

WILL AUSTRIA-HUNGARY BREAK UP?

BY COUNT ALBERT APPONYI

The author of the following article, which refers to The Outlook's report of an article by "Fabricius," is the son of Count George Apponyi, late Chief Justice of the Kingdom of Hungary. Of all Hungarian statesmen, Count Albert Apponyi enjoys probably the widest reputation. This has been accentuated by his attendance at the meetings of the Inter-Parliamentary Union and other similar international gatherings, where his towering figure has been a familiar sight and where no speaker has made an impression for greater eloquence and sincerity. His personal influence at home and abroad has been marked. He has been a member of the lower house of the Hungarian Parliament for nearly forty years; for two years of that time he was Speaker. He has long been Minister of Public Education; and his experience in this department has increased his intimate acquaintance with his own country and his desire to make it respected.—THE EDITORS.

THE question "Will Austria-Hungary break up?" is put by an author who writes on it under the name of "Fabricius" in the "Fortnightly Review," and it is answered by him in a pessimistic sense. Now, Mr. Fabricius is certainly an upright and well-deserving gentleman, and he may be, for all I know, a learned one—on other subjects; but of Austria-Hungary he does not know the most essential facts. He seems to consider her as "one country" under one government, inhabited by so many different races; stating this, he simply ignores the fact that the European power called Austria-Hungary consists of two countries united for purposes of foreign policy, but otherwise independent. The Austrian Empire (Kaiserthum) and the Kingdom of Hungary—these two countries are so different in their history, in their traditions, in their government, in their constitution, in their habits, in their mentality, that it is impossible to speak of them both in the same train of eulogy or criticism, to apply to them the same tests and the same forecasts. They are ruled by one monarch, it is true, meaning thereby that the same physical person holds the office of Emperor in Austria and of King in Hungary, though with a widely different prerogative in each of these capacities. They have two absolutely independent legislatures, elected on different franchise laws, and two independent governments, with different attributions, in the sense of the two constitutions, of which the Hungarian one is as old as the Hungarian nation and as the English constitution, while the Austrian constitution is a free gift of the Emperor, granted to his Austrian subjects half a century ago. It is only for purposes

of foreign policy or of war that common agents and common constitutions have been devised by the free consent of both legislatures.

Now, some problems in both countries (and, for the matter of that, in the whole eastern part of Europe) bear a strong family likeness; but even these are none the less essentially different in their nature and in their practical consequences. Such is the racial problem. There are several races in Hungary and there are many races in Austria, but Hungary is none the less an organic unity, created by the law of common Hungarian citizenship granting equal rights without distinction of race, prevailing under different forms through the ten centuries of her history, by that history in itself, by the fact that one race, the Magyar race, which has been the founder of the Hungarian kingdom, numbers fifty-four per cent of the whole population in Hungary proper (not including Croatia, which, though belonging to the Hungarian Crown, is a self-governing country) and nearly eighty per cent of the educated classes, the rest being divided into smaller racial lots. Among some of these non-Magyar races living in Hungary there are traces of a revolutionary spirit which gives trouble now and then; but so overwhelmingly stronger are the traditional forces that make for national unity that this does not amount to anything like serious danger.

In Austria the racial question takes a different aspect, because there it rests on provincial organizations representing traditions of formerly independent kingdoms and principalities. Of Austria it may be said with some truth—what Mr. Fabricius most inaccurately asserts of Austria-Hungary—that she is "

collection of huge estates acquired by the reigning family." It is therefore mere trifling with figures to speculate on the sum total of Germans, Slavs, etc., throughout Austria-Hungary. There is no political meaning in these arithmetical results; it is adding items of a different kind, though possibly of a similar name. The great primordial fact, to be borne in mind by every one who wants to understand anything of Austro-Hungarian affairs, is the distinction of Austria and of Hungary, a distinction not fictitious, not juridical only, but most real, extending to the very principle of national life in both countries. And I may add that safety for the future of the great power called Austria-Hungary lies in that distinction. The reigning dynasty worked hard for nearly four centuries to cancel it, to amalgamate Hungary into one empire with Austria; the mercy of Provi-

dence denied success to these designs. The organic power of independent and united Hungary is the main force which counteracts the peril wrought by centrifugal tendencies in Austria. I sincerely hope that Austria will overcome her difficulties; I think foreign writers are apt to take an exaggerated view of them and to overlook the forces that work for cohesion, the traditions of several centuries, the sincere devotion to the reigning dynasty which characterizes an overwhelming majority of Austrians. But whatever be the case in Austria, there is Hungary, a country whose natural energies and organic constitution no one of the most formidable Powers has been able to shake for nearly ten centuries. She is stronger now than she had been in former times; we may well consider her as safe for the future, and, through her, Austria-Hungary too.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL

BY HELEN COALE CREW

Life had become a weariness,
A vast confusion and distress;
A riot of passions and a din
Of strife, with undertones of sin.
The city streets a menace hid;
The city ways—ah, God forbid!
The very smell of poverty
Uprose and beat upon the sky
And darkened it with fetid breath.
My soul was sickened unto death.

God pitied me; and when I fled
The hateful place, he backward led
My feet into the city's gloom,
And there, behold! a wondrous room
Broke on my vision. *O fair place
Of peace and purity and grace!
O citizens within whose eyes
Unshadowed truth forever lies!*
"What heaven is this, O Lord?" Said He,
"This is your children's nursery."