

be on the side of peace, especially those who give instructions to break the heads of workmen who refuse to strike. They pretend to be unaware of the massacres which occur from time to time, of children's heads held up on pikes under the windows of the consuls, of very recent assassinations for which Turkey has refused us reparation, in order that the restoration of law, the performance of the duty of human responsibility in which Italy sets an example should pass as an act of violence and theft. To consider Turkey as a state and to pretend that there is no question of a domination which is a disgrace and scourge to humanity, is simply dishonoring the cause of peace and denying its fundamental principles. The rights of Turkey! The right to keep men in bondage, to forbid agriculture and civilization, to prescribe carnage, to destroy populations! Ah it is not violence to give free rein against the disarmed, against women and children, the wounded and the sick in the hospitals—yea, even the dead in the cemeteries! Violence they call the behavior of the Italian soldier who spares others' lives as much as possible and risks his own to burst the fetters of slaves, to return the land to cultivation and men to human life; who can lay aside his gun to become a laborer, judge, physician, farmer—to nurse even his most obstinate enemy. Oh were not Tartufe so intelligent, men would call him an imbecile!

"But Italy is winning! Would that all the nations of Europe had won in this manner, to this title, and in the same degree!

"I admit that disputes may arise about the financial and political phases of the enterprise, but let us not speak of violation of rights because then the word "right" would lose its significance.

"Now you have always labored so nobly to set forth ideas clearly, to make the truth understood; you have so often borne testimony with your example and your work that next to covetousness the greatest cause of the evils that afflict humanity lies in the confusion of ideas and in lying words.

"Therefore I appeal to you to say a word to set right the deceived, to unmask the deceivers, to declare that there is no right which opposes the supreme right of the human being and his advance, that the idea of peace is not the idea of lax and selfish toleration of all that is most disgraceful and cruel, but the idea of human solidarity; that nothing works better for the establishment of peace than force directed by intelligence and conscience against the state of injustice; finally that the action of civilized nations against Turkish control is not war waged by well meaning men in place of arbitration, but it is police duty which every individual and every community with a conscience ought to perform against brigands and monsters if it would not become their accomplice.

"I await this word from you, that I may repeat it to Italians, and that I may have the pleasure of telling you for the hundredth time how much admiration, appreciation and veneration we feel for Fredeic Passy.

"Yours sincerely,

"L. MICHELANGELO BILLIA."

AN EXAMPLE OF THE MELIKERTES MOTIVE IN MODERN ART.

A modern artist, Mr. Theodore Baur, has utilized the Melikertes motive (see *May Open Court*, pages 275-278) in a beautiful tile which was published in *The Century* of April, 1882, illustrating an article by Frank D. Millet on "Some American Tiles." Here it is simply called "Boy on Dolphin"



BOY ON DOLPHIN.
Tile by Mr. Theodore Baur.

and it is quite doubtful whether the artist was at all familiar with the myth of ancient Greece. It seems that he has taken up the ornamental motive as deserving reproduction because of its beauty. As on many of the ancient coins Melikertes is here represented as a young child, producing an almost feminine type quite in agreement with the ancient legend.

DIES IRAE.

The fine article of B. Pick on the text of this grand hymn (Vol. XXV, No. 10) suggests the question, how are we to write and understand the first two lines. The article is quite correct in saying (p. 584):

"The author takes the beginning and the keynote of his poem from Zephaniah i. 15, 16, where the text of the Vulgate reads: *Dies irae, dies illa*, etc., which may be thus translated: 'That day is the day of wrath, etc.'"

Quite right; but then we must strike out, according to our modern system of punctuation, the comma after *dies irae*; we no longer separate subject and predicate by a comma. And then we must translate the first two lines of the hymn: "A day of wrath is that day, *it* will dissolve the world."

But that is not the common way to write and understand the hymn. Generally *dies irae* is taken as in apposition to *dies illa*: "That day, the day of wrath, will dissolve the world;" no comma standing after *irae*.

The text in *The Open Court* combines both constructions, putting a comma both before and after *dies irae*, a way of punctuation not to be imitated.

MAULBRONN, Germany.

EB. NESTLE.

CHINESE COURTESY.

During these times of rebellion and turmoil in China, it will be interesting to have a glimpse of private life into the sentiment of a Chinese scholar who has been visiting an American friend acquainted with Chinese civilization and literature. Mr. James Black of Denver, Colorado, the author of several publications on the literature of the Celestial Empire, had as his guest one of his Chinese friends who on his return to his home in Asia, sends him a letter of thanks in the form of a poem. Literally translated it reads thus:

"In former years when I sojourned in America it was a pleasure to me to meet you in the afternoons to discuss literary topics. Together we discriminated doubtful literary meanings, and I felt ashamed that my mind seemed like an empty basket, while you were quick to discern. As we chatted pleasantly, the shadows lengthened, for the meanings were hard to understand. In my own country, the old learning is decaying, but here in another land I found a student acquainted with Confucius and Mencius and knowing the writers of Han and T'ang, who not only turned his mind to poetry, but, looking higher, contemplated the former wisdom. When you rose to leave I could not bear to see you go because good friends are hard to find. Great labor obtains rich prizes and every effort brings the goal nearer. For three years we have been far apart, but correspondence has not ceased. You have bought the works of Han (Yu) and Ou (Yang Hsiu), and your translations have been published. Dwelling on the mountain, I see little company, and the old, rainy time comes back to my mind. Seated by the south window, I think of the distant, and hum over poetry to myself without ceasing. When shall I see you again? How much a cheerful talk would brighten me. And so taking paper I use my leisure to write you this from here.