which I was sent from room to room, from department to department, until my righteous cause had vanished into thin air, I had returned home tired and jaded; but there was nothing extraordinary in that; for years we had always returned home tired and jaded from these excursions into the outside world.

And now we sat by the wireless and waited for the news. We knew that discussions had been carried on in Vienna and that by now a decision had been reached. We knew that various unknown people had for a minute held our destinies in their hands, and we had breathed a fervent prayer that our minds might have the power to influence from afar the hand tracing, perhaps at that very instant, the line which to us meant life or death.

Then it came, the voice on the wireless, announcing the Vienna Award. We bent over the map and one of us drew, with a pencil that shook, the boundary line as given in the message:

"To the south of Várad . . . to the south of Gyalu . . . to the south of Kolozsvár . . . From Kolozsvár it turns north-eastward, passing south of St. Gotthard . . ."

St. Gotthard . . . our own village! We froze to ice as we heard it. Even the tears which would have rushed to our eyes congealed in our hearts. Never, it seemed to us, had such joy and such pain surged simultaneously through human hearts before. The voice went on and on, but we heard no more. Long after it had fallen silent we were still standing around the map, gazing mutely at each other.

Then I turned and went to the window. I felt — I knew not what. Was it joy, was it pain? I wanted to rush out into the fields and shout to them to deck themselves in myriads of blossoms because they were once more Hungarian soil. I wanted to run to the woods and rouse the trees from their slumber, telling them to sing for happiness because they were free once again. But at the same time I would have had to salute the southern hills with bared head as one salutes the dead . . . for they had remained beyond the border.

I could only stand by the window, gazing north and east and south, gathering up in a single glance the whole fraternal range, trying to unite in so tight an embrace the hills hither and beyond the border that no power on earth should be able to part them again.

That night we did not sleep. We lay with open eyes while our thoughts, like silent and black-winged owls, flitted hither and thither, visiting all the friends and relatives who had remained on the other side.

*

The Rumanian troops had been given a fortnight to evacuate the territory which was to be restored to Hungary. Fourteen days — a whole eternity. The last twenty-two years had passed somehow; but these fourteen days, we felt, would never end.

In the afternoon I strolled down to the meadow where we had started mowing the late grass that morning. As I passed through the village the people saluted me decorously, like well-behaved children on examination-day. The Rumanians lifted their hats as respectfully as the Magyars; only the

younger generation refrained, but that was to be expected. Their childhood had been passed in the "Greater Rumania" period, and they had been taught in their schools that Transylvania had never formed part of Hungary except perhaps for a brief while and by a sort of mistake; and that no such people as the Magyars had ever lived in the country, the few found there being no Magyars at all but Magyarised Rumanians. So I was not surprised that they did not take off their hats to me; I am not particularly keen myself on taking off my hat to Rumanians who pretend to be Magyars for no reason that I can see.

At a bend in the street I ran into "Uncle" Yosup, an old, white-haired, white-moustached Rumanian, very tranquil and peace-loving, with whom I was always glad to have a chat. He came from the fields, with scythe and rake over his shoulder, a little bent and slow of gait, as befits the old. We greeted each other amicably.

"What news, Uncle Yosup?" I asked, curious to hear what he was thinking of recent developments.

"Fine hay we're having this year," he replied soberly. "But it will be well to garner it quickly, lest the soldiers carry it off."

I liked his words, for there was strength and resignation in them, as well as the fine impartiality of the peasant.

"What soldiers?" I asked, though I knew well enough what he meant.

"Those who will come marching through — and those who will replace them. All soldiers are alike — if they see good hay they will carry it off; they cannot help themselves."

He smiled as he said it, but I felt I must probe further, to see how deep the roots of sanity stretched in his mind.

"You know that this region will be Hungary once more, Uncle Yosup?"

"So I hear. They say it was decreed by the great ones over in Austria. The women are making a great hullabaloo, crying that the Magyars are coming, and what will become of them then? What should become of them? The things that God has appointed as their portion will be theirs whatever happens. No one will take from me my scythe and my rake to mow and rake in my place. We shall continue to hoe the maize and mow the meadows as we have always done. We shall pay taxes the

same as before; and those who are given that way will get drunk and run after women as they have done in the past. To us peasants it matters little who rules in the land. And as for the others — they've lined their pockets and it's time they went."

He touched his hat and hobbled on. And as I watched him go, his bent figure seemed to me to personify all the wisdom and simplicity of the soil.

I had hardly left the last house behind me when a woman came running after me as though her very salvation depended on her reaching me in time.

I stopped and waited for her at the edge of the maize-field.

"Well, what's the trouble?" I asked, for she had her apron pressed to her mouth and I could see by the look of her eyes that she had only stopped crying for my sake.

"Trouble enough," she wailed and started crying again, so that I had to beg her, for my sake, to stop once more, since she had succeeded in doing so before.

She was an elderly Rumanian woman of the poorer sort whom I knew well, for she had often come to do a day's work in the garden.

"Oh — oh," she sobbed, "Your Honour knows I've always been a decent woman . . . you've never had cause to complain of me. Have I not come whenever you called me to work in the garden?"

"You have," I replied, "but that's not the question. I want to know what I can do for you."

"They are saying — they are saying — that your Honour is going to burn all the Rumanian houses in the village . . . and I have come to beg you . . . not to burn mine. For what shall I do without a roof over my head? I'll do whatever your Honour asks — I'll work in the garden again, and so will my son when he comes back from the soldiers — if only you'll spare my little house . . ."

I looked at her as she stood there, weeping so wildly for fear of losing her miserable little hovel, and for a moment wondered what to say to her. I should have liked to get my hands on the throat of the scoundrel who had dared to upset the tranquillity of the village with such infamous tales. It was a sickening and dastardly attempt to disturb the peace and harmony prevailing

among us, and could only have emanated from some city-bred trickster in tight-fitting trousers.

Suddenly I laughed. I could have wept or cursed, so terrible did this matter seem to me. But I pictured myself going from cottage to cottage with a can of petrol and a box of matches in my hand, setting fire to the cottages of my choice. And I laughed loud and long.

The woman looked at me in stupefaction. Then she dried her eyes and began to laugh too. And the sun, blinking through the vaporous mists that veiled the early autumn sky, laughed with us. Or was it nearer weeping?

*

Magyar peasants were mowing the grass in the meadow. The gentle scent of the new-mown hay hung around them like a perfumed cloak laid on their shoulders by Labour herself. The scythes hissed and glistened in the afternoon sun, the grass sank in orderly rows on to the smooth carpet of the meadow, and as the men advanced with swinging arms and bodies bending forward, they seemed to be moving, triumphantly, towards the promise of a better, happier future.

When they saw me they came flocking round me as though I were their parson and they in church.

"Is it true?" they asked. "Are our own people coming?"

"It is true," I replied.

I looked into their sparkling eyes and felt my own sparkling in response. But there was doubt and anxiety in their minds as well as hope and gladness.

"The Rumanians say they will never give up the land . . ."

"They will when the big guns come . . ."

"It is said the King has been killed with all his Ministers . . ."

"The Iron Guard will forbid the transfer . . ."

"Let them! We've a right to take back our own . . ."

"They say if the Rumanians remain masters no Magyar will be left alive in the land . . ."

"Won't they send us arms, over the border?"

"How?"

"By aeroplane . . ."

"What a hope!"

"Will they let us all be destroyed?"

"There'll be war."

"But meanwhile they'll kill us all!"

"They say they'll set fire to our church . . ."

"They've even threatened our pastor . . ."

"Haven't we scythes? And hatchets? And spades?"

Thus they talked, backwards and forwards, in doubt and hope, in confidence and fear. And I looked at them, my own people, and felt as though the same father had begotten us all. I thought of all that they had gone through in these twenty-two years, from the first atrocities to the high-handed measures of the last sergeant of gendarmes, and for a minute all peaceful feelings left me. But only for a moment. The next I heard myself saying — and it was as though not I but someone else were using my voice to utter the words:

"Have no fear, for God is on our side."

Suddenly there fell a silence as profound as in church on very great and solemn occasions when the parson raises his hand in blessing. Never before had I heard such stillness out of doors. I think even the crickets stopped their chirping for an instant. And suddenly all of us, without premeditation or preliminary sign, took off our hats and bared our heads.

For an instant God had been there among us, and we knew it.

Then, without another word, the men replaced their hats, returned to their places in the row, and set to work once more, with a mute and tranquil dignity.

★

Four of the fourteen days had passed, and so far nothing had happened. We sat over the wireless day by day. Had the troops started? Were they coming? Would they never come? What was happening?

What was happening? This question, grown to gigantic proportions, blocked out everything, even the heavens themselves. There was a flavour of sulphur about, as before satanic visitations, or when the tension of lightning fills the air.

And then it came, the electrifying news. They had crossed the frontier! They were coming!

We sat by the wireless and followed their march. Szatmár . . . Nagykároly . . . Nagyvárad . . . everywhere a very madness of

joy . . . On Monday they would be in Dés . . . and on Tuesday they would be with us.

We counted the days. Friday — Saturday — Sunday — Monday. And after that, Tuesday. I had never thought it possible that you could come to feel such love for a common, grey week-day, or for a word — Tuesday. Ordinarily it was a stupid, commonplace day; but now it became sanctified. It seemed to us that in the future the end-of-the-week holiday should be, not Sunday, but Tuesday. A long, long week lay behind us — a bitterly long, work-a-day week of twenty-two years, full of ugly, down-at-heel week-days. This Tuesday was going to be the blessed Sabbath that ended it.

We had to hurry with the triumphal arch. A mounted messenger had announced that the troops were already in the next village and would be with us by noon.

The news drove everything else from our minds. We set to work hammering and sawing, decorating and furbishing. The Hungarian flags which, sewn in secret, had been kept in readiness for this, were brought forth from their hiding-place. The mere sight of their beloved colours, forbidden before, went to our heads.

I could have found it in my heart to pity our brothers in the unoccupied regions, because they had never known what we felt at that moment. I should have liked to say to them "you poor things, I am sorry for you, because you have not lived through twenty-two years of bondage, have not suffered humiliation and indignity, have not been ordered about by aliens, have not been persecuted and maligned merely because you were Magyars. And so you can never, never know what it means to be standing here, waiting for the Hungarian troops to arrive."

It was magnificent and delightful to be erecting that triumphal arch, to be decorating it with flags and flowers, to change into festive clothing, to pin a red, white and green rosette in your buttonhole, and not to think of Rumanian gendarmes, of prohibitive inscriptions, of domiciliary visits and of martial law.

The Rumanian village priest came up to us as we worked.

"I think I ought to say a few words at the reception . . ."

"By all means, your reverence, if you feel like it."

Anger — retaliation — revenge — who could think of such things at that moment?

At last all was ready, and it was noon.

We stood under the flower-decked arch, waiting. We discussed again the programme of the reception, arranged in what order harangue, recitation and the singing of the national anthem should follow one another. And all the time we watched the road, in mounting excitement.

A dust-cloud became visible at the bend of the road. They were coming — they were coming — they were there!

A young motor cyclist came first. His hands and face were caked with mud, but his eyes shone, and they were the eyes of a brother. Girls pelted him with flowers, and he laughed and waved his hand as he passed through the gate, while we shouted and cheered, laughed and wept, sang and prayed — we were utterly, completely mad. And after him came all the others, in cars and on cycles and on horseback, and they all laughed and waved their hands and we shouted insanely and pelted them with flowers, masses and masses of flowers until the road was covered with them and we were quite hoarse and slightly dizzy.

And there was no oration and no reception, but only a confused, tumultuous and magnificent riot.

NOTES AND LETTERS

A New American Review

A LITTLE while ago we received the first number, dated April 1941, of a new American Review, the *Journal of Central European Affairs*. A previous notice of the publication had advised us, in terms somewhat similar to the Editors' note on the cover, that "conflicting opinions and interpretations of past history and current trends" would be printed in the review, but only in so far as they were "moderate and of sound scholarship," and that "no personal, racial or national polemics" would be considered for publication.

This sounded most promising, and as Hungary is a Central European country and the Hungarians a Central European nation, we hoped for a moment that a "forum" would be set up where Hungarian affairs could be discussed in the best sense of American impartiality. But on looking through the pages of this number and perusing the list of contributors both of the first and of the prospective numbers, our hopes were replaced by misgivings. For we found ourselves face to face with the late Little Entente. Unquestionably authors coming from the countries which formed a part of that defunct organism might be supposed to express their opinions with impartiality. But as we read some of the articles we seemed to meet, instead of impartiality and a new spirit, the old atmosphere of Versailles; witness the plan for the creation of a Central European federation the centre of which would be formed by a new political unit comprising the resuscitated Czechoslovak State *plus* Poland.

This is a question whose solution lies in the distant future and depends largely on the development of European politics and of the military situation; but the idea propounded by M. Beneš, postulating as it does the resurrected concept of a Czechoslovak race and a State founded on that impossibility, ha a strong flavour of the Little Entente.

We need not, however, go into issues so far removed from the present times. The other two articles dealing with Czechoslovak questions — making three altogether out of the nine contained in the *Journal* — also have, at the moment, merely a historic interest. More interesting for us is the article "Ordeal in Transylvania," signed by "Transylvanus," who seems to have his reasons for not disclosing his identity, as he could surely have done were he convinced that his article is "moderate" and "of sound scholarship."

Actually it is an anything but fair-minded attack on things Hungarian, on Hungarian history, and on the Transylvanian Constitution — on everything, in fact, that is not Rumanian. It re-tells the old fable of the oppression of the Rumanians by the feudal Hungarian landlords and of the revolt of the Rumanians against it. "Until recently," we read, "Hungary was a small country of 8,900,000 inhabitants. She ranked first in the number of large landowners . . . The large landowners and the millionaires still constitute to-day a privileged aristocracy living in luxury and pomp unequalled anywhere in western Europe. Nor has the peasant class that bears the yoke of servitude a counterpart in any other civilized State."

Can this be regarded as a moderate, scholarly statement? Does it not rather smack of the commonest kind of propaganda?

Transylvanus presents historic events in a light which so distorts them that they no longer correspond with the actual facts.

He wishes to convey the idea that the peasant revolts of 1437, 1514 and 1784 were the "popular rebellions" of the "Rumanian little men" against the Hungarian feudal nobles. It is true that the first two revolts were peasant revolts such as occurred all over Europe in those times; but it was the entire peasantry of Transylvania, Hungarian as well as Rumanian serfs, not the "Rumanian little men," who revolted against conditions by no means peculiar to that country. The bloody rising of Horia and Closka in 1784, when hundreds of Hungarian homes were burned and thousands of Hungarian men, women and children were massacred, was, on the other hand, a purely Rumanian business; it was, however, caused not by the oppression of the Hungarian feudal landowners but by the fiscal policy of the officials of the imperial domains.

There is no doubt that the Rumanian peasants of Transylvania were in a miserable condition between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, but so were the Hungarian peasants; and neither of their situations was so abject as that of the peasants of the Rumanian kingdom, who revolted against their oppressors even as late as the beginning of the twentieth century, in 1907.

Transylvanus makes jeering mention of the "union of the three nations" in Transylvania, without a word of explanation as to its nature. He does not say that it was the time-honoured institution on which the constitutional organization of the country was built up and which from the fifteenth century until the revolution of 1848 solved the problem of the peaceful co-existence of the three nations of Transylvania, Hungarians, Széklers and Saxons. The fact that the Rumanians were not included in this union has its historical and cultural explanation. Readers of Transylvanus's article who are interested in the subject might peruse with advantage the article "National Autonomies in Transylvania" which appeared in our Spring number, 1940, for the "sound scholarship" of which we can vouch.

It is not clear to us to what end Transylvanus quotes the lines from the Address of the Transylvanian Diet of 1699, which merely attest the fact that the three nations did not propose to acknowledge the Rumanians as a fourth nation. Had he not confined himself to the lines quoted by Professsor Dragomir, his readers might have obtained an explanation of the refusal.

The part in which he deals with the Uniate Church is wholly misleading. The foundation of this Church was the second attempt to induce the Rumanian people to accept western Christianity and through its medium western ideas and a western culture. The experiment of the Transylvanian Princes to convert them to Protestantism had failed completely. Protestant freedom and rationalism were uncongenial to the superstitious spirit of the Orthodox Rumanians. Nor had Roman Catholicism much more power to influence the masses of the people; but it was accepted by a number of priests and by the thin veneer of the Rumanian intelligentsia; and the introduction of this creed marks the advent of a cultural awakening not only among the Transylvanian Rumanians but also among those of the Principality, an awakening which had far-reaching consequences. The foundation of the Uniate Church by the Habsburgs had its political motives; but it was aimed against the Hungarians and against Protestantism and is very far from being a "proof of oppression." Religious persecution in Transylvania began and was carried on by the Orthodox State Church in the twentieth century, under the twenty years of Rumanian rule.

It is characteristic of Transylvanus's methods that he should have introduced the name of the Saxon leader, Pastor S. L. Roth, in an article dealing with the Rumanian question, merely for the pleasure of blackening the character of the Hungarians. He quotes a passage from a speech of Roth's protesting against the enactment of Hungarian as the official language of the country, and at the end of the quotation adds: "Roth died at Sighişoara before a firing-squad of General Bem's Hungarian troops on May 11, 1849."

The actual circumstances of Roth's death were as follows:

In 1848 the Hungarians revolted against Habsburg tyranny and found themselves involved in a desparate struggle against the Austrian forces, which were supported by the Rumanians and the Saxons. Roth was on the side of the imperial forces and was taken prisoner and shot, not by General Bem's troops, from whom he had a *laissez passer*, but by those of L. Csányi, a hot-headed Hungarian commander, and not in Segesvár (which the Rumanians call Sighişoara) but in the citadel of Kolozsvár. It was a regrettable act, the more so as Roth was an honourable man and a distinguished scholar. But in time of war that does not count for much; the man who is regarded as a leader and a patriot in one camp is hanged as a traitor in the other.

Coming to the second, statistical part of the article, Transylvanus states that there is general agreement — it could not well be otherwise — that the Rumanians constitute the majority of the population in Transylvania; they did not however, do so "always," as he maintains, — not since the Daco-Roman origins; their numerical preponderance began with the extensive immigration of refugees from the Principalities during the Phanariote period, in the seventeenth century. The Hungarian claim on Transylvania has never been based on ethnic grounds. But this excursion into the field of statistics furnishes an excellent opportunity for slandering Hungary once again. The results of the official Hungarian census must be accepted with reservations, says Transylvanus, and in confirmation of this statement quotes Professor Seton-Watson's absurd

allegation that "from the early 'thirties right until 1918 successive Hungarian governments strained every nerve to achieve complete Magyarization and the whole apparatus of government was placed at the service of this idea." Has Transylvanus forgotten the fact that the results of the census made by the Averescu Administration in the 'twenties were so falsified and adulterated that they could not be made public?

This insistence on a numerical preponderance leads to strange results. On page 27 we are told that the Rumanian inhabitants of the ceded Transylvania number 1,171,000; while on page 19 an American daily paper is quoted as saying that the 'victims' of the Vienna arbitration were "the thirty millions of Roumanians" who passed back under Hungarian domination. So far as we know, not even the most sanguine Rumanian politician has yet dreamed of a Rumanian nation comprising thirty millions, still less a fraction of it doing so.

But there is no point in continuing these objections. We can only repeat that what we have found in Transylvanus's article was neither moderation nor scholarship, but only hatred and animosity towards Hungary. Hence, perhaps, his use of a pseudonym.

We regret that such an article should have been given place in the new review, but at least we have learned from it that the latter is not yet forum where we Hungarians can present our opinions.

THE EDITOR

PRINCE GEORGE FESTETICS

Almost as we went to press, the death occurred of Prince George Festetics, one of the best-known figures in Hungary, and Vice-President of the Society of The Hungarian Quarterly. *The following obituary notice is from Mr. Zsolt Harsányi, the well-known Hungarian novelist and playwright, who belonged to Prince George's intimate circle.*

The Hungarian nation has lost one of its great sons, and *The Hungarian Quarterly* shares the nation's mourning all the more because Prince George Festetics combined with his patriotism and deeply-rooted Hungarian national culture a great feeling for English civilisation. He was always to be found where the principles and problems of Hungarian public education were being discussed, and he was an active adviser of our periodical as well.

His character was strongly influenced by his ancestry. On his father's side he was a Festetics, one of the richest families of the Hungarian aristocracy, and he knew better than most others the obligations imposed by a great fortune. One of his lineal forefathers was the great agrarian reformer who introduced modern agricultural education into Hungary and whose memory is preserved by the country's first agricultural school, the Georgicon. This same ancestor was at the same time a patron and enthusiastic organiser of the renascence of Hungarian literature. Among the close relations of the family we find the great Count Stephen Széchenyi.

Prince George's mother was of the Scottish house of Douglas-Hamilton; thus he had in him as much of the Hungarian magnate as of the British aristocrat, and he was related to practically all the dynasties of Europe. The King of the Belgians was his cousin, the Prince of Monaco his half-brother, and the Hohenzollerns close relations.

The name of Festetics has always been closely connected with horse-breeding in Hungary. Prince George's father, Prince Tassilo Festetics (of whom I wrote in the Spring 1939 issue of this periodical), spent many years as a young man in England studying the question, and Prince George was like his father in this respect. He had likewise inherited from his high ancestry on both sides that keen ethical sense which is a result of centuries of education and complete material independence. Honour and uprightness are not the prerogative of the upper classes, but there does exist a particular cult of honour which is almost an art in itself and has its own ritual. This manifested itself in Prince George Festetics in a romantic manner; an almost Gothic veneration of chivalry was an integral part of his character, of that chivalry which is to be seen in duelling and which, though now unknown in Britain, still lives in the Hungarian upper classes. He was amiable and kind-hearted, but as soon as his code of chivalry was called in question he became rigid and implacable, unforgiving even in unimportant matters of form. Yet this chivalry and bravery was no mere formality; in 1914 when the war broke out he immediately volunteered and served as an officer in the Hussars at the front, where he had to fight against the Allies, that is to say against his mother's country as well.

His passion for horsebreeding and horsemanship belongs organically to this side of his character. Both the English and the Hungarians are nations of horse-lovers, and it is no mere coincidence that the notion of chivalry is in all European languages etymologically derived from the name of the horse. There seems to be a deep connection between gentility and the love of horses. George Festetics was one of the greatest experts on horses in Europe. His share of the management of the Hungarian Jockey Club was to him an important duty, and the great races assumed for him the character of a ceremony. His racing stable produced wonderful animals, and his famous stud at Fenék won innumerable races on all the courses of Europe.

The love of culture and learning was traditional in his family. Prince George was a man of keen intelligence and great erudition, with a special bent for literature. His learning was rooted in Oxford traditions, and to the end of his life he never ceased to add to it, even in his last years when his eyesight had so deteriorated that he could only read with the greatest difficulty. The library in his château at Keszthely was one of the richest private libraries in the country during his father's lifetime, and contained a number of valuable Hungarian rare books. Prince George enlarged and modernised it with loving care at considerable expense; over the door there is a stanza from Byron. Next to books, his greatest passion was interior decoration; the château at Keszthely was not built at the happiest period of architecture, and its exterior is rather rich and imposing than artistic. But the interior bears the marks of Prince George's fine and uner-

ring taste, and shows the world the beauty that results from the rare conjunction of a great fortune and true culture.

Prince Festetics's fastidious nature always kept him out of the political arena. As a young man he entered the diplomatic service, and was attached to the Embassies of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in Paris and London; but he abandoned the diplomatic service on the outbreak of war. On the dissolution of the Monarchy, faithful to the traditions of his family, he supported the legitimist cause, but when the present Regent of Hungary, Admiral Nicholas Horthy, undertook the direction of Hungary's fate, Prince George unhesitatingly expressed his conviction that the future path of the nation could only lie in absolute loyalty to the Regent. Apart from his patriotic convictions, warm ties of friendship attached him to the Regent. He had no time for the political life of the day; his only hobbies were his library and his racing-stable, and apart from them he had only duties and the responsibilities imposed upon him by the management of his immense fortune. Even after the land reform he owned the second largest estate in Hungary, and he managed it himself with prudence and care, in the firm belief that a big estate had an important part to play in the national prosperity.

This belief is more and more being called into question by a new and uneasy era which is seeking fresh outlets. Prince George did not live to see the new order of the future which we cannot perceive clearly as yet. His life was a complete whole; surrounded by the catastrophes of the post-war period, he passed firmly over the bridge that led from the old Dual Monarchy to an independent Hungary. From being a member of the Viennese Jockey Club he became a member of the Hungarian Jockey Club, but to the end he remained the Nabob of Keszthely. This title he passed on to an infant son of eight months, while he himself passed from reality into the realm of memories. We can still fancy him as we saw him last, a rare and perfect specimen of the mixture of Hungarian and English blood, perhaps the last representative of the feudal aristocracy at the head of European social life, a man who represented not only the decorative exterior but the inner value and meaning of a caste that is now dying out.

ZSOLT HARSÁNYI

THE PASSING OF MICHAEL BABITS

These lines must be written in haste and without long premeditation if they are to appear in these pages as a last *Ave atque vale* for the great poet. It was Vernon Duckworth Barker who, in the spring 1938 issue of *The Hungarian Quarterly*, introduced Babits to our readers; here we would only like to say a few words on what Babits meant to the young generation of Hungarian writers, and why is it such an irreparable loss that he is no longer among us.

It would be an understatement to say that he was our master and our teacher. He was, naturally, both. It was the music of his verses which introduced us to modern literature, it was through him that we learned what it is that separates modern sensibility from that older world that we learned at school. Through him we reached Europe. For the most part we learned writing from him, endeavouring to make our own sentences sound like the cadence of his prose. When what we wrote seemed to resemble Babits, we felt that we were writing well; his praise or censure was the ultimate forum in literary questions. In Hungary the younger generation was not divided into right-wing and left-wing writers, but into two groups: the ones who admired Babits and the ones who did not. The fury with which the two camps confronted each other was fiercer than the usual rivalry of political or sectarian ideologies.

But as I said, Babits was more than our master, more than our critic, more than the highest literary authority. In the first place, in our eyes he was a symbol; it is difficult to say exactly of what he was the symbol, but at least he was the symbol of what was most valuable in our lives. It must be remembered that in recent years he was virtually the only surviving member of that great generation of writers which entirely modernised and Europeanised Hungarian cultural life in the years preceding the war of 1914. It seemed to us somehow as if Babits had inherited the glory of all that generation. The fact that he was still among us proved that the great days that that generation had brought were not yet at an end. And all of us feared terribly for that frail life of his; dimly we felt that he was the last link.

For us he meant Europe. I am not thinking now of his role as an intermediary of culture, nor yet of how, as translator and historian of literature, he brought the finest foreign literature to the Hungarian public; nor of how his verses gave us so much of the troubled pathos of the English muse, of its carefully-created beauties. I was thinking of how it seemed that one of the great poets of the west, a Paul Valéry or a T. S. Eliot, was living here among us, to give us example and consolation.

Like Paul Valéry, he too proclaimed the supremacy of the mind, and was its representative. Although the times he lived in contradicted him at every point, he yet wrote these words: "And yet I believe in Reason, how far it reaches, the faithful servant of that Something that it does not achieve . . . Build our life: and as a verse becomes better and not worse, if Reason makes it (but the master must be there behind the architect) . . . to that extent our life will be better. Europe has gone through the horrors of unreason (my life too was devoid of reason): now let Reason appear."

"I am a Catholic; that is, I believe in a Catholic justice for the whole world, standing above nations. In other words, I believe in justice which is beyond politics, beyond the local or momentary demands of our life . . ."

This was his message. If we say that he proclaimed humanity, it is a colourless and banal account of his ideas. Peace, love, understanding, patience are all meaningless words if there is no burning passion behind them. This Babits possessed, the burning passion of the intellectual. He

was a man who could have killed, could have died, for Intellect, he hated unreason so.

He was a great man. He was the only great man whom our generation knew personally. He was the only one in whose presence one felt somehow physically that one was before a great man. In a room full of people, one somehow could feel that Babits was there, and at such times one became instinctively serious and felt that an added responsibility rested upon one.

ANTHONY SZERB

SIR E. DENISON ROSS
(1871—1940)

One of the representative men of Anglo-Hungarian relations has passed away, and Hungary has lost one of her sincerest friends in the person of Sir E. Denison Ross. He was an Orientalist of international reputation who did more than any of his contemporary countrymen to keep alive the memory of Alexander Csoma de Kőrös.

Sir Edward Denison Ross was born on June 6, 1871, as the son of the vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney. He studied Oriental philology in the universities of London, Paris, and Strassburg. After making a journey in Russia, Asia Minor, Iran, Central Asia, and China he became Professor of Persian at the University College of London from 1896 to 1901. Then he went to India, where he was appointed Principal of the Calcutta *Madrasah* (Muslim high school) in 1901. He held this position for ten years, and from 1911 to 1914 he was Officer in charge of Records of the Government of India and Assistant Secretary in the Indian Department of Education. At the outbreak of the World War he returned to England, and from 1914 to 1916 he was attached to the British Museum as Assistant in the Department of Prints and Drawings and also as Keeper of Stein Antiquities. When in 1916 a special School of Oriental Studies was established in the University of London for instruction in all the living languages of the East, he became the first Director of it and simultaneously Professor of Persian at the University of London. He held both posts till 1937, when he became Emeritus Professor. In 1939, after the outbreak of the present war, he was sent on a diplomatic mission to Ankara and was appointed Head of the British Information Bureau at Istanbul. He died there on September 20, 1940, at the age of sixty-nine.

It is not within the scope of this note to dwell upon and appreciate the work he did for Oriental scholarship, which gained for him the C. I. E. in 1912, a knighthood in 1918, and the Gold Medal of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1935. He was a distinguished authority on the modern Persian and Eastern Turkish languages as well as on the history of Islam, to which studies he contributed many valuable works. In addition to his scholarly and educational work, he also proved an excellent organiser. Instituting regular University Extension courses and inviting many illustrious Orien-

talist lecturers, also from abroad, he made the School of Oriental Studies a sort of social centre for the students of Oriental languages as well as all those who took an interest in Oriental affairs. He established and edited a special *Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies* which, ranking after the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland*, has become the second English periodical of Oriental research work. He was a many-sided linguist who could speak and write all the principal languages of Europe and Asia, and delivered many popular lectures, also in the U. S. A., on the English language. His book *This English Language* (London, 1939) is an interesting contribution to popularising English philology.

His relations with Hungary started during his stay in India when he was elected Secretary to the philological section of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal at Calcutta. It was in the same Society that Alexander Csoma de Kőrös was a librarian from 1837 to 1842; small wonder, therefore, that E. Denison Ross, studying Tibetan, took a great interest in the life and work of the famous Transylvanian. In a lecture delivered in January, 1910, before the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, he referred to Csoma as "one of the glories of the Asiatic Society of Bengal" and gave notice of his intention to edit the smaller papers of the founder of Tibetan philology. His scheme did not remain unnoticed in Hungary either: in the same year the already well-known English scholar was, on the proposal of Ignace Goldziher, elected an Honorary Member of the Hungarian Academy of Science. Two years later, in 1912 he fulfilled his promise in editing the papers of Alexander Csoma de Kőrös which — fourteen in number — appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal*. The collection bears the title of *Tibetan Studies: being a Reprint of the Articles contributed to the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal by Alexander Csoma de Kőrös* (Calcutta, 1912). In editing this volume E. Denison Ross did a valuable service to Oriental studies because, widely known as are Csoma's two great standard-works *Tibetan Grammar* and *A Tibetan-English Dictionary*, his smaller writings, dispersed in different volumes of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal*, were not easily accessible to the student.

The interest of Sir E. Denison Ross in Alexander Csoma de Kőrös did not end with the production of this volume. The World War and the subsequent years having prevented him from visiting Hungary, it was not until 1928 that he could come to Budapest, for the first time. This journey, too, testified to his reverence for the memory of Csoma. Since 1900 the Hungarian Academy of Science has kept alive the memory of Alexander Csoma de Kőrös with festival meetings held in April — the month of Csoma's birth and death — every third year. On April 13, 1928, it was Sir E. Denison Ross who, at the joint meeting of the Hungarian Academy of Science and the Hungarian National Committee of the International Intellectual Cooperation, delivered the memorial lecture on the scientific work of Alexander Csoma de Kőrös. This was also his inaugural lecture to the Hungarian Academy of Science, this was why, in very warm words, he recalled his relations with two prominent Hungarian Orientalists, Ignace Goldziher and Sir M. Aurel Stein. Speaking of Ignace Goldziher, with whom he had been in close touch since 1910, he stated that "what Gold-

ziher wrote is written forever". We may perhaps mention in this connection that shortly before his death he intended to write an article on Ignace Goldziher for *The Hungarian Quarterly*.

In 1934 he again lectured on Csoma, this time in London. On the suggestion of the writer the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland celebrated the double anniversary of Alexander Csoma de Kőrös — that year having been the 150th anniversary of his death and the 100th anniversary of the publication of his two great works — at its meeting on December 13, 1934. The memorial lecture was delivered by Sir E. Denison Ross on "The Foundation of Tibetan Studies in India."

In the following year, 1935, he visited Budapest for the second time and on April 25 he lectured again in the Hungarian Academy of Science, this time at the meeting of the Hungarian National Committee of the International Intellectual Cooperation, on "Persia of the Ancient and the Present Time."

But his interest in Hungary was not confined to the cult of Alexander Csoma de Kőrös. He was particularly proud of his foreign membership of the Hungarian Academy of Science and generally supported British-Hungarian cultural relations. On the British side it was he who raised the idea of establishing a lectureship in Hungarian in the University of London, and he would have very much liked to see it instituted in his School of Oriental Studies.

His interest in Hungary continued till his death. In 1939, a short time before the outbreak of the present war he was in negotiation with the Society of *The Hungarian Quarterly* to edit, in cooperation with his nephew, Mr. Allan Ross, a book entitled *A Companion to Hungarian Studies*. This planned work would have filled a long-felt gap in providing English readers with what may be called a guide-book of Hungarology, and Sir E. Denison Ross desired to stop at Budapest on his way to Turkey and discuss matters in person with our Society. It is a great pity that, in consequence of his sudden death, this noble scheme has remained unrealised, and the *Companion to Hungarian Studies* will have to wait until brighter days.

Anyone who knew Sir E. Denison Ross will always remember his sympathetic personality and charm of manner. He had a rare combination of scholarship and representation in social life. In him Hungary has lost a sincere friend and one who knew her spiritual values. His name will not be forgotten in Hungary.

JOSEPH SOMOGYI

THE CHÂTEAU OF KISCELL

The camera-work of Mrs. L. Czigler has appeared in *The Hungarian Quarterly* on more than one occasion, and in the present issue we have pleasure in reproducing some of her pictures of the château and monastery of Kiscell, near Budapest. We are also indebted to Mrs. Czigler for a note on Kiscell itself; it is, perhaps, a minor tragedy that such a finely-

situated example of baroque architecture has been deprived by the accidents of fate of any great scenes of history, but perhaps this will be compensated when it assumes its final shape as a museum.

Kiscell lies on an eminence above Óbuda, on the west bank of the Danube a little above Budapest itself, and is approached up a long stairway, by the side of which there are frequent reproductions of the statue of a child with a snapping dog at its side which stands in the court of the château itself. Some hundred and fifty years ago the château, monastery and church formed a place of pilgrimage, but most of the buildings are now unfortunately in a dilapidated condition, though a portion of the château is being rebuilt as a museum for the City of Budapest. One comes first to a charming rococo porch, which shelters a gate with a very curious Gothic lock, a photograph of which is reproduced herewith. The handle, the knob and the ornaments are formed by twelve heads of fantastic animals. In the courtyard within are a number of stone figures, and the building reveals itself as a pleasing rococo and *Zopfstil*.

The original building was erected by Count Peter Zichy in the early part of the seventeenth century; his first wife died there, and his second wife, Countess Susan Bercsényi, founded a Trinitarian monastery on the spot, the work being continued after her death by her son Nicholas. He called in the famous sculptor Charles Bebo, and a number of other artists from Buda and elsewhere and most of the sculpture is by Bebo, the château however being built from the plans of Henry J. Jäger. The church and monastery were the work of a Viennese architect, and the great altar-piece is attributed to Maulpertsch.

It is recorded that on September 3, 1764, Queen Maria Theresa visited Countess Elisabeth Zichy, wife of the above-mentioned Nicholas, and that she was accompanied by Cardinal Migazzi and the Bishop of Vác. In the following year her son Joseph was crowned as head of the Holy Roman Empire, and two years later he was nominated co-regent with the Queen. This in fact meant the end of the glory of Kiscell, for under Joseph's Edict the Order of Trinitarians was dissolved, and Countess Elisabeth moved to Buda, to the Royal Palace. In February 1784 a commission arrived in Kiscell with the duty of putting an end to the activities of the Order, though their principal occupation seems to have been to draw up an inventory of the Order's property, which was then disposed of. The gold objects were sent off to the Royal Treasury, and the furniture and fittings of the church were put up to auction. We have some records of this sale; a miller was praised for his generosity in purchasing the high altar and the altar-piece for the sum of 200 florins, and presenting it to the parish church of Óbuda. A portrait of Count Zichy the elder was sold for five florins, a landscape painting of Kiscell for one florin, and a wrought iron gate for forty-five florins. Five carvings which had served as the ornamentation of the *castrum doloris* in memory of Count Nicholas Zichy were bought by a customs officer for the price of one florin and thirty kreutzer, while many of the non-religious pieces went to Jewish antique-dealers.

The monastery itself passed into the possession of Joseph's treasury, as may be seen from the Latin inscription on the palace. At first it was used

MAGYAR TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA KÖNYVTÁRA



KISCELL
The first courtyard



KISCELL
View of the exterior

MAGYAR TUDOMÁNYOS AKADÉMIA KÖNYVTÁRA

as a military hospital, and then later as a depot for uniforms. Palace, cloister and church were all transformed, the towers being removed and much damage done to the rococo work of the palace, and the park was allowed to run wild.

Something like a hundred years passed before the château passed into private hands again, and the new owner built and re-built parts of it, the Venetian windows in the second court being the work of this period. If one may find fault with his refurbishings, it is that he was a child of the *fin du siècle*, who knew beauty but imagined that it could be easily copied, and this accounts for the repetition of the statue of the child. At his death he bequeathed Kiscell to the City of Budapest with the stipulation that it should be turned into a museum, and this work is actually now in progress. There is, in fact, every hope that Kiscell make look forward to an uneventful but at least dignified future.

Ady Translated

Endre Ady: Poems. Translated from the Hungarian and with an introduction. René Bonnerjea. (Vajna & Bokor, Budapest.)

Somebody has said that good translators are like poets, in that they are born and not made. This is to some extent true, for both poetry and translation are matters to which one comes as much by chance as by profession; I have never heard of a school for poets, though there are times when I could wish that there was such a thing as a school for translators.

Translations from one language into another may be grouped very roughly into three categories. There are technical translations, such as medical, engineering and financial matters. There is the translation of works of prose, articles or books; and finally there is the translation of poetry from one language into another. Of these, the first and the last present quite special difficulties and are divided from each other by the gulf of the second. For a technical translation, strange as it may seem, is frequently easier than a novel. With the translation, for instance, of an article on an engineering process, or a description of a surgical operation, it is necessary for the translator to have a complete command of the technical expressions in both the languages in question. But if he has once acquired this command, half his work is done, and it is a matter of applying his expert knowledge to the work in hand. A sentence such as 'the cylinders are bored out of a solid block of chrome nickel steel' is a simple statement of fact, with which not much can be done. 'The issue-price of the loan was 96, and it bore interest at the rate of 5 per cent p. a.' does not admit of much embellishment in any language.

Literary translations, on the other hand, are not, as so many people still imagine, merely the mechanical transfer of the words on one sheet of paper onto another. If the author of a book has a particular style, that style must by some means be reproduced in the language of translation. Not only this, but the English must 'flow' where it flows in the original,

and halt where its counterpart halts. Words must be chosen, sentences must be built up, climaxes must not be missed. Any experienced translator will tell you that there are cases where a sentence must be freely adapted if it is to retain its intended potency, and in certain languages still more where it must be mercilessly divided into its components in order that it may not extend to the original seventeen lines that its author produced without a tremor of the pen. The translator of prose, therefore, must have not only the command of language, but also facility and feeling in its use.

Verse translation — that is, the translation of the poetry of one language into the poetry of another — has often been pronounced an impossibility. This of course depends upon the exact sense in which one takes the word translation; it is certainly possible to produce a pleasing variant in another language, but there will be complaints that it is not true to its original. A literal translation will immediately be accused of being an insult to its prototype in that it is halting, stilted, pedantic and fails to reproduce the mellifluous cadences of the poet. Yet the fact remains that good and adequate translations of the poetry of one language into another have been made, and that many of these have passed the critics of both countries — the thing, in fact, can be done. But it takes a poet to do it, and poets are born, not made.

If I am to criticise Mr. Bonnerjea's translation of the poems of Endre Ady from Hungarian into English, I must in fairness state first of all that it requires considerable courage to attempt the translation of a Hungarian poet whose verses, even to his own countrymen, present the greatest difficulties. There is, as Mr. Bonnerjea points out, an 'Ady-world' into which not even every Hungarian can follow the poet, and it may be sufficient to quote the remark of a Hungarian on reading Ady's *Black Piano* for the first time — that it was magnificent, but he was damned if he understood a word of it. There are Ady controversies even to-day, and whatever his final place in Hungarian poetry he will always rank as a poet of exaltation rather than of deliberate purpose. For these reasons, if for no others, I am much afraid that Mr. Bonnerjea has been attempting to square the circle, even if he is not trying to express the significance of a surd.

Mr. Bonnerjea suffers from two initial disadvantages in his attempt; the first is that he is not a poet, and the second is that his command of the English language is not perfect. Reading his introduction, one finds strange sentences such as these: 'When the scum and slush of his (Ady's) life will have sunk into oblivion, and when Ady will be read no longer prejudiced against for his revolutionary principles . . .' And again, 'We either rave with him, or we stare at him as at an alienated.' It did not bode well for the translations to read in the introduction of Ady 'remaining nailed to a hospital bed,' and without being unnecessarily pedantic I object to split infinitives. Finally, in his own defence, Mr. Bonnerjea, writing of the difficulties of translation, alleges that 'one cannot both run with the hare and chase with the hounds,' or one will be 'between two chairs'. Misprints, I know well enough, occur in the best-read proofs, but really 'hemistitches,' 'appreciation' and 'ecstacy' ought to have been dealt with.

If we are to accept Joseph Bartha's statement that the poetry of Ady is 'syllabically measured rhyming prose,' I suppose that it will be a debatable point whether Mr. Bonnerjea's translations creak badly at times, or whether he is just being conscientious. But some of Mr. Bonnerjea's rhymes are forced — the very first translation produces 'wan' rhyming with 'man' and 'real glee' with 'comedy' — and others remind me of the happy days of the Ingoldsby Legends or the brothers Smith; 'fogs in spiral' precedes 'mud and mire all,' ingenuity which admittedly prevents one from wondering what 'fogs in spiral' really are. Not only in his search for rhymes, but also in his choice of words, the translator seems to be limited in his range and only too frequently unhappy in his choice.

But the real pity of this inadequate work is that at least some of it has been done before, and better done. If Aristophanes were to set up the scales as he did in *The Frogs*, and confront Mr. Bonnerjea with Mr. J. C. W. Horne, I am perfectly certain that Mr. Horne would win, 'little oil-can' or not. We might take Ady's poem *A halál rokona* and cast the two translators' versions into the balance. Here is Mr. Bonnerjea:

> Lo! I am the relative of death.
> I love love vanishing from the start,
> I love kisses given to
> Those who depart.

Mr. Horne's version is as follows:

> I am akin to death, his kinsman,
> Fleeting the love I love, swift burning
> Her lips to kiss I love who goes
> Not returning.

And later in the same poem we find Mr. Bonnerjea labouring along to the effect that

> I love the one who has been deceived,
> The maimed, those under Inaction's curse,
> The unbeliever and the glum,
> The universe.

which I think is a poor substitute for Mr. Horne's

> Him I love, the deceived, who suffers,
> The crippled, him who halts, unmoving,
> Him who believes not, mourns, I love,
> The world loving.

In short, whatever may be said of the difficulties of verse translation, and of Ady in particular, I find Mr. Bonnerjea's work heavy going, and although he deserves our praise for the effort he has made, and for his attempt to tackle an almost impossible task, I cannot think that his translation of Ady will be accepted as the final version in English. Accuracy of translation must, in some cases, be sacrificed to poetic values, and perhaps vice versa, but the main objection to Mr. Bonnerjea's work remains that he has failed to make anything like English poetry of the poetry of Ady.

T. B. MARLE

Hunting in Hungary

It is a generally accepted view in the world of sport that England is the original home of hunting with hounds and on horseback. Yet from a historic standpoint this view is, to say the least, open to doubt. It is known as a historic fact that nearly all nomadic peoples trained hounds as well as birds of prey for the hunting of game, and that this mode of hunting, originating in Asia, was introduced into Europe at the time of the migration of the peoples.

It was a matter of necessity for these ancient hunters to follow their four-footed or feathered helpers on horseback if they were to wrest from them the prey which they had killed. The nomadic peoples were equestrian peoples; it is therefore safe to say that hunting with animals and on horseback is one of the most ancient forms of the chase, reaching far back into the dim prehistoric past. Hunting for the sake of food is an occupation as old as man himself, and the instinct of the chase as primeval in man as in hound or falcon. At what period of his existence man began to domesticate certain animals in order to make them serve his needs we have no means of ascertaining. But we have good authority for assuming that the first domestic animal was the dog, or rather the hound, which assisted man in his efforts to obtain animal food and to defend himself against wild beasts. This was the original object of the association between man and dog, an association to which may be traced the first beginnings of civilization and of husbandry. Man took possession of the animal world, using the domesticated animals as living commodities, and wild creatures as his food. It is almost certain that the next animal to be domesticated after the dog was the horse, which made possible the change of place necessary for the hunting of food. With the taming of the horse primitive civilization took a big stride forward as communications and intercourse became easier and the conception of private property was extended. When the dog and the horse became man's companions and helpers, hunting with hounds became an accomplished fact.

Untold centuries went by. Man founded states and raised civilization to ever higher levels. But through every transformation he brought with him the dog and the horse, which had witnessed his first beginnings; these two, objects of unchanging regard and affection, have remained his faithful friends and companions in good days as in bad. The dog became the guardian of his master's home, the horse carried him when he went a-pleasuring or to war; it was not only a means of transport but also a companion-in-arms.

Thus, as we have said, hunting on horseback and with hounds was an ancient and primitive pursuit of mankind, and it is a well-known fact that at the time of the Conquest the ancient Magyars already practised this form of the chase.

In western countries civilization developed at an earlier date than in Hungary. At a time when the Magyars still regarded the chase as a good method, inherited from their nomadic ancestors, of obtaining food, in

England and France this pastime had been raised to the dignity of "sport"; it had lost its primitive character and, no longer practised with the sole object of killing, was being subjected to increasingly rigid rules; the "how" became more important than the "why," and what had been a simple diversion of individuals, ended by being an elaborate social function.

In France the hunting of the stag became the sport of Princes, while in England the aristocracy hunted the fox and the hare. In the eighteenth century the French *chasse à cours* became prevalent almost everywhere on the Continent; but in Hungary some form of the old traditional hunting with hounds probably still persisted; although distinct from the English "pure-bred" variety it was closer to it than to the *chasse à cours*.

Count Rudolph Erdődy, the foremost authority on Hungarian fox-hunting and one of the keenest and most enthusiastic followers of the sport, tells us in a recently published book on this subject[1] that "according to the testimony of the ancient chroniclers, hunting with hounds was a favourite pastime of our ancestors, but probably this pastime differed considerably from fox-hunting as we know it to-day." In a brief historic retrospect he shows that it was Count Stephen Szechényi who in the 'twenties of the last century introduced the English method of hunting in Hungary.

It was in 1823 that the kennels of Nagyczenk were formed on Count Széchenyi's estate. Count Erdődy distinguishes four periods in the history of Hungarian fox-hunting. The first period stretches from 1823 to 1848, the year of the Hungarian war of liberation. During this period as many as ten different packs hunted in various regions of the country, and this noble sport began to come into its own. The events of 1848 necessarily arrested its further development, and it was not till 1851 that hunting was resumed, the first kennels being formed in Csákó, Count László Batthyány's estate.

The second period lasted from 1851 to 1872. During these twenty-one years no less than eighteen packs were formed and hunted in various parts of the country. It was at this time that the Pest Hunt came into being, which was destined to play a leading role during the golden age of Hungarian fox-hunting. The Csákó Hunt was no less notable. Its members are known to have seized the occasion of the meets for political discussions which during this period of Habsburg absolutism would have been impossible elsewhere, an important matter in the period leading up to the *Ausgleich* of 1867.

Count Erdődy has collected with care all the data concerning these Hunts and Hungarian hunting men. He give us a practically complete list of the latter as well as how many couple of hounds there were, and detailed descriptions of the hunting fields. This will make his book very valuable as a work of reference not only for the sportsman but also for the historian.

The third period, from 1872 to 1892, was the golden age of Hungarian fox-hunting. Count Erdődy devotes two chapters to this period; in the first he gives us the history of the Hunts, new and old, which flourished at this time, with a list of the members of each; in the second he describes

[1] *Magyar Kopófalkák és Falkászok*, by Count Rudolph Erdődy. Budapest, 1940.

the Rákos Hunt which developed out of the Pest Hunt and to which for nearly twenty years King Francis Joseph and Queen Elizabeth belonged as members.

We learn from these chapters that during this flood-tide of Hungarian fox-hunting there were as many as twenty-five kennels in the country. Among the members of the various Hunts almost every family was represented that had made a name for itself in the history of Hungary. In this respect Counts Andrássy, Batthyány, Esterházy, Csekonics, Festetics, Nádasdy and Széchenyi, Barons Wesselényi, Wenckheim, Dőry and Orczy and the Dreher family deserve special mention.

The packs consisted mainly of hounds imported from England; the huntsmen also came from that country. These English huntsmen usually settled in the country, and many of them became breeders of thoroughbreds and race-horses when their hunting days were past, thereby rendering an inestimable service to the country of their adoption. The world-wide renown of Hungarian horses is in great part due, apart from our enthusiastic fox-hunting men, to the knowledge and skill of these British huntsmen.

The moral and political significance of the fact that Queen Elizabeth and King Francis Joseph became assiduous followers of the Rákos fox-hounds in the years which succeeded the *Ausgleich* can only be gauged by those who know how deep was the chasm between the monarch and the nation after the events of 1848. There could be no better way of bridging that chasm than this informal intercourse between the ruler and the most distinguished figures in the social and public life of the country. The fact that Francis Joseph's reign was one of the happiest and most prosperous periods in Hungary's annals may have more to do with this seemingly frivolous sport than superficial observers might suppose. The meets were very often held in Gödöllő or its environs, and when this was the case the whole company was regaled at breakfast by the royal couple, with an entire absence of court ceremony. As everyone knows, the pulse of political life often beats most strongly where no word is said of politics.

We read in Count Erdődy's book of the many hunting seasons which Queen Elizabeth spent in England, where numerous Hungarians accompanied her both in an official and in a private capacity, and of the fascination which she exercised on everyone. She was admired no less for her consummate horsemanship than for her charm and outstanding personality. There is little doubt that when ill-health compelled the Queen to give up riding to hounds, a valuable contact between the two countries was lost.

Count Erdődy sets the fourth period of Hungarian fox-hunting between the years 1893 and 1914. In these times immediately preceding the first world war, he says, there was as yet no outward sign of deterioration in this sport, yet the coming changes were already casting their shadow before. Material difficulties forced more than one Hunt to disperse its kennels. Others handed them over to various regiments, a proceeding which saved the sport from complete extinction but narrowed more and more the circle of civilian members. Also, many Hunts were compelled for financial

reasons to substitute drags for a live quarry. Gradual as were these changes, they had perforce to bring a certain decadence in their wake, until the outbreak of the war ended hunting altogether for the time being.

The number of Hunts at this time — including the regimental Hunts — was about twenty-five; but the regimental Hunts were almost exclusively drag-hunts. At this period the best Hunts were the famous Zsuk Hunt near Kolozsvár, Count Andrássy's Parnó hounds and Count Forgács's Mándok kennels.

In these years we meet for the first time in the list of hunting men the name of Nicholas Horthy, the future Regent of Hungary, and it is largely thanks to his support that fox-hunting, which from the point of view of horse-breeding is more important even than race-horses, was saved from complete annihilation.

As early as 1920 various kennels were started, notably those of the Hadik Hussars in Nyiregyháza, of the Budapest Árpád Hussars, and of the Bercsényi Gunners, as well as that of Army School of Riding Instruction, and in 1938 there were in Hungary four private and fifteen regimental Hunts.

ALADÁR BOROVICZÉNY

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AVEC le numéro de décembre se terminera la dixième année de la Nouvelle Revue de Hongrie. *Depuis ce temps ce périodique a travaillé sans interruption à faire connaître à l'étranger la Hongrie. Nous croyons qu'il ne sera pas sans intérêt de reproduire, à l'occasion de ce dixième anniversaire, le texte que la* NRH *a publié ici en janvier 1932. Le programme qu'elle s'est alors assigné reste le même aujourd'hui encore.*

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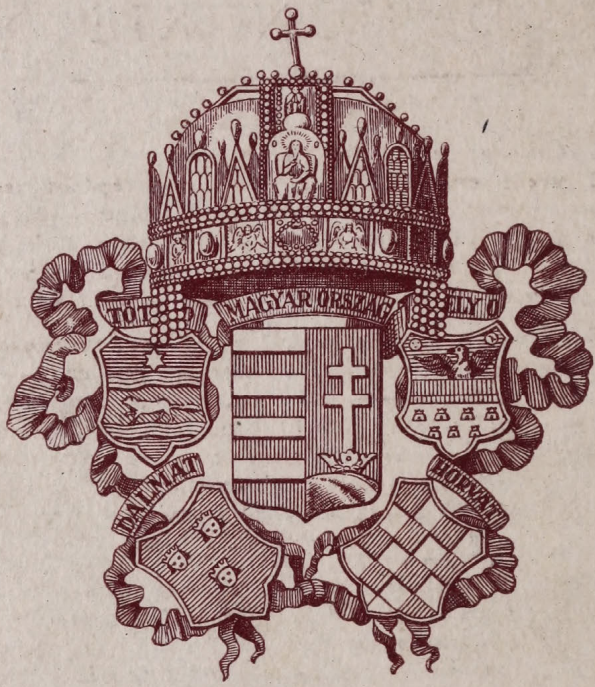

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Information about contributors to this issue will also be found at the beginning of their articles ✱ The Hungarian Quarterly *is glad to publish articles expressing different shades of opinion. The Editor takes no responsibility for the views of his contributors, and does not necessarily agree with the opinions expressed in their articles.*



THE
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OUR SZÉCHENYI NUMBER

THIS is the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Count Stephen Széchenyi, and the Hungarian nation has dedicated the year beginning in November to the memory of this great figure of the nineteenth century who received the sobriquet of "the greatest Hungarian," for reasons which we try to show in the following pages.

We take the opportunity of describing, in a series of essays and sketches, that tragic hero in whom we see in some manner the personification of the destiny of this country. We find in him a passionate patriotism, a warm admiration of western ideas, and an unbreakable faith in the mission and development of his people. We follow his life-story through its conflict with the revolutionary ideals of the middle of the century, the war of liberty, and finally his greatest conflict, the struggle with himself, to his tragic end. It was as if the fate of Hungary were his own.

Again and again in the years that followed his death, the Hungarian nation has turned to the spirit and example of Széchenyi for help and guidance in the trials which it has had to withstand. Of him, as of Sir Christopher Wren, it might be written, *Si monumentum petis, circumspice,* and it was the merit and value of his writings that they provided a solution

for problems that in his day were in their infancy. He was the spirit of the reform age in Hungary, and, as previous articles in our pages have shown, much of his inspiration was drawn from the West. In the articles which follow we have endeavoured to give our readers some idea of the work that Széchenyi did for Hungary, and of the values which he set before his countrymen as eternal.

★ *Regular readers of* The Hungarian Quarterly *will find further references to Count Stephen Széchenyi in the following articles:*

Balogh, Joseph: John Paget (Winter 1939 and Spring 1940). Barker, Vernon Duckworth: Széchenyi and his English Bridge (Autumn 1938). Bierbauer, Virgil: Count Széchenyi and Budapest (Summer 1940). Éber, Anthony: Count Stephen Széchenyi and England (Summer 1936). Gál, Stephen: Wesselényi in England (Winter 1939). Máthé, Alexis: Széchenyi's Mediterranean Journey (Winter 1939). There are, of course, many other references to be found in articles dealing with the first half of the nineteenth century.

BIBLIOTHECA R. SCIENT. UNIV. PRAGANAE



COUNT STEPHEN SZÉCHENYI IN 1842

(Portrait by Francis Eybl. For a fuller description see the article by Louis Vayer on p. 572)

THE LIFE

COUNT Stephen Széchenyi was born in Vienna on September 21, 1791, of a long line of soldiers and churchmen distinguished for honourable service to their country. His parents, in common with many of the higher Hungarian nobility of their day, divided their time between Vienna and their estates in Hungary. And Stephen received the education deemed proper for a youth of his standing, — an education in which general European culture left little room for the specific culture of his own country. This he was forced to acquire by his own efforts later in life. At the age of seventeen he went into the army and fought in the Napoleonic wars, being promoted to a captaincy at the age of twenty-two. Although he remained in the army for several years, this proved the culmination of his military career, his independence of thought being as little calculated to find favour with the authorities as his occasional eccentricities of behaviour. Much of his time was spent on leave in Vienna, where he lived the gay and luxurious life which the court and society of that brilliant city offered young men of his rank — a life varied, in his case, by periodical visits to France and England. In the latter country he gained much valuable information in the matter of horse-breeding, and was the first to introduce horse-races in Vienna.

But this life, varied and full of interest as it was, failed to satisfy him in the long run. An exuberant imagination and a restless and original intellect, which at first earned for him the sobriquet of "mad Stefferl", soon opened up new and newer vistas before him and led him, step by step, to ever more serious pursuits. From the study of the English, French, German and Italian poets he passed on to that of English political writings and of English conditions in general. Used as he was to the graded society of Austria, where no one was secure from the wounding

arrogance of those superior to him in station, he could not but be impressed by the democratic equality prevailing in England. The ordered comfort, no less than the freedom, sanity and good sense displayed in every aspect of English life struck him very forcibly and filled him with a desire for similar conditions in his native land.

He soon realised that if he wished to fructify his experiences for the benefit of his country he must first find his way to his own people. The poverty-stricken and illiterate Magyar peasantry roused more of repulsion than attraction in him at first; but the call of the blood proved stronger than the repulsion, and soon he was employing his whole mind and all his faculties in the service of his "orphaned" nation.

A jealous desire to see his own people enjoy the advantages possessed by other, happier, peoples, — this was the well-spring from which his fertile imagination drew scheme after scheme of reform. At first merely a wealth of audacious ideas, these schemes were gradually arranged and coordinated until they formed a programme filling his whole life. From his twenty-third year he kept a diary which bears eloquent witness to his constant preoccupation with his country's backward state and the duty of furthering its development imposed on him by his station.

What he wanted before all else was a concentration of the national forces; a unitary national spirit with the young capital of Budapest as its focal point; not a division of the classes but their union in a consciousness of common nationhood. This aim he hoped to reach by a whole range of practical reforms which, inspired perhaps by his English experiences, he wished to place on a basis of economic advantage, in order that, at the worst, and in default of any other motive, at least self-interest should rally the landowning class to his banner. By the introduction of horse-racing he hoped to obtain "the association of men of good-will," but at the same time to offer possibilities of material gain through improved methods of horse-breeding.

Széchenyi first proclaimed his ideas of reform in the book entitled Credit, *1830, in which he attacked the immunity from taxation of the nobles and the whole "antiquated and rusty sytem" which guarded the rights of the nobility. He showed the dis-advantage of the feudal system of servitudes, which provided only a miserable, precarious livelihood both to landowner and serf,*

and pointed out that the abrogation of aviticity would confer absolute possession on the owner of landed property, making it possible for him to take up a loan for investments and to replace the old, patriarchal methods of farming with improved western methods. This would lead to increased consumption and a higher standard of living and, indirectly, to the creation of new markets within the land. He made no proposals for constitutional reforms, for in his eyes these were of secondary importance. The first necessity, in his eyes, was to raise the cultural level of society at large, and to increase the number of "cultivated intellects" capable of realising the "civic virtues" within the various social classes. Instead of a democracy after the French pattern, he wanted a leading class of high culture and clean morality which would regard it as a duty to raise the condition of the poor to a more human level.

It was a high task that he had set himself. His conception of the "nationhood" of his people was that "nothing should wholly fill its heart but what is really noble, great and fine." For him there was a close connection between nationhood and morality — a morality as free from the egoism of the French Revolution as from the Staatsraison *of the Germans, according to which proceedings blameworthy in others are permissible in one's own case. Széchenyi's national morality was a Christian morality based on brotherly love, to be realised in the life of the nation no less than in that of the individual. The Christian pilgrim's progress along the road towards perfection — Széchenyi himself trod that road as he wanted his nation to tread it. It led him far away from the worldly pleasures of his soldier's life, to a life of struggle and bitter conflict in which his only solace and support was his love for a noble woman. Countess Charles Zichy,* née *Countess Crescentia Seilern, was the Egeria whose sympathy and wise counsel supported him in his endeavours. And this long and seemingly hopeless love-affair — he met her, already a married woman, in 1818, and only married her in 1835, a year after the death of her husband — sublimated still further the ideals to which he aspired.*

From 1825 Széchenyi's life was a constant feverish struggle to propagate his ideas of reform by word and pen as well as by deeds no less effective and telling. At the Diet of 1825 he was the first to use Hungarian in the place of Latin when speaking in the Upper

House. In the same year he donated one year's revenue, 60,000 florins, for the purpose of founding the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in Budapest. It had been his intention to offer this sum for the building of a permanent bridge between Buda and Pest, but he had come to the conclusion that it would have a more educative effect if the necessary amount were to be collected by public subscription. In 1830 he started preparations for the regulation of the Danube as the first step towards the improvement of transport and communications. He made repeated trips to England, France and Germany for the purpose of studying horse-breeding, ship-building and the construction of bridges. He founded banking-houses and societies for the propagation of Hungarian wines, the breeding of silk-worms, of every sort of activity that could raise his country and his nation to higher planes. As he wrote in his diary at this time: "If they cut my wings, I shall walk on my feet, if they cut off my feet I shall walk on my hands, and if they cut off my hands I shall crawl on my stomach, if only I can be of use."

Széchenyi's schemes, as elaborated in his writings, envisaged many reforms for which the consent of the Estates and the Diet was needed. But the Diets showed little inclination to accede to them. The older members clung to the ancient privileges of the nobility; while the younger men who concurred with his designs did so on grounds wholly alien to his thought. They drew their inspiration from the principles of the French Revolution, and though they subscribed, in theory, to its humanitarian ideals, they attached much more weight to the postulate of liberty, — which in their eyes meant emancipation from the absolutism of Vienna, — and worked for this to the exclusion of all else. They had no comprehension for Széchenyi's Christian-humanitarian ideals, while he on his side was repelled by their clamorous revolutionary ideology. He saw no possibility of development for his country except under peaceable conditions and in agreement with the Viennese government. He was clear-sighted enough to realise that the double process of compassing their internal regeneration and wresting from the House of Habsburg their complete constitutional liberty was beyond the strength of his people; and all his sanguine optimism and self-confidence forsook him when he thought of the possibility that his countrymen might, by some headlong and ill-judged action, precipitate the country

into a conflict with the dynasty before it had been strengthened by domestic reform. That, he felt, would mean its final annihilation.

These convictions perforce set him in the opposite camp from Kossuth, whose activities had from the first tended to sweep the country towards revolution. None knew better than Széchenyi how great and how dangerous was Kossuth's influence. He therefore endeavoured to combat it with every weapon at his command. He threw himself unhesitatingly before the triumphal car that carried his opponent and launched pamphlet after pamphlet denouncing his policy and activities. It was not his fault if the result was inappreciable. Even sane, moderate men like Francis Deák and Baron Joseph Eötvös were more or less on Kossuth's side and reluctant to condemn him as an extremist and revolutionary. They were so far right in that Kossuth did not at this time envisage a revolution. But subsequent events proved Széchenyi's anxiety to have been only too well founded. It was largely owing to Kossuth's activities that the period between 1844 and 1848 proved insufficient to bring about the needed reforms, and that these had to be forcibly wrested from a terrified government under the effect of the Paris and Vienna revolutions.

When, in the spring of 1848, the first "independent Hungarian Ministry" was formed as a result of these upheavals, Széchenyi had a seat in it. But not for long. After the lapse of a few months his mind gave way under the strain, and he was forced to seek refuge in the Mental Home of Döbling.

It is not hard to trace the process by which he had arrived at this stage. Within a few months all the perils which he had dreaded had descended on his beloved land. It was almost inevitable that his vivid imagination, and morbid sensibility should present these perils in an aspect so dire as temporarily to darken his mind. In sleepless nights of self-torment he endeavoured to discover where lay the responsibility for the catastrophe which nothing now could avert. And it became a fixed idea with him that he himself, by starting the process of reform, had conjured up all these disasters.

The treatment he received in Döbling gradually restored his sanity but not his peace of mind. The savage retribution to which the Hungarians were subjected after the crushing of the revolution filled him with intolerable anguish, and henceforth his writings showed him as bitter an opponent of the dynasty and of the Viennese Government as he had been their partisan. He issued from his

Döbling hermitage (for he never again left the Home), publication after publication denouncing the absolutistic régime which had for the time being strangled the ancient Hungarian Constitution. But one work, in which with savage irony he attacked not only the Ministers but also the young Emperor Francis Joseph, he wrote for himself alone. Unfortunately the manuscript fell into the hands of the police, after a domiciliary visit on March 3, 1860. After that things moved quickly. The authorities were divided as to the measures to be taken against him. Some wanted to have him indicted for lèse majesté, *while others, pretending to believe him insane, proposed his internment in a regular mad-house. Széchenyi knew that he was not mad. And the prospect of being shut up for the rest of his life among incurable lunatics worked with such overwhelming force on his imagination that he refused to face it. On April 7, 1860, he put an end to his life with a pistol-shot.*

THE YOUNG SZÉCHENYI

By JULIUS KORNIS

IT was in 1814, in the midst of the gaieties of the Congress of Vienna, that the young Captain of Hussars started a diary, for the purpose of recording the more memorable jokes, witty sayings and *jeux d'esprit* which he had heard and the finer passages of the books he had read. It was not long, however, before the personal note dominated everything else. Henceforth the chief purpose of the diary was to mitigate the writer's sufferings — most of which were caused by love — by having them set down in black and white, to be held up as a perpetual mirror to his conscience.

There would seem to be a wide gap between the young soldier's frivolous life, his constant craving for adventure and his variegated love affairs, and the magnificent constructive work of his later years, which regenerated an entire nation. Yet the contrast is only an apparent one. The psychologist and the historian will be able to discern in the mental ferment, so often breaking out into violent actions, of his twenties, the permanent traits which composed his complicated mental and moral make-up and which were the motive forces behind his public conduct, his constructive work, his ethical and political opinions, his battles and his whole outlook on life. If we divest the young Széchenyi's being of the extraneous matter with which the outside world had overlaid it, we shall find that the core and essence of his character remained unchanged throughout his life.

What was it that gave his personality, from early youth until death, this essential unity and completeness of structure? Széchenyi belonged, not to the idyllic type of humanity, which ever seeks the golden mean, harmony and peace, and shuns all that is likely to disturb the soul's tranquillity, but to the

tragic type which is continually faced by problems that leave the Philistine unmoved, which is ever at variance with itself and whose natural element is violence and strife, external and internal. It is of such volcanic souls that the real creative geniuses are made, those geniuses who, recognizing the portent of the problems which life presents to them, give their life-blood in the effort to solve them, and end by achieving great things. But there is a high price to be paid by the seers of visions and the creators of new things — they must sacrifice their soul's tranquillity. Had Széchenyi tormented himself less, his life might have been relegated to the blank pages of history.

In the tragic type of man there is already in youth a strong tendency to take up a determined and conscious attitude towards life in general, to view all things, big and little, from a higher angle, a universal standpoint. This philosophising bent, which accompanied Széchenyi all his life, made him again and again interrupt his record of current happenings by musings on larger issues. Whether he described his sufferings as a lover, his descent into the catacombs of Naples, the grandiose ruins of the antique world, the destitution and misery of the decaying Turkish power, or the technical achievements of the British Isles, he was always assailed by questions concerning the ultimate meaning of life and man's mission on earth. Was life worth living? he would ask himself. What were man's duties towards God, his fellow-men, his nation and himself? Where lay the true road towards perfection for individuals, nations, and humanity at large? Such interrogation-marks occur repeatedly in the midst of the recitals of light-hearted adventures and trifling incidents; and prolonged musings, deep-going analytical searchings, precede his attempts at answering them. He remains throughout a stranger to happy simplifications even in the most trifling matters; everything presents itself to his mind in its primeval complexity. His cogitations are not the dry-as-dust reasonings of bookmen; it is life, in all its actuality, which provides the stimulus and background to his thoughts and gives them their direction. In time his studies brought more coordination and method into his thinking, but he was never otherwise than rhapsodical, with occasional flashes of extra-

ordinary brilliance. At this time he still thought in patches, as it were; but these philosophical clearings in the jungle of his writings become more and more frequent. Nevertheless, his restlessness prevented him from ever developing a consistent, logical and harmonious outlook on life; his philosophy is never free from contradictions.

The strong tendency to brood on life and its problems, which is a characteristic of the tragic type of human being, is usually accompanied by a strong urge towards self-knowledge and self-analysis. Széchenyi's ceaseless searchings of conscience as witnessed by his diaries became after a while a motive force for improvement and moral regeneration. They kept him from spiritual stagnation, never allowing him to forget his desire for betterment, the elementary thirst for purification. He felt that more than anyone he needed such a constant surveillance and steadfast guidance of his own soul. His unbridled and strongly erotic temperament, his extravagant imagination, his frequent eccentricities of behaviour, which drew other people's attention, his thoughtless escapades and rapid changes of mood, his strong ambition and inordinate desire to excel, were all qualities of which he soon became conscious and for the subduing of which his frequent self-examinations and confessions were an effective aid. Without this self-examination, which pre-supposed a fundamental disposition of unusual seriousness, his life would probably have taken a very different turn. His soldier's life, the immoral atmosphere of the Congress of Vienna, the general cynicism which was a legacy of the long war, Byron's influence and his own ardent temperament might have caused him to remain to the end of his life a mere pleasure-loving voluptuary and wordling. His frequent self-examinations taught him at last to subject his inherent defects and unruly passions to the control of reason.

The following extract from his diary may furnish an example of his habit of self-analysis, interesting in that it gives us a glimpse, at the age of twenty-four, of the future great reformer. When, on December 13, 1815 he left England after a sojourn rich in fruitful experiences, he wrote:

"To-morrow morning I leave London, and after a few days in Paris and Vienna shall hasten to Zinkendorf, where

I shall stay some time. When I review my actions since the day I left Vienna, I am uncertain whether to be satisfied or dissatisfied with myself. Am I better or wiser than when I set out? I cannot tell. I have certainly acquired some knowledge; but have I acquired some wisdom as well? Am I any nearer to the happiness of a tranquil mind, or shall I still rush after unattainable ideals? I intend to withdraw from the great world with all its pomps and vanities, for if not, my ambition will end by destroying me. I wish to find my happiness in mediocrity. Farewell Ambition, which animated me so strongly! Why run after distinction and advancement, when all such things are denied me? *I have still got a country — a poor, unhappy country;* I can do nothing for it — at least not yet. Let the sword be exchanged for the plough therefore, and come thou, Apollo, to my humble dwelling. I have grown sick of Mars . . ."

Constant observation of his own mind developed in him an extraordinarily fine sense for others' mental processes; he acquired a marvellous faculty for divining every slightest vibration of mood or thought in his fellowmen.

Another advantage of this constant self-observation was that it kept his conscience ever on the alert. How often, even in these early years, he reminded himself that he, whom Fate had blessed with high birth and a large fortune, had more duties towards the community than other men. "The higher the sphere to which one is born, the greater the amenities and enjoyments offered by life, but also how many more dangers and temptations — *and how infinitely many more duties!*" Already there was working within him the restless idealism of the future reformer, which was to make him rush from one big task to another. There was in him a constant urge towards self-improvement, moral as well as intellectual. He was frequently assailed by the wish to become a savant and to spend his life in the exalted atmosphere of a selfless search after truth. When he became intimate with the English archæologist Gill, he wrote in his diary: "What a wonderful thing it is to possess such a fund of knowledge, and how poor a figure a man of the world cuts in my eyes as compared with a man of erudition such as this! I have completely missed my vocation so far, and henceforth I shall devote

myself entirely to the quest of knowledge." Even though he did not become a savant by profession, the thirst for knowledge always burned in his soul; he never ceased reading, studying, reflecting.

Széchenyi's preoccupation with his own ego had also its disadvantages; measuring himself against his own high ideals, he found himself too often wanting and had an unnecessarily poor opinion of himself. Self-analysis became, in his hypersensitive mind, the source of perpetual painful self-accusation.

In these early diaries the psychologist no less than the psychiatrist will find notable data in regard to their writer's highly-strung nervous system. "I am slightly mad, there's no doubt of it," he himself admits (p. 83) and this finds confirmation in numerous declarations of those around him. He often behaved in an extraordinary and eccentric manner; he complained repeatedly of sleeplessness; there were times when he felt so ill that he was convinced his days were numbered. The state of his nerves was a frequent subject of complaint in his diary. "My shattered nerves give me no rest. Oh, if I were never again to find repose — if my life henceforth were to be that of a restlessly wandering spirit!" (p. 668). "I shall die insane!" (July 30, 1819). After October 1814 the idea of suicide floats in his thoughts more than once. "If," he writes, "I were to give way to the sorrow I feel over my past life, I should have to blow out my brains." "If you want to be happy," he says, "you must beware of letting your mind dwell on your youth and its follies or you will find yourself caught in a maze from which there is no escape." (October 18, 1814). His own habit of mind precluded him from applying this Lethean principle in his own case. A fortnight later he alluded to an occurrence whose unfortunate consequences "would be the cause of his shooting himself some day." This morbid *idée fixe* was with him all through life.

His vivid imagination often all but outran the bounds of sanity; it seemed as though he revelled in the piling up of horrible fantasies. In January 1815 he descended into one of the catacombs of Naples, after reflecting, in the spirit of Rousseau, that "civilisation was Nature's only enemy, and that the acme of perfection was death." He described the subterranean passages as the most awful it was possible to

imagine. The guide had brought only one torch with him, and Széchenyi's excited imagination immediately fastened on the idea of this one torch being extinguished and he himself being forced to grope his way in the dark until he fell into one of the pits among the dead. He described the bodies, with their parched and shrivelled skin and hair, lying piled on top of each other in the spectral torchlight. "I touched several of them," he writes, recalling the grave-digger scene in Hamlet, "trying to find traces of the wounds which might have caused their death. I took some of the skulls into my hands; they seemed to be looking at me, and I let myself be submerged in Eternity. Our guide, who kept walking about with his pale torch, disapproved of my proceedings; he made strange sounds, resembling hu-hu-hu — perhaps they expressed fear, seeing that I threw some of the bones down into the grave. My imagination conjured up the vision of a sudden earthquake and myself imprisoned among all that putrefaction to die of horror or starvation. I piled fantasy on fantasy in order to frighten myself until, every one of my thoughts breeding a million horrible ideas, I felt I could bear it no longer." He came up to the surface like one reprieved from execution, vowing never to visit such a place again. The contrast between the dead world of the catacombs and the bustling activity of the living could not but strike one of his thoughtful disposition. "A generation underground in tranquillity and holy calm — and two minutes later Toledo Street swarming with a thousand people all busily intent on their daily avocations. It made a deep impression on me. Tormented, all of them, in their brief life by so much weakness and so many desires, such varied yearnings for knowledge, riches, the esteem of their fellow-men — and the end and ultimate goal of it all is — the catacombs." Three and a half years later he repeated the experience when he descended into the cave of Corniglia. Here, again, the fantastic-mystical side of his nature had full play. He had no sooner reached the bowels of the earth than he began to wonder how he would feel were the ceiling of the cave to fall in and to cut him off from the world outside without killing him. He went far forward in the dense blackness without a torch and there, alone, stood for fifteen minutes tormenting himself with the weirdest

fancies. "I adventured so far in my imagination," he writes, "that I should never again dare to repeat the experiment."

Love caused more torments to Széchenyi than to most men, to judge by the entries in his early diaries. His ardent love for Caroline, Gabrielle and Selina caused him many pangs in these years of his youth. Nor was his later life free from the torments of love. Yet when we read his uncompromisingly frank self-revelations we should remember the words of St. Augustine, whose youth had also been on the worldly side, *cadunt etiam stellae de coelo.*

For all his amorous adventures, Széchenyi's fundamentally moral nature forbade his recognizing any other ethical basis for sexual relations than that of matrimony. "After all," he wrote, "the greatest bliss that man can attain in this world . . . is to be found in a happy marriage. It is the way to the attainment of the highest human values, for it enables a man to live for his country and for mankind — surrounded by healthy children and with a tender and virtuous wife by his side. What a happy picture, yet how many of my friends recoil from it!" His manliness and moral sense would occasionally revolt against his own thraldom to the tender passion. "I feel," he wrote in 1818 in Florence, whither he had followed Gabrielle, "that I was born for higher things than to sigh away my life at the feet of an ordinary woman . . . I am young, independent, and I have the will to perform tasks such as a man can shoulder without shame. If this were granted me, I should pray all night from the bottom of my heart that I might be permitted to serve my country and mankind."

This wish gained force during his first English tour in 1815. England strengthened his practical sense and heightened his energies; it was there that the principles which became the motive force of his subsequent great reforms first assumed definite shape. The theoretical, or, as he expressed it, the philosophical foundations of the feverish activity which marked his later years were laid by his experiences of English life. It was in England that his economic sense was awakened and that he became, in the highest sense of the word, a business man in the service of his nation. The entries in his diary enable us to watch the inner transformation which

caused him to reject the sterile rhetoric so fashionable in his day, setting against it the dynamism of constructive action. "Action," he writes, "how powerful, how glorious it is in comparison with the weakness of empty words !

> The Germans write a lot,
> The French talk a lot,
> The English do a lot."

One is reminded of Byron's feverish urge to be up and doing : "Actions, actions, and not writing !"

Széchenyi lost no time in providing a philosophic background for that English practical sense which had exercised so beneficent an influence on his own life programme, guiding it in the direction of constructive work. Wherein, he asks, lies the value of English history for the Hungarian people ? "History, like a good parent, teaches people how to behave in any given situation. A man may be well-educated and yet know nothing of the past ; nevertheless we should have a notion of the things that happened before our time in order to be able to foretell at least approximately what is going to happen so as not to be caught unawares by unforeseen events. That is the basis for any philosophy of life." That is, we must profit by the lessons which the history of the English people, so far in advance of us, has to offer us.

He knew that his friends laughed at him for finding no better use for his time while in England than to spend it in the study of machinery and gas lighting and for smuggling a gas engine across the frontier, an act for which the penalty was death. "I suppose," he writes, "there is something bizarre in the thought of a cavalry Captain listening for hours to lectures by engineers and even workmen, and reeking of oil in the morning as he reeks of perfume at night. In my opinion there are three things which one must learn from England : the Constitution, machinery and horse-breeding. The rest does not matter." These words, written in 1815, already contain the germs of the later Széchenyi's political and economic programme : reform of the decayed feudal Constitution, the technical-commercial plans which included the introduction of steam-boats, the construction of railways and the Chain Bridge and the regulation of the Danube and the Tisza, and

the improvement of stock-breeding, particularly of horse-breeding. The steam-engine, still in its infancy in those days, he declared to be unserviceable in Hungary; as for factories, he thanked heaven that we had not got them yet, for he regarded them as symptoms of social distress; many people were driven by want to earn their bread in factories. True, production by machinery was a source of wealth; but what we demand from a fighting people like the Magyars is supreme courage, not textile factories; nor had we any need of breweries, for beer made people sleepy and stupid. And how could the Hungarian aristocrats sell their sour wines if beer was produced in the country?

One asks oneself how the introspective and exuberantly imaginative ideologist and the man of constructive action, bent on the solving of seemingly mean economic problems, could find room in one and the same person? How did soaring idealism and a realism perpetually at work to create material well-being, join hands in Széchenyi's breast? His diaries, now first published in their entirety, furnish numerous data on this score. He repeatedly declared that he would like to become a savant — a person of intellectual pursuits. But in actual fact he was unable to follow the call. He needed *actions*, the safety-valve of practical projects, to occupy his mind, life in all its reality to take him out of his everlasting brooding. The urge towards energetic action was a natural and involuntary device of his introspective mind. Through actions he hoped to escape from his torments; work and good deeds should save him from his chronic feeling of guilt. "For every sinner," he writes, "there is a way of escape open. But it does not consist in hermit-like retirement and prayer. To my mind the beginning of the good life lies in good deeds . . . They are indispensable for attaining that ideal state towards which all men's aim is directed; for none can win the approval of his fellow-men, his country and his Creator unless he strives to attain, physically and morally, the utmost possible degree of perfection." "I do not believe," he writes elsewhere, "that a person of culture and sense, whose natural capacities and theoretical knowledge have been enriched by a large fund of practical experience, could ever think of retiring from the world and living the life of a hermit" (p. 698).

For him, action, that is, work of a constructive nature, was the natural outlet for his overflowing energies, no less than an escape from his perpetual self-reproaches; it lightened the spiritual tension under which he laboured and soothed his morbid feeling of guilt with a sense of atonement. His excessive idealism took refuge in constructive earthly realism. This was the spiritual process which made of Széchenyi the great demiurge of Hungarian history, the fixed star in the sky of nineteenth century Hungary, by whom we measure the light and the radiance of all our other national heroes.

Széchenyi devoted all his energies to the education and prosperity of his nation. Of his predisposition for this supreme task we find indications on every other page of his youthful confessions. He frequently stressed the value of national characteristics as against a cheap imitation of foreign models. "In these days there is no strength except what lies in national character." When he left his own country, he said, he felt as though his very being were deprived of its roots; he became a stranger to himself. "There is no better proof of this than the fact that I never feel the same warmth, enchantment and intoxication in the grandest Alpine scenery of Switzerland or the fairest Italian valleys as on the plains and prairies of my own country." He feels within him, not the hill-dweller's defensive courage or vendetta-inspired savagery, but a craving to rush headlong in sweeping, devastating cavalry charges, like one of Attila's horsemen who, if we set aside all cultural values, must have been a thoroughly happy person. (November 21, 1814.)

There is a prophetic quality, characteristic of his peculiar genius, which in later years was to recognize as in a lightning flash the portent of certain situations or trends of development, in his appreciation of the great future which lay before the United States of America. Egypt, Greece, Rome, were finished, he opined; America, still in the making, was the empire of the future — *das werdende Land*. It sufficed for him to see two American men-of-war to deduce from them the present power of the United States. He sees the United States resting on the same foundations as the Roman Empire. Exiles, adventurers, deposed rulers had come from Asia and in due course had brought forth Rome; the United States



COUNT STEPHEN SZÉCHENYI
AS AN UHLAN OFFICER, ABOUT 1812

(Painting by an amateur)



Széchenyi as the Byronic traveller

(Water-colour by John Ender, 1818)

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had been founded in the same manner by Europeans. The only difference was that while in Rome everything had started on a small scale, in America all things had assumed hitherto undreamed-of proportions. American civilisation was advancing at incredible speed on the road towards perfection. A new State hardly twenty years old, it was already being held up as a model by the English themselves.

We find Széchenyi complaining again and again of the defects of his education and his consequent ignorance. These complaints were merely the outcome of his constant dissatisfaction with himself. He had an extraordinary thirst for knowledge. He had a special reverence for the classics, and numbered Virgil among his favourite poets. He learned Greek in his twenty-seventh year, on the occasion of his oriental trip. He took with him for the purpose a philologist with whom he read Plato and Pausanias. Plato's *Phaedrus* so fired his enthusiasm that he transcribed long passages from it, in translation, into his diary. The neo-classic spirit exercised a strong spell over him, both in literature and art. He admired the works of Thorwaldsen and Canova and visited these artists in their studios. He prepared himself for his eastern travels by exhaustive archaeological and historical studies, which greatly enchanced his enjoyment of the remains of Greek art in Athens and Sparta. On his return he showed his friends the drawings which his travelling companion, the artist Ender, had made at his request; and he wrote in his diary: "It is my good fortune that the resuscitation of the events of Greek and Roman history always excites an unbounded enthusiasm in me. I have talked so much of Socrates' steadfast virtue and of Aristides' incorruptible integrity, that at this moment I have completely forgotten the miserable conditions obtaining in the Austrian States and have found ample contentment and satisfaction in the service which every man owes to his own country."

We find continual traces in the young Széchenyi's diary of an unusual taste and receptivity in literary and aesthetic matters. Poetry, for him, is an oasis in the desert of his brooding thoughts. After reading Tasso he wrote: "I am completely under the spell of *Anineta* and the *Gerusalemme Liberata;* they have filled my mind with such sweet dreams,

and such lovely pictures that I cannot remember ever having passed a serener morning, or felt greater peace and tranquillity in my breast. I still seem to see Tancred's gentle, deep, never wholly revealed passion fall back rebuffed from Clorinda's flinty heart." His frequent readings of Byron, far from having Tasso's beneficial influence on him, served only to heighten his innate melancholy. He frequently quoted from *Childe Harold;* and himself wrote some poignant verses, under Byron's influence, characteristically beginning: "I dared to throw a glance into my soul . . ." He also wrote numerous love poems, and planned a novel, but never got beyond the plan. For the time being, his diaries and his correspondence exhausted his literary activities. The former often contained regular disquisitions on philosophical or pedagogic themes.

Many small traits and finer shades might be added to complete this sketch of the young Széchenyi — his deep religious feeling, his military qualities, his love of Nature, his manifold intellectual brilliance. His passionate and ardent mind — in which ever and again a chord too tensely drawn snapped asunder — saw everything in heightened colours; an attitude of pale detachment was wholly beyond him. The slightest outside impressions re-echoed in his breast with sonorous richness. While perusing his diaries we feel that we are in contact with a being of more fervid temperament than other men's; there is an inner fire in him whose heat must melt all who came within its range. In witnessing his mental torments we are filled with wonder at the strength of will which was able to subdue and conquer so unbridled and unbalanced a nervous system. If ever there have been human documents testifying to the greatness and power of the human mind, Széchenyi's diaries must be counted among them.

SZÉCHENYI'S DIARY

By GABRIEL HALÁSZ

AFTER fifteen years' work, Mr. Julius Viszota has now published the sixth and last volume of the complete edition of Széchenyi's Diary. This diary begins in July 1814 with romantic excerpts from his readings, with the notes of a restless young magnate who is full of "spleen" and *mal du siècle*, in the fashion of his age; who seeks but does not find his place in the world, a disillusioned soldier, an erratic traveller, half poet, half man of the world, an idler whose apparent recklessness hides sadness, sensibility, ambition, nervous fears and a passionate instinct to find the meaning and aim of life. What a carefree life he might have had, and what a difficult task he took upon himself when he set out with iron will to reform himself in order to become the reformer of his nation. From this impetuous decision to the end of his life the Diary is a faithful mirror of his efforts and despair, of his struggles with men, events and fate, of unremitting strenuous work and of growing unrest, a gradually deteriorating state of mind and increasing nervous strain. The constraint of writing, the incessant scrutiny of self, do not ease him but aggravate the crisis; this daily confession helps to make conscious and liberate the nightmares; his intense self-criticism leads to dissatisfaction and self-accusation. If we read the outbursts of the Diary, we come to the conclusion that these incessant bitter complaints did not only foreshadow the collapse of the nervous system, but at the same time promoted it. Such a self-analysis is an abnormal symptom in itself; the constant reappearance of fixed ideas, the disconnected abrupt forms point in the same direction. But the general impression is not that of mental derangement in the clinical sense of the word, as the symptoms have been mis-

interpreted now and again; not even the Döbling years allow of an exclusively medical diagnosis. What we witness is a great soul tossed hither and thither between extremes, a tempestuous life amidst feverish thoughts and overstrained emotions, ruled by a single passion, but harassed by a thousand petty miseries. A few stubbornly recurring ideas mark the hidden disease, the incurable wounds, the heaviest burdens of the soul. Here we outline some of these recurring motives. We omit his private life, his love affairs, the tragic death of his sister-in-law and other obscure sins of which he accused himself: these cannot be elucidated any further and must be accepted as the play of a morbid imagination; not do we investigate the intricate drama of his inward life. Our brief sketch will be concerned with Széchenyi's public life as reflected in his imagination, according to the testimony of the Diary.

The chief defect in this public career, according to Széchenyi, was that, as a matter of fact, it was no career at all. When he started out on it, at the district assembly of 1825, offering one year's revenue of his estates for the foundation of an academy of sciences, he was doubly an outsider at the assembly: as a soldier and as an aristocratic guest. Thenceforward, he was always tormented by the feeling that he was agitating and working merely as a private individual and never became a responsible factor in political life. The exception, by the irony of fate, was his place in the revolutionary government of 1848, where he was thus compelled to partake in the overthrowing of his own principles! However magnificent the feeling of his vocation, he was filled with anger and bitter humiliation by not having an office, a leading position where he might realise his plans on his own initiative, without having to plead, agitate and submit memorandum after memorandum. He is indeed a strange kind of reformer: to the very end of his career he remains dependent on the convictions and goodwill of other, ruling factors of public life; and, though posterity recognises the heroic greatness of his role, during his lifetime there was nothing to compensate him for real or imaginary injuries.

"Conference at Nitzky's," he notes in his diary on August 23, 1831. "I am ever so much more intelligent and sensible, yet I have so little influence! Will there ever come the day when

my sphere will increase?" (IV. p. 200.) Many a time his "sphere" seems to extend, he offers his services to the Government, but fails again and again, until he notes in despair: "I shall thus remain what I am — that is to say, *nothing*." (VI. p. 209.) After the death of the Archduke Palatine Joseph he was for some time considered as a possible successor, but eventually the Archduke Stephen was elected Palatine, and Széchenyi, holding no office, was hardly admitted to his presence. His position with the Government was particularly awkward, and they regarded him with the greatest suspicion. What right had he to urge them? The rights of conscience, of genius, of national awakening, no doubt; but these were alien to the existing order of things. If he belonged to the opposition, his activity would somehow fit into political conventions, but he strongly protested against being numbered among the opposition, declaring that he was a supporter of the Government. He was so to speak a free-lance who was impatient at the slow and inefficient professional soldier, but by no means an enemy.

His anxiety to stabilize his role grows as, with the passing years, his hope of outward success diminishes. To this purpose he conceives the notion of the "mediator" which is outlined in his diary and, more clearly, in a memorandum addressed to Metternich in April 1835 to refute some false accusations. There are some, he says, who are destined to command, others to obey. "Others have again a different destiny and mine seems to be among those: to act as a mediator in a small sphere but in an extremely independent position." (IV. 690.) The Chancellor, a conservative official clinging to legal formalities, was scandalized by this declaration; on the margin of the memorandum we find the following remark written, in all probability, by Chief Chancellor Adam Reviczky: "What conceit! — an uncalled-for mediator between Government and Nation — the Palatine is the lawful mediator in Hungary."

Széchenyi did not see this confidential remark, but he himself was full of doubts about this unauthorized vocation. Once Paul Esterházy asked him openly why he put himself between Government and Nation and, although he answered proudly: "by my own will" (IV. p. 637), he felt it deeply. Neither high

nor low appreciated the "mediator"; the magnates thought him conceited, the middle class not influential enough. His position, or rather his lack of position, with the Government became tragic in the troubled days of March 1848. He saw clearly Apponyi's mistakes and knew that the national insurrection was bound to end in a catastrophe, but he could not intercede, only warn. He offered his services as a royal commissioner, but was rejected once more; instead of the full powers he asked for he saw the last vestiges of his influence dwindle away. Kossuth's star was rising and outshining him, while his endeavour to mediate and to counterbalance alienated him from everybody. The "individual method" had failed.

This individual political method was at first Széchenyi's favourite illusion, afterwards to become an inexhaustible source of disillusionment. In March 1829 the young Széchenyi, already an ambitious disciple of the great diplomats, writes to Countess Crescence Seilern: "I have to dissimulate all the time — be an honest comedian, a noble illusionist — I must cheat them for their own benefit . . ." (copied in his Diary, III. p. 301.) He goes on to explain his role with obvious self-satisfaction: he would be smooth with some, rude to others, he would win over the one by the variety of his ideas, the second with money, the third and fourth with magnanimity or with threats. He would force them to do what was good for them. But, he asks himself, will there be any result? Perhaps people would not recognise his true character, would accuse him of weakness and inconstancy and as to winning manners — "as I grow older, my ill-humour increases — I shall rebuff people more and more, and in the end I shall stand alone." (P. 303.) We know that he was right in those fears.

In this respect, too, the Diary gives evidence of striking emotional fluctuations. Sometimes he feels that he is capable of exploiting people, of using them against one another, but these moods of superiority are followed by fits of despair and a feeling of incapacity. The moments of satisfaction are rare: the most important persons escape him, the course of events counteracts his diplomatic skill. What success he has is, as a matter of fact, rather due to his persuasive power, to ingenious improvising, to clever dissimulation, and to the imaginativeness of his highly sensitive nervous sytem, than to a deliberate

political method. He has a deep insight into the human soul, but he is unable to make use of this knowledge in practical life; he has a writer's eye to see and describe a character, but he is incapable of exploiting men for his purposes. Metternich's cool, imperturbable aloofness is his ideal, but his own behaviour is often incomprehensible and repellent to others; his opinions are determined emotionally, and he is far from attaining his ideal, far even from Kossuth's suggestive power. The sentimental think him too intellectual, but for the intellectuals he is too moody and erratic.

While in his Diary he gives a faithful record of his failures, to the outside world he continues to act the intriguing, Machiavellian politician, sometimes even overdoing this part. He becomes thereby equally suspect by both parties, the conservatives as well as the opposition. This becomes especially acute in the revolutionary days of March 1848. If we read the rhapsodic notes of this period we get the impression that Széchenyi himself has abandoned all hope, and it is merely to keep up an illusion of the old mastery that he invites alternately the conservative leaders and the leaders of the opposition to dinner. But the antagonism has grown beyond reconciliation and explanations. "My times are gone," he keeps on repeating in the Diary; and in this age of demagogy his "individual method" is indeed out of date. And while the pages of the Diary are almost bursting with a feverish, impotent anxiety because he has accepted a portfolio in the revolutionary government, there are still traces of the old belief in his diplomatic shrewdness that seems almost grotesque under the circumstances: "People will say that I played my game subtly, à la Talleyrand!" (Döbling Remains, I. p. 284. The last, confiscated part of the diary is contained in this volume.)

He cannot rule people because he is hyper-sensitive to their judgement. With an abnormal sensibility he remembers every casual remark, broods over it and turns it into self-accusation. He is upset by the teasing remarks of society belles as well as by Metternich's warnings, by an invitation that does not arrive as well as by the Palatine's discontent, by the indifference of foreigners as well as by the hostility of his countrymen. Characteristically, though, his desire to please is restricted to a small circle of a chosen few; popularity, the idol of professional

politicians, does not mean much to him and he stakes it on every occasion. His behaviour is carefully premeditated even when it is apparently lacking discipline, and calculated almost on theatrical effect. Once, for example, there is a meeting at George Károlyi's to discuss the regulation of the river Tisza. "He presides . . . and I talk an awful lot: 'No dignity' but, I feel that, 'all the more divine spark and genius.'" (VI. p. 352.) He wants to be liked by the chosen few and is indifferent towards the feelings of the many; he is cast down by individual criticism, not by the anger of the masses. That is why he follows with a sometimes submissive, sometimes rebellious, but always excited attention the opinion of the statesman he considers his master of political behaviour: Metternich.

In contrast to Széchenyi's wayward temperament Metternich is the perfect *routinier*. Directing the machinery of a great state in the complicated European system of powers, he has an extraordinary gift for foreign politics, while Széchenyi, according to his own words, "perspires" with misgivings when the conversation turns to European affairs. (His conversation with the British Ambassador in Vienna, VI. p. 526.) Metternich is no enemy of reform. This is proved among other things by his frequent conversations with Széchenyi, but his loyalty to the Dynasty rejects every form of social agitation; he wishes that a gradual change should take place from above, guided by the King and the Government. In 1844 Metternich published an anonymous work entitled *Aphoristische Bemerkungen* that has so far never been appreciated on its merits; he showed it to Széchenyi in manuscript and it bears the unmistakable marks of Széchenyi's influence. In this work he wanted to give a sound political programme to Hungary which was, as he recognized already in 1844, rapidly moving towards revolution. The motive force of the reforms, according to Metternich's project, should be the King, he and no one else being authorised to break the opposition of the nobility. This idea could never be approved of by Széchenyi, who wanted to lead the nobility towards reform like a new Pied Piper of Hamelin. They agreed in principle, but as to the methods to be followed the difference between Metternich and Széchenyi was no less than that between Széchenyi and Kossuth. Metternich and Kossuth, the Chancellor and the opposition leader, were both

professional politicians as opposed to Széchenyi, the dilettante genius; Metternich and Kossuth both stood for established political conventions, although for two extremes: the one for the *ancien régime*, the other for modern parlamentarianism, while Széchenyi's system was an individual masterpiece, independent of all that had preceded and followed it.

In his diary Széchenyi criticizes both his antagonists with his usual keen insight. He admires Metternich's knowledge and experience, but he observes, too, his lecturing tone, his delight in his own arguments, his tactics of passing lightly over more delicate subjects; he clearly sees his diplomatic skill, but he sees, too, his self-satisfaction, his growing rigidity, his hidden misgivings, the signs of old age. On April 11, 1843 he notes: "Called on Prince Metternich to-day. He cannot go on for very long! He is old, broken, — talks generalities — one gets nowhere." (V. p. 704.) At the beginning of the following year he has another audience with the Chancellor; the Prince talked for three hours "*à peu près* unintelligible stuff." In February 1848 he writes that Radetzky, over eighty, and Metternich, seventy-three, are our only two "anchors." The system is old and worn out: on March 15 he records with a sigh Metternich's fall; and with him, the end of the system created by the Emperor Francis "that was bound to lead to absurdities."

Kossuth's figure was a suitable object for Széchenyi's unbounded imagination. The other revolutionaries are easily dealt with: Wesselényi is in love with cheap popularity, Batthyány is a magnate aping the fashion of the age, but Kossuth is a fanatic, possessed, leading events towards explosion. In the days of the explosion, in March 1848, he confesses his awe and admiration for Kossuth: "He neither sleeps nor eats, he loses weight visibly etc. etc." (VI. p. 735.) In vain he tries to get away from him; by accepting a portfolio in the revolutionary government he has become unwillingly but closely associated with him. "I cannot leave him. He holds us all . . . like a spider in his web." (Döbling Remains I. p. 344.) And a day later: "O — I keep on saying to myself — what a stupid enterprise it was to let myself be linked with Kossuth! . . . If I were free now! . . . Philosophy, religious submission! *Voilà* — these are the two anchors." *(ibid.)*

Religion is his refuge, not only in the days of anxiety; it accompanied him during the whole of his career. The influence of Stanislas Albach and German Catholic romanticism on him has been mentioned often enough, attempts have been made to explain his entire system of thought by religion. But the Diary proves that such a one-sided opinion does not hold water. Széchenyi's religious belief was not identical with the German and French Catholic renascence of his age: there was less determination in it, more doubt, more hesitation and search. With him there could be no question of a dogmatic reaction, of medieval nostalgia, not even of a politically-tinged religiosity like that of the conservative Bonald or of the liberal Lamennais and their companions. Széchenyi does not follow his age; religion to him is an individual necessity just like his desire for reform and the part he played in public life. His unappeased soul sought peace, exoneration and absolution with the heavenly powers. His frequent confessions were not necessitated by formalism or by a strictly religious emotion, but by the same urge of self-analysis that makes him keep a diary, by tormenting self-accusation and inward tension. As to its contents, his faith is rather indifferent. "I went to confession, but did not feel like communicating. Is it reality? Is it a dream? I will respect it and not brood over it any longer," he writes in 1827 (III. p. 152), and this attitude remains unchanged to the end. In later years he hears Albach's sermons with growing criticism and notes his decline. "He is declining. Growing old." (V. p. 367.) His religious belief is based neither on dogmas nor on the fashionable attitude of conversion, but on thirst and yearning, it is not fulfilment but hope, a fruitless effort to find peace. No better description of his state of mind could be found than the one given by himself in the Diary: "Church. Tried to soar upwards, to raise myself to 'Heaven.' How sweet . . . but I cannot do it. Wings of lead. Only sparks of bliss! I am always bored in church. It is infamous, it is sad but it is true. *Fido savant* (a trained dog famous in those days) is sad when he has to rack that little brain of his! . . . So am I *dans la même proportion* when I should be superhuman." (August 29, 1847. VI. p. 626.) This is the sincere voice of a weak human being; there is will-power in it and indolence, ambition and frailty — in short: his whole character.

But there is a quality in him, which tells him that he has a vocation, that he is urged on by higher Powers: his feverish activity. What else could it be that forces him to undertake exhausting journeys, to tour the country against his will, to bother about people whom he despises (*Quelle société, quel ennui!* III. p. 21), to rack his nerves in incessant fights and strained, feverish work? "I feel that I am in a close contact with the world of spirits. Is it the devil, is it my genius? I do not know," the young reformer writes on February 19, 1826 (III. p. 21.) And the old man who sees his life-work collapse before his eyes, again asks himself with awe: was he a tool of good or evil powers? He was guided by mysterious warnings independent of his own will, urged on by the scourge of Fate, there was no halt, no rest, only deadly exhaustion. Bringing joy to people never gave less joy to a man. On his journey to the Upper Tisza he is wakened every morning by the alarming doubt: why do I do it? His unwilling body is dragged on, as it were, by invisible chains; he is a prophet of resistance chosen by the Lord with threats and torment, like Jonah. He lovesHungary *aus Muss* (VI. p. 416), but was there ever a love greater than his that was full of accusations, a policy better than his inconsistent one, a life more successful than his that ended in breakdown?

SZÉCHENYI AND PATRIOTISM

By TIBOR JOÓ

ACCEPTING the dictum that time is the great test of the true worth of human accomplishment, we may safely assert that Széchenyi's real greatness lies in the fact that the vast majority of his conclusions retain their validity even at the present day. That which he created extends far beyond the limits of the age in which he lived, and in commemorating him this year the Hungarian nation is not remembering the ephemeral glories of a period whose significance declined with time, nor yet the passing triumphs of a forgotten leader, but the establishment in a final form of ideas and creations which are as important now as they were a hundred years ago.

The ideas of nationalism and patriotism, correlated but yet in certain aspects antagonistic to each other, require special treatment in the case of Hungary. This has, in fact, been the case for centuries, and the earliest Hungarian to recognise this essential fact was King St. Stephen, whose principles, laid down in his *Admonitions*, were to form the guiding star by which Hungary survived the storms of the Middle Ages and the changing ideas of the Renaissance. St. Stephen's theory, in brief, was the development of the spiritual unity that comes from a common country, with its implication of a common vocation and common interests. The far-sightedness of this policy is undoubted: Hungary was then as it is now a country in which a number of nationalities exist side by side, even closely intermingled, so that an appeal to nationalistic patriotism, that is, the bond of one race and one language, was not only impracticable but impossible. St. Stephen went beyond this premise, and definitely advocated the admission and cultivation of foreign if not definitely alien elements, on the

ground that exaggerated unity of custom and language were a disadvantage to a country. The success of his policy, and the validation of what has since become known as the imperial idea of St. Stephen, was seen in the troubled days of the Turkish era, when the peoples of Hungary combined to defend their common country against the Ottoman invasions, and again later in resistance to foreign domination. Up to the turn of the eighteenth century it provided the vital force of the peculiar Hungarian nation, a nation of many nationalities.

This patriotic unity, this affection for a common country, began to be disturbed first of all by the rise of what we to-day term nationalism. The danger, of course, is evident; a movement having as its object the invigoration of racial stocks in contradistinction to the peoples occupying definite territories regardless of racial characteristics and language, must necessarily come into conflict with St. Stephen's principle. There were two alternatives open for future progress. Either there must be a visible rift between the nationalities, a disintegration into a collection of races, each aware of itself and striving after whatever ideals were set before it, to the exclusion of the patriotic unity of past centuries; or else nationalism must be abolished by some means. Assimilation is difficult if not impossible, apart from the fact that it may well be in conflict with the most elementary human rights. Yet in Széchenyi's time these were the two tendencies which were coming into conflict with each other; opinion in general hardly suspected at the time that the solution of the problem lay not so much in the adoption of one or other of the evident courses, but rather in a different interpretation of nationalism. The old brand of Hungarian patriotism, with Latin as the official and literary language, was, of course, no longer capable of moving towards this end, but another course, also a traditional one, lay open, and it is the merit of Széchenyi to have been the only man of his age to realise it.

Széchenyi's policy, his entire ideology and his objectives are incomprehensible in their true significance unless they are explained on the basis of his profoundly religious character. He was, more than this, one of the great moral geniuses of humanity. In his approach to this specific problem, he realised that the Christian interpretation of nationalism must be main-

tained. It has been said of him that if he had lived in the age of St. Francis he would have become a saint; if he had been a contemporary of Luther he would have been a religious reformer, but, as he lived when he did, it was the reform of nationalism that became his mission. His own personality was a mass of antitheses, but with it all he solved the problem of humanist nationalism, which he set up as an exacting norm to his countrymen.

The headstone of Széchenyi's system of values is the welfare of humanity as a whole, a humanity striving upwards towards God. He confronted the ideals of nationalism with the eternal divine postulates, gave them a higher significance by determining their mutual relationship. The focal point of his nationalism was not interest and power, not the terrestrial needs and cravings of the nation, but moral commandments. Nothing shows the sublimity of this nationalism better than his own proud and unique declaration:

"There is no better Magyar than I, but even if there are any number of Magyars as faithful, as sincere as I, there is none more sincere and faithful, to this I swear; nevertheless I cannot forget . . . that I am an independent being with an immortal soul, before which my mortal body stands in the dust, and therefore the Magyar in me has to be silent if his desires come into conflict with the just man." Inherent in this statement is the view of his age, shared by Széchenyi, that the division of humanity into nations is the work of God, and a law of nature; the system of nations, in fact, has its place in the universal order of things, being another facet of the principle of diversity and harmony. Thus, to maintain a nation in its own national character and individuality is to follow the divine command and to collaborate with the order of nature. But the profundity of Széchenyi's thought is revealed by his thesis of the essence of nationality.

In his age, the problem of nationality was almost synonymous with that of the national language. It was widely held that the nation lives in its language, and Széchenyi, while accepting the current conception of the identity of language and nation, gave that tenet a deeper sense. Well aware of the peculiar circumstances that made the problem in Hungary so difficult of solution, he realised the vital problem inherent in the anti-

thesis between the idea and the conditions existent in Hungary as a multi-lingual country, and solved it. Unfortunately neither Hungarian nor foreign opinion accepted his solution.

It will be remembered that the Academy, founded by the efforts of Széchenyi himself, was an institution one of whose main aims was the cultivation of the Hungarian language, and it was therefore evident that he regarded that language as the nation's greatest and most precious treasure, the supreme guarantee of its existence. It was his firm conviction that it is the language, with its peculiar character, which maintains the nation's independence, and that the fact that the Hungarian nation, in spite of centuries of storm-tossed history, had never entirely disappeared was due to the language, which is the factor which draws the firmest line between nation and nation. But he did not regard language as the essence of nationality; the essential is not the word but that which the word expresses. As he says himself, even the most important symbol is still only a symbol; but, since the spirit can only be manifested in such symbols, we must adhere to them and cultivate them. It is the common language and the common traditional customs which unite the national community, but this is only a framework, a medium for nationality which is itself an intangible something, subject to constant change and necessary evolution, whose essence — in his own expression — is virtue, which must be raised to an ever higher standard. The Széchenyi conception of nationality is beyond all mere external habits and forms; it is not a ready-made condition, but an idea to be realised.

His nationalism is neither materialistic nor utilitarian in its character. It has often been implied, and even assumed, that Széchenyi expected the advancement of his nation to be accomplished by a material strengthening of its resources, by achievements in the practical field that would benefit not only his own generation but also posterity in visible manner. But his own declaration is perfectly clear: "We can hope for prosperity for ourselves and for our descendants only if both our present and our future rest upon a spiritual basis, if our material development rests upon spiritual foundations, and not vice versa." These spiritual foundations were nothing less than the spirit of the nation itself, the quality that constitutes

it a separate entity within the realm of humanity in general, and the essence of this spirit, its predominant quality which he calls its element, is in the case of Hungary liberty — the liberty which means the free reign of the spirit over matter, a free observance of ethical norms at the cost of overcoming selfish impulses: in short, Christian liberty, the freedom to do good. It was this spiritual and humanistic idea of the nation, and this conception of the essence of the Hungarian spirit which resulted, in Széchenyi, in conduct that diverged from public opinion in matters of nationalistic policy.

He rejected the idea of the national state, that trinity of one people, one language, one state, realising that in Hungary it could only be achieved by means of assimilation, which he knew to be impracticable, or at the cost of mutilation. He believed in the possibility of a multi-lingual Hungary wherein peoples of different origins could live together in harmony. Here indeed we see his political wisdom and foresight at their best, and his conception, even at that comparatively early period in the development of what is to-day apparently a modern problem, of the true sense of what it means to be a nationalist. On the one hand he fully admitted the right to existence of other peoples on the basis of the principle of nationalism; on the other, nobody was better aware than he of the true interests of the Hungarian nation, and it was this nation that he served, faithfully and with a consistency which, in the end, was to cost him the popularity which he had built up over a period of years by those practical achievements which, more obvious to the public eye, were yet a secondary objective to the main principles upon which he had based his life's work.

It was both tragic and paradoxical that, in the years when Kossuth was acquiring his domination over the minds of the nation, Széchenyi should be even accused of weakening Hungarian nationalist policy because he attempted to restrain the ardour of the people whom he had re-awakened. The fact was that, in his effort to reconcile the conflict of modern nationalism and a state in which the population was heterogeneous, he was constantly tormented by the question of how the country's integrity was to be maintained. He had no illusions on the subject of assimilation, for even his own experience had taught



SZÉCHENYI AS THE REFORMER OF COMMUNICATIONS

(Lithograph of Augustus Schöfft's oil painting, 1835)



SZÉCHENYI AS THE SPIRIT OF THE REFORM ERA

(Lithograph of Anthony Einsle's painting, 1835)

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him of the magnetic force exerted by the fact of belonging to a nation. His first work on the subject, *Hunnia*, published in 1835, outlined his general views on the solution of the problem. It is interesting to observe that the real purpose of this was to have Hungarian made the official language of the country. But how wide was the divergence between Széchenyi's arguments and the popular slogans of the public opinion of the day.

Where public opinion favoured forcible linguistic magyarisation, attributing to it a sort of magic power, Széchenyi was derisive. Such violence, in his opinion, would merely engender a reaction and fail of its purpose, thus constituting an internal danger to the country, making the native Magyar unpopular and unconsciously stimulating the latent insular nationalism of the other peoples. These were no valid reasons in his eyes. His attack was concentrated on Latin, at that time the official language of the country, and this it was in his opinion that hindered the evolution of the national culture and prevented an understanding between the nobility and the peasants, and thereby the unity and strengthening of the nation. But Hungarian must be accepted as the official language of the country, and his reasons in support of this are extremely interesting.

In the first place, it must be stressed that he wished to replace only Latin, and not the languages of the various nationalities. This would, as he puts it, "leave everyone undisturbed and free in the practice of his religion, as well as his language, customs and national characteristics." Here we may note the emphasis on religion, like nationality, being the personal affair of the individual, one of his natural liberties, and it is again of national rights that Széchenyi speaks when calling upon every individual in the country to end dissension and, while retaining his nationality, to unite in public relations for the welfare of the common country. In fine, the political organism of the state is raised *above* nationality, and the nationalistic state is replaced by the patriotic state.

To this end the state must be rationalised; over-complication of the heterogeneous material must be avoided. The first obstacle to be removed is, in Széchenyi's words, that "we do not understand one another, and this is the chief source of all complications." "Let us all talk as we like, as we can, and let us not worry each other in this respect; only our national and

public affairs should be conducted in one voice," and this is for the simplicity of government. The requirement is a simple one, based on reason and free from prejudice. As for the Latin language, one need hardly enumerate here the arguments which he arrayed against its use, for it was evident even then that the world had progressed too far, even in Hungary, for the practical employment of what was elsewhere a dead language. To dispose of Latin was a far easier task than to substitute for it the Hungarian language, and the usual impatient command of imperialistic nationalism, or the appeal to the just rights of the ruling people, would have had little chance of success if applied to the peoples who were just awakening to national consciousness, nor would they have been viewed with favour by the government in Vienna, part of whose policy was to preserve a balance between the nationalities and the Magyars. The only chance of successfully placing the Hungarian language where he wanted it was to abstain from making it a nationality question at all, but to propound his views on purely rationalistic, utilitarian grounds. Again one notes Széchenyi's practical approach to the most complicated questions: Hungarian is the language of the majority — not only of owners of the soil but also of those in public affairs — and it is also the language most generally used as a means of communication between the nationalities themselves when unable to converse in their own tongue. The nation, too, the very country, is called Hungarian; if Latin is rejected, there seems to be no other reasonable solution.

Far more remarkable is the tone of his appeal to the nationalities themselves, an argument which presupposes the very different spirit of the times, which argues soberly and asks for comprehension. He refers to the fact that all these peoples had kinsmen and a home beyond the frontiers of Hungary, a true home in which their nationality and language are unquestioned. The Magyar, however, has no home outside his own country, nor yet — as a race standing entirely alone — has he any kinsmen; if the Hungarian language were to be repressed here, it might easily cease to exist. He concludes that "the Magyar and Hungary's other inhabitants are not fighting for one and the same cause" in the linguistic question.

To work and fight for Magyarism is a virtue, to persecute it an unforgiveable sin, and his request to the other peoples is couched in gentle terms: Hungarian ambitions should not be resisted for "we Hungarians, when respecting your gradually developing qualities, shall at the same time be tied to you by the strongest bonds of gratutide, that you too should wish to honour our faithful loyalty to our nation."

The type of nationalism, therefore, which Széchenyi proposed was in no way directed against another nation, nor was it of an exclusive or aggressive character. Both nationalism and patriotism were to have their place in his scheme of things; even more, "let everyone strive to rise towards the perfection of the character to which God appointed him, let everyone be a protector of his own nation. But for all that, let him not become an enemy of humanity." Such expressions of the purest Christian individualism and of the principle of freedom are among the most treasured monuments of Hungarian national pride.

Liberty, then, represented the essence of the national spirit of Hungary. It may be, Széchenyi writes, that Hungary is backward in many respects — this in fact he reiterated, and most of his practical achievements were intended to raise his country from its backward state and put it on a level of progress comparable to that of the western nations. But in one respect Hungary was ahead of most of them: she had a free constitution and constitutional freedom. The chief outlines of this treasure, as he calls it, had already existed for centuries, and "the treasure which other nations would be ready to purchase at any cost has been ours from the cradle." This, then, it was that he set up before the peoples with their thoughts of disloyalty, the essence of Magyar ideals, but also the token of human dignity and the most fervently adored ideal of the age in which he lived.

The fact that this freedom was, at that time, the privilege of only one portion of the country's population, the nobility, cannot be held as an argument against Széchenyi, for one of his earliest premises was the abolition of privilege and the extension of that liberty to the lower classes as well. It was therefore possible for him to attempt to focus patriotism upon the ancient Hungarian constitutional liberty, not only as

guaranteeing the human rights of the individual but also the ethnic rights of the peoples. Those rights he saw as a pure, moral nationalism that did not rise up against the common country. As for the peoples themselves, it is evident from all his declarations that he was imbued with the spirit of St. Stephen, and with him considered it an advantage to any country to be inhabited by a variety of peoples and thus enriched by the multitude of customs, morals, knowledge and ethnic virtues; going further, he urged them to enrich their country with the cultural treasures gained from their kinsmen abroad. Hungary has at all times been the home of many peoples, and this consciousness was the basis of patriotism linking all these peoples to one another, and their common pride. Another great statesman, Count Paul Teleki, admirably described his country, over a hundred years later, as "Europe in miniature." Such then were the ideals of Széchenyi, and to the failure of his exertions to achieve his end may be attributed his tragedy and his death.

He claimed for himself that he was the most loyal Hungarian, and this claim could not be disputed; but with his wide views and political discernment he, better than others of his day, realised the necessary and essential characteristics of the true Magyar, and knew that the most fervent feelings for his own race might not exclude the sanctity of the nationality of others. It was his desire so to neutralise the state that under its patronage each nationality might live its own national life with a feeling of equality tempered only by patriotism towards the common country. Nor was Széchenyi limited in his political philosophy; he was aware that it was not only in the interest of Hungary, but also of Europe, that there should exist in the difficult region of Central Europe one large, viable political entity which would be capable of organising the ethnical confusion that had arisen in the past centuries. It was in line with this policy of his that he should be convinced of the beneficent destiny of the House of Habsburg, provided that certain necessary changes were effected, and it was also inevitable that he should adduce the example of the United States, quoting the "wise patience concerning the language, religion and structure of her various parts. There, one man does not trample on another's civic properties, national origin

or immortal soul . . . but hand down to their descendants their national heritage."

While it is almost always a postulate that a reformer is ahead of his times, it can have been granted to very few of the protagonists of progress to have seen so far ahead, to have laid down principles of such verity as would serve for so many generations after him. A study of the works and diaries of Széchenyi will show how often he had arrived, in advance of his time, at the unquestionable solution of a problem which in some cases had hardly arisen in his own day. With his political foresight, his quick sense for the practical side of affairs, and his fervent patriotism coupled with deep religious feeling, he stands in Hungarian history in a unique and unassailable position. On the question of patriotism and nationality we may quote him in conclusion : "Unite therefore, all ye nations of Hunnia, under the wings of the Magyar genius." And we know that he does not mean the domination of one people over others, for in his philosophy the Magyar genius meant the ideal of fraternity among the peoples and liberty of the peoples. This was indeed a nationalism that could be consecrated, and the ideal of a redeeming future honoured in it not only by that patriotism which views the self-destruction of large or small regions enclosed by mountains or rivers with a bleeding heart, but which also feels that this entire earth is one home, one country, and does not renounce its faith that one day this will be so, whatever the temporary discords of those who were divinely intended to be compatriots and brothers.

SZÉCHENYI AND HUNGARY'S MISSION

By THOMAS LENGYEL

AT the close of the Napoleonic wars the Hungarian nation was faced with a serious crisis. The period of prolonged warfare had revealed how far Hungary was behind the Western European states and how much it had to progress if it wanted to rise to the level maintained by the great nations of the West. The number of those who welcomed the birth of the system known as the Holy Alliance was not small, for they expected it to give them continued progress and a long period of peace. This system, however, was merely an outward assurance of peace ; it represented a great obstacle to the development of Hungary and prevented the nation from rising to the heights attained by the English, French and Germans. The Metternich system assigned Hungary its place among the states of the Holy Alliance and made it impossible for the country to govern itself. The new tyranny which came into existence at the Congress of Vienna took all the necessary steps to prevent the free development of the European nations and thus to assure the supremacy of autocratic rule. The position occupied by Hungary in the system of the Holy Alliance was especially dangerous ; while the majority of the European nations lived as independent states and had their own government, Hungary was governed from abroad and its development was totally neglected. According to Metternich's theory of *quieta non movere*, every kind of development had to be hampered, for movement of any sort might resurrect the crushed spirit of revolution and bring about chaos in Europe. According to the ideas of the Viennese Government the Hungarian nation should have continued to live in the tradition of the eighteenth century, maintaining its old constitution and carrying out obediently the instructions

of the Government. A similar mode of life could only be accepted by a nation worn out and devoid of hope, but not by one which saw a future before it and realized its aptitude for independent government of the country. The stagnation of its development might have entailed tragic consequences for Hungary, for all the European nations exceeded it either in the number of their populations or in culture of a considerably higher level. Hungary had to choose between adapting itself to the culture of its neighbours and intensifying its own national culture as well as taking the government into its own hands.

During the period of peace following the Congress of Vienna heavy storm-clouds gathered on the Hungarian horizon. The Pan-Slav ideas originating in Russia roused the desire for unification among the Slav peoples living in the Balkans and in the Austrian Monarchy, and Hungary, which stood in the way of a great Slav Empire's formation, was in a difficult position. At the same time the Germans began their attempts at unification, and Hungary was also menaced by the possibility of absorption into a great Empire under German leadership, especially if the new Germany had materialized under Austrian direction. Between these two great powers Hungary could only hold its position and maintain its national characteristics if it developed its own language and culture and rose to a higher level of achievement both in trade and spirit than the neighbouring countries. Unless this happened it was a certainty that the surrounding Slav or Germanic elements would absorb Hungary or at least deprive it of its independence.

Only a few people realised the German and Slav menace during the first decades of the Holy Alliance, and only a few were interested in Hungary's future among the great empires that were being built. The members of the big landowning class lived mostly abroad; few of them cared about their country's fate. The petty nobility feared for its ancient privileges and took good care that the ideas of 1789 should not take root in Hungary and destroy what remained of feudalism. The animosity felt towards the Revolution was so strong that the ruling elements preferred to put up with the absolutist regime and the abolition of the Hungarian constitution, because they thought that with the help of the anti-revolutionary

Viennese Government they could impede those reforms which practically all the European nations were attempting to carry out on the French model. After the Congress of Vienna Hungary had apparently lost touch with the spiritual, political and social movements predominant in Europe, and progress came to a dead stop. Hungary was nothing more than a backward state of the Austrian Empire which was neither capable nor desirous of rising to the level maintained by cultured European nations. Every sign indicated that the nation had grown old and wanted to continue its accustomed life without caring that it fell behind in the contest of European powers.

In the decade which elapsed between the Congress of Vienna and the meeting of Parliament in 1825, the desire grew in the heart of young Stephen Széchenyi to save his people for Europe and to re-establish Hungary in the place among the nations of the Continent which it had occupied during the Middle Ages. Széchenyi was the first among the Hungarian statesmen and thinkers to realise fully that exclusion from the development of Europe might prove a fateful disaster for Hungary. For this reason he attempted to rouse the nation to a consciousness of its mission in Central Europe, to persuade it to develop its language and literature and to make it so strong by adopting the reforms that had proved successful in Western Europe, that it would be able to hold its own among the great powers surrounding it and take over the leadership of the peoples living in the Danube Basin.

The main point of Széchenyi's programme was the inner regeneration of Hungary, which he hoped to attain by rousing the national consciousness and carrying out Western liberal reforms. Before Széchenyi's appearance public opinion was practically non-existent; hardly anyone concerned himself with the problem of the nation's future, and the spiritual leaders of the country sought Hungary's greatness neither in the present nor in the future but in the past. Nobody seriously envisaged the possibility that the Hungarian people, which in the Middle Ages and in the first centuries of the New Era had played such a glorious part, might once more step onto the stage of history and again occupy an important position. Széchenyi was the first who, under the influence of the nationalist movement in Europe, realised how important it is for

a people's language and literature to be well developed if the broadest strata of a nation are to discover the bond between them and if their national consciousness, faded or deflected into the wrong channels, is to be linked once more by a common language and culture. Even before his political appearance he came to the conclusion that Hungary could preserve and strengthen itself only by casting off the burden of the German and Latin tongues, by developing its own language and culture which differed so greatly from that of the neighbouring peoples. To his mind the preservation of the national character, the protection and defence of Hungarian characteristics, was more important than anything else, for these were the traits which marked it off from other nations and prevented its absorption by nations more populous or more cultured. He was familiar with Herder's views on Hungary, and he shuddered to think that one day the German writer's prophecy might come true ; the Hungarian people, in the absence of an intense independent spiritual life, would mingle with the Slavs and the Germans and in a few years' time become totally extinct. Széchenyi aimed at developing a Hungarian culture independent of other nations, but with a European standard ; he thought it necessary that in building this up, the Hungarian language should be used in the place of the German and Latin languages employed until then in political, social and intellectual life. On this account he became the champion of the Hungarian language in Parliament, in his writings and through personal propaganda, and considered the foundation of a society for the development of the Hungarian language of profound importance.

The desire to intensify national culture was an instinctive defence against the neighbouring countries, because it appeared to be the only weapon against the secret German and Slav hopes of conquest. Amongst his contemporaries Széchenyi was the first to recognize the danger constituted by the scarcity of the population compared with the Germans and Slavs ; he saw the only remedy in a higher intellectual life in Hungary and considered this the best defence against the neighbouring nations. He was not always optimistic about his people's future. At the beginning of his career he was disturbed at the nation's bad qualities ; he was afraid that its nonchalance

would prevent its standing up in the contest of peoples and that younger and more rapidly developing nations would take over from it the part it was intended to play in the basin of the Carpathians. In his first writings, *Credit* which appeared in 1830, and *Stadium* which came out a few years later, he pointed out the nation's defects, but also revealed the remedies he thought applicable. In the 'thirties the majority of the nation was on his side and the best brains of the country collaborated with him in the gradual development of the national state. In the 'forties progress was so rapid that the majority of Hungarians nurtured excessive hopes concerning the future of the nation and there were many who believed that Hungary would be able to stand alone on the Continent. Széchenyi however, familiar with the European balance of power, knew that the country was not yet strong enough to live as an independent state, since it might become a prey to its more powerful neighbours. It worried him to observe the clouds that were threatening on the European horizon, for they might easily have destroyed what had begun to flower so well in Hungary. So he only wished to carry through reforms slowly and carefully and was afraid that Hungary, which was yet weak, might be opposed by stronger nations.

Széchenyi's efforts from the time of the meeting of Parliament in 1825 and continued up to the revolution of 1848, put back his people in its place in Europe and strengthened its wavering Central European position. When he appeared on the scene he found a generation which was uncertain about its own future and incapable of great decisions ; at the end of his career a strong, almost too self-reliant generation took over the direction of the country. His programme of reform had succeeded ; the dormant national consciousness had been aroused and Hungary was ready to defend its position in Central Europe and take over the leadership of the small nations ; there was no more reason to be afraid that it would sink in the sea of peoples and lose its position in the valley of the Danube to others.

The success of his political reforms did not dazzle Széchenyi and he was able to judge coolly the position of Hungary among the European nations. In his conception Hungary could ensure its further advance and its national existence only by

maintaining its connection with Austria and relying upon the Germans to defend it against the Slav menace. During his whole political career he wished to avoid open conflict with Austria because he thought that the rupture with the Monarchy would bring death to the nation. As a former captain of the Austrian Hussars and aide-de-camp of Prince Schwarzenberg, he was convinced that the fate of Hungary was inextricably bound up with the fate of Austria and that this bond was a fortunate one for both sides. His youth was passed in the period of the Napoleonic wars and the system of the Holy Alliance was formed under his very eyes in Vienna; it assured peace for Europe for a long time to come. He knew that Hungary was a link in the system which Metternich had created and one of the securities which maintained for a while the balance of power. Széchenyi found the internal political system inadequate, but he did not want to break off the connection with the Viennese Government because he considered it of the utmost importance that Hungary should be able to carry through its internal reforms in peace and not be constantly at loggerheads with its neighbours. Though the absolutist government opposed all reform, being afraid that the new current of nationalism and liberalism would flow into Central Europe, the connection with Austria meant that Hungary did not stand friendless amongst the European nations and that it had a sure ally against the Slavs. Széchenyi had already made Metternich's acquaintance before the Congress, and kept up his connection with him even after he had taken over the leadership of the nationalist movement. The Chancellor had a great influence on him, and it was he who made him familiar with the conception that Austria and Hungary must always stand together and that their separation would upset the peace of the whole Continent and bring certain disaster to both countries, because the rupture would favour Russia's aspirations to power.

During his political career he always attempted to obtain the government's approval for his political reforms in Hungary, and to make the relationship between the nation and its foreign government a friendly one. In his most successful work, the *Light*, which appeared in 1831, he deals in detail with the tasks of the government and with the relationship

which existed between the government and the people. He declared in his book that the Viennese policy of absorption was over, and that it was just as much in the interests of the government as in those of the nation that Hungary should grow stronger by the introduction of reforms. Hungary must however strengthen itself by its own efforts and not wait for the government to begin. Széchenyi's ideas concerning the friendly relationship between the government and the people never materialised, because the rigid absolutist rule would not relax and the government allowed only a few reforms. Széchenyi was hard put to it. Few but he knew how important it was to maintain the connection between Austria and Hungary; and so the nation turned more and more against the Austrian government and aspired to be an independent national state. This aim, however, was opposed most passionately by Széchenyi, so that little by little he became unpopular amongst the extremists, who did not realise the Slav menace to Hungary and deemed the country strong enough to live alone. In the 'forties he found to his sorrow that the country no longer recognised his leadership and wanted to carry out newer reforms of which he had disapproved, and also to loosen the ties which bound it to Austria.

Széchenyi's plan up to the time of the revolution had been that Hungary should gradually take over the direction of the Monarchy and that the centre of gravity of the Austrian Empire should be moved eastwards. This would have meant Hungary's taking over the government of Central Europe's small peoples and obtaining support against the Slavs. The break with Austria would have entailed Hungary's upsetting the unity of Central Europe; the small nations living there, amongst them the Hungarians, would have been crushed out of existence between the great nations. He tried to persuade Metternich not to oppose the national development of the peoples of the Monarchy but to instil into them a love for the Austrian Empire, and, with the cooperation of the small nations, reorganize the decaying Habsburg state. The anti-Hungarian tendency of the Metternich-Kollowrat government and the attacks of the opposition in the Hungarian Parliament, which became more and more virulent, made a reconciliation between Hungary and the Viennese Government

impossible. The leaders of the Monarchy did not realize where their vital interests lay and were afraid of Hungary's achieving an overweening power, instead of concerning themselves with the extreme nationalist movement of the Slavs settled in the Empire. The Hungarian aspirations might easily have been reconciled with the interests of the Monarchy, much more easily than could those of the Slavs, who came more and more under Russian influence. It was in vain that Széchenyi warned Metternich that the Panslav movement was much more dangerous to Austria than the Hungarian movement; the shortsighted Viennese Government continued to regard Hungary as a menace to autocratic rule and united against it with the small Slav peoples. Thus public opinion in the 'forties turned wholly against the government, and Széchenyi was unfortunate enough to find that the leadership of the nation had wholly slipped from him and that the movement for reform begun by him was heading towards a revolution. The nation, awakened from its dreams, had no longer patience with the narrow system of the Holy Alliance, and asked for a rupture with the Austrian Government which quite openly refused to support Hungarian interests and impeded national progress. Széchenyi, however, could only conceive the future of his country as bound up with an understanding with Austria. In two of his pamphlets, *The People of the East* which appeared in 1841 and the *Political Programme Fragments* of 1847, he attempted once again to lead the nation back to the path it had followed in the 'thirties, and he endeavoured to explain that the rupture of connections with Austria might mean the end of Hungary. In his books he admits that the Government did not carry out its tasks and did not want to understand the importance of the Hungarian aspirations, but he condemned the urgency of the opposition, which was bound to lead to the final rupture in the form of revolution. He did not accept the possibility of Hungary's breaking away from Austria because, in his opinion, an independent Hungary could not maintain itself for more than a fortnight. In his conception Hungary lived in a marriage-union with Austria, and Hungary must endeavour to make it a successful marriage instead of trying to break it up or establish an unsatisfactory relationship between the two countries.

Public opinion did not listen to Széchenyi's warnings, and the nation advanced precipitately towards a revolution. The leaders of the opposition, who directed public opinion, had no experience of foreign policy and did not see clearly how much a united Central Europe opposed to the Russian aspirations lay in the interest of Hungary; instead they slowly prepared Hungary's break with Austria. Széchenyi was forced to realise before the revolution that a peaceful transformation of the Austrian Empire and Hungary's leadership in Central Europe were impossibilities. And this meant too the failure of the plan for Austria's continued maintenance of the European balance.

Széchenyi remained true to the connection with Austria even after the revolution, when under the influence of the injuries they had suffered the majority of Hungarians would not hear of a further union with Austria. The bloody oppression and the evil system of autocratic rule following the final scene at Világos, when the Hungarian army surrendered, filled him with the greatest bitterness. He realised that the absolutist spirit in Austria was not only detrimental to Hungary, but would soon have as a result the disintegration of the whole Monarchy; the small nations which had lived under Habsburg rule would form independent states. In the period of absolute rule Széchenyi still did not want a change in the relationship between Austria and Hungary, because he did not believe that independent Hungary created with foreign help would be capable of survival; according to him, the proper procedure after the failure of the Bach system would have been a reconciliation between the two countries.

During the period of absolutist rule only one of his books appeared, a part of the great Hungarian Satire written in Döbling in 1857. The author gave it the title *Vision*. The book was a reply to a self-congratulatory volume of the Bach system entitled *Revision*. In his pamphlet, Széchenyi launched a virulent attack against the whole Bach system, which was making peaceful existence in Central Europe impossible and would soon ruin the whole of Austria. According to him the collapse of the Austrian Empire would damage Hungary quite as much as Austria, for the two States could only exist peacefully if they were linked. Széchenyi observed clearly the German

aspirations towards union and he considered that Austria and Bohemia and Moravia would have their place in the German Empire, even if it was created under Prussian rule, but that Hungary would have a hard struggle for its independence and the defence of its national existence after the formation of the great German Empire. According to Széchenyi, Hungary could continue its existence between two such powerful nations as the Germans and the Russians only if it remained with the Austrian Germans; otherwise the two great powers would either divide Hungary between them or the luckier one of the two would subject it wholly to its influence. For this reason he urged the re-establishment of the Hungarian constitution, for he expected this to be the only thing that could fortify the Austrian Monarchy.

Besides the maintenance of the connection with Austria, Széchenyi deemed it of the utmost importance that good relations should be maintained with the non-Hungarian peoples settled in Hungary. Hungary's progress was hampered by the continual disagreements with the nationalities just as much as by the bad relations with Austria, and therefore Széchenyi endeavoured to improve the relationship which had existed for centuries between Hungary and the minorities. The minorities passed through the same metamorphosis as Hungary in the first decades of the nineteenth century, and they demanded their national rights from Hungary with the same vehemence as Hungary did from Austria. The minorities, however, were supported by powerful kindred nations, and this inspired in them the hope of soon putting an end to Hungarian rule and dividing the greater part of Hungarian territory among themselves. The Croats, Serbs, Slovaks and Rumanians turned against Hungary under the influence of the new nationalist ideas, and the millenary unity of the Danubian basin threatened to disintegrate.

When he wrote his first works, Széchenyi was not yet familiar with the dangers of the minority question, and he never dreamed that the development of the Hungarian language and its adoption in public life would be received with such hostility. In the course of the 'thirties he found that the relationship between Hungary and the minorities became more and more lukewarm, and that a total rupture was impending.

While the majority of public opinion believed that the realisation of liberal reforms and the language law would result in success, the leaders of the minorities prepared the cessation of Hungarian rule and sought protectors for the achievement of their purpose partly in Vienna and partly in St. Petersburg.

Széchenyi observed anxiously the movement of the minorities, the success of which would have meant the downfall not only of Hungary but also of unified Central Europe under Habsburg rule. He expounded his views on the minority question first in the *People of the East*, and called the attention of the Hungarian leaders to the great danger which a struggle with the minorities would involve. He did not consider the policy of Hungary's measuring its strength with a much more powerful Germany and forcing its own language on the Slovaks, Rumanians and Serbs as good tactics, because it would only elicit a reaction, drive them away from Hungary and arouse the desire to find a new country somewhere else. Hungary must be a connecting link and therefore, instead of forced magyarization, it must use all means to retain the friendship of the minorities. Széchenyi believed that if he ensured the free use of their language and schooling and gave them their share of the blessings of the Hungarian Constitution, he would again link them up with Hungary. Therefore, in the *People of the East*, he advised the Hungarians to make the minorities an offer of some sort, as follows: "You have got a country somewhere beyond, but we have not got one anywhere except here; on the other hand you do not possess a constitution, but we do; therefore let us come to an agreement, the main lines of which would be the following: everyone should speak Slovak, German, Rumanian, Greek, Latin, French and even Sanskrit in their own surroundings, but anything which concerns public life must be dealt with in Hungarian. And that there should be good reason to speak Hungarian without being forced to do so and that every heart should beat together in one great national interest: let the blessing of the Hungarian Constitution fall on everyone within the frontiers of Hungary, so that even the humblest be not excluded." According to Széchenyi's plan the country's official language would continue to be Hungarian, but its use would not be obligatory in church, school and private life. On the other

hand everyone from now on, the Hungarians as well as the minorities, would have a share in the Hungarian constitution which had hitherto belonged only to the nobility. In that stage of nationalism where every nation endeavoured to force all those in the same country to use its language, Széchenyi's proposition might well have satisfied the minorities. The believers in rapid magyarisation were not however pleased with Széchenyi's plan; they did not accept it, and thus the very necessary reconciliation never took place. The ever-increasing anti-Hungarian feeling among the minorities had already caused serious damage long before the revolution and hindered the free development of the movement for reform. Széchenyi took the blame on himself because it was he who had begun to fight for the rights of the Hungarian language, which indirectly resulted in the minorities' opposing the Hungarian aspirations. It was for this reason that he spoke on the nationality question at the meeting of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in November 1842, in order to soothe the constantly-growing feelings and to declare, in the President's chair of the very society for the development of the Hungarian language, that the Hungarians must not force their tongue upon other peoples. This speech was the attempt to win over the minorities and save the unity of Hungary.

Széchenyi pointed out in his speeches that the attempt to magyarise several million non-Hungarian inhabitants was vain and hopeless, because it would be most determinedly opposed. He did not even find it necessary for the nation to assimilate such an extensive foreign element, since success could at best only be partial.

According to Széchenyi, Hungary must itself attain such a high standard that the minorities and the neighbouring peoples should be glad to learn from it and should turn away from their kindred beyond the frontiers. If Hungary could ensure its superiority over the minorities, however small its population, it would slowly absorb them or at least secure their friendship towards the state governed by Hungarians. Not an external magyarisation should be aimed at, but Hungary should set the minorities a good example, it should promote their development and make itself popular so that they should be willing to unite their destinies with the destiny of Hungary.

Hungarian public opinion did not realize the significance of Széchenyi's advice, and neither the *People of the East* nor the opening speech at the Academy changed the relationship between Hungary and the minorities. Széchenyi's speech had a cool reception, and this declaration of his was one of the causes that lost him his previous popularity with the majority of the nation. The minorities themselves no longer wanted a reconciliation with Hungary, because the Pan-Slav and Daco-Rumanian movements which the Viennese Government intended to use against Hungary had already gained such importance that they preferred to attach themselves to the Viennese Government with its out-of-date methods, rather than to Hungary which was rejuvenating itself under the influence of liberal and nationalistic ideas.

Stephen Széchenyi's conception of a strong Habsburg Empire in Central Europe under Hungarian rule never materialised. Neither was he successful in giving to the relationship between Austria on the one side and the minorities on the other, the right direction. It was his tragedy that neither the government nor the nation realized the great value of his conception; in the 'forties he ceased to hold the reins, and the ensuing revolution made a peaceful reconciliation with Austria and the minorities impossible for a long time to come. The views he expressed concerning the mission of Hungary in Central Europe will always be of interest, because no one knew better than he the strength and the weakness of the nation, and no one could judge with more acumen the relationship between Hungary and the peoples of Central Europe.

SZÉCHENYI'S POLITICAL ECONOMY

By LÁSZLÓ ZELOVICH

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century, Hungary had not yet recovered from the havoc wrought by a hundred and fifty years of Turkish domination, and the wars of liberty against Austria. In the year 1837 the country had between twelve and thirteen million inhabitants; of this number, between three and four hundred thousand were members of the families of the nobility. Four-fifths of all the landed property in the whole country was in their possession, and they were not subject to taxation. Not more than 144,000 people found employment in handicrafts and the manufacturing industry, while rather less than 80,000 were engaged in commerce.

In this community the national income was divided up as follows: the incomes of the 100,000 noble families amounted to 41 million gulden; that of the churches to $3^1/_2$ millions, and that of the urban population, estimated at 140,000 families, to $30^1/_2$ millions. The remainder, some 124 million gulden, was that of the 1,550,000 families of tax-paying serfs. The total national income was thus about 200 million gulden.

The manufacturing industry was in an exceedingly backward state, for while there were 11,915 factories in Austria, Hungary had no more than 453. Commerce could hardly be said to exist, and the roads of the country were in the worst possible condition. The principal branch of production, namely agriculture, had not yet got over the ravages of the Turkish occupation and the devastation caused by the Austrian armies; there was an enormous area of unusable ground, the grain-harvest was insignificant, the forests were dying off, and the breeding of stock on the decline. Hungary had five million head of horned cattle, or half the number in Austria.

It was impossible to effect any improvement in the position of agriculture with the law of inheritance as it stood in those days. Under the law the properties of the noble families could not be sold, nor could they be transferred by will to anybody but the nearest relations of the testator. As a result of this system the properties could not be utilised as cover for any kind of loan. It is therefore no wonder that it was impossible for a landed proprietor to obtain credit; there was, however, a further reason of this, namely that the existing shortage of capital in the country rendered it impracticable. As an example of the state of affairs, we may quote the case of Count Dessewffy, who in 1818 complained that he could only obtain a loan at the rate of 28% interest, and the position was no better in the early 'forties, when the average rate of interest in the country exceeded 20%, and there were even times when it was more than 40%.

It is therefore little wonder that the young Széchenyi, as he looked at the prevailing conditions, took a sombre view of his country's future. It took him in fact many sleepless nights of mental conflict to overcome his pessimism; and the fact that he did overcome it was due in no small measure to his reading of foreign authors and to the impressions which he himself acquired in his travels abroad. He made the acquaintance of the English realists such as Bentham, and later Smith, Young and Hodskin, and from a study of their works he learned that life is a matter of continual progress. Any attempt, therefore, by appealing to outdated laws, to halt the march of progress, is harmful.

It would certainly have been difficult for an English realist to be other than optimistic at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for at that period there was something reminiscent of the Italian Renaissance in England's development. Both of those periods showed gigantic steps forward in economics and in culture, and their contemporaries stood in wonder before the mighty creations of the age. It was this spirit which carried away Stephen Széchenyi too, and made him end his first great work, *Credit*, with the words: 'Many people think of Hungary's past; I should like to believe in its future.'

One of his most characteristic qualities was that he always endeavoured to discern the underlying substance of any

question. It was for this reason that the English philosopher Bentham had such a great influence on him. According to Bentham, man is not born free, but must achieve this freedom by toiling, and in this respect Széchenyi's conception followed Bentham's, for Széchenyi too believed that men must toil for freedom. Yet he understood freedom differently from Bentham ; in the latter's view, freedom was one of the elements in the composition of happiness, while Széchenyi on the other hand considered it as a means for the perfecting of our ethical concepts, thus following, in this respect, not Bentham but Benjamin Franklin. And Széchenyi considered justice as even more valuable than general happiness. His deflection from Bentham to Franklin may be explained partly by his political difficulties and conflicts in Hungary. Many people misunderstood his teachings, while many failed to comprehend them at all. It was for this reason that one of his works, *Political Fragments*, written in 1847, bears on the title-page the words of the Englishman J. Henry, M. D. : 'Error being showy, forward and plausible attracts many followers ; while Truth, on account of her unobtrusive simplicity, is neglected or despised.' This has been proved true often enough in the course of history. From ancient days up to our own times, false principles and false theories have frequently succeeded in influencing the mass of humanity. But that influence has never survived the test of time. However fine and attractive an idea may be, if it does not contain the truth, it is merely a question of time until it loses its power of attraction.

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'Economic calculations were never my favourite occupation,' Széchenyi wrote. 'At first I had no inclination for the science of economics ; I felt an antipathy for it.' But his travels in other countries and what he read opened up new vistas before him in such matters. He saw how the peoples of Western Europe had developed in comparison with the Hungarians, who had been held back by the Turkish conquest and the wars against Austria. But he saw much more than this, and in part this may be attributed to the books

which he read. He came to the firm conclusion that increase of wealth was the basis of all cultural, moral and physical development in a nation's life. As early as 1834 he wrote in one of his letters from London: 'Every day I realise more and more how much can be achieved by proper economic management, with comparatively insignificant effort.'

In Széchenyi's case, however, his calculations of economic possibilities were not selfish. His primary object was to enrich Hungary, and only after that himself. In 1828 he gave the following instructions to the manager of his estates: 'Let the peasants have the bigger and more productive part of the land, and we will take the worse portion . . . let us look rather to the common weal than to our own profit.'

As to the basic principles of Széchenyi's economic policy, his book *Light* contains the following passage: 'The creators of those many and fine institutions which we see in other countries, and principally in England, were not those who are alive to-day. Their foundations are rooted in past centuries. How much prejudice had to be overcome, how many erroneous ideas corrected, before a single steamboat could be completed, before great iron bridges and roads could weld the country into a whole. All these wonders in England derived from the mind of a Bacon, a Gibbon, a Young, a Watt or a Smith, and their true originators were these great minds, and not those who were directly concerned in the management, with comparatively insignificant effort.'

From such considerations the path leads direct to the basic principle of Széchenyi's economic policy. This may be expressed in one word, a word which is to-day hackneyed, but in those times achieved ever greater miracles in Hungary. That word is freedom; freedom in economic matters. It is thus that we reach the classic principle propounded by English economists; freedom in the disposal of landed property, so that the farmer may obtain credit, freedom for everyone to acquire property; equality before the law, a common liability to bear taxation; the abolition of monopolies, guilds and restrictions. As he wrote in *Stadium*, in 1833, 'That which favours individuals and excludes competition is harmful to the common good,' and 'obstacles stimulate love, but not commerce.'



Széchenyi as seen by the Hungarian
Biedermeier period, 1836/48

(Portrait in oils by Nicholas Barabás)



SZÉCHENYI THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

(Steel engraving by George Edward Hering, 1839)

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On October 23, 1832, there is this entry in Széchenyi's diary: 'People think that it is money that makes the Englishman what he is. Well, take away the Englishman's money and leave him his common sense. Give the Hungarian the money; but if you do not give him freedom, everything will remain just as it was. Freedom is the basis of everything. A people must become mature.' And in *Stadium* we find the following words: 'The true strength and happiness of Britain is based upon internal consumption. That country consumes nearly three-quarters of her production herself. And why is the internal consumption in Britain so great? Is it perhaps because the population is so large? No. The reason for the consumption is the wealth of the inhabitants. And what makes the inhabitants wealthy? Property, freedom, and equality before the law. Only these arouse continued effort on the part of the population, which obtains clear direction through education and the freedom of the Press.' One of the preliminary conditions for equality and freedom was the liberation of the serfs.

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Particular mention must be made of one of Széchenyi's qualities, which was certainly an inborn one, but was considerably heightened by his experiences in England. This was his ability to approach a problem from the practical standpoint. In his writings and speeches one remarks again and again that endeavour to direct the process of thought of his nation towards practical solutions, which he sought not in words but in action. He was actually able to carry out the greater part of his economic plans. He recommended two remedies for economic ills: savings and rational management.

What then was Széchenyi's version of the origin of prosperity? Firstly, thrift, and secondly rational work. On August 28, 1832 he wrote in his diary: 'Riches can only spring from toil. That is to say, the productive capacity of Hungary is one million; that of England is one and a half millions, but with machinery twenty millions.' 'It is my belief that the main thing is not money, but that strength is to be found in intelligent work. Money simply represents this.' He opposes the idea that it would be harmful to society if hand-work were replaced by machine-power.

It is only natural that he should have been in favour of the liberation of the serfs. He went further, and considered it necessary that the standard of living of the lowest classes of the population should be raised. 'The better satisfied the majority of the population is, the greater the benefit and security of the less numerous upper classes.' *(Credit.)* In the same book he quotes Young, who asserts in his *Political Arithmetic*, published in London in 1774, that of all the services which the serfs must perform, the tithe is the most injurious to agriculture. It is the tithe which takes away the peasant's inclination to till his land to better purpose.

We have already seen that he desired that the fetters imposed by the entail system should be loosed in order to make agricultural credits possible, and he also laid stress upon the importance of security of credit. He pointed out that punctual payment by the debtor was a *sine qua non* of this, and again in *Credit* he writes: 'The inviolability of promises is the judge between the ruler and the people, and if this is once broken, the law is useless and there is an end to all social order. The payment of interest and the meeting of obligations is a duty as sacred as the commandment not to steal.' He opposes partiality in the defence of debtors.

It was a natural consequence of the basic principles which he had laid down that he should press for taxation to be applied to all classes. He proposed that Parliament should decide upon the employment of the revenue received by the State, and it was his contention that universal taxation was sound if direct taxes were developed. In Széchenyi's day there was a customs-barrier between Austria and Hungary. Hungary's sporadic industrial exports to Austria were subject to a 10 per cent. *ad valorem* duty, while against this industrial exports from Austria to Hungary paid only 3 per cent. *ad valorem*. Széchenyi's reasoning naturally required the liberation of commerce from this disproportion, and he supplemented this with the assertion that 'if we do not accept manufactured goods from Austria, it would be as disadvantageous to us as to our neighbour, for we should then be unable to sell to Austria" *(Stadium.)* This was a piece of wisdom which escaped the attention of many Great Powers after the last war.

Széchenyi also pointed out that it was necessary to give the

heads of commercial or industrial undertakings the chance of individual initiative; their work must not be hampered by administrative difficulties. It is not sufficient for the merchandise to be good, one must also know how to sell it. 'Here in England,' he wrote in a letter to the Archduke Joseph dated January 23, 1834, 'one sees this truth every day and at every turn.' And in *Credit* he writes: 'There is no doubt that the cleverest merchant is the one who is the most honest.'

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It would be superfluous in this study to enumerate all the works and institutions for which Széchenyi was responsible. It may however be mentioned that among others things it was due to his efforts that the Hungarian Commercial Bank of Pest was established, though he was only a shareholder and held no office with the Bank.

His practical sense did not prevent him from being a statesman of deep feeling and an enthusiast for noble principles. In one of his most famous books, *People of the East*, he writes as follows:

'Some years ago in London, in late autumn, on one of those dark foggy mornings when it always seemed to me as if Heaven had given the English nation a larger share of intellect but compensated it by being more sparing with the rays of the sun, I was visited by Mr. Bowring with his autograph-album. Many well-known Hungarian authors had written a few lines in this book. I opened it, and found upon the last page the writing of the great Hungarian poet, Benedict Virág. I have chosen what he wrote there as the motto of this volume.' The motto of *People of the East* originated in Hungary, though Széchenyi found it in London, and on the fly-leaf of the book is the following quotation 'To be a good patriot is difficult, but not impossible.' And Széchenyi's career proves the truth of those words.

SZÉCHENYI AND SPORT

By LÁSZLÓ SIKLÓSSY



N 1787 Count Stephen Széchenyi's father Count Francis, the founder of the Hungarian National Museum and its library, spent six months in England. Though no sportsman himself, British physical culture did not escape his attention, and in 1817 he wrote to his son: "Be always mindful of your origin lest you should be a disgrace to it, and train your body that it shall become a worthy abode of your soul and not hinder you from being righteous. Be careful, too, that people shall not ascribe your physical weakness to an all too hasty and precocious enjoyment of life."

Count Stephen Széchenyi was twenty-six when he read this warning, probably with mixed feelings. He could look back on eight years of a military career and, following his father's example, he too had visited England. After these experiences he found to his disappointment that his education had not been perfect, in spite of paternal care and ambition: his mind and spirit had been developed, but his body had been neglected.

"Looking back on my own life," he writes, "I remember that as a child of twelve I was indeed very unhappy when I saw that the peasant lads of my age worked in the park, enjoying the fresh air under a clear sky, and admiring the great world *in natura et originali*, while I, the son of a rich and notable family, was obliged to bend over my books in a narrow, dark and damp chamber. So it happened that I learned to swim only at the age of 28, and to skate even later, after swallowing much water and with painful falls on my back."

The stuffy atmosphere of the castle was one of his unpleasant childhood memories. He confessed that in his youth he imagined himself strong, though he was weak and frail. "At home," he writes, "I was surrounded by servants who flattered me and so my eyes were not opened. Had I visited a public school, got into contact with my schoolmates and been properly knocked down by them now and then or even honoured with a few blows, I might have acquired a better knowledge of myself."

When writing these lines, Széchenyi was obviously thinking of English school life. This was something that he had missed in life, but he tried to make up for it by travelling. Széchenyi was one of the most assiduous travellers of his age.

"I toured almost the whole of Sicily on foot," he writes in his diary in 1819. "I walked from Messina to Palermo in 23 days. My daily portion of walking was twenty miles, never less, usually more, sometimes as much as forty miles. I was very much exhausted at first, but towards the end I walked more easily and comfortably. What results might be achieved, if one were trained from childhood to endure more and more fatigue ! Still, it is never too late to abandon an effeminate way of living and start an invigorating one."

According to Széchenyi, all sports require in the first place a strong will. He says : "To be a good horseman, to dance well, to play ball or to make verse : all this is no good. To be a man : that is the task. To have a strong will ! That is the centre of humanity, as godhead is the centre of the universe."

In Sicily he soon had occasion to observe his theories in practice. "The climbing of Etna," he writes in his diary, "was an extremely difficult task to me. But I had made up my mind to reach the top and I think nothing on earth could have prevented me from carrying out my decision. After a short time, however, I had a violent discussion with my companion, who felt palpitations in the "English House" already. I thought my heart and lungs were going to burst, yet there was something that urged me to go on : my will ! My companion objected, saying that he could not go further now, but that when he was twenty-seven, he could endure fatigue just as well as I. This comparison infuriated me, and what's more, I did not believe him, for such a poltroon of

forty, who eats well, drinks well, sleeps well and looks like Silenus in person, probably never was valiant and courageous."

Széchenyi was a hussar officer, and so, when he went to England in 1815, he was in the first place attracted by the equestrian sports, for which he soon conceived a passionate interest. On his return to the Continent Széchenyi hastened to call on Count Joseph Hunyadi, who in 1814/15 had already arranged races on his estate, with his own horses and jockeys. These were races *en miniature*, but correct and professional.

Széchenyi was convinced that Hungarian horse-breeding could be saved only by following the English example. He was immensely pleased at Hunyadi's private sport. The two enthusiasts soon found a third partner in the person of Lord Charles William Stuart, the British Ambassador in Vienna, and the triumvirate instituted the races at Simmering, in the neighbourhood of Vienna and not far from the Hungarian border. The first meeting took place in 1816, when horses were entered, apart from Széchenyi, by the globe-trotter Prince Pückler-Muskau and by Sir Robert Gordon, who was attached to the British Embassy in Vienna.



SZÉCHENYI'S English thoroughbred won a race, and this success encouraged him to improve his stud with some new horses. He did not care that eight of his horses imported from England had died recently; he was proud of the remaining ones, of Londona, Maraja, Restless, Snapp, Sophy, Fanny, Helen and the rest. These encouraged him in his further efforts to promote Hungarian horse-breeding and horse-racing, and he began his literary career by writing in support of them. His first article appeared in November 1818. In 1820 he published his treatise *Vom Reitpferde*, in 1821 a *Projected Rules for Horse-Racing to be Established in Hungary*. The future great statesman, whose attention extended to every aspect of public life, in his 'thirties was practically absorbed by horses and horse-racing. In 1822 he made another journey to England, in the company of his

friend Baron Nicholas Wesselényi.[1] From this visit, he expected the revival of Hungary's horsebreeding.

As soon as he arrived, he hurried to Newmarket races. It took him a twelve hours' ride by mailcoach to get there and the long journey somewhat depressed him, but it did not cool his passion for the noble sport. "Horse-racing," he writes, "is just as we imagined it. There is nothing more amusing. I wish it could be introduced in our country . . ."

He was equally delighted by Epsom races. But he had not come to England merely to look at horses : he wanted to take some of them home. Richard Tattersall helped him to carry out his project, and Széchenyi bought twenty horses, partly for breeding and partly for racing purposes.

He returned home in the best possible mood. He thought that, while he was acquiring a knowledge of horses and buying them in England, his friends in Hungary had already founded the Society for Horse Racing and horse-breeding which they had planned together. Although Count Joseph Hunyadi, that enthusiastic sportsman, was no longer with them, there was no lack of ambition and good will among the Hungarian magnates. The trouble lay elsewhere. The Viennese Court Chancery, jealous of every effort at modernisation on the part of the Hungarians, put all sorts of obstacles in the way of the affair, and eventually the Emperor-King Francis refused permission both for the races and for the Society.



ZÉCHENYI, to set off this refusal, founded a hunt ; this was meant as an intermediate step towards horse-racing. Meets were arranged in autumn on the estate of Count Michael Esterházy in the county of Nyitra, and in the spring on Count Stephen Széchenyi's estate in Cenk. "The Count," so a contemporary writer informs us, "received his guests in his ancestral home with true Hungarian hospitality and every modern comfort. The kennels and the stables are all arranged in a manner that can be seen only in England. Of his fifteen hunters seven

[1] Cf. article by Stephen Gál in *The Hungarian Quarterly*, Winter 1939.

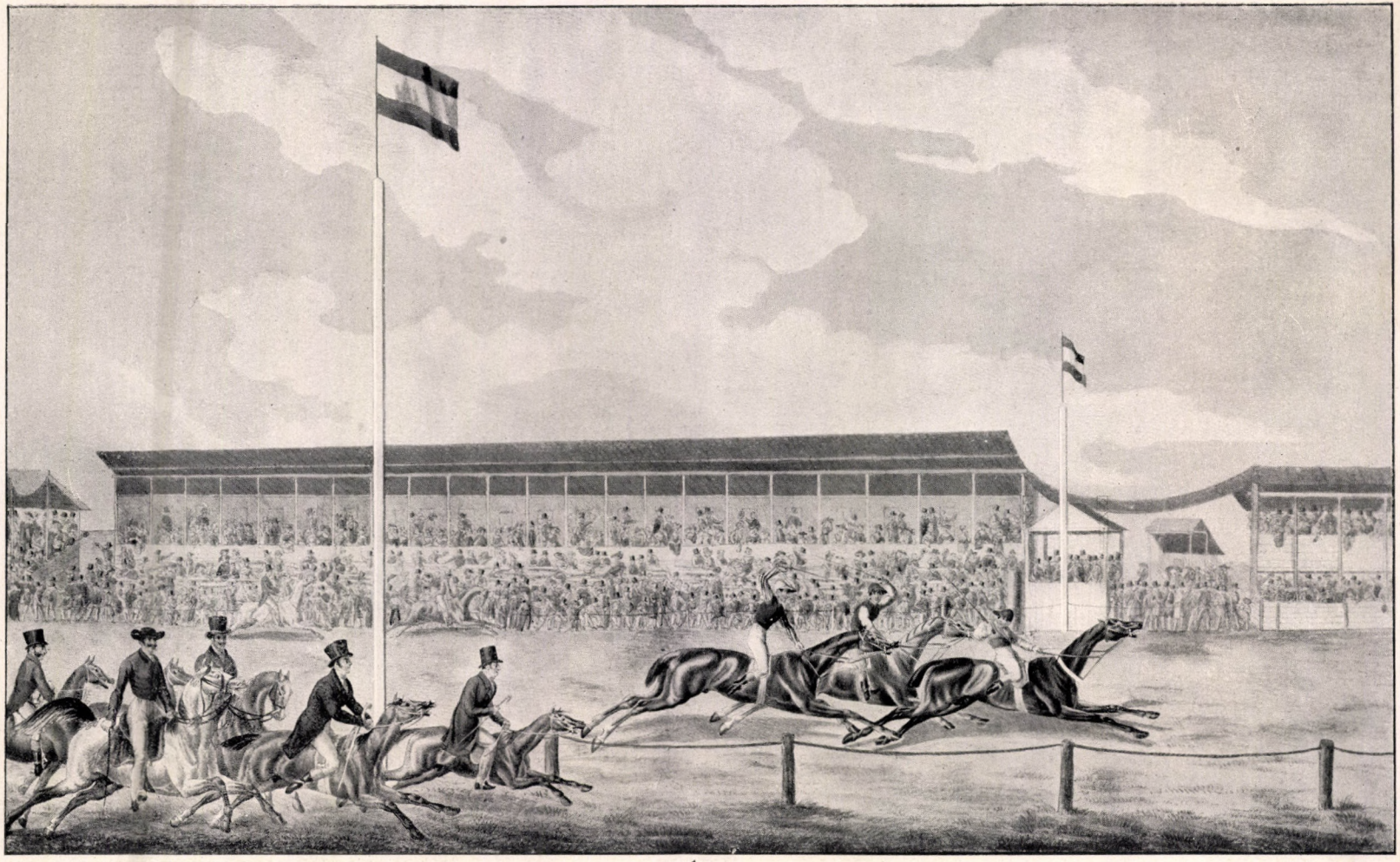
are English thoroughbreds. The best horses in the country assembled there with their masters and went off to hunt the fox and the stag . . ."

Eventually the Government had to yield and permit the foundation of the Society for Horse-Racing. The first races were arranged in 1826, first in Pozsony, then in Pest. The races were conducted in great style; owners of studs often rode their horses themselves. Széchenyi often did so himself, and more than once he won from Count Maurice Sándor, Chancellor Metternich's son-in-law, who was well-known in England for his astounding feats of horsemanship.

The Society, under Széchenyi's direction, arranged the Budapest races entirely on the English model. The horses were ridden either by gentleman-riders or by English jockeys. But the ultimate aim of the races being the development of horse-breeding in Hungary, the peasants had to be allowed a share in them. Mixed races were organized, in which the peasants competed not only among themselves, but, without regard to weight, with the horses ridden by gentleman-riders and jockeys. These races were extremely popular at first, but Széchenyi found to his disappointment that they were far from being real sporting events. Some of these peasants and farmers rode stripped to the waist, others in braided Hungarian national costume, or in wide-sleeved shirts; no wonder they were more popular than the professional jockeys. The greater part of the public was only concerned with them and encouraged them — though they hardly needed any encouragement — with tremendous noise and cheering.

Széchenyi gave orders that the jockeys should hold back their horses now and then, so that the peasants and the public would have the illusion that the race-horses had great difficulty in defeating the peasant horses. But the *pia fraus* did not work, and the jockeys were not able to hold in their horses, so that the turf was split in two groups. In front the professional race was run by the horses of Széchenyi and the other stud-owners; in the rear the peasants had a popular race of their own. Széchenyi found with regret that with the exception of a few genuine sportsmen, the public did not pay attention to the professionals, but only cared about the "wild horde" in the background. He came to this conclusion: "No, horse-

Negyedik futtatás Pesten.



Junius 9 ~~ttr~~ 1827. Gróf Festetics Lászlótul kitett jutalom 100 arany: Nyertes Brennenberg Urnak 3 esztendős mintára Jónás, 55 ℔ veres test, fejér karok és fekete sapka. Gróf Sztchényi István Prodigions nevű tsödöre, fejér szenű, veres ujjal fekete sapka. Hertzeg Lichtenstein Ventzel Hendorskielf nevű tsödöre, veres szenű, fejér vonású ujjal és veres sapka.

On the 9th of June 1827 the stake of 100 Ducats constituted by the Count Ladislaus Festetics was won by the stallion Jónás, belonging to Mr Brennenberg, 3 years old 55 ℔; red white sleeves and black cap. The Count Stephan Szechény's stallion Prodigions, white with red sleeves and red cap. Prince Wenzel Lichtenstein's stallion Hendorskielf, red with streaked sleeves and red cap.

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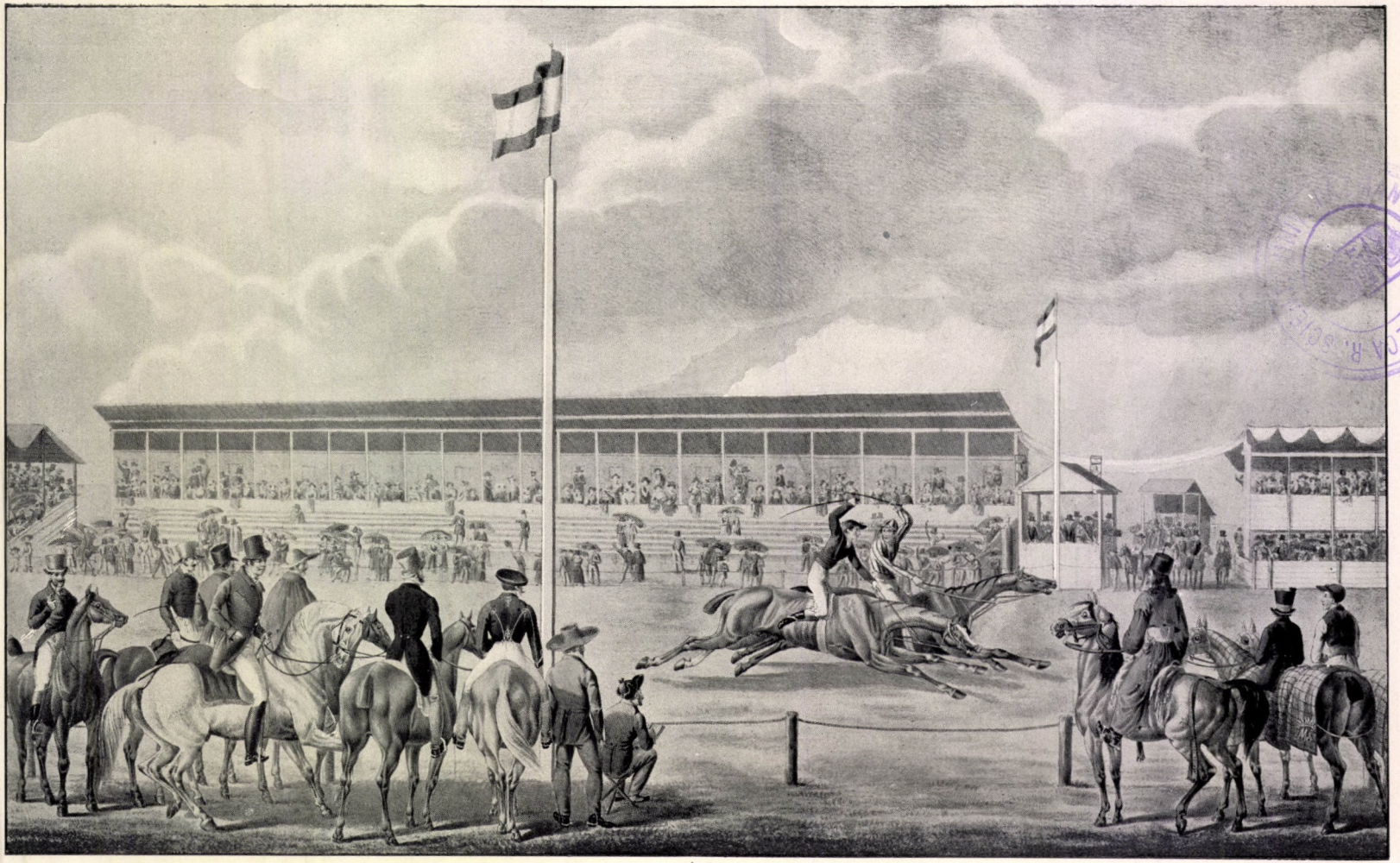
Masodik Futtatás Pesten.



Jutalom, egy gazdag aranyzatu mesterségesen készült és sok aranyat érő ezüst Billikem: Lyertes Báró Vesselényi Miklósnak 5. esztendős világos py Al-Borak nevü kanczája, 127 ℔ teherrel, fejér és veres sujtásu kárujjal és sapkával. A másik verseny-futó Gróf Károlyi Györgynek, Bábicka nevü szegsárga lova; kék és veres karujjal és

The price No. 1, an artfully wrought and richly gilt silver cup, 100 Ducats worth, won on the 7th June 1817 Baron Nicholas Wesselényi's light-brown mare Al-Borak five years old, weight 127 ℔ white with blue streaked sleeves and cap. The other is Count George Károlyi's sorrel horse Babicka, blue with red sleeves and cap.

(Reproduced from a contemporary print by

racing was not made for poor people, but only for those who have the wealth and knowledge to guarantee its success. In his present (1838) situation the Hungarian peasant has neither knowledge, nor money, nor time to do it. Not without reason did the English law punish those who raced for a stake of less than 50 pounds sterling: thereby the poorer men were excluded from the races and racing was turned from a game into a serious affair."

This shows how much thought Széchenyi bestowed on horse-racing alone, although his mind was occupied with a great many other affairs in the service of his country. The institution itself had excellent results. English experts followed its development with interest, and it brought a number of English sportsmen, trainers and jockeys to Hungary, not to mention horses. Later on the Hungarian race-horses became well known in England.



THE other sport which Széchenyi took up in imitation of the English was rowing. His childhood was spent in the neighbourhood of the second largest lake in Hungary, Lake Fertő. Here the population still used old-fashioned punts. But in 1822 Széchenyi saw proper rowing-boats on the Thames, and he bought one and had it sent home to Hungary. He inaugurated it on May 6, 1826 on the Danube at Pozsony, where the Hungarian Diet was in session.

Some English friends visited him in the summer of the same year, to his great delight. He noted in his diary: "Lord and Lady Jersey arrived in Pozsony on August 12, 1826. Lord Villars was in their company. Hitherto I had held the oars of my English boat the wrong way round, and I might have continued doing so to the end of my life, had not Villars arrived and shown me the right way to hold them."

This boat marked the beginning of rowing as a sport in Hungary. In the following year — 1827 — a mixed Anglo-Hungarian team set up such a record in the same boat that Széchenyi thought it worth while to enter a memorandum

of it in his diary. The memorandum is written in English and runs as follows: "16th May 1827. *Memorandum.* Count Széchenyi, Monsieur Hallifax and Monsieur Barneby left the Lusthaus in the Prater at Vienna at 1/4 before six o'clock this morning in Count Széchenyi's two-oared boat . . . and arrived at Presbourg at twenty three minutes before ten o'clock, having performed the voage in three hours and fifty two minutes. — The boat is this day christened *Louisa.* — Count Széchenyi, John Barneby, Thomas Hallifax." In the same year, 1827, the first boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge took place. In 1830, Széchenyi went down the Danube to the Black Sea, in a sailing yacht and an English-type boat named *Juliette.* It was on this expedition that he conceived his vast project of Danube navigation and the regulation of the Iron Gates, of greater importance to-day than ever. From this journey, Széchenyi returned to Budapest where he continued his rowing on the Danube. A boathouse too was built on the river. Of this period we possess a contemporary account by an English traveller in Hungary: by John Paget,[1] who came to Hungary in 1835, and in 1839 wrote: "As we walked on the banks of the Danube, a beautiful four-oared boat of which it was obvious at first sight that it had been built in London, came gliding down the river between the piles of the new bridge in construction. The boat belonged to Count Stephen Széchenyi; he and his friends were rowing in it. The blades were well turned down, and generally speaking, everything in the boat was done as it should be . . ."

Rowing and swimming are closely connected, and by introducing rowing, Széchenyi gave a new impulse to swimming in Hungary. Swimming-baths on the Danube already existed in Pest in the eighteenth century, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century timbered bathing-establishments were set up on the Danube every summer for the use of the army and the citizens. The aristocracy did not frequent such popular localities; but Count Stephen Széchenyi held a different opinion.

As has been mentioned already, one of his chief aims was to exploit the Danube in the interests of Hungarian economic

[1] Cf. articles on John Paget, by Joseph Balogh, *The Hungarian Quarterly* Winter 1939 and Spring 1940.

life. He was thus greatly interested in the regulation and navigation of the river, and last but not least in the building of the first permanent bridge linking Buda with Pest — of the "Széchenyi" Chain Bridge named after him. The workshops and the shipyards were in the upper part of the capital, and the swimming-baths further down the river; Széchenyi soon discovered that it was a marvellous opportunity for sport to row up to the shipyards and then swim downstream to one of the bathing-establishments. He often did so, and more than once he met his wife there, the beautiful Countess Crescence Seilern. It must have been an incomparable experience, impossible nowadays, to swim down the Danube, which was in those days much wider than it is now, and carried only numbers of punts and sailing boats, for steamers were stillar a rity. Many of Széchenyi's aristocratic friends took pleasure in this sport, especially the Counts Batthyány. In August 1847 for example Széchenyi and three Counts Batthyány swam down together from the Chain Bridge, still under construction, though already at an advanced stage, to the swimming-baths.

Another sport introduced into Hungary by Széchenyi was tennis. His racket is still exhibited in the Széchenyi Collection of the Hungarian Royal Academy of Sciences, also founded by him. The game in question was of course the *jeu de courte paume*, played in ball-houses on the Continent and still played in England as Real Tennis. Széchenyi took a fancy to this game in the 'twenties, when he used to play it in Vienna with the members of the Grosvenor family, Lord Wilton and others. It was played very seriously, sometimes even passionately, of which Széchenyi's diary of February 27, 1823 bears evidence: "Played ball with Lord Robert Grosvenor. He gave me fifteen, and I won all the games. In the end he wanted to kill me . . ."

In England Széchenyi played tennis with Lord Westmorland; on his return he did all he could to have a ball-house built in Pest, but his efforts were in vain. There was only one place in Hungary where this game could be played: in the castle of Prince Ferdinand Bretzenheim at Sárospatak. In 1846 Széchenyi arrived there in a state of deep mental depression, but was soon cheered up by playing tennis.

As a hussar officer, Széchenyi was of course an excellent fencer. In Hungary, a country of almost incessant warfare, the sword had been for centuries a serious weapon and not a matter of sport. Fencing as a sport was introduced by French fencing-masters in the 'thirties of the nineteenth century, the most popular among them being Ignace Clair, a veteran Guards captain in Napoleon's army. Fencing soon became highly popular, assisted by the duelling mania of that age. The National Fencing School of Pest elected Széchenyi as its president, but he resigned this office a year later.

Ignace Clair taught gymnastics as well, and Széchenyi, remembering his own neglected physical training, sent both his sons to Clair's courses, and usually accompanied them himself to gymnastic exercises. He thus remained faithful to the ideas he had noted down in his diary in 1819: "Body and soul must be trained in early youth for the service of the country, or else education will be worthless from the patriotic point of view. Gymnastic exercises always please the children and strengthen their bodies. Gymnastics must be started early, for at a more advanced age one is no longer able to learn the exercises. These should be hard and intense and extend to everything a man can perform with his body."

Széchenyi started writing with his treatise *On Horses* in 1828; and after a series of works that were all intended to lead his country along the path of a new and healthy development, he returned to the same subject in 1838 with a work entitled *A Few Remarks on Horse-Racing*. Apart from horsemanship, both works contain many fine ideas on physical training in general. In the latter he advocates with especial fervency the cause of gymnastics: "I can find no excuse," he writes, "for a man who does not train his body. I regret the neglect of bodily exercise especially in the Hungarian, who in the past used to be a model of vigour. But when I do not approve of this, I do not think on the other hand that a man's gymnastic achievements, his horsemanship for example, should be the only criterion of his worth. I wish that the future leaders of our country, in whom all our hope lies, should be trained physically to the highest possible degree, but should never forget that they deserve the name of Man only if they are

able to stand on their feet morally and ethically as well." This is nothing but a practical application of the Roman principle *mens sana in corpore sano*, a conception by no means unknown in England. Széchenyi did not think that it was enough to stroke the neck of a thoroughbred winner or to admire a few good athletes; he saw the true mission of sport not in individual achievement but in the unity of a nation invigorated by cheerful physical training. Or, to express it in his own words: "A healthy and thriving individual! Is there anything on earth that would be more exhilarating? There is — and what? a healthy family! Finer still: a healthy community; and a healthy nation — the finest thing of all, a sight for the gods!"

SZÉCHENYI AND ENGLISH LITERATURE

By ALEXANDER BAUMGARTEN

SOMETIMES one feels that statesmen can be better described than by the usual label of Whig or Tory. The party chosen is not always adhered to until death; even the most Roman diehard has been known to cross the floor of the House, but one thing, which does not change and accompanies us through life, is our attitude towards spiritual values. There is the politician whose curiosity is completely satisfied by perusing Blue Books, and then there is the other, but he is not easy to find, who would like to read and know everything, so that — as Morley said of Gladstone — 'we are dazzled by the endless versatility of his mind.'

There is no doubt that Stephen Széchenyi must be classed with Gladstone. He was an insatiable reader and an enthusiastic collector of books. In the library of his castle at Cenk he collected 4,000 volumes, which, after his death, were protected for generations by tiers of polished cherrywood book-cupboards. When, later — some twenty years ago — Western Hungary was occupied by the Austrians, and not only men but also things had to make their escape, Széchenyi's books were brought to Budapest, where they found temporary asylum within the walls of the National Museum founded by his father. On this occasion, one of our bibliographs made a clear and concise catalogue of them. Thus, without any further research, we are able to establish the fact that Széchenyi was not only interested in the *Peerage* or *The Gentleman's Stable Directory*, but also in literature as well as science and technical questions. We see that he was especially fond of reading English, practically justifying the critic who accused him of Anglomania.

Naturally we can suppose some limits to his interests. Genius is also mortal, bound by its period and environment. But surely it is just the knowledge of these restrictions which gives meaning to our experiment in examining the reading of Széchenyi. Light is shed on the taste of a class which played a decisive part in a brilliant but by-gone generation.

Széchenyi was a romantic; although he was born in the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson's century, he reached maturity at the time known on the Continent as the Empire and in England the Regency. He was influenced in other ways as well; since his extreme youth he had travelled much, and found himself equally at home in the Faubourg St. Germain or the clubs of Pall Mall. He was a member of that aristocratic cosmopolitain society described in the 'Silver Spoon' novels, which lived easily and light-heartedly — the widow of the Prince Consort had not yet turned her attention to public morals. Thus it is easy to foresee that Széchenyi, under the influence of the fashionable world, would not display any excessive interest in the great solitaries, such as Wordsworth, or the great revolutionaries, such as Shelley, and that he would first hasten to acquire those works of which he had heard in the different mondaine or demi-mondaine *salons* frequented by him, such as Lord Holland's or Lady Blessington's. To acquire, we have said, but not always to read. On the title-page of *A Tale of Procrastinationor The Vicar's Daughter* we find scribbled by Széchenyi, "I was unable to get through it!"

Already, from this example, we are able to see that a library is not a reliable guide to its owner. We keep books on account of their luxurious bindings, and probably in the best place, although we have never even glanced through them, while little books spoiled by incessant reading are thrown away. Let us not forget, either, that the pernicious habit of borrowing books has flourished at all times and in every land, and our library cannot be held to cover the books borrowed; this is perhaps true only in the exceptional case when we have returned them to their legitimate owner.

It is lucky for us that from his youth upwards, Széchenyi kept a diary (it has already been said that he was a romantic). He wrote for himself and not for posterity, which is both useful and indiscreet. For this reason, these manuscripts,

grown to many thousands of pages, must be considered as more than a rich chronicle of events or a book of reference. Gossip and dialogues, politics and love succeed one another, but the foreground is entirely filled by a remarkable personality slowly developing under their influence. The Germans would say that this diary is, in reality, a *Bildungsroman*. Naturally reminiscences of reading are not absent from a work of this kind.

One cannot of course expect the exactitude of commercial calculations from notes written in haste after a day of frivolous amusement or intensive work. For the same reason gaps must exist in his enumeration of the books he read. This may also be seen from the fact that sometimes mention is made of the second reading of a book, for instance Bacon's *Novum Organum*, while no mention is made of the first reading. Sometimes we only hear that certain works, Locke's essay on Shaftesbury, for instance, or Hume's *History*, are to be studied, but whether these good intentions have been carried out or not, we are never informed. In other places we must be contented with inferences, as when Széchenyi speaks not of a novel but of its key. He has the key to *Vivian Grey*, written by Disraeli in his youth — let us not forget that throughout the pages of this novel as well as those of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* moves the figure of Prince Paul Esterházy, the Monarchy's ambassador — and finds the names disclosed by Lady Caroline Lamb's key to *Glenarvon* worthy of note; Calantha conceals the identity of the writer himself, and the protagonist is Byron. After this it is easy to foresee that we shall have a story dripping with love, and we are ready to admit that the noble and oft-quoted Lord was right when he declared that it could not be a true picture of himself as he had not sat long enough as model.

Often the title of the book is followed by a few lines or half a sentence of criticism. Is it necessary to add that the cold history of literature is not always of the same opinion? It is true that Bulwer's *Ernest Maltravers* might have pleased us in our distant adolescence but we would have been unable to feel the "moral influence" perceived by the writer of the diary. It is also true, however, that Széchenyi did not attach too much importance to these opinions, or rather impressions. When

he takes up Thomas Hope's *Anastasius* for the first time, of which De Quincey says in his *Confessions* — "a book both of high reputation and of great influence amongst the leading circles of society," he wondered what people could find to enjoy in it. Later, accepting rather against his will the judgement of Metternich, he considers it interesting and amusing, but adds that the author must have had difficulty in writing a thousand pages.

We confess that reading over Széchenyi's shoulder in this way is a melancholy pleasure. Others before us have discovered that in reality literature is nothing but an immense burial-ground. What a host of forgotten names emerge on the pages of the diary! Who could have been that Mrs. Inchbald whose *A Simple Story* is "a pretty tale recommendable to all readers?" But this book is as little likely to come into our hands as the *Pen Owen* of James Hook, which was read by Széchenyi "half with boredom, half with great interest." How we would love to immerse ourselves in Harriet Wilson's four-volume book: *The Interesting Memoirs and Amorous Adventures* (O Regency!). It seems safe to suppose that *Antar, a Bedouin Romance*, written by T. Hamilton, and published in 1819, is the ancestor of the later classic genre of "sheik," and that Mr. A. Austen had a reason for publishing the *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* under the pseudonym of J. Wilson. What a popular personality must the author of the *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau* have been, of whom we only know that it was in that capacity that he dined with Széchenyi and Sir Charles Greville. Finally let us revive the shade of G. Croly, from whose poem *Maria de Torquemada taking the Veil* the diary quotes long and purple passages. Probably he was a clergyman who collected and published his Sunday sermons for the edification of his brethren, or perhaps he provided the ambiguous fragments of some alexandrine with detailed commentaries. Reviewers exalted him, and bluestockings pestered him with gushing epistles. *Sic transit!*

Among this extinct greatness, with what pleasure we greet an old friend, Lady Morgan! "Amusing but biassed" writes Széchenyi of her book *Italy*. Mrs. Jane Porter also makes an appearance. Of her *Scottish Chiefs*, "bad work, pleasing

to women on account of its many improbabilities; the hero is hanged at the end. *Il a trop méprisé l'opinion,*" writes the diarist, possibly thinking of his own experiences. One ought also to know Fanny Burney's name, but we are really unable to do as Széchenyi does and consider the characters of *Evelina* as typical members of a respectable middle-class English family, saying that their woman guest resembles Madame Duval, and their fat daughter Miss Anville.

All is well when a name is appended to the quotation or apothegm. This however does not always occur. For instance, we have to discover where the following sentence, which would make an admirable inscription over the entrance to a college, comes from: "Nothing so much debilitates the true vigour of the understanding as an excessive study of words. It is neither safe nor honorable to descend from philosophy to philology." (Is it from Hume?) Or here is another query:

> "Do you wish to be dispatched to the next world?
> I grant passports and Charon will ferry you over!"

Surely these lines, which our compatriot had engraved on the blade of a sword bought in England, sound as if they were taken from some bombastic tirade in a drama. And this is very probable. Széchenyi was not only acquainted with the printed matter of English literature. He was an ardent theatre-goer, and when in London, went as often as possible to Covent Garden or elsewhere. One evening he wanted to see Edgar Moore's *Tragedy of the Gamester*, well-known at that time, but there was a change of programme and *Pudel Bing* took its place, from which title we are unable to tell if it was a farce or a tragedy with an Indian subject. He applauded Miss O'Neill in Th. Southerne's play *Isabella or the Fatal Marriage*, and a few days later she was performing brilliantly with her partner Kemble in Ottway's *Venice Preserved*. He was unable to forget this actress. In 1845, thirty years after the London days, he knew no higher praise for a Hungarian priestess of Thalia than that she was a second Miss O'Neill! For Széchenyi did not neglect the theatre at home either. He was present at the performance of a play by Beaumont and Fletcher, adapted by a German writer, then at *Henry IV*,

where Egressy was presented with a silver cup by his admirers, and he went twice to *Romeo and Juliet;* he invited two English gentlemen to his box, but the actors left out half the play; "they take it easy," he writes in his diary.

Széchenyi always liked the great William. Already in 1815, he wrote to his mother, "Shakespeare has found in me a great admirer, in spite of the fact that sometimes I am irritated by him." (Probably he is alluding to the language difficulties.) A few years later, overwhelmed by love and wrapped in *Weltschmerz*, sitting alone by the side of the multitudinous seas, he sighs: "O Romeo, if I could but join you and share your eternal peace!" *Anthony and Cleopatra* taught him to love before it was too late. With a peculiar self-torturing delight he quotes a sentence from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a sentence used by Shakespeare apropos an English adventurer who had travelled in Hungary, but which Széchenyi uses when the manners of a compatriot offend him: 'O base Hungarian wight!'

If now, after *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, we were to mention Pope's *Universal Prayer* or the *Irish Melodies* of Thomas Moore, might we not be justly accused of rambling capriciously in the flowery fields of literature? It is true that several times we find notes such as this in the diary: "From now on, I must read systematically." But to justify ourselves, we must also say that such a good intention only served to pave the road to hell. A sort of "Oxford at Home" self-education according to a programme did not suit Széchenyi's nature, and besides, public affairs took up more and more of his time.

But if he was unable to fill the necessary gaps in his knowledge, at least he always tried to keep abreast of the principal ideas and tendencies of literature. He was no friend of the critics, "who do nothing but look for faults. I like to judge for myself. I do not even like the *Edinburgh Review*, which is the best of its kind." But such sentiments did not prevent him, during a longer stay in Vienna in 1823, from giving orders to his secretary to send after him all the numbers of the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly*, which could be found in Cenk. In the latter, he must have read Viscount Mann's report to John Russell, and Macaulay's essays on the French Revolution. He was also acquainted with *Black-*

wood's Magazine, which "was completely ultra, but very entertaining" — pretensions were not exaggerated in those happy days — and of course with the rather different *Galignani's Messenger*, published in Paris.

On the pages of all these, as well as in polite conversations, two great names constantly recur. One is that of Walter Scott. Széchenyi was attracted by the foggy north; when he went to England, he had *Ossian* included in his luggage, and perhaps he also had a look at Bishop Percy's *Reliques*, which had been sent to him with a note of recommendation by the publisher. It is all the more remarkable that he was never able to appreciate the writer of the *Waverley Novels*. When he became acquainted with him he was no longer a young man. Of *St. Ronan's Well*, he said: "loquacious, it bored me." He held the same opinion about *Woodstock:* "boring." *The Monastery* interested him more, and once he quoted from it, but while reading *The Crusaders*, he sometimes went to sleep. It was no use, the Caledonian Mountains fell far short of the hills and valleys of Transdanubia!

But Byron was close to his heart. He copied pages from his poems into his diary. He translated important scenes from *Manfred* and *Cain*, and having been transferred to a lonely garrison, he intended to pass the time there translating *Childe Harold*. He hastened to read everything Byron wrote. He guessed who had written the anonymously published *Age of Bronze*, and noted the opinion of a lady, who declared it to be the sharpest diatribe. He was less pleased with *Marino Faliero* and *The Two Foscari*, perhaps because the (to him) antipathetic Princess Dino Talleyrand was enthusiastic about them. Of the first he wrote: "I only worked through it with fatigue," and of the second: "the most insignificant thing Byron ever wrote." His opinion of *Werner* was: "it is not diabolic, but quite simply bad."

Széchenyi was not only interested in Byron the poet, but also in Byron the man. His Italian journey was in the nature of a pilgrimage, visiting the places sanctified by the poet. While looking at the marble façade of the Mocenigo Palace in Venice, he remarked that here, where Byron had lived, General Nenell had now set up his headquarters, and at the desk where Byron had worked, his successor now drafted



SZÉCHENYI IN ENGLISH CLOTHES IN THE 'FORTIES

(Lithograph by Charles Sterio after a watercolour by Count Emmanuel Andrássy)



Széchenyi on the Danube between Buda and Pest, in the 'forties

(Lithograph by Charles Sterio)

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Brigade orders. He visited the Tasso prisons in Ferrara and learnt that Byron had passed there shortly before him, making notes for his forthcoming work. He was delighted when, a few months later, Countess Anthony Apponyi, the wife of the Hungarian Minister to Tuscany, sent him *The Lament of Tasso*.

If it was not granted to Széchenyi to meet Byron, and he was unable to do more than stand before the poet's statue in Thorwaldsen's studio in Rome, at least he tried to read everything which was published about him: *Byron's Last Journey* by Gamba, brother of Countess Guiccioli, who needs no introduction; *A Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron*, by Th. Medwin; *Greece during Byron's Residence in that Country*, by L. Stanhope, who had gone through the Greek War of Independence with him. Nor did he neglect any opportunity to meet people who were connected with him, such as John Murray or Lady Caroline Lamb.

In the autumn of 1827, Széchenyi was occupied with plans for an autobiography to be concealed in a novel called *The Last Will and Testament of a Suicide*. The hero, with a significant reminiscence, was to be "noble like Manfred." Nothing came of the novel. After that he wanted to develop the subject in a play, and a few scenes were written. The scenario alone shows much of Byron's influence: in the courtyard of a Gothic castle at midnight, by the light of the moon, Széchenyi, transparently disguised as a young knight, declaims and suffers. By the time the curtain fell, most of the cast would certainly have been dead.

Literature also fashions Life. The poet of *Don Juan* was already dust in the earth of Missalonghi, but miraculously, golden youth still resembled him. "*Vous avez adopté le genre de Byron*," said a woman to Széchenyi, but this remark was a little superficial, assuming as it did that the formation of a character is entirely conscious. Byronism was more than a fashion, it was a disease. The generation exhausted by the Wars of Napoleon did not imitate Byron because it wanted to, but because, having inherited the same faults as he had, it was incapable of doing otherwise. When Princess John Lichtenstein finds that Széchenyi reminds her of the noble lord, he turns aside the compliment: "I can compete with him

neither in wit nor beauty; accordingly it seems it is in heartlessness!" 'Spleen' — the word was in fashion — triumphs over his mood, and he tortures and accuses himself with the passion of Manfred.

Later, as with everything, there came an end to the Byronic period. With the passing of the years, Széchenyi's choice of reading also changed. The dandy was preparing himself to be the leader of public opinion. In September, 1831, approaching his fortieth year, he once more speaks of reforming himself, and as a gage of his determination, he reads one Life after the other, Caxton, Wolsey, Admiral Blake, and the jurist Sir Edward Coke.

In his life also the poetry grew less and the prose increased. Later he does not even find time to read belles-lettres; he must build bridges, improve rivers, and found banks. From the point of view of the individual one may regret this change, but Széchenyi no longer seeks for happiness or even oblivion, he wants to create. He lives not for himself but for his nation.

SZÉCHENYI AND WOMEN

By JOSEPH ÖSTÖR

THE influence, or at the least the incidence of the opposite sex is nearly always observable in the lives of great men, and no account of the life of Count Stephen Széchenyi would be complete without some reference to the women who occurred in it. As one of the greatest public characters of the last century, he was inevitably much in the society of women, and his younger years present a series of romances, more or less serious, leading up to the *grande passion* of his life.

There is no doubt that just as Széchenyi was interested in women, so he exercised a considerable attraction for them, whether in the exciting days of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, or later as he was observed from the gallery of the Diet of Pozsony, or when his colours appeared on the turf at the Pest races. The secret of his attraction in those days was perhaps not a unique one, for not only did he start with considerable natural advantages, but, like Othello, he was able to recount strange tales of his wanderings which were, for that period, extensive. We get a glimpse of this in the diary of Countess John Keglevich, *née* Countess Adelaide Zichy, who records on February 19, 1822, how "Stefferl Széchenyi gave an excellent and well-arranged dinner-party," to a select company in Vienna. "He lives in the Jägerzeile," she continues, "whither he moved from the Zittiry House after his father's death. His flat is home-like, beautifully furnished and exceedingly diverting. One might imagine it to be the store-room of some merchant in which wares from all parts of the world have been assembled. We did not have time to get a good look at everything."

At this time, of course, Széchenyi was still a young man and had not yet started upon his public career. But he had toured

the Continent, and knew Paris, London and Greece, and from his travels he had brought back with him a number of curios and a stock of reminiscences which he could recount in a very attractive manner. He knew most of the great personalities of Europe; he had lunched with the King of Bavaria, dined with the Duke of Wellington, and was a frequent visitor at the home of Louis Philippe. He was a friend of Alexander Humboldt and the Duke of Gouiche, and was often a guest of the Duke of Northumberland and of the British Ambassador in Paris, Granville, at whose house he met, of course, a number of other interesting people. Socially he was in frequent contact with Metternich — and this he kept up until the fall of the latter — the Princes Grassalkovich, and the Esterházys, Nicholas and Paul.

Even if this varied experience had not been enough to make him interesting — and his contemporary, Sigismund Kemény the essayist and novelist, rates this characteristic above anything in its attraction for women — he was of noble descent, rich, and with a certain military reputation gained in the closing phases of the Napoleonic wars, when he distinguished himself at the battle of Leipzig. He was closely related to the highest of the aristocracy of the old Monarchy, his father, Count Francis, living in great style in Vienna, and his mother being a daughter of the great George Festetics: it was common knowledge that his father owned vast estates in Hungary, which he had already allotted to his three sons, so that Stephen was the prospective owner of over 70,000 acres. To all these advantages may be added that he was of by no means unpleasing appearance, and that his manners were amusing, though somewhat bold; the young Countess Wrbna said of him that he "smelt of brimstone," and she seems to have had good reason for this Mephistophelian comparison, for his future wife reproached him, early in their acquaintance, with being "perfidious, ironical and mystifying." Without being accused of too much cynicism, one may perhaps assert that these qualities did not seriously detract from his fascination for the other sex.

As a very young man — and the period in which he lived must be borne in mind — it was his ambition to be one of the much-admired *grands séducteurs*, and in his diary in 1819 he

records a conversation on the subject with his friend Robert Gordon, the son of Lord George Gordon, then first secretary at the British Embassy in Vienna. The conversation contains a number of original and amusing ideas on the subject of women, love and marriage. We find him asking Gordon whether he did not "think it very fortunate to be a born Don Juan? For only fine and outstanding characteristics are really attractive, and it is surely no misfortune to possess them." Elsewhere he remarks that "union in love is the greatest happiness." But this should not be misunderstood; Széchenyi heartily despised the Casanovesque type of professional lady-killer, as witness a later entry in his diary: "We men are incomplete and of little value without a woman, and the highest degree of earthly happiness is in marriage, the indissoluble union of two people." It was love, in his opinion, which made a man truly great, and he himself experienced the truth of this in his own life, for there is no doubt that his last and greatest love, for Countess Crescence Seilern, played a great part in the development of his faculties and in his public career. That this was, from comparatively early days, a ruling principle with him may be gathered from the account in his diary of his conversation with Robert Gordon, for even there he draws a sharp distinction between love and love-affairs; they are matters for two different types of lovers, the *ambizioso* and the *amoroso*. Many years later, while in retreat in Döbling, he wrote a charming treatise entitled *Love and Affection*, in which, drawing in part on his own life full of disillusioning experiences, he analyses the two sentiments and reaches the conclusion that "love is nothing but poetry, its whole spell is based upon fancy and illusion, and it vanishes as soon as these two cease to exist." But affection, as he puts it, is higher than love; affection is 'warm and vital and universal, while love is only passion and selfishness.' Nearly fifty years had elapsed since those conversations with Gordon which he records in his diary, and they had been years full of experience.

For the purposes of this article it might be said that Széchenyi's life was divided into three periods. The first, into which fall the peccadilloes of his youth, reached its climax in the whirl of the Congress of Vienna. How much we are to believe of the dissipation with which he reproached himself in

the later years at Döbling is uncertain, but whatever the facts one should bear in mind the morals of that period, not only in civilian life but in the army in which he was then serving. This period ends, and a new one starts, with Lady Caroline Meade.

She was an English girl, and one of those rare creatures who appear in an age when beauty and piquancy combine to make their mark on a stage set with great events. At the age of sixteen she was a sensation in Vienna, and it was Alexander of Russia who named her the *beauté coquette;* but her husband was not destined to be Stephen Széchenyi, but his brother Paul who, himself only twenty, married her when she was sixteen. We have a description of her in the memoirs of Countess Lulu Thürheim, who after mentioning her family connections — she was a niece of Prince Rasumovski — tells us that "Caroline . . . was one of the most charming and reckless creatures I ever knew. Raven locks surrounded her brown, velvet face; her Caucasian eyes, straight nose, beautiful mouth and pearly teeth, that flashed like lightning through the clouds of her easily-aroused temper, gave an incomparable charm to this sweet creature. Her character resembled her appearance, for it was rather piquant than pleasant. She was a spoiled child who would brook no contradiction and wished to rule over friend and foe alike. She often hurt others by her impetuosity, but her heart was irreproachable, full of high and noble sentiments."

While there is no doubt of the fact that Stephen Széchenyi was strongly attracted by his brother's wife, and that she was by no means indifferent to him, the affair has been considerably exaggerated, partly by some of Széchenyi's later writings when he was at Döbling, and partly by a Hungarian novel which represents Caroline as his greatest love. Countess Thürheim, quoted above, informs us that Paul Széchenyi, who married this lovely child, was petty, vulgar and soulless, and that, apparently in search of distraction, she allowed Stephen to pay court to her for a while. He, it seems, was the one to withdraw, leaving Caroline to amuse herself elsewhere, and Countess Thürheim again records that "her life was a short spring, full of tempests, and she was broken by the storm like a dainty and helpless flower." She died young, and, though

there is virtually no evidence of the self-accusation being true, Széchenyi reproached himself for years with her death, on the ground that he had abandoned her and her son Andrew, who died as a young man in Damascus. There was, in fact, a strong rumour to the effect that this son was his, and it was only a few years ago that many of his papers were found at Döbling, among them the letters of Caroline. Those who had expected revelations from these letters were disappointed, for their tone is one of the purest friendship and brotherly attachment. The self-accusations of Széchenyi himself cannot be taken as evidence, for there was this period in Döbling when he was accusing himself of many things and feeling remorse for disasters for which he could not be held responsible. He even reproaches himself with having made his wife unhappy in terms which do not accord with the known fact that the two lived very happily together; similarly he holds himself responsible for the failure of Hungary's struggle for independence, though he had virtually no part in it. His sense of responsibility was magnified by his imagination.

Whatever the depth of his feelings for Caroline may have been, this period impressed Széchenyi deeply, and his attitude seems to change. His next love was Countess Gabriella Hunyady, who married Count Zeno Saurau, and from the fact that this followed immediately after his courtship of Caroline, one may perhaps draw the natural conclusion that it was a reaction; he loved her like a schoolboy, although he was by then twenty-seven. Writing down her name made him happy; he would willingly be her lackey; they promise to think of each other at a certain hour, because, as he writes in his diary, loving souls can meet across the seas.

His attention next turned to Caroline's sister, Selina, although Caroline herself was still alive. His ideas of love were by this time different, and he thought seriously of marriage — Gabrielle had trifled with him, and now he was again disappointed in Selina, who refused his offer of marriage and preferred a fellow-officer of his, to Széchenyi's evident annoyance. Now however there came an interval, for Széchenyi sought to forget his rebuff by the classic method, taking a journey to the Near East from which he returned, after eleven months, having almost forgotten Selina. But Selina even denied having

ever loved him, and, his vanity wounded, he sent back her letters and wished her every happiness.

His love for Princess Henriette Lichtenstein falls into the same period; his father had died, and he felt that it was time that he married and settled down. Of Henriette he writes in his diary: "I am in love with her. She is a true Juliet. Would it not be regrettable folly to love a young girl — and to think of marrying her? She is fifteen years younger than I am, and as fresh as a rose. What am I, morally and physically? A vampire? Her mother treats me with especial favour and friendship." He was over thirty now, and longing to be married. Henriette was the daughter of Field-Marshal Prince Lichtenstein, and her sister had already married Széchenyi's friend Count Vincent Esterházy, who would have welcomed the alliance, while the girl's mother was by no means averse to it. She left it to her daughter to decide, only telling Széchenyi frankly that his affair with Caroline had impaired his reputation. "Opinions of you are not at all favourable," she told him, adding "I do not know why, for I do not know anything bad about you." He was put off, and requested to wait a year, but even after this period had elapsed there was no change in the situation. Henriette's mother certainly encouraged him, for she told him to "try to ingratiate yourself with the little one." But flattery was not one of his strong points, and in the end he was rejected; Henriette told him that he did not understand her, but one may assume that she too entirely failed to understand him. His disappointment, however, seems to have been short-lived, for we find in his diary the passage: "What shall I do? Welcome, golden freedom! I shall never again think of marriage." In the following year, incidentally, Henriette married Count Joseph Hunyady.

Such were the vicissitudes of the years preceding 1825, when Széchenyi was ready for the great love of his life. He had travelled both abroad and in his own country, his studies of economics, law history and ethnography were so far advanced as to equip him for his public career, to which he now felt himself drawn. It is at this moment in his life, when he was thirty-four, that Countess Crescence Seilern, the wife of Count Charles Zichy, appears.

He must have met her before then, for the circle of aristo-

cratic society in Vienna was a limited one, and besides this he was actually related to the Zichy family. But his first mention of her in his diary, as if he noticed her for the first time, is at the house of Count Charles Zichy the elder, at Oroszvár, when he writes that "Crescence is in excellent health, lovelier than ever." From this time dates a friendship that lasted ten years, and culminated only then, after the death of her husband in December 1834, in a wedding in the baroque Christina church of Buda.

Christina was the mother of three children by her first husband, and was to bear Széchenyi two more. There were several reasons why she captivated Stephen Széchenyi. Perhaps a lesser one was her beauty, for although, as one may see from the delicate miniature by Daffinger, Crescence was beautiful, she was not one of those famous beauties who had attracted him in earlier years. He was an enthusiastic admirer of living beauty, as well as of the beauties of art and nature which he describes so finely in his diaries, the pictures of Raphael, a statue by Canova, the scenery of Lombardy or the Pyrenees, the ruins of the Acropolis. In his diary he notes that the women of Greece have beautiful eyes; "but," he adds, "I do not like this type of beauty; they all try to pierce one with their glance. I like eyes that take in our glance and reflect it gently and modestly." And such were the eyes of Crescence. Her whole personality was gentle and tender, feminine and affectionate; if her beauty attracted him in the first instance, it was her virtue that held him, and this was no small achievement, for he was impatient and passionate, so that there were times when this long friendship was threatened by a complete breach.

It cannot be said that these ten years were happy ones for Széchenyi; yet from his temperament it would seem as if he would not have had it otherwise. He had suffered before, and it was, in some strange way, hardly in his nature to be really happy. We find confirmation of this theory in what he writes about Tasso: "He should indeed be envied for his sufferings, envied by those who do not know the sweet torments of love." So the years passed, in exceptional devotion on his part, met by friendship and wise counsel on hers. There can be no doubt that, even after this difficult period of waiting, charged as it inevitably was with hope, expectation and despair, no

disappointment awaited him, for Crescence was the perfect wife for him, and his diaries are full of her praise. She was gentle and patient, qualities of inestimable importance for the wife of a great man, and she realised without bitterness that her husband's greatest love was not for any woman but for his country and his people. He had never allowed himself to be held back by women, and here at last was one who actively assisted him.

Crescence was the last woman to play any important part in Széchenyi's life, and although it cannot be said that he was no longer interested in them, it was hereafter for a different reason. He was entirely absorbed in political life and in the reforms which he was gradually introducing, but where it was necessary to intrigue to achieve his object he now and then availed himself of the services of women, carefully hiding his true aims. With some he was successful, but there are instances of those who saw through his schemes and used his own weapons against him.

The question of whether great men have actually been great lovers, or whether their affairs have been unduly exaggerated by the fact of their greatness is a field for speculation outside the scope of this article. Of Széchenyi it may suffice to say that there is no doubt of the intensity of his emotions nor yet of the unhappiness which his various loves caused him. It is, however, some consolation in reading of what was, from the personal point of view, an unhappy and even tragic life, that his eventual marriage gave him everything that he himself, with his exacting demands on life, could have wished for.

SZÉCHENYI AS SEEN BY HIS FOREIGN FRIENDS

Compiled by STEPHEN GÁL

THE general conception of Hungary in Western Europe was different in every age. In the Middle Ages she was "Fairyland," "Canaan flowing with milk and honey"; after the expulsion of the Turks she became a desert in which the weary traveller could voyage for days on end without meeting a human being or a trace of vegetation. In the late eighteenth century when new life began to flow into the veins of the Hungarian nation, travellers coming from the West visit the country and discover its problems, unsolved to this day, with amazement: the immigrant foreign populations that were soon to develop into a grave nationality problem, and the almost insoluble vital questions of the peasants. As Hungary, before the opening of the Suez Canal, lay on the route to India, her geopolitical situation was especially interesting to the English and was discussed by them in all its details at that period.

The foreigners who visited Hungary in the second quarter of the past century are without exception impressed by the extensive reforms begun in Hungary, mostly on the English model. Practically all of them became acquainted with the leading personality of Hungary in the era of reforms, Count Stephen Széchenyi, who was a great admirer of English institutions. He was an excellent guide to the English visitors to Hungary. He spoke English well, knew the English taste, and a series of institutions introduced by him on the English model testified to his creative power and ambition. No wonder that these English travellers considered Széchenyi a kind of Danubian vanguard of the English genius. Not only Englishmen,

but other foreigners too, got into touch with Széchenyi and wrote about him in their books; it would be the work of many years to collect references to him all through the European memoir and travel-book literature of the first half of the nineteenth century. There was no other figure in Hungarian history who was so closely linked with the life of European society.

In his youth the imprint of his Viennese education was noticeable, his gaiety and charm being outstanding. Prince Schwarzenberg, the commander-in-chief, wrote to Stephen Széchenyi's father: "I feel happy in the company of your charming and amiable son, who amuses us in the most agreeable manner by his constant good humour." During the Congress of Vienna a Prussian officer says of the young Count Széchenyi: "Kind-hearted and roguish, he is a young lion that may be guided on a silken leash."

The 'thirties are Széchenyi's great creative period. We possess many descriptions of him at that age by foreigners and by Englishmen in particular. The first detailed English description of Count Stephen Széchenyi was given by Michael J. Quin in his book entitled *A Steam Voyage down the Danube* (With sketches of Hungary, Wallachia, Servia and Turkey), London, 1835. 2 vols. Quin visited Hungary in the autumn of 1834 and already on board the steamer he heard much about the Hungarian magnate:

> Dewar spoke also of the Count Széchenyi, in the most enthusiastic terms, describing him as a Hungarian magnate of ample fortune, who devoted himself exclusively to the regeneration of his country. It was with the sole view of collecting information, which he might afterwards apply to her benefit, that he had frequently visited England, France, and other parts of Europe. He was in the bloom of life; had served in the army; was a leading member of the diet, over which his talents, his superior acquirements, and his disinterested patriotism, gave him great influence; was constantly occupied in designing plans for the welfare of Hungary; remained a batchelor, in order that he might be more at liberty to travel about for the purpose of carrying those plans into execution; and was activeley engaged in superintending the works going on upon the Danube, which were entirely the result of his public spirit, and his indefatigable perseverance. I was delighted to hear that I should probably meet the Count at Orsova, where he possessed a temporary residence.

He had the occasion to spend a few days with Széchenyi on the Lower Danube. This part of Quin's account is worth quoting in full:

> . . . I should have to spend ten days in the Lazaretto at Orsova before I could proceed further on my journey.
>
> At two o'clock I went to dine with the Count. A rude sort of a gate opened to a courtyard through which I passed to a staircase, or rather a wide step-ladder, and so on to a gallery leading to a suite of rooms genteelly furnished. On the table in the Count's sitting apartment I recognised as old friends the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, several of our "Annuals," and other English and French periodical publications.
>
> I collected from what was said that it was intended to construct a road wide enough for carriages, along the whole of the left bank of the Danube, and that canals were to be formed in the rapids and other rocky passages, where the river was liable to be reduced much below its ordinary level during the summer and autumn.
>
> The enterprise was originated by the Count, who, at an early period of his life (he is at present about forty-four years of age), plainly perceived the great advantages that would accrue to Hungary, if it were rendered navigable for steam-boats to the Black Sea. Having ordered the engines for three boats to be sent from Birmingham to Trieste, he had the vessels built in that port, and then a petition was presented to the diet, on behalf of the subscribers, praying its sanction to the undertaking. This was the first instance in which the diet was called upon to take into its consideration a measure peculiar to Hungary in its national character, and involving, therefore, consequences of vast political as well as commercial tendency. If the diet took this enterprise under its auspices, the popularity and the sense of independence which the assembly would thus acquire, might lead to other measures still more conductive to the re-establishment of the Hungarian nation. Prince Metternich immediately sent for Count Széchenyi, whose brother is married to a sister of the prince's wife and sought explanations of this treasonable proceeding! The Count's answer was very simple and unequivocal. "If you have no wish that the diet should adopt the petition and act upon it, do the thing yourselves, for the Danube at all events cannot be long without steam-boats." The hint was taken, the petition was cushioned, the plans of the Count were not only accepted but improved upon a most magnificent scale, and given back to himself for execution.
>
> Count Széchenyi was so good to translate for me one or two of his articles in the Pesth newspaper, the principal object of which was to prepare and correct the very general disposition of his countrymen to Sybaritism. His style of writing is piquant, and good-humoured, wholly free from pedantry, and his admonitions, which are pregnant with good sense, are conveyed in a friendly and even

parental tone, which shows how deeply this excellent man has the welfare of his native land at heart. Personal ambition appeared to me to have no share in his motives of action; they seem to spring exclusively from a fervent, I might almost say, a romantic affection for his country.

The Count, as I have said, is now in the bloom of life, yet I regret to add that his health is occasionally interrupted, I sincerely trust not yet undermined, by some inexplicable derangement of the digestive organs. When not affected particularly by his malady, which is of a periodical character, he appears to be a vigorous, strong-bodied, indefatigable, country gentleman; fond of rural sports in the season; a capital shot, and an excellent horseman. He is of the middle stature, of a good military figure, and a most intelligent and engaging countenance. His manners are those of a perfectly well-bred gentleman: indeed if he had not spoken English with somewhat of a foreign accent, I should have easily mistaken him for one of my own countrymen, of that class who, from talent and information, combined with high birth, possess influence in the House of Commons.

Count Stephen Széchenyi's greatest English admirer was John Paget, the author of a book which still remains the best that has been written on Hungary.[1] He visited the country for the first time in 1836 and liked it so much that he eventually settled down in Hungary. After having heard much of him in Pozsony, Paget meets Széchenyi in Pest, on the arrival of the steamer.

Among some half-dozen persons who seemed privileged to come on board without waiting the conclusion of the preliminary arrangements, our attention was immediately directed towards one in particular by the deference paid to him both by the passengers and crew, and the respect with which every one seemed to regard him. He was a short and rather dark-complexioned man, with a singularly bright eye, and dressed in a style so completely English that, but for the moustache, I should have supposed him a countryman. Every eye was on him, every one was anxious to greet him as he passed; while his own composed features and compressed mouth told he was a man who knew that he was observed, and had to act a conspicuous part in the drama of life.

It was the Count Széchenyi, who had come to inquire of the captain how he had got over the sand-banks, and what was the actual state of the navigation. But we must give him a new chapter.

In Paget's book, which gives a survey of Hungary in the era of reforms, the frontispiece is an engraved portrait of Szé-

[1] *Hungary and Transylvania*, by John Paget. Illustrated by George E. Hering. 2 vols. London. John Murray 1839.

chenyi, as if to indicate the interest Széchenyi's ideas aroused in the author on the occasion of his first trip to Hungary. A whole chapter is devoted to Széchenyi's person, activity and significance; this being the longest and fullest description we possess of Széchenyi by an Englishman, we quote it here at length.

> Count Széchenyi István is the third son of the founder and benefactor of the Museum of Pest, a scion of the same house which produced two of the most distinguished archbishops of Hungary. For seventeen years Széchenyi served in the Austrian army: and it was not till the peace had rendered it an idle life, and removed all chance of distinction, that he determined to quit it. Perhaps, disgusted with the system of favouritism or the personal enmity which had kept him down to the rank of captain; perhaps moved by that spirit of regeneration, which from the mountains of Transylvania spread over the plains of Hungary, and was felt even at the gates of Vienna itself; or, it may be, warned that the freedom with which he had dared, under the influence of this spirit, in his place as an Hungarian Magnate, to address the upper Chamber, was inconsistent with the uniform he wore; — such have been suggested as among the causes which may have driven him from the army, and which soon placed him in the foremost rank of Hungarian patriots.
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> The leisure which he now enjoyed was occupied in foreign travel. England particularly fixed his notice. Our manners, our institutions, our commerce were objects of his study, and offered him useful hints for the improvement of his native land. The causes which impeded the introduction of commerce in Hungary, and the great development of her natural resources which must result from their removal, first occupied his attention. At home, he found a government and people mutually distrustful. The Hungarians complained to him that foreign — so they called Austrian — jealousy and oppression were the sole causes of all their misfortunes; while, beyond the Carpathians, he heard his countrymen described as a tyrannical, ignorant, and turbulent nobility, the oppressors of a poor, idle, and slavish peasantry; — the one class who would not, the other who could not effect anything for the common advantage of their country. On all sides, a reform in Hungary was declared impossible.
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> One of the first objects to which Széchenyi drew the attention of his countrymen was, the improvement of the breed of horses; a subject particularly suited to their taste, and likely to attract their notice. A large stud, often from one to two hundred horses, forms almost a necessary part of a nobleman's establishment; and yet they rarely bred anything but a cross of the common country horse with the large, slow, high-actioned Spanish horse, a race of little use but for the pomp of ceremony. Széchenyi introduced the English

race-horse and hunter, and, to show their superiority, he instituted races and kept a pack of hounds; in short, he succeeded in making English horses a fashion, which is now generally followed.

The system so long and so ably followed up, of Germanizing Hungary, had succeeded to such a degree as to destroy to a considerable extent the feelings of nationality among the higher nobles: most of them were ignorant of the language; few of them took any interest in the affairs of Hungary, except in the preservation of their own privileges; and some even affected to despise their countrymen, because of a little outward rudeness, of which the absenteeism pursued by the more polished and wealthy was the main cause. Fortunately the wellwishers of Hungary knew how influential a principle the spirit of nationality is in the regeneration of a country; nor did they forget how strongly the language of one's childhood, with which man's earliest and dearest associations are connected, acts in exciting that spirit.

The restoration of the Hungarian language was therefore the first object. Széchenyi himself, from disuse, was no longer master of it: he made himself so, and became one of the most influential in its diffusion. He was the first in the Chamber of Magnates who spoke in Hungarian; till then Latin was always used in the debates, as, we have seen, it still is by the Palatine and by the court party. Few thought of reading Hungarian, still fewer, except some poets, of writing in it; Széchenyi published several political works in the language, and Hungarian authorship has become fashionable. Among men it is now the medium of conversation; at public dinners, toasts and speeches in German would not be listened to; and at Pest, whatever may be the case at Vienna, Hungarian gentlemen are now ashamed to be thought ignorant of the Hungarian language.

The establishment of a society for the development of the Hungarian language was proposed by Széchenyi in the Diet, and was as usual met by innumerable objections, of which the want of funds was the most cogent. "I willingly contribute one year's income", (6000 l.) said Széchenyi; "I second it with 4000 l." said Count Károlyi György: the example was catching, and 30,000 l. were soon subscribed.

I have some hesitation in speaking of the writings of Count Széchenyi, for I have never been able to master the difficulties of the language; and we all know that translations, even the best, convey but indifferently the spirit of the original.

The *Hitel* is an inquiry into the causes of the want of commercial credit in Hungary, with suggestions for their removal. In the introduction, Count Széchenyi attacks one of the great drawbacks on Hungarian progress, — the want of a common purpose, and a common opinion. "All are anxious to build", he writes, "and every one at the same building; but unfortunately each wishes to lay his foundation stone in a different spot, and begin his work in

a different style. Many would like to commence in the middle, and some seem to think the best plan of building a house is to begin with the roof. Few set themselves to work at the foundation. 'Oh ! if the Ludovica road in Croatia were but toll-free !' says one. — 'Give me rather a suspension-bridge between Buda and Pest !' answers another. — 'First of all, let us lay out a promenade along the banks of the Danube, and plant it with trees ; and, while they are growing up, we shall have time to.' — 'No, no ; I say, a Magyar theatre, and the Magyar language, that will keep up our nationality !' — 'Ah !' says another, 'if our rich Magnates would only come and live at home, instead of spending all their money in foreign lands, and take a part in our county meetings !' — 'Tut, man !' grumbles a neighbour, 'that's all nothing ; if they would not bring those nasty foreign fashions into the country, — those shoes and stockings, instead of stout Magyar boots, — and those great hairy — how do they call them ? — colliers Grecs, in which they hide their honest Magyar faces !' — 'The paper money is our ruin, friend !' observes one ; 'if we could only get hold of Kremnitz ducats, and keep Hungarian gold and silver within the boundaries of Hungary ; then.' — 'Nay', answers a second, 'but the salt-tax ! if the salt-tax was but lower !' and so on to the end of the chapter. Every man believes his own plan so much the best and wisest, that, without it, no step can be made in the march of Hungarian improvement.

Széchenyi . . . . tries to persuade them that inquiry into their state will show them that their country is capable of much more than is at present supposed ; enlisting even the laziest in his cause by the lightness and familiarity of his illustrations. He then begins the more formal part of his work, by proving that the Hungarian landowner is poorer than he ought to be, from the quantity and quality of his possessions ; and that he does not possess those comforts which his circumstances ought to afford him. He next shows that the Hungarian proprietor cannot, at the present moment, cultivate his land to the greatest advantage, because there is no mutual understanding among Hungarians, no commercial credit ; while the common holdings of land, the monopolies, and limitation of prices, the loss occasioned by compulsory labour, and the collection of rent in the form of tithe, all tend to impede improvements in agriculture.

The example of England is frequently held up for imitation and to the common objections cast against it Széchenyi gives an answer which shows how well he appreciates and understands the best part of our institutions.

"It is impossible", he observes, "to have visited England, and to have seen the fast progress which free institutions have enabled her to make, whether in material improvements, or in protecting the holiest rights of humanity, and not pity those miserable creatures who traduce so great a nation. England has faults as well as virtues ; for, earnestly as men may strive after perfection, and far

as they may advance in its path, they are not doomed to reach the goal. But there are men who have no soul for what is good, and great, and beautiful; they ever seek, and find nothing but the filthy and the bad; they are the unclean birds of society, and rejoice only in its carrion. Of such are the slanderers of Britain. They seek only the dark side, and they find it dark enough no doubt; but from the light they turn away. There is much that is bad in England, from which God defend us! Above all, her 'intolerance' is always the first charge of her enemies: and that reproach we may make against her with a clear conscience; for among ourselves, thank God! no trace of it exists. Then, 'the misery of her manufacturers' is brought forward; and it means that they cannot perhaps every day eat beef and drink beer, to which they are accustomed, and which, if deprived of, they grumble at. With us, more men live without meat than with it; many Wallacks never taste even a bit of good bread their lives long; and in the neighbourhood of D — there are hundreds who live through the summer on nothing better than water-melons. But, perhaps, you exclaim, How happy they are never to have known anything better! — enviable fellows, certainly! — Then Ireland! What do you say to Ireland? Alas! it is too true; and we may well wonder how the English can be guilty of depriving so large a portion of their fellow-countrymen of their common rights: indeed, it is almost as bad as if in any other country they were to impose on the poor peasant all the burthens of the state without allowing him any share in ruling it, while a few thousand families enjoyed all the privileges and all the wealth, and lived like lazy drones on the fat of the land. Nothing could be worse than that! — The National Debt! There indeed we are more fortunate: of national debt — not very oppressive to individuals after all — we have none; but we have a precious quantity of personal debts, and by these we are crushed to the very earth. But are not such objections absurd? Is it not, fairly considered, seeing the mote in our neighbour's eyes, and passing over the beam in our own?"

The first reception of the *Hitel* was anything but encouraging; the satire was ill relished by those against whom it was directed; its author was abused, written against, and in one instance the work itself was burnt by the common hangman by order of a county meeting. Such was the state of feeling in 1830. In 1835, Count Széchenyi was receiving addresses of thanks from almost every part of the country; in Transylvania a magnificent gold pen was voted him at a public meeting, as the most useful of Hungarian authors; and everywhere his name had become a watchword among the wellwishers of Hungary.

Among the later works of Count Széchenyi, are the *Világ* (Light), an answer to a pamphlet published by Count Dessewffy against the *Hitel*, and a work on the Practicability, &c. of a permanent Bridge at Pest.

In Hungary, a want of unity between the different ranks of the nobility, an absence of a common feeling, and of something like a general opinion, have been long among the most acknowledged causes of inaction. Every class discusses apart the subjects of immediate interest, forms its own opinion of public events, and its own plans for public reforms: the accordance which gives strength and force to action is wanting. This deficiency was universally acknowledged; but without a free press, and with a Diet sitting but rarely, and then at a distance from the capital and centre of the country, without reports of the debates, without even a national literature, and in the midst of the bitterest jealousies of caste and class, what remedy could be proposed? Széchenyi had seen the clubs in London; and with that singular talent, which he eminently possesses, of appropriating and adapting whatever he finds good in other countries to the wants and deficiencies of Hungary, he at once perceived how useful their organization might be made, to effect a greater purpose than that of serving as mere pride-protectors for poor gentlemen, or of furnishing the selfish enjoyment of the greatest luxury at the cheapest rate. A club, or — to avoid a name associated on the Continent with certain reminiscences of the French revolution — a Casino, while entirely free from any political scheme, would afford to all the upper classes an opportunity of meeting, and becoming better acquainted with each other's good qualities; it would harmonize and generalize opinions, and improve the manners and the tone of feeling, besides affording opportunities for reading all the journals of Europe, an advantage which few private individuals could command.

At Pest, accordingly, a Casino was established on a most magnificent scale, as we shall see hereafter; and now no less than one hundred exist in different parts of Hungary and Transylvania.

One of Széchenyi's favourite plans is the embellishment and aggrandizement of Pest. For this purpose he has laboured to have the Casino on so handsome a scale; to build a national Magyar theatre; at present there is only a bridge of boats between the two towns, which is taken up during six months in the year; and the whole communication during that period is carried on by means of ferry-boats, or over the ice. At certain times, particularly during the freeze and thaw, not to speak of storms and fogs, this produces much inconvenience, and is often attended with great danger.

To remove so great a drawback to the prosperity of the two cities, Széchenyi has proposed to build a bridge across the river, either of stone or iron, as may appear best; and, as the width is only a quarter of a mile, it would not appear so difficult an undertaking. Of course, it was declared impossible; one said the Danube was too wide, another found it too deep, and a third declared, if the bridge was all finished, the first winter's ice would

carry it away. English as well as German engineers have thought otherwise; and it is a certain fact, that Trajan's Bridge, three hundred miles lower down, stood firm enough till Hadrian destroyed it.

These, however, were not the greatest impediments to be overcome. Count Széchenyi had a still greater object in view than the improvement of Pest in the building of this bridge; he proposed to teach the Hungarian nobles the advantage of paying taxes. The bridge was to be built by money raised in shares; the interest on which was to be paid by tolls, to which every one, noble or ignoble, should contribute. What! an Hungarian noble pay taxes? A hornets' nest is a feeble comparison to the buzz these gentlemen raised about Széchenyi's ears. It was no matter: he inveighed against them at the Diet, he wrote at them in the journals, he ridiculed them in private, and in the end conquered them; a bill passed both Chambers, by which the legal taxation of the nobles in the form of a bridge-toll was acknowledged. The Judex Curiae shed tears on the occasion, and declared "he would never pass that ill-fated bridge, from the erection of which he should date the downfall of Hungarian nobility."

One of the greatest of Széchenyi's achievements is the steam navigation of the Danube. This is his own in idea and in accomplishment. It is now about six years since he first undertook the voyage from Pest to the Black Sea. A comfortable decked boat, a good cook, and a pleasant companion, with the means and appurtenances for shooting, fishing, sketching, and rowing, were not bad preparations against the fatigues and dangers to which he expected to be exposed. The comparative ease and safety of the navigation, the magnificence of the scenery, the size and importance of the tributary streams which poured their waters into the Danube, and the richness of the country on its banks, were secrets revealed to a mind which felt their full force, and happily knew how to employ them. Of course, the timid set him down as mad for undertaking such a journey; but when he returned, and ventured to whisper the possibility of steam navigation, even his best friends shook their heads. "Steam in Hungary! yes, indeed, in another century!" said those who never think the present the time for action. "Steam, indeed, in the shallows and rapids of the Danube! No; if we must have steam, why not take the plains? Nature has laid them out for railroads", said others, who oppose everything practicable by proposing something impracticable. Széchenyi let the first wait their time: to the second he recommended a speedy commencement of the railroad, that the country might derive advantage from one, if not from both of their schemes.

In pursuance of his own plan, Széchenyi went over again to England; studied carefully the principles of steam navigation; brought over English engineers; and, when at last certain of the

practicability of the scheme, formed a company and purchased a steam-boat. It was in October 1830 that the first steam-boat plied between Semlin and Pest; the communication is now complete from Vienna, and will soon be so from Ratisbon to Smyrna. Thirteen vessels employed, and a number more are building.

At first, some of those whose hearts were better than their heads — and Hungary possesses a great number of that class — would not hear of profitable speculation: "If it would benefit their father-land, no other consideration was required; it would be degrading so noble an object to mix it up with such tradesman-like calculations." Széchenyi thought otherwise; and he felt assured that a profitable patriotism was the one by far the most likely to endure.

Count Széchenyi's first object was to make the undertaking answer as a commercial speculation. This is a favourite theme in his writings, the constant test by which he examines a new scheme, — I mean if of a nature to which it can properly be applied, for no one knows better how to sacrifice all pecuniary interest when necessary. He never recommends a thing till he knows that interest will back him; and he can then clink his full purse in his opponents' faces, and laugh them out of their prejudices. Of all he has done for Hungary, I know of nothing more useful than these demonstrations of the co-existence and often necessary connection of public and private interest.

During the earlier part of the last Diet, a strong opposition was formed in the upper Chamber, chiefly under the guidance of Széchenyi, which contained many of the most wealthy and talented of the rising generation. From their moderation, their union, and their knowledge of business, this party, though small in numbers, was acquiring so great an influence that all the power of the Court was employed to break it up. The Transylvanian Magnates were called away by the opening of their own Diet. Those in Government employ were hastily recalled to their bureaux; this man received a place or a pension; another desired a decoration, and hung dishonour at his button-hole; and if a third was too high for such poor bribery, he was recommended to travel, and accepted a passport to convey him from the sphere of his duty. Széchenyi, though deserted, was more difficult to dispose of, but that "every man has his price" is always the belief of an immoral government; and they found the means of drawing the patriot from the fulfilment of perhaps the higher duty, by offering him a much more arduous one. Széchenyi was made sole commissioner for improving the navigation of the Lower Danube; and, almost before the ink was well dried on his commission, a thousand men were at work, current dams were constructed, canals were cut, roads were laid out, rocks were blown up, and the very Iron Gates themselves were threatened with destruction. Széchenyi kept to his maxim — to leave the uncertain and follow the sure and

practicable; and I recommend those who so loudly condemn his choice to go to Orsova and see the result.

Looking at the whole tenor of Count Széchenyi's public life, we feel convinced that he has not acted without reflection, and probably not without good reason, in withdrawing from the political arena for a time; but he must not forget how much Hungary, how much Europe expects of him. When a man has once embarked on the stream of public life, he has no longer a right to disappoint the just expectations of the world. When such a man fails, the honest confidence, the high resolves, the purest aspirations of millions are sacrificed. One feels a sickening at the heart, a contempt for virtue, a hatred of one's kind, when the man we have worshipped as the idol of our hopes deceives us in the expectations we have formed of him.

The Hungarians, however, need not entertain such fears: whatever may be the difference in opinion as to the means, no one can doubt the rectitude of Széchenyi's object. It cannot be denied that the support of high moral principles, the unflinching advocacy of just rights, and the unyielding defence of the injured and oppressed, are yet more important to the well-being of mankind than the mere improvement of their material existence; but few in the Hungarian Diet have fulfilled these duties better than Széchenyi, while the other objects at which he has so industriously laboured, the detractors of his fame have entirely neglected.

That Széchenyi has not attempted what he could not do, and what others have failed in doing, when they did attempt, is, both at home and abroad, no uncommon subject of complaint against him. To me it appears one of his greatest merits. To have known his own powers, to have calculated accurately how far his means would enable him to go, to have reflected deeply on the practicability as well as utility of a scheme before he proposed it for adoption, would seem just those qualities which best entitle a man to the confidence of a nation; and which, when united to high talents, necessarily make him the leader of a party. But Széchenyi's objects and hopes are best described by himself in concluding the *Hitel*.

"The contents of my work will prove to all that I hate all extreme measures, all excesses; that I am a friend of moderation and harmony. Gladly would I see parties unite; and much more willingly would I attain by a middle path, the *possible good*, than vainly strive after that imaginary bliss, which we may probably never know but in a better world. I cannot, like many of my countrymen, please myself with contemplating what is past; I must look forward. It troubles me but little to know what we once were; but it is of vital interest to me to know what with time we might, and what we probably shall become. The past is beyond our control; the future is still within our grasp. Away, then, with fruitless reminiscences! it is time that we bestir ourselves and open



SZÉCHENYI REVIVES THE HUNGARIAN GALA DRESS

(Fashion-plate of 1844. Steel engraving by Dominic Perlasca)



Széchenyi, the Hermit of Döbling

(Lithograph by Hugo Lörschenberger, 1860)

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a more glorious future to our father-land. Many contend that Hungary has been; I love to think she yet will be."

It would be difficult, as it would be unjust, to conclude this notice of Count Széchenyi, without mentioning Mr. Tasner. This gentleman, educated for the bar, has accepted the office of assistant and secretary to Count Széchenyi; and the Count only does him due credit when he calls him his right hand. There are few strangers who visit Hungary, who are not indebted to Mr. Tasner for many polite services, who are not aware of the extent and accuracy of his information, and of the kindness with which he imparts it. It is no niggard praise to say that Mr. Tasner, in the less ambitious sphere he occupies, is not less unwearied in application, not less zealous in his exertions, not less devoted to the cause which he believes most certain to work out the good of Hungary than Count Széchenyi himself.

Széchenyi had many personal friends among the Englishmen who came to Hungary. One of them was R. T. Claridge who, in his *Guide down the Danube* (London, 1837) says of Széchenyi: "It is gratifying to know that there is a large and influential class of persons, chiefly instigated by Count Szécheny (*sic*), who are labouring with much zeal to extend the sphere of liberal feelings, as well as to promote the interests of commerce, by abrogating the laws which confine the possession of land to the nobles. Pesth promises, at no very distant day, to take precedence of Vienna itself, as a great commercial city"

G. R. Gleig visited Hungary with his son and his son's tutor. They arrived here full of the worst prejudices, their Austrian friends having told them horrifying stories about Hungary. It is all the more significant that even so he finds words of praise for Széchenyi (*Germany, Bohemia and Hungary, visited in 1837*. London 1839, 3 vols.).

It is to Count Chechini (*sic*) in this, and many other respects, the greatest benefactor to his country which modern times has raised up, that Hungary stands indebted for a law, which for the first time in the annals of the nation gives to the poor peasant something like protection against tyranny of a capricious master. Since the passing of that act there have been established in all the countries regular magistrates, before whom delinquents must be brought, and without whose sanction the punishment of the lash is supposed never to be inflicted.

There was a project in contemplation, which like all the rea improvement in this country, originated with Count Szechenzi (*sic*) for superseding the bridge of boats by a solid stone structure;

> and it had, from the first, constituted a part of his plan, that pontage should be levied upon all parties in crossing, whether they be of noble or ignoble birth. As was to be expected, the proposition met with violent opposition; but Count Szechenzi's perseverance overcame every obstacle; and the point has at length been conceded. I believe, indeed, that a contract has been since entered into with an English architect, to execute the bridge; and it seems to be admitted on all hands, that the practice adopted at Pesth will furnish a precedent for the whole of Hungary; which will thus have taken a most important step towards the deliverance of its people from the pressure of usages in every way inimical to the development of their intelligence and their power.

Another description of Hungary in the era of reforms has been given to the world by the charming Miss Pardoe, who did Hungary the same honour she did other interesting and fashionable lands: she described the country in three bulky volumes, entitled *The City of the Magyars, or Hungary and her Institutions in 1839—40*. (London 1840.) Of Széchenyi she writes as follows:

> But I must no longer delay mention of Count Stephen Széchenyi, who has won an European reputation which has made his name a watchword with the high-minded; and whose appearance greatly tends to deepen the feeling of admiration which his extraordinary career must naturally command. He has a dark, keen, eagle eye, softening, however, at intervals almost into sadness; heavy eyebrows, finely arched, and in perpetual motion, giving a character of extraordinary energy to his countenance; and one of those full, deep-toned, sonorous voices to which you cannot choose but listen. In common conversation he is fluent and demonstrative rather than logical, with a play of fancy, and a choice of words, which rivet the attention of his hearers. Being an Hungarian it were needless to add that he is an accomplished linguist; but the tact with which he avails himself of the forcible expressions or appropriate idioms of the different European languages, in order the more readily to work out his subject, is not the least charm of his conversation.
>
> In the House he is earnest, rapid, and, impassioned; and very graceful in his attitudes and movements; while such is the attention with which he is heard, that the accidental clanging of a sabre against the floor actually makes you start even in the midst of a dense crowd. Murmurs of applause universally drown his first words, and form an echo to his last; and it is not his least triumph that no member of the Chamber ever ventures to reply to one of his speeches, save the Judex Curiae, and the Palatine himself.

In I. P. Simpson's *Letters from the Danube* (London 1847, 2 vols.) Széchenyi occupies only a few lines, a sign that his

figure no longer stands in the centre of interest. They run as follows :

> In spite of the emptiness of Pest, I have been able this summer to bring down a few celebrities "on the wing", as they have flitted through the capital — among others that most practical and yet most polite of men, (how seldom do these qualities mix harmoniously together, — the dry and hard with the moist and impressionable — the sound bitter with the pleasing sweet) that clear-headed, stirring, native-minded ex-reformer, who has done so much for the good direction of his land, who has aided so greatly its material progress, and whose motives, and ends, and aims are now so frequently questioned; I mean Count Stephen Széceny (*sic*).

The literature on Kossuth is incomparably larger than that dealing with Széchenyi, yet it is certain that the interest of Western public opinion in Hungary was first aroused by Széchenyi's person and work, and thus even Kossuth's great role in foreign, especially English literature, is indirectly due to Széchenyi, for it was he who prepared the West for a more favourable opinion on the new Hungary that he helped to build.

SZÉCHENYI AND KOSSUTH

A SCENE FROM A HISTORICAL PLAY

We give below a scene from a play by the *doyen* of Hungarian novelists and playwrights, Francis Herczeg, extracts from whose works have frequently appeared in these pages. It is entitled *The Bridge* and has for its central figure Stephen Széchenyi. The bridge of the title is the Chain Bridge which, built at his instigation and through his efforts, was the first to connect the two twin cities, Buda and Pest. In the play it is treated as a symbol of Széchenyi's endeavour to lead his undeveloped, backward people towards western progress and civilization. The bridge spans more than the Danube — it becomes the connecting link between two worlds; and the new ideas of the western world, fanned to flames by Kossuth's patriotic oratory, threaten to destroy the nation which has given them entry. Széchenyi sees the impending catastrophe, and is filled with horror at what he has done. He cannot rid himself of the conviction that it was he who, by rousing the nation from its slumber, precipitated all the disasters that he sees coming. As one by one his prophecies are fulfilled, and his darkest fears take shape under his eyes, his hyper-sensitive organization breaks down under the strain and his mind becomes unhinged. His sense of guilt fastens on the bridge, his proudest achievement, as the original cause of the tragedy of his people and in a poignant scene towards the end of the last Act, he tries to persuade a casual caller to obtain for him two barrels of gunipowder with which to blow it up.

The scene we quote occurs in the second Act, and takes place in the Buda hills. Széchenyi, his wife and his friend Baron Nicholas Wesselényi have gone for a picnic, and Wesselényi, unknown to Széchenyi, has arranged for Kossuth to meet them. In the scene that follows, the two men are left alone.

Scene from the Second Act

(The two men, left to themselves, observe each other with uncontrollable curiosity.)

KOSSUTH (*in an endeavour to set the conversation going*): You have been travelling, Count Széchenyi?

SZÉCHENYI (*makes a gesture as though to rid himself of a painful memory*): I have been on the Lower Danube.

KOSSUTH: Was it not pleasant?

SZÉCHENYI: No, very far from it. The travelling public in Hungary drives me to despair with its smoking and spitting.

KOSSUTH (*laughs*): What would you? It's a national habit.

SZÉCHENYI: They all shout as though they were addressing a popular meeting. And they are always picking quarrels. At Mohács an officer fell foul of the Captain of the steamer because he would not stop for as long as would have suited this gentleman's convenience.

KOSSUTH: I am surprised that you, who have travelled so far and so wide, should stick at such trifles.

SZÉCHENYI: They are not trifles. They are proofs of the distressing fact that our people lack both self-respect and respect for their fellow-men. Yet the sense of our human dignity is the only firm support to which we can cling if we wish to climb out of the morass of barbarism. In England . . . (*he stops and glances at his companion*).

KOSSUTH: Why do you not continue, Count?

SZÉCHENYI: I know what is in your mind. That I am an Anglomaniac. It is the current opinion of me.

KOSSUTH: It is not mine. I know that you have a great liking for the English, but there is nothing to be surprised at in that.

SZÉCHENYI: Their mode of life is the best yet invented.

KOSSUTH: Possibly. I do not know them well enough to judge. But I cannot help thinking of a reported saying of yours. The average Magyar, you said, is more intelligent than the average Englishman.

SZÉCHENYI: That is so. There is an unusually large proportion of quickwitted people among us. Their intelligence comes from their eastern imagination. It is as though their minds had wings. But they derive little advantage from them,

for like the plover, they keep flying round in circles over the self-same pool. The Englishman has no imagination; he walks on foot, but he has managed to walk round the entire globe.

KOSSUTH: And what has enabled him to do that?

SZÉCHENYI: The knowledge that the best way of loving his country is to love his own countrymen. We poor, quarrel-some Magyars are like soldiers who under the enemy's fire stop to dispute whether their superior officers are honest enough and wise enough to be their leaders . . . But excuse me, I perceive I have side-tracked the conversation. I presume you have not climbed this hill for the sake of idle talk.

KOSSUTH: I felt that there was need of a meeting between us two. We have been at cross-purposes . . . that may have been my fault. I admit that I . . . But I am convinced that all such matters must dwindle to nothing by the side of the mighty events which loom, silent and menacing, on the horizon . . .

SZÉCHENYI: We *must* come to an understanding. And since we must, we shall.

KOSSUTH: I have come up here to offer you my services, Count. I elect you as my leader, and shall follow as your henchman wherever you lead. Who should be leader in this country if not Stephen Széchenyi? It is you who have awa-kened the nation from its deadly lethargy.

SZÉCHENYI (*smiling*): It was not a very great feat. It had more or less slept its fill.

KOSSUTH: Your project of the Chain Bridge was the morning clarion. Only the plan exists as yet, but already the nation has crossed it in its thousands — it is like a new migration of the peoples — and has set up its tents under new and happier stars. This new world vibrates with the magnetism of your will-power; it is tense with youth — I might say, tense with the things to come.

SZÉCHENYI: The trouble is that I was not born to be a leader of the mob.

KOSSUTH: The essential thing is that the mob wishes to follow you.

SZÉCHENYI: To follow me whither?

KOSSUTH: The ultimate goal is the same for us all — it is the welfare of the nation.

SZÉCHENYI: But by which path is that goal to be attained? By yours or by mine?

KOSSUTH: That is what we have to settle here and now.

SZÉCHENYI: I believe implicitly in the future of the Magyar people; it is a great future; but at the present moment the nation's life hangs by a thread. For that reason we who think and act in its name must weigh coolly and deliberately every step. The calculating brain must have the ascendant, not the feeling heart. Deliberation, not passion, must inspire our actions. Let us harp less on the claims of justice and think more of what will benefit the people at large. You yourself have said it: the ultimate goal is the welfare of the nation.

KOSSUTH: Only a free nation can be happy.

SZÉCHENYI: True. But what is freedom? I do not think much of a freedom that has been extorted by politicians from a government at bay, and that has no better guarantee than that which laws supply. Laws are but paper after all. I dream of a healthier, more wide-spread freedom, whose roots stretch deep into the national soil.

KOSSUTH: And what kind of freedom is that?

SZÉCHENYI: The Magyars are on the threshold of a new life. You might say that they are re-born. Whatever they learn now will be deeply graven in their hearts and their brains, perhaps for centuries to come. If we wish to make their future safe, let us transform them into a nation of workers.

KOSSUTH: Do you really think that possible?

SZÉCHENYI: I do. All that is needed is for us to learn, and to teach our countrymen, that brilliant improvisations, illusive dreams and ornamental theories will never get us anywhere — that we can only attain what we want by dogged, steadfast effort. (*With animation.*) Do you know that while we make speeches — and more speeches — and still more speeches, thousands of square kilometres of Hungarian soil are bog and swamp? A whole kingdom, filled with immemorial treasures — ours to conquer, not with speeches but with the labour of our hands and brains.

KOSSUTH (*after a pause*): Pray continue, Count Széchenyi.

SZÉCHENYI: For the moment I am interested in two lines of action — on the one hand to foster social intercourse among

our people and stimulate a salutary friction of minds — hence the Casino, the theatre, the Academy of Sciences, the horse-races — on the other to initiate public works calculated to restore the circulation in the torpid body of the nation — roads, railroads, bridges, steam-boat traffic, regulation of the rivers . . . (*after a pause*). You smile?

KOSSUTH: Forgive me. I am smiling, somewhat bitterly, not at your words but at our miserable situation. As things stand to-day, creating prosperity in this country means fattening Austria's milch-cow. Before all else, we must eradicate from Austria's mind the sinister notion that the life-blood and the gold of the Magyar people are her own property. That is, we must begin by freeing our nation from its bonds in order that it may find it worth while to work. There will be time enough, after that, to make it prosperous and cultivated. (*Széchenyi listens in sombre silence.*) I hold with you that our people must be educated to new purposes. They must be taught in the schools, through the press, at public meetings — wherever we can reach them; an immense campaign of propaganda must sweep through the length and breadth of the land, teaching the people to love and to demand liberty. For freedom is the portion, not of the cultured but of the strong.

SZÉCHENYI: And you really believe, Mr. Kossuth, that you can make a people strong by propaganda, that is, by newspaper articles and public orations?

KOSSUTH: Not in the sense in which you imagine, Count Széchenyi. Agitation can make a nation united; and in union lies strength. On the day when the entire Hungarian nation will demand its freedom as avidly, as passionately, as a man dying of thirst demands a drink of water, Austria will not have bayonets enough to keep it away from the wells. I will frankly admit, at the risk of being misunderstood, that I have no wish as yet to see the Hungarian people prosperous. It is better for them to abide in their poverty and bitter discontent until they have achieved their freedom. It is not well-fed men we need, but the lean and hungry kind whom Julius Caesar feared.

SZÉCHENYI: But this is nothing less than revolution! I know very well that you are not aiming at a revolution —

but you will make it nevertheless. The spark which rides the wind has no thought of wreaking havoc — yet it may lay waste a world.

KOSSUTH: I am only a simple bourgeois, Count Széchenyi, who has no other wish than to fight with legal weapons for the justice of his country. I hold that there is nothing more salutary for a nation than to have its sons kindle with enthusiasm for the cause of justice, to have them fight for that cause and if necessary die for it. For the destinies of a nation depend not on fine roads or steamships; they depend on the force with which it clings to its ideals.

SZÉCHENYI: Mr. Kossuth, if these ideals succeed in transforming the Magyar people to their image, then this nation will be doomed to the existence of a perpetually discontented, contumacious, barbarian people, forever expending its strength in petty quarrels, incapable of self-help yet arrogantly intolerant of others' assistance.

KOSSUTH (*rises dejectedly*): I am afraid there is no point in continuing this conversation.

SZÉCHENYI: No, none.

KOSSUTH: Is it true that you propose accepting the post of Chairman of the Committee of Communications under the Viennese Government?

SZÉCHENYI: It is my duty. I should not be able to build my bridge otherwise.

KOSSUTH: Then I have the honour to wish you good-morning.

SZÉCHENYI: One moment. I am firmly convinced that the path you pursue will lead our nation into a desert strewn with ruins and corpses. I shall therefore be obliged to attack, expose and if possible annihilate the influence you exercise on my countrymen.

KOSSUTH: You will do what your conscience dictates, Count Széchenyi. You will never prevent me from thinking of you with homage and devotion. For me you will always remain the greatest Magyar that ever lived (*he straightens himself and adds firmly*). But there is one greater than you — the nation (*he goes off hat in hand*).

SZÉCHENYI *stands motionless, gazing after him.*

RUMANIA IN THE NEW ORDER

By ZSOMBOR SZÁSZ

IN the evening of December 29, 1933, the Prime Minister of Rumania, I. G. Duca, was shot by members of the Iron Guard because, as one of the murderers stated in court, "he had sold his soul and his country to the Jews." M. Duca had formed his Liberal government only a few weeks before, after the fall of the National Peasant régime and the general elections from which the Government Party had emerged with the usual overwhelming victory and a solid majority in Parliament. As there were no new developments on which to base a change of government, the king, after a few days' hesitation, appointed as Prime Minister G. Tătărescu, a younger member of the Party who had previously held some minor appointments.

But the situation was not quite as simple as it looked. Before many months had passed, the "devil's kettle" was once more on the boil ; there were rumours of a Cabinet crisis, the king summoned the leading politicians to appear before him, and the various Parties, down to the smallest and most insignificant, eagerly intimated their willingness to shoulder the responsibilities of government. Nevertheless M. Tătărescu remained at the helm until the autumn of 1937, when, on the expiration of the four years' term of Parliament, he tendered his resignation. In this he only conformed to the constitutional custom prevailing in Rumania, which dictates that the government in power shall resign office at the end of the legislative term even if it disposes over a majority in the House and possesses the confidence of the ruler. The explanation of this peculiar custom is that hitherto every government found itself so diminished in authority and

prestige at the end of four years that it was unable to continue the administration of the country.

But there is a saying in Rumania that "the Liberals only go out in order to return; in fact, their going is another form of staying."

The king accepted Tătărescu's resignation and in conformity with European parliamentary tradition, appealed to the next largest Party, the National Peasant Party, to form a government. But he had no real intention of letting this Party rule the country. He made the appointment to office contingent on conditions which the Party could not accept and which it refused point-blank. One of these conditions was that the Party should so far belie its pronouncedly liberal-radical principles as to coalesce with Dr. Vaida-Voivod's nationalist and anti-semititic fraction.

After the rejection of his conditions the king promptly returned to the Liberals and re-appointed M. Tatarescu, who thereupon formed a second Cabinet "on broader lines."

And there commenced the usual pre-election bargainings.

The Liberals were joined by Dr. Vaida-Voivod's insignificant National Front, by Professor Iorga, who actually had no following at all, and by the Germans. Strangely enough the National Peasant Party, which had refused to obey the royal command to coalesce with Dr. Vaida-Voivod's Right Wing Party, now made an alliance with the "All For The Fatherland" Party, which had succeeded the suppressed Iron Guard and which was still more extreme in its Right Wing tendencies.

The elections brought an unexpected surprise : the government was defeated.

So far it had been an immutable fact in Rumania that the government Party, whether Conservative, Liberal or National Peasant, or even a single politician without a following, if he happened to be appointed head of the government, invariably secured a majority at the polls. Corrupt practices bribery, treating and undue influence were the means used for this end, complemented by the system introduced by the electoral law of 1926, which gave the Party that had obtained more than 40 per cent. of the votes not only a premium of half the seats in the Chamber but also a share

of the remaining half proportionate to its share in the total poll. This practically excluded the possibility of the government, with the whole electioneering machinery at its disposal, sustaining a defeat at the polls. But this time the impossible happened.

The Liberals failed to obtain more than 39 per cent. of the votes; therewith they lost their chance of securing three-quarters of the seats in the Chamber, and were in a minority there.

The king was faced with two alternatives; either to ask M. Tătărescu to form a coalition government with one or other of the opposition Parties, or to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country once again. He chose a third course.

The elections had shown a perceptible change in favour of the Right Wing Parties; the "All for the Fatherland Party," which had entered the lists for the first time, had obtained 66 votes and the National Christians 39, so that they had over a hundred, that is, more than a quarter of the seats in the Chamber between them. The attitude of the voters had unmistakably veered towards the Right.

The king ventured on an experiment: he summoned, not the "All for the Fatherland" Party, which had a somewhat revolutionary past behind it, but the less aggressive National Christians; and since the founder and President of this Party, Professor Cuza, was debarred by his great age from holding office — he was eighty years old — he appointed as Prime Minister M. O. Goga. *The Times* newspaper gave the following account of the situation: "The country is going to be given a taste of 'controlled' Extreme Right Government with the King keeping an eye on the National Christians and the National Christians on the 'All for the Fatherland' Party." (January 20, 1938.) Thereafter Parliament was dissolved, the date of the new elections being fixed for the beginning of March.

Early in February the Prime Minister stated over the wireless that the government had, at the start, "encountered intrigues and subterranean offensives. Hidden traps," he said, "had been laid in its way: sabotage, panic on the Exchange, passive resistance in the field of commerce. Later on, rumours had been started to the effect that the revenues of the State were dwindling, that the Ministers had fallen out among



Late Gothic Franciscan Church at Szeged

(See article on p. 553)



PÁZMÁNY PÉTER KATOLIKUS EGYETEM KÖNYVTÁRA

FRESCO DEPICTING FOUR VIRTUES, IN THE ROYAL CASTLE AT ESZTERGOM

(Fifteenth century)

(See article on p. 553)

themselves, that the government intended to resign and that it would be succeeded by a dictatorship. "All this belongs to the past," he concluded, "I believe in the healthy instinct of the nation, I believe in my victory."

It was on February 8 that the Prime Minister delivered this speech. And by next morning he was no longer Prime Minister. On February 9, the king, without a word of warning, dismissed the government and appointed the Orthodox Patriarch, Mgr. Miron Christea, in the outgoing Prime Minister's place. A few days later a new Constitution was submitted to the popular vote. Parliament was dissolved, all political parties were suspended; henceforth the country was to be governed without them.

Rumania embarked on a new course — that of an authoritarian State. The premises for such a development had not been entirely lacking.

When, in November 1935, King Carol opened Parliament, he appealed, in the Speech from the Throne, to the representatives of his people, and reminding them of the seriousness both of the international situation and of domestic problems, exhorted them to "lay aside the promptings of passion and to rise above internal dissension to heights of mutual understanding and self-sacrifice, in order that all the moral forces of the nation might be concentrated on leading the country through unity to victory."

Apparently this royal exhortation made but little impression on the members of the legislature, for it had to be repeated a year later, at the opening of the autumn session of Parliament. "In view of the menacing situation," said His Majesty, "I beg you to forget your differences and to join forces; in the name of the people I ask you to listen to me and to follow my advice."

These admonitions were not unneeded; the people and its representatives were far from being in accord, and there were signs of disintegration in every department of public life. In the political field new and newer parties sprang up whose leaders fought each other acrimoniously and indiscriminately, without the slightest consideration for the common weal.

Greater Rumania had inherited two large political parties from the days before the first world war, the Conservative

and the Liberal, which during the period between 1866 and 1914 succeeded each other in office in a regular system of "rotation." Soon after the war the Conservatives, discredited by their pro-German attitude during the war, were forced to resign the field to a Liberal-Radical coalition, the National Peasant Party. Besides these two main parties there grew up a number of lesser fractions founded by men of varying ability but uniform ambition, like General Averescu, Professor Iorga, Alexander Vaida-Voivod, Octavian Goga, N. Lupu, Professor Cuza, Gh. Brătianu and others. These fractions, which served the purpose of furthering the political ambitions of their founders, constantly fluctuated in size, swelling disproportionately under favourable conditions, — for instance when their leaders, like General Averescu, Professor Iorga or Octavian Goga were entrusted with the formation of a government, — and all but vanishing into thin air when the power slipped from the grasp of these leaders so that they were reduced to a few representatives in Parliament. In the general elections of December 1933 seventeen parties scored 98.02 per cent. of the votes, out of which 50.99 and 13.72 were the highest percentages gained by the Liberals and the National Peasants respectively, and 0.04 per cent. the lowest gained by the Merchants' and Craftsmen's Party, while the remaining 1.08 per cent. were split among 85 independent candidates. In 1926, when General Averescu formed his administration, his party won 292 seats in the Chamber. A year later, when he was out of office, he had so little chance of winning that he refrained from participating in the elections, and in subsequent years he never again succeeded in gaining more than ten seats. In 1926 the Liberals, then out of office, obtained sixteen seats; in 1927, being in office, they obtained 318; a year later, once more out of office, they only gained thirteen. The National Peasant Party had a similar fate.

Nor did the general disintegration stop here. In an article dealing with the "big" and the "small" parties, the *Indreptarea* raised the question whether the big parties were actually as united as they pretended to be[1].

[1] August 24, 1934.

"Take the Liberal Party," wrote this paper. "It is composed of fractions and denominations, monasteries and conventicles, of mysterious organizations and regional divisions which make of it a conglomerate of particles liable to desert at the first breeze of a government crisis. The Party has principles and traditions which were born with it and have grown with its growth, which are backed by the conviction and authority of its leaders, but against which these intruders wage an insolent and incessant warfare. A relentless struggle is going on between the "old" and the "young," and between the various fractions mysteriously named after all the letters of the alphabet."

Matters were still worse with the other "big" party, that of the National Peasants, which in the 'thirties had split into three separate fractions, following three separate leaders. Of these, J. Maniu, the recognized leader of the Transylvanian Rumanians, and for many years chairman of the party, was an uncompromising Liberal; the second, Alexander Vaida-Voivod, also a Transylvanian Rumanian, conspicuous for his opportunism even among Rumanian politicians, was Prime Minister and for a short time chairman of the party before he turned his back on its pronouncedly radical principles and founded the reactionary National Front. The third leader, J. Michalache, an ex-village-school-teacher who had headed the Peasant Party before its fusion with the Nationals, preached a species of agrarian socialism. These men, so divergent in their political outlook, alternated both in the chairmanship and the premiership, and had their own following of "Manist," "Vaidist" and "Mihalachist" fractions. "Three Churches with three bishops at their head," as the *Currentul* observed.

In January 1933 the late M. Duca, in the course of a speech delivered in the Chamber, described the confusion prevailing in the Party in the following terms: "Maniu said that he could not remain at the head of the government because he would not support a system he regarded as unconstitutional. On the same day the other leader of the Party, Vaida-Voivod, declared that the system was constitutional, and formed another National Peasant Ministry. Mihalache, the Minister of the Interior, resigned because the Chief of police had acted behind his back; next day Mironescu came and said that that was nothing, and stepped into his place. Ministers who

yesterday had seats in Maniu's Cabinet, are to-day members of Vaida's government and ardent adherents of a policy they detested the day before. The Party itself changes its principles from day to day, jeopardizing the seriousness of our political life. No wonder that we are constantly forced to hear that the parties have forfeited their right to exist and that parliamentary government must be done away with."

But these were not the only troubles connected with the National Peasant Party. An even greater handicap, perhaps, than its state of disruption was formed by its alleged communistic tendencies and its anti-dynastic attitude. The first charge was a malicious calumny, the second an open secret thinly veiled. It is unnecessary to enlarge in this place upon the reasons which made ex-King Carol unpopular among large sections of his people, more particularly in Transylvanian circles and among the older generation of Liberal politicians, who still remembered the honourable rule of the first Hohenzollern. In 1930, when King Carol returned to Rumania, the late M. Duca is said to have remarked, with reference to him: "I would rather have my hand cut off than stretch it out in welcome to that man!" Maniu was probably swayed by similar sentiments when he refused to go out, in his capacity of Prime Minister, to meet his future king on landing.

Such was the situation of the two major parties which, as the *Indreptarea* observed at the conclusion of its reflections, "were big only in the sense that they had a larger number of members than the small parties; for they were composed of diverse bodies linked together by personal interests, and were decaying by reason of their inner torpor and the centrifugal tendencies at work within them."

The small parties, on the other hand, felt no sense of inferiority on account of their smallness, — which in the case of the Opposition was inevitable in view of the Electoral Law of 1926. There was no smallest party or fraction of a party, however insignificant, which did not come forward on the occasion of a Cabinet crisis to urge its claim to be entrusted with the formation of a government, convinced that it was the only one fitted for the task. During the recurrent crises of 1935 and 1936 Mihalache took it upon himself to declare that "in a constitutional State nothing can be done against

the will of the nation, and the will of the nation is that the National Peasants shall form a government." The anti-semitic Christian Nationals believed that only their own party tenets "could uphold the honour and the interests of the country . . . the leaders were convinced that it was their mission to save the nation." General Averescu's insignificant National Liberal Party considered that "it is unthinkable that the Crown should pass over the General," while Dr. Vaida-Voivod declared grandiloquently that "we, the *front românesc*, are neither Right Wing nor Left Wing, we are the nation, which comprises peasants and bishops alike, and the king will be obliged to obey the will of the nation." That is, he will perforce have to entrust Dr. Vaida-Voivod with the formation of the government.

This avid desire for power displayed by parties and politicians was an unhealthy, but possibly a passing and curable phenomenon, which did not definitely endanger party government and parliamentarism ; both parties and politicians kept within the bounds of constitutionalism. But in the last few years a new factor appeared on the scene which respected neither constitutional practice nor the criminal code and which materially contributed to the overthrow, by revolutionary means, of the existing constitutional system. This new factor was the "Iron Guard," which under various *aliases* proved one of the most disruptive forces in the land.

In 1927 — to borrow the narrative of the public prosecutor in the Duca trial — the police detected the traces of a secret organization which went by the name of "Archangel Michael's Legion" and made it its business to propagate revolutionary ideas. Suppressed by the authorities, it continued a sub-terranean existence under the name of "Iron Guard." Its members were recruited from the ranks of the easily inflamed, strongly nationalistic indigent cultural proletariat. Its leader was a young man named Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, the son of a member of Parliament who belonged to Professor Cuza's antisemitic Christian National Party. Young Codreanu's renown was based on the fact that while defending a fellow student in an antisemitic students' riot he shot dead the chief of police and was subsequently acquitted by a jury. Admission to membership of the Iron Guard was connected with weird

and mysterious ceremonies: the candidate was led into a darkened room where a faintly illumined skull grinned at him from the middle of a table; an invisible hand gave him a bag filled with earth from various historic places, and as he held it he had to swear a fantastic oath pledging his loyalty to the Guard and its leaders. The organization was arranged on military lines, with platoons, companies and battalions, and a "Death Company" whose members pledged themselves to shrink from nothing and to fulfil any order of the "Captain" Codreanu.

The organization grew and developed, acquiring an astonishingly large number of members, and gradually was transformed into a political party, with a somewhat hazy and opportunistic programme. The party professed loyalty to the dynasty, yet aspired to dictatorship; it professed a racial ideology but was not antisemitic in theory, in practice it was a fanatic believer in the primacy of the Rumanian race and persecuted the Jews, who with their international outlook represented the direct negation of totalitarian nationalism. For the rest, it promised land and cattle to the peasants in the accepted style of agrarian demagogy. In foreign relations the party was pro-German and demanded the abandonment of the French friendship. It had no clear conception of the State and its form of government, but preached a kind of nationalist, totalitarian collective State built on hierarchy, and clamoured for a break with democracy, liberalism and parliamentary government, all of which it regarded as foreign imports. But it offered no precise programme for the construction of the new Rumania. It followed the current fashion in demanding the ascendancy of the young. "How long we must wait before we reach our goal," Codreanu said on one occasion, "I cannot tell . . . But I know that we shall reach it, because we have one great advantage over other politicians: we have youth on our side, while their only capital is a more or less notable past."

The members of the Iron Guard maintained that their ethics conformed to the highest Christian orthodox morality as illustrated by Christ's action in scourging the huckstering Jews from the precincts of the Temple; in actual fact this morality, as practised by them, consisted in recognizing no

restrictions, whether set up by the State or the criminal code, which could hinder them in the attainment of their aims. Codreanu shot dead the police prefect Manciu, three guardists murdered the Prime Minister M. Duca, as well as a person named Radulescu, they openly threatened to kill Madgearu, and they tore off the ears of Professor Trajan Bratu, rector of the University of Iassy. They had drawn up a long list of the persons whom they meant to murder, the second on the list being Mme. Lupescu, the king's mistress. It would seem a poor sign of Christian morality that ten divinity students should force their way into a hospital and kill with thirty-eight revolver shots Stelescu, ex-lieutenant of the Iron Guard, lying ill and helpless in his bed, because he had tried to form a rival party.

At first the governments failed to take the party seriously. In 1933 the Prime Minister, Dr. Vaida-Voivod, answering a question in the Chamber in regard to the activities of the Guard, observed nonchalantly: "Let the children have their game." Only a few weeks later another Prime Minister, M. Duca, was murdered by these same "children" for daring to dissolve their party. After which the interdicted Iron Guard changed its name to *"Totul pentru Tara,"* All for the Fatherland, and carried on, recognized as a political party by the government.

In the succeeding years the resuscitated Guard gave up its revolutionary methods and was not interfered with by the government, which merely tried to curtail its influence by appropriating certain points of its programme. *"I se va lua apă dela moară,"* — "we draw off the water from their mill," as one of the Ministers, V. Iamandi, put it, — no easy thing for a Liberal government to do. No longer hampered in its development, and daily growing in popularity, the party was able to participate with success in the general elections of December 1937.

As was told in the foregoing, the Liberal government was defeated at these elections and Tătărescu having resigned, the king entrusted the Christian Nationals with the formation of the new government. We showed that Goga's administration was a short-lived, transitory experiment and not yet a definite break with the past. Parliament was retained, but more as

an outlet for oppositional grievances than as an organ for the making of laws. No change was to be made in foreign relations. It was stated that "existing alliances will be respected and friendships maintained." That is, England and France were not to be abandoned.

The Goga government lasted for forty-five days; and although this was too short a time for any thoroughgoing reforms, it already foreshadowed the eclipse of the democratic and parliamentary system in Rumania.

There followed a Cabinet which assumed the name of "National Union" and was presided over by the Orthodox Patriarch, Miron Christea. By way of symbolizing the at least partial unity of the nation, six former Prime Ministers were invited to sit in the Cabinet without portfolio, but they did not include a single member of the National Peasant Party. Nor was the All for the Fatherland Party represented in the government. On March 30, 1938 the first Christea government resigned, but only to give place to the second, which a year later, in the first days of February, 1939, was succeeded by a third, reconstructed administration. Shortly afterwards the venerable Patriarch died, and A. Calinescu, Deputy Prime Minister, Minister of the Interior and Minister for War, Rumania's "strong hand," was promoted to be Prime Minister with more or less dictatorial powers.

At the time of the formation of the Christea government the king had raised a cry that the country was in danger and that it was the task of the government to save it by "depoliticizing" it, that is to say, by suppressing public opinion and strangling the party system and parliamentary government.

By February 20, ten days after the appointment of the government, a new Constitution had been drawn up, and four days later, on February 24, it was laid before, and accepted by, the electorate. Out of 4,303,064 voters, 4,247,581, *i. e.* 99.8 per cent. voted for the new Constitution, in most cases without having the slightest idea about it, while 5,483 voted against it.

This "new" Constitution was not really new but only a revised edition of that of 1923. The chief alteration regarded Parliament, the deputies to which were to be elected by voters aged thirty years and over who were engaged in agricultural or manual labour, commerce and industry, or

were members of one of the liberal professions. Voting was to be by ballot and regional, and also so as to ensure the representation of the different professions, party government was abolished. It was forbidden to advocate any change in the form of government, a change in the distribution of property or class war. Strangely enough, embezzlement of public money was declared to be a crime and attention was drawn to the fact that it would be punished as such.

The racial principle lurked hazily in the background of the new Constitution, which declared the equality of all Rumanians, leaving it open whether "Rumanians" meant Rumanian nationals of any race or only nationals of Rumanian race. The royal manifesto said that "the Constitution conferred a definite primacy on Rumanian nationality." And one of the clauses provided that "none but Rumanians of the third generation may become Ministers of the Crown," which excluded the minorities and naturally also the Jews, against whom, in emulation of foreign examples, a series of increasingly discriminating restrictions were introduced.

The second Christea government had only been in office a few days when it issued the "Defence of the State Act" under which all political parties, societies and clubs were dissolved. "The times which preceded the Goga Administration," said the Minister of Justice, V. Iamandi, "are gone never to return. It is useless to intrigue and plot, the era of the party-State belongs to the past." At the end of the year another decree was issued which provided for the formation of the "Front of National Regeneration," the only political organization permitted to exist in the country. Its task was "to mobilize the national conscience, and to bring about a homogeneous and unitary activity for the consolidation of the State and the progress of the Fatherland."

All the party leaders submitted to the order, including Zelea Codreanu, who was the first to dissolve the All for the Fatherland Party. But whereas the others abided by their act, Codreanu merely retired from the public scene and carried on his activities underground.

His secret organization was soon detected, however; the police found hidden arms and ammunition, and letters and manifestoes signed by the "Captain" which sufficiently proved

that the party was still in existence and was working for a revolution. One of the shorter manifestoes had the following wording: "To arms, legionaries, the hour has struck! Seize what weapons lie nearest at hand, be they guns, or hoes or scythes, and join the fight! Do not spare the dogs who have murdered our children, strike them down! We proclaim the Legionary Rumania! Hurrah for death! Hurrah for the Captain!" So far-reaching was the party's propaganda that nuclei were organized among the pupils of the Middle Schools.

The results of the police investigation were laid before the Cabinet. "The party," ran a passage of the report, "had an organization whose business it was to spy on the government; there were informers in the Government Departments, in the various police offices of the capital, and with the general staff. Copies of secret military documents were found on the party premises. Within a short period the leaders had spent 40 million lei; and there are indications that the movement entertained relations beyond the borders. There is no doubt that the Party intended to sieze power by eliminating the present government and authorities."

Codreanu was arrested, tried, and sentenced to ten years hard labour.

Six months later, on a dark November night, while being removed from the prison in Râmnicaul-Sărat to Bucharest he, with the three murderers of Duca and the ten murderers of Stelescu, was shot dead by the gendarmes. The official explanation was that the prisoners had tried to escape and so had forced the gendarmes to make use of their arms.

All these events occurred during the second Christea Government, in which Calinescu, Minister of the Interior since Goga's Administration, was responsible for maintaining order in the land. In March 1939, as was mentioned above, the Patriarch died and Calinescu became not only Prime Minister but also the possessor of a certain measure of dictatorial powers. But those who believed that the execution of the "Captain" and the appointment of Calinescu would mean the death blow of the Iron Guard proved to be mistaken. After only a few weeks of calm the legionaries were once more to the fore.

In the meantime the second world war had broken out, and Rumania declared her neutrality.

At 2 p. m. on September 21, the Bucharest radio suddenly interrupted its broadcast of a concert and a gruff voice announced that the Prime Minister had just been murdered. A few hours later an official communiqué made known the fact that Calinescu had been killed by legionaries in revenge for the suppression of their movement, but that the incident "had no international significance nor was it the result of a widespread conspiracy" — in fact, it was a simple act of vengeance. The greatest adversary of the Iron Guard had been wiped out.

The king made a last, desperate experiment. A few weeks later he appointed as head of the government the former Prime Minister and ex-Ambassador to Paris, M. Tătărescu, apparently that he might find a *modus vivendi* with the irrepressible hydra, the Guard. The war was going on and Germany was gaining victories on every battlefield; it was indispensably necessary to restore calm to the country. In June a general amnesty was granted to all the legionaries who were serving their sentence of hard labour, and on the 21st of the same month there was formed, in the place of the Party of Regeneration, another "sole and totalitarian organization," the Nation's Party under the personal leadership of the sovereign. The leader of the Iron Guard, Horia Sima, "ordered" the legionaries to join this party, "because the country may be exposed to great danger," which made it necessary "to serve king and country loyally and efficiently."

On June 27 the Soviet Union declared the annexation of Bessarabia and the Bukovina and occupied these territories; thereupon the Francophile Tătărescu resigned and was replaced by the Germanophile Gigurtu.

On August 30, the Vienna Award returned the northern half of Transylvania to Hungary. The catastrophe of Greater Rumania was complete.

Six days later General Ion Antonescu, a supporter of the legionary movement, was appointed Prime Minister, and within twenty-four hours he had forced the king to abdicate. Carol, not without difficulty, escaped over the border, and his son, the youthful Michael, was set up as a sort of puppet

king. On September 14, a Royal Decree declared that "Rumania was a national, legionary State," and that "the legionary movement was the sole political movement recognized in the State, as its aim was the moral and material elevation of the Rumanian people." General Antonescu was to be the "*conducator*" or *Führer* of the State, while Horia Sima was commandant of the movement. "On this day," concluded the Decree, "all strife of brother against brother ceases."

As a matter of fact this was far from being the case. But the ensuing quarrels have no further interest for this article. Our concern is to state that the totalitarian, authoritarian Rumanian State with all its attributes had come into being.

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The above sketch of the transformation of Rumania into a totalitarian State shows the struggle between an ostensibly new ideology and the old constitutional forms, and the defeat of the latter. The struggle was long and ruthless, but the victory of the new order was inevitable. For the fact is that the new order was not really new at all. The political and social forms and institutions, democracy, liberalism, party government, against which the war was waged, were not natural emanations of the Rumanian spirit, they were not ingrained in the thought and temper of the land, but as superficial as the bindweed which runs along the surface but has no deep roots in the soil[1].

Modern Rumania dates from 1866, in the heyday of European Liberalism, when the Hohenzollern Prince who was invited to rule the country imported democratic ideas and a liberal Constitution. These importations were alien to, and incompatible with the ideas of a country which for four centuries and up to 1866, had been under Turkish suzerainty and for over a century under the oppressive rule of the Phanariote Princes; a country in which the overwhelming majority of the population consisted of ignorant peasants, 63 per cent. of whom were still illiterate at the end of the first world war. The Constitution was not a living force; liberalism

[1] See also the article entitled *Rumanian Constitutionalism* in No. 1, Vol. VII, 1941 of this review.

was a paradox, democracy a fiction. "Progress," wrote a Rumanian political writer a few years ago, "appeared only on the surface and in methods of procedure, never in the spirit. Our mentality remained unchanged, and so did the basis of our civilization. A few modern houses in the towns, a few motor-cars imported from abroad, but the same primitive life under a thin western layer."[1] Western ideas and a Liberal Constitution were foreign appurtenances in this world. "Anyone who believed," wrote one of the most illustrious public men in Rumania, Professor Rădulescu-Motru, in 1934, "that he could gain a knowledge of the Rumanian State by perusing its Constitution, would find himself grossly mistaken. Our Constitution does not differ a hair's breadth from the Belgian Constitution; it contains the same democratic principles; but the life of the Rumanian people is widely different. Rumania consists of a large peasant population and an exiguous bourgeoisie, but when we borrowed a foreign Constitution we borrowed also bourgeois principles . . . The real Rumanian State is the exact antithesis of the Rumanian State of our Constitution. This lie must be done away with; it is impossible to build the future of a people on lies. The Rumanian State is the creation of the European Powers, the old spirit of Europe gave it birth and made it democratic and bourgeois, attributes hostile to the Rumanian traditions. The new European spirit must help Rumania to be re-born by awakening her old conscience."[2]

The struggle between democratic and anti-democratic tendencies never ceased, and the elements of the latter were constantly growing. Traces of an anti-parliamentary attitude, demands for racial supremacy, as well as antisemitism were traditional and pronounced ever since the foundation of the independent State.

Already the reign of Carol I was, in point of fact, authoritarian in a mild form; his system of the "rotation" of the parties was a derision of party government. In the time of Ferdinand I it was Ionel Bratianu who wielded absolute sway; and Carol II was an autocrat who dismissed his Ministers as lightly as a farmer dismisses an unsatisfactory farm-hand.

[1] *N. Porsenna:* Regenerarea neamului romanesc, p. 9.
[2] *C. Rădulescu-Motru:* Ideologia statului roman, pp. 9 and 13.

The politicians on their side were always toying with the idea of a dictatorship, and each party exercised a party dictatorship as soon as it came into power. "To-day," said Dr. Vaida-Voevod in 1934, "dictatorship is the dictatorship of the Liberals; yesterday it was that of the National Peasants."

The one-party system was introduced in Rumania earlier than anywhere else in Europe with the exception of Fascist Italy. When the Electoral Bill was introduced in 1926, O. Goga, the future Prime Minister, wrote an article in the *Tara Noastra* in which he said: "The standard of political life is declining alarmingly; everywhere the doors are open for irresponsible demagogues, who transform the rights of the people into a trade, and Parliament into a cheap circus, from which they have banished good taste and all talent for organization.

"To combat this there is only one means: the *principle of authority*, without which no government can be imagined. Since the war all governments suffer from a decline of their authority, which is caused by the tumultuous Opposition parties. The chief cause of impotence and failure is the tyranny of the Opposition, and if we continue on this road the due respect of the masses for State institutions will vanish completely. The new Bill endeavours to find a way for securing strong majorities for future governments."

As regards antisemitism, Rumania can likewise claim priority over every other European country except Imperial Russia. It was a traditional and popular feeling shared by the entire population and so violent that it caused serious State crises in the 'seventies of last century, and occasioned the intervention of foreign Legislations and International Congresses.

In fact, Rumania in the new order has but found herself again.[1]

[1] Rumania's foreign policy veered with her internal transformation. Giving up her friendship with the democratic Powers, she joined the Axis Powers and adopted the Axis policy. But that is not the subject of this article.

SLOVAKIA IN THE NEW ORDER

By STEPHEN BORSODY

OF the two States which owe their existence to the new European order instituted by Germany, Slovakia is one, and Croatia the other. But the two cases are by no means identical. For whereas in Croatia an ancient nationhood has been revived, Slovakia as a State is an entirely new formation. Just as new as was her predecessor, Czechoslovakia, the only difference being that Czechoslovakia was established by England and France, while Slovakia is the creation of Germany. As a rule these new States, finding themselves in the company of nations with a great past behind them, do not care to remember their newness and set to work to fabricate a historic past of their own. It was thus that the Czechs manufactured a history of the "Czechoslovak" nation and State, which never existed anywhere before; and it was to such unhistoric devices that the young Slovak State had recourse in order to prove its complete equality with the thousand-years-old nations amid which it was wedged — or rather, to prove its far greater antiquity. Let us state at once that the architects of Slovakia's past are less at fault than, for instance, the historians of "Czechoslovakia." Slovak history writers confine their attention to the territory actually inhabited by the Slovak people; while "Czechoslovak" historians attempt to produce out of the void a common history for a territory containing a heterogeneous population of Czechs, Germans, Slovaks, Magyars, Russians and Poles, who had never before been grouped in this manner. The Slovaks see in present-day Slovakia their ancestral home, a land where one common language is spoken by all; and though opinions may vary in regard to their past and to the question of how far that past justifies their existence as a separate State, it is

at least undeniable that they possess a definite racial individuality which makes their claim to a national life of their own appear not only comprehensible but legitimate. It may be said with truth that Slovakia rests on a racial and national basis, — a basis which Czechoslovakia, for example, lacked completely. Ostensibly "the liberator of the various peoples groaning under the Austrian yoke," Czechoslovakia was in reality herself the oppressor of alien peoples she had incorporated without their consent. Whatever we may think of the new Slovak State and of the circumstances of its birth, it must not be forgotten that it came about with the approval of its Slovak inhabitants and owes its *raison d'être* to them.

This is the first occasion that the Slovak people have succeeded in setting up an independent State on the territory occupied by them, which formed a part of Hungary for a thousand years and a part of Czechoslovakia for twenty. By a strange trick of Fate, they have attained more than they ever laid claim to. For the Slovak nationalistic aspirations of the last hundred and fifty years never went beyond self-government. Which of the two alternatives, an independent Slovak State or autonomy within the framework of a larger State, would be more conducive to the maintenance of the European balance of power, is a question we need not inquire into here. Our aim is to show in what manner this independent Slovak State, which owes its birth to the new German Order, settled into the altered European conditions and how far this "*Neue Ordnung*" has brought it happiness and well-being.

Present-day Slovaks regard their independent State with pardonable pride, and no wonder. Have they not been witnesses of the collapse, after barely twenty years of existence, of their oppressor, the imperialistic Czechoslovak State, and of the fall, consequent upon the tremendous changes which have taken place in Europe, of other, much older Powers? They applaud their own wise policy and the happy instinct which led them to recognise in time the shifting balance of forces and to play the card which was to obtain for them the supreme national guerdon. But they are none the less ready to show their gratitude to Herr Hitler and to prove, by their fervent acceptance of National Socialism, that they deserve

the goodwill of the Germans. The same self-complacency which has enabled them to discover that their three-year-old State has more venerable traditions behind it and rests on firmer historical foundations than any of the so-called ancient States, has produced the surprising boast that they were the first to recognize the epoch-making grandeur of National Socialism and the first to make friends with Germany; that, in short, they are the only people who were guided by no motives of self-interest, no considerations of momentary advantage, but who followed their sincere convictions and traditional sentiments when they threw in their lot, in peace and war alike, with Herr Hitler, Germany and National Socialism. They forget the trifling fact that things turned out as they have, not in obedience to their own will but because Herr Hitler willed them so and because they fitted in with the German plans. They have no clear notion in what measure their own aims, sentiments, instincts or political foresight prevailed, and how far they were merely the instruments of the power-politics of a far greater and stronger nation.

German-Slovak cooperation existed before the birth of the independent Slovak State. Andrew Hlinka's Slovak People's Party made common cause with Conrad Henlein's Sudeten-German Party and the connection played an important part in the preparation of Slovak independence. Anti-Czech feeling was the mainspring and strongest link in the German-Slovak friendship. The seeds of this friendship were sown by the Czechs themselves by their disregard of Slovak susceptibilities. After the collapse of Czechoslovakia and the proclamation of the independent Slovak State (March 14, 1939), the more or less illegal relations between Germans and Slovaks continued on the legal basis of international cooperation. Germano-Slovak relations were regulated by the so-called *Schutzvertrag* signed on March 23, 1939, under which Germany undertook to defend the political independence and territorial integrity of the Slovak State for the next twenty-five years. In emulation of the term *Schutzvertrag* M. Tuka, the Slovak Prime Minister, gave the name of *"Schutzfreundschaft"* to the new Germano-Slovak connection. The Protocol of November 9, 1940, in which Slovakia declared her adherence to the German-Italian-Japanese Triple Alliance, is regarded by the Slovaks

as another important sign of the international recognition of their independence. It was a matter of immense pride for this little people of two and a half millions to have joined so important an alliance. As the Prime Minister expressed it, "by allowing us to take our place among the States of the Triple Alliance the leaders of the German Reich have expressly and solemnly received us into the company of independent States." Another important date in the annals of Germano-Slovak cooperation is July 30, 1940, when M. Tuka, on his return from Salzburg, declared that from that day on Slovakia was a National-Socialist State. "As a result of the Salzburg discussions," he said, "Slovakia is going to join the ranks of those civilized nations which desire to build up their existence on National-Socialist principles. The liberal-democratic and capitalistic world order, based on individual interests, has proved destructive and disorganizing, therefore the Slovak State has rejected it." This announcement had been preceded by a serious Cabinet crisis, the Germans having discovered that certain highly-placed personages had failed to adapt themselves to the spirit of the *Schutzvertrag* and had struck out along political paths of their own. The crisis was of short duration; M. Ďurčansky, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, resigned his portfolio, which was taken over by M. Tuka; while M. Mach, who until then had been kept somewhat in the shade, entered the government as Minister of the Interior and Deputy Prime Minister. The National Socialist régime was launched. Slovakia had, it is true, been a devoted adherent of National Socialism ever since March 14, 1939, but after July 30, 1940, she followed Germany's example with redoubled zeal.

We must not forget to put on record two other landmarks in the history of Germano-Slovak cooperation, all the less since the Slovaks themselves attribute great importance to them; the first of these was Slovakia's participation in the Polish campaign in September 1939, the second her entry into the war against the Soviet Union in the summer of 1941. In the eyes of the Slovaks great importance must be attached to the fact that their nation was the first to seal with its blood its friendship with Germany. When M. Tuka, the Prime Minister, returned from the German General Headquarters

in the autumn of 1941, he made the following statement: "When as yet nobody had rallied to the Germans, and when to do so would still have been very risky, and when there was hardly anybody who would have believed that Germany would win: that was the time when the Slovaks joined the German empire and thus assured to themselves the 'right of the first-born'!"

The Slovaks go out of their way to let the world know that they were not only the first to rally to Adolf Hitler but that they stand higher in his friendship than any other people. They regard this friendship as conferring certain privileges from which they mean to derive corresponding advantages at the expense of other Central European nations — as for example the Hungarians. Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the Slovak press and official Slovak propagandists should endeavour to trace this primogeniture of the German-Slovak connection far back in history. According to the newest views and theories, the Slovak people's entire past hears the stamp of their Germanophile sentiments. An article representative of this attitude, from the pen of J. Slavinsky, appeared in the July 7, 1940 number of the *Slowakische Rundschau*, the German periodical of the Slovak Office for Propaganda. "The friendly relations," we read in this article, "between the Slovak Republic and the Reich are not dictated solely by the exigencies of the moment; they are an inheritance from the past. It is a historic fact that the first Slovak State, which existed a thousand years ago, flourished and prospered only so long as its leaders were able to maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the neighbouring German empire. The reason for the collapse of this first Slovak State, the great Moravian empire founded by King Svatopluk, was that it could not live in concord with the Roman Empire of the Germans. The first period of Slovakia's existence as a State occurred a thousand years ago; the second period, the period of struggle for national and political independence, was concluded when the Slovak State was resuscitated on March 14, 1939. A comparison of these two periods of Slovak history will show that while Arnulf, Emperor of the first German Empire, destroyed the first Slovak State with the assistance of various other peoples, a thousand years later his

successor, Adolf Hitler, leader of the German people, restored the Slovak State in opposition to the will of other peoples."

Hitler's declaration *Die Slowakei ist meine Herzensangelegenheit* (Slovakia lies very near my heart) is repeated with peculiar pride. When this declaration became known, wrote the Slovak papers at the time, in 1940, a wave of joy and enthusiasm flooded the whole of Slovakia. The Slovaks felt secure that under this mighty protector no adversity could befall their State; that when the day of European reconstruction arrived, they would be accorded the justice which was their due, seeing that they had been the first to enter the war on Germany's side and had shed their blood together with the glorious German army. The Führer, wrote M. Murgaš, head of the Slovak Propaganda Bureau, in the *Slowakische Rundschau* of December 1, 1940, — in the room in which the statesmen of powerful empires had faced him, had said to M. Tuka that he had firm faith in the future of Slovakia and was very pleased with the reforms which she had resolved on. Slovakia's future would be assured if she carried out these reforms in every particular. He had also said that in the new order after the war Slovakia would be such a healthy organism that no one need have any fears about her future. "These words of the Führer," added M. Murgaš, "lay on us the obligation to introduce the National Socialist reforms in their entirety." The leaders of the Slovak nation felt that they were obeying the precepts of "the greatest Slovak" in following the German example. M. Mach, Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, had said: "Andrew Hlinka's dictate orders us to be loyal to the German nation and to the Führer." On Hitler's birthday the chief of the Propaganda Bureau enthusiastically exclaimed: "He is our Führer too!" J. Gajdoš Breza, editor of the *Slowakische Rundschau*, wrote the following passage in an article entitled: "The Essence of a Friendship Based on Conviction;" "If at lectures or other celebrations the name of the Führer elicits a storm of hurrahs and *slavas*, what does it mean? Is it all sham and pretence? No. The Slovak people are not given to play-acting. Is it the result of higher orders? No. The three million inhabitants of the country can attest that no such order has ever been issued;

nor as there ever been need of it. These cheers are the expression of the genuine sentiments of the people." Official and non-official homage to the Führer's person has become almost a cult in Slovakia. His portrait and the German emblems of the National Socialist Party rank with the Slovak national emblems and the portraits of great Slovaks. The enthusiasm of the press rises to fever pitch whenever there is occasion to mention Hitler's achievements, National-Socialism or German-Slovak friendship. A few quotations may serve as an example. "Disillusioned of all that has been, and extenuated by the ceaseless struggle to obtain our national, nay, our purely human rights, we see in Adolf Hitler the predestined paramount leader who will put an end to the conditions we have been suffering under and will realize the future on which the existence of Europe depends." (*Gardista*, May 20, 1941.) "There have been other statesmen who took an interest in the Slovaks and could have helped them ; but Hitler alone showed understanding of the aspirations of our people and their mission in the Slovak *Lebensraum*. He alone understood what it was that generations of Slovaks have striven for, he alone fulfilled the dreams and desires of our people. The name of the independent Slovak State will be fused with the name of Hitler for evermore." (*Slovak*, May 20, 1941.) Similar passages may be quoted from the speeches of Slovak politicians. "Events have proved that Adolf Hitler's nation and honour are synonymous. We are firmly determined to continue the fight, united in the bonds of friendship with the German people and their allies. This fight is ours, for on it depends our future." (Mach's Radio Address at Christmas, 1940.)

Slovak statesmen are firmly convinced of the ultimate victory of Germany and of National Socialism, and look forward confidently to the day of victory, which will mean the victory also of the Slovak cause. M. Tiso, President of the Slovak Republic, professed his adherence to the new National Socialist Europe in the following terms : "We shall build up the *völkisch* Slovakia in accordance with the principles of National Socialism. It is our watch-word, adopted not merely because of our gratitude to the German Empire and its noble leader, but also because we know what is conducive to the interests of our nation and our State. It is

not treaties alone but also our vital interests and companionship in arms which bind us to the *Lebensraum* in which National Socialism is being prepared for the new Europe. The future of our nation and our State lies not in liberalism, not in Capitalism or democracy, nor in Communism; it is only National Socialism which can satisfy our social and economic demands. We see in Adolf Hitler's National Socialism the fulfilment of our ideals, — in National Socialism as conceived by Adolf Hitler and nobly carried out by him in its political, international, national, social and economic bearings." M. Tuka, the Prime Minister, wrote thus on Labour Day May 1, 1941, in a leading article published by the *Gardista:* "History knows of three systems of labour: the pagan, the Jewish and the Christian systems. The pagan system is the system of slavery and oppression; the Jewish system of the Marxist type used hunger as a means of getting the needy proletariat to work; the Christian system has regulated labour and the reward of labour in the spirit of equity and justice. The sublime Christian laws of labour have been proclaimed by great men; the Popes have issued marvellous encyclicals concerning them; unfortunately they left the manner of their carrying out to the goodwill of individuals. There were found no rulers or statesmen to put them into execution by governmental agency. Historic necessity ordained that there should appear on the scene an individual of vision who by force of his genius and powerful intellect would obtain justice for labour and thus save civilisation from catastrophe. This individual, who unites in his person the worker, the statesman and the brilliant army commander, is Adolf Hitler. He is the hero of labour and the saviour of the honour of mankind. National Socialism not only means technically perfect work; the essence of work accomplished in the National Socialist manner is the spirit. National Socialism summons the worker to victorious battle for a better future for his nation, and as a result a better life for himself and his family."

M. Mach, in one of his speeches, threw light on the relations between a German victory and National Socialism. "Victory will mean no defeat for any single nation; it will liberate the workers of every nation in Europe. We are going through a revolution, whose course of development is dictated

by National Socialist principles and the iron will of Adolf Hitler. Previous revolutions have ended in anarchy, all former wars have meant defeat both for the victors and the vanquished. From these wars and revolutions only the feudal, capitalistic upper classes have emerged victorious, that is, the magnates and the Jews. National Socialism means fighting against the exploitation of the people. Germany's victory will not mean the defeat of the British worker; on the contrary, it will mean his liberation from the clutches of the limited number of plutocrats."

It is interesting to note in what manner the Slovak leaders bridge the gulf between National Socialism and Christianity, that is, Roman Catholicism. This is, perhaps, the most original aspect of the Slovak version of the National Socialist idea. Special conditions have here generated special problems, which have called for special ideological solutions. For obvious reasons, the problem of the mutual relations of National Socialism and Catholicism was bound to present itself in Slovakia. The Slovaks are devout Catholics, and the head of the State, M. Tiso, is a Roman Catholic priest; moreover, the Slovak national movement has from its infancy been interwined with the Church and with religion. Andrew Hlinka, whom even the present National Socialist Slovakia venerates as one of its greatest sons, was also a Roman Catholic priest. Let us see how the Slovaks have harmonized their religion with the requirements of National Socialism. According to the pregnant statement of M. Murgaš, the head of the Propaganda Bureau, "That which Christ taught two thousand years ago and we call love of the community of race, is being realised at the present day. Adolf Hitler's National Socialism, although it is a German conception, is an example to be followed by other European peoples, in the first place by the Slovaks." Not only the Head of the Propaganda Bureau, also the President and the Prime Minister have endeavoured to inculcate into the Catholic population that Christianity and National Socialism are one and the same. According to President Tiso, "National Socialist Slovakia means a Christian, *völkisch* Slovakia." According to M. Tuka's oft-quoted declaration, "Slovak National Socialism derives its spirit from Hlinka, only its methods have been borrowed from Hitler."

This distinction between the "spirit" and the "method" testifies to a general feeling that National Socialism should, by rights, not be quite the same in Catholic Slovakia as in Germany. This was expressed with sufficient clarity by M. Tuka in one of his speeches (Nyitra, August 24, 1940) in which he referred to the mutual relations of National Socialism and the Church: "In this respect Slovak National Socialism will be other than the German variety; in this country patriotism has its roots in religion . . ." Št. Polakovič, Lecturer at the University of Pozsony, who wrote a book about Slovak National Socialism (*Slovensky národny socializmus*, Bratislava, 1941), also holds that Slovak and German National Socialism are not identical throughout. And he proceeds to tabulate the "common" and the "divergent" points in the two movements. Under the former heading he counted: 1. the *Führer*-principle (he had regretfully to admit that the Slovak constitution was not as yet founded on this principle; but added that its modification in this respect was to be expected before long); 2. the idea of the *völkisch* State, that is, the State regarded as the organization of a nation living in racial community; 3. the "principle of reality" (he means by this that whereas in the democratic States people talk much but do little work, in the National Socialist State the opposite is the case; 4. the principle of self-sacrifice and the common weal (this principle may be expressed in the German saying: *Gemeinnutz geht vor Eigennutz*); 5. the principle of tradition (in this category he regards loyalty to Christian traditions as of special importance; 6. the principle of work, and 7. the principle of collective integrity (he attaches no commentary to this, leaving the term to explain itself). As "divergent" points he cites 1. the principle of the hierarchy of values; in this connection he shows that whereas German National Socialism regards as fundamental values the race, the land, work, the Reich and integrity, Slovak National Socialism cannot be allowed to regard these values as supreme; for Slovak National Socialism the supreme value is God. This leads, by a natural transition, to the second divergence. Slovak National Socialism must deduce its moral and national laws from Nature as created by God. There is, finally, this difference that "since man does not live exclusively for the

State and the nation, it cannot be the latter's function to assert its will and claim absolute power and domination over individuals ; rather it must create an atmosphere in which the individual can exercise his eternal functions." It will be seen that the divergences envisaged by the erudite author are fairly extensive. But it is a question whether in practice these divergences will be maintained in accordance with his intentions. M. Polakovič himself is not wholly free from doubts on this score, for on page 31 of his book he faces the possibility of some people using National Socialism as a cloak for their anti-Christian activities. The sanctions which he would apply against these are characteristic, since they are often to be met with in Slovak political phraseology, but they do not seem very effective. The delinquents are urged to remember that they "are in opposition to the will of Dr. Tiso, Dr. Tuka and M. Mach."

But Slovak National Socialism has a favourite theory calculated to dispel any doubts that might arise in the minds of the Catholic inhabitants; according to this theory, the Papal encyclical and National Socialism are animated by the same purpose. This is the conclusion arrived at by M. Polakovič. "Anyone who has seen the Papal encyclicals and has compared them with the social programme of our government, must admit that on both sides the goal aimed at is the strictest social justice." For the rest, no one has given more eloquent expression to the Christian aims of Slovak National Socialism than M. Tuka when he said: "Slovakia must be the anteroom of Heaven. Jesus Christ is our King."

While the country and its Catholic leaders strive in this way to coordinate National Socialism and Catholicism, certain German observers look on their endeavours with no little measure of distrust. Herr M. Schwartz, a German born in Slovakia, who at present is Slovak lecturer at the University of Berlin, published in 1939 a book about Slovakia (*Die Slowakei*, Goldmann Verlag, Leipzig) in the last chapter of which he endeavoured to show the dangers which threatened Slovakia from the side of "political Catholicism." In his opinion it is principally from this source that anti-German propaganda emanates and is spread throughout the country. "It is the dream of political Catholicism," he writes, "to

create a Catholic *bloc* extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and even further, as far as the Mediterranean. As early as 1937 the project was formed to call into being a *bloc* of Catholic States which should include Poland, Slovakia, Hungary, Austria, Croatia and Italy, — a so-called Roman Catholic Axis. Polish and Hungarian politicians with Catholic affinities were the chief promoters of this plan." Protestantism, on the other hand, "carries no menace of danger in this area." This statement is contradicted by the well-known fact that in the past, the Czechophile, anti-German elements were mostly recruited from the ranks of the Protestant Slovaks, and that even at the present day the independent and Catholic-led Slovak State is finding it no easy task to disarm the latent discontent of the Protestants in the land, about one-quarter of the population. Plainly prejudiced as is Herr Schwartz against both Hungarians and the Catholic Church, his remarks are interesting in that they show the angle from which the Slovak National Socialist movement is regarded in certain German quarters.

It must not be believed for the rest that this movement exhausts itself in mere words and orations; although it must be admitted that the way between theory and practice is a fairly long one. On January 21, 1941, Dr. Tuka summed up in fourteen points the practical programme of Slovak National Socialism. It is an exhaustive programme, the last point in which runs thus: "Finally, the solution of the Jewish question." So far, not one of the first thirteen points has been observed as conscientously as this last one. In the course of 1940 no less than twenty-six laws and regulations were issued restricting the rights of the Jews, until on September 11, 1941, there was promulgated and carried into effect the so-called Jewish codex of 270 paragraphs, which, drawn up on the basis of the Nuremberg laws, so effectively solves the Jewish question that, as the Slovaks boast with pride, nowhere in Europe, except in Germany, are the Jews so thoroughly isolated from the non-Jewish inhabitants as in Slovakia. As regards other matters appertaining to the National Socialist organization of the State, we may quote the following summary in the message sent by Dr. Tiso to the Chicago Congress of the Slovenska Liga in 1941: "In the last two years we have paid out wages

to the amount of two milliard crowns; 272 millions more in 1940 than in 1939. We have dismissed ten thousand Czechs from the civil service and appointed 18,000 Slovaks to the same service. The number of private employees has risen in two years to 30,000. Tens of thousands of workers have been employed in road-making and rail-road building and in public works and improvements. In the space of two years we have built 600 kilometres of public roads at a cost of 450 million crowns and 135 kilometres of railroads, over some of the most difficult tracts of territory, at a cost of 290 million crowns. We have spent 216 millions on the repairing of our railway lines, and 450 millions on the construction of water-works. We have electrified 110 villages. Within these two years we have spent 106 millions on river regulation; in Eastern Slovakia alone we have expended 32 millions on the regulation of the river Morava. We have improved 22,000 cad. acres of pasture-land. We have extended our telephone system over 4000 kilometres and built 90 schools in two years. We are progressing economically, culturally, and in our social institutions. And all this at a time when war is raging all around us, thrones collapse and States fall asunder. I cannot refrain from saying, in the face of all contrary propaganda, that in this work we have been and are assisted, supported and protected by the German Reich and by Adolf Hitler its Führer."

It was a natural result of the German-Slovak relationship that when the time came to regulate the question of the minority peoples in the land, the German inhabitants, numbering approximately 150,000 souls, should be accorded special privileges. The rights enjoyed by these Germans are in keeping with the current German conception according to which every German-speaking individual, in whichever European country he may happen to be living, must be able to feel himself a member of the Third Reich. The situation of the approximately 100,000 Magyars and 60,000 Russins living in Slovakia is very far from being as favourable as that of the Germans.

When the Slovaks separated from the Czechs, after barely twenty years of common existence, to form a State of their own, they turned their back on democracy. It is by no means

intended to imply that the Slovaks had had the chance to live democratically under Czechoslovakia. In conclusion it is necessary to say a few words on this subject, since otherwise it is impossible to understand the Slovaks' lively aversion to democracy and their enthusiastic acceptance of the idea of a totalitarian state. The essence of democracy is self-government, and this was denied them by the Czechs; their crime in doing so was all the greater because the legal title for the foundation of Czechoslovakia was the promise of "the democratic autonomy and national independence of the Czechs and Slovaks." In the Declaration of Pittsburg the Czechs undertook to ensure Slovak autonomy as a separate obligation. Czechoslovakia would never have been born if the Czechs had not been able to point to the agreement of the Slovaks. As soon, however, as they had got their country, they rapidly forgot their promises to the Slovaks, entirely neglecting their international obligations in respect of nationality rights. The Czechs in fact introduced a form of extreme centralisation, suppressing autonomous rights, but, while actually putting Czech totalitarian principles into effect, they never ceased lauding their democracy. It is not to be wondered at that the Slovaks, along with the other oppressed nationalities of Czechoslovakia, learned to hate democracy for this reason. The Slovaks, on the other hand, were liberated from the yoke of Czech imperialism by the Germans, and it was thanks to the Germans too that they became an independent State; the unbiassed observer may therefore see why the Slovaks to-day reject democracy. Nor is their case the only one. The results of the war of 1914—18 were exceedingly unfortunate for some of the countries of Central Europe, and their opinion of democracy was naturally not enhanced by the fact that their sufferings then and since were imposed upon them in the name of democracy.

RENAISSANCE HUNGARY

THE WORK OF THE LATE HENRY HORVÁTH

By DEZSŐ DERCSÉNYI

IN 1940 Hungary celebrated the 500th anniversary of King Matthias's birth. In the series of historical surveys and essays published on this occasion an outstanding place must be assigned to the two essays by Henry Horváth, one dealing with Hungarian art in the age of the great Renaissance King, the other with the history of Hungarian Renaissance art in general. The first was published in the King Matthias Memorial Album *(Mátyás Király Emlékkönyv)* under the title *Hungarian Art in the Age of Matthias,* the second, *Il rinascimento in Ungheria,* was published in Italian by the William Fraknói Historical Institute in Rome. While the latter may be called a longitudinal section across one of the most fascinating periods of Hungarian art, the first gives us a transverse section of the same. It is instructive to compare the two essays, for though they deal with the same period, the second half of the fifteenth century, they show that the roots of the Renaissance in Hungary go back far beyond the reign of Matthias, while its full florescence was in the first half of the sixteenth century; they show furthermore that the art of Matthias's age is not characterized by a homogeneous court renaissance called into being by the King's inclinations and centering around his person: Hungarian Late Gothic was still developing side by side with the more aristocratic, courtly, one might say more modern Renaissance taste and style.

We witness here a highly interesting phenomenon. We know that the styles of the great artistic periods are the results of

organic development, and that they come into being by slow transition, not by a sudden breach with the old; yet here we see no transition, but old and new living side by side. The ground for the Renaissance had been prepared in the last decades of the fourteenth century, during the reign of Louis the Great (1342—1382); its artistic manifestations appeared in the late chivalry of King Sigismund, were intensified by new and stronger connections with Italy in the age of Matthias, and after his death in 1490 they spread from the royal court throughout the whole country. But at the same time Gothic art was still flourishing, inspired by South German art, and in the early sixteenth century created some of the most beautiful monuments of Hungarian Gothic art especially in church architecture and in ecclesiastical painting and sculpture. This florescence of Gothic art is not explicable by the fact that the middle classes maintained closer connections with German art and civilization, just as the spread of the Renaissance in Hungary cannot be attributed solely to the personality of King Matthias as a patron of the arts. We can only understand the parallel existence of the two periods if we realise how Gothic forms were moving more and more towards Renaissance styles — a process definitely observable in more than one artistic monument of the period —, while Renaissance forms find their contact with the local spirit, descend from the aristocratic heights of courtly civilization and claim their part in the architecture of country churches as well as in that of Upper Hungarian châteaux and manor-houses, where their influence was still alive in the seventeenth century.

In certain fields, in church architecture for instance, the interior change, the altered conception of Gothic took place as early as about 1400. The type of the 'hall' church with one or two naves was introduced into Hungary; though still covered by Gothic vaulting, the arches had no structural but rather a decorative role, the perpendicular tendencies characterizing the Gothic style being diminished, and the closed, unbroken flow of the inner space Gothic in its form, but Renaissance in its whole character. This transfiguration of Gothic architecture was furthered by the realistic, well-balanced character of Hungarian art, which always avoided exaggerations. Hungarian art, though closely connected with

the formal development of German art, did not follow the latter's outbursts of expression and sentiment. It never sought ugliness for the sake of the characteristic, and even in the most telling scenes from the lives of martyrs it preserved its equilibrium of mind and expression. It is full of a sober realism which enables it to rise above the obscure mysticism and often exaggerated naturalism of northern art.

Hungarian Gothic is no imported art, brought and deposited here by foreign itinerant masters, as some foreign writers have represented it. It grew out of the Hungarian soil, the result of a native development, and its autochthonous character is proved by the unusually long life of Gothic in this country. Hungarian Renaissance too was not the ephemeral creation of masters imported from Italy, but the blending of direct Italian influence and Hungarian elements, fitting organically into the development of Hungarian art. The influence of earlier artistic periods had a share in this local development of the Renaissance. It should be remembered that the Hungarian Romanesque style had an unusually long life in Hungary, and was linked almost imperceptibly to Renaissance development. Twelfth and thirteenth-century Romanesque architecture is notable for a classicism nurtured by the monuments of the Roman age and in numerous instances definite borrowing is observable. At the same time the round arches of Romanesque porches — still to be seen in Buda and other places — fitted imperceptibly and naturally into Renaissance architecture. Another influence to be considered here is that which undoubtedly emanated from the monuments of Pannonia, the former Roman province in Transdanubia. They were still on the surface in those days: Bonfini, Matthias's court humanist, for instance, investigated Trajan's bridge on the Lower Danube, and, collected, published — and even forged — data and monuments concerning the Roman provinces on the territory of Hungary.

Italian connections of course played a decisive role in the development of the Hungarian Renaissance. From this point of view the importance of humanism, though generally speaking it had no great part in the guidance of artistic life, cannot be denied. The roots of humanism in Hungary go back

to the fourteenth century, and since that time it always maintained close connections with Italy. Italian artistic impulses came to Hungary in constant waves in the course of two centuries, and not merely on the initiative of an art-loving monarch; they reached Hungary direct from the most important Italian cultural centres, from Siena, Florence, Milan, Naples, and Venice, often through the invitation of Italian masters. Documents mention a great number of Italian artists working in Hungary, but the identification of these data with the works of art that have come down to us has not yet succeeded authentically and satisfactorily. Plenty of hypotheses are current in Hungarian and foreign literature on art, but — to mention only two of the most outstanding artists — not a single work of Benedetto da Maiano or Giovanni Dalmata in Hungary is known to us. This is the case in all the other arts, with the exception of foreign miniaturists or book-illuminators, many of whose works can be identified. This negative argument would seem to show that the influence of the foreign masters was not an ephemeral one, but was completely absorbed and assimilated by local development.

Another argument in support of this is the fact that the major part of the Renaissance monuments came into being after Matthias's death, although it was he who invited and entertained most foreign artists at his court. The Bakócz Chapel at Esztergom, a Renaissance church of unique beauty, was completed in 1507, while the Renaissance châteaux of the aristocracy in Upper Hungary were mostly built in the second half of the sixteenth or even in the early seventeenth century. Pécs Cathedral and the so-called Church of the Inner Town in Budapest also date from the first half of the sixteenth century, although they breathe the spirit of the Florentine *quattrocento*. A representation of the Virgin with Child made for Andrew Báthori and considered by Henry Horváth as the epitome of Renaissance sculpture bears the date 1520. The recently-discovered frescoes of the archiepiscopal — formerly royal — palace at Esztergom are late fifteenth century, but the Ceres of Michael of Pannonia, showing first-hand Italian influence, was probably completed in the second half of the sixteenth century. The miniaturist, and



FAIENCE PLATE, SECOND HALF OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY

(In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London)



THE VISEGRAD MADONNA

(Fifteenth century. Now in the Esztergom Museum)

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illuminators of Buda continued to work, though on a somewhat smaller scale, in the sixteenth century: decorative arts, goldsmith's work in particular, continued to flourish. There are plenty of Renaissance goldsmith's works imported from Italy, such Francesco Francia's apostolic cross with *niello* ornamentation in the Esztergom Treasury, or made by Italian artists working in Hungary, such as the lower part of the so-called Matthias Calvary, the work perhaps of Caradosso, the King's court goldsmith, but there is a great number of works of art adorned with the specifically Hungarian technique of wire-enamel *(sodronyzománc)*, of which we may mention the Matthias Chalice of Bécsújhely.

Summing up Horváth's views on the Hungarian Renaissance, we may say: ecclesiastic architecture was predominantly Gothic, the architects being Hungarians, while secular architecture was mostly Renaissance and influenced by Italian masters. The same holds good for the general taste. In the orders of the king, the lords and church dignitaries, Renaissance taste predominates; buildings erected for the middle classes, guilds or other middle-class communities are nearer to the Gothic. Renaissance and Gothic occur side by side in sculpture as well: ecclesiastical sculpture clings to the Gothic, secular sculpture adopts Renaissance characteristics. A more homogeneous development may be seen in painting: here, apart from a few already-mentioned frescoes under immediate Italian influence, the Gothic manner predominates. It must be borne in mind, however, that practically everything that has come down to us in painting belongs to the domain of sacred art. The development of the decorative arts is also a homogeneous one in the spirit of the Renaissance. By these investigations, Henry Horváth has greatly contributed to the solution of the problems connected with fifteenth and sixteenth-century Hungarian art. He has shown that Gothic art continued to be productive in this period, while the roots, spiritual and artistic, of the Renaissance go back to the fourteenth century. He has proved convincingly that the Renaissance was not a mere intermezzo, an imported artistic fashion of the court, but an organic part of Hungarian development.

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The news of Henry Horváth's death came as this article was being written. He was of Transylvanian origin; he acquired his extensive knowledge and broad outlook in the course of studies at both Hungarian and foreign universities. As a member of the William Fraknói Historical Institute in Rome he spent a considerable time in Italy, making through researches and analyses concerning the Hungarian connections of Sienese art. He proved that the early Hungarian Renaissance came into being under Sienese influence, and he found convincing evidence in the much-discussed problem of Masolino di Panicale's sojourn in Hungary: he established beyond doubt the fact that this great painter of the Italian Renaissance spent some time in Hungary, for on one of his mural paintings in Castilo d' Olonna he represented in the background the fortress of Veszprém. Siena seems to have been the decisive influence in Horváth's life, which determined him to devote his investigations to Hungarian medieval art. Another problem on which his interest was focused was the artistic past of Budapest; perhaps the most valuable part of his work crystallized around the meeting-point of these two objects; Buda in the Middle Ages. Three of his works may be mentioned here: *Buda in the Middle Ages* (1935), *Stone-masons and Masonic Emblems in Buda*, and *King Sigismund and His Times* published on the 500th anniversary of the death of the Hungarian King and Holy Roman Emperor.

Buda in the Middle Ages was written when the so-called Museum of Stone Monuments was established in a part of the romantic Fishermen's Bastion in Buda. The medieval (eleventh-sixteenth-century) tombstones, Gothic relics and other stone monuments discovered during the restoration of the Coronation Church and of the near-by Dominican Church found their place in this new museum which supplied a long-felt want. Before, the artistic monuments of a period of nearly 600 years, from the rich material of Roman and pre-conquest times in the Acquincum Museum, until after the end of Turkish domination, *i. e.* the late seventeenth century was absent from the collections of the capital. This gap was filled at last by the Museum of Stone Monuments arranged by Henry Horváth.

In the above-mentioned essay Horváth deals with the medieval monuments of Buda; he describes them, assigns them their place in the development of Hungarian art, reveals the local and foreign sources of Hungarian Gothic, and describes the excellent stone-cutters' workshop of Buda which supplied the whole country with wonderfully carved tombstones for more than a century, beginning with the end of the fourteenth century.

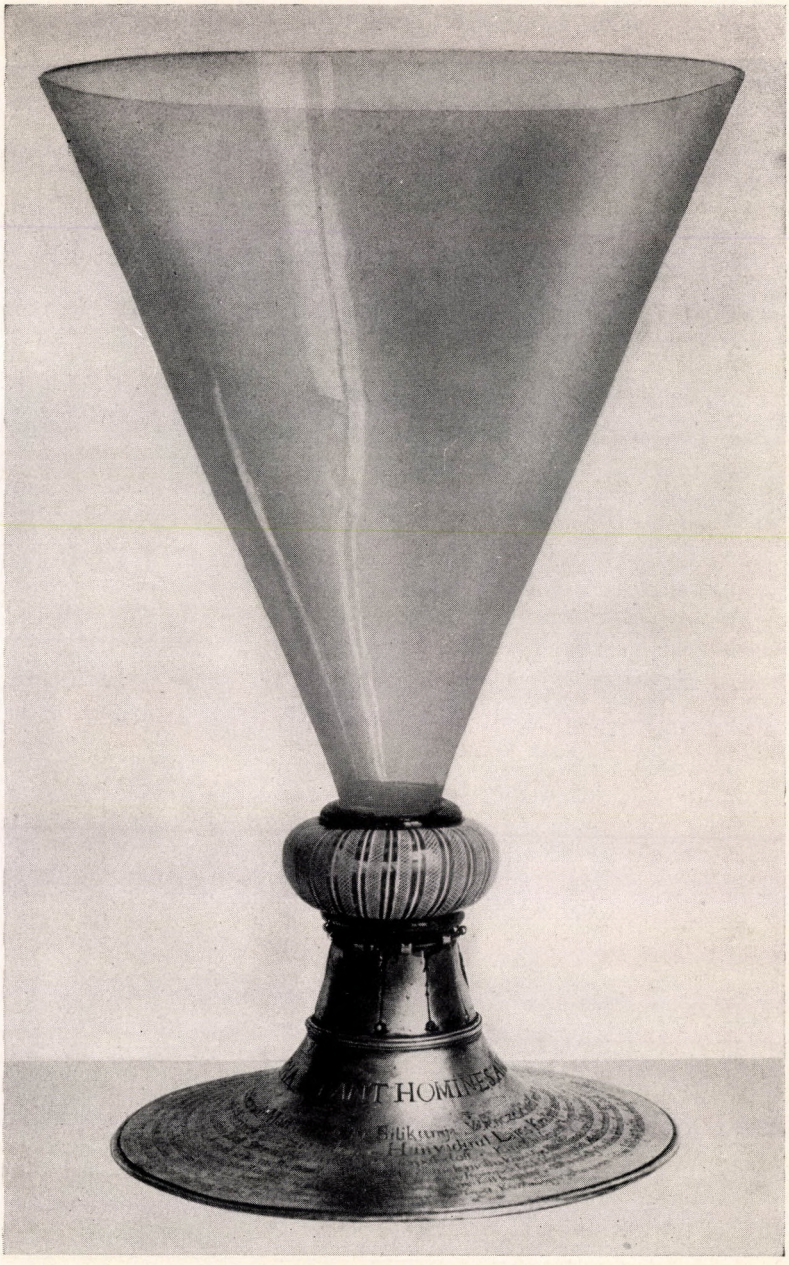
The same subject is treated in the work *Stone-Masons and Masonic Emblems of Buda*, but in more detail and amplified by many new viewpoints. Horváth discusses here the technique and methods of stone-cutting, the social contexts of the masonic emblems, leading up to the cultural significance of the masonic lodges; but his final aim is to show behind this immense scientific equipment the history of architecture in medieval Buda. In the coarse masonry technique of the Arpadian Buda he sees the influence of Bavarian monastic workshops; the Byzantine motives of ornamentation were probably introduced by the mediation of Northern Italian or Dalmatian stone-masons. According to the evidence of the masonic signs, — considered by Horváth neither of mystical importance nor as mere accounts of wages — the Hungarian masonic lodges of the Gothic age were not subject either to the Viennese or to the Prague grand lodge. On the basis of monuments and of scanty documentary evidence, Horváth draws a picture of the life and activity of stone-masons in medieval Buda; he describes the sociological organization of the Hungarian masonic lodges and workshops, and examines the much-discussed problems of planning and construction in the Middle Ages. It is a special merit of Henry Horváth that, in writing the history of the architecture of medieval Buda, he has laid the foundations for the history of Hungarian architecture in general.

King Sigismund and His Age is his chef-d'œuvre. As he says in the preface to this book most of his publications preceding it, were to a certain extent, only preliminary studies and leading up to this comprehensive representation of the early fifteenth century and of the monarch who, from the Hungarian throne, ascended the throne of the Holy Roman Empire. He analyses Sigismund's cultural heritage and

the example of his predecessors; he disentangles the components of his fascinating personality, so rich in contradictions, and discloses the motives of his often contradictory actions in the spirit of the time.

The end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century mark a turning point in the history of European civilization. This is the decline of the Middle Ages, the dissolution of forces that had been active for many centuries, and the birth of a new era. In Burgundy, the Middle Ages were still at their height, but the Renaissance was already flourishing in Italy. Buda stands between the two currents and in Sigismund's court West and South, the declining Middle Ages and the young Renaissance, meet and clash. Sigismund had connections with both. The medieval world of chivalry was still alive at his court; the most renowned knights of Europe started from Buda and under his leadership to the battle of Nicapolis (1396) which was to be their disastrous end. He founded an order of knights and was proud of being himself a Knight of the Garter. But, as Holy Roman Emperor, he spent much of his time in Italy, particularly in Siena and Rome, and was in direct touch with the new spirit and art of the Renaissance which he so greatly appreciated.

Sigismund's court was dominated by the international ideals of chivalry and civilization assumed an almost cosmopolitan aspect at the synods. The life of Sigismund's court was moulded by these two forces, chivalry and the synods, both international and cosmopolitan in their character. Yet the leaders of the court were Hungarian: Nicholas Garai, the Palatine, Voivode Stibor, John Kanizsai, Valentin Alsani, and many others. It may be said without exaggeration that during the forty years of Sigismund's reign the fate of Europe was directed from Buda. Although himself not Hungarian by origin, Sigismund had great sympathies for the Hungarian nation and always followed the council of his Hungarian statesmen in his whole policy. His sympathies were based on *Realpolitik:* amidst the dissension of the German Estates and the revolts of the Bohemian Hussites he could always rely upon the financial, economic and military aid of Hungary. He had confidence in Hungary and as a result Buda assumed a leading role about the turn of the century.



CHALICE OF VENETIAN GLASS USED BY KING MATTHIAS CORVINUS

(Now in the Hungarian National Museum)



THE CENOTAPH OF GÜL-BABA

(See article on p. 564)

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The first part of Horváth's book gives a vivid picture of the civilization and court life of Sigismund's age. The second part deals with the monuments of art. Horváth does not go into a detailed analysis of them, but looks rather for the manifold contacts of life and art, with particular attention to the local development of the arts in Buda. In connection with the development of architecture he points out that the 'hall' church, though still using Gothic elements, already reflects the spirit of the Renaissance. He proved beyond doubt that the Royal Palace of Buda was completed and rebuilt under Sigismund and shows close connections with the *palazzi* of Siena and Florence. Sigismund built the Palace of Buda on such a grand scale that it could house the splendid Renaissance court of Matthias, who enriched it merely by decorative elements, sculpture and other works of art.

Another chapter deals with the fine arts, *i. e.* with sculpture, fresco painting and miniatures. In the sculpture of the age, the stone-cutting workshop next to the Dominican Church in Buda played a leading role. The figures on the tombstones that have come down to us are still represented in the stiff medieval manner, but the features already bear the marks of the Renaissance spirit. Mural paintings mostly represent the legends of the Hungarian saints, St. László in particular. He is the ideal king of Hungarian chivalry, and his battles resemble knightly tournaments rather than fierce struggles. In form, they show Italian influence, although the name of their Hungarian master has been preserved more than once by written evidence. These frescoes are not genuine mural paintings, but rather enlarged miniatures, which is a natural outcome of the flourishing miniature art of Sigismund's age. Sigismund shared his uncle Wenceslas's passion for collecting books. The best artists of his age worked for him, and his collection almost equalled in quality and quantity the famous library of Matthias Hunyadi. In book-painting, as in the whole civilization of the court, we find international elements.

There are numerous paintings and wood-carvings, all of them parts of medieval winged altars. Although they are deeply rooted in the Gothic tradition, there emerge some marked personalities such as Thomas of Kolozsvár, who, by his altar at Garamszentbenedek (1428) ranks with the finest artists of his age.

The following chapters are devoted to the decorative and applied arts; here Horváth speaks of fashions, clothing, armour, furniture and other objects of everyday use, with the same methods and the same broad outlook we have admired in the previous chapters. We cannot follow here all his investigations, but we may mention a fact of great importance in the history of the Hungarian goldsmith's craft. It was in the age of Sigismund that a specifically Hungarian technique of enamelling, called in foreign literature Hungarian wire-enamel, was introduced and brought to high perfection, probably under Sienese influence. Samples of it are to be found in almost all the museums of Europe. We mention only the reliquary of St. Dorothy in Breslau, the reliquary of St. László in Győr; a great number of splendidly adorned chalices and the upper part of the so-called Matthias Calvary, one of the most beautiful Hungarian works, also belong to this period.

King Sigismund and His Age is undoubtedly Horváth's most important work, by which he opened up entirely new perspectives to Hungarian historical research and the history of art. Though his interest was focused on the age of Sigismund and Matthias, that is to say, the most glorious period of Hungarian art, he was also greatly attracted by its earlier phases. Of his works dealing with earlier periods we may mention the two most important ones: *The Beginnings of Hungarian Sculpture*, and especially his essay in which he deals with the "renaissance" manifesting itself in twelfth-century Romanesque sculpture in Hungary. Investigating Hungarian Romanesque sculpture, Horváth comes to the conclusion that the antique Roman monuments of Pannonia, and the spiritual renaissance of the twelfth century gave birth to a genuine renaissance of antiquity in Hungarian architectural sculpture. He has found, moreover, analogies for this in the literature and spiritual life of the age. All this indicates that we have here a process similar to the proto-renaissance of Southern France, but based entirely on local development and antecedents.

Henry Horváth attended most of the congresses for historians of art in recent years and his great knowledge of facts and his profound researches were much appreciated

by his audiences. He was at the congresses held in Stockholm, Switzerland and London, where he lectured on the sword of honour of York and the other insignia of the Order of the Dragon. The sword preserved in the Town Hall of York is part of the insignia of the Order of the Dragon, founded by Sigismund in 1408. Henry V. of England was among the members of the Order, and the insignia were a present of King Sigismund in return for the Order of the Garter which he had received. Only the sword remained in England, the other jewels being scattered all over Europe.

Apart from being a historian of art, Henry Horváth was an assiduous worker at the various Budapest museums. We have mentioned already the Collection of Stone Monuments established by him; but he has other merits too in the development of Budapest's artistic collections. Under his direction the Historical Museum was considerably enlarged, and a new collection, the Municipal Picture Gallery was opened, which contains masterpieces of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Hungarian painting. The great project of his life was the centralization of the municipal collections housed in different buildings, but unfortunately he did not live to see it, although only a few months separated him from the realization of this plan. A patron of art bequeathed his château in Kiscell near Óbuda, a former monastery of the Trinitarians, and a valuable collection of furniture, to the City with the instructions that the palace should be turned into a museum. Here all the historical and artistic monuments of Budapest, with the exception of archaeology and painting, will find their new home. The necessary rebuilding of the palace was begun after Horváth's own plans, but he died before the great work was completed. So his death is a twofold blow to Hungarian scientific life: we have lost one of our most profound writers on art, and our greatest research-worker.

BUDA IN TURKISH DAYS

By JOSEPH SOMOGYI

The author of this article, as well as being an orientalist, is Assistant Librarian to the Royal Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Here he writes of the long occupation of Buda by the Turks, and of the interesting monuments of the century and a half when the crescent was to be seen on the hill where the modern town now stands.

IT is an interesting fact that September 2, 1941 marked the four hundredth anniversary of the occupation of Buda by the Turks, and also the two-hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary of its recapture in 1686 by the Christian armies. More than one article has appeared in these pages on Hungary in those days and the fighting which led to the recapture, and it is of some interest to consider what remains to be seen of the long Turkish occupation to-day.

The first capture of Buda by the Turks was in 1526, after the fatal defeat of the small Hungarian army at Mohács, and the town actually fell into their hands without a blow being struck in its defence. The town was burned by Sulayman II, and although in 1529 it changed hands once more, all the four attempts after 1541 to recapture it in 1542, 1598, 1602/3 and 1684 were unsuccessful. It was only in 1686 that the coalition armies under Charles Duke of Lorraine finally wrested the citadel, after a siege of seventy-seven days, from its aged defender the seventy-year-old Abdarrahman Abdi Arnauti Pasha, who fell in the final assault and is commemorated by a Muslim grave-stone on the battlements by the Vienna Gate.

In spite of the 145 years that Buda spent as a Turkish town, very little remains except a tomb and three baths to remind one of the former Muslim character of the city. This is due to the fact that, as in other territories occupied by them,

the Turks were guided by purely military considerations; the line of the Danube, on which Buda was an important fortress, was a military border continually exposed to enemy attacks, and one never knew when the time might come for advance or retreat. For this reason the Turks, as far as possible, made use of the existing buildings, ordinary houses being used as offices, barracks or prisons, and churches being converted into mosques. This of course condemned many valuable works of art to destruction, since Islam does not tolerate altars or statues, nor indeed the reproduction of any living thing. The 'idols' were therefore thrown out, the walls of the churches were whitewashed over and *souras* of the Koran painted over them in ornamental script. New mosques were only built in case of necessity, and then in the simplest styles.

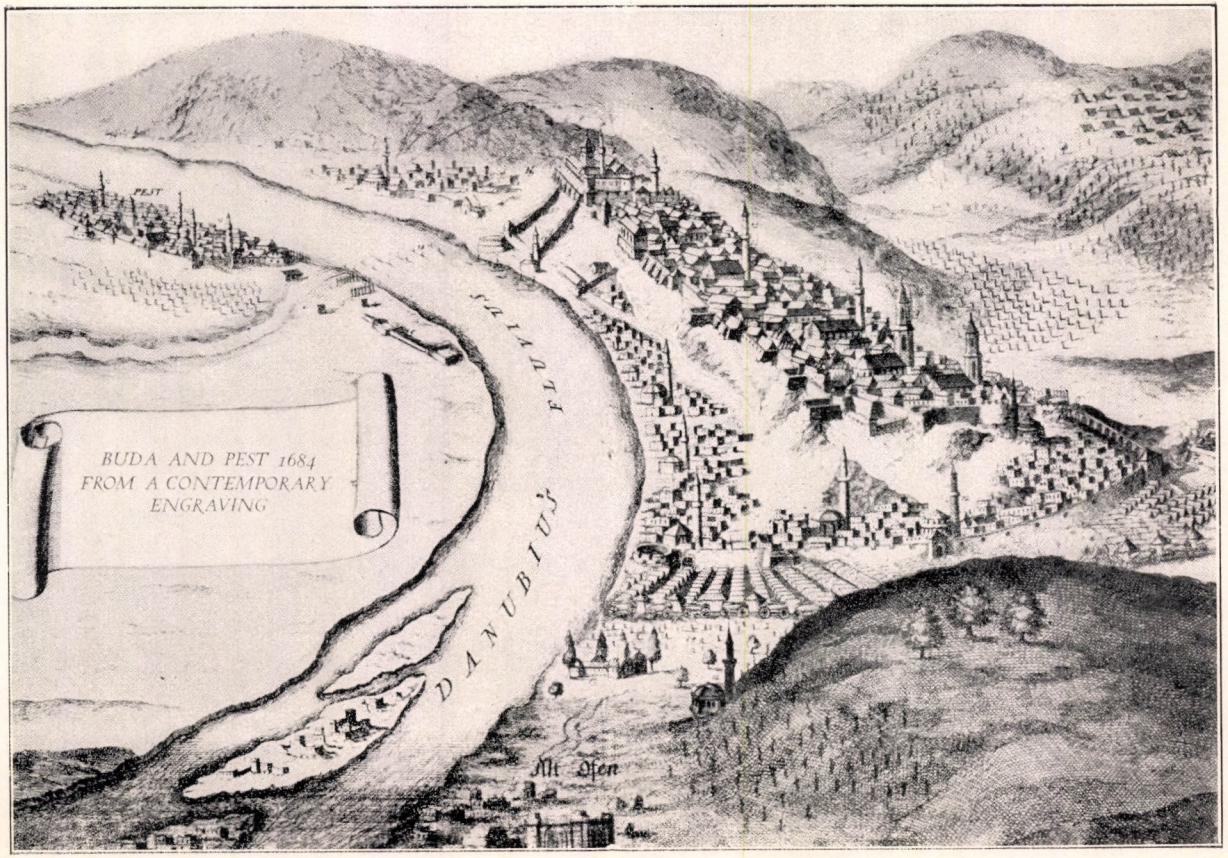
The Turks were by no means generous as regards ordinary building. The erection of any military, municipal or private buildings was dependent on the permit of the architect-general *(mimar-bashi)*, an official immediately subordinate to the vizier, who prescribed exactly the street, exterior and height of any new house or of repairs or reconstructions. Baths and religious houses were however built, and also of course fortifications.

We have a fair number of authorities for the appearance of Buda under Turkish rule, the most important being Evliya Chelebi, the Turkish traveller, who visited the country about 1660, and Edward Browne, the English physician who travelled over Europe on a mission from the Royal Medical Society from 1668 to 1673 and published an account of his travels in the latter year. There is also Theophilus Urbinus, who describes Buda among other Turkish cities in his *Türkisches Stadt-Büchlein*, published in Nuremberg in 1664; and besides there is a considerable selection of old prints and drawings, some of which are reproduced herewith.

Budin, as the Turks called it, was the capital of the *vilayat* of *Madjaristan* (the country of the Magyars), so that the Pasha of Buda was also the military commander and civil governor of the whole of Hungary under Turkish rule. The city itself, as contemporary maps show, was divided into five parts: the Inner Fortress, that is, the area now covered by the Royal Palace as far as the upper station of the funicular railway;

then the Middle Fortress *(Orta Hisar)*, the present Castle Hill; there were also Tanner-town *(Debag-hane)*, the district now called Taban, the Big Fortress *(Büyük Hisar)*, now Watertown, and the Superior Suburb, the area surrounding the Imperial Bath to-day. On some old prints there is also a sixth district, the Long Suburb, where now the so-called Field of Blood is, but this was no more than a row of houses, later demolished by gunfire. The Imperial Bath marks the real end of Turkish Buda, while Óbuda, now an adjunct of Budapest and formerly the Roman Acquincum, was only a military outpost, and Pest, on the east bank of the Danube, a wretched suburb, whose independence was revoked by the Turks. One of the most distressing sights must have been the St. Margaret Island, nowadays known to every visitor as the city's pleasure-park. Deserted by the monks and nuns, it became quite desolate and was used by the Turks for grazing their horses, while the convent was turned into a hospital. Other buildings on the island, which was connected on each side with the mainland by a bridge of boats, were demolished and their stones used for fortifications.

About 1680 Buda was a city of some 26,000 inhabitants, the majority being Turks. Most of the officials lived on the Castle Hill, while the tradespeople lived in Taban which, because of the numerous Rascians who had come with the Turks, was also called the Rascians' Town. There were other elements, Bosniaks and Albanians, and their primitive abodes have only recently been demolished to make way for a green park. Commerce and banking were in the hands of the Jews, who were on good terms with the Turks, and lived at first in Watertown and later on the Castle Hill. The Hungarians were engaged in agriculture, and Luigi Ferdinando Marsigli, an Italian diplomat of the day, records that the slopes of the hills from Óbuda to St. Gerard's Hill were covered with vines, the grapes being much in demand with the Turks. The janissaries and the servants of the Pasha of Buda were paid in cash, which assisted the markets, and although the Koran forbids believers to drink wine the little inns of Taban and Watertown, prototypes of the delightful little restaurants of Buda to-day, were often enough filled with janissaries as well as Hungarians and Jews.



BUDA AND PEST 1684
FROM A CONTEMPORARY
ENGRAVING

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Turkish Buda had a very different appearance in those days. The palace of King Matthias Corvinus, famous in many lands, was called *Kizil Elma* (Red Apple) because of the gilded globes on its spires and roofs. Even in the first decade of Turkish rule travellers could see the gilt ceilings, the valuable carpets and the pictures, and on the doors the Hungarian coat-of-arms carved in stone. At that time the Pashas of Buda resided in the palace, but later it was so damaged in the repeated sieges that the Pasha moved out, and left the palace in charge of an inspector to be used as a magazine. It was entirely neglected, and its windows walled up except for small slits, while the remains of the world-famous Corvina library, the priceless collection of volumes which King Matthias had gathered together, were piled up and left to the rats — an irreparable loss to the world. The Pashas took up new quarters, not far from the present Trinity Place, where the janissaries were quartered in forty-two houses.

With the many slender minarets of its mosques, Buda had quite an oriental appearance in those days. About the middle of its Turkish period it had twenty-four *jamis*, or cathedral mosques in which the Sultan was prayed for on Fridays, and forty-six *masjds*, or chapels for ordinary devotions. All the existing Christian churches were turned into mosques except one, which was used jointly by the Protestants, then in the majority, and the Catholics, mainly Italian merchants. The Coronation Church was turned into a mosque with such celerity that on the first Friday after the capture of Buda Sultan Sulayman II was able to hold a thanksgiving service in it. Not far away, near the present Garrison Church, was the *Sa'at Jami*, the Clock Mosque, so called from the clock on its tower, and there were several other mosques, the sites and names of which can be clearly identified, both on the Castle Hill and at the foot of it, the finest of them being the Sokolli Mustafa Pasha Mosque, which was in a courtyard surrounded by a stone wall. As late as 1760 this mosque still existed, and was known as the Saltpetre Mosque, since it then served as the magazine of the gunpowder-maker Enzinger. But all these mosques disappeared after the recapture of Buda, the churches being returned to their former owners and the others either demolished or used for other purposes.

In addition to these mosques, the Turks set up twelve *madrasas*, or Muslim high-schools, sixteen *maktabs* or elementary schools, seventy-five public wells and a number of *imarats* where bread and soup were distributed to the poor. The streets were well paved, and the city presented a by no means uncivilised appearance.

Nowadays there is only one monument in Buda which bears witness to the fact that for a century and a half the words of the Koran were recited, and this is the Tomb of Gül Baba on the Rose Hill; in the rest of the country, four minarets still stand. Of Gül Baba there is a crop of legends, both in Hungary and Turkey, and much has been written about him, including an operetta by Eugene Huszka and a film. The historical facts, unfortunately, detract somewhat from the interesting tales which are current; according to Evliya Chelebi, Gül Baba was born about 1460 in the *vilayat* of Sivas, in Asia Minor, and belonged to the militant order of Bektashi, so that as such he took part in several wars of the Sultans Muhammad II, Bayazid II, Salim I and Sulayman II, and fell on August 21, 1541, in the battle fought under the walls of Buda. On his death he was made the patron saint of the city by the Sultan, and between 1543 and 1548 a tomb, or *türbe*, was erected over his remains by Yahyapashazade Muhammad, the first Pasha of Buda. The tomb stands on the top of the Rose Hill, which was so named for its beautiful rose-gardens.

It is however the legend which has confused the names of *Gül Tepesi* (the Turkish name for the Rose Hill) with that of Gül Baba (the father of the roses), and relates how Gül Baba grew his wonderful roses on the hill, and how their beauty was famous all over the world. Unfortunately there seems to be no historic basis for this charming story, since though Gül Baba was revered by the Muslims for his devout life he actually fell twelve days *before* the capture of Buda. His name, too, does not necessarily mean the father of the roses, for the Arabic characters can also be read as *Kel Baba*, or bald father, a figure well known in Turkish tradition; it may be of course that the name was intentionally changed *after* his burial on the Rose Hill. There is also a possibility that Gül Baba was not a personal name, but the appellation of a dignitary, denoting the guardian or head of a monastery. However this

may be, Gül Baba is inseparably connected with the Turkish past of Buda, and in addition to his tomb there was also a house of the Bektashi called after him in the neighbourhood. This was founded by Ghazi Mikhailzade, but, with so much of Turkish Buda, it has now ceased to exist.

The tomb of Gül Baba, which is still to be seen, is a small building with a cupola covered with shingles and topped still by the crescent of Islam. In the centre is a wooden coffin, under which, and not inside, lay the remains of the pious dervish. According to contemporary records, the coffin was covered with a green cloth and the crown of the Bektashi stood at its head. After the recapture of Buda the *türbe* was handed over to the Jesuits, who made it a chapel of St. Joseph, but on the dissolution of the order it came into private hands. By then the coffin, with the rest of the effects, had disappeared, and it was not until 1915, when Turkey and Hungary were allies in the Great War, that the *türbe* was restored according to the description of it by Evliya Chelebi. To-day it can be reached through a large tenement house of curious design in the Mecset Street, which is shortly to be demolished, and a park will be laid out round the *türbe*.

The tomb of Gül Baba was visited even under Turkish rule by pilgrims from the distant lands of Islam, and ever since then Muslims living in or passing through Hungary come to it. When Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed in the last century, the numerous Muslims flocked to Hungary for the feasts of Bayram. It is now seldom that it is visited, but twice a year there is still a ceremony for resident Muslims at the tomb.

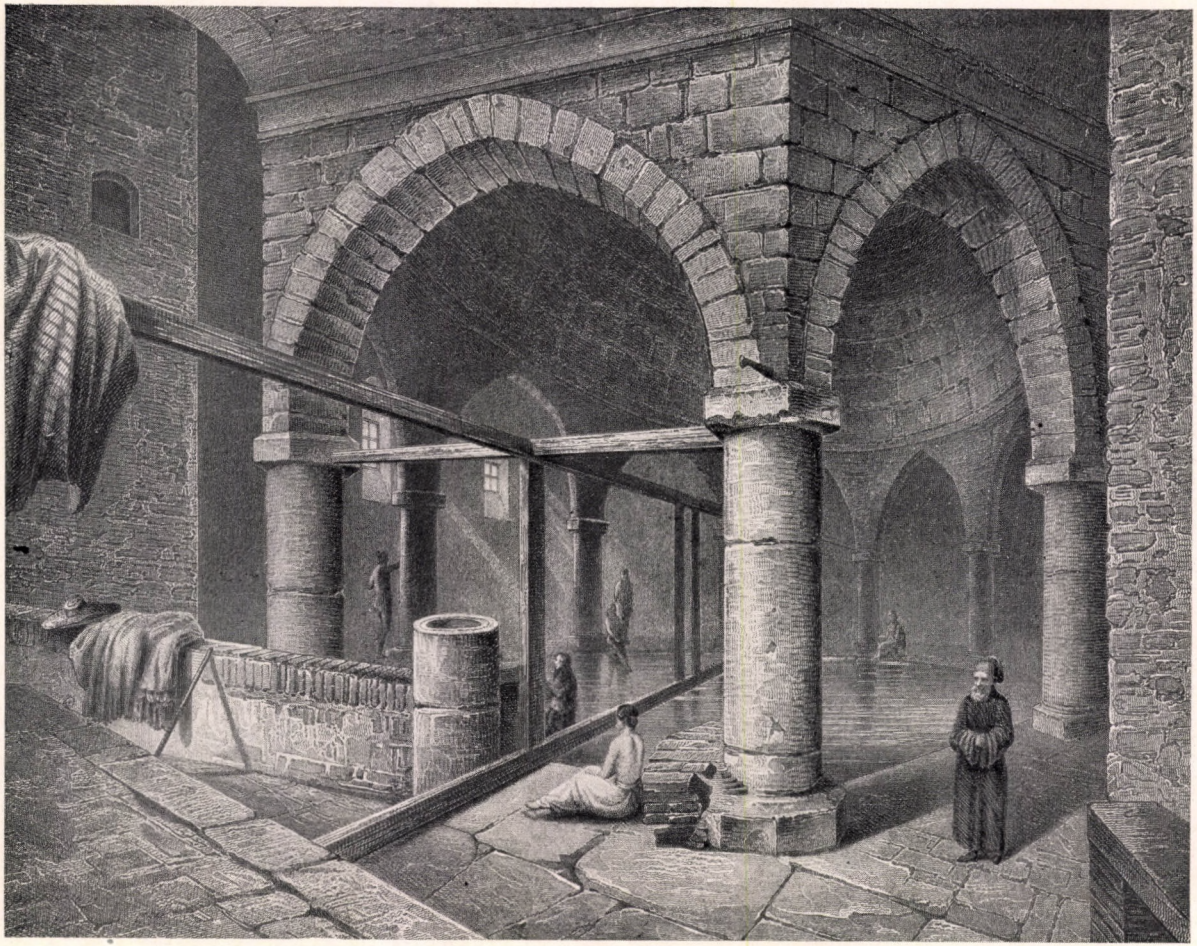
Besides this, virtually nothing has remained of the Turkish days but three magnificent baths. Purity, of course, is enjoined by all the Oriental religions, but it is Islam which lays the greatest stress on it, and the Koran lays down that believers, 'when ye address yourselves to prayer, wash your faces, and your hands up to the elbow, and wipe your heads, and your feet to the ankles' (Soura V. 9). The numerous baths erected by the Muslims were public institutions controlled by authority; the term 'Turkish Bath' is sufficient proof of the origin. In Buda, as they had done elsewhere, the Turks converted the public baths which they found and, making use

of the many thermal springs, built some eight or nine magnificent baths, thus making Buda the second most important spa in the Turkish dominions. Here as elsewhere the baths were not merely for religious purposes, but also for convalescence and recreation, so that they were luxuriously appointed.

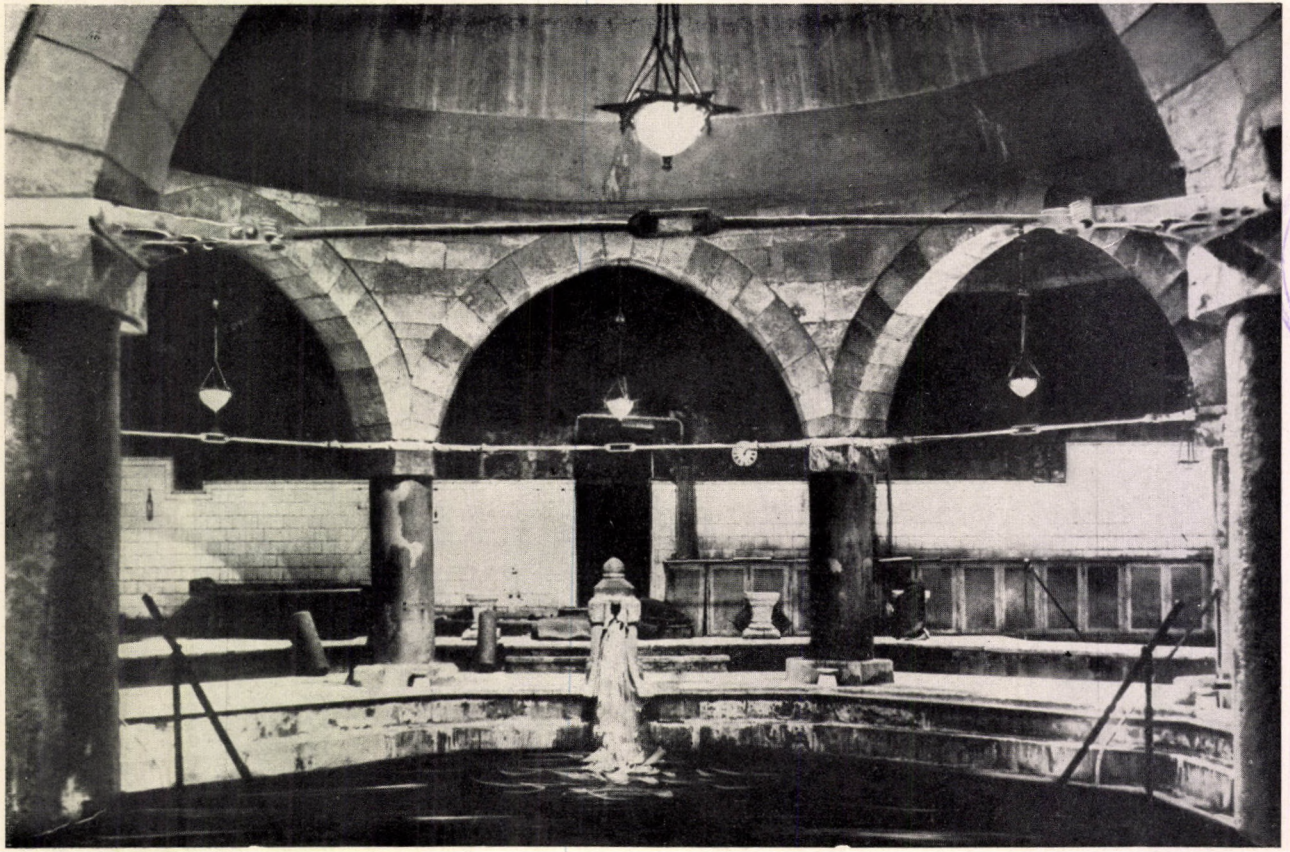
The Turkish baths built over thermal springs were called *ilijes*, in contradistinction to the *hammams* or vapour baths of the primitive type. The plan was quite simple ; in the centre is a large basin covered with an ogive cupola, and sometimes surrounded with smaller basins. On one side was the entrance, on the others dressing rooms and other apartments. The central basin is lit by slits in the sides of the cupola covered with glass, and the heating is by means of a furnace under the floor, which rests on small brick pillars.

The baths which were built in Buda owe their existence to Sokolli Mustafa Pasha, who derives his name from his birthplace, Szokol, in Tolna county, Hungary. He was Pasha of Buda for twelve years, from 1566 to 1578. The first bath which he built in Buda survives to this day as the Rudas Bath ; it was then known as the *Yeshil direkli ilije*, the green-columned bath, and in addition to being the finest bath in Buda it was, according to contemporary writers, without parallel in the world, even as the Stone of Wisdom. The crescent-shaped cupola of the octagonal basin stands on eight columns, and the mosque-like interior shows the magnificence of Muslim architecture in complete originality. A gallery runs along the wall, in the corners of which there are four stalactite niches with four smaller basins. The Rudas bath, the Hungarian name of which commemorates the flag-staff from which the signal was given to open the bridge of boats, is the finest monument of Turkish times in Buda. It was enlarged in 1831, and later rebuilt, while after the war a modern hotel was annexed to it and a small park for the drinking-cure was laid out.

In 1560 Mustafa Pasha was also the builder of the *Takhtali ilije*, the planked bath, in the present Fő-utca below the Castle Hill. This was rebuilt as the Király Bath in 1826, and is the simplest of all the baths. A copy of a memorial tablet states that it was also Sokolli Mustafa Pasha who in 1570 reconstructed



THE ORIGINAL RUDAS BATH
from a contemporary engraving



SCIENT. UNIV. PÁZMÁNY • BIBLIOTHECA R

THE RUDAS BATH TODAY

the Imperial Bath at the foot of the Rose Hill and opposite the island. The thermal springs had been used even by the Romans, and according to some authorities the vapour bath was built by the first Pasha of Buda, and only restored by Mustafa Pasha. Of this latter, Turkish sources relate that 'its silvered cupola was even brighter than the columns of heaven.'

These baths were sumptuously equipped, and were used by the wealthier people, but there were also free baths for the poor. These have mostly disappeared, but it may be remarked that the St. Gerard Bath, which with its luxurious hotel and spacious grounds is perhaps the finest in Europe, occupies the site of what in Turkish days was the *Achik ilije*, a bath for the poorer Turks.

It is small wonder that Buda is so poor in Turkish remains when one considers that great fires broke out five times in the city and that there was also an earthquake in 1578; this was all in addition to the four sieges culminating in the final struggle for its possession in 1686. Posterity may however be grateful to the Turks for their share in the development of Budapest as a 'city of baths,' to which it owes so much of its present position, in normal times, as a centre of tourist traffic. Budapest has also been called a 'city of cafés,' and it is perhaps superfluous to mention that the Turks introduced coffee-drinking to Europe. The first monograph on coffee seems to be that of Luigi Ferdinando Marsigli under the title *Bevanda asiatica*, and it was written at Sopron, in Western Hungary, in 1685, that is, during the final operations before the capture of Buda. The habit of coffee-drinking was taken over by Vienna from Buda, and led to the establishment of the typical Viennese café, the idea of which was in turn re-exported back to Hungary in the eighteenth century.

Thus, if the Turks left comparatively little of tangible monuments in Buda, two essential features of modern Budapest life are a direct inheritance from their long occupation of the city. Budapest is a city of baths and a city of cafés, and if, as we hope, the Hungarian capital is again visited by people from all over the world, it will be in no small measure due to these two attractive features that date from Turkish times in Buda.

NOTES AND LETTERS

The Széchenyi Portraits

THE portraits of great men of the past always form an indispensable part of the study of their lives and characteristics, and this commemorative number of Count Stephen Széchenyi would be incomplete without a reference to the numerous pictures, lithographs and statues of the statesman and reformer.

Probably the earliest likeness of Count Stephen shows him in the family circle, with his father, Count Francis Széchenyi, the magnate of the Hungarian rococo. There he stands, at the age of four, the youngest of three brothers, with the priest who was their tutor; the picture itself is a little water-colour which is now in the Széchenyi Room of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. It is the work of an amateur, and has no great artistic merit in itself, but, such as it is, it has the historical value of being the first portrait. Count Francis was himself an amateur painter, and it is by no means impossible that the little water-colour is his work.

The first portrait of Count Stephen alone still links him to the family circle, being one of a series of oval miniatures showing the members of his family painted by John Ender, the well-known artist of the Viennese *biedermeier*, who also did a number of family portraits in Hungary. The young Count is shown as a handsome young man, but there is something in the disdainful coldness of the youthful features which repels us a little. The next portrait, showing him in uhlan uniform, shows rather more temperament, and the determination about the eyes would seem to indicate a more developed personality, though he himself writes that at that age 'my physique grew stronger, but my soul remained as ignorant as ever.' Another little amateur picture, made by a member of the family, shows him as the Hungarian hero of the battle of Leipzig, in 1813, charging down upon the Napoleonic armies at the head of his hussars.

On his tour of the south of Europe, Count Stephen Széchenyi took with him John Ender, and in Greece Ender did a water-colour of him as the romantic traveller of the age, wearing a top-hat and with a rifle and a cloak slung negligently round his shoulders. Here there is no trace of the cheerful family atmosphere of the earlier Ender portrait; here we see a delicate, thin face, framed in curly hair and with a loose cravat, reflecting an almost tragic gravity that went even beyond the fashionable *mal du siècle*. On this

portrait he inscribed the melancholy farewell of his sister-in-law, Lady Selina Meade: *'Tâchez d'être heureux.'* It is the likeness of a meditative youth penetrating deeper and deeper into his problems.

The youth grows to manhood, meditation bears fruit in action, and at the age of forty Széchenyi was already the bright star of the 'Hungarian globe.' It was a sign of his popularity that the representatives both of the young Hungarian and the traditional Viennese schools of art vied for the privilege of painting his portrait. But he remained consistent even in small matters, and refused to sit to them. Reviews and newspapers both at home and abroad wished to publish his portrait, and editors besought him to sacrifice a few hours of his time to be sketched in pencil so that his portrait could at least be engraved. We have his answer: 'It may be the fashion to-day among the Hungarians to compare ourselves to Zrinyi or Leonidas; but I have only done what was my duty, and deserve no special praise for it.'

Finally, however, his opposition was overcome by his two brothers, who wanted his portrait for the Hungarian Academy of Sciences which he founded. They entrusted the work to Friedrich Amerling, the representative Viennese portraitist of the age, and this portrait is among his finest works. Széchenyi is shown in Hungarian gala costume, in the grandiose surroundings that the age of classicism favoured; there is a classical building with stairs and vestibule, and a romantic landscape for the background. The portrait itself bears traces of the romantic grace fashionable in the Viennese school at that time, but there is a grave dignity in it, and the work is by no means unworthy of its prototype. In the letter which accompanied its presentation to the Academy, his brothers expressed their desire 'that posterity, contemplating the features of this portrait, should be moved to the noblest feelings of heart and spurred on to great deeds for the promotion of their country's happiness.'

Amerling's portrait broke the ice, and the next was ordered by Széchenyi himself; it was the work of August Schöfft, a much-travelled artist who had also painted Countess Crescence Seilern, afterwards Széchenyi's bride. The Countess herself came to the artist's studio to see the picture, and found the expression of the face too gloomy, and the attire unsuited to the surroundings. Schöfft had in fact portrayed Széchenyi seated upon the rocky cliffs of the Iron Gates — he was at this time engaged in the regulation of the Lower Danube — and wearing a tail coat! The artist complied with the Countess's wishes, replacing the tail coat by the Hungarian national dress; but the grave, meditative expression of the face remained unchanged. It was twenty years since the journey to Greece, but the eyes of the mature man look at us with the same melancholy anxiety as those of the romantic youth.

Both Széchenyi and his wife were portrayed by Moritz Michael Daffinger, the famous Viennese *biedermeier* miniaturist. But Széchenyi's pensive face proved difficult to accomodate with *biedermeier* gracefulness, and in spite of the delicacy of the execution the expression of the miniature is rather hesitating. Franz Schrotberg also painted the couple for the gallery of the family château at Cenk, but here, while the face of the portrait follows Daffinger's miniature, it lacks both Daffinger's refinement and the dignity of the Amerling portrait.

These portraits destined for the family were now followed by others commissioned by various Hungarian municipalities. The counties decided to hang portraits of the great statesman of the Hungarian era of reform in their assembly-halls. Széchenyi was unable to decline their requests, and it was at the order of the counties that his portrait was again painted by Anthony Einsle, a Viennese artist then working in Hungary. Yielding to repeated requests, Széchenyi permitted a Budapest bookseller to prepare a lithograph of the Einsle portrait; the bookseller, however, was a resourceful man of affairs, and around the head of the portrait, full of gravity resembling that of Schöfft, he drew clouds, and underneath, with a few allegorical figures, a picture of the Chain Bridge and other of Széchenyi's works. Széchenyi, as may be imagined, was appalled at this attempt at apotheosis, which by no means accorded with his intentions. In a letter to the Palatine's wife he regretted that he was unable to prevent the circulation of the litho-graph, and said that the whole affair was most distasteful to him. Seeing this picture, he continues with his habitual clear-sightedness, his enemies and even his friends might well imagine that he was sitting enthroned in clouds, whereas actually he was working for his country in the dusty atmo-sphere of the city, and his surroundings reminded him more of earth than of heaven. He was glad, we find, that one of his friends, probably Count John Waldstein, a competent painter, had the idea of making a companion to this lithograph. In this he appeared walking in water instead of enthroned in clouds, while instead of the bridge there was dust under his feet, and on his head fell a shower of stones and quite unmentionable matters. Széchenyi concludes his narrative of the affair by declaring that he considered Waldstein's portrait as the most successful that had been done of him.

Nicholas Barabás, a painter of Székely origin, was considered the leading portraitist of the day, and painted most of his great contemporaries. The occasion of his painting Széchenyi was the orders from the counties; when the Estates of the county of Bihar asked for a portrait, Széchenyi requested that it might be done by Barabás. If, he said, they insisted on portraying him 'in whom all that may be of some value is that little soul which cannot be reproduced in painting, but whose sallow wrinkled face and lean sickly body is no suitable subject for a portrait,' then it should be done by Nicholas Barabás, 'that excellent and clever painter,' for his work, though it would not be the likeness of 'an outstanding or handsome face or a shapely body' would certainly turn out a 'fine piece of workmanship': Barabás showed his sitter in Hungarian national costume, and the picture is a competent piece of work, although the face bears traces of the artist's rather mawkish amiability and some pedantry in the effort to produce a faithful resemblance. He copied it several times, to order, and it was also lithographed. The laying of the foundation-stone of the Chain Bridge was also painted by Barabás. This notable event in the 'thirties was done on an immense canvas, and the grouping of the great number of important personages is masterly. Széchenyi stands in the central group, with the Archduke Joseph, the Palatine, while not far from him are the two Englishmen who carried out the work, William Tierney Clark, the architect, and Adam Clark, the builder of the bridge

George Edward Hering, an English painter who toured Hungary, also painted Széchenyi in Hungarian gala costume, and an engraving of this portrait is to be found in the first volume of John Paget's famous book *Hungary and Transylvania*, which appeared in 1839, published by John Murray of London. The face here resembles in the main the Einsle portrait. It may be remarked that the Hungarian costume, traditional then and still worn upon ceremonial occasions to-day, was much favoured by Széchenyi, who wore it for the most important events in his life; his wedding, for instance, and the famous session of the Diet which took the first step towards the abolition of the privileges of the nobility by passing the law compelling every person, regardless of rank, who crossed the Chain Bridge to pay toll. His costume became famous, and a resourceful Budapest tailor produced fashion-plates of the Count and Countess in the Hungarian gala dress.

There is also extant a small portrait showing Széchenyi in ordinary English clothes of the period, by Count Emmanuel Andrássy, an amateur painter, and this was reproduced in lithograph by Charles Sterio in a work dealing with hunting and sport among the Hungarian magnates. Széchenyi is here the patron of horse-breeding in Hungary, and author of the booklet *On Horses*, and he is shown on horseback, with the Chain Bridge and a steamboat on the river in the background. Another lithograph by Sterio shows Széchenyi crossing the Danube in a boat with his son; his right hand points, a little sadly, to the twin cities of Buda and Pest which he united under their present name. It may be mentioned here that by the end of the 'thirties he had become so popular in the country and especially in the rapidly-growing capital that Hans Andersen, on his visit to Buda-pest, saw pictures of him in every book-shop, and records that even the wall of his cabin on the steamer down the Danube was adorned with a por-trait of him.

Of the hundreds of portraits of Széchenyi by artists of varying calibre, pride of place must be given to that by Franz Eybl as being the best render-ing of his restless, self-tormented personality. Eybl was the master of Viennese graphic art, and a worthy follower of his Parisian models. He made a series of portraits of Hungarian deputies to the Diet of Pozsony, and it was here too that he met Széchenyi. Here we see him sitting at ease in an armchair; the intimacy of the portrait is increased by the hands, which are merely lightly sketched. The face is that of a man concerned with the fate of a nation, and this is conveyed to us both forcefully and vividly by the artist's brush. And here we may complement the portrait with the description of Count Stephen Széchenyi written by his contemporary, the novelist and politician Sigismund Kemény:

'He was a man of strong build, though not athletic, tall but not too tall, well-proportioned, active, with a well-shaped throat, muscular arms and sunburned hands of medium size. His face being broad and rather full, he appeared rather stout than lean, but in reality he was, though not thin, far from corpulent. His complexion was dark, tanned and ruddy. His forehead was massive and high, much wrinkled, the brow of a thinker; the upper part of it, the seat of the highest intellectual powers, was prominent,

full and broad to an extent very seldom seen. The character of this noble but dark forehead, framed by black curly hair, was completed by full, thick, angular eyebrows which grew together over the nose; these were so gloomy-looking and unusual that the Count himself used to joke about them and say that they were the chief obstacle to his popularity. His dark grey eyes had sometimes a sharp, penetrating look that seemed to be searching the secrets of the heart; sometimes they were musing and melancholy, lost as it were in the labyrinths of thought. His nose was aquiline, but broader at the base, with wide nostrils; a thick black short moustache covered a mouth a little larger than the ordinary. His jaw indicated extraordinary energy, being strong, bony and firm, while there was something of irony and cynicism in the corners of the mouth. He held himself erect, and dressed elegantly but comfortably, always with a bizarre and conspicuous note in his fashionable attire. These were the characteristics of Széchenyi in the rare moments when he was not mentally or emotionally excited . . .' This, in fact, is the man of Eybl's portrait.

Towards the middle of the 'forties, Széchenyi's popularity was on the wane, outshone by the new and brilliant star of Louis Kossuth. We can trace the change in his portraits, for the number of them declined steadily, while caricatures of him were made now, not by humorously-inclined friends, but as the weapon of his political opponents, tipped with biting satire. The nation had been excited by dreams of liberty, and Széchenyi, advocating economic progress instead of political independence, had become odious to many. One of the contemporary caricatures shows him, in a tail-coat and a top-hat, driving towards Vienna a donkey laden with bags of money, symbolising the economic strength of the country; Kossuth, in the plain Hungarian dress of the 'jurate' tries to hold back the donkey. It is a sad enough document of the ways of public opinion.

The first national government, formed after the events of 1848, included Széchenyi as Minister of Communications, and as such he figures in a number of lithographed groups by Barabás and others. There is also a large composition by Joseph Borsos, the other great representative of the Hungarian *biedermeier*, showing the opening of the constitutional Diet of 1848, and it was lithographed by Charles Pettenkofen; Széchenyi is seen on the left of the Ministers' platform, not far from the Palatine, who presided, but the figure is small and conveys no special impression.

The Hungarian War of Independence in 1848/49 marks the great dividing-line in Széchenyi's life, and it can be traced in his portraits. After the great catastrophe, the features which had once electrified the nation became invisible for a long time, and when they at length emerged from the solitude of the Döbling home they had undergone a terrible change. Hans Gasser, the Viennese sculptor, was commissioned to make a bust of Széchenyi on his recovery; but the sitter's aversion to being portrayed broke out afresh, and it needed the prolonged entreaties of his wife to overcome his opposition. Then there is a charming picture by Joseph Kiss, of the late Hungarian *biedermeier*, done at this period; mental and bodily suffering had left their mark on the 'hermit of Döbling.' The famous brow had become still more prominent, and the grizzled beard

and moustache flowed in long waves round sharp features, deeply furrowed by suffering.

His tragic death affected the whole country, and the number and popularity of Széchenyi portraits increased again. Gasser's bust was copied for the Academy by Nicholas Izső, while the indefatigable Barabás and the Viennese Kriehuber all copied the features of the statue with more or less accuracy. One of the most popular lithographs of this period, the years of oppression, showed him at the window of the Döbling home, a flute in his hand, feeding his favourite doves.

The long series of commemorative statues began with one in Budapest by Joseph Engel, a sculptor of the late classicist period, after the Amerling portrait. Its unveiling was a touching expression of the gratitude of the city of Budapest to the man who had done so much for its development. Apart from this there was a series of medals to his memory, less remarkable for artistic merit than as evidence of the feeling of the age.

The period between the Compromise of 1867 between Austria and Hungary and the Millennial Celebrations in 1896 was enriched only quantitatively by a number of representative portraits copied from contemporary pictures to the order of counties, cities and municipalities. Széchenyi's life had not yet become history for the historical school of painting that arose in the early part of this century, and the events of his life were no subject for the colourful historical costumes or the pathetic scenes so much in favour at that time. Two institutions, however, thought fit to erect monuments to his memory; one of them is the frieze painted by Maurice Than in the vestibule of the Hungarian National Museum, where we see Széchenyi between Louis Kossuth addressing the nation and Francis Deák listening with quiet attention. And on the wall of the Hungarian Academy is a relief by Barnabas Holló in bronze commemorating the foundation of the Academy, at the moment when the young captain of hussars rose in the Diet of Pozsony and offered a year's revenue from his estates for the Academy's foundation.

We live to-day, and especially in this year, in a renaissance of Széchenyi's aims and ideals, and it is to be hoped that modern artists will find inspiration for their work in the character of Széchenyi and the work that he did for his nation.

LOUIS VAYER

THE LOVE-LORN GLADIATOR

By ZOLTÁN AMBRUS

"THIS, MAESTRO," said the Marchese, opening the day's letters one by one, "is from His Holiness the Pope. He sends you his blessing and commends you as a true and faithful son of the Church, whose Requiem, so full of pious feeling, is an unfailing source of joy to him. This is from His Majesty the King, written in his own hand; he sends you his good wishes on the occasion of bestowing on you the Grand Cross of the Order of Salvator. The Princess begs you in a friendly letter to accept the white roses she has sent you . . . Count Rovere lays at your feet the homage due to genius . . . while the Sacred College . . ."

He stopped, as the sound of deep and even breathing smote his ear. The old man by his side had fallen asleep.

His shrunken, pitiful little body sunk in the depths of the velvet armchair, his chin sagging and his bloodless lower lip thrust out, he looked more like a corpse than a living person.

With a shrug the Marchese lay back in his chair to await his pleasure. The servant Girolamo stood motionless by the door, ready as always for any service, even that of laying his master out on his bier.

The clock struck twelve with a loud whirr and the old man awoke with a start.

"Go on," he said. "Why did you stop?"

His godson obediently resumed his reading.

"Prince Cornaro begs to convey to you the homage of the city of Rome; Count Mastai does the same for Florence. Countess Bonafede expresses her happiness at having been permitted to see this great day . . ."

"Bonafede? Bonafede? Who is she? I don't remember."

A fleeting smile showed under the Marchese's trim fair moustache. No respectable work on the lives of the great composers omitted to mention the *maestro's* liaison with Countess Bonafede. He pretended not to have heard the question and resumed his reading.

Presently there was a timid knock on the door, and Girolamo, after a whispered consultation with someone outside, winked to the Marchese. The latter interpreted the sign for the old man's benefit.

"*Maestro*," he said, "a delegation from the city of Milan, headed by the burgomaster, awaits you in the great hall downstairs."

"You will have to receive them for me," said the old man. "I am not feeling well. You know that I am forbidden to exert my voice."

"They wish to invite you to a banquet after to-night's performance. What am I to say to them?"

"Tell them that I am a worn and broken old man who must go to bed immediately after the performance. What a crazy idea to want me to stay up all night with them! Do they want to kill me?"

His face went purple with anger at the thought, his breath came in gasps, and a sudden fit of coughing cut short the conversation and saved the younger man the trouble of answering. He went down to the great hall instead, where he exhausted his stock of courteous phrases to the delegation before he returned, reluctantly, to his prison upstairs. It was a dog's life, he thought. But a legacy of four million lire was worth taking some trouble for, after all.

The old man had fallen asleep once again. The Marchese walked to the window and stood, his hands in his pockets, looking down longingly into the sunlit street below. A florist's delivery waggon had just drawn up by the side gate of the *palazzo*.

"Ah," he thought, "the Princess Laetitia's roses!"

Involuntarily his glance wandered from the roses to the little mummy in the armchair, with the unkempt grey beard and the stains of snuff on the white shirt-front, then his eyes sought those of Girolamo.

"Old age is an ugly thing," he muttered.

That night they thrust the old *maestro* into the gala coach and drove him in state down the beflagged *corso* in order to give the whole town a chance to cheer him to its heart's content. At the brilliantly illuminated opera-house the Manager greeted him with a festive oration eulogising his great genius, after which two stoutish ladies whom he had never seen led him to his box. The audience had no sooner caught sight of his well-known little grey head than the entire house rose like one man and broke into deafening *evvivas*. For many minutes the frantic clapping and cheering continued and the great composer had to stand and bow and bow again until at last the din subsided and he was allowed to take his seat between the burgomaster and the Marchese. The conductor raised his baton and the performance began.

The first notes went unheard, while a thousand opera glasses scanned the little pale figure which nowadays the public was so rarely privileged to see. Washed and tidied for the occasion, Italy's idol was declared by the ladies to be a very handsome old man indeed.

Italy's idol had had many theatrical triumphs in the past forty years, but he had never had a greater and more clamorous triumph than fell to him at this first performance of his opera *Semiramis*. It seemed as though the clapping and cheering would never end. The singers were interrupted after every scene with a perfect storm of applause.

When the curtain went down on the second Act there was no longer any doubt that the opera was a raging success. Lippi, the redoubtable musical critic, gave it as his opinion that the *maestro* had outdone himself, had outdone *Aida*, *Othello*, indeed everything outdo-able. It was unanimously agreed that the new opera combined the highest musical technique with the greatest possible wealth of melody, and the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. After the third Act Princess Laetitia went into the composer's box and kissed his hands, and the house went into transports of cheering and clapping.

"That was a pretty woman," observed the composer to the burgomaster after the Princess had left the box. "Who was she?"

It was his only remark during the entire course of the evening. The frantic ovations of the audience elicited no

other response from him than an occasional startled glance around, such as a sacred bird might have cast on the intoxicated circle of idolators dancing around it.

"What's the matter with the *maestro?*" asked Lippi of the Marchese when they met in the *foyer*. "Is he ill?"

"Ill? No. Only sleepy. He is always sleepy nowadays."

But he was wrong. The *maestro* was so far from sleepy that when they returned home he begged the Marchese, to the latter's surprise, to stay with him.

"Don't go to your Club to-night. Drink a cup of tea with me. I have no wish to go to bed yet."

It was not a particularly lively meal. The old man sat gazing thoughtfully into his cup, while the Marchese glanced surreptitiously at his watch every five minutes.

Suddenly, out of the blue as it were, the old man spoke.

"And you really think they liked my opera?"

"But *maestro*, how can you ask? The whole house was in transports."

He enumerated all the signs and portents that proved the stupendous success of the evening. The old man listened in silence, then shook his head.

"You're fooling me. All of you. Even you."

All at once he asked to be taken out on the balcony. He was full of strange caprices to-night.

Girolamo wrapped him in rugs, distrusting the mild spring air. The Marchese begged leave to read the evening papers. Both withdrew and left the old man with the night.

The *piazza* was empty and dim, with half of its lamps extinguished. The *maestro* closed his eyes and saw again the brilliantly illuminated auditorium, the gleaming white shoulders of the women and the opera glasses levelled at himself. He could remember nothing of what had been said or done. His only distinct memory was of a lovely young woman who had kissed his hands while the diamonds on her neck had sparkled like points of fire.

"I'm certain they made a fool of me," he muttered. "The whole thing's not worth a brass farthing."

Then he ceased to think any more. He felt a pleasant numbness stealing over him, the houses below him began to sway and rock, and he slowly closed his eyes.

A shrill whistling suddenly awoke him from his doze. A belated reveller was trudging across the *piazza*, his footsteps echoing in the stillness. He was evidently in merry mood, for he meandered aimlessly along the pavement, in a nonchalant and airy manner.

He was whistling the hackneyed drinking song out of the *Love-lorn Gladiator*, the *maestro*'s first opera, written forty years before and ever since the prey of barrel-organs and untuned pianos. The *Gladiator*, which had gone round the world and was at home in every pub.

Probably some working man or artisan, whose musical education was well behind the times.

Suddenly the *maestro* saw himself — the himself of forty years ago — running distractedly from manager to manager, shivering in the freezing cold in his light summer suit, which had been neatly patched by the little plump hands of Nanetta.

And he saw Nanetta — saw her lovely little face, her laughing eyes, her pouting mouth showing her beautiful gleaming teeth, and the everlasting red ribbon in her little hat . . .

Strange ! Just now he had been unable to remember the things that had happened a couple of hours before, and he saw quite clearly the enormous sideboard, the cuckoo clock on the wall, the bed with the lace-edged counterpane, Cherubini's portrait cut out of an illustrated paper, and the flowers in the painted pottery vases of forty years ago. He saw himself and Nanetta sitting, with their elbows on the little bow-legged table, after supper, with their Sunday wine, at half-a-lira a litre, before them. He was talking big, while Nanetta laughed at him.

. . . "Listen, Nanetta ! If they produce the *Gladiator* we'll buy — what won't we buy ! A large, large looking-glass, a chest of drawers, and a china dinner service. We shall have a lot of money if they produce the *Gladiator*, do you know that? There'll never be any end to our money, for I shall be famous then . . ."

Nanetta laughed: "Oh shut up with your silly *Gladiator!*" And he, with heat: "Don't you dare run down my *Gladiator!*"

And then they would both laugh, for they were always laughing those days.

Poor pretty little Nanetta! He wondered where she was now. Where indeed! Where were yester's snows!

The whistling, fainter now, still continued. The merry reveller had passed on to the Gladiator's love song:

> When I return from the arena,
> Your kisses will be my reward...

Fainter and fainter came the strains until they died away altogether. Stillness descended on the *piazza* once more.

The Marchese, having finished reading the Stock Exchange news, rose and walked towards the balcony. It was about time to unwrap the old bird from his rugs and put him to bed, he thought.

But when he reached the door he paused, and beckoning Girolamo to him whispered: "Look there!"

The old *maestro* was whistling softly to himself and gazing up at the stars, while two large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks.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